

TOM CLANCY'S
HOMELAND SECURITY

"ANNA AND THE KING"

by
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ONE-HOUR PILOT DRAFT 3.28.12

TEASER

BLACK

RENT APART by a SHAFT OF LIGHT from a door THROWN OPEN at:

EXT. SEASIDE FARMING AREA - BARN - NIGHT

A man steps out: beefy, unkempt and red-eyed. This is NASSER DARZI. A VOICE calls out from inside, in subtitled Arabic:

ARABIC VOICE

Close the door before you light up.

NASSER

It won't matter where we are going.

ARABIC VOICE

Shut the door!

Darzi SHUTS the door, then pulls out a pack of cigarettes... **REVEALING** the glinting handle of the gun in his belt. Moving toward the edge of the barn in the black night, Darzi puts a death stick in his mouth and strikes a match.

THE MATCHSTICK FLARE BRIEFLY ILLUMINATES A MAN

Behind Darzi. Pressed against the side of the barn. Unseen. This is JOE BURKE (30's - lean and compact).

As Darzi inhales enough smoke to drop a dozen men:

JOE POUNCES - QUICK AND QUIET

Locking Darzi's head, carotid and jugular. Darzi STRUGGLES. Smoke pours from his mouth and nose as Darzi blacks out.

Joe puts Darzi down, taking his gun as he moves to the door.

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: ESCONDIDO, CALIFORNIA, 6:30 AM

INT. BARN - DAWN

The door cracks open. Joe enters to see a TRUCK:

A Caterpillar CT660 on-highway model. Sixteen-wheels with a cargo carrier. Painted sky-blue. On the side of the truck, a logo with the legend "**PG&E - PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC**".

The second Arabic Speaker toils at a bench under another work light, back turned. His name is AZIZ. Next to his work bench? A truck windshield on a stand.

Joe creeps along the wall taking cover between the vast truck and the barn...until his foot touches a puddle. Spray paint.

Joe looks down to see a stencil by the puddle: the official logo of PG&E. Joe puts it down as he reaches the truck's open cargo bay. What he sees inside punches him in the throat:

THE TRUCK IS PACKED WITH EXPLOSIVES

Oil drums. Wiring. Sacks filled with nails and razor blades, all secured by netting. A terrorist apocalypse on wheels.

There is little time to react. Joe looks up to see Aziz - turning the corner of the rear bay - reaching for his pistol.

Joe launches himself at Aziz - palm-striking the weapon while pushing Aziz back. As the gun FIRES into the barn's roof:

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Nasser awakens from the sleeper hold, heaving a massive GASP.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Joe resets. Aziz reaches for a hammer and LUNGES.

Joe dodges. Once. Twice. Then finds an opening. Joe secures the hammer hand. TWISTS.

But Aziz ignores the pain and DRIVES Joe against the side of the truck. **SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!** until Joe twists his wrist with a sickening CRACK.

Aziz releases the gun with a SHOUT, but musters the strength to turn his body and HEADBUTT Joe.

THE TRUCK STARTS - a mechanical beast coming to life with an ECHOING ROAR. Inside the truck's cabin? Nasser.

JOE JAMS THE HAMMER AGAINST AZIZ'S THROAT AND PUNCHES IT

Aziz falls. Joe runs for the cabin.

BUT THE TRUCK CRASHES THROUGH THE BARN DOORS

Moving toward the highway in the distance as Joe gives chase.

SMASH CUT TO JOE - RUNNING FULL-TILT ACROSS

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

And finally reaching his car - a 2005 Mustang convertible.

INT. JOE'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

Joe white-knuckles the wheel with one hand, jams a Bluetooth in his ear with the other and dials his cellphone (a bright yellow rubberized phone designed for heavy duty).

ON JOE'S CELLPHONE SCREEN: SPEED DIALING MOM

INT. CIA DOMESTIC OFFICE - NIGHT

Cool. Glass and steel. CLEAN-CUT VIRGINIA FARM BOYS and GIRLS in business casual attire and headsets man rows of desks illuminated by task lamps and monitors.

A phone RINGS. An AGENT clicks on, speaks into his headset:

AGENT

You're on the line - ID please?

INTERCUT WITH JOE

JOE

Joe Burke. 1864-16309. I have a suspected Islamic Violent Extremist carrying a high-yield IED in a Caterpillar CT660 in PG&E livery heading south on the 5 freeway.

AGENT

Stand by for verification -

JOE

Call your supervisor and sound the alarm while you're at it.

Agent clicks away. His CHIEF - imagine Condoleezza Rice or Madeline Albright - steps up, glances at the screen:

ON SCREEN: A FULL CIA DOSSIER ON JOE INCLUDING A PICTURE

Agent looks up from the screen at Chief:

AGENT

Dossier says he's off the job. GPS has him just north of Escondido - a few miles from San Diego County in Southern California.

CHIEF

(picking up a receiver)
Agent Burke, this is Agent Fujima, you're listed as inactive -

EXT. FIVE FREEWAY - JOE'S POV - NIGHT

The truck barely visible in the distance as Joe weaves in and out of fast-moving morning traffic.

JOE

I don't have time to explain. I'm tailing a truckful of explosives -

CHIEF

Are you running an operation on American soil?

JOE

Did you hear what I said?

CHIEF

Agent Burke, you're in violation of Federal law - stand down immediately and report to -

JOE

We have a terror threat and multiple high value targets in a five mile radius: Camp Pendleton, San Onofre nuclear Plant - now will you please sound the alarm?

Off Agent and Chief: the gravity of Joe's statement dawning:

EXT. SAN ONOFRE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAWN - TO ESTABLISH

Twin reactor domes jut into the dawning sun. Alarms BLARE.

IN A MONTAGE

SECURITY OFFICERS - locking-and-loading assault rifles - POUR from the front door of a squat building under the reactors.

TWO SUBURBANS SCREECH to a halt before the guard gate, forming a ROAD BLOCK.

A SNIPER takes position on a railing atop the reactor tower.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The truck ploughs at an unconscionable speed as the nuclear power plant comes into view - and behind the truck:

EXT. JOE'S MUSTANG - DAY

Expertly dodging traffic as he talks into his Bluetooth:

JOE

I'm five seconds back. Relay to the road block that the truck's windshield may be bulletproofed.

CHIEF (FILTERED)

Copy that. Hold open the line and continue reporting.

THE TRUCK

Almost TIPS as it turns into the access road.

THE SECURITY OFFICERS BLOCKING THE PLANT ENTRANCE

Clutch weapons as the truck comes closer - closer - closer.

HEAD SECURITY OFFICER

Open fire!

The SECURITY GUARDS follow orders - spraying the approaching truck.

Wheels ERUPT. The massive grill FRAGMENTS. The truck comes to a NOISY HALT - but the windshield deflects the shrapnel!

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Joe's Mustang pulls up some 300 feet behind the truck.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Darzi flinches. His vehicle takes fire - but that doesn't stop him from fumbling with his detonator as:

JOE

SPINS his Mustang - LEAPS OUT - DRAWS his gun and sees a narrow sliver of the truck's side window.

JOE

Getting a bead. I'm taking the shot

Joe raises his weapon. **BANG!**

He misses. **BANG! BANG! BANG!** Miss. Miss. Miss.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Joe's face fills with resolve. **BANG!**

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

A plume of red ERUPTS around Darzi's forehead as his body slumps forward... and his hand hits the detonator.

EXT. SAN ONOFRE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

The Caterpillar CT660 EXPLODES - unleashing a FIERY MAELSTROM OF SHRAPNEL on the gathered security personnel.

Joe flies back in the shockwave - shielded from the vortex of destruction by the American steel of his Ford Mustang.

THE ECHOING BOOM HANGS IN THE AIR

Debris rains on a thirty foot crater where the truck once stood... and beyond? Two nuclear reactors, intact.

Joe rises bruised and bloody from behind the shredded heap that was once his car, his Bluetooth miraculously still in.

JOE

Burke here. There's been a
detonation at San Onofre Nuclear
Power Plant... the reactor is safe.
Repeat, the reactor is safe.

SMASH CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: TOM CLANCY'S HOMELAND SECURITY

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**A FAST-PACED MONTAGE OF NEWSCASTS AND PUNDIT SHOWS**

Overlapping. Cacophonous: a recurring visual in the series.

NEWSCASTER #1

The west coast is paralyzed
as terrorists almost
succeeded in detonating a
bomb at a Nuclear Plant -

NEWSCASTER #2

America mourns the deaths of
plant security and local
police cut down stopping the
attempted bombing -

LOUD PUNDIT

This is a black eye for Homeland
Security. They're the largest law
enforcement agency on Earth: border
patrol, customs enforcement, secret
service, FEMA, they have Fusion
Centers around the U.S. collecting
information from every other law
enforcement agency, and still, this
terrorist scum almost turned the
west coast into Hiroshima today.

SMASH OUT OF THE NEWSCASTS TO A HELICOPTER

CUTTING the skies just outside of Baltimore. Heading toward:

EXT. FUSION CENTER - ROOFTOP HELIPAD - DAY

Nondescript. Could be any office park in the country - albeit
crowded with satellite, phone, radio and data antennae.

A door opens. WILL SPURGEON (40's, polo and khakis) steps out
to see the chopper in the distance as he speaks on his
cellphone, voice getting LOUDER as the chopper comes closer.

WILL

Darlin', I'm sure it'll be fine to
send the girls to school tomorrow.
It'd be one thing if we lived on
the west coast, but if they're just
afraid and don't want to...well,
'cause I'd prefer my children not
confirm the stereotype of Americans
as feckless and weak...I gotta go.

Will CLICKS OFF. The chopper LANDS and lets out a handcuffed
Joe, his wounds bandaged, escorted by MEN IN SUITS.

CUT TO WHITE

**TITLE OVER WHITE: UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND
SECURITY FUSION CENTER, MARYLAND - EIGHT HOURS LATER**

RESUME ON JOE - ESCORTED TO MEET WILL

Who shoots the Men in Suits an earnest glance that both disarms them, and charms female viewers from coast to coast.

WILL (CONT'D)

Take off the cuffs, will you? For god's sake.

INT. FUSION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Will walks Joe down the hallway, populated with rapidly moving, highly-motivated HOMELAND SECURITY PERSONNEL.

WILL

I'm Captain Will Spurgeon.

JOE

Captain of what?

WILL

Coast Guard. We're part of Homeland Security. I'm on loan to a Type I Deployable Operations Team deputized to work on drug smuggling, financial crimes, human traffic - anything in the Department's jurisdiction. Especially domestic terrorism.

JOE

Am I going to be imprisoned?

WILL

Far as I know, my boss just wants to ask you some questions.

JOE

Your boss.

WILL

Just be nice to her. She once drove a Mexican drug lord to suicide.

ANNA KANE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I was a private contractor working for a host government. The man's suicide was a complete coincidence.

WILL

She's here. Christ. She does that.

Will turns, REVEALING ANNA KANE (30's, hypercompetent) and MORGAN WALKER (20's, with the eyes of a zen-master).

ANNA

I'm Anna Kane.

INT. FUSION CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joe sits uneasily at the head of the conference room table as Anna sits by his side, and Will and Morgan hover.

ANNA

Do you know where you are?

JOE

Homeland Security Fusion center? A data hub gathering Intel from state, local and Federal law enforcement?

ANNA

They also let my team bunker here.
(getting down to business)
I want to see the postcard, Joe.

JOE

Don't know what you mean.

ANNA

In thirty minutes, the President will give a speech saying that a holocaust was only avoided because of the work of Homeland Security.

JOE

I don't work for Homeland Security.

ANNA

We know that...and we respect what you accomplished today, but it's backed the CIA into a corner.

WILL

You may have saved California, but you violated both federal law and the CIA charter by operating here.

ANNA

The CIA can either throw you in a prison or desk you until this blows over and they can put you out to pasture quietly. Either way, your career with The Company is over.

Joe takes this in, then looks over at Morgan.

JOE
She ever talk?

WILL
Morgan's a sniper. You don't hear
her coming.

ANNA
I know you took the postcard to
your bureau in Riyadh, their
section chief in Munich and his
soop at Langley. I know none of
them listened.

JOE
They didn't just not listen.

ANNA
No. They dismissed you because of
your PTSD and sent you back for
more psych counselling.

Joe looks away: his steel unable to disguise his pain.

JOE
You talked to my boss. You know
what I reported. Why bring me in?

WILL
San Onofre's been shut down eight
hours to test for radioactive
leaks. That's 1.4 million
households in the dark and a
quarter million people evacuated.
The San Diego Airport and Mexican
Border are a disaster area because
of the dragnet. The 5 freeway -
busiest road in the country - still
shut down. That's 300,000 motorists
grid-locked. So, yeah. We're ready
to hear you out.

ANNA
Show me the postcard. Tell me how
it got you to San Onofre this
morning, and you'll be transferred
to my Homeland Security deployable
ops team: backdated to whenever you
started your private investigation.
No prison. No desk job.

(off Joe)

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

You're not going to be offered a better way out than this, Joe.

After a beat, Joe reaches into his back pocket and pulls out well-worn postcard. Will Peers: the card shows a picture of Mecca, German postage, and the words "NASSER DARZI."

WILL

Mecca. Postmarked from Frankfurt.

Anna reaches for a tissue box on a credenza, uses the tissue to lift the postcard from Joe's hand, reads.

JOE

It's been in my pocket for weeks, you're not gonna pull any prints.
(then, debriefing)
My "crazy theory" was that it was sent to me by a Confidential Informant I was developing when I was in-country. Someone involved in recruitment for *Al Qaeda*.

WILL

Why would *Al Qaeda* tip you off?

JOE

Terrorist groups are made up of people. Like everyone else they have turf wars, snitches, and a deep hatred of competition.

ANNA

Nasser Darzi. That's the guy who drove the truck. Were he and his co-conspirator working alone?

JOE

Think two button men could get as far as they did alone - that I'd have gotten that postcard if Nasser Darzi was a lone wolf?

INT. FUSION CENTER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ELI GORRISTER (40's, sleeves rolled, tie undone; 30 years ago, he'd be chain smoking) - bounds down the hallway, reading the postcard as Anna, Will and Morgan follow.

ANNA

Based on the provenance of Joe's intel, I recommend using the FTO model as a starting point.

GORRISTER

Al Qaeda? GIA? Army of Mohammed?
Aden-Abyan?

ANNA

They'd have sent Al-Jazeera a video
by now. This is someone we have
never seen before. A new threat.

GORRISTER

Anna, you've been running this "new
terror organization" thing up the
flagpole for the last -

ANNA

Now I have proof.

GORRISTER

You have a lead.

ANNA

Eli, Please. I have a CIA agent who
developed a post card with two
words on it into an investigation
that saved Southern California from
going into the drink, and you're
calling that "a lead?"

(off Gorrister's interest)

The Joint Terrorism Task Force and
the Strategic Information and Ops
Centers are already investigating
every known Foreign Terrorism
Organization. We can either do the
same as everyone else, or run down
something really promising here.

(closing it)

How many public employees are going
to show up to work tomorrow? The
Nikkei's spitting teeth, the Dow's
gonna open a thousand down, and gas
will cost twenty cents more on fear
we might invade the wrong country
again. America doesn't have another
ten year, two-front war in it
before justice is served.

GORRISTER

Get your Op together, meet me at
the hub in five. Nice speech.

Gorrister is out of there. Anna turns to Will and Morgan.

ANNA

Get Joe. Meet me at the hub.

WILL

"Get" Joe?

ANNA

He works for us now.

WILL

No. Wait. You said his transfer was, I quote, a fig leaf. To provide plausible deniability on his illegal op and an incentive to cooperate.

ANNA

You'd turn down a highly-skilled asset with years of undercover work in the Arab world?

WILL

Did we read the same dossier?
Captured. Tortured. PTSD.
Maladjusted-rage-aholic-lone-wolf -

ANNA

He's a lost boy who's acting up because daddy didn't listen.

WILL

So who's going to be his daddy now?

Anna smiles and taps Joe on the shoulder before heading off. And off Joe...left behind to exchange looks with Morgan.

INT. BALTIMORE FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB - CONTINUOUS

This is where *Tom Clancy's Homeland Security* lives and breathes. The New York Times City Room circa 1936 crossed with NASA Mission Control. Three semi-circular tiers occupied by headphone-wearing Intelligence Analysts and a Cinerama-sized screen tuned to every news source in the world.

Gorrister enters and establishes himself as Alpha Dog:

GORRISTER

Everybody listen up! You know Anna Kane, Deployable Operations Team. She has your orders.

REVEAL Anna, Morgan, Will and Joe, standing before Gorrister.

ANNA

Ladies and gentlemen. We have a name: NASSER DARZI.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Suspect zero in the San Onofre bombing: key to solving today's attack and giving law enforcement the edge they need to avenge our honored dead. Was he born here? Did he draft a visa application? Did he show up in a Suspicious Activity Report? Does he have an A-file? I want his Passenger Name record - where did he travel? Did anyone travel with him? People, we believe that San Onofre was the work of a new terror organization. Nasser Darzi was a foot soldier but he will lead us to who financed and enabled his suicide attack. We want his CO. His leader. And until someone in this room gives our new enemy a name and a face, that man's code name will be "MALIK."

JOE

Arabic for "the king."

ANNA

Not for long.

(to the room)

What are you waiting for? Go!

The hub EXPLODES. The screens FLARE: an electrical storm of information. A picture of Darzi appears on a big screen.

GORRISTER

You named him. You called the play, now gut the son of a bitch before he hits us again.

As Gorrister exits, Morgan turns to look at Joe:

MORGAN

Welcome to Homeland Security.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK - THE SOUND OF A GUN: BANG! BANG! BANG!

OPEN ON a silhouette target, ZIPPING back with a WHIRR at:

INT. FUSION CENTER - FIRING RANGE - DAY

A young ASIAN WOMAN (ROSIE WONG, 20's, petite and gamine) picks up a massive gun and takes the Weaver. As she FIRES repeatedly, REVEAL Joe, Anna, Morgan and Will, watching.

ANNA

She was the best analyst at Immigration and Customs Enforcement before she joined our team. She comes down here to think. And sulk.

Rosie doffs her protectives and turns, not entirely cordial.

ROSIE

Hello, Anna. I suppose we're here to talk about the outliers.

JOE

Outliers?

Rosie removes the clip and stores the weapon in a case.

ROSIE

Before San Onofre, we were working up a theory that terror attacks require varying levels of illegal activity: the acquisition of weapons, financing and controlled matériel. I've been collecting a database of crimes involving suspected violent Islamic extremists. 'til today, I had the phone book.

MORGAN

And today?

Rosie pulls out her iPad, swipes to **AN IMAGE OF NASSER DARZI** - then, as she speaks, to **AN IMAGE OF AZIZ MALOOF**.

ROSIE

Nasser Darzi, our suicide bomber, kept his nose clean. However, his co-conspirator, Aziz Maloof came up in an incident report on the Inter-operative Data Base Exchange.

(MORE)

ROSIE (CONT'D)

He was a person of interest in the selling of untraceable Norinco handguns in Southern California. Five-oh couldn't make the case stick, but one of the guns turned up on the floor of the warehouse.

(to Joe)

Where it presumably fell after you murdered him with a hammer.

Joe looks at Rosie, genuinely bewildered by her directness:

JOE

Uh. Nice to meet you too.

ROSIE

So what happened to the other guns? Maybe they were passed on to other members of this terror group.

MORGAN

Has someone else been caught with one of these weapons?

Rosie holds up the screen to show a **POLICE CRIME SCENE PHOTO**:

ROSIE

Sayid Mansour. A *hawaladar* in Upper Darby, PA. Shot three weeks ago in an attempted robbery with a then-untraceable Chinese handgun.

WILL

Hawaladar?

JOE

Money lender.

ROSIE

If our terror mastermind "Malik" is financing more than one cell, he would want his people carrying untraceable handguns and receiving money from an untraceable source like the *hawala* banking system. Maybe one of Malik's men murdered his banker to cover his tracks.

ANNA

That all?

ROSIE

My boss - that's you - said if I could develop actionable Intel on a terror attack, I would be assigned to help track it down. I came here to be a Field Agent.

ANNA

I'm sending Joe and Will to Upper Darby.

WILL

We're a team now?

A look on her face like she just beat the boss at her own game, Rosie swipes to bring up a SCANNED TRAFFIC CITATION.

ROSIE

Good thing I buried my lead. A Mexican national named Jose Gonzales. Pulled over in Cincinnati last month. He'd been fighting a removal order from *La Migra* - been up on drug charges multiple times. His car was searched. Cops let him go because no drugs were found: only radio frequency modules.

JOE

Which terrorists could use to build remote triggers for a bomb like the one I found today.

MORGAN

So Malik could be using narco-distribution channels to smuggle components to cells in the U.S.

ANNA

(with weight of history)
Narcos.

ROSIE

I know how you feel about them.

ANNA

Guess I'd better send someone to look into that.

ROSIE

Yeah. Guess you'd better.

Anna exits, followed by Will and Morgan, Rosie turns to Joe:

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You shot that guy in the truck.
That was an impossible shot. 100
meters away and under duress.

JOE

Bend your support elbow and get a
smaller gun. Stopping power's
useless if you can't control your
weapon.

Rosie nods, grateful, and as Joe follows Anna out...

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: UPPER DARBY PENNSYLVANIA - 8:00 AM

OPEN ON A SERIES OF PLASTIC NUMBERED EVIDENCE MARKERS

Spent shells. Splatter on a desk. Bloody foot print on a rug.

WILL'S VOICE (O.S.)

So this *Hawala's* a static banking
system? IOU's and handshakes?

Joe's foot ENTERS FRAME by the bloody footprint to **REVEAL:**

INT. LOW-RENT STRIP MALL - HAWALADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

The sun streams through windows covered with police tape and Arabic script. The only discernible English word is "NOTARY." Inside: a desk, shelves, posters and calendars on paneled walls topped with hideous molding. A COP stands outside.

JOE

The money never actually moves.

Joe is clearly uncomfortable with Will's chatty way.

WILL

OK. This guy's job - under the
cover of a notary - is to transfer
money from the Middle East without
actually transferring the money,
signing papers or opening accounts?

JOE

You tell your man in the Middle
East you want your nephew in the
States to have ten bucks. You give
your man ten bucks. Your man calls
a *hawaladar* in the states and that
guy gives your nephew ten bucks.

WILL
So how's the guy back home get his
ten bucks back?

JOE
Inshallah.

WILL
"God will provide?"

JOE
Eventually, someone is going to
give him ten bucks for someone in
the Middle East. It's tradition.

Will regards an empty wall safe, the door hanging open.

WILL
So good luck compiling a list of
suspects from client files.

JOE
No files. No paper. No video.

WILL
Now that I don't believe. Even if
our dead guy's giving away free
money, I'm sure he's heard the
immortal words of Ronald Wilson
Reagan: "trust but verify."

JOE
And you think Upper Darby's finest
would miss a clue here?

WILL
Hey. A little respect for the 5-0.

JOE
I worked a lot of countries. By and
large all local police does is make
my life harder.

WILL
Why? 'cause they obey the law?

JOE
Hey. You love that blue collar so
much, prove me wrong.

WILL
The thing about working in boats...
you see lots of ways of hiding
things in small nooks and crannies.

Will steps on a chair and PULLS THE MOLDING OFF THE CEILING to REVEAL a wire. He hands the molding to Joe - who notices:

JOE
Lipstick camera. Drilled in.

Will YANKS the wire, following it down the wall to a book case. Joe steps over and pulls out a few books and bric-a-brac to find that the cable is attached to nothing.

WILL
No video recorder. Taken in the robbery?

JOE
(dialing his cell)
Not in this culture.

INT. FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT WITH JOE)

A 24/7 lightning storm of information. Anna bustles past Gorrister - working with ANALYST #1 at a station - to a lower tier manned by another ANALYST (who will be known as "MENDELSON") - her phone ringing - Anna taps her Bluetooth.

ANNA
Go for Anna Kane.

JOE
We have a snag.

ANNA
Define "snag."

JOE
I need a list of people close to the dead *hawaladar* - especially blood relatives in the area.

ANNA
Stand by.
(looks down at Mendelson)
Send the Upper Darby PD's Person of Interest list on the Sayid Mansour case to Burke's PDA and get me the video feed on Rosie Wong.

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - DAY

Morgan drives. Rosie sits in the passenger seat. Rosie wears a distinctive set of eyeglasses.

ROSIE
I can't believe Anna made me wear these.

MORGAN

Real-time situation recording is an extremely useful tactical tool.

Rosie turns to look at Morgan - and as she does:

SWITCH TO SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

From her POV: her glasses have a built-in video camera.

ROSIE

It's a glorified nannycam: with the added benefit of making me look like a stereotypical Asian.

MORGAN

(indicating ahead)
Point the nannycam at the baby.

EXT. STREETS OF CINCINNATI - CONTINUOUS - ROSIE'S VIDEO POV

A generic Oldsmobile shuffles down the streets several car lengths away from Morgan and Rosie's Suburban.

ROSIE

OK. This is Rosie Wong, casing Jose Gonzalez, who left his home at 9:55 AM...currently driving a blue car, make Buick, model Regal, year 1996.

INT. FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Anna watches the feed on the **SCREEN AT MENDELSON'S STATION:**

ANNA

You don't have to narrate the nannycam.

ROSIE

You heard? Christ, she does that.

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: CINCINNATI, OHIO 10:13 AM

RESUME ON ROSIE AND MORGAN

Gliding the Suburban to stop on a sidewalk in front of:

EXT. CINCINNATI - PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY - VIDEO P.O.V.

Jose Gonzales parks in a lot crowded with cars. He steps out, opens the trunk and struggles to take out a LARGE BOX.

INTERCUT WITH ROSIE AND MORGAN - WATCHING

ROSIE

Anna - are you getting this?

RESUME ON ANNA IN THE FUSION CENTER MAIN HUB

ANNA

A man with no kids and a record of drug trafficking arrests. A man suspected of smuggling bomb components. Stepping out of a car in front of a public school.

MORGAN

Can we confirm ID on the guy?

Anna nods to Mendelson, who works his terminal.

MENDELSON

Initiating facial recognition.

ON SCREEN Gonzales SHUTS his trunk and wrestles to get a firm hold on the box as he takes out a cell phone: and a **CGI GRIDWORK** encompasses Gonzales' face, isolating the crucial features of his facial topography.

MENDELSON (CONT'D)

Sending facial data through -
narrowing parameters with Ohio DMV.

ROSIE

He's initiating a call on a cell - can we trace?

ANNA

We don't have that number on our trap-and-trace order -

MORGAN

Drop phone?

ROSIE

Bomb trigger.

Morgan reacts, opens the door and BOLTS. Rosie quickly realizes what's going on and follows suit...and as they run:

MENDELSON LOOKS UP FROM HIS SCREEN TO ANNA

MENDELSON

Positive ID on Josef Gonzales.

ANNA

What? "Josef" Gonzales?

MEDELSON

Yes. J-O-S-E-F. Ohio DMV match -
cross-referencing with the school's
employee database...

ON THE MAIN HUB SCREEN - ROSIE'S POV

Shows Gonzales drawing nearer...then looking back, realizing
he is being followed and RUNNING! This is now a foot chase!

MORGAN (FILTERED)

Gonzales! Hold it right there!

ANNA LOOKS AT MEDELSON'S SCREEN to see a demographic file on
JOSEF GONZALES (AKA "JOSE GONZALES"):

MEDELSON

Josef Gonzales. Guy also goes by
"Jose Gonzales" - cafeteria
employee at Harriet Beecher Stowe
Elementary. No criminal record.

ANNA

He's not our guy?

MEDELSON

No. Cincinnati must have
gotten the names wrong -
crossed their wires -

ANNA

Abort - you have the wrong guy!

RESUME ON MORGAN AND ROSIE

As Morgan takes a running jump and TACKLES Gonzales while
Rosie draws her weapon.

ROSIE

DON'T MOVE!

Gonzales rolls out from under Morgan, holding up his hands as
Morgan picks up the cell phone and Rosie looks down at the
box, now open, SPILLING groceries onto the ground.

JOSEF GONZALES

Soy inocente! No he hecho nada!

ROSIE HOLDS HER GUN ON GONZALES AS MORGAN STEPS UP TO HER

MORGAN

It's over. This isn't our collar.

And off Rosie...regarding her gun like a poison chalice.

END INTERCUT ON ANNA

Turning away, frustrated, to get a faceful of Gorrister.

GORRISTER

Making the world safe from the
lunch lady?

ANNA

Clerical error.

EXT. CINCINNATI - PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Rosie stands by the Suburban, typing furiously into her laptop (perched on the hood) as Morgan hands Josef Gonzales his groceries in the background and heads over.

MORGAN

You OK?

ROSIE

Jose Gonzales, the narco-
trafficker, lost his battle with
the INS twenty-four hours ago and
was deported. Landed in Mexico City
two hours ago.

MORGAN

You OK?

(off Rosie's despair)

Don't second-guess. Every decision
out here comes down to a judgment
call made in real-time. We get
leads from 17,000 local, state and
federal agencies at the Fusion
Center. Human error is inevitable.

(looking back at Gonzales)

Better to bruise one man's ego than
stand over a mass grave where an
elementary school used to be.

Morgan walks to the driver's side, and off Rosie, still shaking, but knowing her partner has her back...

INT. UPPER DARBY, PA - DESERT ROSE CAFE - DAY

A TV set behind a counter shows a NEWSCAST:

NEWSCASTER (ON SCREEN)

Local police are reporting a spike
in hate crimes against Mosques and
Muslim Americans in the wake of...

A SERVER clicks off the TV and looks across the dining room to see Will, alone at a table by the window, pushing around the hummus on his plate and trying to ignore the stares.

Will then looks up to the only sound in the place - the faint LAUGHTER behind the drapes to:

INT. DESERT ROSE CAFE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Where Joe drinks tea with LATIF KHOURY (50's, Lebanese). The two share a trailing laugh, as if Joe just told a mildly amusing joke. This is Joe undercover: charming, witty, and partaking of the raw almonds on the plate before them.

JOE

Latif. You must envy the Chinese.

LATIF

Why would I envy the Chinese. Joe?

JOE

When a man walks into a Chinese restaurant claiming to be sympathetic, it's easy to see if he means it by serving him the nasty stuff and seeing if he can stomach it. Sadly your cuisine has no chicken feet, jellyfish or tripe.

LATIF

(his expression darkening)
Do I look like an imbecile to you?
You think you can walk into my place of business, praise the tabbouleh and I'm going to forget you work for the government and have armed backup?

Joe looks over toward Will, then speaks in perfect *Arabic*.

JOE

I apologize if my tone comes across as mere flattery.

LATIF

Nice trick. Is it why they sent you?

JOE

I came on a hunch that you were distraught by the murder of your cousin several weeks ago, and that in your grief and distrust of law enforcement people like me you took a step you may now regret. If your cousin was using his underground money-changing service to finance a cell for the people who just tried to irradiate California and it comes out that your family covered it up, even for the noblest of reasons. I can only imagine how this community would react. I can spare you that humiliation.

Latif ponders, then...as he picks up an almond:

INT. DESERT ROSE CAFE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will sits at the ready as Joe steps through the curtain to the back room and takes the chair in front of Will.

JOE

The owner needs fifteen minutes to make a phone call.

WILL

Then what?

JOE

We step out. He hands us the video recorder. That or we step out into a car trunk full of dropcloths.
(off Will's look)
Hummus?

INT. HAWALADAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - VIDEO P.O.V.

PIXILLATED BLACK AND WHITE - SAYID MANSOUR (49) and FAROUK SAMARA (35) argue in *Arabic*. Joe translates:

SAYID MANSOUR/JOE TRANSLATING

You can't quit, you took an oath.

INT. FUSION CENTER - ROSIE'S WORKSTATION - NIGHT

The team watches as the video plays on a digital window on a large touchscreen/gestural interface in this high-tech room.

SAYID MANSOUR/JOE TRANSLATING

There are many attacks being planned. We cannot break the chain.

Anna's eyes widen. She steps toward the screen, taking in Farouk Samara's expression: the implications clear.

ANNA

A chain. Many attacks.

WILL

Good lord.

FAROUK SAMARA/JOE (TRANSLATING)

Not like this. I will not soil my piety for our leader.

SAYID MANSOUR/JOE (TRANSLATING)

Our leader will hear. You will spend the your life looking behind your back - is that what you want?

ANNA

Our leader. You hear that? Malik exists, and this man renounced the organization for some reason.

ON SCREEN - Farouk Samara turns around, then draws a gun and FIRES. The MUZZLE FLASH overtakes the screen.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We need to find this shooter. He knows Malik's organization. Future plans. We get him - we stop the rest of the attacks.

WILL

If we can break him.

Anna turns to Will - he'd better believe this:

ANNA

I'll break him.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB - NIGHT**

Gorrister races up the center steps - signing documents on a tablet computer and flanked by an ANALYST - to meet Anna and Rosie, flanked by the rest of the Deployable Operations Team.

GORRISTER

Your shooter is Farouk Samara. The voice print you got from the video recorder matches an FBI intercept from last week - good work.

JOE AND WILL

(rare burst of solidarity)
You're welcome.

ANNA

What do we know about him?

GORRISTER

Highly educated. University of Cairo, came here with his brother on a Student Visa for Graduate linguistics at U Penn. Attended services at the Green Street Islamic Center in Philadelphia. When his brother went back to Cairo, Samara moved to New York, which is where we suspect he is. I fast-tracked a Stingray tracker on his cellphone. The moment he powers up, we'll know where he is.

ANNA

My team's riding shotgun.

GORRISTER

NYPD's gonna love that.

WILL

I'll put together transpo.

ANNA

(to Rosie)

I want biographical information. Has he written academic papers? Theological dissertations? Articles? Blogs? I need insight on what kind of an attack he would abort and what kind of a leader would disappoint him.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Why wouldn't Farouk Samara "soil his piety" to serve Malik?

JOE

Wait. We're not serving the guy extraordinary rendition to a friendly state?

WILL

This is Homeland Security. We work for a living.

EXT. BALTIMORE FUSION CENTER - HELIPAD - DAWN

The team - now dressed in tactical gear - rushes for a Coast Guard chopper idling on the helipad.

JOE

Nice ride, five-oh.

WILL

You got that one for free.

Morgan, Joe, Will and Rosie pile into the chopper as Anna brings up the rear - arguing with Gorrister:

GORRISTER

Even if you put the guy in cuffs yourself, you're third in line to after the FBI and the PD.

ANNA

Just get them to give me the first day as lead interrogator.

GORRISTER

Will I be using the magic wand or the pixie dust?

ANNA

We have a significant interest and equity in this arrest. The *hawaladar* promised a chain of attacks. There's more coming - and fast. I need a shot at Samara.

GORRISTER

What exactly do you think this retired U.S. Attorney has on the FBI that's going to get them to give me that?

ANNA

Do I write checks I can't cash?

Gorrister has no answer. Anna rushes off, leaving him behind:

INT. COAST GUARD MH-65/DOLPHIN HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Anna sits by the pilot, face buried in her tablet computer -

ON ANNA'S SCREEN: "A SEMANTIC RE-EVALUATION OF SALE'S TRANSLATION OF THE QU'RAN BY FAROUK SAMARA"

JOE, WILL, MORGAN AND ROSIE crowd into the rear bay of the chopper. Morgan uses the meager space to rig her weapon: a sleek, sexy sniper's rifle, Joe studies her intently.

JOE

Accuracy International AW? Aluminum Chassis, Magnum Muzzle?

MORGAN

Asking me for a date?

JOE

Trying to learn who I work with.

WILL

Lemme guess. "Know the weapon/know the man?" What about my weapon?

JOE

.38 cop special?

WILL

Don't know when to quit, do you?

Will pulls out his MK23, holds it up like an heirloom.

JOE

That a gift from a real Navy SEAL?

WILL

Just my hand-carry. Most of the time I use a room tamer. Mossberg pump action shotgun.

ROSIE

Wanna see my new toy?
(unholstering)
Ruger MKII 22 caliber.

JOE

Atta girl.

MORGAN

Trading down? You?

ROSIE

You ought to know it's not the size
of the barrel but the aim.

JOE

What about the Iron Lady? She
packing heat?

Anna looks back to the bay:

ANNA

Rosie, when you're done comparing
the size of your barrels, I need
you to locate a friendly diplomat
in the Egyptian Consulate.

Anna turns back, and as Rosie gets up to grab her computer.

ROSIE

Haven't you figured it out yet,
Joe? You are her gun.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

Two NONDESCRIPT VANS glide down a busy street.

INT. NONDESCRIPT VAN #1 - DAY

Joe and Will sit among a half dozen POLICE OFFICERS in body
armor concealed by plain clothes.

EXT. TENEMENT STREET - NYC - DAY

The two vans turn the corner into the street - one of them
takes a position on one end, the second beelines ahead.

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: NEW YORK CITY, CHINATOWN - 11:12 AM

INT. NONDESCRIPT VAN #2 (SWAT CROW'S NEST VAN) - DAY

Anna and Rosie sit among SWAT TEAM COMMANDERS: tough hombres
in tactical gear. Rosie unfolds a TRIPLE-SCREEN LAPTOP.

ANNA

Do we have telemetry with the
hummingbirds?

The laptop comes to life with MULTIPLE WINDOWS showing:

VARIOUS AERIAL SHOTS OF THE TENEMENT

As SWAT COMMANDER #1 leans in.

SWAT COMMANDER
Drones? Who's flying them?

ANNA POINTS AT THREE SMALL WINDOWS ON ROSIE'S DISPLAY

Showing HEAD-ON images of the pilots in B&W VIDEO.

ANNA
Three men in an air-conditioned
warehouse in the Nevada desert.

DRONE PILOT (ON SCREEN, FILTERED)
Morning, New York.

ANNA
Morning gents, the DHS thanks you
for your service.

ROSIE
The drones were deployed from the
roof of the Homeland Security
Fusion Center on Canal Street.

The SWAT Commander shoots Anna the look of a teenager who has
just found out a party crasher peed in his punch bowl:

SWAT COMMANDER
When were you going to tell us
about this?

ANNA
Consider yourself notified.

EXT. TENEMENT ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

A HUMMINGBIRD DRONE - a stealth flying camera - 19 grams, 16
centimeter wingspan - BUZZES over the rooftop, where:

MORGAN RUSHES ACROSS, SNIPER RIFLE IN HAND

MORGAN
I'm taking position. Don't have
eyes on the suspect's window yet.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Will loads his Mossberg, listening to Morgan on his earbud:

JOE
Try not to point that at me.

WILL
 (ignoring Joe)
 We're standing by to take the front
 entrance. Give the word.

INT. SWAT CROW'S NEST VAN - CONTINUOUS

SWAT COMMANDER
 The men need to hang tight. Our
 perimeter's not secure yet.
 (into his walkie)
 Do we have traffic control on West
 125th?

WALKIE VOICE (FILTERED)
 Units still moving in.

SWAT COMMANDER
 Any sign of Samara - in or out?

WALKIE VOICE
 No sir.

Anna's face sours. She puts a hand on the Commander's walkie:

ANNA
 Wait. Did you just say the
 suspect's name into an open line?
 (off the commander's look)
 Where anyone with a scanner can
 pick it up? How long has this op
 been out on the wire?

SWAT COMMANDER
 Ninety minutes.

ANNA
 You didn't think to mention that?

SWAT COMMANDER
 Consider yourself notified.

ANNA
 Do we have eyes on the exits?

ROSIE

Drone Command: this is
 Deployable Ops Team, we need
 eyes on the suspect's
 apartment.

SWAT COMMANDER (CONT'D)
 Our surveillance hasn't seen him
 come in or out.

ANNA
What about his apartment?

EXT. HUMMINGBIRD DRONE - CONTINUOUS

SOARING over the building:

HUMMINGBIRD DRONE POV - IN DIGITAL VIDEO

PLUNGING down the center court of the tenement until settling at a window...then HOVERING:

INT. FAROUK SAMARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - VIDEO IMAGE

From the Hummingbird. A nervous FAROUK SAMARA - cigarette dangling from his mouth - looks through his peephole - then turns away and reaches for a drawer...REMOVING A WEAPON.

PULL OUT FROM THE IMAGE TO REVEAL ANNA AND ROSIE

Watching on Rosie's display:

ROSIE
He's loading for bear.

ANNA
He knows someone's coming.
(into headset)
Drone command, can I get the hallway?

DRONE PILOT (ON SCREEN, FILTERED)
Stand by.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A SECOND DRONE hovers down beside the first, then expertly moves aside to a HALLWAY WINDOW to show:

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DRONE POV

Where two THICK-NECKED MEN can be seen casing Samara's apartment...standing by a door...waiting...

INT. SWAT CROW'S NEST VAN - CONTINUOUS

Where Anna and Rosie watch the screen:

ROSIE
We have two very skeevy-looking thick-necked dudes loitering by the elevator landing.

ON SCREEN one of the Thick-Necks pulls back his jacket to **REVEAL** a HANDGUN in the waistband.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
And they're strapped.

ANNA
(into headset)
Will. Joe. I need you in there
right now. Apprehend Farouk Samara.

SWAT COMMANDER
We don't have a secure perimeter -

ANNA
Screw that - your op is compromised
- get in and get him back alive.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The rear door BURSTS OPEN. Joe and Will LEAD THE WAY out - heading for the front door. The SWAT team DISPERSSES behind them to cover the exits.

SWAT COMMANDER (WALKIE FILTERED)
Secure all the entrances and exits -
no one comes in or out.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - VIDEO P.O.V.

The Thick-Necks draw their weapons and approach the door.

INT. SWAT CROW'S NEST VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rosie watches intently - Anna speaks into her earbud:

ANNA
We have armed men at Samara's door.

INT. SWAT CROW'S NEST VAN - CONTINUOUS

ANNA
Apprehend if at all possible...
repeat, I want these men alive.

INT. TENEMENT - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Will HAUL ASS.

INT. FAROUK SAMARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - VIDEO P.O.V.

Samara takes position beside the door - gun at the ready as:

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - VIDEO P.O.V.

The two thick-necked men KICK IN THE DOOR!

INT. FAROUK SAMARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The two men enter - Samara FIRES his gun, but misses!

The men wrestle away his weapon in a MESSY SCUFFLE, and then:

JOE AND WILL BURST THROUGH THE ENTRANCE

Will PISTOL WHIPS Thick-Neck #1 with his Mossberg.

Joe unleashes a tornado of Aikido-fu on Thick-Neck #2 - SLAPPING AWAY his gun and DRIVING HIM HARD into dry-wall!

As Joe and Thick-Neck #2 go at it - A TIGHT AND NASTY FIGHT IN VERY TIGHT QUARTERS - Samara Grabs his gun and SCURRIES away into the one bedroom in the apartment.

Will turns to chase when Thick-Neck #1 ROLLS OVER, recovering from the Mossberg-head-butt to aim his gun at Will!

TIME STANDS STILL

Will Spurgeon is about to lose his life in battle.

UNTIL THE TENEMENT WINDOW PLINKS

With the IMPACT OF A HIGH-SPEED BULLET and...

Thick-Neck #1's head BLOOMS with a light mist of blood... flowing from a squeaky clean entry wound.

As Thick-Neck #1 falls, Will looks over to the window:

SNAP ZOOM ACROSS THE COURTYARD TO REVEAL**EXT. MORGAN'S NEST - CONTINUOUS**

Morgan looks up from her weapon. Mission accomplished.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - MORGAN'S SCOPE P.O.V.

Zeroes on the fight between Joe and Thick-Neck #2 as Will steps out to pursue Samara. There's no shot, the scuffle is way too tight.

RESUME ON JOE - INSIDE THE APARTMENT

BARRAGING Thick-Neck #2 with punches...until he gets bored, GRABS Farouk's heavy glass ashtray and SLAMS IT INTO Thick-Neck #2's forehead. As Thick-Neck #2 falls:

BLAM! SHATTER! FROM THE BEDROOM

Joe rushes into the small bedroom to find Will standing at the doorway, smoking shotgun in hand...and across the room:

A terrified Farouk Samara...cowering underneath a window shattered by the blast of Will's weapon, holding his gun with a shaking thumb-and-forefinger as he *prays softly in Arabic*.

Joe and Will stand beside each other - triumphant - as Farouk drops his gun with a trembling hand...

WILL

(into his earbud)

Farouk Samara is in custody.

Repeat, Farouk Samara is in custody.

INT. SWAT CROW'S NEST VAN - DAY

In SLO-MO: Anna takes the earpiece from her ear and leans back on the wall of the van. Rosie closes her laptop and shakes hands with the SWAT COMMANDER...

...as Anna strokes her tired eyes.

ROSIE

We got him, Anna.

ANNA

Now we just have to make him talk before Malik hits us again.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**OPEN ON A TITLE OVER WHITE: FBI DETENTION CENTER, BETHESDA
MARYLAND - FOUR HOURS LATER****INT. FBI DETENTION CENTER - CELL/OBSERVATION VESTIBULE - DAY**

Farouk Samara sits alone, cuffed to a table, drinking coffee from a foam cup. Will, Joe and Morgan watch through a one-way glass, a DARK-SUITED FBI HANDLER steams in the corner.

FBI HANDLER

Is this your boss' interrogation strategy? Feed this guy coffee for four hours? What's next? Take away his urinal privileges?

Anna enters, trailed by Rosie, who talks on her cellphone.

ROSIE

We'll connect to your server in the next five minutes. Thank you.

ANNA

Is he ready?

FBI HANDLER

For the last three hours.

Anna turns to go. Joe buttons her, his tone low and serious.

JOE

You have something on this guy? All those calls to the Egyptian Embassy - we have something - right?

ANNA

Don't you trust me Joe? After all I've done for you?

JOE

I may be disavowed, but I still have friends. Overseas. People who know how to...enhance an interrogation. Farouk Samara can easily vanish during transit and -

ANNA

You mean like Michaelson in Warsaw, or Abdul Ben Hassan, or Cortez -

JOE

How do you know those names?

ANNA

I do that.

JOE

Are you running an Op on me?

ANNA

Joe. Life is an Op.

INT. CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Rosie sets up her laptop and a pico projector as Anna sits, studying Samara's aquiline, regal features. This is a refined and educated man: formidable in every way.

ANNA

When the team that apprehended you opened fire...you prayed.

FAROUK SAMARA

Are you surprised?

Anna shakes her head, pulling out two small bags. One of them tobacco, the other rolling papers - both branded in *Arabic*.

ANNA

No atheists in foxholes.
(off Farouk's suspicion)
Please. If I wanted to drug you,
I'd have laced the coffee.

FAROUK SAMARA

(taking the tobacco)
Can I take your foxhole metaphor as
acknowledgement that I'm a soldier?

ANNA

A deserter.

FAROUK SAMARA

That was cheap. FBI protocol is to
send in an interrogator with
academic and practical knowledge
of Islam and Arabic culture to
establish a rapport of trust and
cooperation with the victim.

Rosie finishes her work and STEPS OUT OF THE ROOM.

ANNA

I got the right brand of tobacco.
(off Farouk)
OK. I'll rephrase. A conscientious
deserter.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

A man facing the barrel of a Mossberg usually begs for his life. You prayed for deliverance. Which makes sense, since you backed away from an oath to a terror organization and shot a conspirator in cold blood.

FAROUK SAMARA

Is that what I'm suspected of?

ANNA

You wouldn't soil your piety with Malik.

FAROUK SAMARA

"Malik?"

ANNA

That's what we call your leader.
(looking in his eyes)
You're obviously not afraid of dying, or whatever consequences he - or we - could use to threaten you.

FAROUK SAMARA

And yet here we are.

INT. OBSERVATION VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Rosie enters to watch along with the rest of the team:

FBI HANDLER

When's the bad cop routine kick in?

ROSIE

Kicked in about two hours ago. He just doesn't know it yet.

RESUME OM FAROUK - LIGHTING UP

ANNA

So you feel no need to answer to me.

FAROUK IRAOLA

None.

ANNA

What about Gadiel?

FAROUK SAMARA

Who is Gadiel?

ANNA

That's cold...being as you are the reason he is in so much trouble.

(touches a computer key)

I mean, sure, the Egyptian Police has picked him up a few times on petty crime accusations since he abandoned his study of the Qu'ran at the Green Street Islamic Center and went back home...and I do give you credit for sending him money even after he abandoned you...but it's got to get to you that being your blood is the reason he's a person of interest in this investigation...and that's why he's being held in custody by the Egyptian Intelligence Service.

Farouk deep-drags his cigarette, holds it, exhales, then:

FAROUK SAMARA

Are you threatening to have my brother killed?

Anna turns back to the computer and CLICKS A FEW MORE KEYS.

ANNA

I would never condone killing a man who hasn't been found guilty of a capital offense in a state where the death penalty is legal.

THE PICO PROJECTOR LIGHTS UP - the team reacts to the digital noise-soaked sight PROJECTED ON THE MIRROR BEFORE THEM:

INT. JAIL CELL IN ASWAN, EGYPT - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

FROM A WEBCAM: GADIEL SAMARA, Farouk's gangly younger brother - sits blindfolded on a chair at the center of the cell.

ANNA

But we do need a sample of your brother's DNA to cross-reference with the forensic evidence found in your apartment and San Onofre.

FAROUK SAMARA

How could Gadiel be part of Malik's organization? He has been in Egypt for months. You know this.

ANGLE ON THE DEPLOYABLE OPERATIONS TEAM - BEHIND THE GLASS

FBI HANDLER

I can't begin to tell you how many laws you're breaking here.

FBI Handler turns to the door out of the room, opens it - only to find Will's hand SHUTTING IT before he can exit.

WILL

You can always resign in protest.

JOE

She's breaking him.

MORGAN

She does that.

RESUME ON ANNA

ANNA

Farouk. Listen to me carefully.

FAROUK SAMARA

Don't take a familiar tone with me.

ANNA

(knows she's winning)
Calm down. Mister Samara. The Egyptian Police agrees with you. They think your brother is a petty criminal. But I don't have the luxury of settling. If there's a chance he might have supported you or Malik, I have to follow that. You understand. Being a soldier.

FAROUK SAMARA

My brother is barely a Muslim. How could he be part of Jihad?

ANNA

We'll know for sure once we have a DNA sample. The *Mukhabarat* have already offered to send one of his arms packed in ice. Do you have a preference which one?

INTERCUT WITH THE PIXILLATED PROJECTOR IMAGE

Two UNIFORMED GUARDS step up to Gadiel. One of them unties Gadiel's left arm...the other unwraps a machete.

Farouk takes a drag from his cigarette, **REVEALING** a bead of sweat on his temple as the guards stretch out Gadiel's arm.

GADIEL

Please! No! No!

Anna turns from the screen to STARE FAROUK IN THE EYE.

ANNA

I don't speak Arabic, but that doesn't sound like prayer. Sounds like a boy begging. I wonder if he knows you can hear him. How he will feel the rest of his life knowing you could have stopped him being maimed, but didn't because of your loyalty to Malik.

The Guard LIFTS the machete over Gadiel's shoulder. Farouk looks away...then turns back to Anna.

FAROUK SAMARA

Stop them and I will talk.

As Anna looks back at the mirror and NODS at Rosie:

INT. FBI DETENTION CENTER - CELL - LATER

Farouk Samara chain-smokes, telling everything he knows:

FAROUK SAMARA

Six months ago, I was given the mission to identify restaurants - Chili's, Cheesecake Factories, Olive Gardens - which give discounts to Federal employees.

ANNA

That's Malik's next move?

FAROUK SAMARA

In five different cities. Simultaneously. Two-men teams operating independently. One would detonate the first explosive inside. In my team, the *hawaladar* was to wait across the street and detonate a second explosive. Killing the first responders.

ANNA

Are they going through with it?

FAROUK SAMARA

I was told that San Onofre would be our signal - that we would attack in the following week.

INT. OBSERVATION VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

The ramifications of Farouk's statement come crashing through the one-way mirror.

WILL

He still has four cells out there, and they got activated three days ago? We're living on borrowed time.

(to Rosie)

Get a feed of this to Gorrister. Have him contact Director Santiago, put every Fusion Center in the country on alert.

Rosie goes to work on her laptop as Joe and Morgan exchange looks and Anna **CONTINUES THE INTERROGATION:**

ANNA

Why kill your partner and run?

FAROUK SAMARA

I spoke to the leader on the phone. He told me Americans are "weak, uncultured and prone to fear."

ANNA

Can you contact him again?

FAROUK SAMARA

No. We communicated via e-mail dead drop. We had the password, would write coded messages, save them but never send them. The messages could be read but not traced.

ANNA

That was it?

FAROUK SAMARA

Malik's handlers would sometimes leave hand-written messages on bolts at construction sites.

(off her look)

Bolts. Large rivets. They go into beams. Only these were hollow, you take it out, unscrew the top, and inside is a hand-written message.

JOE RUBS HIS FACE - Farouk's words awakening a memory in him:

JOE

Bolts. That's freakin' old school.

ANNA

How did you get a line to Malik?

FAROUK SAMARA

A disposable phone was left in a P.O. Box, not sent - an attendant was bribed to place it. The reward for my sacrifice was that one conversation with the leader.

ANNA

What did he say that made you quit?

FAROUK SAMARA

It's not what. It's how. Arabic is not a blunt object like English. It is elegant, dependent on intonation and intent. After thirty seconds of listening to him, I knew this:
Arabic is not his first language.

ANNA

(the gears clicking)

You'd give your life and violate the commandments of your religion - but you wouldn't soil your piety for anyone but your own. Malik isn't an Arab.

SMASH CUT TO JOE

JOE

We need to get back to the Fusion Center. I got this one, guys.

And off everyone - as Joe chews floor for the exit:

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY FUSION CENTER, MARYLAND - TWO HOURS LATER

INT. FUSION CENTER - ROSIE'S WORKSTATION - DAY

Joe and Rosie stand by the gestural interface as Anna, Gorrister and the rest of the team take in his words.

JOE

The messages left in hollow bolts
hidden in construction sites are
textbook KGB spycraft.

MORGAN

How old were you when the wall
fell?

JOE

Old enough to read books.

ROSIE

There's something else Samara said
during his interrogation...

Rosie steps to the screen, pushes a button on a dialog box:
THE ROOM FILLS WITH A SOUND FRAGMENT FROM THE INTERROGATION

FAROUK SAMARA (FILTERED)

I spoke to the leader on the phone.
He told me Americans are "weak,
uncultured and prone to fear."

ROSIE

(hits PAUSE, then)

That turn of phrase, "uncultured"
has far more meaning in Russian
culture and language as an insult
than it does in the Arab world. Our
Latent Semantic Analysis of
Jihadist texts shows a much more
frequent use of slurs relating to
faith rather than education and
class. Of all the insults an
Islamist extremist could have used
in that context "uncultured" is
among the least likely.

JOE

But it's a guaranteed punch in the
mouth in any Moscow bar.

ROSIE

Where being "*nekulturny*" is by far
a more socially damning quality
than lacking faith in Allah.

JOE

Which brings up the men Malik sent
to kill Farouk Samara in New York.

JOE TOUCHES THE SCREEN - TWO DOSSIERS ZOOM OUT

Showing pictures of Farouk Samara's would-be killers:

GORRISTER

I read those work-ups. The men sent to kill Samara were *vor v zakone*. High level Red Mafiya. We don't know who hired them or how they were paid, but we know they were contracted out of Brighton Beach.

MORGAN

Little Odessa.

Joe nods to Morgan, then looks to Anna - his cool façade unable to disguise his excitement at what he has deduced.

JOE

We aren't looking for some radicalized Islamic Fundamentalist here...we're looking for an old Russian spook who's trying to throw off the scent. This entire terrorist jihad is an illusion.

Joe's cellphone RINGS. Anna and the team exchange glances, reacting to Joe's analysis as he reads the screen.

JOE (CONT'D)

My contact in Moscow.

ANNA

Julia Golberg. Is she still undercover as an arts dealer?

Joe shakes his head - Christ, she does that - then answers:

JOE

Joe here. Right...hold on
(back to Anna)
Can you get me on a Coast Guard plane to Sarasota in the next hour?
(then)
I know how to find Malik.

And off Anna, and the rest of the team:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. FUSION CENTER - HELIPAD - DAY**

Anna bounds toward the idling chopper with Joe and Will.

ANNA

The moment you've made contact,
send your Intel back to me. No lone
wolfing on this, you got it?

JOE

Hey. You're sending the five-oh to
keep me honest. I'll stay honest.

Will shakes his head, and off Anna, as he boards the chopper.

INT. COAST GUARD HH-56/DOLPHIN HELICOPTER - DAY

Will and Joe lock-and-load in the rear bay.

JOE

When we reach the target, stay in
our transpo. This guy will not talk
if he thinks I have backup.

WILL

Done deal. But there is one thing I
need to impress on you.

Will SUCKER PUNCHES him in the solar plexus - and before
Joe's lightning-fast training can kick in, PUTS HIM IN A HOLD
against a bulkhead. It looks painful.

JOE

Close quarters MMA. That's Navy
SEAL training.

WILL

Know the weapon. Know the man.

Will pushes Joe into the bulkhead - meaning business.

JOE

I apologize - sincerely - for
demeaning your branch of service.

Will lets go. Joe shakes out his stinging hand and locks eyes
with Will, newfound respect in his expression.

WILL

Do right or the next one will hurt.

Will turns away, knowing Joe isn't going to hit him...

CUT TO WHITE

**TITLE OVER WHITE: CHEEKTOWAGA BUSINESS PARK - SARASOTA
FLORIDA**

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - DAY

A Cadillac pulls up to this generic building. A sweating, rotund man (60's) steps out. This is VITALY ORLOV.

INT. LOW-RENT OFFICE - ENTRANCE/WAITING ROOM - DAY

Orlov pushes open a door - the words KRASIVAYA INSURANCE SERVICES visible on a plaque - the deadbolt is shattered.

JOE'S VOICE

It's not a break-in, Vitaly.

Orlov sees Joe, sitting on the easiest chair in the place.

JOE

Close the door and have a seat. I already found your gun.

Joe produces Orlov's gun - the magazine out. Orlov regards Joe for a moment, then sits with a grudging SNORT.

ORLOV

Surely you know there is nothing I have to say to you.

JOE

Not even a quote on my insurance?

ORLOV

For that you could wait outside, and not moved my coffee table.

JOE

I wouldn't want to damage it when I wipe the floor with your ass.

ORLOV

Why such incendiary language?

JOE

Because we both know those electronic fund transfers from Moscow to the dummy corporation owned by your son-in-law might as well be watermarked with the seal of the GRU.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

(holds up Vitaly's gun)
And the MP-445? Please. You wanna
pass for a local, buy American.

ORLOV

It is a memento. I am retired.

JOE

That's exactly what I came to talk
about. The things people do in
retirement. I want a list of former
operators now residing in America:
trained for undercover work in the
Middle East. Fluent in Arabic,
conversant with the culture,
favoring agents with disavowals,
dishonorables and active grudges.

ORLOV

By that criteria, you would be on
top of my list.

JOE

I'm not Russian. Or Ukrainian.

ORLOV

My dear *Hyoshka*, I'm an old man and
don't think much about world
affairs, but it could seem that
with your country's recent troubles
you may be looking for a convenient
scapegoat in a familiar enemy.

JOE

If my hunch is right and it comes
out you could have helped stop an
attack on American soil, who do you
think is going to be more upset?
The CIA, the FBI, or your bosses at
Khodinka: the ones who'd be
embarrassed by a terror cell run by
a former operative?

ORLOV

Next time you visit, I will have a
concealed weapons permit.

CUT TO

**NAMES ON A SCREEN - VICTOR PELEVIN - VALENTINA ZHURAVLEVA -
ALEXEI VORONIN - ARKADY STURGATSKY - ALEKSANDR GROMOV**

INT. FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB - DAY

Gorrister barks orders as he reaches Anna and the team:

GORRISTER

This is a red ball. Five former Soviet operators now residing in our homeland. One of them is a phone call away from ordering a major terror attack. Every minute that passes that innocent Americans aren't dead is a gift. One of these people is Malik. Find out which.

(then, to Anna)

I wish I had a nicotine patch the size of a prayer rug.

SMASH CUT TO

MONTAGE OF THE MAIN HUB - FAST-PACED AND HAND-HELD

DOSSIERS FOR THE RUSSIAN MEN - show up on monitors - analysts' hands DANCE OFF terminal keyboards.

A CLOSE-UP OF A PAIR OF FEET - dodging others, running down a crowded FUSION CENTER HALLWAY.

DATA - flashing on the big screen before the hub - leases, bank statements, phone records, surveillance camera footage.

THE RUNNING FEET - go faster and faster down the hallway as:

GORRISTER - gets crowded in by analysts, including MENDELSON:

MENDELSON

Valentina Zhuravleva's been under surveillance by the FBI for the last two years. She's clean.

GORRISTER

Get her off the board.

INT. FUSION CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

REVEAL that Morgan is our **RUNNER** - dodging the deluge of humanity as she juggles her phone and a tablet computer.

MORGAN

Copy that - I will share this information with my superiors -

INT. FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB - CONTINUOUS

Morgan BARRELS IN to see Anna and Rosie at an Analyst terminal. Morgan touches Anna's shoulder and holds up her tablet to show an image and dossier of ALEXEI VORONIN (50's).

MORGAN

I just talked to a friend at the Secret Service. Forensic accountant working the financial fraud section. According to the Treasury Enforcement Computer System, this man, Alexei Voronin, was under investigation last year by an Electronic Crimes Task Force for identity theft. One of the things they turned up is that he was been using offshore shell corporations to set up the short sale of utility and insurance stocks.

ANNA

Let me guess: all of which took a dump in the last seventy-two hours?

ROSIE

Former spy. Middle East trade-craft. Profiting from a terror attack on the infrastructure.

MORGAN

Voronin has three grown sons who own the corporations - he draws a salary. According to TECS, one of his original investors was Sayid Mansour.

ROSIE

The *hawaladar*?

MORGAN

He was never going to blow himself up, just setting up Farouk Samara to do it so he could make bank. The entire Jihad is a stock swindle.

If "rage for payback" was a tangible substance, Anna Kane would have it coming out of her pores.

ANNA

Where does Alexei Voronin live?

EXT. A SUBDIVISION SOMEWHERE NEAR LYNN, MASSACHUSSETS - NIGHT

Two BLACK ON BLACK Sprinter vans turn a corner past several houses, tires SQUEALING... and above them?

TWO HUMMINGBIRD DRONES - keeping pace.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Anna and the Team, in kevlar over civvies, sit in back, flanked by an FBI COMMANDER. On a RACK BEHIND WILL are five shotguns - Mossbergs - sporting distinctive yellow stocks.

FBI COMMANDER
We are in position.

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: LYNN, MASSACHUSSETS - 9:45 PM

RESUME IN THE VAN

To **REVEAL** Rosie's laptop. Her display shows an **AERIAL MAP OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD**, and the **FACES OF THE DRONE PILOTS**.

ROSIE
Establishing drone telemetry.

The van **SLOWS TO A HALT**. VIDEO DISPLAYS along the side of the van come to life: showing **INFRA-RED HELMET-CAM FEEDS** from the SWAT TEAM nearing one of the homes.

FBI COMMANDER
Take the house. Good hunting.

Anna looks at her team, then down at Rosie's display. **ON SCREEN**: A number of HEAT SIGNATURES creep toward a home - the FBI SWAT team on the move.

EXT. ALEXEI VORONIN'S SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

A BODY-ARMORED SWAT moves in - deploying a BATTERING RAM:

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

FBI COMMANDER
We have surprise. We'll have them
in a hurt locker in minutes.

Anna offers a tense nod. The battering ram **SWINGS BACK** and:

THE DOOR OF VORONIN'S HOME BURSTS OPEN! The SWAT team enters:

Rosie toggles to a DRONE-CAM VIEW of:

EXT. ALEXEI VORONIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

To show a basement-like door on the farthest side of the house from the entrance - and three men escaping!

RESUME ON ANNA AND THE TEAM

JOE

They had an escape strategy.

Joe grabs one of the yellow-handled shotguns off the rack - KICKS OPEN THE REAR GATE OF THE VAN and RUSHES OUT!

Without a second thought, Will and Morgan follow suit - completely unified in thought and action.

EXT. SUBDIVISION - NIGHT - HANDHELD - LIKE AN EPISODE OF COPS

Joe, Will and Morgan tear ass across the street to the nearest house, then LEAP over the fence to -

EXT. VORONIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Littered with JUNKED VEHICLES and surrounded by a tall fence.

Four men - VORONIN and his SONS (#1, #2 and #3, both tall, muscular and frightening) race for the far fence.

Will raises his shotgun. **BLAM! WHOOSH!** A TASER ROUND flies! This is no ordinary shotgun, but a state-of-the-art device designed to bring bad guys to high-tech-non-lethal justice.

CLOSE ON THE ROUND AS IT TRAVELS THROUGH THE AIR

Spring-loaded fins DEPLOY: a small, glowing, electronically-enhanced guided missile CLOSING THE DISTANCE to Son #1:

THWOCK! The round imbeds in his skin through his shirt then activates with an ELECTRONIC SIZZLE! Son #1 falls. TASERed.

SONS #2 AND #3 SPIN AND RETURN FIRE!

JOE, WILL AND MORGAN

All HIT THE DECK, rolling to safety behind the numerous automotive hulks littering the yard as Morgan lifts her weapon with fluid ease and FIRES.

HER TASER ROUND SLICES AIR AND IMBEDS IN VORONIN'S SON #2

ZAP! He FOLDS and FALLS...as Voronin and Son #3 clear the fence and run!

Joe and Will chase as Morgan races to the fallen sons - removing PLASTIC CUFFS from a pocket.

MORGAN
I got them! Go! Go!

Will LIFTS HIMSELF OVER THE FENCE - landing at:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS

To see Voronin getting into a large, vintage Mercedes Benz... but before Will can lift his gun:

SON #3 APPEARS FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AND TACKLES WILL!

The Mossberg goes FLYING as Joe LANDS ON THE GROUND FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE.

Will gets on top and throws a combination of fast punches at Son #3, convincing Joe that he doesn't need an assist.

VORONIN TURNS THE KEY - THE MERCEDES STARTS WITH A ROAR!

Joe almost gets there on time, but Voronin GUNS the gas and WINGS Joe!

Joe ROLLS AWAY. His weapon goes in the opposite direction - and as Voronin doubles back to finish him off:

WILL

Lands a FINAL PUNCH on Son #3, then recovers his Mossberg, holding him at bay in time to see:

VORONIN'S CAR

Narrowly missing the scrambling Joe, then racing away.

But before Voronin can reach freedom...

THE BLACK SPRINTER VAN SCREAMS BEFORE THE MERCEDES

Voronin SLAMS! into its side with a sickening CRUNCH!

THE REAR GATE OF THE SPRINTER OPENS

And as Voronin crawls out of his car - **BANG! BANG! BANG!** Three bullets IMPACT around him.

ROSIE'S VOICE
HANDS UP - FINGERS INTERLACED
BEHIND YOUR HEAD!

REVEAL ROSIE Standing dead ahead, holding her smoking Ruger.

And as Voronin does exactly what he is told...

Will and Morgan step up, holding Voronin's beaten offspring at gunpoint as Joe limps his way over, turning to Voronin, and speaking in flawless *Russian*.

JOE
Say goodnight, comrade.

Joe SLAMS Voronin across the face. Voronin FALLS.

And that's when the crumpled driver's side door of the Sprinter van FLIES OFF ITS DAMAGED HINGES to reveal Anna, kicking her way out.

ANNA
Everyone secure?

JOE
(to Rosie)
She crashed the van.

ROSIE
Yeah. She does that.

And off the Deployable Operations Team... victorious.

SMASH INTO A MONTAGE OF VIDEO/NEWS IMAGES

Chaotic - cacophonous - settling on RAW FEED SHOTS of:

INT. VORONIN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - HELMET CAM VIDEO

Weapons, disposable phones, computers...

REPORTER #1
A second and even more devastating attack has been averted as Agents discovered evidence of a further bombing plot targeting four cities -

NEWSCASTER
The terrorist behind the San Onofre was apprehended last night by Homeland Security and the FBI...

NEWSCASTER #2
The arrest of Russian immigrant Alexei Voronin raises significant questions about our assumptions about terrorists...

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A mob of REVELERS hold "USA" signs:

REPORTER

A criminal who used terror for profit has been captured and one thing is clear above it all: the Department of Homeland Security has succeeded in keeping America safe.

CUT TO WHITE

TITLE OVER WHITE: UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY FUSION CENTER, MARYLAND - TWELVE HOURS LATER

INT. FUSION CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe walks down the hallway, carrying a tablet computer - exchanging casual hello with Mendelson, walking the opposite way - like he belongs here - as Will catches up.

WILL

Still with us? I thought the CIA'd be beating down your door.

JOE

I might have gotten a call, but I figured you still need my help.

WILL

Gonna need one of these then.

Will hands Joe a package wrapped in brown paper, then moves ahead as Joe unwraps it to REVEAL a toy police badge.

INT. FUSION CENTER - MAIN HUB

Anna motions to Rosie, who hits a few keystrokes on a terminal and motions ahead to ONE OF THE BIG FORWARD SCREENS.

Where a MUG SHOT AND DOSSIER for a dark-haired man resolve.

ANNA

The man you see is Jose Gonzales.

ROSIE

Maybe you remember the name.

JOE

Mexican national, allegedly caught transporting bomb components in Cincinnati before he was deported.

(off Rosie)

If memory serves.

ANNA

Only a DEA undercover task force in the city of Torreon just sent in this picture of Gonzales...

THE IMAGE ON THE BIG SCREEN changes to **REVEAL** another shot of Gonzales, standing at:

A CLUSTER OF CHEVY SUBURBANS ON DESERT ROAD IN MEXICO

Where Gonzales speaks to a **HEAVILY BODY-GUARDED MAN** who bears an uncanny resemblance to Benjamin Bratt.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And the man he's with is Rafael Costas, *lugarteniente* of the Monterrey district for the *Saturninos* drug cartel.

WILL

A drug lord talking to a suspected terrorist.

JOE

Now we're working drug crews?

ANNA

We work all kinds around here, Joe. Let's get our man.

Anna bustles away. Rosie follows, as does Will, and finally Morgan, but not before touching Joe's shoulder:

MORGAN

Welcome to Homeland Security.

Joe looks around the busy Main Hub - Gorrister talks to a number of Analysts, and the screens ahead of him, criss-cross with the events of a crazy and dangerous world.

Joe then looks down at the plastic badge in his hand and a **SMILE** - ever-so-faint-and-mysterious - crosses his face...

...right before he takes off after the rest of the team:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF PILOT