

# QUANTICO

"Pilot"  
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CLOSE ON: RUBBLE

*The marble hand of a decimated sculpture lays next to the unmoving human hand of ALEX WEAVER, 25, lying on a pile of rubble. Through the smoke rising from several fires nearby, we can't tell where we are. But it doesn't look good...*

EXT. OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA - DAY

**Nine months earlier.** The fresher face of beautiful, haunted Alex enters the screen. She runs alongside the bay in Oakland, pushing herself hard.

EXT. WEAVER HOUSE - OAKLAND - DAY

She runs up to the front of a modest house and heads inside.

INT. WEAVER HOUSE - DAY

Alex moves down the hall to her bedroom. Her mother, CYNTHIA, a weary 50, peeks out from the living room where she's watching television and smoking.

CYNTHIA

You're going to be late!

INT. WEAVER HOUSE - ALEX'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex sits down on her childhood bed, kicks her running shoes over to two packed suitcases on the floor. Cynthia appears.

CYNTHIA

I printed your ticket, it's on the dresser. Want me to pack some food?

ALEX

Thanks, Mom. I'm just gonna shower.

Something catches Alex's eye: a loose edge of the wall-to-wall carpet by the closet. As Cynthia exits, Alex gets down on the floor, lifts up the carpet edge. What appears to be an old Ziploc bag is taped to the underside. Alex grabs it, and stuffs it in a rip in the lining of her suitcase.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY

Alex and her Mom hug goodbye at the terminal curb. Cynthia is surprised at the length and strength of the hug.

CYNTHIA

It's Teach For America. It's not like we're never going to see each other again.

Something in Alex's eyes show it's more complicated than that. As the hug breaks:

ALEX

Love you.

CYNTHIA

Love you too. Call when you get there?

Cynthia gets into her car and drives off. Alex's smile fades. She takes her printed ticket to Minneapolis and throws it in the trash. Calls up a different ticket on her phone's Passbook: **Washington DC**. Looks both ways, then walks inside.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Alex on her red-eye, drinking a mini-scotch. Her seat mate is a hot 33 year-old we'll call RYAN. He can't take his eyes off her, though he's trying not to let it show. Alex doesn't look at him, just raises her empty mini-bottle. Ryan gets the cue, signals the Flight Attendant's attention.

RYAN

Ryan Booth.

He holds out his hand. Alex shakes it.

ALEX

Nice to meet you, Ryan.

RYAN

You from DC?

ALEX

Just connecting there to Chile.

RYAN

Vacation?

ALEX

Doctors Without Borders.

RYAN

And suddenly I am out of my league in this conversation.

Alex smiles. The FA arrives with the drinks.

ALEX

What about you?

RYAN

Heading back to my family.

ALEX

Back?

RYAN

From the Philippines.

He lifts dogtags up from under his shirt; he's a Marine. Alex nods, with respect.

ALEX

Last night of freedom for us both.

RYAN

I'll drink to that.

As they smile, they clink mini-scotch bottles and we CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAWN

Where Alex is sitting on Ryan's lap, her back facing him. They are having sex in his car in the Dulles parking structure. Great sex, too, from the sound of it. As they finish, Alex slides off onto the seat next to him to pull up her jeans. Ryan catches his breath, happily.

RYAN

So can I get your number, or your email? Or... your name?

ALEX

You're not my type.

RYAN

Said to a man you just had sex with.

ALEX

If you were, I wouldn't have. I would've gotten to know you first.

She's about to leave, but she can see the confusion on his face. She squints at him. Should she do her parlor trick?

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay. How 'bout I list five things about you to prove I'm right, and if any of them are false, I'll tell you whatever you want to know?

He nods a disbelieving "you're on."

ALEX (CONT'D)

One, you're... nice.  
(off Ryan's "ouch" face)  
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Your good manners probably come from having grown up in a house full of women; no man taught you how to shave, that's why your stubble grows in different directions. Two, you're damaged goods: you were married, and even though it probably ended a while ago you kept your ring on longer; the callous on that finger is small, but not soft. Three, you're slippery: you weren't in Manila, because it's the rainy season there, and you're wearing--

RYAN

Tennis shoes?

ALEX

--that are spotless but not new, and four, which you would have called "sneakers" if you really were from the northeast as opposed to... the west coast? Los Angeles, maybe? Hawthorne, to be exact? Which makes you, five, pretty damn untrustworthy, and while I find that a turn-on enough to get into this car and do what we just did, in the long run that is definitely not my type.

Ryan's jaw all but drops. How'd she get:

RYAN

Hawthorne?

ALEX

My eyes are always open.

Alex points to the registration tag on the windshield. 2015, Hawthorne, CA.

RYAN

(stunned)

Who are you?

ALEX

Guess you'll never know now.

She laughs and kisses him on the cheek, and exits. Ryan looks after her and shakes his head. What just happened?

EXT. OLD PLANTATION HOUSE - MORNING

**Georgia.** A black Lexus SUV pulls down a long driveway, kicking up dust, as it heads towards a beautifully kept plantation house outside of Savannah.

EXT. OLD PLANTATION HOUSE - GARDENS - MORNING

SHELBY WYATT, late 20s, a modern southern belle, stands in a garden that would make Marie Antoinette jealous. She sees, in the distance, the dust from the car rising in the sky. She walks towards the house.

INT. OLD PLANTATION HOUSE - ROOMS - MORNING

After a moment of taking it in, Shelby closes the door on her bedroom and walks down the hall, passing rooms with lights off, blinds drawn, sheets on the furniture. She closes doors one by one as she passes.

The last room we see? A state of the art gun room, fully stocked with wall-to-wall cabinets. And most importantly, spotlit on a table, a small, twisted, and melted piece of metal. Shelby grabs it, then closes its door on us.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG APARTMENT - DAY

**Brooklyn.** In the doorway of a vinyl-sided Williamsburg apartment building, the adorable SIMON ASHER, early 30s, thrift-store glasses held together with scotch tape, is standing with his suitcase opposite an equally cute HIPSTER still in pajamas. Simon notices someone walking past, and kisses the Hipster in the moment, awkwardly. When they break:

HIPSTER

That was fun. At least for me.

Simon half-smiles, then heads off down the street and into the subway, looking back over his shoulder as he goes.

INT. LATTER DAY SAINTS TEMPLE - MORNING

**Salt Lake City.** A Sacrament meeting has just concluded at the Latter Day Saints church. A throng of churchgoers shake the hand of ERIC PACKER, 23, a clean-cut, clear-eyed Mormon, as he moves his way up the aisle. It is clear by this send-off that he is a valuable member of this church.

INT. LATTER DAY SAINTS TEMPLE - HALLWAY - MORNING

CLOSE ON: A photograph on a wall of "Honored Missions" with Eric in white shirt and black tie, standing amongst a group of Malawians: "*Elder Eric Packer on assignment in Blantyre, Malawi, 2013.*"

Eric's smiling in the photo, but not in real life as he looks at it with mixed emotions. He grabs a duffelbag and heads out, looking back over his shoulder one last time at the wall.

EXT. ROUTE 33 - OHIO - DAY

**Ohio.** A defiantly pre-owned late-90s Volvo drives down US-33. It pulls off the road and over to a rest stop gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The car parks. The door opens, and a stunning mid-30s Muslim woman in a hijab, NIMAH ANWAR, exits and walks to the convenience store. People filling up their tanks stare at her; just another day in the life of a Muslim American.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

As Nimah enters, she crosses to the CLERK, stuck behind inches of plexiglass. He tries not to react, but he's not an actor, and it shows.

NIMAH

Do you have a restroom?

The uncomfortable Clerk locks eyes with some uneasy customers by the wall of refrigerators.

CLERK

It's out of order.

Which is of course when someone walks in and hands the restroom key back to the Clerk. Caught, a stammer:

CLERK (CONT'D)

No key without a purchase.

Nimah takes an American Flag keychain off a rack on the counter. The Clerk blanches. She gives him a dollar, and he gives her the key.

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM

In the dingy bathroom, Nimah looks at herself in the mirror. After a moment, she removes her hijab. Lustrous long black hair falls to her shoulders. Wipes her lipstick and eyeliner off. Drops the restroom key in the trash bin and exits.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Where instead of crossing to her car, Nimah walks to a new car parked behind the station.

Gets in, starts it and drives off. A second later, the Volvo left behind also starts up, and drives after her at a safe distance. What is going on?

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

**Virginia.** Coming out of a hospital room is the hard and strong MIRANDA SHAW, late 40s. As she approaches a team of residents on their rounds, she wipes a tear away from her eye fast and gives them a professional smile.

She crosses to the elevator bank, and presses UP.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - MORNING

In the elevator alone, Miranda takes her phone from her pocket and turns it on. It starts ringing the second it powers up. She answers:

MIRANDA

This is Miranda.

Just as the doors open, revealing she's on the ROOF, where a helicopter is waiting for her, blades whirring. She stops walking as she hears something on the other end of the phone she doesn't like, and we CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

Miranda rushes up the front steps of a Colonial house.

MIRANDA

Where is he?

A Man standing guard at the open front door points up the stairs. Miranda rushes in and up to:

INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Where a scared-shitless 25 year old hot GIRL is standing in a man's dress shirt.

GIRL

I-- I didn't know what to do.

Miranda rushes to a man moaning on the bed. This is LIAM O'CONNOR, 56, normally Kevin Costner sexy, but right now totally out of it. Empty pill bottles on the nightstand; a clear suicide attempt. Miranda slaps his face to rouse him.

MIRANDA

How much did he take?



GIRL

I don't know, I-- I was asleep.

MIRANDA

Come on, Liam. I need you today.

LIAM

(drunken smile)

You need me... every day.

Two people appear at the door holding an IV. Miranda waves them in. As they set up:

GIRL

Is he going to be okay?

MIRANDA

He'll be fine. But you won't if you breathe a word of this to anyone.

(to Liam)

This is gonna hurt. Again.

As Miranda puts her fingers down Liam's throat and rolls him over so he can throw up over the side of his bed...

INT. CAR - DAY

Alex drives her rental down a country road somewhere outside of D.C. She eyes her suitcase in the back, with the Ziploc poking out of the lining. She reaches back and pushes it down. We begin to hear voices in unison:

VOICES (O.S.)

I solemnly swear to support and defend the Constitution of the United States...

INT. SIMON'S CAB - DAY

Simon sits in the back of a cab as it drives the same roads. He looks out the window, excited.

VOICES (O.S.)

...against all enemies, foreign and domestic...

INT. SHELBY'S SUV - DAY

Shelby sits in the back as she's driven, also staring out the window. We see Eric and Nimah in their cars too, as we hear:

VOICES (O.S.)

...and will bear true faith and allegiance to the same.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Alex gets out of her car and rolls her suitcase towards an imposing yet nondescript 8-story concrete building. We see, behind her, Shelby getting out of her SUV. Simon getting out of his cab. Eric out of a shared ride van. Nimah, back in her hijab, also walking. All with their own bags as well.

As they fall into a line they don't even know they're making:

VOICES (O.S.)

I take this obligation freely,  
without any reservation or purpose  
of evasion--

INT. AMPITHEATHER - DAY

60 people between the ages of 23-37 fill this room, right hands raised. We ANGLE ON: Alex, holding up her hand:

VOICES

--and will well and faithfully  
discharge the duties of the office  
on which I am about to enter...

And we see, around her, our leads taking the same oath: Simon, excited. Nimah, strong. Shelby, upbeat. Eric, innocent.

VOICES (CONT'D)

So help me God.

And surprise! Rushing in, late, and landing at the one empty seat - right across the aisle from Alex - is Ryan. She does a double-take when she sees him. As Ryan just smiles and winks at her -- clearly she had him wrong:

VOICE (O.S.)

Welcome to the FBI Academy at  
Quantico. You made it in.

And just who said that? It's Liam, in a suit, looking hungover but intact. And next to him, Miranda.

MIRANDA

Now let's see if you can survive.

We CUT BACK TO:

EXT. RUBBLE - DAY

Where the lifeless body of Alex suddenly springs back to life. She coughs up dirt, pulls herself up, weakly.

*Sounds of chaos and pandemonium fill our ears as the camera PULLS UP and UP, Alex becoming a mere speck, until we finally see:*

*There is a huge crater where Grand Central Station used to be. A bomb has just blown up. As the sounds of sirens and screaming grow, we*

TITLECARD.

*EXT. WHAT'S LEFT OF GRAND CENTRAL STATION - CONTINUOUS*

*Figures start to appear through the smoke, and Alex calls out to them:*

*ALEX*

*Help! Over here!*

*The red light of a laser sight lands on her chest. Then another. Then a third. And a fourth. As she looks down and sees this, the smoke clears and eight cops and FBI Agents have their guns trained on her.*

*COP*

*Don't move. Don't you fucking move!*

*She looks at them. What the fuck is going on?*

*ALEX*

*Wait wait wait, I'm FBI! I have my credentials right he--*

*She goes for her pocket and everyone scrambles, guns cocked--*

*COP*

*I SAID DON'T MOVE!*

*Alex stops. An Agent parts the group and comes forward. This is AGENT "JJ" JIMENEZ, and he's in charge. He crosses to Alex and reaches into her pocket. Takes out her credentials. He shares a look with his second-in-command. Then he gestures with his hands, and they lower their guns. Alex relaxes.*

*JJ*

*This area's not safe. Come with us.*

*INT. QUANTICO - AMPITHEATER - DAY*

*Miranda, at the podium gives the NATs their welcome briefing - though she's not particularly welcoming. Projected on the screen behind her is: Miranda Shaw, Director of Quantico.*

MIRANDA

The state of this country is more precarious than it's ever been. Not only are there more threats than ever before, but the majority of those threats don't come from known organizations or extremist groups, but our own backyard. A neighbor you grew up next to, a one-night stand you had, even a family member. You applied here to protect your country from those threats, but while your ideals and test scores got you in the door, they won't be enough to keep you here. The FBI Academy is the toughest boot camp and hardest grad school rolled into one. It isn't college. It is life and death.

ANGLE ON: Alex, Nimah and Shelby watching this.

SHELBY

She's so warm.

NIMAH

She *can't* be. She's the boss.

ALEX

Men show weakness and they're 'enlightened.' Women show weakness and it's over.

SHELBY

So if we do really well here, best case scenario is ending up a sexless, heartless, pontificating robot?

CALEB

Worked for Hillary.

Alex, Shelby and Nimah don't laugh as they turn to see CALEB HAAS, late 20s, confident bordering on cocky and coasting on his looks, which are considerable.

MIRANDA

Each class of new agent trainees, or NATs, is assigned a staff counselor. Yours is Special Agent Liam O'Connor. It's his job over the next twenty weeks to make sure no one graduates who doesn't meet Bureau standards. Statistically, that's half.

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

The rest of you will fail out over the course of this training -- and never be allowed to re-apply. So if you pass me in the hall and wonder why I haven't bothered to learn your name, now you know.

The NATs look at each other - no bullshit here. We CUT TO:

INT. QUANTICO - ID AREA - DAY

The NATs are lined up to get their pictures taken. Liam stands off to the side, guiding the tour, almost by rote:

LIAM

You'll receive temporary credentials, uniforms, and a red-handled gun. Always wear the uniform, always have your credentials, always carry the red-handle. That way you're identifiable to us as a NAT, and not visiting law enforcement, a DEA trainee, or a neighboring marine.

Alex, first out, looks at Ryan on the line, and, to him:

ALEX

What if you're more than one of those things?

RYAN

You'd be pretty irresistible, right?

Simon and Nimah exit after Alex with their credentials. Simon holds his up, unhappy.

SIMON

I look like Tilda Swinton.  
(to Nimah)  
I'm Simon. We haven't met.

NIMAH

(not interested)  
Okay.

Shelby comes out next holding a gray T-shirt with her name on it and khaki slacks, and points to the men carrying the same.

SHELBY

Gender neutral uniforms. A win for equality? I'm conflicted.

ALEX  
(laughing)  
Alex Weaver.

SHELBY  
Shelby Wyatt.

Eric and Caleb exit next. Eric holds his red gun, confused.

ERIC  
What's this for? It doesn't even  
shoot.

CALEB  
It's so you get used to having the  
weight of a gun on your person.  
Ever shot a real one before?

ERIC  
I was a competitive archer.

CALEB  
(pats him on the shoulder)  
Not the same thing.

ERIC  
(removing his hand)  
The Olympic judges seemed pretty  
impressed in 2012.

As Liam starts walking, they all follow and we CUT TO:

INT. GUN ROOM - QUANTICO - DAY

The trainees are shown the gun room. Any gun that is in use today in America, the FBI has. Shelby's in heaven.

LIAM  
Guns can be rented for target  
practice by leaving your red-  
handle. Return the gun, get back  
your red-handle.

As they leave, Alex scans the walls of guns, and we CUT TO:

INT. FBI COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH-FORWARD

*Alex watches JJ hand his gun to another Agent in this nearby building where an emergency FBI command post is being set up in the lobby. She does the same. Off-duty Agents called in for action grab guns, FBI jackets, and gear and rush back out to help. Firetrucks and cop cars race by out the windows. TV screens show more detail about the bombing:*

## NEWSCASTER

*It was only a little over one hour ago that an explosion of an unknown nature rocked Grand Central station in New York City, not far from The Waldorf Astoria hotel where the 2016 Democratic National Convention was just getting underway...*

*Alex takes this all in. She's disoriented, confused, but trying to hold it together. JJ knows they don't have much time, so he tries to hold her attention.*

JJ

*ASAC Jimenez, Joint Terrorism Task Force. I was on assignment at the hotel. We're trying to piece together what happened, but we could really use your help.*

ALEX

*Mine? Why? I was just promoted to New York from my field office last week. I was only on site as a surveyor. Besides, shouldn't we be out there, helping people?*

JJ

*We have agents and local LE on the ground, military personnel coming in from Fort Hamilton. You're more use to us here. You're the only survivor we've found within a hundred yards of the blast. The closest witness.*

ALEX

*I-- I don't remember anything.*

JJ

*You might know more than you think. Come with me?*

*Off Alex, as she follows - what's going on? We CUT BACK TO:*

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - RYAN & SIMON'S ROOM - DAY

Ryan and Simon unpack in their cramped dorm room. Simon pulls out a travel pourover coffee set and a hotplate. Off Ryan's look:

SIMON

*I used to be a CPA. This was the only hobby I had.*

RYAN

I'm glad. The coffee sucked in the Marines.

Ryan takes a mug from his bag and tosses it to Simon. Simon smiles, puts it next to the hotplate. Ryan looks through the shared bathroom to where:

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - ALEX AND SHELBY'S ROOM - DAY

Shelby and Alex are unpacking. Shelby brought her own sheets, but the bed is a twin, not a full - her sheets are too big.

SHELBY

I'm 30 years old, and I'm back at summer camp.

ALEX

Here, let me help. I make mean hospital corners.

As Alex helps, she catches Ryan's eye. He looks away, caught. She smiles; she likes this.

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - ERIC AND CALEB'S ROOM - DAY

Across the hall, Caleb and Eric unpack. Caleb watches as Eric pulls out his Mormon undergarments, puts them in the closet.

CALEB

Is that a onesie? Hold up. You're "Elder Eric"??

ERIC

You lose use of that title outside the ministry.

CALEB

Do they know?

ERIC

They recruited me.

CALEB

But why?

ERIC

Mormons respect authority, don't drink or take drugs, spend considerable time in foreign countries, and speak several languages.



Shelby passes the door, tiny piece of metal in her hands. She raises her eyebrows: go Eric. Simon pokes his head in too.

SIMON  
Your mission?

ERIC  
Malawi.

SIMON  
(in Chichewa)  
Always wanted to visit.

ERIC  
(in Chichewa back)  
A county of wonderful people.

They both look at Caleb. For once, he is speechless. They exit out into:

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - HALLWAY

Where Ryan also exits his room, Alex hers. There's a pause as they realize just how close their proximity will be the next twenty weeks. Ryan holds out his hand.

RYAN  
Ryan Booth. Nice to meet you.

ALEX  
(really?)  
We had sex in your car six hours ago.

Simon, Shelby, Caleb and Eric react. Ryan blushes.

RYAN  
I wasn't sure you'd want everyone-

ALEX  
(pats his arm)  
Yes, I know, you like to lie.

RYAN  
I don't like to-- you like to--

SHELBY  
We're going to be late. Where's Nimah?

They notice the door at the end with only one name on it.

ERIC  
She got a single?

CALEB

That should have been mine.

SHELBY

Maybe we're an odd number?

SIMON

Devout Muslim women aren't supposed to be seen uncovered by men. They probably put her there so it doesn't happen. I'll get her.

As they leave, Simon goes to Nimah's door, knocks. No answer. Cracking it open:

SIMON (CONT'D)

Nimah? You don't want to miss--

He sees the windows blacked out and the room empty. Confused, he steps in, which is when he sees Nimah in the bathroom, washing her face, hijab off. Instantly backing up, babbling:

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm-- I was just telling everyone-- anyway, I'm gay, so...

NIMAH

And that makes a difference why?

Annoyed, she closes the door on him and we CUT BACK TO:

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH-FORWARD*

*Alex enters the conference room after JJ, where an AGENT is taping something up to the wall, but we don't see what yet.*

JJ

*We got a tip. Right before the explosion. Too late to stop it, but...*

ALEX

*What was it?*

JJ

*That it was an inside job. But it was more specific than that.*

*As Alex looks at him -- what does he mean? We CUT TO:*

*INT. QUANTICO - HALL OF HONOR - DAY*

*Those same trainees, save Simon and Nimah, have gathered in front of Liam, who stands before a table of file folders --*

With all the trainees' photos on them.

LIAM

Inside these folders is every piece of information the FBI gathered on you during your application process - with one item redacted.

As the group reacts, Simon rushes in, stands at the back. Notices Nimah in *front* of him. He does a double-take:

SIMON

How'd you beat me?

NIMAH

The elevator?

LIAM

If intelligence is the CIA's game, ours is investigation. Someone's identity is stolen, a serial killer strikes, a bomb goes off; even when there are no leads, there are always clues. The smallest detail can make a huge difference. So. You're gonna pick a fellow Trainee and figure out the missing piece of their story in the next 24 hours. And whoever does the best job?

(hold up a laptop)

All the research the Bureau has gathered on the Arlington Arsonist. It's an active case, top ten priority level, and one of you will get the chance to shadow me on it. You just have to prove yourself first.

Liam moves out of the way and the class rushes the folders; they like this challenge. Ryan points his out to Alex:

RYAN

I'm right there, "Doctor".

ALEX

Already figured you out.

RYAN

My dad in Bethesda will be *so* happy to hear that.

Point taken. She takes his folder. Simon scans the piles as Nimah holds up his folder, with:

NIMAH

Got what I wanted.

SIMON

Someone already grabbed yours.

SHELBY

Guess I'll take one for the team?

She grabs Caleb. Caleb takes Eric's:

CALEB

How many wives does Joseph Smith have?

Ryan holds up Alex's - she's his, and we CUT BACK TO:

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD*

*Alex now sees what's put up on the wall: pictures of her fellow Quantico trainees. Ryan. Eric. Shelby. Simon. Nimah. Caleb -- and more.*

JJ

*How well do you know these people?*

ALEX

*I don't understand...*

JJ

*We know you researched each other.  
We just need you to remember what  
you found.*

*Alex shakes her head in disbelief. This is crazy.*

ALEX

*You're telling me you think one of  
these people is a terrorist?*

JJ

*Not only that: we're pretty sure  
they already were when they got to  
Quantico. That's what our tip was.  
And we need your help to figure out  
who they are -- before they strike  
again.*

*As that hits Alex - holy shit - we...*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY

Where Alex's incoming Caller ID reads: Mom. JJ's off to the side being briefed by an SWAT Team LEADER, covered in dust.

SWAT LEADER

--EMTs are attending survivors, firefighters combing the wreckage. National Guard's on its way, my guys are getting the bomb techs in so we can to make sure there aren't more surprises. Bridges and tunnels are closed, no one in or out, MTA and LIRR disabled; what wasn't hit, anyway. City's on lockdown, tighter than 9/11.

JJ

Keep me posted.

(re: Alex's phone)

You can answer it. I'm sure she's worried about you.

Alex doesn't; there's a story here. JJ notes it as he sits.

JJ (CONT'D)

So. Day two. What happened?

As she regards him - this is the priority? - we CUT BACK TO:

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - ALEX AND SHELBY'S ROOM - DAY

It's the next morning. We can hear Shelby in the shower. Alex is on her bed, talking on her phone, quietly:

ALEX

Yeah, Mom. It's great here, the teachers are really nice. Haven't met my students yet, but--

(the shower shuts off)

I'm gonna be late if I don't go now. I'll call you later. Love you.

As Alex hangs up, she sees a corner of the carpet near her bed peeling up a little - like in her childhood room. She pushes it back into place just as Shelby exits the bathroom.

Behind Shelby, Alex sees Ryan, naked save for his shorts, enter the bathroom to take the next shower. He catches her looking and smiles as he closes the door.

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - ERIC AND CALEB'S ROOM - MORNING

Caleb comes out of *his* shower, wrapped in a towel, to find Eric already working, a Trainee's photo in front of him. Shelby passes the door, then walks back into frame to get a better look at the ripped Caleb. Simon, also in the hall, catches her, then sees where she's staring and joins in.

SHELBY

I hate that I can't stop looking.

SIMON

I don't.

As Shelby goes, Simon goes too -- not as interested in Caleb as he let on. He hears something from Nimah's door. Crosses and listens close. It's Nimah reciting her Fajr prayers.

EXT. QUANTICO - PARKING LOT - DAY

Miranda exits her car and begins to walk to the building when she sees Liam doing the same. Testing him:

MIRANDA

Didn't you wear that yesterday?

LIAM

(knows what she means)

Wanna smell my breath?

As they walk, a group of female NATs run past. Miranda nods hello, but as they disappear, mixed emotions color her face.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You're unhappy about something.

MIRANDA

How could you tell?

LIAM

Once someone's partner, always their partner.

MIRANDA

Until you're their boss.

LIAM

Noted; I'll shut up.

They walk in silence, but Miranda can't hold her tongue.

MIRANDA

Why even bother recruiting women if we aren't going to promote them?

LIAM  
(realizes)  
You got denied.

MIRANDA  
As a man, you could have been head  
of the Bureau. But head of this  
place is as far as I'll ever go.

LIAM  
Only 'cause you stopped trying.

MIRANDA  
("stopped trying?")  
Recruitment numbers are the highest  
they've ever been. There are more  
civilian trainees than law  
enforcement or military for the  
first time in Bureau history.

LIAM  
Yeah, but are they any good? Or did  
you just fling the gates open wider  
so you could brag about the numbers  
for a promotion?

MIRANDA  
(pissed)  
Who are you to lecture me? After  
what happened on your watch? That  
hacker leaked over a quarter-  
million government documents from  
*your* computer.

LIAM  
And they sent me here to punish me.

MIRANDA  
I brought you here. So you could  
keep your pension, and your pride,  
and count down the clock with some  
semblance of dignity.

LIAM  
Like you are?

That's it; she's had enough.

MIRANDA  
I lost my family to this job.

LIAM  
I lost mine, too.

MIRANDA

Yeah, but at least you don't see me trying to kill myself over it.

LIAM

No. Just blaming everyone else.

MIRANDA

Stay out of my way, Liam, and I'll stay out of yours. Okay?

With that, she goes.

EXT. QUANTICO - GROUNDS - DAY

Our NATs, in their uniforms, walk towards the outdoor track.

ALEX

PT, Firearms, Defensive tactics-- there's no time for the assignment.

ERIC

I started last night.

NIMAH

I'm already done. Simon's easy.

SIMON

I'd say honest; I have nothing to hide. By the way, about yesterday.  
(off her confusion)  
When I opened your door?

NIMAH

Don't worry about it. It's fine.

She smiles at him, warmer than before. He feels the change.

SIMON

May I ask a question? Sometimes your hijab's pinned to the left and sometimes to the right. Is there cultural significance I'm unaware of? Or is it how you hold the safety pin when you clasp it. I've noticed you're ambidexterous.

NIMAH

(off guard)  
Yes, that's it.

They've reached the track and training area; Nimah seems relieved. The PT Instructor, Henry Rollins as a drill sergeant, is waiting for them with two colleagues.



AGENT FAIRMAN

Morning. I'm Special Agent Pete Fairman, and I'll be administering your first qualification test. You get two chances to pass, one now, one later. If you *don't*, pack your bags, you're going home.

NIMAH

(points to sign:)  
Why are the goals for men and women different?

AGENT FAIRMAN

Men and women have different capabilities.

NIMAH

(bullshit)  
I'll do the men's.

As Agent Fairman signals to a Colleague to fire a starter pistol, BANG! The group begins, and we CUT BACK TO:

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD*

*JJ and Alex are seated at the table as Alex tells him what she remembers. He's taking notes.*

*JJ*

*So when did the investigation start in earnest?*

*INT./EXT. QUANTICO - GROUNDS/CAFETERIA/ETC - DAY - INTERCUT*

*ALEX (O.S.)*

*In between activities, during lunch, at the shooting range -- whenever there was a free moment, we were on task.*

It's true; even at the urinal, Simon is on his phone:

SIMON

Yes, I'm calling about your client, Shelby Wyatt?

(now in Swedish)

Miss Wyatt's attorney said you handled the family's finances--

(now in Mandarin)

Her accountant said the Wyatt's majority holdings were with your bank up until 2001--

AGENT FAIRMAN (PRE-LAP)

And... time!

EXT. QUANTICO - PT TRACK - DAY

As Nimah easily dismounts from a perfect set of pull-ups, the male Trainees around her drop.

AGENT FAIRMAN

Impressive, Agent Anwar.

Nimah looks over to where she can see Shelby, sitting on the grass, icing her shoulder.

NIMAH

Saw that one coming.

SIMON

(catching his breath:)

Don't discount her. This just isn't in her skill set.

NIMAH

What is?

EXT. QUANTICO - SHOOTING RANGES - DAY

Shelby is a crack shot with every firearm they hand her. Handguns, shotguns, carbines. Simon looks on, proud:

SIMON

She grew up hunting with her Dad. She was even on the cover of a magazine.

He shows Alex and Ryan Shelby's "Garden & Gun" cover on his phone. Nimah just watches Shelby shoot, impressed:

NIMAH

She could be a sniper.

As Shelby's last bullet rips the shredded target in two--

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY

JJ makes a note next to a photo of Shelby. Then back to Alex:

JJ

*Who did Caleb Haas have?*

ALEX

*Eric Packer.*

INT. QUANTICO - LIBRARY - DAY

A frustrated Caleb on a computer, poring over Eric's Facebook, Yelp profile, Instagram, even his Netflix queue.

CALEB

-Two thousand friends?  
-Who gives everything 5 stars?  
-It's all Memes.  
-Why is the only movie on here City Slickers?

JJ (V.O.)

And you had...?

ALEX (V.O.)

Ryan.

Ryan crosses into frame, talking on his phone:

RYAN

Thank you for getting back to me.  
Ms. Weaver listed you as a reference for the position. Is there anything you could tell me about her work ethic when she was employed there?

Ryan's phone beeps; he looks at it. "A. Weaver has requested to add you to "Find My Friends." Ryan looks at it, pleasantly surprised -- progress. He hits "accept," then goes back to his call. We CUT TO:

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - ALEX AND SHELBY'S ROOM - DAY

Alex, in her room, in the dark, holding her phone with the "Find My Friends" app open, as Ryan's acceptance dings.

ALEX

Gotcha.

She then hits his icon on her "Find My Friends" map and his location blinks. He's a building away, not moving. Alex takes the opportunity to open the shared bathroom door and enter:

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - RYAN & SIMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where she quickly goes through his desk drawers, closet, bag, computer, even his trash. She's good -- almost as if she's done this before. We CUT BACK TO:

THE LIBRARY, where Caleb's still on the computer, exhausted, scrolling through a list of members from Eric's church. Ryan, in the b.g., is on a different call now as he exits the library, playing charming:

RYAN

Adam Weaver, that's right, Alex's brother! You didn't know she had one?

UP IN RYAN'S DORM ROOM, Alex sees Ryan's location start to blink on her phone; he's on the move. She puts everything back except the trash's contents, and exits through the shared bathroom just as Ryan enters his room. He sits at his computer none the wiser, and takes something down.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm ready, go ahead.

IN THE BATHROOM, Alex sits in the shower stall with the lights off, going through the receipts from Ryan's trash.

INT. QUANTICO - CAFETERIA - DAY

As the trainees stand in line to get their lunch from the buffet, Shelby and Alex pass with their trays.

SHELBY

I've looked into Caleb all day. He's a total golden boy; the head of the FBI *himself* wrote his recommendation. The only thing I can guess they redacted about him is his GPA.

ALEX

He must be hiding *something*?

Nimah leans in from behind them.

NIMAH

Oh right. You guys weren't there.

CUT BACK TO: THE PT TEST, where Caleb comes in last on the run. Caleb kicks the ground, pissed. CUT TO: Caleb doing pull-ups, half as fast as Simon, Ryan and Eric. The whistle blows.

SIMON

20.

RYAN

21.

ERIC

20.

CALEB

15.

AT THE SHOOTING RANGE: Caleb can barely hit the target. He's super pissed about it.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I think something might be wrong  
with my rifle?

DEFENSIVE TACTICS: The NATs are learning how to defend themselves. One NAT on the attack, the other on the defense. Ryan and Caleb are partners. A whistle blows and Ryan attacks, but instead of dodging, Caleb gets hit & goes down.

BACK TO CAFETERIA:

ALEX

Looks like your golden boy might  
only be gold-plated.

SHELBY

Did he think he could coast through  
on his looks or something?

Caleb lands at the table and sits, hanging up his phone, cockier than ever.

CALEB

I'm not coasting on anything.  
You'll see when I present what I  
just found on Packer.  
(holds up phone, to Eric)  
What's the time difference to Malawi?

ERIC

Ten hours.

As Caleb looks at the time, then stands to make a call, confidence off the charts, Eric reacts. Caleb smiles. CUT TO:

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD*

*As Alex turns away from the photos, JJ looks up.*

ALEX

*Why are you asking questions about  
Caleb Haas?*

JJ

*(leading)  
Should I not for some reason?*

*Alex face shows there's something grave here.*

*INT. QUANTICO - GUN ROOM - ROOM*

The NATs wait to return their guns. Caleb walks ahead and cuts in line in front of Eric. He doesn't say anything, just stands there. A moment later, Eric takes the bait:

ERIC

So you found something, I take it?

CALEB

So much better than I expected,  
too.

ERIC

Ok, I'll bite.

CALEB

Whoa, Romney, slow down. Don't you  
want to be surprised like everyone  
else? Though I gotta ask: how'd you  
pass your background check?

ERIC

You're lying. There's nothing.

RYAN

Lay off him, Haas.

CALEB

I just want him to be prepared. He  
knows what he did.

As Caleb drops his rented gun in the bin and takes his red-handle back, he turns and whispers in Eric's ear:

CALEB (CONT'D)

Shoulda stayed in Salt Lake, boy.

As Caleb exits, we stay with Eric, as the worry on his face grows darker. Alex tries to calm him.

ALEX

Don't let him get to you. He's just  
posturing, that's all. Whatever he  
found on you, the FBI already know  
about it, right?

ERIC

Right.

It's Eric's turn to retrieve his gun. But instead of doing it, he only *fakes* like he is -- and instead takes the real gun and puts it in his waistband under his shirt. As he walks away fast, it's clear there's something no one knows. Something he's going to make sure they never do...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. QUANTICO - CLASSROOM - DAY

Liam stands before the class of Trainees in what looks like a classroom but with no chalkboard. He has collected their folders, and holds one up, with:

LIAM

The investigation is over. Now you move on-- to the interview.

(the group reacts)

Each of you has a fact you've found, a piece of information you believe to be true, but you need confirmation from your suspect before you can make an arrest. "Investigation and Interview." The bread and butter of the FBI. If you can't excel at both, you'll never make it through.

He stands behind a desk and presses a button. The wall behind him lifts to reveal a wall-sized mirror.

LIAM (CONT'D)

An FBI interview is not an interrogation. You have the facts, so now you need to gain your suspect's confidence and get them to corroborate what you already know. And let me tell you, if you thought *finding* the information was hard, getting your perp to cop to it is even harder.

Liam flips a switch, and suddenly we can see through the two-way mirror into INTERVIEW ROOM on the other side. Inside, a polygraph machine is being set up by a polygraph TECH.

LIAM (CONT'D)

In the real world, a polygraph is inadmissible in court. But I find it's a great tool to learn by. And for those of you who might have seen the news, turns out our arsonist was caught last night. He's in a holding cell at county right now. Which means I get to sweeten the pot. Whoever nails this gets to be in the room with me when I interview him. So. Let's begin.

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY*

*Alex and JJ, now with other Agents watching and taking notes.*

*JJ*  
*Who went first?*

*ALEX*  
*Shelby.*

*INT. QUANTICO - INTERVIEW ROOM #1 - DAY*

Shelby is sitting in a chair, polygraph attached to her arm, with a camera pointed at her for eye scanning. In the classroom, Liam has monitors up showing the polygraph readout and the close-up of Shelby's eye, plus an intercom so he can be heard in the Interview Room with the press of a button.

*ERIC*  
*What's the retina camera for?*

*LIAM*  
*Eye movement and dilation are often*  
*dead giveaways.*  
*(into speaker)*  
*Simon, go ahead and begin.*

Shelby smiles at Simon. He doesn't smile back. She senses this may be serious.

*SIMON*  
*You grew up in Georgia?*

*SHELBY*  
*Sure did, yes.*

*SIMON*  
*With your family?*

*SHELBY*  
*Yes.*

*SIMON*  
*Were you an only child?*

*SHELBY*  
*Yes.*

The Polygraph spikes and her eye twitches, just a little. She sees it on the monitor and panics:

*SHELBY (CONT'D)*  
*I-- I have a half-sister. She's ten*  
*years older, I barely know her-*



LIAM

Stay calm. It's okay. Keep going.

Caleb catches Eric's eye; he sees Eric is starting to get nervous.

SIMON

What about your parents?

SHELBY

What about them?

SIMON

Are they still alive?

There's a pause. Shelby realizes where this is going. She sits up, serious, and prepares for what's coming.

SHELBY

No, they are not.

SIMON

How did they die?

LIAM

If you're asking yes or no--

SIMON

Did they die together?

SHELBY

Yes.

SIMON

Were they killed?

SHELBY

Yes. When I was 16.

The class reacts - what's her secret?? Shelby crosses her arms across her chest, waits for Simon to continue.

SIMON

What is the piece of metal you carry with you?

LIAM

Rephrase.

SIMON

Is that piece of metal part of a plane?

SHELBY

Yes.

SIMON

The plane your parents were on?

SHELBY

Yes.

SIMON

On 9/11.

Shelby takes the piece of metal out of her pocket, which we now see is part of a plane fuselage. She looks at it, then to Simon, sad but strong.

SHELBY

It's why I'm here.

SIMON

(kind)

I know.

LIAM

Well done, Simon, well done.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

*JJ*

*We already know about Shelby  
Wyatt's ties to 9/11. Who went  
next?*

INT. QUANTICO - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Simon in the hot seat, opposite Nimah. The polygraph is barely affixed to his arm before she jumps right in:

NIMAH

You're gay.

SIMON

Yes, but that isn't a secret.

NIMAH

It wasn't in your file.

SIMON

Because that would be  
discrimination.

NIMAH

Would it be discrimination if it  
had said you were a virgin?

The Trainees react. Shelby covers her mouth to stop a gasp. Caleb throws his hands the air.

CALEB

Nimah for the win!

RYAN

That's a lie, right?

ALEX

Not according to the polygraph.

NIMAH

Because when I spoke to your last four boyfriends, that's what they said.

LIAM

Nimah, that wasn't Simon's secret.

NIMAH

It should be.

LIAM

Alright, come back. Clearly, you didn't take this assignment seriously.

NIMAH

Simon Asher, you are a conservative Jew from a staunch Zionist family, yet four years ago you traveled to Gaza to form your own opinion and to this day you haven't told them. Yes or no?

SIMON

Yes.

Nimah looks directly through the two-way mirror at Liam and shrugs - see? Simon is confused:

SIMON (CONT'D)

I thought we were *good*.

NIMAH

Why would you think that?

As they walk out, Simon wonders what happened to the warm Nimah from earlier that day...

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD*

*JJ*

*Simon Asher, pro Palestine?*

ALEX

*No one's saying that. He just wanted to be better informed.*

JJ

*You don't know what his experience was. Perhaps he was recruited by Hamas while he was there.*

*As he makes a note and hands it to an Agent, who rushes out:*

ALEX

*Simon's no terrorist.*

JJ

*What about you?*

ALEX

*What about me what?*

INT. QUANTICO - INTERVIEW ROOM #1 - DAY

Alex sits in the chair as the polygraph is attached.

RYAN

*I'm sorry I lied yesterday. I was trying to not betray your trust.  
(towards the mirror)  
Do we need the polygraph? Alex won't lie.*

LIAM

*We'll keep it on, just in case?*

RYAN

*I'm going to ask some tough questions, okay? And if you want to stop at any time, just let me know.*

ALEX

*I'm fine.*

LIAM

*(to the class:)  
This is good. He's making her feel like she can trust him.*

*It's true; Ryan's style is honest and intimate. Alex matches him with openness and directness. If it's a dance, it's a slow one. Caleb leans over to Eric, with a wink:*

CALEB

*You can't trust me, by the way. Just so you're prepared.*

Eric is starting to sweat; Caleb is getting to him.

RYAN

So you and me, in my car. Do you do that often?

ALEX

Not as often as I'd like.

RYAN

You think perhaps you do it because of unresolved issues with men in your life?

ALEX

I don't have many men in my life, so I don't know how it'd be possible to have issues with them.

RYAN

You don't think a person's inability to connect to someone else comes from pain in their past?

ALEX

Why don't you tell me where it comes from?

RYAN

Your father.

ALEX

What about him?

RYAN

He was a hard man to find. No pictures of him on your Facebook. You untagged any photos of the two of you together. On your timeline, when people offered their condolences, you didn't respond to any of them. Not even one "like."

ALEX

I prefer to grieve in private.

RYAN

I would agree, if you had actually been grieving.

There's a moment. Alex nods; she knows what Ryan is onto. Liam turns to the class, points to the eye monitor:

LIAM

Alex is telling the truth. Ryan's made her feel safe. If your suspects feel safe, they're more liable to talk.

RYAN

So I can ask, or you can tell me. What would make you feel better?

Alex thinks a beat, and then... she sighs. What does she have to lose? She opens up.

ALEX

My father was a great man. Wise, funny, fast, the life of any party. But then he would drink, and he would yell. Throw things. Punch holes in the walls. He never laid a hand on me, but I was always afraid. When he'd "get that way," I would call the cops, but what could they do? They'd have to show up when it was happening, and he was too smart for that.

(a pause:)

But then one day, it was over. I don't know if he went to AA, or to church, or just caught himself in the mirror from a new angle. But he became his old self again. It was a daily struggle, sure, but he seemed committed to it, and for a while, it was wonderful. Or so we thought.

This is difficult for Alex. Ryan puts a hand on her knee.

RYAN

Go on.

ALEX

The end happened so fast.

INT. WEAVER HOUSE - ALEX'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

18 year old Alex in her bedroom, packing for college, hears something get knocked over in the next room. Then a scream, then something hits the wall - was it her mother? She walks out of her bedroom and sees, down the hall, Michael standing, pointing his gun at her mother.

MICHAEL

Stay away, honey.

CYNTHIA

Do what he says, Alex. It's not safe, he's drunk again--

MICHAEL

Tell her the truth, Cynthia, for once in your goddamned life.

CYNTHIA

The truth about you?

Rage courses through Michael's body. It's clear he's about to blow. Alex takes a step and the floorboards creak. Michael whirls around and Cynthia takes that moment to get up and rush him, knocking him over. The gun flies out of his hands.

As Cynthia tries to stand up and run out the door, Michael grabs at her legs, pulling her down. Her fingernails scratch the floorboards as she tries to wrestle away from him.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Alex! Help me! Please!

As Michael reaches for the gun, another hand grabs it and **BANG!** A bullet hits Michael square in the head, and he slumps on the floor, dead.

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY

*JJ*

*So your mother shot him-*

BACK TO THE INTERVIEW ROOM: Where Ryan finishes JJ's thought.

RYAN

-in self-defense?

ALEX

Yes, that's right.

On the monitor, Alex's pupil dilates fast! She is lying. Liam turns the monitor off before anyone sees it, hits the com:

LIAM

You can stop now, Ryan.

Alex snaps out of her memory, looks at Ryan, looks at the mirror. Sensing the unseen eyes staring back at her, she can't help but feel a little raw, maybe even used.

ALEX

You didn't have to make me relive it. You could have just asked.

RYAN

I was just doing the job.

Alex exits, shaken up. Back in class, Caleb does a slow clap.

CALEB

Now *that* was emotional. But her secret's got nothing on Eric's.  
(shit-eating grin)  
SA O'Connor, can we go next?

EXT. QUANTICO - HALL OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY

As Caleb follows Eric out and down to the hall that leads to the Interview Room, he whispers something in Eric's ear. We can't hear what it is, but Eric definitely can. His brow is sweaty, his mouth is dry. Caleb's getting to him.

INT. QUANTICO - GUN ROOM - DAY

The GUN CLERK is going through the NAT's returns and putting them back on the rack when he pulls a red-handle out from amongst the real guns. His face goes white; he knows what that means. As he grabs his phone, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. QUANTICO - INTERVIEW ROOM #1 - DAY

Caleb walks in first, Eric behind him.

CALEB

Ready to come clean, Elder--

Caleb doesn't see Eric jam something behind the door handles and raise up the gun he kept -- which he then uses to SHOOT the Polygraph Tech! Caleb whirls around to find Eric pointing the gun at him. Eric is unhinged, shaking:

ERIC

You won't tell. I won't let you.

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD

Alex is pulled out of her story by SIRENS flying past outside the window, and an Agent coming in to hand JJ something on a post-it. As he reads it:

ALEX

Look, you seem to think if I keep talking I'll unlock some magic memory to support whatever you've been told, but maybe you should talk to other Agents, like Shelby, or Simon, or Nimah--



JJ

*I'm talking to you.*

ALEX

*But we're wasting time in here when  
people out there are hurt, and in  
need of help--*

*JJ balls up the post-it and throws it, and his old coffee,  
into the trash. Only they both hit the rim, the post-it  
falling out onto the floor.*

ALEX (CONT'D)

*Agent Jimenez, if you'd just-*

JJ

*What happened next? That's an  
order, Weaver.*

INT. QUANTICO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liam bursts out of the Classroom and races down the hall towards the interview room, Ryan, Simon, Nimah and Alex following. Liam and Ryan throw themselves against the Interview Room door, again and again, to no avail.

CALEB

Eric, Eric, put the gun down.

ERIC

Why'd you have to go looking, man?  
Why couldn't you leave it alone?

Eric is pacing now, rubbing his head with one hand, pointing the gun with the other.

CALEB

I don't know what you're talking  
about. I was *bluffing*!

ERIC

That's not true!

CALEB

It is! I made the whole thing up! I  
found nothing. I *looked*, I *did*, but  
-- but nothing turned up. I thought  
if I pretended to find something,  
and riled you up with it, you'd--  
you'd let slip whatever it was to  
me on your own.

Eric stops pacing. Caleb is being honest, and it's working.

CALEB (CONT'D)

And I *needed* you to tell me. Cause  
after failing those tests today, if  
I failed this, they'd send me home.

There's a moment. It seems like it worked, until:

ERIC

You're a liar. You're lying. You'll  
tell everyone. Everyone will know.

CALEB

Please, Eric. You can believe me.  
Just give me the gun. It's okay.  
You can trust me. Give me the gun.  
Give me the gun, Eric.

Eric screams at the top of his lungs and we CUT TO:

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD*

*Alex watches the wadded-up post-it expand from the coffee  
it's sitting in. As it unfurls, she can read the words  
written on it: **keep stalling**. As she reacts, we CUT BACK TO:*

*INT. QUANTICO - INTERVIEW ROOM #1 - DAY*

Liam and Ryan keep pushing against the door. But Eric  
suddenly stops, and looks Caleb straight in the eye.

ERIC

I'm sorry. I never thought she'd die.

Before Caleb can ask what that means, Eric puts the gun in  
his own mouth. As Caleb screams:

CALEB

NO!

Eric pulls the trigger and blows his brains out.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

*EXT. COMMAND POST - BACK ALLEY - DAY*

*JJ comes out into the alley, where two SUITED Agents are waiting for him, one with his back to us.*

*JJ*

*What's the latest?*

*AGENT 2*

*Controlled explosions, seconds apart. Multiple levels beneath the tracks. If you believe the CIA, it's Syrian nationalists. Homeland Security says ISIS.*

*UNSEEN AGENT*

*What about our girl?*

*JJ*

*She's starting to put it together.*

*UNSEEN AGENT*

*We're close. I can feel it.*

*And that's when we see: the unseen agent is none other than Liam, looking far better than we've seen him.*

*LIAM*

*Maybe I should take over the interview?*

*JJ*

*Do you think that's such a good idea after what went happened between you two at the Academy?*

*Liam doesn't respond. After a beat:*

*LIAM*

*Keep at her. Just a little while longer. We'll get our answer.*

*As JJ nods and goes back in, Liam sees Alex through the open door. She senses it, turns her head, but by then, he's gone.*

*INT. QUANTICO - OUTSIDE MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT*

*Our core group of NATs are waiting outside Miranda's office. Through a crack in her door, Alex can see Liam getting his ass handed to him by the pissed Miranda. She can't hear everything, but enough drifts over:*

MIRANDA

Unprofessional... second screw-up  
this week... just the kind of  
thing.... got you sent here to  
begin with...

INT. QUANTICO - MIRANDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where we can hear everything much more clearly. Though Liam wishes he couldn't. (We should note a photo on her desk of her, her handsome husband, and their son, 16.)

MIRANDA

I vouched for you. They were going  
to fire you after Chicago, no  
commendations, no pension. I put my  
ass on the line. Did I make a  
mistake, Liam?

LIAM

No. Of course not. This was an  
accident, that's all. An  
unpredictable, tragic accident.

Liam sees, through the crack in the door, Alex watching. He immediately moves to close the door, but... something stops him. A small moment of understanding between him and Alex, perhaps? Instead of closing the door, he lets her watch. It piques her interest.

But then Miranda sees Alex, and closes the door herself.

INT. QUANTICO - HALL OUTSIDE MIRANDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on the floor against the wall further down the hall, is Caleb, tears in his eyes. For the first time, we see the real him: raw and vulnerable.

CALEB

I don't even know why I'm still  
here. They should have thrown me  
out an hour ago.

NIMAH

It wasn't your fault.

CALEB

They should throw me out anyway.  
Nobody likes me. I suck at  
everything they've asked of me. I'm  
only here because of my parents.

SIMON

Your parents?

CALEB

They're both agents.

Off the group -- now it all makes sense.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I failed my entrance exams. They had to pull major favors to get me in. And look what happened. Someone died because of it.

Alex and Ryan share a look; he's right, and that's not good. But they don't let Caleb see.

ALEX

Whatever Eric was hiding, no one knew about it, not even the FBI.

RYAN

Just imagine if he'd actually become an Agent with that secret hanging over him? Who knows what he'd have done to keep it safe?

Caleb wants these words to comfort him, but they can't.

CALEB

I should just leave. Not even wait for them to kick me out.

SHELBY

What, run away? Like Eric was running? Your secret's out now. All of ours are. That was the hard part, and now it's over.

CALEB

Why are you being so nice to me? I've only ever been a jerk to you.

SHELBY

Maybe because I know what it feels like to be discounted. And it sucks.

Caleb smiles at that. Yes, it does.

INT. QUANTICO - AMPITHEATER - NIGHT

The amphitheater is filled with the entire class of NATs. Miranda is at the podium, leading a moment of silence. Then:

MIRANDA

What happened tonight was tough. Heartbreaking. Tragic. But it is also a reminder. I have no doubt Eric Parker had much to offer us, but he couldn't face the truth about himself. As agents, it is your job to face the truth every day. Even when it's the hardest thing. It usually is.

*INTERCUT WITH Alex, alone in the conference room now, growing panicked. She looks at the pictures. Scrambling to remember whatever she can.*

BACK AT QUANTICO, Miranda's words are reaching her.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

So please. Take tonight and think hard about what you want for your future, for your life. And if anyone wants to leave tomorrow, my door will be open, no questions asked.

*COMMAND POST: Alex comes to land on Caleb's picture. She studies it hard.*

BACK AT QUANTICO: As the NATs file out of the amphitheater, an AGENT approaches Caleb.

AGENT

Mr. Haas? The Assistant Director would like you to stay behind.

As the Agent walks off, Caleb sees: 10 other NATs have been similarly tapped to stay behind. As he locks eyes with our group as they walk out, we CUT BACK TO:

*INT. COMMAND POST - DAY - FLASH FORWARD*

*JJ comes back in holding a tablet and closes the door, as Alex turns, fast:*

ALEX

Okay, I don't know what you're thinking, but I've been going over everything, and if it's anyone, my money's on Caleb Haas.

JJ

You can stop, Agent Weaver.

ALEX

*He was legacy, pulled strings to get in. Needed his parents' approval badly, when he failed out, he couldn't face them. He came back two weeks later, but no one knew where he'd been. Maybe he was turned? You should ask Shelby, they got together a bit before she reali-*

JJ

*We know it's you.*

ALEX

*That's ridiculous.*

JJ

*We know it's you. Our tip-*

ALEX

*Is wrong.*

JJ

*We tested your gun. It was recently fired, three bullets missing, and there's nothing on record with the Bureau. You better pray we don't find them.*

ALEX

*Find them? Where?*

JJ

*We're at your apartment right now.*

*He turns the tablet around so we can see what's on it. We INTECUT WITH:*

*INT. LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY*

*The Swat LEADER is standing with his team outside a door in a lower east side tenement. Neighbors peer out of their own apartments, nervous. The Leader speaks into his helmet:*

LEADER

*We're here, but it's locked. Should we break down the door, sir?*

JJ

*Do it.*

*The LEADER nods, and his TEAM breaks down the door.*

*INT. LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY*

*The SWAT Team enters the apartment in formation. As the dust from the blown door settles, we see bomb parts, plans and photos of Grand Central everywhere. And then:*

*SWAT MEMBER*

*Sir! Sir, there's a body over here!*

*LEADER*

*Alive or dead?*

*The Leader rushes over, followed by other Team members, and kneels to take a pulse.*

*LEADER (CONT'D)*

*Agent Booth? Agent Booth??*

*And as we REVERSE on the body, it's true: the man on the floor, lying unresponsive in a puddle of his own blood, is Ryan.*

*As Alex reacts, holy shit - she's been framed! -- We*

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - DAY

BLAM BLAM BLAM. Three bullets destroy beer cans in the middle of the woods. A titlecard reads: **Ten years earlier.** We have FLASHED BACK to a warm moment in Alex's past. 15 years old here, she's being taught how to shoot by her father, a much kinder man than we have seen previously.

MICHAEL

So. What do you think?

Weighing the gun in her hand, she smiles.

ALEX

I like it.

Her father smiles at her; he does too. It is obvious they have a very close bond. As they clean up from their shoot, and walk through the redwoods towards their car:

MICHAEL

So. You know the deal. I agree to take you with me if you get your work done. What's the paper on?

Alex pulls out a book and a note card from her bag.

ALEX

Baldwin's Another Country. Miss Berger assigned each of us a quote to use as a thesis.

(reads)

"The trouble with a secret life is that it is very frequently a secret from the person who lives it and not at all a secret for the people he encounters."

MICHAEL

Interesting.

ALEX

If you say so. The book makes it seem like it's so hard for people to show each other who they really are, but I don't think that's true.

MICHAEL

You're telling me everyone in high school is honest with each other? No one talks behind anyone's back?

ALEX

Point taken.

MICHAEL

People aren't honest because they're afraid of rejection, of being judged or misunderstood.

ALEX

But if you tell the truth, what's to misunderstand?

MICHAEL

That's the thing about the truth - it doesn't really exist. There's what you think, what *they* think, and what history remembers.

Off Alex, processing that, we CUT TO:

INT. QUANTICO - LIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex, 10 years later, standing before Liam, hands behind her back. She hasn't spoken. Liam waits. When she's ready:

ALEX

I didn't tell the whole truth in my interview yesterday.

(Liam nods; he knows)

My mother didn't shoot my father. I did.

WE SEE IN FLASHBACK: As Michael drops to the floor, Alex is the one holding the gun, in shock, hands shaking. Cynthia crosses over, takes the gun out of Alex's shaking hands.

CYNTHIA

Don't worry baby, I'll protect you.

As she wipes off Alex's prints with her nightgown, Alex, in shock, sees the mess on the floor from the knocked over nightstand. And amongst the mess? Something that looks like a wallet. As she reaches for it, unseen:

ALEX (V.O.)

At least, I thought he was my father.

BACK TO LIAM'S OFFICE: Where she places on Liam's desk the item she's been hiding all these years: FBI Credentials with her father's face - but a different name.

ALEX

Because *that's* not the father I knew. The man I knew had a simple small life, and that was what he wanted. He worked a simple small job at the docks. Never took a vacation. Drank his troubles away until they killed him. That kind of man isn't special. And he's definitely no Special Agent.

LIAM

Alex...

ALEX

For seven years, I've carried it with me, never stopped thinking about it. Was it a joke, a gag gift, some party favor? Was it counterfeit, a forgery? Or was it real? I never asked. I never told anyone I found it. My mother doesn't even know I'm here.

She can't help but laugh. She looks at the credentials.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But I *am*. It's why I came. To find out the truth, if it even exists. This man, whoever he was... was he good? Was he bad? Was he both? Or has there been some terrible mistake... I don't know what it is about you, but I feel like I can trust you. Can I?

Liam sees how much this means to her. We sense it means something to him, too, but he doesn't divulge that. Just:

LIAM

You can. And I can look into it for you, if you'd like. But you might not like what I find.

ALEX

I'm sure I won't. But I still need to know.

As Liam takes the credentials from her, their hands touch. A charge passes through both of them; their hands linger. Could this be the start of "what went down between them" that JJ referenced? The moment's broken when Liam's ASSISTANT pokes her head in -- the same girl in his bed in the Teaser.

ASSISTANT

Agent O'Connor? Deputy Director's  
on line one.

As Alex leaves, and Liam picks up the phone, we INTERCUT  
WITH:

INT. INOVA FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - DAY

Where Miranda is standing outside the hospital room we saw in  
Act One, talking on her cell.

MIRANDA

I've been on the phone all morning,  
with Eric's parents, the bishop of  
their church, the deputy director.  
Apparently while Eric was on his  
church mission, he slept with a 14-  
year-old Malawian girl and got her  
pregnant. He was afraid his  
supervisors would find out, so he  
took her to get an abortion --  
illegal in that country -- and she  
died in the process. He never told  
anyone, but her family had their  
suspicions when she disappeared,  
and no one would listen. And no one  
on our end caught any of it. Eric  
was tested, polygraphed, researched  
and vetted by the best of the best.

LIAM

What does that tell you?

MIRANDA

That you were right. I *have* grown  
lazy. But not anymore. Even if this  
is the end of the line for me, it's  
still my house. I need to get it in  
order. We need to turn the heat up on  
this class. Harder drills, more  
simulations, drop them in the field  
if we have to. If it means we only  
graduate 10, we'll know they were the  
right 10. And we'll have found others  
like Eric before it's too late. I  
can't do it without you.

LIAM

(he's in)

Once a partner, always a partner.

As she hangs up, Miranda powers her phone off, puts it in her  
pocket, and enters:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Where the body of her comatose husband, ETHAN, lies in the bed. It's clear from the way the room's been decorated that he's been here a while. The NURSE smiles at Miranda:

NURSE

Would you like me to get you your blanket?

MIRANDA

Yes. That would be great.

Miranda takes Ethan's hand in hers as she settles in, like she always does.

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - HALLWAY - DAY

Simon, Shelby, and Ryan stand at the door to what was Eric & Caleb's room. It's been cleaned out. No sign that anyone ever moved in. Alex comes down the hall, looks in as well.

ALEX

I heard they didn't even let him back up. Packed everything while we were downstairs.

SHELBY

How many, all told?

SIMON

Eleven.

RYAN

Only 49 more to go.

As they take that in, understanding just how real this has all become, Ryan's phone alarm beeps. He gathers his things.

SIMON

Where you off to?

RYAN

I didn't want to say anything, cause it sounds like gloating, but... I won the ridealong.

ALEX

The interview with the arsonist? My tears teed that up for you?

RYAN

Yeah, I owe you one.

SHELBY

Well *I'm* going to go the gym to work on my pull-ups. Who wants to join?

SIMON

I aced those, so... not me?

ALEX

I will. Just let me grab my stuff.

As Shelby and Alex go into her room, and Ryan heads off, Simon, alone in the hallway, looks at Nimah's door. After a beat -- why not -- he crosses to it, and knocks.

NIMAH (O.S.)

Who is it?

SIMON

I could ask you the same -- nice Nimah, or cold Nimah? I'd take either, actually, if you'd let me make you a cup of coffee, and get back on the right foot?

No answer. Simon hangs his head, about to leave, when:

NIMAH (O.S.)

I'll be right out.

He grins wide. Great! Catches his reflection in the window. Doesn't like the way he looks. Smooths his hair, tucks in his shirt. Almost as if he's nervous for a date.

INT. QUANTICO - DORM - NIMAH'S ROOM - DAY

As Nimah turns around, we see she's not alone. As she whispers to a figure in the darkness:

NIMAH

You or me this time?

VOICE

Miranda said me, I think?

That voice belongs to RAINA ANWAR, Nimah's identical twin sister. As she grabs a hijab, and she starts to pin it:

RAINA

Remember, always from the left from now on.

Nimah nods. Raina, ready, exits to the smiling Simon. After she's gone, Nimah locks the door.

INT. HOOVER BUILDING - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Liam leads Ryan down a staircase towards a basement interview room. As they pass other agents walking the halls:

LIAM

Ready for your first real interview?

RYAN

I'm nervous, but excited.

The other Agents pass. Liam and Ryan drop the charade, fast.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now will you tell me what the hell is going on? I'm a special agent. When I go undercover, it's not in the FBI Academy, getting close to some trainee. Sitting next to her on a plane, making sure I interview her? It's starting to feel weird.

LIAM

Just stay close to her, ok? Tell me what she does, what she says.

RYAN

This is screwed up, O'Connor. Does the assistant director even know?

LIAM

I'm still your superior, Agent Booth. Don't question me. Oh, and don't sleep with her again, okay?

As Liam opens the door, revealing the Arsonist waiting inside to be interviewed, we CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND POST - DAY

*Alex looking at a photo of Ryan on the wall, tears in her eyes. The door bursts open and Liam enters the room, JJ and four Agents trailing behind him. Alex stands, surprised to see him, and suddenly feeling safer that he's there.*

ALEX

*Liam, thank God you're here. How's Ryan? Is he okay? These Agents seem to think I have--*

JJ

*Alexandra Weaver, you have the right to remain silent.*

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

*Anything you say can and will be  
used against you in a court of law--*

*As JJ continues the miranda rights, he handcuffs her.*

ALEX

*I'm under arrest? What for?*

LIAM

*For what we believe to be the  
largest terrorist attack on  
American soil since 9/11.*

*Alex can't believe these words are coming out of Liam's  
mouth.*

ALEX

*I'm not a terrorist. If anyone  
knows that, it's you.*

LIAM

*The bullets found in Agent Booth's  
body match those fired from your  
gun. That's another life you took  
today.*

ALEX

*I didn't shoot him. I didn't do any  
of this. Where's Simon? Shelby?  
Have you talked to anyone else?  
Have you even looked into anyone  
else?*

*As she's walked out of the room past Liam, we follow with her  
as she's led through to the exit, tap-dancing for her life:*

ALEX (CONT'D)

*Ok, ignoring for the moment that I  
have no active ties to any  
terrorist group, nor any public or  
private grievances against this  
country, what reason would I have  
had to shoot Ryan Booth?*

LIAM

*Maybe he was onto you. Or maybe you  
found out the truth about him, like  
you found out the truth about your  
father. And you didn't like it.*

ALEX

*The truth...?*



*Alex has no idea what he's talking about, but Liam doesn't notice, or doesn't care. Alex is pulled out of the doors and:*

*EXT. 42ND STREET - DAY*

*Walked towards a waiting FBI van, trying one last time to reach Liam:*

*ALEX*

*What's the truth? I really don't know what you're talking about.  
Liam--*

*LIAM*

*Save it for the grand jury.*

*For the first time, we see the full extent of the bomb. Bodies are being pulled from the rubble, fires are still burning, broken glass and smoke everywhere. Helicopters are hovering, News teams are parked and cameras turned all on her.*

*Alex hears pieces of what they're saying -- "An arrest has been made." "An American FBI agent, Alex Weaver--" but as soon as Liam puts her in a van and the doors are shut, the SOUND GOES OUT.*

*She's trapped in a nightmare now. The world has turned upside down. As the van pulls away from the curb, Alex watches the crowd. They start to throw things at the van - coffee cups, newspapers, rocks -- whatever they can find.*

*There's a moment, and then Alex starts to cry. It's just all getting to her finally. She lets go.*

*VOICE*

*Stop crying, Agent Weaver.*

*That's when Alex notices the driver, through the metal mesh in the front seat, is Miranda, face hidden under an FBI baseball cap.*

*ALEX*

*Miranda?*

*Miranda doesn't turn, just keeps her eyes on the road, as they are waved through by Agents.*

*MIRANDA*

*You and I both know you're no terrorist. This is being pinned on you while the real perpetrator - who snuck in under my watch - is getting away.*

ALEX

But why?

MIRANDA

I don't know. I can't do anything for you in my position. Only you can fix it. You were on the ground at Quantico. I was behind a desk. You have to think back over every moment. Research everyone, like you were taught.

ALEX

But how? I'll be in jail.

MIRANDA

The second you step foot in there, you're never getting out alive.

ALEX

So what can I do?

MIRANDA

It can't look like I helped you.

ALEX

Helped me what?

MIRANDA

Hang on tight.

She turns the wheel hard and CRASHES THE VAN into a police car, fast. The van flies up and flips over, coming to rest upside down in a flash of screeching metal and sparks.

It worked: the back doors are twisted and open. The dazed Alex, freed from the bench she was handcuffed to, hears from the front a weak:

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

RUN!

Alex pulls herself out of the wreckage, and starts to run. As she heads off into the sun and smoke, a fugitive, and disappears, we CUT TO BLACK.

END PILOT