WHITE EYE

PILOT : "PARTIAL TRUTHS"

by

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December 6th 2013

MANDEVILLE

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ACT ONE

Pitch darkness. A man's voice. Hardly more than a whisper--

GENTLE VOICE (O.S.)
Wake up.

The darkness comes to life. Blurred metallic images that we gradually realize is an ULTRA-CLOSE UP of--

GENTLE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open your eyes.

--the CAMERA LENS on a SMART PHONE.

GENTLE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Look at me.

Light flickers in the lens, as we pull back and find - the MICROPHONE. The phone is on a nightstand somewhere.

GENTLE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

We pull further back to reveal: A WOMAN, early 30s, sleeping. She's petité but her white tank-top reveals toned shoulders and arms. She is--

GENTLE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sarah?

SARAH
Mmmm....

GENTLE VOICE (O.S.)
Sarah? Get up...

SARAH
Go away.

The PHONE comes to life before she does. The 6.00 am ALARM. She reaches out, turns it off and finds her glasses next to it. She sits up in her--

101 INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

--and can't quite grasp what she's seeing. ALEX (38) sits beside her. Classically handsome, wearing a black tux. He looks like he's on his way to the Academy Awards and expect to clear the shelves.

SARAH
Wh... what time is it?

ALEX
Early. I wanted to beat that thing for once.

He nods towards her phone. She tries to understand--

SARAH
What the hell are you wearing?

ALEX
They say you're supposed to dress up for these things.

SARAH
What things?

He produces -- a small square box. And smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Wh... *what*!?

He enjoys her reaction--

ALEX
Open it.

SARAH
...You're *proposing*!? Like *this*!? Like... *Now*? It's 6 in the morning!

ALEX
Open it.

SARAH
But... *why*?

He laughs.

ALEX
Why? Just open the damn thing, will you?

Her PHONE rings. An characteristically unusual ring-tone. Sarah signals Alex that she has to answer this - then does. Leaving him sitting there, tux, ring box and all.

SARAH
Miller?
(beat)
I'm on my way.

ALEX
Seriously? And let me guess; you can't say.

SARAH
Can't say. Don't know.

She jumps out of bed, and puts on jeans and jacket while they speak. Their tone remains light, their banter fast.

SARAH (CONT'D)
This is why hot international businessmen marry sassy prom-queens, and the rest of us live unhappily ever after with whatever infection the stray cats will want to give us at that point.

ALEX
Shut up.

SARAH
No, *you* shut up! Put that thing back in your pocket and I'll make it up to you tonight. Dinner. Pick a place. You can hide it under my plate or in my dessert or--

ALEX
Whoa-whoa, and where am I supposed to hide it *now*, huh? Just shut up!

She sighs. Fully dressed. Hates herself.

SARAH
I ruined your perfect moment.

Alex. Honest.

ALEX
There'll be new ones. All the time. Every day. With you. *That's* why.

She melts.

SARAH
I hate you.

ALEX
I know. Get out of here.

A beat. Then she's off. Leaving Alex behind. He puts the box back in his pocket. Looks around the empty bedroom. Exhales.

102 EXT. BUFFALO BILLIARDS - EARLY MORNING

A less than exquisite establishment near the freeway. Country music can be heard from inside. Only a few cars are still parked outside. Amongst them; A battered old pick-up truck. Inside it; a German shepherd dog is waiting for his owner.

103 INT. BUFFALO BILLIARDS - EARLY MORNING

Pool balls scatter across green felt. A solid ball is pocketed with great skill. The man shooting is--

IAN CONNOLLY (36), V-neck T-shirt, 5 day stubble, ruffled hair. He empties his beer and puts down the empty bottle on a table full of them. He's more than a little intoxicated.

Then, he takes a different cue stick and leans in to take another shot. He's playing alone.

A group of noisy COLLEGE KIDS are occupying the two tables next to him. They've been at it all night and are rude to each other. One of them, a huge beefed-up loud-mouth called JOHNNY MO (24) misses yet another shot. He throws his cue stick aside, looks this way as--

Ian pockets one of the striped balls. He changes back to the first cue. Johnny Mo takes Ian's other cue without asking.

IAN
Excuse me? Sir? I was using that.

JOHNNY MO
Yeah, well, now I'm using it.

IAN
These are my private cues. There's plenty in the bar.

JOHNNY MO
They all suck. I want this one.

Johnny aims, shoots - and misses once more.

IAN
I was using it. And I would like it back, please.

Johnny steps all the way up to Ian. Dwarfing him. Putting on a show for his buddies. Holding back Ian's cue stick. Johnny takes out his smart-phone and starts taking photos of Ian.

JOHNNY MO
Gimme the other one. Douchebag.

IAN
Put down the phone. Please.

JOHNNY MO
Just a sec, I just need to upload your ugly face. Hey, how do you spell 'douchebag'?

IAN
Like this:

What happens now, happens in less than a second:

Ian snatches the cue stick from Johnny's hand, spins it around, KNOCKS his phone to the ground and then SMASHES it with the butt of the cue stick. Never raising his pulse.

IAN (CONT'D)
If you give me your number, my insurance will be happy to replace that.

Ian calmly returns to his table. Behind him, Johnny and his closest buddies each grab a cue and advance. Behind *them*, the rest of their friends raise their phones. And start filming.

Ian looks up. And sighs.

104 EXT. BUFFALO BILLIARDS - EARLY MORNING

The German Shepherd looks up inside the truck, barking happily when -- the cops come blazing. Wailing sirens.

105 INT. BUFFALO BILLIARDS - EARLY MORNING

Johnny and three of his buddies are all on the floor, Ian is bleeding from his face and fists, when--

The cops come barging in, guns drawn. Ian's PHONE rings. Surprisingly; the same characteristic ring-tone as SARAH's.

IAN
I have to get that.

COP
Don't touch that phone!

Flinching, Ian finds an ID-CARD in his pocket and shows it to the cops. We never see it, but their faces totally change.

IAN
I really have to get that.

COP
Yes sir, of course, sir.

IAN (ON THE PHONE)
Connolly?

His eyes turn dark and we cut to--

BLACK

In three seconds we SPEED-REWIND BACK THROUGH 15 minutes of chaos, the nature of which we're yet unable to recognize, before we end back at a--

106 EXT. PARKING LOT - BREAK OF DAWN

A vast parking lot outside a huge black glass building.

SUPER : *"15 minutes earlier"*

A number of cars are pulling in already. Out of one steps--

LARS MOORE (45), fit, bald, rimmed specs and wearing his earplugs, playing MOTOWN classics.

We ONLY HEAR HIS MUSIC, as he moves towards the entrance. Spots something. Frowns. Slows down when his eyes land on:

A CAR, parked close to the building. It's empty but -- its parking lights are left on.

UNDER IT -- a LED LIGHT is discretely blinking. Transmitting?

Moore gets a sinking feeling. A WOMAN walks right towards it, on her way to work. Moore shouts behind the music--

LARS MOORE (M.O.S.)
GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR!

She looks up. Doesn't understand. He runs. Reaches and grabs her. Pulls her down beneath another car just as--

The rigged car -- EXPLODES.

SMASHING the facade of the black glass building.

BREAKING a thousand windshields on the parking lot.

Leaving everything in dust, smoke and wailing car alarms.

For a long moment, everything is eerily white. Then--

Lars Moore coughs his way back through the smoke. The woman survived the blast. He stumbles to his feet and tries to take in the horrific sight : Chaos, rubble, screaming.

He pulls out his smart-phone and starts calling people. As he does, we're pulled into the CAMERA on the front of his phone and see what it sees: The massively damaged facade.

All around him, people instinctively raise their phones and start shooting. As they do, we JUMP from camera to camera, getting a MULTI-ANGLED PERSPECTIVE of the site, that soon MERGE INTO ONE until it feels like we're everywhere at once.

The last spectator directs his camera away from the building to instead focus on the SIGN at the entrance, finally revealing that the place that was just attacked houses--

THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE - a stylistic take on the show's concept and theme : Fragmented ultra close-ups of unidentifiable details in human faces that are ultimately merged into full portraits of our main stars.

107 EXT. NSA - MORNING

Sarah's car pulls up in front of chaos.

SARAH
Jesus.

108 INT. NSA, ENTRANCE HALL - MORNING

Sarah moves inside the building. All around her, people are ON THEIR PHONES. Texting, calling, emailing.

She's joined by -- Lars Moore. They jump right into the conversation. Clearly know each other well. Talking while they pace through the building.

SARAH
What's the preliminary?

LARS MOORE
Car bomb, plastic or composite, 20 to 30 k, sole executor, remote detonation.

SARAH
How many casualties?

LARS MOORE
11 wounded, miraculously no one killed, we're evacuating everyone but key personnel until we know if we can expect another hit.

SARAH
Suspects?

LARS MOORE
CIA have a hierarchy of foreign terrorists, the FEDS are tracking down a number of right wing extremists, but nothing solid. We're setting a team here to handle our side of the investigation and I want you to lead it.

SARAH
Why me?

He gives her a look.

LARS MOORE
Why you?

SARAH
I'm a mid-level analyst with no field-experience, my career-path is three to five years from expected advancement, and my father is... well, who he is, so... Why me?

The hint of a smile in Moore's eye as he leads her--

LARS MOORE
This way.

109 INT. NSA, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A huge empty conference room. Dark wood and deep chairs.

LARS MOORE
Please familiarize yourself with what we've got, and I'll be back.

He signals a paper file on the table. Then he's gone. She flips through the sheets, reading, when--

Someone else enters. IAN. Without even noticing her, he limps up to an ESPRESSO MACHINE in the corner. Tries to get a cup.

He's got blood on his face, hands and t-shirt. Sarah worries.

SARAH
You okay?

IAN
Huh? Yeah, I'm fine thanks. My heads' a little...

He signals his head in a way that could mean "Pain". Or "nuts". Probably a little bit of both. Back to the machine.

SARAH
You were out there when it happened?

IAN
Hmm?

SARAH
You were hit by the blast?

IAN
Huh? No, I was in a fight.

SARAH
...here?

IAN
No, I was at this place called Buffallo Billiards? I play there with my brother, and I was on my fifth pint when a couple of college kids tried to take his cue.

He shrugs. She stares at him. Realizing that--

SARAH
You're Ian Connolly.

He looks up with a smile. Surprised.

IAN
And here I am, having no idea who you are.

SARAH
Let's keep it that way. I'm sorry, agent Connolly, but I need the room.

IAN
I need the coffee.

SARAH
Clearly.

The machine won't budge. He never gets his cup. Turns around.

IAN
Listen. It's my day off, so I'm entitled to show up drunk, what's your excuse?

SARAH
Didn't think I needed one.

Ian delivers everything with a careless wolf's smile.

IAN
You're Sarah Miller, the anti-surveillance fetichist whose dad fills The New York Times with his conspiratorial crazyness, and who probably chose the wrongest place in the world to make career. I think you do.

SARAH
Thought you didn't know me.

IAN
Yeah, well, I *pretend* not to know you because I don't want to tell you to your face what they all call you, are you here to take notes?

She looks up. *What?*

SARAH
Excuse me?

IAN
I have a meeting. And if you're not here to take notes? Then *I* need the room.

Lars Moore returns. Looks back and forth between them.

LARS MOORE
Ah, good, I see you two already met. Let's go.

Moore leaves again. Sarah and Ian stare at each other. Ian smiles to himself. Bloody hell. Sarah sighs. Then moves.

110 INT. NSA, CORRIDORS - DAY

Lars Moore leads Sarah and Ian towards an elevator. Ian sends long glances after a WOMAN passing with a hot cup of coffee.

SARAH
Why us?

LARS MOORE
The other agencies are doing their thing, we have our own reasons to investigate this internally.

SARAH
No, I mean why the two of us? You recruited us less than fifteen minutes after the explosion?

They enter an ELEVATOR. Moore inserts a KEY CARD in the panel, and a NEW BUTTON comes to life below the others.

LARS MOORE
Connolly served nine years in the field, he's tracked down targets all over the world. You're the best analyst in your generation and even so, your gut response to a huge promotion is neither "Thank you, sir" nor "About time" but "Why me?"
(beat)
That's why.

He presses the newly appeared button. Gives them a look.

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
And you were recruited for this job two years ago. We just haven't told you.

Sarah and Ian exchange a glance just as -- the doors close.

111 INT. NSA, BUNKER CORRIDORS - DAY

DING. The elevator opens again deep underground. They pace through new corridors. Constant movement.

LARS MOORE
We believe the bomber tried to destroy the same thing we'll now use to find him. You're the 11th and 12th person in the world to see what you're about to see. Nobody outside the NSA even knows it exists.

They reach a door. Moore inputs a code.

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
Echelon is obsolete. Prism was compromised. This is the future of online surveillance, this--

He opens the door.

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
--is <u>The White Eye.</u>

They slowly step inside--

112 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - DAY

A HUGE DOME SHAPED room. A 360 degree screen embraces us. Everywhere around and above us. On it is projected--

A MYRIAD OF IMAGES -- mostly fragmented close-ups of what appears to be random peoples' faces, hands, feet, eyes and mouths. As they move through the world. Looks like a chaotic mix between surveillance cameras and Skype-videos. Not just a slice of reality, but all of reality crammed into one room.

In the centre of the room is a computer control panel. Two young faces have been waiting there. We'll get back to them. Right now we stay on--

Sarah and Ian. Taking in the impressive sight.

SARAH
What the hell is this?

LARS MOORE
Empty your pockets and I'll show you.

The do. Wallets and smart-phones. Moore picks up a phone.

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
There are 200 million of these in the US alone. 70% of the population are carrying one. On either side of them are cameras, down here; microphones, and they're all hooked up to the same online network.
(beat)
The White Eye can tap into each and every single one of these phones. See what they see, *live*, as it happens. Creating a massive web of eyes and ears, carried around by all of us.
(beat)
And it can combine the signals of 2, 10 or 100 devices into one huge, compiled signal that we can access and move around inside as we wish.
(beat)
Watch this:

He puts on a pair of CONTROLLER GLOVES and moves his hands in the air, manipulating the images on the wall. He SELECTS a random citizen, a 20-something SKATER, and we ZOOM OUT ON--

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
Every carrier is selectable, and once you *activate* him or her--

--A CITY SQUARE. The skater is riding across it. We see him from his own phone, but as he slides across the crowded square; one by one, additional signals pick him up...

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
--every phone nearby starts looking for him using the built-in facial recognition software. And as they *find* him... we get this:

The skater is now caught on cam by more than 40 phones, the feeds from which are all MERGED INTO ONE. Using his gloves, Moore "moves around" the skater, zooms, following him across the square. As he leaves the square, new signals pick up on him. He remains focused in a 360 degree myriad of live feeds.

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
And as our target moves away from the square, the system will auto-track his face through the city. Wherever he goes, we'll follow. Whatever he sees and hears, we will see and hear. All the way to his hood, his home, his bedroom. As long as there's an online phone nearby... his private life is no longer private.

Sarah and Ian stare in awe at the images unfolding.

IAN
This is...

SARAH
So unbelievably...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Wrong.

IAN
Amazing.

LARS MOORE
Here to assist you in your investigation are junior agents Sakuya Johnson and Pattie Smith. Johnson handles everything tech-related, and Smith does research and statistics and is your wingman on the ground.

SAKUYA JOHNSON (27) is an uptight Silicon Valley-wiz of half Japanese Decent. PATTIE SMITH (26), pierced and full body tatoos, looks nothing like the next-gen NSA-agent she is.

SAKUYA
Agent Miller, agent Connolly, we've followed the entire vetting process, it's an honor to finally meet you in real life.

SARAH
The... 'vetting process'?

PATTIE
Don't mind him, he's socially challenged a.k.a. geek-slash-stalker, we're here to help.

A glance between Sarah and Ian.

SARAH
We agree that the car was empty when the bomb went off, right?

LARS MOORE
We do.

SARAH
So... how do we use this thing to catch the bomber?

SAKUYA
Our phones are the key to everything in this room. The White Eye does more than access them live. Once we've activated a device, we can tap into all the data stored inside it.
(MORE)

SAKUYA (CONT'D)
GPS and Gyro tells us where and how he moves. Phone records who he calls and texts. Web searches what he's looking for.

PATTIE
The phones are also the key to a pretty accurate *psychological* profile. We've got social media updates, stream-history on your preferred music and movies, and most importantly; your photos and videos, both those stored and backed-up online. You shoot it, we got it. That thing in your hand is more than just a phone. It's a gateway to your soul.

IAN
Tell me, does it run out and take down the target as well?

LARS MOORE
I'm counting on you there, Connolly.

IAN
Thought so.

SARAH
Where do we start?

Moore turns to Sakuya.

LARS MOORE
Show them.

Sakuya works his computers and IMAGES appear on the screen: The NSA-parking lot just around the time of the blast.

SAKUYA
We had 130 people filming this thing when it happened. Tracking back in time we lose the recordings one by one, but we were lucky enough to have *one* guy filming the sunrise 50 minutes earlier, and in the background--

The White Eye REWINDS. Weakening the strength and scope of the recording, as phone by phone drops out. Until there's only one videofile left that miraculously caught something:

SAKUYA (CONT'D)
There.

Sakuya freezes on -- A MAN in a suit. He's white. Mid 30s. Stepping out of the car that blew up an hour later.

SARAH
Jesus, you got him on tape!?

SAKUYA
We got him when he left the car, but that's it and we're not investigators, we need you to take it from here.

Ian steps closer to the man on the wall.

IAN
That guy is as far from Al Quaeda as he is from being a right wing extremist.

LARS MOORE
He is neither. He is Michael North. He's an expert computer engineer. And the reason we want to keep this thing on NSA hands for now is...
(beat)
His last job was for us.

Sarah and Ian look up. Surprised.

SARAH
Doing what?

Moore looks up and back at her. She's standing in it.

LARS MOORE
This. <u>He designed the White Eye.</u>
(beat)
I think he's out to sell it to the highest bidder. And I want you to use it to find him and stop him before he does. Any questions?

Sarah doesn't even where to begin.

SARAH
Any *quest*-- Is this thing even *legal*? You're *this* high in constitutional violations, you've got an unwarranted A-level wire on every single American, the fact that you're doing this post-Snowden is problematic on levels I can't even begin to comprehend. You said that we're the 11th and 12th person to know about this, I guess the three of you are 8 to 10, and Mr. North up there is number 7. I wanna know who's 1 to 6. How high does this go?

LARS MOORE
Let me put it this way; we have the political authority to use this for whatever purpose we see fit.

SARAH
And when you say “we” you mean?

Moore just gives her a look.

LARS MOORE
People who, like myself, appreciate your choice to put that questioning mind of yours to use for the benefit of the United States.
(he turns to)
Ian?

--who’s been watching Sarah throughout her outburst. He looks back at Moore, even if his answer is for her more than him.

IAN
Huh? Yeah, I’ve got *three* questions, actually.

LARS MOORE
Shoot.

IAN
How fast would we have found Sadam Hussein with this thing?

LARS MOORE
Fast.

IAN
Bin Laden?

LARS MOORE
Even faster.

IAN
And how fast can I get a decent cup of coffee down here?

Moore scoffs. Nods.

LARS MOORE
Go get him.

He leaves. Ian gives Sarah a look. Sarah scoffs and looks back up at -- the grainy image of Michael North up there.

Their target.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

113 EXT. NSA, PARKING LOT - DAY

A swirling scope of the bomb-site.

114 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - DAY

We return where we left: A grainy MICHAEL NORTH stares at us.

SAKUYA
He turned off his phone. All we have is this shot of him.

SARAH
He knows we've got his system and are using it against him.

IAN
So. It's an old fashioned foot chase.

The hint of a smile in Pattie's eyes.

PATTIE
Please. Put on your magic gloves and call this 'old fashioned' again.

Sarah puts on the controller gloves.

SARAH
How do these work?

SAKUYA
Raise your hands. Make the world spin. The White Eye syncs up with the geotags in everyone's photo and video archives. When someone on his path *actively* shot something at the time, we can jump to that and follow him from there.

SARAH
But where did he go? How did he get out of here?

They look back up at the screen. Sarah raises her hands and -- ZOOMS OUT to a WIDE SHOT of the NSA-HQ. Outside the parking lot, a few people have been taking sunrise-photos and videos. Sarah and Ian search through them while speculating:

IAN
He left his car, so if he knows that we'll follow him, he'll have another one parked nearby. Out of sight. A side street somewhere.

SARAH
If he knows we've got the White Eye, he won't risk locking himself to a new vehicle. He took a cab.

IAN
Cabs have security cam's. Walking is slow and exposed, he's in a...

SARAH
...bus. There!

She pauses an INSTAGRAM-video of the sunrise. Zooms in on the background, and finds -- NORTH. Stepping into a public bus.

IAN
(to Sakuya)
Take us inside it.

SAKUYA
All due respect, agent Connolly; *You're* wearing the gloves.

Ian ZOOMS IN on the bus, the entire room seems to ROTATE, until we're inside the bus with a teenage girl taking selfies. North is in the background.

IAN
There.

Ian exhales. Rubs his forehead.

SARAH
You okay?

IAN
Yeah, this IMAX-shit is just--

SARAH
--not so great with the hangover?

He gives her a look. She's deadpan. She SWINGS the room, sending Ian on another queezy swirl, when--

SARAH (CONT'D)
He's getting off. What's that over there?

She points to where North is heading. Stairs leading down.

IAN
Metro.

SARAH
Shit.

PATTIE
No. Good. Lots of people, lots of phones. Activate him.

Sarah does and before our eyes -- a number of surrounding photos and videos MERGE INTO ONE, allowing us to follow North in full 4D (three dimensions plus time).

On the wall : FACIAL RECOGNITION ACTIVE. TRACKING TARGET THROUGH ARCHIVE.

SARAH
When was this?

PATTIE
41 minutes ago.

The White Eye follows North down the stairs, into the metro, automatically jumping from photo to video-recording as he paces through the crowd. When suddenly--

He stops. Looks around. At everyone texting, calling and surfing their phones around him. Then he moves back and takes something from a man sleeping on a bench. A black BALACLAVA. He puts it on, covering his face. Then paces onwards.

IAN
What the hell is he doing?

On the wall : SEARCHING ARCHIVE . . .

SARAH
He knew. Phones all around him. He knew we'd follow him like this.

On the wall : FACIAL RECOGNITION DEACTIVATED. TRACKING LOST.

PATTIE
We lost him.

IAN
The hell we have. I'll take him. Let me take him.

SARAH
We do this together.

IAN
It's a guy running down the metro. It's a standard chase-and-contain, I've done a million of these.

SARAH
Not like this.

IAN
No. Not like this. Please. Move over.

She can't stop him before he steps up in front of her, and we MOVE BEHIND HIM as he raises his hands and starts to "chase" Michael North through the Metro.

<u>It's a chase unlike any we've ever seen before :</u> Spotting North in the crowd, manually activating phone-"carriers" close to him, constantly jumping from camera to camera, signal to signal, as his target runs through the underground.

Jump, jump, there, where? There! Jump! JUMP! FORWARD!

This high-tension/high-tech game of "Where's Waldo" follows North into a metro train, where North keeps running until--

The train thunder into a tunnel and -- all signals die.

IAN (CONT'D)
What happened?

SAKUYA
Tunnel. We're out.

IAN
How long?

PATTIE
Tunnel's a 200 yard stretch at an average of 33mph. 18 to 20 seconds.

They hold their breath. Watching the black screen. Until--

The TRAIN thunders back outside, all signals return but--

<u>Michael North is gone.</u>

Ian swipes through the signals. Desperately looking for him.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
Next stop coming up.

IAN
Where the hell is he?

The train stops. A myriad of people exit. Ian swipes and rotates his way through the chaotic crowd until they're all gone, leaving an almost empty train behind. And on the floor--

<u>Michael North's jacket.</u>

IAN (CONT'D)
He changed his God damn clothes.

Setback moment in the White Room. Ian drops the gloves.

Sarah. Thinking.

SARAH
This doesn't add up. He's got no ties to any known terrorist organisations, he made no demands, and the motive is unclear; how does blowing up the NSA help him sell The White Eye?

IAN
Maybe he got fed up waiting for coffee, who cares? We just need to find him.

Sarah turns to Sakuya and Pattie. Rapid dialogue. Subdued between the juniors.

SARAH
He developed this inhouse, did you know him?

SAKUYA
Huh? Not personally, no.

PATTIE
Agent Johnson prefers to "admire prople from afar".

SAKUYA
You can defriend me if you got a problem.

PATTIE
Or you can stop stalking me like some creepy 35 year-old geezer.

SAKUYA
It's not stalking when your image-settings are not private.

SARAH
Guys?

IAN
I'm 36.

A quick glance between them. Back on track.

SAKUYA
He was an external contractor, he had full access, but was hardly ever here.

SARAH
Family?

PATTIE
Wife and kid. 6 year-old son. House in the suburbs. We had a team there 10 minutes ago. Place was empty but still warm.

SARAH
He took them. But where?

She looks back up at the wall screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)
GPS?

SAKUYA
Switched off on both his and his wife's phone.

SARAH
You said you have access to their photo library?

PATTIE
He wiped them both. No photos.

Checking his screen, Sakuya notices--

SAKUYA
Wait. She dumped them but she forgot to take out the trash. The library is automatically backed up in the cloud. We've got hers here--

IAN watches closely as Sakuya deftly recreates every iPhone-photo and video, North's wife ever took, from online backups.

A MYRIAD OF IMAGES fill the room. Years of them. Most of them private. Smiling selfies. Vacations. Her new red and white Fiat 500 convertible. A lot of pics and videos of their son.

Sarah takes it all in. Taking her time. Taking a toll on Ian.

IAN
Wanna get back on track?

SARAH
I *am* on track, agent Connolly.
(beat)
We lost him from the *digital* map. This is the *emotional* one.
(beat)
What's that?

She points to three scattered pictures of A WHITE LIGHTHOUSE.

IAN
It's a lighthouse. And she took a lot of pictures of it.

SARAH
Look at the leaves on those trees; green, brown, gone. Spring, fall, Christmas. That's not just some random lighthouse, they've been going in their holidays. The time when you...

IAN
...go hide with your family.

They exchange a glance.

SAKUYA
Geotags on the pics place it on the Potomac riverside, pretty secluded, there's just one house beside it.

SARAH
Any active devices inside the house?

A SIGNAL -- lights up on the screen.

SAKUYA
Actually yes, one, a last-gen smartphone, four years old, pre-paid calling card. It's online.

SARAH
When mum or dad get's a new phone...

IAN
...kid gets the old one.

SARAH
And dad forgets to turn it off.

SAKUYA
We're live. This is now.

A SINGLE PHONE SIGNAL comes to life and FILLS THE DOME around them. It's a live-stream from the front camera on Michael North's son's old iPhone. He's playing a game. In the background, North and his wife are talking. Serious. Subdued.

We CROSSCUT The White Room with the signal as--

115 INT. OLD STONEHOUSE NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--Michael North steps up to his son and squats behind him.

MICHAEL NORTH
Hey buddy. Could you put that down for a sec?

He doesn't. But looks up at his dad. Cam and mic still on.

MICHAEL NORTH (CONT'D)
I have to go away for a while.

JIMMY
Where are you going?

MICHAEL NORTH
Just... a little trip. But mom is here and taking care of you. All is gonna be fine, it's gonna be just like vacation, just... a little longer, okay?

JIMMY
But where are you going?

Michael stares at his son. Tears up. Then -- forces himself to smile and... takes off his watch.

MICHAEL NORTH
I need you to do me a favor, okay? Take this and hold on to it for me, will you?

JIMMY
Yeah... but... dad?

MICHAEL NORTH
I'll come back to get it again real soon, okay? I promise. I love you.

He gets up. Jimmy still staring after him.

JIMMY
Were are you going?

North kisses his wife. Then he's out. And we're BACK IN--

116 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On Sarah.

SARAH
He's leaving the country. And he's not coming back.

IAN
How do you know?

SARAH
He just gave him his watch, this... very personal thing... and told him to hold on to it till he comes back.
(beat)
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
That's what fathers do when deep inside... they know they won't.

IAN
So. He's saying goodbye to his loved ones.

SARAH
(to Pattie)
Any other family?

Pattie searches her systems.

PATTIE
A father, William North, 73, retired economics professor.

SARAH
Where does he live?

PATTIE
Actually, right now he's... in post-op recovery after a double bypass. Sibley Memorial.

SARAH
Can I have a live feed outside the hospital?

Sakuya types. THE HOSPITAL fills the walls. Sarah spots and points at -- a red and white FIAT 500 C parked outside.

SARAH (CONT'D)
He took his wife's car.

She and Ian exchange a glance. Then--

117 INT. IAN'S PICK-UP TRUCK / DRIVING - DAY

Ian ROARS off. The NSA-building disappears behind them. His four wheel truck is noisy as hell. The hangover returns.

SARAH
You want me to drive?

IAN
Nah, the breaks are kind'a sticky, so--

<u>SUDDENLY : A HUGE FIGURE RISES RIGHT BEHIND SARAH!</u>

SARAH
Jesus!

IAN
J.D. His name is J.D.

It's the German shepherd.

SARAH
There's a dog! In your car?! Get it out of here!

IAN
Not happening.

SARAH
I hate dogs, get him out of here.

IAN
He was my brother's dog, now he's *my* dog, *you* go before *he* does. He's the only one I trust.

SARAH
I'm like seriously allergic.

IAN
You should be seriously medicated.

SARAH
Yeah, well, you and me both.

IAN
What was that?

SARAH
I said *you and me bo--*

HE STOMPS THE BREAKS - seat belt knocking the air out of her.

IAN
I'm sorry about that.

He signals the brakes apologetically. Speeds up again.

SARAH
Are you for real?

IAN
Yes m'am.

SARAH
And don't m'am me, okay?

IAN
Yes m'am.

She looks out the window. Smiles stiffly. Shaking her head.

SARAH
What do they call me?

IAN
Huh?

SARAH
Who are “they” and what do they call me?

He looks back over his shoulder as they roar past something.

IAN
Ahr, man, God damn!

SARAH
What!?

IAN
There’s a Starbucks right over there, and we can’t stop because we’re late for a bust.

J.D. barks. Whoof!

IAN (CONT’D)
That’s right, J.D... Bust!

Whoof! Happy panting. Ian smiles and explains;

IAN (CONT’D)
We always share a drink after a good bust. Jack Daniels. That’s how he got his name.

Sarah stares at him. Seriously? Is. He. For. *Real*?

IAN (CONT’D)
Hang on.

Ian turns the wheel and throws the truck up outside--

118 EXT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Ian’s truck screeches to a halt. Sarah and Ian jump out, running for the entrance. A glance reveals--

The Fiat 500 C. He’s still inside. Ian touches his ear.

IAN
White Room, what’ve you got?

SAKUYA (V.O.)
The hospital is a blind zone. All phones are switched off because of sensitive equipment. You’re on your own in there.

119 INT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ENTRANCE AREA - DAY

Sarah and Ian rush inside. Patients, family members and white silhouettes everywhere.

SAKUYA (V.O.)
The last thing I have is a signal from someone entering the elevator with him. Fourth floor.

They run for the elevators.

120 INT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, 4TH FLOOR - DAY

DING - Sarah and Ian step out. Guns drawn but kept discrete. Passing a Nurse, who reacts. Sarah flashes her ID.

SARAH
NSA. William North?

NURSE
Third door to your right, what--?

They pace on. Open the door to find -- a male patient in his 70s. Sleeping. Other than that, the room is empty.

SARAH
Was someone here to see him?

NURSE
His son was just here?

SARAH
When? Where did he go!?

IAN
Michael!

Ian raises his gun when down the hall -- MICHAEL NORTH comes around the corner. Carrying a tray with juice for his father.

IAN (CONT'D)
Put it down and step forward. We're with the NSA, and you're coming with us.

North's voice is trembling.

MICHAEL NORTH
I didn't do it! They tried to kill me!

SARAH
Who tried to kill you?

IAN
All we need you to do is step forward and come with us.

Michael North appears genuinely torn.

MICHAEL NORTH
I can't.

He drops the tray. And RUNS! Ian sets chase. North is an athletic guy. Ian is hungover and hasn't slept. Makes it a pretty even match. Sarah reaches for her ear.

SARAH
White Room, we've got a suspect on the run. Agent Connolly in pursuit. Requesting backup to cover all exits.

PATTIE (V.O.)
Copy that, backup en route.

Sarah runs back towards where they came.

121 INT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, STAIRCASE - DAY

A dark concrete staircase. North jumps up the stairs. Ian's two floors behind him. Bolting after.

North reaches the--

122 INT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TOP FLOOR - DAY

North bursts into another hospital corridor. People scream and dodge them when -- Ian barges right after.

They dash through the place. Hospital equipment tumbling.

North turns a corner. Ian follows just in time to see--

A fire escape door closing. Ian pulls it back open, runs through it and up and reaches--

123 EXT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOFTOP - DAY

Ian bursts onto a flat roof, gun pointing at--

Nothing. No one. The roof is empty. He turns. The world swirls around him. Sun in his eyes. Then--

SAKUYA (V.O.)
We've got movement. His phone is back online. Moving straight down through the building.

IAN
Sarah? He's in the elevator!

SARAH (V.O.)
I got it!

Ian runs back inside the small rooftop house holding the staircase door. We linger on it for just a beat before--

124 INT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ENTRANCE AREA - DAY

The ELEVATOR is descending. Slowly. Sarah is here watching.

SARAH
Johnson?

SAKUYA (V.O.)
He's still in there.

Ian comes running, joins her, just as the elevator arrives. DING -- the agents raise their guns. The doors open. It's--

Empty. North's PHONE is on the floor. Transmitting its location. Its owner is nowhere to be seen.

They look around and spot -- The FIAT 500 racing off outside.

IAN
SHIT!

They run.

125 EXT. SIBLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Ian and Sarah come running. They look up and spot -- an IRON FIRE ESCAPE STAIRCASE running down the side of the hospital.

SARAH
He knew we would follow the phone.

Ian keeps running. Shouting back at Sarah to--

IAN
GET THE CAR!

Ian's runs after the Fiat. He takes a short cut as -- Sarah reaches his truck. Four flat tires. She frowns.

Ian grows pale when AHEAD OF HIM: AN ARMORED RESPONSE VEHICLE comes out of left field and forces the Fiat to a halt. THREE ARMED MEN IN BLACK MASKS AND BATTLE-SUITS appear, drag North from his car and into theirs. It all happens in an instant.

Ian reaches the Fiat just as -- the ARV speeds off. On his frustration we cut back to Sarah, realizing--

SARAH
Jesus. He was right.

Far far behind her. Sirens. Backup approaching. Way too late.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

126 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - DAY

Fragments of the kidnapping are being assembled on the wall.

Sarah, Ian and Lars Moore are watching gravely. Ian points--

IAN
The double wristgrab, the hand on his head as they pull him into the ARV, the three man formation there, two on the target, one on the lookout...

LARS MOORE
What are you saying?

IAN
These guys are not foreign terrorist. They've got US-military training.

Moore's eyes grow dark.

SARAH
He said he didn't do it. The bomb. He said 'they' tried to kill him.
(beat)
If North was the target. Who are the bombers?

They look up at the kidnappers. Moore to Sakuya and Pattie--

LARS MOORE
Can you trace them?

SAKUYA
They're masked. No facial lock.

LARS MOORE
The car?

SAKUYA
It went into the Third Street Tunnel. Never came out.

IAN
They changed vehicle underground. You're gonna find it stripped or torched when you go down there.

LARS MOORE
And North?

PATTIE
Gone.

They look back up at the screen; random recordings mixed into a blurred reenactment of the kidnapping, replaying in loops.

SARAH
This doesn't make sense. These guys are professionals, but they setup a car bomb that kills no one inside or outside? Also, if they wanted to kill North, why didn't they just do it outside his home? Or there?

LARS MOORE
Maybe they realized that he's worth more to them alive?

SARAH
If that's the case we can expect--

A SIGNAL echoes through the room.

SARAH (CONT'D)
...a call any minute now.

They all look up. Sakuya reads the numbers--

SAKUYA
Incoming video-call. Scrambled. Aimed directly at this room. Nobody knows the IP-patterns in here except us. And Michael North.

Sarah hesitates. To Moore--

SARAH
What's our strategy?

IAN gives her a look. Then picks up the gloves and connects.

THE WALLS COME TO LIFE -- a rugged charismatic soldier in his mid 40s is talking to a webcam. For now, we will know him only as THE COMMANDER. Calm. With just the hint of an accent.

COMMANDER
I'd like to speak to your chief negotiator.

IAN
Who is this?

COMMANDER
Please put on you chief negotiator.

IAN
We won't be negotiating so we don't have one, *who* is this?

A beat.

COMMANDER
Michael North is with us. He is alive and will be--

IAN
Who?

COMMANDER
--returned as soon as we have received what we want : The White Eye Source code.

IAN
I'm sorry, I can't seem to--

COMMANDER
We will transmit the location and conditions of the--

Ian reaches out mid speech and -- CUTS OFF THE SIGNAL. The wall goes blank. Sarah stares at him. Ian removes his gloves with a confident smile, reassuring her that--

IAN
He'll call back.

SARAH
(to Sakuya)
Can we trace it?

SAKUYA
I need more time than...?

He signals Ian. Unsure of what just happened.

IAN
It's okay. He'll call back.

SARAH
Yeah? When?

IAN
Anywhere between five and fifty minutes. Long enough to make us sweat, short enough to keep us from getting any ideas. And when he does, *you'll* take the call. He'll ask to get me back to demonstrate superiority, you'll agree with great reluctance, and then we're good to go.

Ian heads for the door.

SARAH
Where are you going?

IAN
To get coffee. You want some?

He's out. She can't believe him. Follows him out. Slams the door behind her. Pattie raises her eyebrows. Exhales.

LARS MOORE
What?

PATTIE
Nothing. Just got this flash of my parents right before they divorced.

127 INT. NSA, BUNKER CORRIDORS - DAY

Ian paces down the corridor. Sarah catches up.

SARAH
Connolly!

He stops and turns.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

IAN
I have a multitude of problems.

SARAH
With *me*.

IAN
You're an analyst with no field experience and no idea how the intel your job is based upon is actually gathered.

SARAH
That's not it.

IAN
Yeah?

He smiles and shakes his head.

SARAH
How many years've you been in the field?

IAN
Nine.

SARAH
With whom?

IAN
You want names?

SARAH
Do you remember?

He watches her. A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Tell me, honestly; if you're in a tight spot and it came down to trusting *my* judgement or your own, whose would you trust?

IAN
Mine.

SARAH
Anyone else's judgment or your own?

IAN
Mine.

SARAH
That's my problem with you.

IAN
Well, *that's* the reason I'm still alive after nine years in the field.

She scoffs and heads back towards The White Room.

IAN (CONT'D)
You don't pick up.

She stops and turns. A rare moment of gravity from him.

IAN (CONT'D)
We've got a man out, the kidnappers call and you don't pick up. You wait for permission. For strategies. From someone else.
(beat)
Your call yourself a team-player, loyal to your colleagues and superiors, but the truth is... you're not. You don't include us because you think we can actually help you, but because you're afraid to make decisions on your own. Because for some reason... you don't trust yourself.
(beat)
You blame *me* for going solo? Well, I blame *you* for not. That's why.

She's stunned. They both look up when -- Pattie comes out.

PATTIE
Second call. Right now!

Pattie goes back in. Ian heads back towards The White Room. Checking his watch on the way--

IAN
4 minutes and 35 seconds. They're weak. We've got them before sunrise. Let's go.

He passes Sarah going in. What finally comes now comes quickly, and without Sarah ever raising her voice.

SARAH
If these guys have US-military background, then there's a good chance they work for one of seventeen minor to medium sized security contractors recruiting former US-soldiers. Five of these are unapproved and operate outside US-jurisdiction, three of them specialize in surveillance jobs and would have a heightened interest in the White Eye, and *one* of them is rumored to use excessive force beyond any international law or convention. They're called *Garion*, they're were founded three years ago, and they're becoming increasingly popular with American companies trying to conquer immerging markets in former conflict areas. They have money, training and they stop at nothing, and their employers consistently look away and deny their existence. *If* we're facing a Garion-fraction here just... don't give them anything personal. Anything at all.

He stares at her. Stunned for a beat. Then nods.

IAN
All I have is J.D. Let's go.

They do.

128 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - DAY

ON SCREEN : The Commander now faces -- Sarah.

SARAH
First of all; thank you for calling us back, we sincerely apologize th--

COMMANDER
Put your colleague back online.

SARAH
I'm afraid that's not an option.

A HOODED FIGURE is pulled into the picture. His HOOD is removed. Michael North. Struggling to keep calm.

COMMANDER
You don't dictate the options.

Sarah and Ian exchange a glance. Behind his screen, Sakuya tries to TRACK the callers. Meeting firewall upon firewall, He quietly signals that he needs more time. Ian steps up.

IAN
I'm listening.

COMMANDER
I will make this brief. We want The White Eye source code in exchange for North's life.

IAN
The code is useless to you without the proper hardware.

COMMANDER
We will decide what is useful to us. Within the hour, we'll transmit the location and conditions for the swap. As soon as we have, you have thirty minutes to get to the rendezvous.

IAN
I'm hearing you, and I want to make this happen. But I have to clear this upstairs, and I need more time than you're giving me here.

COMMANDER
Agent Connolly. Please. Don't insult me with your 101-negotiation tactics. We will send the conditions and you and agent Miller will deliver the package. Alone.

The signal disappears.

SARAH
Jesus.

IAN
Yeah.

SARAH
He knows us. And he dropped those names deliberately just to make us know.

IAN
Yeah.

Moore turns to Sakuya.

LARS MOORE
Trace?

SAKUYA
I'm getting devices, but when I try to access the system keeps throwing me off saying they're 'blackeyed'?

Moore reacts. Damn.

IAN
What?

LARS MOORE
The White Eye is a very powerful tool. In the approval phase, it was agreed that certain high ranking government officials would be excluded from its sight. The President, key members of the administration, leading agency figures including myself, actually. We can't be seen or found with The White Eye. We're 'blackeyed personnel'.

SARAH
How did these guys get that status?

LARS MOORE
Maybe they hacked it? Forced North to help them, I don't know?

IAN
That's great. So now we can't even trust our own system?
(to Sarah)
Those nine years alone? Because of shit like this.

SARAH
If we go in without the White Eye, it'll be like walking into the dragon's lair blindfolded.

LARS MOORE
You won't be going in without it.

SARAH
It just can't see the people we're up against. We can't give them what they want.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
And we'll be going in alone against a battalion of highly trained soldiers.

LARS MOORE
You won't be going in alone. We'll have a takedown team close by, ready to move if needed.

SARAH
How close?

Moore's silence is answer enough. Sarah scoffs. Looks at Ian, who is scrolling through his iPhone-contacts.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Connolly, you're the field expert here, what's your assessment of the success probability for an operation like this one?

IAN
Hm? I'm sorry, I'm just trying see if I can find a new home for J.D.

SARAH
Thought so.

She walks out. Ian looks up at Moore and pockets his phone.

IAN
Nope.

129 INT. DIMLY LIT RESTAURANT - EVENING

An exclusive restaurant. Dim orange light. Alex waits by one table. All dressed up. Immersed in the menu when--

Sarah appears. Discretely. Subdued voice. He smiles.

ALEX
Hey...? You okay, you look...?

She sits. Looks him in they eye and gets straight to the point. Subdued. Serious. His smile fades as she speaks.

SARAH
I'm *so* sorry. I know I told you to take me out, I know you have this amazing thing planned, and I really, *really* want to honor that, but it can't be now. I can't stay. I only came because I have to ask you to do something very important for me.

ALEX
What?

SARAH
I need you to sleep at the office tonight. Or in a hotel somewhere. Anywhere but home. It might be more that one night, I can't say.

ALEX
What's going on?

SARAH
I can't tell you. You have to trust me.

Alex stares at her. Then scoffs. Smiles. Pain.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Please.

ALEX
No. Listen. Sarah... I know... you do what you do, but *this* is just..? Nevermind.

He gives up. Gets up. About to leave when she grabs his hand.

SARAH
Alex please.

She signals the table. *Please*? He hesitates. A very long beat. Then sits. Reluctantly. She looks around. Spotting PHONES everywhere. On bars and tables. In peoples hands and purses. She leans in. Her voice is but a whisper.

SARAH (CONT'D)
When you were in Bagdad, who took care of you?

ALEX
What do you mean?

SARAH
You're part of a team lining up a potential new IT-infrastructure in a highly destabilized region, who made sure you could walk freely?

ALEX
I don't know, the company is handling security...?

SARAH
22 other companies are trying to land the same deal in a city that doesn't want them.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
19 of them are hit by roadside bombs, shootings, kidnappings. You and two other companies walk and operate freely. You drive, take meetings, make deals with no one interfering. Why do you think that is? Luck?

Alex looks at her. Where's she going with this.

SARAH (CONT'D)
All 22 companies used private contractors to handle security. You and two other companies just had someone who went the extra mile. That's why you landed the deal. And nobody asked how many shots fired in the process. Or at whom.

He scoffs. Shakes his head. Come on!

SARAH (CONT'D)
We're in a situation right now that probably involves a contractor like that. They work for whomever pays the most, and right now, we've got that money against us.
(beat)
These guys are mercenaries. Alex. And they know who I am.

ALEX
Jesus. Sarah.

SARAH
I'll be fine. But I can't do what I do, if I have to worry about you as well. I'll make sure they put a team on you, but please, you gotta promise me: Don't go home tonight.

He gives her a look. Then -- nods. She closes her eyes, leans in and kisses him, mimics a "thank you". Then she's out of there as quickly and discretely as she came. Leaving--

Alex behind. Troubled. A waiter brings two glasses of champagne. Alex scoffs. In one of them is--

An engagement ring.

130 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - EVENING

Ian is alone with the junior agents. J.D. is with him now.

PATTIE
Pre-mission meet upstairs in ten.

Ian nods. Pattie leaves. Ian thoughtful. Stroking J.D.

IAN
Johnson? When we found North, you said you recreated his wife's photo-library from an old online backup?

Sakuya nods towards the screen.

SAKUYA
You can search for a specific device, or if you don't have it, then any combination of name, place and date. If there's anything stored, you'll find it.

IAN
Can I have the room? Please?

Sakuya hesitates.

SAKUYA
Of course, sir. I'll be right upstairs if you need me.

IAN
Great.

He leaves. Ian is alone now. He faces the White Wall.

131 INT. SARAH'S CAR / DRIVING - EVENING

Sarah drives through the night. It starts to rain. Blurring her face. She stops for a red light. Feels shitty.

She finds ALEX in her smart-phone contacts and writes him a brief text. "I love you. I'm sorry. Thank you!".

But just before she SENDS, she hesitates. Suddenly the phone is a presence. Its weight, feel, the camera. <u>Watching her!</u>

The lights turn green. Sarah cancels the text. And floors it.

132 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - EVENING

A WALL OF IMAGES unfold : Sand, dust, young soldiers under a scorching sun. A TEXT reveals that the library belongs to--

SEAN CONNOLLY

NO NEW ENTRIES IN : 18 months, 9 days, 4 hours, 35 seconds.

Ian stands as a lone dark silhouette surrounded by images and videoclips. He activates the LAST RECORDING stored in the library, and a HANDHELD VIDEO starts playing, taking us into--

A DESERT MILITARY CAMP

The POV-video finds - two YOUNG SOLDIERS chasing A FRIGHTENED PIG through camp. Cornering it. Laughing. Behind the cam--

SEAN (V.O.)
Hey, leave the pig alone, assholes!
Here, take this.

The voice hands his phone to one of the soldiers. Then steps forward. He's SEAN CONNOLLY, mid 20s, squats by the pig.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Come on girl, come on... *There* you go.

He gently lifts it up in his arms. We JUMP CUT TO -- Sean releasing the pig outside the camp. It runs off. The second soldier points the cam at Sean. Deep movie-trailer voice--

YOUNG SOLDIER (O.S.)
Behold the mighty Sergeant Connolly. Savior of pigs. Lover... of pigs.

SEAN
You're an idiot, you know that?

YOUNG SOLDIER
You wanna marry that pig.

Sean smiles and subconsciously makes a quick gesture with his neck while talking - side to side, left-right, crack.

SEAN
You know what? I *do* wanna marry the pig, I love her and we're doing it no matter what you or dad says, now gimme my phone back you stupid idio-

He reaches out and on his smiling face, the image FREEZES.

In the dark, Ian watches him. And tears up. By his side, J.D. is whining quietly. Recognizing Sean? Ian jumps when -- a silhouette appears behind him. Sarah.

SARAH (O.S.)
What are you doing?

IAN
Uh...? Just... getting ready for the uh... The others are upstairs.

SARAH
That's your brother?

IAN
Yeah, I was just...

Ian looks down. For the first time displaying vulnerability.

SARAH
You can't use this thing privately.

Ian looks back up at his brother's frozen smile.

IAN
That's the last thing he ever recorded. An hour later he went on a routine inspection in a nearby village. They say he went into a farm house to look for some stolen ammo. The door was rigged. He went in alone, he shouldn't have been... alone. I should've been there, that's what big brothers are supposed to do.

He looks down. Then back at Sarah. Moist eyes.

IAN (CONT'D)
I didn't wanna... I guess I was just hoping that... I don't know.

SARAH
Sometimes it's better not to know.

IAN
No. It's never better.

They look up when -- an ALARM sounds in the White Room.

SARAH
This is it. We're on.

133 INT. NSA, CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Moore stands in front of a digi-board. Sarah, Ian, Sakuya and Pattie listening. High tension.

LARS MOORE
Conditions just came in. The swap will take place in a deserted mountain town in the Appalachians. We'll have a helicopter ready in... four minutes. You'll bring an encrypted copy of the White Eye source code with a ghost-file attached that allows us to trace it.

IAN
What's the White Eye coverage?

SAKUYA
We'll follow you as far as we can.

Ian and Sarah exchange a glance.

SARAH
And who's our backup?

LARS MOORE
The takedown team will be in a second helicopter hovering as close as they possibly can without risking exposure.

Ian leans in--

IAN
That's deskjob-speak for 'no backup'.

LARS MOORE
Smith will get you rigged up.

134 EXT. NSA ROOFTOP - EVENING

Ian and Sarah rush towards a HELICOPTER. Ian stops, a beat--

IAN
Miller? You should stay here.

SARAH
They want us both. Besides; who's gonna cover your ass if I do?

IAN
Didn't think you cared that much about my ass.

SARAH
Don't flatter yourself, Connolly, I don't. But if you die and I survive, I'll just end up with J.D. and I really... *really* hate dogs.

He smiles. She too. For a brief moment, the seriousness of the situation becomes painfully present to them both.

Then -- Ian jumps into the helicopter. Then helps her up. They take off against the dark sky and we cut to--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

OVER BLACK we hear distant radio chatter--

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Whiskey Echo One, this is Falcon, we've arrived at T-minus... 180 seconds. Delivery complete. Assuming secondary position, over.

THUDDING. Rotor blades ascending and leaving. And we cut to--

135 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Sarah and Ian. Alone on a dark mountain road in the pale moonlight. All around them, tall dark trees. Up ahead -- an old town that appears to be either sleeping or dead.

They step forward. Sarah reaching for her ear.

SARAH
Moving forward. Johnson, you have anything on the White Eye, over?

SAKUYA (V.O.)
No signals. No movement. Nothing but the two of you. Over.

Sarah and Ian exchange a glance because up the road--

SARAH
That's... comforting.

--a CAR comes this way. As it stops 60 feet away, we recognize the ARV from outside the hospital. Four silhouettes step outside. Three masked soldiers and -- the COMMANDER.

Sarah and Ian are blinded by the lights as he signals--

COMMANDER
Weapons.

Ian and Sarah throw each their hand gun his way.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Secondary.

Ian produces another concealed weapon. Sarah - a look.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Package.

IAN
Where's North?

COMMANDER
He'll be released when we confirm the contents of the package.

Ian hesitates. Then throws him a rubber-clad SSD-DRIVE. The Commander lets one of his men hook it up to a laptop.

Sarah looks around. Between the dark trees surrounding them, SHADOWS move. More soldiers. Watching the watchers.

Back at the ARV, the laptop-soldier nods to his boss.

SARAH
Now. Release Michael North.

No answer. The soldiers return to the ARV.

IAN
Get ready.

SARAH
For what?

Ian THROWS himself at Sarah, pushing her aside, just as--

BULLETS RIP THE GROUND right where they just stood.

The ARV reels backwards. Spraying dirt. Swirling.

Ian pulls Sarah backwards, producing a THIRD GUN from his trouser leg. He empties the clip into the dark--

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!!!

--as they plunge towards safety in the--

136 EXT. DARK WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Holding Sarah's hand tight, Ian plows through the dark.

A flickering blur of blue and black.

Around them -- SHADOWS move, closing in.

One of them jumps. Ian grabs him mid air, throwing him to the ground. Another one attacks. Two against one. This is no bar-fight. It's pro, deadly and lightning fast -- BAM-BAM-BAM!

Ian brings down one of them, but the other Shadow strikes him to his knees, flashing a KNIFE BLADE in the moonlight and--

CRACK -- Sarah breaks a branch over his head. Saving Ian's life. The Shadow falls to he ground, exposing a discrete symbol on his upper right arm -- "G"

Ian looks up. Whispers.

IAN
Garion.

Ian and Sarah stare wide eyed into darkness. We SWIRL around them, the woods filled with silent dangers when suddenly--

SARAH'S PHONE RINGS! The display lights up the night: "ALEX". It only rings ONCE before--

Sarah SMASHES it against a rock -- but too late.

SHADOWS burst into frame.

Ian is struck down from behind. Sarah's outcry is muffled by a CLOTH over her mouth. She is pulled backwards into darkness, she rolls her eyes and we abruptly cut to--

BLACK

SILENCE

A HIGH PITCHED RINGING TAKES US SLOWLY BACK TO...

137 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

Sarah comes back to life. She's on a floor somewhere. Her BLURRED POV slowly focusing on--

Saw dust. Dancing in the cold breeze. Dim overhead lights.

She's surrounded by... dark wood. Lumber. Planks. Tree. The climax of this high-tech pilot will take place in the most organic place of all: An old saw mill.

Sarah focuses. A huge room. In the centre of it stands--

Michael North. Working on the laptop. Sweating. Afraid.

The COMMANDER paces back and forth behind him. His voice echoes through the high pitched ringing. Fragments.

COMMANDER
source code.. encrypted.. tracking file attached.. remove it and...

Sarah tries to get up. Can't. She's hand-cuffed.

138 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Lars Moore joins the junior agents. Speed. Gravity.

LARS MOORE
What's our stat?

PATTIE
Two man down. Agent Miller taken.

LARS MOORE
Connolly?

PATTIE
Unknown.

139 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Ian opens his eyes. Tries to get up. Hurting like hell. He rolls over the unconscious soldier next to him, looking for and finding something strapped to his back--

A high powered SNIPER RIFLE.

140 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

Sarah moves. Pain. The Commander notices.

COMMANDING OFFICER
Agent Miller. Welcome back. I apologize for the harsh conditions, but we need to keep you here to make sure your colleagues don't get any ideas before we're done.

SARAH
What happens when you're done?

He doesn't answer.

141 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Moore and the juniors light up when a voice crackles--

IAN (V.O.)
Whiskey Echo this is agent Connolly, enroute to the access point, you got a 10-20 for me?

Off a non-moving BLEEP on Sakuya's screen--

SAKUYA
We're locked on the source code, near the west end of town, probably inside a building somewhere.

IAN (V.O.)
Stat on agent Miller?

Sakuya and Moore exchange a glance.

142 INT. DARK MOUNTAIN TOWN - NIGHT

Ian glides into the empty town. Holding the rifle. He pauses for a beat - closing his eyes - when Sakuya responds--

SAKUYA (V.O.)
Unknown.

PATTIE (V.O.)
Look for a secluded place, big enough to house the entire team, isolated enough to hide them.

Ian's gaze lands on -- the old saw mill. On the rocky side of town. Secluded. Dim lights inside. On is backside -- the ARV.

IAN
Got it.

Ian pushes forward. A limp to his walk. A new voice--

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Connolly, this is Moore. Takedown team is enroute, ETA in t-minus... seven minutes. We need you to stand down and wait for their arrival.

IAN
Right.

He keeps moving.

143 EXT. DARK SKY - NIGHT

The HELICOPTER thunders across the sky heading back towards--

The mountains.

144 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

Sarah crawls to her knees. Struggling with the chloroform.

SARAH
I need help...

The commanding officer looks her way. Then back at North.

145 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Lars Moore and the juniors light up, at the sound of Sarah's voice. Moore leans in.

LARS MOORE
Miller, this is Moore, we're coming to get you.
(MORE)

LARS MOORE (CONT'D)
The team is aiming for the source code tracking-file, we need you to do everything you can to keep North from removing it.

SARAH (V.O.)
Ian...?

LARS MOORE
Alive and outside. Help is on its way, Sarah. Hang in there.

146 EXT. ROCKY HILL - CONTINUOUS

A SNIPER POV glides across the saw mill. Armed guards outside. All masked. Barely visible in the pale moonlight.

IAN
Connolly in position. I've got four... *five* man out front. Maybe more on the dark side.

We reveal -- Ian lying in position with the rifle in the rocky hills, a good distance away from the saw mill.

IAN (CONT'D)
How many signals inside?

147 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sakuya leans in.

SAKUYA
None. They're all blackeyed. But North's laptop is online. Can't turn on its webcam without giving us away, but I'll send you a feed from the mic.

148 EXT. ROCKY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Ian raises his rifle and looks up.

IAN
That's it? I'm a thousand yards out, you're sitting on the White Eye and you give me an *audio*?

SAKUYA
Feeding you the signal now.

Ian swings the rifle back in position, and as he does -- the MOON reflects in the glass of his sniper-scope.

149 EXT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

One of the MASKED GUARDS pause, when his eye catches the REFLECTION up in the rocky hills. He stares. And spots--

Ian's silhouette. The guard pulls back - then moves.

150 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

Michael North is trying to remove the encrypted tracking file from the White Eye source code. We focus on -- the tiny microphone hole on his laptop. Then focus shift to--

Sarah on the floor. Receiving--

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
We've got an audio-feed to Connolly. If there's any way you can communicate the position of the commander without giving yourself away he might be able to take him down. But it all depends on you.
(beat)
You're his White Eye now, Sarah.

Sarah closes her eyes. Great. Under her breath.

SARAH
Too bad he only trusts himself, huh?

The Commander looks her way. Frowns. Then back at North.

151 EXT. ROCKY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Ian hears her and smiles to himself.

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Connolly? What's your visual?

IAN'S POV -- The old saw mill. Light shines out through cracks in the wooden walls. We see SHADOWS moving around inside. But have no chance in hell to distinguish who is who.

IAN
Oh, it's pretty close to 20/20, give or take, like... 20.

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
If you get a visual on the Commander, you're clear to shoot.

IAN
Copy that. Could've used that coffee now, Lars. You got a line to Miller?

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
We do. Anything you wanna say?

IAN
Tell her to stay down.

He leans his eye back on the sniper scope. Not noticing--

152 EXT. ROCKY TERRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The ARMED GUARD from before. Moving this way. Eyes locked on--

Ian. High above.

153 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Outside town. Dust and leaves whirl. The helicopter lands.

THE TAKEDOWN TEAM arrives. Night-vision goggles. Rifles.

154 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

North, sweating behind the laptop. The Commander behind him.

COMMANDER
Tick-tock.

MICHAEL NORTH
There's a triple encryption on this thing, I got one of them, two to go, usually you don't do this manually.

COMMANDER
Let me know if you need me to... heighten your motivation.

North laughs a strained laugh. No thanks. DING.

MICHAEL NORTH
There. One more left.

North keeps at it. On the floor, Sarah realizes that--

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Miller?

--it's up to her.

SARAH
Hey? Michael? Tell me something? You're a father, right?

COMMANDER
Please leave Mr. North to his business.

SARAH
Do you think a father should *look out* for his kid, or *watch over* him? Protect or punish?

North hesitates.

SARAH (CONT'D)
These guys make no difference. They're mercenaries, Michael. They find people and kill them for money. If they get their hands your White Eye... they can find us all. At all times. For all purposes.

COMMANDER
Agent Miller?

He produces his handgun. Just looks at her. North takes his hands off the keyboard. The Commander raises his gun at him.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Keep going.

Sarah clenches her teeth. In her ear--

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Team is on the ground! Keep the source code <u>locked</u> till they arrive, if North breaks the last encryption, <u>you're both dead</u>!

SARAH
You wanna be the guy who invented the next A-bomb and gave it away?

Resolutely, the Commander walks over and--

SMACKS her in the face. Her glasses fly. Pain. Blood.

COMMANDER
I tried. To ask you. Nicely.

Sarah shouts to Michael North.

SARAH
He can't kill you before the code is unlocked. Me, but not you! Don't do it, Michael!

The sliding door opens. A henchman appears - signals outside.

ARMED SOLDIER
Sir? We've got movement.

The Commander pulls Sarah up. She yells as he pulls her hair. He drags her with him towards the door, shouting at North:

COMMANDER
GET IT DONE, NOW!

North's fingers dance across the keyboard. Trembling.

155 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Moore shouts--

LARS MOORE
Connolly, they're moving, what's your 20!?

156 EXT. ROCKY HILL - NIGHT

SCOPE-POV swirling. High tension.

IAN
Negative, nowhere near a line of sight. How far away is the T-team!?

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
On the ground. On their way!

IAN
HOW FAR!??

157 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Moore exchanges a serious glance with Sakuya and Pattie.

158 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

The Commander leans up against the wall, next to the now open door. Holding Sarah tight. Gun to her head. He peeks out the door. His gaze darting across shadows.

COMMANDER
How many?

Sarah chokes in his grasp. Can't see. Can hardly breathe.

159 EXT. ROCKY HILL - CONTINUOUS

SCOPE POV -- Flickering shadows by the door. Then on Ian--

IAN
I've got *two* figures by the door. Behind the wall.

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Miller and the target.

IAN
Who's who?

160 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

Sarah in the Commander's grasp. In her ear--

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Sarah? Ian has two targets in sight. You and the Commander.

COMMANDER
HOW MANY!?

Sarah's words have twin goals now. The Commander and Lars.

SARAH
Nobody's coming...

COMMANDER
The second anyone steps through this door, I'm taking your life, understand?

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
He can take the shot. But he doesn't know who of you is who.

DING. Michael North reaches out his hands and shouts--

MICHAEL NORTH
Let her go! Please. It's done. The code is unlocked. Let her go!

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
Sarah?

Moore's voice is soothing calm. Sarah closes her eyes. The Commander smiles. He looks up when he hears his men shouting outside -- THE TAKEDOWN TEAM are coming down the hill.

The Commander COCKS HIS GUN. Presses it against Sarah's head.

COMMANDER
Whaddaya know?

Sarah opens her eyes. Looks straight at him. Sad clarity.

SARAH
Sometimes it's better not to know.
(beat)
Take it.

161 EXT. ROCKY HILL - CONTINUOUS

POV -- movement in cracks of light. Two shadows. Too close.

Ian holds his breath. And pulls the trigger.

162 INT. OLD SAW MILL - NIGHT

CRACK!

Sarah and The Commander both JOLT! Then just stand there. For a beat. The Commander looks down. Peels something out of his chest. A wooden splint the size of a finger. He inspects it, not understanding.

He looks behind him. A hole in the wall, the size of a soccer ball. Then he finally notices -- blood. On his hands, neck, chest. He falls to his knees. And over.

Sarah's legs give in. She slides down the wall and we stay with her on the floor when--

THE TAKEDOWN TEAM ARRIVES. We sense the shooting. The armed Garion soldiers falling in the background. We never hear it.

We stay on Sarah. Crying quietly. Without her glasses. Until it's all finally over and a hand reaches down to help her up.

Michael North.

163 EXT. ROCKY HILL - NIGHT

Ian watches from afar as the Takedown Team escorts Sarah and North outside. They cut her cuffs. Wrap blankets around them. Ian exhales. And rises. Only to freeze when he feels--

A HANDGUN PRESSED AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

The one surviving ARMED GUARD is right there behind him.

Ian closes his eyes. No way out.

This is it.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

164 EXT. ROCKY HILL - NIGHT

We cut right back into the standoff. The masked soldier grabs Ian's rifle and throws it into the chasm below.

Ian slowly turns to face his nemesis. The masked soldier looks him straight in the eye. And then something happens--

The gun in his hand starts to tremble. The soldier struggles to stay focused. He makes a quick gesture with his neck - left-right, crack - and then... he lowers his gun. And--

--turns around and runs. Ian watches, stunned, as the masked soldier jumps across the rocks and disappears into the woods.

165 INT. HELICOPTER - SUNRISE

Hands lock. Blood between them. Sarah helps Ian up into the helicopter. They just look at each other. She's got blood all over. The Commander's blood. North is beside her.

Rotor blades roar. The helicopter lifts. And as it does, Ian looks back over the mountains, where the soldier disappeared.

Behind the mountains -- the sun rises.

DISSOLVE TO:

166 EXT. NSA - MORNING

Back at the HQ. Fire trucks and paramedics are clearing out.

167 INT. NSA, CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Pre-debrief. Ian, Sakuya and Pattie are waiting in silence. Ian is lost in thoughts when Sakuya leans in and whispers--

SAKUYA
I saw you on Insta! That pool bar yesterday? Awesome!

Sakuya clenches his unmanly fists with a conceding smile, that fades when the response is -- total deadpan from Ian. Pattie coughs discretely.

PATTIE
Freak.

Lars Moore enters. Rushed. Looks around. Not finding--

LARS MOORE
Where the hell is she?

IAN
Hm?

LARS MOORE
Where the hell are *you*?

Ian gets up.

IAN
I'll find her.

168 INT. NSA, BUNKER CORRIDORS - MORNING

Sarah is pacing the corridors. New phone. Repeated call.

SARAH
Alex, it's me again, I've tried you everywhere, please call me back, you're freaking me out, I'm... just... please call me, okay? I'm worried about you.

She hangs up. Frustrated. Looks back at -- the door to the White Room.

169 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - MORNING

Sarah steps up in front of the White Wall. Hesitates. Swallows. Then raises her gloved hands.

Inputs a number. A photo appears. ALEX.

She TRACKS THE PHONE to...

A HOUSE. Somewhere. She doesn't recognize it. She activates the house. His signal is inside. The home belongs to a WOMAN. A picture. She's hot! Sarah hesitates. Jumps when behind her--

IAN
You okay?

SARAH
Yeah, I'm... Yeah...

He looks up. Sees the full picture. Alex. Hot woman. House. Closed blinds. Ian gets it. Keeps it to himself.

IAN
We need you for debrief.

Sarah nods. Moist eyes. She reaches out and--

TURNS OFF the White Eye.

170 INT. NSA, CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Lars Moore facing his team.

LARS MOORE
The Commander's name was Bryan O'Rourke, a former colonel in the US-Marines. He and his group of four were all shot and killed during the rescuing of Michael North and agent Miller.
(beat)
The car bomb was never meant to kill, the NSA was never the target. The entire thing was a setup to make us take them seriously enough to give them The White Eye, and then they'd hold North till he'd removed our digital locks.

171 EXT. NSA - MORNING

A press meeting outside the NSA. Moore speaking to a crowd. North and his family stands beside him.

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
We're focusing on Michael North's reunion with his family, and we'll reveal that the kidnappers were former US-soldiers. But it's been decided to keep their current involvement in the private security industry out of the story.

172 INT. NSA, ENTRANCE HALL - MORNING

Sarah, Ian and Moore surrounded by powerful men in the 50s and 60s. Big smiles and congratulating handshakes.

LARS MOORE (V.O.)
The Secretary of defence is very impressed with your success, and is effectively launching the White Eye Team from this day forward. You'll be collaborating directly with CIA, FBI and Homeland on cases regarding national security that demand your... extraordinarily sharp eye.

Someone passes Ian and passes him a cup of coffee on the fly. Just like that. Ian dares hardly believe it.

173 INT. NSA, CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

That's it. Lars Moore looks up when Sarah and Ian insist--

SARAH
They were *Garion*-contractors. We saw the marks.

IAN
And there were at least *five* on his team, probably more. At least one of them made it out of there alive.

LARS MOORE
The wish is to avoid any open ends, and the decision has been made to keep Garion out of the story.

SARAH
That's a straight up lie.

LARS MOORE
It's a partial truth. That's what we deal with here, ladies and gentlemen.
(beat)
Partial truths.

SARAH
Why were they blackeyed?

LARS MOORE
We don't know. And sometimes that's better. Congratulations on your new job.

He nods. And leaves.

174 EXT. NSA, PARKING LOT - DAY

North's torched car is craned off. Sarah and Ian watch.

IAN
You wanna go shoot some balls?

SARAH
I've got this thing I gotta do.
(off his glance)
Private.

IAN
Me too. Drinking with J.D.

A beat between them. Neither really wants to leave.

SARAH
Good job, Connolly.

IAN
"Tripple F".

SARAH
Hm?

IAN
That's what they all call you.
"Future First Female."
(adds)
Director of the NSA.

On Sarah. The hint of a tired smile.

175 INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR / NSA - MORNING

Sarah drives off. A glance in the mirror at--

Ian. Watching her go. Then heading back towards the HQ.

176 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - DAY

Ian steps up to the White Wall. Raises gloved hands. And taps back into the video-library belonging to -- SEAN CONNOLLY.

Ian finds the pig-video. Fasts forward. Rewinds. A little forward again. Looking for the exact moment when--

Sean does his neck-gesture. Left-right-crack.

Ian stares at it. Replays it. Again. Again. And is hit by a--

FLASHBACK OF -- the masked soldier on the rocky hill doing--

The exact same gesture.

Ian grows pale.

IAN
Jesus.

177 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

A naked man behind frosted glass. Alex. Showering. He wraps a towel around him, steps out and is surprised by--

SARAH
Hey.

ALEX
Hey! You're home! Are you okay? I tried to call you but...

SARAH
I'm... fine.

ALEX
Can't talk about it?

She shrugs. He nods.

SARAH
Where have *you* been?

ALEX
Hm? At the office. I stayed at the office like you said.
(off her glance)
Had a lot of stuff to do, so I just stayed up ad pulled an all-nighter. Just got here.

She nods. He nods. An awkward silence.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Sarah?

SARAH
Hm?

ALEX
You wanna marry me?

Just like that. She stares at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I know I was planning this... perfect moment, but...

He smiles.

SARAH
You really want to do this?

ALEX
More than anything.

She looks at him for a long beat. Serious now.

SARAH
Why?

He smiles. Then steps forward. And KISSES HER. She lets him. But this time - her eyes are wide open. Watching--

His phone. Lying there on the table behind him. Face down. With all of his secrets. Lies. And partial truths.

All waiting to be discovered.

178 INT. NSA, THE WHITE ROOM - DAY

Hands trebling, Ian reaches up and activates -- the other soldier on his brother's pig-video. Sean's friend.

A NEW LIBRARY expands across the wall.

Ian finds *his* last recorded video. Shot later that day. Ian activates it and we're pulled into--

A MIDDLE EASTERN VILLAGE

Sean moving from door to door. Sand, chickens and scorching sun. His friend is filming.

SEAN
Did you check the back?

YOUNG SOLDIER
It's clear.

Sean approaches a FARM HOUSE. Opens the door with his rifle.

SEAN
Moving in.

He does. The phone-camera follows. Into dusty darkness.

IN THE WHITE ROOM -- Ian's voice is but a whisper. Realizing--

IAN
You didn't go in alone...?

BACK ON THE CLIP -- Sean moves through shadows. Room by room. Door by door. His friend following, filming, when suddenly--

A BLAST! BOOM! BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT! Followed by--

Darkness. Rubble. Dust. Coughing. And finally... an image:

The phone lies still on the ground. Miraculously survived the blast and is still filming. In front of the lens, too close to focus, something is burning. Or someone.

A FIGURE staggers closer. Coughing. Unseen. A hand reaches down and -- rips the DOGTAG off the scorched body. Replaces it with another. Then limps back towards the light.

The figure is a soldier. A Marine.

In the door, he turns and looks back inside one last time.

Ian freezes the image. Reaches out and zooms, zooms, zooms. The face is grainy. But there's no doubt:

The soldier looking back in at his dead friend is--

Ian's brother. Sean. Still alive.

On Ian's stunned face.

We cut.

THE END