

Pilot

written by

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TEASER/ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EST. SHOT: LONDON, UK - DAY

A sweeping shot of the city, on a rare clear day.

EXT. PARLIAMENTARY ESTATE - DAY

Stone stairs ascend to an ornate facade. A proper British TOUR GUIDE presides over a SEA OF HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS -- all notebooks and skinny jeans and conspiratorial whispers.

TOUR GUIDE

Victoria Tower has been home to both the House of Lords and the House of Commons since October 16, 1834, when the Parliamentary Estate was destroyed. Can anyone tell me what happened that year?

As a RANDOM KID calls out a tentative answer -- *a fire?* -- we search the crowd for one particular student...

JANE FORSYTHE, 14, stands at the edge of the pack. Her earnest eyes and American freckles contrast with her non-conformist Euro-wardrobe, a tattered black sweater and six bracelets wrapping each wrist. TWO GIRLS, popular Pippa Middleton-types, whisper about her, judging her... *who is that girl?* Jane looks away, shoots a glance at --

A MAN on the street. CHARLIE FORSYTHE, 45, is the definition of a dorky American tourist: stubble, camera, Detroit Lions cap, baggy cargo shorts. He ignores Jane, typing on his iPhone. Jane looks at her own iPhone.

A TEXT APPEARS: *Here she comes.*

Jane looks around, spots a female ARCHIVIST, 45, glasses and conservative beige; she hurries up the steps to join a line of employees. The students begin to move inside.

INT. PARLIAMENTARY ESTATE - VICTORIA TOWER - DAY

Controlled pandemonium, as students file through the Sovereign's Entrance. Jane keeps one eye on the Archivist in the separate employee line nearby. The two lines merge at a pair of METAL DETECTORS. As Jane passes through -- the ALARM SOUNDS. A GUARD steps up.

SECURITY GUARD

Check your bag, miss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Jane hands over her messenger bag, she intentionally steps into the path of the Archivist. They collide.

JANE

I'm sorry. Excuse me.

The Archivist shoots her a look (she hates these fucking field trip kids) and continues on her way. The Guard returns Jane's bag after a quick perfunctory search.

SECURITY GUARD

Have a good day.

Jane takes her bag and moves on. We see she's snagged something from the Archivist: A KEYCARD. As the students follow their tour guide, Jane heads in the other direction.

INTERCUT:

EXT. PARLIAMENTARY ESTATE - DAY

Charlie eyes a METRO POLICE OFFICER outside. A text appears on his phone: Got it. Charlie is pleased. So far, so good.

INT. VICTORIA TOWER - LAVATORY HALLWAY - DAY

Jane cuts down a short hall and disappears into the ladies room. We push in on the symbol on the door.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA TOWER - LAVATORY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jane emerges. She no longer wears the tattered sweater but a tailored shirt and black-rimmed glasses, long hair pulled back tightly. The KEYCARD hangs around her neck on a lanyard. A nametag identifies her as an APPRENTICE.

INT. PARLIAMENTARY ARCHIVE HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON A CAMERA, mounted at the ceiling. It swivels to follow Jane as she heads for a heavy steel door. Jane arrives at the door and presses the keycard to the reader beside it. BEEP. Green light. The door opens.

INT. PARLIAMENTARY ARCHIVES - DAY

Jane, now wearing white gloves, walks calmly through a massive archival space. Century-old books and scrolls line the walls; large library tables and drawers create a maze in the center of the room. Jane searches the maze until she finds the drawer she's looking for. She slides it open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE DRAWER -- Jane finds a small figurine, A SILVER OWL ON A LONG SILVER CHAIN. She pulls out her phone, takes a picture of the Owl.

OUTSIDE --

Charlie receives the picture on his phone, texts back to verify: That's it!

IN THE ARCHIVES --

Jane takes the Owl, closes the drawer. She turns to go when suddenly -- she hears the click of sharp heels approaching.

AROUND THE CORNER --

The Archivist is coming. Jane has nowhere to go. She drops into hiding beneath one of the big library tables, just as the Archivist turns the corner, heading for a computer terminal nearby.

The Archivist lands at the computer; her towering heels stop dangerously close to Jane. Jane holds her breath, reaches in her bag slowly, quietly...

ON JANE'S PHONE --

A new TEXT appears: All OK? Jane is unable to respond. She withdraws something from her bag, SOMETHING TINY, and uses two fingers to flick it -- aiming toward the Archivist's heels. It lands; we see it's a little DOG TREAT.

OUTSIDE --

Charlie grows nervous. He texts again; no reply. He shoots a look at the Metro Officer, who is taking an urgent call on his walkie-talkie. Charlie debates what to do...

INT. PARLIAMENTARY ESTATE - VICTORIA TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie enters the main doors, passes through the metal detector. The ALARM SOUNDS. Charlie hands over his camera to the Guard, visibly in a nervous rush.

IN THE ARCHIVES -- UNDER THE TABLE --

Jane pulls a plastic TRAVEL MUG out of her bag, turns it over and dumps out A MOUSE.

The Archivist looks around, paranoid; *was that a noise in the perfect silence?* It was. Something CRUNCHING.

INT. PARLIAMENTARY ESTATE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Charlie steps over a velvet rope blocking a curved staircase, runs up the steps. A HOUSE OF COMMONS EMPLOYEE stops him.

HOUSE OF COMMONS EMPLOYEE
Sir. This area is off-limits.

CHARLIE
(mutters, pissed off)
Christ.

He rushes back down the stairs to find an alternate route. Suspicious, the Employee waves over a UNIFORMED GUARD.

The Archivist's shrill SHRIEK takes us back to --

IN THE ARCHIVES --

The MOUSE chows cutely on the dog treat, as the Archivist hurries away. When the coast is clear, Jane crawls from beneath the table and makes her way back to the big steel door. As she reaches --

THE DOOR OPENS. THE GUARD ENTERS, suspicious.

UNIFORMED GUARD
Anything amiss in here, young lady?

JANE
Nothing, as far as I know.

The Uniformed Guard moves further into the Archives, looking for trouble. Jane calmly exits, pulling out her phone.

INT. PARLIAMENTARY ESTATE - VICTORIA TOWER - DAY

Charlie plows through the crowd, increasingly frustrated, when he gets a text: All clear. He slows down, exhales.

A beat; Jane moves smoothly past him, back in student-mode, no nametag, hair loose, victorious. As she dusts by, heading for a side exit, she hands him her bag, mutters in his ear.

JANE
Nice shorts.

Charlie looks down at his shorts, smiles a crooked grin.

CUT TO:

PRE-LAP: American music. A thumping bass...

INT. BOAT - DAY

CLOSE ON A DART, nailing a bullseye.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Don't mess with the bull!

Pull back slowly to reveal a stack of college text books (*Advanced University Physics*)... an empty aquarium... a well-loved stuffed Elmo... a pile of hollow-point bullets beside a bottle of Jameson. The place is a mess.

We're inside a small BOAT CABIN, but it looks more like a dumpy mobile home, packed with a lifetime of belongings -- from a fascinating life. Jane and Charlie are engaged in a fun, fierce dart competition.

JANE
You still need one more!

CHARLIE
So? You need two. This is my game, kid.

Charlie pulls the darts out of the board, hands them to her. Jane steps to the line, nails two bullseyes in a row.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch! Best two out of three?

JANE
I won two in a row.

CHARLIE
Three out of four, then.

He heads for the dartboard when the boat SHUDDERS.

JANE
What was that?

CHARLIE
Probably nothing. Rogue wave.

Jane walks over to THE SHIP'S WHEEL. It's located in the front of the cabin, near the captain's chair, an old radar and several maps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Wait! Don't look.

JANE
(checking the radar)
I want to see where we are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I don't want you to know 'til we get there. It's a surprise.

He rushes over, covers up the radar with the nearest map.

JANE

I hate surprises.

CHARLIE

Okay, it's a present. You like presents, right?

But Jane is already trying to add it up in her head.

JANE

I know we're near Cadiz. I can tell by the birds.

(looks at a GPS)

Heading south, thirty-six north, five west. We're closing in on the Strait.

But you're not allowed in Morocco...

(finally)

Greece. We're going to Greece.

CHARLIE

You don't know where in Greece.

JANE

Laconia. Monemvasia?

CHARLIE

Damn it. I can't take you anywhere.

He pulls a PHOTOGRAPH off the wall, near the radar, hands it to Jane. It's one of many of PAULINE, a beautiful woman with dark hair and freckles like Jane's. In the picture, she and Charlie are in their 20's, standing near some ANCIENT RUINS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The island is completely isolated. Like being on your own planet. Your mom and I used to hike up to this old church, the Agia Sophia. It's dedicated to the wisdom of God. When you're up there, all you can hear is the ocean.

JANE

I've always wanted to go there.

CHARLIE

That's why we're going.

He watches Jane, as she studies the picture of her parents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You were a big help today, kid.

JANE
I'm not sure what I did.

CHARLIE
(waves it away)
Retrieve the information, get in, get out. You don't need to know what it was. What's important is that you wake up every day and serve your country. I'm proud of you.

Jane smiles at him; Charlie wanders back to the dart board.

Jane looks over at THE STOLEN OWL FIGURINE, sitting nearby. Now she's curious. She checks to make sure he's not looking and while he throws the next dart, she snags the Owl, turns her back, and pulls off its head. It's a FLASH DRIVE.

As she closes it back up -- THE BOAT JERKS, HARD.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A wide shot of the cabin cruiser. We see its name: *The Jane Elizabeth*. A curl of smoke rises from the bow. A second SUBMARINE TORPEDO strikes the hull. A FIREBALL explodes.

INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The boat lists violently to the side. Charlie turns back to Jane, shouting across the cabin --

CHARLIE
Get out on the --

His voice drowns out as waves slam in. With no time to react, the water rushes into the cabin, destroying their possessions in a single moment, sending everything afloat. Charlie grabs Jane and pushes her up to the top of the cabin toward a SKYLIGHT. He forces it open.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

IN THE ROCKY WAVES -- only a portion of the boat is visible in a field of debris. Jane pops up from beneath the surface, searching for her father... she can't see him anywhere.

JANE
Dad!

Where is he? She searches the waves, seeing no sign of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Daddy!

A BEAT LATER -- something powerful shoots to the surface and explodes open. A LIFEBOAT self-inflates.

But Charlie is gone, amid a lifetime of debris, floating...

Jane's well-worn Elmo sinks beneath the surface.

A BLACK TITLE CARD APPEARS.

EXT. ROCKY ISLAND - ONE WEEK LATER

We follow a trail of items scattered across cold rocks. The lifeboat, now deflated. A spent flare. An eviscerated fish. A funnel contraption constructed to catch rainwater.

REVEAL JANE on a rock at the edge of the water, wrapped in a silver emergency blanket. Burned by wind and sun, cold and stranded, but still alive. Barely. She stretches back to lie down, closes her eyes.

FLASH TO:

QUICK CUTS: BLEARY MEMORIES. A woman who looks like Jane, her mother PAULINE, 30, with the stuffed Elmo in her hand...

... items floating on top of the water, a life destroyed...

... Charlie, from Jane's POV. He bends down to give her instructions on her last mission.

CHARLIE

*Remember what I told you. Stay calm.
Keep going, no matter what.*

BACK ON THE ROCKS -- Jane opens her eyes. She looks up. Against the blue sky, A SMALL WHITE AIRCRAFT is visible. Its faraway whir fades to the faint sound of A BEATING HEART.

CUT TO:

EST. SHOT: NASSAU, BAHAMAS - PARKING GARAGE ROOF - DAY

Another blue sky. Brutal heat waves rise from the concrete rooftop of a parking garage. The heartbeat continues...

CLOSE ON A GLOVED HAND, carefully placing a long-range SNIPER RIFLE on a low wall surrounding the rooftop. A man leans into frame, focusing his sharp eye on the rifle scope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is KEVIN LEAR, late 40's, wearing a motorcycle jacket despite the heat; he never sweats. His rugged look contrasts with his meticulous nature.

CUT TO:

HIS VIEW THROUGH THE SCOPE. An upscale condo building is visible, 100 yards away. TWO ARMED PRIVATE GUARDS stand on alert near an entry at the base of the building. Lear's UNSEEN ACCOMPLICE feeds information into his earpiece.

UNSEEN ACCOMPLICE (O.S.)

Clear.

Lear clicks the button on his earpiece with his gloved hand, allowing the brief moment of static to serve as his response. He then removes the glove and exhales, controlled. He rocks the scope back and forth between the two targets, synchronizing his breathing.

THE SOUND OF THE HEART BEAT grows louder. *He's intentionally causing it to slow.*

CLOSE ON HIS NAKED FINGER -- he fires twice.

ON THE GUARDS -- BOTH FALL, one after the other. Lear smoothly refocuses his scope two stories up; it's a private condo balcony. He can see MOVEMENT through the glass door.

UNSEEN ACCOMPLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Principal on the move.

ON THE BALCONY DOOR. Lear patiently watches the balcony, waiting for his final target to move into view.

A NURSE appears, pushing an OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR into the crosshairs...a man we will come to know as MARSHALL HUGHES.

OFF LEAR, eye fixed on the scope...

SMASH TO:

BLACKNESS. Just for a moment. A final beat of Lear's heart.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Lear, alone on a private flight. He looks out the window, lost in thought. An attractive woman, A FLIGHT ATTENDANT, drops two coffees and SEVERAL NEWSPAPERS in front of him.

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CONTINUED:

LEAR
(distracted)
Thanks.

Lear looks down at the stack of international newspapers. The German *Bild*, the Japanese *Asahi Shimbun*, the *Wall Street Journal*...the *New York Times*. He selects the Times, ignoring the front page. He flips over the "A" section, scanning the headlines in the back...

"*American Hiker Detained in Iran*"..."*Rebels Continue to Surge in Sudan*"..."*Ex-Secretary of State Diagnosed with Terminal Illness*". He takes it all in, rapid speed, his calm demeanor disguising his internal reaction, until --

He stops at the last headline, at the bottom of the page. "*Survivor Rescued, Returned to U.S.*" Underneath it, a photograph of JANE. Lear recognizes her...a million thoughts flash through his head at once.

PRELAP: A BBC RADIO ANNOUNCER delivers the news.

BBC ANNOUNCER LADY (V.O.)
The French Maritime Service rescued the sole survivor of a sunken vessel to the U.S. Coast Guard early this morning. The *Jane Elizabeth* disappeared one week ago in the traverse to the Aegean Sea.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

A CAR pulls up to CIA Headquarters. On the radio:

BBC ANNOUNCER LADY (V.O.)
Charred portions of the 14-metre yacht were recovered along the Spanish coastline, indicating possible explosion due to a leakage of fuel.

Inside: PETER TOULSON, 40's, classic pinstripes, handmade wingtips, sinister blue gaze. His leg jitters, habitually, a nervous energy that surrounds him. He steps out of the car.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - HALLWAY/OUTER OFFICE - DAY

JOEY LING, 25, the young, effete Assistant to the Director types on his computer, amused with his own wit. Toulson enters. He speaks with a British accent.

PETER TOULSON
I have a meeting with Alice Vargas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY LING

Yes, Mr. Toulson. Tomorrow at ten. If there was any confusion, I apologize.

Toulson walks right by Joey and heads for the office door. Joey follows close behind.

JOEY LING (CONT'D)

Sir, wait --

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR ALICE VARGAS, 50, wears military attire with a little too much makeup. She knows Toulson and rises to her feet, rips into him at first sight.

ALICE VARGAS

An open attack. On a tourist --

PETER TOULSON

I assure you, there is no correlation between our operation and *The Jane Elizabeth* --

ALICE VARGAS

You know that's not true.

PETER TOULSON

Charlie Forsythe is a tourist? That's true?

Joey Ling backs out of the room, quietly closing the door.

ALICE VARGAS

We didn't know Mr. Forsythe.

Peter Toulson lays out SIX SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PETER TOULSON

Of course you did. He belongs to you.

The SIX PHOTOS depict Charlie at various locations in London... a hotel lobby, a restaurant, the Parliamentary Estate. In three of the photos, he is with Jane.

PETER TOULSON (CONT'D)

We've seen him in the wrong places for nearly a year. That's the trouble with your organization. A lack of discipline. It's fat, like most Americans.

ALICE VARGAS

(pointing to a photo)
That's a daddy on a vacation, Peter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER TOULSON

All the more reason you should be ashamed of yourself. He's endangered her life, involving her like this. And now she's in possession of classified information you sent her father to retrieve. Has she returned it to you?

ALICE VARGAS

How could she? I've never met her.

PETER TOULSON

But she's in your custody, correct? After she survived the accident?

ALICE VARGAS

It wasn't an accident. MI-6 ordered this to happen. You did this.

PETER TOULSON

No. You did this, Alice.

He has an eerie demeanor. Unsettling. Alice hits the intercom.

ALICE VARGAS

Joey, escort Mr. Toulson to his car.

PETER TOULSON

That's not necessary. We're all friends.

He smiles without irony and departs on his own, dusting past Joey, who appears in the door. When he's gone, Alice exhales as if she's been holding her breath the whole time.

ALICE VARGAS

(to Joey)

I need to go to Baltimore.

EST. SHOT: EXT. COAST GUARD STATION - DAY

The U.S. Coast Guard station, in the quaint Baltimore harbor.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE - DAY

Jane, curled in a hard chair, wrapped in an itchy wool blanket. She wears a navy sweatshirt and scrubs, a bit too big. She looks at her wrist...she still wears one metal bracelet, like a medic alert. We catch a glimpse of some numbers on it when the nearby door opens.

Alice Vargas is there, led by the Master Chief Petty Officer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCPO

Let us know if you need anything.

ALICE VARGAS

Thank you.

He closes the door, leaving Alice and Jane alone.

ALICE VARGAS (CONT'D)

Jane. I'm Alice Vargas.

JANE

I know who you are. Did you find him?

ALICE VARGAS

No. We didn't. But we'll do our best to determine who's responsible for this.

Jane looks away from her. Shrugs slightly. Like it matters.

ALICE VARGAS (CONT'D)

I understand how difficult this must be for you. But I came here to talk about where you'll be going next.

JANE

I know where to go. Charlie left me directions. It's a domestic location, I can get there myself.

ALICE VARGAS

Honey, I can't let you do that. We don't want to risk your safety. Your dad was a brave man, but he made a lot of enemies.

JANE

That was him. Not me.

ALICE VARGAS

You were with him every day. Your face is hard to forget. No one wants you to get hurt anymore than you already have.

(a beat)

I have to ask. Are you in possession of anything your father may have retrieved?

Jane looks at her like she's crazy.

JANE

Sorry. Check the bottom of the ocean.

Alice softens. Gentle, almost maternal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE VARGAS

I've called a transport to take you
someplace more comfortable. Just for a
few days, until we sort things out. You
have your whole life ahead of you.
There's plenty of time to do everything
you want to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. COAST GUARD STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Alice walks with Jane and two PETTY OFFICERS. They stop.

ALICE VARGAS

(squeezes her shoulder)
I'll be in touch soon, okay?

Jane nods. Alice heads for a waiting car as Jane watches her go. The Petty Officer taps Jane.

PETTY OFFICER #1

We're going this way.

Jane is led around the corner, by two Petty Officers; Officer #1 lightly guides her by the arm. She looks down at his hand, then up ahead toward a VAN, which looks like a prison transport. Suddenly, her clothes begin to feel like prison blues. She slows as the three of them arrive at the van. Officer #1 slides open the side door. Jane takes a beat...

Her leg shoots out and she KICKS OFFICER #1 in the knee. A SICKENING CRACK. He HOWLS as it takes him down like a horrific play on the football field. OFFICER #2 is not prepared for this. Jane karates him in the face, breaking his nose, and RUNS. Officer #2 pursues her, face bleeding.

EXT. BALTIMORE HARBOR - DAY

Jane runs through the harbor with serious speed. She cuts down one dock, past moored boats, Officer #2 falling behind. She jumps wildly off the dock onto --

THE SIDE OF THE BARGE. With monkey-like grace she grabs onto the ladder built into the side, and climbs to the deck.

EXT. BARGE - DAY

Jane runs across the deck of the barge to the other side, looks down... there's a flimsy DINGHY docked below. The breathless Officer yells up to the BARGE CREW on deck.

OFFICER #2

Stop her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One CREW MEMBER gives chase. Jane evades him, making a treacherous 15-foot jump off the other side, lands on the dinghy, maintaining her balance against all laws of physics. She races down the next deck, leading to the shoreline.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Jane dodges between TOURISTS along the shoreline, not looking back. She reaches the KEY HIGHWAY, froggers across it to reach an industrial area on the other side.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

She ducks into an alley and leans against a brick wall, face red, gasping for breath. She spits a mighty goober on the ground and looks up to get her bearings. She is safe.

JANE
(out loud)
Okay. Okay.

She walks to the other end of the alley and steps onto the --

NEXT STREET -- a lonely industrial area, very empty. She methodically scans 360 degrees. As her head turns...

ON JANE'S FACE... A BLACK BAG SLAMS OVER HER HEAD.

LEAR (O.S.)
Don't scream.

Reveal KEVIN LEAR as he pulls her out of frame.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

AN ND RENTAL CAR moves swiftly down a rural Virginia highway. Lear drives calmly. He looks in the rearview; Jane meets his eye from the backseat, her head no longer bagged.

LEAR

Is it hot back there? You need air?

Jane doesn't reply. *A captured agent doesn't talk.* But she's more afraid than she lets on.

LEAR (CONT'D)

I know you don't know me...I haven't seen you in a long time. Since you were little. I'm a friend of your family.

Jane looks around car for a means of escape. There are holes where the door handles and locks should be.

LEAR (CONT'D)

I was your dad's best friend, growing up. He ever talk about Kevin Lear?

(off her silence)

I've known him since we were six. We went to school together in Ohio. He told me if anything ever happened, I need to come get you.

She doesn't believe him. Replies, almost inaudibly.

JANE

No, he didn't. You work for them.

LEAR

(hears everything)

Work for who?

JANE

The agency. They sent you to get me. They want to lock me up in an orphanage or something.

LEAR

That's not why I'm here. This order came from Charlie. I swear. This is what he wanted. I'm not here to lie to you.

They exit the highway for a private airfield. This alarms her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Where are we going?

LEAR

My house. On the west Coast. I've got some old pictures there. Your dad, back when he was young and crazy.

JANE

You're that dick who lives in California.

Lear is surprised. She does know who he is.

LEAR

Charlie called me a dick? Is that what he said?

JANE

Yeah. Kevin Lear. You're a dick, and you're spoiled. You never had a real job in your entire life. That's you, right?

LEAR

I guess so. Yeah.

JANE

Did you know my mom?

LEAR

Uh. Yeah.

JANE

Do you know what happened to her?

LEAR

(nods)

Do you?

Jane shrugs. Looks away. He didn't think so.

LEAR (CONT'D)

We can talk about it sometime. Not now. You've got enough to think about.

Lear stops the car by the airfield. It's quiet for beat.

LEAR (CONT'D)

I'm gonna find out what happened to Charlie, too.

No reply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEAR (CONT'D)

Do I need to put that bag back on your head?

Jane sighs. She doesn't have many options.

JANE

I guess not.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice slams her desk drawer, pissed off. Joey is there.

JOEY LING

I'm sure we can find where she's headed.

ALICE VARGAS

Don't. I have a lot of other problems and so do you.

JOEY LING

I called Kevin Lear...I thought he might know something.

ALICE VARGAS

What did he say?

JOEY LING

Nothing. He didn't answer the phone.

ALICE VARGAS

He's on assignment.

JOEY LING

His handler said he jumped ship on the assignment. The target's still alive.

Off Alice, mind ticking...

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAR'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

A modern mansion clings impossibly to a Malibu cliff.

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - JANE'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jane wakes up in a posh spare bedroom; there's a balcony overlooking the ocean. She's never slept in a bed this comfortable in her life, but her eyes are red-rimmed...she's been crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are a few old pictures nearby, as if she fell asleep looking at them: Charlie as a young kid in a striped terry-cloth tank top, Charlie as a "cool guy" in high school with a mirror glasses and a mullet.

She looks down at the metal bracelet. We see there are engraved COORDINATES on it. She gets out of bed, heads over to a computer on a glass desk in a corner of the room.

ON THE SCREEN -- Jane calls up a GPS website, types in the coordinates: N 40.06098 & W -82.38626. A specific location returns (within 60 feet). It's a rural area: Newfield, Ohio.

Suddenly, she hears a FAINT BEEPING NOISE.

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Lear activates his high-tech security system before heading out the door. This place is a fortress.

INT. HALLWAY/EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Jane peers out a hallway window, overlooking the driveway. The heavy steel garage door is going up. She's surprised to see Lear pulling out in a flashy Maserati. The sight of his departure gives her an idea. She looks down the hallway toward Lear's bedroom door.

SMASH TO:

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - LEAR'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

Jane excavates Lear's bedroom, like any good spy would do.

QUICK CUTS:

She opens the closet; several identical suits are hanging, with crisp white shirts. She checks the pockets. Nothing.

She pulls open a dresser drawer; black socks, neatly rolled.

She checks the drawer for a false bottom. Heads into the bathroom. A few products, only a few, sit on a shelf in the shower. Nothing on the counter. She roots through the bathroom drawers, which are literally empty.

She exits back into the bedroom, sees a narrow crack under the bed. She slides her hand underneath, pulls out A HANDGUN. Off Jane, intrigued.

Prelap: A cheesy 80's love song...

INT. PAVILIONS - MORNING

CLOSE ON MOTORCYCLE BOOTS, slowly pacing behind the wheels of a shopping cart.

Reveal Lear, on a bewildering mission -- a Saturday grocery spree. He eyes a MALIBU MOM in a maxi-dress, pushing her own cart with a BABY on board, trailed by an 11-YEAR-OLD KID. The kid grabs a shrink-wrapped multi-pack of mini-cereal boxes off the shelf.

LOUD KID

Mom! Can I have these? Can I have these?
Mom? Can I have --

MALIBU MOM

We still have some from last week. Don't hit your sister. What's in her mouth?

The family disappears around the corner. To Lear, their dynamic is scarier than a firing squad. He picks up the multi-cereal pack, tosses it in the cart. It lands beside a six-pack of Sunny Delight and a can of Spaghetti-O's.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

TWO BIEBER-HEADED TEENAGE BOYS in wetsuits cross the sand after a morning surf session. They joke and laugh, nearing --

JANE, who stands there, still her scrubs top, now accompanied by a pair of stolen boxer-briefs. Not looking her best, but she isn't that self-aware. She watches the boys' easy ad lib chatter, hiding something behind her back that they don't notice. As they pass, she meets eyes with one of them -- this is GRIFFIN JONES, 16. He smiles, an amazing grin.

GRIFFIN

Hey.

JANE

Hey.

Jane feels an unfamiliar pang of attraction. She watches them go, eyes on Griffin's tight little wetsuited butt. We reveal THE GUN she has hidden behind her back.

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - DOOR - DAY

Lear walks in with his groceries in tow; he sees the panel has been removed from the security system.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE KITCHEN -- There's a banana peel hanging off the counter. A wide glass door to the pool area stands open.

LEAR

Jane?

He hears a GUNSHOT. He runs outside --

EXT. POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lear searches for Jane near the pool, sees no sign of her.

LEAR

Jane?

ANOTHER SHOT. He runs to the edge of the yard, looks down --

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jane stands at the base of the cliff behind the house, now alone. She fires over the ocean, blowing off steam. Lear runs up behind her, deftly disarms her with one hand.

LEAR

What the hell are you doing? You can't shoot here!

JANE

Why not? The perimeter's secure.

LEAR

No it's not! It's a public beach. You could get arrested. And stay out of my room. It's off-limits.

JANE

You're lucky I'm even here. I could have walked away --

LEAR

You could have blown your hand off!

JANE

I've shot a gun before, you know. Charlie showed me. More than once. I was getting good.

Lear takes a beat, calms down. Feels a little guilty. She looks so young. Maybe not entirely innocent, but young.

LEAR

Charlie teach you to shoot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

We went to the shooting range for my birthday last year. It was fun.

LEAR

You should learn to protect yourself. Maybe I'll take you sometime.

Jane is intrigued by this thought.

JANE

You will? What if I shot you?

Lear shrugs.

LEAR

I'd shoot you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

THREE BULLETS rip through a target; Lear and Jane, wearing ear and eye protection, practice at an outdoor shooting range in the sun. Jane fires from 20 yards away.

LEAR

That was pretty good. Try the 30.

Jane fires at the 30-yard target, three more bullets, two just off-mark, one nailing it. When the chamber is empty, she knows how to reload. He watches her, like a parent watching a kid learning to tie shoes.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Did Charlie let you shoot a .45?

JANE

Revolver or semi-automatic?

LEAR

Semi-auto. Here.

He removes a .45 from its case, loads it, hands it over. She takes it with hands correctly placed, finger off the trigger.

LEAR (CONT'D)

This one has a laser sight. It takes three pounds of pressure to pull the trigger.

Jane lines up the laser sight in the center of the trigger. Lear coaches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR (CONT'D)

Pull slowly. One pound...two...three...

Jane pulls the trigger, hits the center of the target. She fires three times in succession, each hitting the mark.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Not bad. It's all about hand-eye.

JANE

You got a rifle?

LEAR

A .338 Lapua. Nobody touches it but me.

JANE

Can I see it?

Lear opens up another case, shows her his prized rifle.

JANE (CONT'D)

That's a sniper rifle.

LEAR

I'm a sniper. I'll take you out here again. Bring one you can shoot.

JANE

Cool. When?

LEAR

Soon.

(reluctantly)

But you know...you're gonna have to start going to school sometime.

She's horrified.

JANE

School?

LEAR

Not tomorrow. You need some time, and I need to know it's safe --

JANE

I am not going to school.

LEAR

You can't just hang out all day, shooting guns. I promised Charlie you'd have a normal life. Not grow up to be an idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Charlie and I had a whole other plan you don't even know about!

LEAR

I do know about it, and it's not gonna change the fact you're fourteen --

JANE

I've studied plenty in my life! I broke two thousand on the SAT when I was nine. I work for a living. Charlie and I did a hundred missions. We were a team --

LEAR

I know --

JANE

Then I don't care what he said! I don't need a new dad, or a house, or a beach, or any of it! And I'm definitely not going to goddamn school.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC ACADEMY/INT. LEAR'S CAR - DAY

Pacific Academy looks like the Alamo, only bigger and more oppressive. Lear's Maserati zooms up to the curb.

INSIDE -- Lear looks at Jane. Her jaw is set like a pitbull. He hands her a new phone.

LEAR

My number's in there, if you need me. I'll come back at the end of the day.

JANE

This is so not okay.

She opens the car door to get out. He remembers:

LEAR

Hey. Your last name is Johnson.

JANE

Jane Johnson? That's so lame.

Jane steps out of the car. As she does, something drops on the seat...the SILVER OWL, stolen from the archives in London. Now weather-beaten and worn, the chain has suddenly broken. Jane and Lear both grab for it. Lear wins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR
What's this?

JANE
It's mine.

She reaches for it. He pulls it away and addresses her in an authoritative voice, an almost parental tone.

LEAR
Where did you get it?

JANE
It's none of your business. Give it back.

LEAR
Where did you get it, Jane?

JANE
Our last mission. I retrieved it from the archives in London. Your boss lady wanted it back. It's all I have left.

Your boss lady wanted it back. The potential importance of this lands on Lear. *Charlie was killed for this.*

LEAR
Let me look at it. It could be important, alright? I'll give it back to you at the end of the day.

She looks at him, closer to tears than he has seen her.

LEAR (CONT'D)
I'll give it back. I promise.

She says nothing, gets out of the car, slams the door. Lear looks down at the owl in his hand.

SMASH TO:

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - LEAR'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Lear unlocks a double-deadbolted steel door that looks like it might lead outside. Instead, behind it, we find LEAR'S OFFICE -- more cluttered than the rest of the house, its almost like a window into the depths of his mind. A locked glass case houses a sinister array of weapons; a human skull sits on his desk, a bullet still lodged between its eyes.

Lear sits down at his computer, plugs the Owl into the USB.

ON THE SCREEN --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's one file. A PDF. It opens -- barely. Lines obfuscate the screen. The first page is a title page; a title is visible. "*CONSCIENCE, by Marshall Hughes.*"

Lear begins to scroll through the rest of the muddled pages... "*missing Americans*"... "*CIA failure*"...

Lear shakes his head slightly, absorbing this information...

CUT TO:

INT. LEAR'S CAR/EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lear pulls up to a Venice bungalow, hurries to the door. Knocks urgently. WENDY HOLLINGSWORTH opens it. Mid-30's, she's a beautiful, cosmopolitan woman in a slightly geeky shell. She's genuinely shocked to see him.

WENDY

Kevin. What are you doing here?

LEAR

Can we go someplace? To talk?

He points to his ear. Someone could be listening.

EXT. MISSILE SILO - DAY

Lear and Wendy climb the stairs to the top of an abandoned Cold War missile silo on the edge of the San Fernando Valley.

LEAR

Sorry I haven't called in a while.

She gives him a look...she doesn't expect it.

WENDY

I just got home from Langley yesterday. Someone said you were on assignment.

LEAR

I was. In Nassau. But I bailed early... Alice sent me after a target. She didn't tell me his name, but when I saw him, it was Marshall Hughes.

WENDY

(confused)
Marshall Hughes is an American.

LEAR

Not only an American. A retired Secretary of State. He's an old man, he's sick, unable to defend himself --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

Why would she do that?

He pulls out the flash drive. She takes it, hesitant.

LEAR

He wrote an autobiography. Unpublished.
The agency wants it to stay that way.

WENDY

What's it say?

LEAR

From what I can tell, there are some
soldiers who were designated missing, and
they're still alive. Hughes knows there
was a cover-up, perpetuated by multiple
covert organizations, including CIA --

WENDY

Stop. I don't want to know. I like my
job, okay? I want to keep it. Here.

She gives the owl back to him.

LEAR

This could be the only copy. I need you
to recover it for me.

WENDY

What are you gonna do? Leak it?

He doesn't reply, which is confirmation.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Alice will kill you!

LEAR

So she can kill me. There's right and
there's wrong. These men are alive, they
have families --

WENDY

Then talk to Hughes. You don't need me --

LEAR

You think they left him alone, wheeling
around the Bahamas, Wendy? Who knows
where he is now. If we could read the
file, we wouldn't need him or anyone --

WENDY

There's no "we", okay? I love you,
Kevin. At least, I used to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDY (CONT'D)

But I can't give you more than I already have. You never give anything back.

He puts the drive back in his pocket.

LEAR

(coldly)

Fine.

WENDY

How did you get it, anyway?

LEAR

It was in London. Charlie Forsythe retrieved it. He was killed for it.

WENDY

Oh my God. I'm so sorry. Doesn't he have a daughter?

LEAR

Her name is Jane. Charlie wanted me to take custody.

WENDY

(almost laughs)

What? What are you talking about?

LEAR

You heard me.

WENDY

That's crazy. You're the last person who should be a father.

LEAR

I'm not her father. I'm just watching out for her. Somebody has to.

WENDY

How? A custody agreement takes commitment. You work out of town all the time. Even when you're home, you're never home. Where is she now?

PRELAP: A French teacher calls role.

MADAME WAYNE

Jeanne Johnson? Jeanne Johnson?

CUT TO:

INT. PACIFIC ACADEMY - CLASSROOM - DAY

MADAME WAYNE has a beaky nose and bad accent. Jane sits in the last row, feet on the chair in front of her. The other students chat amongst themselves in whispers. No one pays any attention to her... it's like she's invisible here. She doesn't notice Madame is approaching.

MADAME WAYNE
(subtitled French)
Jeanne Johnson? Are you hard of hearing?

JANE
Sorry. I wasn't paying attention.

MADAME WAYNE
Feet on the floor. In my class, you must respond in French.

JANE
Excuse me?

MADAME WAYNE
This is French Three. We speak French, all the time. Do you speak French?

JANE
Yeah, but that's not French. At least not in France, it isn't.

The other kids giggle at the expense of Madame.

MADAME WAYNE
(to the class)
Quiet, people.
(to Jane)
If you do not respond in French, you will receive detention. Is that clear?

Jane responds, in perfect, fluent French.

JANE
Somewhat clear, but highly illegal. I speak Spanish, French, German, and Farsi, and in America, I have a right to choose, free of coercion.

Madame blinks back at her. Jane goes back to English.

JANE (CONT'D)
I also have a right to an attorney, prior to being detained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other students laugh -- Jane doesn't know if it's with her or at her -- and start to talk amongst themselves, getting a little rowdy. Madame loses her patience.

MADAME WAYNE

I will not tolerate this in my in class!

JANE

(mutters to herself)

Believe me, I'd be happy to leave.

Jane pulls out her phone to text in front of the teacher, oblivious to a fact all kids know -- texting is against school rules. To Kevin Lear: "*Official waste of time.*"

INT. LEAR'S CAR - DAY

Lear smiles at her choice of words. He texts back: "Hang in there". He's dropping Wendy off at her house. It's tense.

WENDY

If you need anything, call me.

LEAR

I did. You weren't much help.

WENDY

I'm talking about Jane. I know all about teenagers. I had three little brothers.

Lear groans like that sounds like hell.

WENDY (CONT'D)

That's my point. You know nothing about kids. You don't even like them.

LEAR

It's not a choice. It happened, and I have to take responsibility. She needs protection. I promised Charlie.

(re: the owl)

If you change your mind, let me know.

She nods. She gets out of the car. We stay with her as she walks toward the house, mind spinning. She gets halfway to the door before she stops and turns around. Lear is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

GYM CLASS; A WHISTLE BLOWS. Two rows of students, defense and kickers, drill FREE KICKS toward the goal. A PHYS ED TEACHER shouts out instructions and keeps the balls coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. JIM

Let's see some power, people! Three shots. Get through that wall!

Jane is next in the kicker line. She moves up to the ball, ten yards out from the goal, looks to the line of defense.

She's surprised to be facing Griffin Jones, the kid from the beach. He smiles that confident smile as he places his hands in the traditional position: over the nut-sack. Jane KICKS; the ball nails him in the groin.

GRIFFIN

Jesus H.

Mr. Jim blows the whistle as Jane moves to her second ball.

MR. JIM

Hold up. That's a powerful kick. Let's work on the aim. You okay, Griffin?

Griffin nods, the tough guy. Jane lines up ball two, nails him in the stomach and kicks the ball three past the goalie, RIGHT INTO THE GOAL. Griffin keels over. The whistle blows.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. SIDELINES - DAY

Class dismissed. THE BELLS RINGS as a girl steps up to Jane. KAYLA LAKE, 15, tall and Taylor Swift-ish, wears a backpack with an iPod clipped to the side. She towers over Jane.

KAYLA

Why are you such a brute?

JANE

I'm not. I'm just playing the game.

KAYLA

Yeah? Well, my boyfriend needs his nutsack. Who are you, anyway?

Jane doesn't reply.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Hello? Are you deaf?

Griffin walks up, sees Jane. He's a pretty laid-back guy, who isn't taking this so seriously.

GRIFFIN

I know you. I saw you the other day on the beach. You're pretty psycho.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

You're not going to be very popular around here, if I have anything to say about it. And ask anyone. I do.

MR. JIM (O.S.)

Hey!

Mr. Jim, the Phys Ed teacher, waves at them. They look over.

MR. JIM (CONT'D)

No bullies! Everybody get to class.

GRIFFIN

C'mon.

Griffin pulls Kayla away. The two of them turn to go. Jane reaches out, deftly plucks the iPod from the outside pocket of Kayla's backpack.

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Jane walks along the back of the bleachers, iPod in here ears, distracted. She runs right into Mr. Jim, who has trailed her.

MR. JIM

You don't have a class right now?

JANE

(pulls out her earphones)
English. But I don't need it. I read Grapes of Wrath when I was twelve.

MR. JIM

That doesn't mean you can miss class. Let me see your schedule.

JANE

(bewildered)
What are you? A cop? This place is more like a prison than a high school! There are basic human rights and you guys systematically violate all of them.

MR. JIM

Who's your counselor?

JANE

I don't need a shrink. Jeez.

MR. JIM

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mr. Jim grabs Jane's arm to lead her to the building; she twists out of his grip, sails a swift punch into his solar plexus. He gasps for air.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC ACADEMY - DAY

ON JANE, literally kicked to the curb. A shadow falls beside her. TARA BENEVIDES, 15, has a bad attitude in a good way. Jane looks up at her.

TARA BENEVIDES

Don't worry about Kayla Lake. Everybody loves her, but they totally hate her. You know what I mean.

JANE

Believe me, I've got way bigger problems.

TARA BENEVIDES

I'm Tara.

JANE

Jane.

TARA BENEVIDES

(sits down beside her)

You transferred here, right?

JANE

Yeah. I was at boarding school in Madrid.

TARA BENEVIDES

Madrid? That's awesome. My mom is from Barcelona. Small world.

JANE

Too small.

TARA BENEVIDES

This school is too small, that's for sure. I'm so sick of these people.

JANE

Me too, and I just got here.

Tara smiles at their kindred spirit.

TARA BENEVIDES

Here. Put out your hand.

Jane puts out her hand. Tara writes on it. An address.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA BENEVIDES (CONT'D)

I'm having a party on Friday, if you want to come. My parents are out of town.

JANE

Thanks. But I doubt I'll be around.

TARA BENEVIDES

So give me your number. Maybe we can do something another time.

She puts her hand out. Jane writes her number on it, imitating the ritual.

TARA BENEVIDES (CONT'D)

Cool. I'll text you.

JANE

Cool.

Tara waves. Jane watches her walk off, intrigued by the idea of a friend, but still overwhelmed by her bad day. The Maserati squeals up. Jane gets in.

IN THE CAR --

Lear waits behind the wheel. He hands her the owl.

LEAR

See. I keep my word. How did it go?

JANE

I got suspended.

He can't help but smile. The tires squeal as he rips away.

CUT TO:

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A MOUSE EATING DOGFOOD. It's in an aquarium in Jane's room -- which is now a mess. Jane stands on her balcony, overlooking the ocean. She's had enough. She turns back into her room --

She goes over to her computer, pulls something out of a drawer that she's already printed out. We see it's A GOOGLE MAP of CENTRAL OHIO.

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - LEAR'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Lear, at his computer. He types into a search window: MARSHALL HUGHES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A headline we may have noticed earlier pops up -- now it's clear what it means. *"Ex-Secretary of State Diagnosed with Terminal Illness."*

INTERCUT:

EXT. LEAR'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A mysterious car drives up Lear's driveway slowly.

BACK IN JANE'S ROOM --

Jane shoves her minimal belongings into a backpack. A new Patagonia fleece, a pair of Converse, a few of those little boxes of cereal that Lear bought her at the store. A teenager, running away.

BACK IN LEAR'S OFFICE --

Lear reads the article..."Hughes remains in seclusion with his family..." He frowns. THE DOORBELL RINGS. He clicks a function key on the computer.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: A security surveillance shot of the front door. He sees WENDY is there in the security light.

AT THE DOOR --

Lear flings open the front door.

WENDY

I gave you a really hard time today.
Like I was your mom or something.

Lear laughs a little.

LEAR

I can take it.

WENDY

Where is she?

LEAR

Upstairs. Not sure "school" was a good idea. Bad first day.

WENDY

First days are never easy. Here.

She hands him an envelope, marked CLASSIFIED.

LEAR

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

I did you a favor. Hughes has been placed in protective custody in an undisclosed location. Go talk to him. He's got nothing to lose.

LEAR

Come with me.

WENDY

You know I can't do that.

Wendy gives him a kiss on the cheek, heads off. Off Lear...

CUT TO:

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lear anxiously rips open the Classified envelope. INSIDE -- he finds a BOX OF MATCHES from the HOTEL PALOMAR MIAMI, and a PAGE OF CLASSIFIED INSTRUCTIONS. Lear scans the instructions, reading quickly.

BACK IN JANE'S ROOM --

Jane goes to her balcony door, begins to slide it closed when something catches her eye outside, on the beach below. She looks down, sees a FLAME flickering.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Lear lights a bonfire with one of the matches, burns the instructions. As he stares into the flames...

TIME CUT:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lear drives down the long dark driveway toward the main road; a light rain is beginning to fall. On the passenger seat -- there's a packed bag and his rifle case. Up ahead, his headlights illuminate a figure. He sees it's JANE, a backpack on her back. She begins to run.

ON JANE -- The headlights illuminate her until she realizes she can't outrun him. She slows to a miserable, defeated stop. He pulls up beside her, jumps out of the car.

LEAR

Jane!

JANE

Just let me go! I don't want to be here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR

I want you to be here.

JANE

I don't care --

LEAR

It's not the best situation for me either, alright? But it can work. I know you better than you think I do --

JANE

What's that mean?

He runs his hand over his head, frustrated.

LEAR

What if I let you come with me?

She looks back at the car. Sees his stuff on the seat. She's confused.

JANE

Where are you going?

LEAR

An assignment. I need an extra pair of eyes. You've done it a hundred times, right?

She nods.

JANE

Are you gonna find the guys who killed Charlie?

LEAR

I'm gonna try. You can come with me, but you gotta make up your mind. You're in or your out.

Off Jane...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EST. SHOT: MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

INT. SEEDY FLORIDA MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A shitty South Florida motel. SEVERAL WEAPONS are spread out on an ugly bedspread, along with MAPS of both Miami and the United States. Lear cleans and packs his .338 into its case while Jane sits at a table by the window, eating Honey Bunches of Oats straight out of the mini-box. There's a new energy between them...a tacit agreement.

JANE

Where are we going?

LEAR

South Beach. I'm looking for a guy who's somewhere inside the Hotel Palomar. You're gonna help me find him.

JANE

You want me to be the seeker.

LEAR

That's right. I'm the hunter, you're the seeker.

She places her cereal box on the table.

JANE

Okay. Let's say this is the area of operation.

(off his look)

This is how Charlie and I got oriented.

LEAR

Pretty low-tech.

JANE

Sorry I'm not a millionaire. How many floors is the hotel?

LEAR

Thirty-one. It's located between two intercoastal waterways, here, and here.

Playing along, he pushes his empty styrofoam coffee cup against one end, slides a pen against the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR (CONT'D)

Here's the main entrance. You're looking for a man named Marshall Hughes. I need to know exactly where he is, in relation to the elevator and the stairwell.

JANE

Copy that. Then what?

LEAR

Then I'm going to talk to him. Some soldiers are being held prisoner. He knows where they are. And he might know who killed Charlie.

Jane considers that. She picks up Lear's .45 handgun.

JANE

Can I take this one with me?

LEAR

No. You won't need it. Here. You can have this.

He hands her a small piece of black plastic. She flips it out. It's an expandable baton.

JANE

I like these.

LEAR

Look at me.

She looks him in the eye calmly.

LEAR (CONT'D)

I know you've done this before, but you understand I have reservations. Don't make me regret this.

JANE

You won't. I promise.

(then)

And look at it this way. You don't have many friends.

LEAR

Right.

JANE

I bet you're an only child. Like me. Charlie said you were a lone wolf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lear doesn't respond to that. He finishes packing his ominous weapon. He closes the rifle case.

LEAR
Put your shoes on. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. PALOMAR HOTEL - 30TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

A posh hotel suite at private penthouse level. Two PRIVATE SECURITY AGENTS -- Blackwater-types -- guard a door.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Marshall Hughes is there, watching "*North by Northwest*" from his wheelchair; another SECURITY AGENT stands nearby. Hughes barely pays attention to a DOCTOR in a white coat.

DOCTOR
I know this is difficult, Mr. Hughes, but in light of your most recent test results, I advise you get your affairs in order. Are you listening, sir?

Hughes turns to the window. We follow his gaze, pushing out the window, down to the street. Thirty stories below --

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Lear and Jane sit in a rental car outside the building. She listens to his instruction without her usual push-back.

LEAR
Remember. There's a lot of undercover involvement in protective custody. Don't overlook anyone. Don't turn your back. Use all six senses. Got it?

JANE
Yes, sir.

She reaches in the back, grabs a pretty FLOWER ARRANGEMENT. On the little envelope, handwritten script: *Marshall Hughes*.

LEAR
See you in ten minutes.

JANE
I'll make it eight.

She steps out of the car on a mission. Lear pulls away.

INT. PALOMAR HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The fashionable lobby. Jane slips the flowers onto the Reception Desk and continues walking. She ducks behind a decorative water feature to keep an eye on --

THE DESK -- Desk Lady looks at the card, types "Hughes" into her registry. No guest by that name. She waves over the HEAD OF SECURITY (Hugo Boss suit, finger tattoos).

DESK LADY

Ron. Will you look at this?

FROM JANE'S POV -- she watches as the two talk for a beat. The Head of Security takes the flowers toward the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The Head of Security steps onto an elevator, along with a few random guests; Jane slips in last. She watches as he uses his keycard to hit the button for the off-limits 30TH FLOOR. Off Jane, facing forward as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR/30TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Jane and The Head of Security are the only people left on the elevator. Jane ignores him, trying to appear casual. Lucky for her -- her phone BUZZES. She pulls it out, expecting a text from Lear. Instead:

INTERCUT: EXT. MALIBU STARBUCKS - DAY

Tara Benevides sends a text from outside the Malibu Starbucks, where she stands with a FRENCH BULLDOG on a leash. "Heard UR suspended! Want 2 meet me and Dante @ Starbucks?"

IN THE ELEVATOR --

Jane quickly texts back. "Can't rite now. Who's Dante?" As the elevator slows to the 30th floor, a picture of the French Bulldog pops up. The Head of Security wonders why she's still on the elevator.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Miss. What floor were you headed to?

Jane hangs her head, guilty.

JANE

Seventeen.

HEAD OF SECURITY

No joyriding on the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jane nods innocently. He hits the button for 17 and steps out, heads straight for Marshall Hughes' penthouse. Jane peeks out of the elevator after him, watches as an Agent takes the flowers inside. She ducks back into the elevator. The doors close.

INT. HOTEL UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Lear enters a hotel utility room. He looks around until he finds a large, complicated fuse box, opens it up. Shit, it's confusing. Jane hurries up to him. Lear checks his watch.

LEAR

Good job. Seven minutes.

JANE

Thirtieth floor, penthouse. I drew it out for you.

She hands over a diagram on a hotel notepad, marking the door to the Penthouse and the location of the guards.

JANE (CONT'D)

Two guards on the mark, both armed. The emergency stairwell is in the northeast corner.

LEAR

Stay in the stairwell with the door closed, and if you need to, abandon ship. I won't hold it against you.

Jane nods, pulls on a blue hoodie that is sitting nearby, straps on her walkie-talkie.

Lear pulls FOUR LEVERS in the fuse box simultaneously.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The Head of Security is now accompanied by a group of bikini girls and their guidos. The elevator JERKS TO A SUDDEN HALT.

HEAD OF SECURITY

It's okay, everybody.

QUICK CUTS:

IN ANOTHER ELEVATOR: A MAID and a maid cart. It also stops.

IN THE LOBBY: The floor indicators above each elevator FREEZE, all at once.

IN ELEVATOR #1 -- The lights go out. The bikinis scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN ELEVATOR #2 -- The Maid swears in Turkish.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jane is going up the stairs in her hoodie, blending in with several other hotel patrons who are now forced to take the stairs. She passes the landing on the 4th Floor.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Lear uses climbing equipment to scale the elevator shaft. He looks up... the height of the elevator shaft is dizzying.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY.

The Penthouse Security Guard rips apart the flower arrangement, checking for explosives. He opens the little envelope to check for Anthrax, tosses it and the card into a nearby waste basket and walks away, leaving a mess behind.

Poor Hughes cruises over in his chair, picks the card from the trash. CLOSE ON THE FRONT -- A printed greeting: "Get Well." INSIDE: Handwritten. *"The truth will set you free."*

Off Hughes, quietly alarmed...

EXT. POOL - DAY

TWO UNDERCOVER SECURITY AGENTS chow chicken wings dressed in cheesy club attire. One taps his Bluetooth earpiece.

UNDERCOVER AGENT #1

Yo.
(turns to Agent #2)
Elevators are out.

UNDERCOVER AGENT #2

(talks with a mouthful)
That's a tough titty.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Lear balances precariously at the thirtieth floor elevator doors. He uses a small crowbar to PRY THE DOORS OPEN.

IN THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lear emerges, heading straight for the penthouse. The Guards draw their weapons. Lear is too fast. THOOF, THOOF. Two tranquilizer darts -- both Guards drop. Lear reaches down, grabs the penthouse keycard from one of them.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lear enters the suite and shoots the last Agent with a dart -- he turns to see a terrified Marshall Hughes.

MARSHALL HUGHES

Please. Don't hurt me.

Lear places a finger to his lips, checks the other rooms; he then walks over to the stereo system, cranks it up. Alfred Hitchcock's "*North by Northwest*" blares on the television.

MAN AT PRAIRIE CROSSING

That's funny. That plane's dusting crops where there ain't no crops.

Lear pushes Hughes out of the room onto the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Lear turns to Marshall Hughes outside, alone.

LEAR

I won't hurt you. I'm here to help you clear your conscience.

MARSHALL HUGHES

I can't. They won't let me.

LEAR

Screw them. You're talking to me. Do you still have a copy of your book?

MARSHALL HUGHES

Not anymore. Someone took it.

LEAR

Who took it? Did you see him?

Hughes nods, remembering Peter Toulson. Describing him.

MARSHALL HUGHES

Savile Row. Bright blue eyes. He spoke the Queen's English. I think he was MI-6. Believe me...I never wanted to lie to those families about their sons.

LEAR

Then tell me where they are.

Hughes looks conflicted. Reveal Lear has a listening device, taped behind the lapel of his jacket.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jane reaches the top of the stairwell -- the door to the 30th Floor. She stands there and waits, obediently on lookout.

BACK ON THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY --

LEAR

You had the courage to do it once. You can do it again. What do you have to lose?

Hughes turns his chair around, wheels back into the penthouse. Lear chases him, yelling above Cary Grant.

LEAR (CONT'D)

What if it was your family?

Hughes wheels over to the television, picks up the REMOTE.

BACK IN THE STAIRWELL --

THE POV OF A MAN ONE FLOOR BELOW. Someone watching Jane. She turns to find THE DOCTOR we saw earlier in the Penthouse.

DOCTOR

Hi. Who are you?

JANE

I'm waiting for my mother.

Jane sees the EARPIECE in the Doctor's ear. She gets the sense this is not a Doctor. She looks down the empty stairwell, considering a fast escape, but chooses to stand her ground. The Doctor remains friendly.

DOCTOR

Where is she?

JANE

None of your business.

IN THE PENTHOUSE --

On Marshall Hughes's shaky hands... he cracks open the remote control, REMOVES A TINY YELLOW CANISTER. Lear is surprised.

LEAR

What is that?

MARSHALL HUGHES

Everything you need to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lear is stunned as Hughes hands him the canister. It's an old-school film canister, marked HIGH-SPEED INFRARED.

IN THE STAIRWELL --

Jane makes eye contact with The Doctor.

JANE
I should probably go find her.

DOCTOR
You're not waiting for your mother.

He presses a button to activate his microphone.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Code 22. Stairwell, 30th floor.

THIRTY FLOORS BELOW --

The TWO PLAINCLOTHES AGENTS slam open the stairwell door, start running up the stairs.

IN THE STAIRWELL --

Jane turns away from the Doctor, tries to open the door. It's LOCKED. The Doctor wraps his big hands around her little neck. As she struggles, she drops her walkie as we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The UNDERCOVER AGENTS hustle up the stairs.

ON THE 30TH FLOOR --

The Doctor is choking Jane into unconsciousness. She reaches under her hoodie, finds her baton, flicks it out. She *cracks him on the head*.

INT. 30TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Lear quickly exits the penthouse, heads for the stairwell -- when he hears the noise coming from the other side of the door. He grabs the handle. It's locked from this side, too.

IN THE STAIRWELL --

Jane kicks the Doctor, weakening his grip. She cracks him again, and peels his fingers off her throat. He punches her with his big hand, sending her reeling against the door, but providing her enough room to get in one of her brutal kicks.

As he backs up, she catches her foot behind his ankle, tripping him backwards. He goes down hard on his back. She spots A SMALL GUN holstered at his ankle and with a quick move, snags it away. He tumbles down the flight of stairs to the next landing, stands up. When he looks up at her -- she's pointing his own weapon at him.

JANE

Drop the radio.

He drops his radio, looks up at her.

DOCTOR

Don't shoot.

She SHOOTS -- but at the door handle to the stairwell door.

IN THE 30TH FLOOR HALLWAY --

The door blasts open; Lear is hit by the "shrapnel" when the handle explodes, cutting his hand. The Undercover Agents appear, slamming Jane to the floor and going after Lear. As one of them pulls his gun, aims right for Lear's head --

Jane fires again, nailing him in the side. The noise is EXPLOSIVE. He falls to the ground, very close to her. She jerks away, eyes on him, stunned by her own action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lear subdues the other with his last tranquilizer dart, then looks to Jane, frozen. He pushes her toward the stairs.

LEAR
Just go. Go, go, go.

Jane tears her eyes away and runs. They escape down the stairs, leaving the four agents littered across the hallway.

Marshall Hughes cracks open the penthouse door, peeks out. A small smile crosses his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY FLORIDA MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jane, back in the shitty motel room, keeping lookout. She peers out the window between the curtains. A troubled look on her face. She calls toward a closed door, impatient.

JANE
Are you done yet?

INT. SEEDY FLORIDA MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of the door -- total darkness.

LEAR
Almost.

He flicks on a bare lightbulb, rigged to the lighting fixture in the ceiling. In the faint light, we can see the icebag wrapped around his hand. Bottles of photographic developing solution, stop-bath and fixer, sit nearby on the toilet seat.

The lightbulb shines through a hole in a shoebox, projecting IMAGES off a negative onto a piece of paper. The first one to emerge: a BLACK-AND-WHITE INFRARED PHOTOGRAPH OF SEVERAL PRISONERS.

BACK IN THE MOTEL ROOM --

Lear flings open the bathroom door.

LEAR (CONT'D)
Sixteen prisoners are being held at
Mendoza Prison in Argentina.
(nods to the window)
Keep an eye out there. I need to make a
few calls.

He heads over to his jacket on a chair, digs for his cell phone in a pocket. Jane studies him for a beat, that troubled look on her face. He notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We aren't done. We're gonna find the man who killed Charlie. You were a big help today.

She takes a beat, afraid to admit what's troubling her.

JANE

Have you ever shot a person? Like, shot and killed him?

LEAR

Yeah.

She doesn't respond.

LEAR (CONT'D)

You probably didn't kill that guy, if that's what you're thinking.

JANE

How do you know?

LEAR

Even if you did -- he could have killed me. Both of us. You did the right thing, protected your partner. It's part of the job. You know that, don't you?

She nods slowly. Lear sits down on the edge of the bed with his back to her. He flips through the contacts on his phone.

JANE

But we're the good guys, right? I mean, it's good these families will know the truth. But it matters how they find out.

LEAR

You're a good guy. I promise.

Off Jane...she watches the back of his head. Wondering about him.

EXT. SEEDY FLORIDA MOTEL - THE NEXT MORNING

Jane walks down the cruddy outdoor hall, ice bucket in hand. She finds a room labeled "SODA/ICE"; the door is propped open by a concrete block. Jane begins to fill the bucket.

ALICE VARGAS

Jane.

Jane turns around to find Alice Vargas there. Alice looks different without her uniform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

What are you doing here?

ALICE VARGAS

I thought you might be with Kevin Lear. But I had no idea he was putting you in danger until I got the call. All young people make mistakes. But you don't understand... you've made a big one.

(off Jane's silence)

How much do you really know about him?

JANE

A lot. Charlie told me everything.

ALICE VARGAS

If he did, you wouldn't be here. Kevin Lear is not the man you think he is.

JANE

You don't know what I think.

ALICE VARGAS

Did you know your father didn't speak to his "best friend" for five years?

Jane says nothing.

ALICE VARGAS (CONT'D)

Charlie never supported his involvement with the agency. He's a dangerous man with a past --

JANE

Everybody has a past.

ALICE VARGAS

Lear isn't an agent like your father, Jane. He's an assassin. And he knew your mother.

Jane starts to shake, so slightly. The ice makes a faint noise in the bucket. She fights to keep her hand still.

ALICE VARGAS (CONT'D)

If it weren't for him, she would still be alive. He was there the night she was killed.

JANE

(her voice is a whisper)

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE VARGAS

On the boat, docked off the coast of
Greece. In the port of Monemvasia.

Jane drops the ice bucket at Alice's feet; Alice is startled.
Jane pushes her, hard, and RUNS. Alice picks up the bucket.

INT. SEEDY FLORIDA MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

ON TELEVISION: A NEWS CRAWL provides details of "AMERICAN
PRISONERS FREED" over footage of an Argentinian prison.

CNN ANNOUNCER LADY

At this hour, sixteen soldiers have been
released from Mendoza Prison following
shocking revelations obtained overnight.

Pull back to reveal Lear on his phone in the dim light,
drapes drawn tightly as he watches the morning news with two
cups of takeout coffee. He adds a celebratory shot of
whiskey to the first one as he leaves a message.

LEAR

Wendy, it's me. I know it's early out
there. When you wake up, turn on the TV.

ON TV -- THE ANNOUNCER CONTINUES.

CNN ANNOUNCER LADY

CIA Director Alice Vargas released a
statement early this morning.

Uh-oh. Lear hangs up the phone unceremoniously, eyes pinned
to the screen. The footage cuts to A CIA NEWS CONFERENCE.
Alice appears behind the official podium.

ALICE VARGAS

Through the hard work of our heroic
American military, in conjunction with
the Central Intelligence Agency, we are
pleased to announce the recovery of our
missing men in service.

Lear is stunned.

ALICE VARGAS (CONT'D)

Rumors of an agency cover-up are false.
We had no prior knowledge of the location
of these honorable men --

SPLAT. Lear throws his cup of coffee at the television
screen. A beat later -- his phone RINGS. He looks down.
It's not Wendy. It's ALICE VARGAS. He answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR
You lying bitch.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Alice is outside, nearby, where she can see his motel door.

ALICE VARGAS
You walked away from your job and exposed
a state secret. What did you think would
happen?

LEAR
You let Forsythe get killed over this!

ALICE VARGAS
It was never my intent. And I hope we
can get past this.
(then)
There's a big difference between the two
of you, Kevin. Charlie was a loose
cannon, lucky to make it out of the
enlisted men at Fort Bragg. You're Ivy
educated. One of our best assets. I
couldn't let you walk away that easily.

Lear moves for the window, suddenly realizing that she could
be near.

ALICE VARGAS (CONT'D)
I just wish you hadn't involved that poor
girl. She's been through so much.

Now, Lear understands exactly what's going on. He rushes to
the door, unlocks it.

LEAR
Where is she? What did you do to her?

ALICE VARGAS
Nothing. She left on her own.

He flings open the door, sees the ice bucket sitting there,
waiting for him.

Off Lear, stunned, choking on his anger...

INT. MI-6 SAFE HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A grainy still shot of Jane, walking through a
Florida bus station. It's on a computer. Calm, blue eyes
are studying it. Peter Toulson, the MI-6 agent, is there
with a Computer Geographer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMPUTER GEOGRAPHER

After Miami, this was shot in a bus station in Tampa.

PETER TOULSON

Anything from the ticket counter?

COMPUTER GEOGRAPHER

Nope. I did take a look at these...

The Geographer has several prints there, the pictures of Jane and Charlie in London, including the one from the Museum.

COMPUTER GEOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

I picked up an inscription on the metal bracelet around her wrist. It's coordinates. So I pulled together a composite, and came up with this.

(he clicks to a CLOSE UP)

They indicate a town in Ohio, where her father was from. Newfield. Sorry if it's too little too late.

PETER TOULSON

She worked with her father for years. We need to know everything she knows.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Jane slouches in the back of a Greyhound bus, quiet, determined. Her iPhone rings. She looks down at it: LEAR is calling. She turns to the TOOTHLESS MAN sitting beside her.

JANE

You want a phone?

The toothless man nods, takes it. Jane looks out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEXT MORNING

The bus careens down the highway, passing under a big blue arch. A sign in bold letters proclaims: WELCOME TO OHIO.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. CORNFIELD ROAD - DAY

Under the blank midwestern sky -- a beat-up, red 1960'S PICK-UP TRUCK stops alongside a cornfield. Jane sits in the bed of the truck on a bale of hay. An OLD FARMER sticks his head out the driver's window to talk to her.

OLD FARMER

This is the old Forsythe place, but nobody's here now.

Jane looks at the BOARDED-UP FARMHOUSE nearby.

OLD FARMER (CONT'D)

You sure this is where you want?

JANE

I'm sure. Thanks for your help.

She jumps out of the truck bed, feet landing in the crunchy gravel berm. She's holding a shovel.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Jane enters the cornfield, pushes the shovel into the rain-softened soil. Nothing. She takes another step, pushes the shovel into the ground again.

SLOW FADES AS TIME PASSES... she methodically searches the rows, sinking the shovel in.

CUT TO:

SUNSET. Exhausted, defeated, Jane plunges the shovel into the ground -- and HITS SOMETHING. She digs until she unearths it, then crouches down. It's a MILITARY-ISSUE SURVIVAL KIT, engraved with COORDINATES matching those on her bracelet.

INTERCUT:

EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Lear runs across the tarmac at a tiny regional airport.

WE FLASH TO HIS MEMORY:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

FIVE YEARS AGO. A provincial European kitchen. Charlie and Lear sit together at a table. Charlie packs the metal survival kit for the future, just in case.

LEAR
Where's it going to be?

CHARLIE
My parents' place.

LEAR
Your parents don't live there anymore.

CHARLIE
Doesn't matter. You'll always know where it is.

Charlie holds up a KEYRING of many small, metal keys.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
These are labeled. Safe deposit boxes all over the world.

LEAR
Smart. Providing for her financial future.

CHARLIE
There's some other stuff she might need, too.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jane cracks open the capsule, removes the KEYCHAIN.

CUT BACK TO LEAR'S MEMORY --

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Charlie, still with Lear, scribbles a letter on a piece of lined paper.

CHARLIE
I want to be the one to tell her about you, all right? Will you remember that?

LEAR
Yeah, man. Whatever you want. This is never gonna happen anyway.

CHARLIE
Let's hope not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lear picks up a photograph that's sitting on the table. A FAMILY SNAPSHOT of joyous times: Charlie, Lear and Pauline, looking kind of "grunge". Charlie proudly holds a baby girl.

LEAR
You can't pick a better picture?

CHARLIE
What? It's a great picture.

LEAR
I look like crap.

CHARLIE
That's just 'cause you're ugly.

Lear laughs. Charlie continues to write...

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jane rips open the aged envelope and removes the picture. She sees her parents, with Lear, and herself as a baby. She opens the letter. It's very short. ON JANE as she reads...

CHARLIE (V.O.)
My dear baby Jane. I wish more than anything I could be there with you now. There is a good man named Kevin Lear, who will take care of you. He is your uncle, your mother's brother. I hope he can answer the questions you have about her. I'm so sorry I never had the courage to tell you myself. I love you. Charlie.

Fat tears drip onto the paper, smearing the ink as Jane begins to sob. She drops to her knees in the mud.

EXT. CORNFIELD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Wheels crunch on the gravel roadside near the cornfield... it's A BLACK SUV.

Peter Toulson steps out, semi-automatic holstered against his chest. In one black-gloved hand, he holds A BLINDFOLD and a PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.

BACK TO JANE --

Jane cries for her father, and her mother, and the family she no longer has.

THROUGH THE ROWS OF CORN --

Peter Toulson creeps along, stealthy, looking for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO JANE --

She hears a noise. She wipes her tears, quickly shoves the items back into the survival kit. She catches a glimpse of someone through the rows of corn --

ON TOULSON --

He creeps closer to her, quietly. Closer. Closer. He turns the corner to where he just saw her through the corn -- to find there is only an empty hole in the ground, the shovel beside it.

ON JANE --

She runs for her life between the endless rows, clutching the survival kit. Toulson turns between two rows... he can see her, fifty yards away. He runs right for her, lifting his gun. HE FIRES. Semi-automatic gunfire shatters the silence. Jane cuts into a different row...

ON JANE --

WE HEAR HER JAGGED, PANICKED BREATHING as she runs, gasping... the repetition of her breaths melts into another sound. *The corn around her begins to shake violently --*

A HELICOPTER APPEARS; it's dangerously low. It comes in for a hard landing nearby, almost crashing into the field as it touches down. Jane sees it is piloted by Lear.

LEAR

Come on!

She can't hear him but she can see him, motioning. She runs straight for the chopper, against the fierce wind it creates.

ON LEAR -- Lear lifts his SNIPER RIFLE, aiming... Jane is running straight for him. As she gets close to reaching the chopper, Toulson opens fire on her once again.

A beat... Lear fires his sniper rifle over Jane's head with incredible expertise, killing Toulson with an assassin's shot. Toulson's body falls to the ground.

Lear reaches to help lift Jane into the chopper. She throws her arms around his neck, openly crying in fear.

LEAR (CONT'D)

It's alright. It's okay.

He pulls her close. He has never comforted a child before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEAR (CONT'D)
I got you. It's all right.

On Lear, holding Jane tightly...

He looks down at the ground at Toulson, knowing that is the man who killed his best friend. Jane turns her head to look down at Toulson, too. In a whisper:

JANE
Is that him?

LEAR
Yeah. That was him.

Off Toulson, bright blue eyes lifeless, staring at the white Ohio sky.

FADE TO:

INT. MALIBU HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

The bright kitchen. Ideal domesticity, in absurd contrast with what we have just witnessed. We hear the ever present news on TV, wafting in from the living room. A skillet sits on the stove, with a greasy mess dripped around. Jane has slept in late. She eats pancakes and a pile of extra-crispy bacon. Lear enters and sits down, looks at her.

LEAR
Hey.

JANE
Hey.

LEAR
I just want to make sure you're...

It doesn't sound right to ask if she's okay. Jane nods, chewing. She pushes the plate of bacon toward him.

JANE
You dig on pig?

Lear grabs a strip of bacon.

JANE (CONT'D)
You have something to tell me?

LEAR
Your mom, Pauline. She was my little sister. I cared more about her than anyone in the world. I wanted to protect her, and I couldn't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR (CONT'D)
There's a lot I have to tell you. It's
gonna take time.

(then)
You know, you gotta go back to school.

JANE
Not that school.

LEAR
Some school.

JANE
What if you need me again? For a job.

LEAR
I might. I'll let you know.

Jane is satisfied with that answer.

LEAR (CONT'D)
If it's all right with you, I got a new
motorcycle. I'm going out for a ride. I
don't have to go --

JANE
No, go ahead. I'll be fine.

LEAR
When you get bored, you make me nervous.

JANE
Don't worry. I'll find something to do.

MUSIC RISES, hard thumping bass...

EXT. LEAR'S HOUSE / DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lear rips away on a fancy Italian motorcycle, into the night.

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane swipes an extra set of keys from Lear's night stand.
She looks at herself in the mirrored closet door...we see
she's her own worldly version of "dressed up to go out".

INT. LEAR'S HOUSE / GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door goes up. The Maserati's headlights light up.
Jane is behind the wheel. She pulls out of the garage.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Jane drives the Maserati just like Lear does. Fast as hell.

INT. TARA BENEVIDES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

A teenage party rages at a modest house. Tara looks up from a drinking game around the kitchen table, sees Lear's car pulling up. A KID with freckles and a faux-hawk sees it too.

FAUX-HAWK

Dass bad ass.

EXT. TARA BENEVIDES HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane pulls up, parks out front. Kids stare as she steps out of the car, hits the doorlocks. Tara meets her in the door.

TARA BENEVIDES

Yay, you're here! Is that your car?

JANE

It's my uncle's.

TARA BENEVIDES

That. Is so. Cool.

INT. TARA BENEVIDES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane follows Tara into the party. She passes Griffin Jones, the kid she nailed in gym class. He's leaning against a wall like he's holding it up.

GRIFFIN

Uh-oh. Look who's here.

JANE

I guess I owe you an apology. I didn't quite get the rules the other day.

GRIFFIN

No, no. The goal was the goal, right? Gotta get it any way you can.

JANE

The ends don't always justify the means.

GRIFFIN

S'all right. I'm over it.

JANE

Your girlfriend took it pretty seriously.

GRIFFIN

She's not my girlfriend any more.

Jane sees Kayla across the room, shooting her the evil eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Huh. That's too bad.

GRIFFIN

I'm Griffin, by the way.

JANE

I know.

GRIFFIN

What's your name again?

JANE

Jane.

Off Jane...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lear's motorcycle parks at a meter outside a YOGA STUDIO; through the big glass storefront window, he can see Wendy participating in the class. She's beautiful, graceful...

He pulls off his helmet, walks to her car, parked a few meters away. Slips a note under the wiper. "THANKS." Wendy is unaware of his presence as he turns away, heads for the hole-in-the-wall bar next door. His phone rings.

He stops. It's ALICE. He answers without saying a word.

CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alice, at home in her bathrobe, makes a cup of tea.

ALICE VARGAS

I have a job for you.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

BRIGHT LIGHT seeps in through a tiny skylight in the concrete ceiling. Behind rusty metal bars, a MAN MOANS IN PAIN. He is injured, hands and feet chained. With difficulty, he rolls over on the hard slab he's using for a bed. He looks up through the skylight and sees BIRDS FLYING OVERHEAD.

Reveal it is CHARLIE FORSYTHE. Incapacitated. Imprisoned. But alive.

END OF EPISODE

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