

THE ASSET

Written by

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EXT. GROUND ZERO - SEPTEMBER 12, 2001 - FLASHBACK

IN SLOW-MOTION: TWO MEN IN HAZMAT GEAR AND MASKS MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE APOCALYPTIC LANDSCAPE OF **GROUND ZERO**. One of them turns away from the horror and sees a lone figure thirty yards away: A WOMAN, early twenties. Beautiful in a natural and athletic way. She has an old-fashioned camera to her eye. Her other eye open. She stares into the man's soul as she TAKES A PHOTO. AND NOW:

WE REVERSE THE SCENE AND AS WE DO IT FREEZES AND CHANGES TO BLACK AND WHITE. IT'S THE PHOTO SHE TOOK: AN EERIE IMAGE OF THE TWO MASKED WORKERS IN THE TWISTED HORROR OF GROUND ZERO.

EXT./INT. HOTEL CAMINO REAL BAR - ACAPULCO, MEXICO - EVENING

A crowded high-end Acapulco hotel bar. American tourists, Mexican locals and, for a reason we'll soon find out: media, both print and TV. And police. Laughter, gossip, and if you're not too drunk to notice, tension.

ANNA KING, (the woman from the flashback) now early 30s, sits at the bar. She has a LEICA M9 in her hands. It's the modern equivalent of the camera she had before. King (almost everyone calls her this almost always) has the camera umbilicalled to a netbook sporting a mini-satellite dish. She takes a photo of some tourists. It shows up on the laptop. She works on the laptop photo, tweaking it, cropping it, etc.

ONE OF THE TOURISTS from the photo peels off from the group and approaches her. He's a little drunk and a lot male.

TOURIST

You just took a photo of me.

KING

No. I didn't.

TOURIST

(re the photo)

Right there. That's me. Doug Looper.

KING

No. The photo's of those two, the drunk girl and the soldier. Doug Looper's just sorta...in the background.

DOUG LOOPER

You can't just take pictures of people you don't know and...

(MORE)

DOUG LOOPER (CONT'D)
 (re equipment)
 Do whatever you're doing.

KING
 I'm sending them to my photo editor
 at the AP using this satellite
 modem thingy. Hotel wifi's like
 snorkeling in peanut butter.

DOUG LOOPER
 You need our permission to use
 those. Let me buy you a drink and
 we'll sign releases or whatever.

KING
 The bar's a public space. No
 expectation of privacy.
 (re the bartender)
 And I shot Ishmael's wedding. I
 drink for free.

She presses the "SEND" button.

KING (CONT'D)
 But you're right, it's for a story
 about your friends.

DOUG LOOPER
 My friends?

KING
 Well, you, your friends, and the
 like. Americans who vacation in war
 zones.
 (her attention turns)
 Uno momento--

ROBERTO SERRANO, 40s, a Mexican journalist, approaches.

KING (CONT'D)
 Aaah! Roberto! Bienvenides!

ROBERTO
El Rey. Buenos Nochas!

They kiss hello. He slides onto the chair next to her.

KING
 Doug Looper. Roberto Serrano. He
 writes for *El Sol*. How many murders
 you cover this year, Roberto?

ROBERTO
 About a thousand.

KING

A thousand's a lot, Doug. Let's call Acapulco *Kabul* and then see if we're up for a margarita pool-side.

DOUG LOOPER

Cartels don't target Americans. That reporter girl's a fluke. My travel guy told me.

KING

Is your travel guy here? No. He's probably in Nice. Get the hell out of Dodge, Doug. Pass it on.

(leaning in to him)

And don't worry about the photo. I cropped you out.

She turns fully to Roberto, dismissing the dizzy Doug.

A QUICK FLASH-POP: A HELMETED MOTORCYCLIST WITH A HELMETED WOMAN RIDING TANDEM SPEED DOWN AN ACAPULCO STREET.

INT. HOTEL BAR - BACK TO SCENE

Doug Looper's back with his group complaining about King. A bartender delivers a bottle of tequila to King and Roberto.

ROBERTO

I don't know why you keep doing that. They never listen.

KING

It's my civic duty. And it's fun.

ROBERTO

You're a strange woman. Got your message. Que pasa?

(she points to a group of men with camera gear)

CNN's here?

KING

That's que pasa.

ROBERTO

It's about Ellen Waldman?

KING

They heard the Lobos Cartel's agreed to return her.

He looks surprised.

ANOTHER FLASH POP OF THE MOTORCYCLIST AND PASSENGER--

She pours two tequilas. They drink. She pours again.

KING (CONT'D)

Surprised you guys don't have it.
El Sol's been all over the story.

ROBERTO

Unlike you Americans we've got a whole city to cover. Not just one blanca who wandered off the road.

KING

The blanca being...a writer for the New York Times....The road...being her hotel room at four a.m.?

ROBERTO

I was *intemperate*. Lo siento.

They drink another tequila. **And right before King fills them up again she switches the two glasses so she now has Roberto's (unseen by him). It's as fast as a magic trick.**

A tense semi-drunk moment between two "friends." Roberto raises his glass, chooses to forgive. Overlapping:

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

To her safe return--

KING

--I always wondered why she opened her door in the middle of the night--

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

--Como?

KING

--why she would do that--

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL - SAME

THE MOTORCYCLIST FROM THE FLASH-POPS SKIDS TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL. He pulls out A HUGE KNIFE and only now we see his passenger is TIED to his arms with twine. He slices through the twine, freeing her. She drops limply onto the street. Her helmet pops off. *Although we've never seen her, it's ELLEN WALDMAN.* He tosses down A RED DUFFEL BAG next to her and guns the bike out into traffic and disappears. People immediately sense something's happened, begin to notice.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

The bar has a view of the front--we hear people calling out: "It's her!" "Waldman," etc. The journos in the bar grab their gear and run for the street.

Tourists push forward, wanting to see. Roberto leaves the bar, forgetting about King, his own instincts pulling him to the prone figure.

Despite the commotion, King remains a center of alert calm. She quickly takes Roberto's tequila glass and wraps it in a napkin and stuffs it in her camera bag, tucking her gear behind the bar. She grabs her camera and begins snapping photos--it's who she is...One of the first photos she takes is *of Roberto, capturing a very puzzled look on his face...*

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL - SAME

AT THE BODY. People rush to the unconscious woman. Crowding towards her. Roberto pushes through the crowd, King moving slower, more cautious, head on a swivel, taking photos.

A cop's at the body now, a crowd behind him. From King's POV through her viewfinder: the woman's face. Her eyes pale, open. Something very wrong. The view gets obstructed, she moves, refocuses. She finds in her focus: THE RED DUFFEL BAG.

Strange. On instinct she stops moving forward, backs up a beat...Sees Doug and gently pushes him back, protective...

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT FOLLOWED BY AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION--KILLING DOZENS AND RIPPING THROUGH THE HOTEL. King pulls herself from underneath a table. Bleeding, injured. She staggers through the devastation, searching. Finally she finds the object of her search: HER CAMERA. Hugs it to her chest. We cling to the tiniest of things...

FADE TO BLACK

INT. FANCY NEW YORK CITY HOTEL - LOBBY RESTROOM - NIGHT

King stands at the mirror. She pulls up her shirt. HEAVY BANDAGING around her ribs. She tugs at it, adjusting it. Smooths her shirt. She coughs, grabs her ribs. *Serious pain.* She pulls out a bottle of pills and takes two of them.

INT. NYC HOTEL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

King knocks on the door. A MAN opens it. 40s, handsome. PALMER GREER. He smiles big as he sees her.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

King enters. She smiles, taking his hand. A little shaken up.

KING

I'm not ready to talk.

They move to each other's arms. He holds her gently, knows she's injured. They kiss. More passionately now...

KING (CONT'D)

And I'm gonna need to be on top.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - LATER

They make love. She's on top, wearing nothing but bandages.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Post-sex. She's in bed, flipping through her Acapulco photos. She finds one of Roberto Serrano. Holds it up to Palmer.

KING

We heard anything yet?

PALMER

We were right. DNA from Serrano's glass came back. He was in Waldman's room when she was grabbed. Agency thinks he's likely been the Cartel's guy on the paper for years. Guess they didn't care enough to tip him on the bomb.

KING

I'm sure killing him before we could flip him was a nice bonus. I shoulda set the meet in my room.

PALMER

Don't beat yourself up. I know you liked him.

KING

He was a weasel. But a fun drunk.

PALMER

Cartel's issued a statement.

KING

Lemme guess. It's all our fault.

PALMER

It's all our fault. US media, US military--

(reading from a statement)

(MORE)

PALMER (CONT'D)
 "--and all American intelligence organizations operating illegally on sovereign Mexican soil."

KING
 Drug lords talking like revolutionaries and bombing like terrorists. *Viva la freaking Raza.*

PALMER
 We've helped Calderon hit 'em hard the last few years. With their elections coming up I guess they wanted to make a point.

KING
 Yeah. *Mess with our money and we will kill the hell out of you.*

She shakes her head, leans against his hip. Holds his hand.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - MIDDLE OF NIGHT - LATER

They're in bed. She's awake. He senses it and wakes up.

PALMER
 Hey. You okay?

KING
 Yeah. I'm okay.

PALMER
 You're a great liar. Maybe the best. But it's me.

KING
 I'm okay. Ribs are on fire.
 (beat)
 Can't believe they blew it up. They've *never* done that. I'da bet they *couldn't* do that. *We need to track demo experts. Construction-*

PALMER
Baby. We know. You may be the best but you're not the only.

He looks at her. She's not okay. A beat. Big moment:

PALMER (CONT'D)
 I want you to quit.

KING

We've gone through this. What I do is what I do. I'm sorry if you can't handle it anymore--

PALMER

No. Quit quit. The Agency. I'll do it, too. We'll leave together.

(off her look)

I don't want you to do this anymore. Any of it. And I don't want to do it without you.

KING

I know Mexico went sideways. But I'll *be okay*--

PALMER

I have money.

And now she looks up. That's a weird thing to say.

KING

What? What do you mean *money*?

***Note: start intercutting their POV with an observer's POV (visual and audio) through a telephoto lens out the window.*

PALMER

It's enough for anything. Anything we want to do. In my house. Under the stove. It's all there.

She stares at him, confused and concerned.

KING

I don't know what you're saying but I don't like how this sounds.

PALMER

You need to know.

KING

No, I don't. I don't need to know *anything*.

PALMER

You do. For us. I can't have any secrets between us.

KING

NO! PLEASE. NOT NOW. *FOR US*.

She jumps out of bed, moves to a chair.

PALMER

Wait--

KING

Please. It's just--I'm so tired and whatever it is I'm afraid it's something you and I can't turn back from. I know enough. I don't want to know anything else. Not tonight.

PALMER

I'm sorry. Okay. Pretend I didn't say a thing. Come back.

She crosses to him and slides in bed. Moves close.

KING

I'm tired, babe.

PALMER

I know. I'm sorry. Tomorrow.

KING

Tomorrow.

He closes his eyes, foreheads touching...Her eyes are open...

INT. PALMER GREER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The camera creeps in on Palmer's OLD STOVE. Slowly FOUR CIA COMMANDOS ENTER FRAME. Black ninja gear, night vision. They descend on the stove like night...

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - LATER

Palmer sleeps. King sits in a chair watching. She takes a BEAUTIFUL PHOTO of him. She loves this man.

INT. LEO MAXIELL'S OFFICE - CIA - NYC STATION - NIGHT

LEO MAXIELL, 50s, Yalie type, listens to a digital file on his computer. It's Palmer and King...

KING

I'm tired, babe.

PALMER

I know. I'm sorry. Tomorrow.

KING

Tomorrow.

His phone rings. He answers. Listens.

LEO
Okay. Get it all back here ASAP.
(hangs up, dials)
Go.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON: Palmer and King asleep. We pull out: TWO MEN stand over them, quiet as wraiths. King sits up, her instincts sharp. FROM NOWHERE ANOTHER MAN GRABS HER--COVERS HER MOUTH.

AGENT
Agent Greer.

Palmer wakes, stares straight into the muzzles of two guns.

AGENT (CONT'D)
I'm Agent Hansen, sir. From the
Internal Security Office. Please
sit up and place your hands where I
can see them. Slowly.

Palmer takes stock of the situation, sits up slowly. He's a smart man. Looks over at her...heartbreak in his face.

PALMER
Anna.
(beat)
You're the best.

KING
Palmer!

He pulls his hand from under his pillow. He has A PISTOL.
Before anyone can react--BAM! He shoots himself in the head.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ASHER WALLACH'S MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

CIA ANALYST ASHER WALLACH (40s) sleeps. Next to him is his very rich wife CATHERINE (early 40s). Catherine looks like she should've married a Kennedy. Asher's cell rings. He wakes and answers. Hangs up without speaking. His wife stirs.

CATHERINE
Who was that, Ash?

ASHER
Work.

CATHERINE
This early? For *you*? Why?

ASHER
No idea.

INT. LEO MAXIELL'S OFFICE - CIA - NYC STATION - EARLY MORNING

Leo studies a printout. **All around him are flat screens with various news feeds covering the Mexico bombing.** Asher enters.

LEO
Thanks for coming in.
(re printout)
You play fantasy baseball?
(Asher shakes head no)
I'm in a league with a bunch of
guys from NSA. I think there was
some collusion during the draft but
I'm not sure.

ASHER
I'm not sure that falls under
Counterintelligence but...is that
something you want me to look into?

Leo thinks on it a second...as if really considering it...

LEO
No.
(beat)
Palmer Greer shot himself tonight.

ASHER
What? Wow.

Asher sits down in a chair.

LEO

Talk to him recently? You guys came up together.

ASHER

Not in years. Since I moved sections. What happened?

LEO

He'd been stealing. ISO went to pick him up at the Plaza. He had a nine under his pillow.

ASHER

The Plaza? Was he with someone?

LEO

His field op. King. Know her?

ASHER

Only by reputation. She's the Human Intel Specialist.

LEO

Yeah. That's what the pansies and princes at Langley call her but I wouldn't say it out loud again if I were you. She's not ashamed of what she is and you better not be. She sniffs out hypocrisy like a dog. Let's go.

ASHER

Where?

LEO

To sniff and be sniffed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

KING is hooked to a POLYGRAPH by MAY KENT (Asian, 20s). Asher enters, takes a seat behind May against the wall. King looks at him: who are you, buddy? After a beat she turns to May:

KING

Where's Roy?

MAY

Roy?

KING

Roy Benson. He does my polys. Where is he? I like Roy.

MAY

I'm...the one who's here.

She considers making a bigger deal out of it, declines. She's tired, emotionally ragged. But May's all business:

KING

Ok. Let's just get it done.

MAY

Are you currently taking any medication?

KING

Yes. Oxycodone.

MAY

Is that the only one?

KING

Yes.

MAY

What time did you take it today?

KING

About three hours ago.

MAY

Do you normally take oxycodone at two in the morning?

King pauses, slightly irritated. Flicks a look at Asher.

KING

No.

MAY

When do you take it?

KING

I take it *when my broken ribs hurt.*
From when *Mexico blew up on me.*

Now King wants none of this woman or this shit.

MAY

Certain medications can affect the accuracy of the polygraph.

KING

Is that a question? Are you asking me if I know that?

MAY

Yes.

KING

Yes. There should be a Drug Waiver/Notification in the file.

MAY

There's not. I wouldn't be asking you these questions if the Waiver was in the file.

(beat, quietly)

I'm not a bitch.

KING

I didn't say you were.

May raises her eyebrow.

KING (CONT'D)

Is that a question? Are you asking me if I think you're a bitch? *While I'm hooked up to the poly?*

MAY

Yes.

KING

Yes.

(beat)

Can I take this thing off?

MAY

We still need your affirmation for the Incident Report.

KING

The oxy corrupts the poly. You said so yourself.

MAY

I said some medications do. Not that one.

King stares her down. Then Asher. Then back. Deep breath. May pushes a file across the table and opens it to a typed page.

MAY (CONT'D)

True or false I am showing you Incident Report 78397AAK.

KING

True.

MAY

True or false you prepared this report today, May 9th, 2012, detailing incidents of day same?

KING

True.

MAY

Is the report complete, accurate and truthful to your knowledge?

KING

Yes.

MAY

Are you on birth control?

KING

What?

MAY

Are you taking birth control pills? You said the oxycodone was the only medication but sometimes people forget birth control or think it doesn't count. Your file says you've been taking it since...2003.

King looks at her, burning.

KING

That's not part of the affirmation.

MAY

No but it's part of your file.

King's eyes close. She breathes again. Opens.

KING

I stopped.

MAY

When?

She really doesn't want to answer this. Looking at Asher.

KING

Two days ago.

MAY

When you were in the hospital? In Mexico? Is that when you stopped?

KING

Yes. That's when I stopped.

A staredown. Almost casually May switches gears:

MAY

Were you aware Palmer Greer had
stolen from the Agency?

KING

What?

MAY

Do you know what he stole?

KING

What? No. *You read the report!*

MAY

Prior to the events in the report--

KING

No! I told you. No. I was not
aware! I wasn't! I wasn't aware of
anything! ANYTHING!

The woman's done. May unhooks King. Asher stands to go:

KING (CONT'D)

I know who you are. You were his
friend once.

Asher has no answer. Leaves as her eyes burn into his back.

INT. LEO MAXIELL'S OFFICE - SAME

Asher enters, agitated. Leo's been watching on a screen.

ASHER

You should've told me they were in
love.

LEO

He recruited her. He was her CO for
ten years. Love is probably too
easy a word.

ASHER

Is she the reason he stole? He
wanted her to quit?

LEO

Well I'm sure sending her off to screw other men wasn't the best part of his job. But it's more complicated than that.

ASHER

Leo. What is it? What *did* he steal?

LEO

Here we get to the nut of the nut.

Leo hands Asher a file. He opens it. Photos we can't see.

LEO (CONT'D)

Photos of what was under his stove.

Asher holds a photo close to his face. Puzzling over it...

ASHER

Are these...?

LEO

Go ahead and say it. I won't think you're crazy.

ASHER

Are these...GZ? GZ materials?

LEO

You're the expert. But I think so.

Asher can't believe his eyes. Shuts the file. And while we don't know what GZ is, let's just say it's BIG.

ASHER

I need everything he was working on. And her, too.

LEO

So you have concerns about her.

ASHER

I dunno yet. Agents are kinda like fruit. Where some only bruise, others rot. And where some rot, others turn bad *just like that*.

(beat)

And unless you saw a different poly than I did, I think we can agree that even with the most benign interpretation, at the very least Agent King *needs a serious nap*.

INT. CIA LOBBY - LATER

King waits on a bench. She cleans part of her camera with a q-tip. Asher approaches, sits next to her. Awkward.

ASHER

Are they hard to clean? I've never had anything but a point and shoot.

KING

They're good with dust and dirt.
 (beat, while cleaning)
 It's the blood...that can really...
 screw up your focus... ring.
 (gives him a look)
 You told Leo to bench me.

ASHER

I don't tell Leo to do anything.
 I'm just an analyst.

KING

You just analyze.

ASHER

I'm really more of a worrier.

KING

You worried about me?

He thinks, considers his words. Of course he is.

ASHER

I worry about everyone.

Her car arrives. She gets up. As she leaves:

KING

The Mexicans don't bomb. Make sure somebody worries about *that*.

He watches her leave. Does not have a sense of her *at all*.

INT. KING'S LOFT - NIGHT - LATER

King pulls back a door and enters her loft, dumping her bags. Photos are everywhere--some hers, some famous photographers: Danny Lyon, Robert Frank, James Nachtwey, Diane Arbus. Not featured prominently but we should see it: A NUDE SELF-PORTRAIT taken when she was twenty-two.

INT. KING'S LOFT - PHOTOGRAPHY WORK SPACE - MINUTES LATER

She hooks her camera to a computer. Presses a button. A printer buzzes...

INT. KING'S LOFT - SHOWER - LATER

She washes off the night's terrors. Her torso a black band of bruises. She coughs again, it's excruciating. She spits blood at the drain and it disappears down with the water...

INT. KING'S LOFT - BEDROOM AREA - LATER

King's wearing a t-shirt, underwear and wet hair. She sits on her bed with the newly printed photo: it's the one of Palmer sleeping before he got busted. The last peaceful moment. She puts it next to her on the bed as she lays her head down...

INT. DRUG CARTEL TUNNEL - ACAPULCO - NIGHT

A sophisticated drug tunnel on the outskirts of Acapulco. A commando team made up of Mexican Military and U.S. Paramilitary make their way through the tunnel. (*Production note: someone's got a camera on their helmet, taping this. And let's feature one specific American gunman named FINCH.*)

Suddenly shadows emerge from the tunnel! CARTEL GUNMEN! The commandos fight the gunmen, attacking, retreating, attacking retreating...Our commandos overwhelm them.

BANG! The commandos blow the door off of a room which we discover is: AN ENORMOUS WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES CACHE...

INT. NIKKI ALI ART GALLERY - DAY

King enters. Workers prep the gallery for exhibition. The work is subversive, paintings and photography a la Banksy. A MAN directs the hanging of a large piece.

MAN

Not so perfect. Not so perfect.

She passes him and heads to the back of the gallery.

INT. GALLERY BACK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

A HIP AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN, NIKKI ALI, (early 30s) eats a hot dog at her desk. King greets her with a kiss.

KING

There's a cute boy out there
hanging the Watney show.

NIKKI

That is Watney you dork. You wanna
meet him?

KING

You know I don't date artists.

NIKKI

Or anyone else.

KING

Oh Mommy. Let's not start.

Nikki wipes her face and hands, puts on some white gloves.

NIKKI

Then how about we start with...your
Mexico trip. I printed some of what
you sent...

Nikki pulls out a large portrait of a ARMED PARAMILITARY MAN
sitting on a throne made of clear plastic bags of powder.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Is that a *heroin throne*?

KING

Just cocaine.

NIKKI

Oh. Just *cocaine*. You can get those
at IKEA.

Nikki pulls out some other photos--more paramilitary, more
drugs, children working drug fields, etc.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Sweetie this stuff is *off-world*.

KING

That new paper turned out nice.

NIKKI

Nice, yeah, it turned out *nice*.
That's the modifier that comes to
mind when I see drug lords and
their toddler drug mules.

KING
 (re a photo)
 That one girl's at least ten. And
 she just flies the plane.

Nikki cocks her head to her friend:

NIKKI
 I'm not judging, baby. Your ass
profits me. I just worry about you
 sometimes. That thing in Acapulco--

KING
 Nowhere near where I was.

She smiles reassuringly, a warm and completely different
 energy than the one we get from her in her "spy life."

INT. MAIN GALLERY - FEW MINUTES LATER

King heads out. Watney sees her. She gives a killer smile.

WATNEY
 (re her camera)
 That Leica your weapon of choice?
 With that 50 mil on it I always
 think it's a toy.

She detours towards him. As she hands him her camera:

KING
 You know what they say: Anything's
 a toy in the hands of a boy.

He smiles, puts it to his eye and TAKES HER PICTURE. He looks
 at the display image on the back. Re photo (or her?)

WATNEY
 I've done better.

KING
 I'll take your word for it.

She takes back the camera and walks out the door. *Kills him.*

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

King walks the street, chasing an Oxy with an orange soda. As
 she stops to swallow she sees she's in front of a HOMELESS
 MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR.

He has a sign around his neck: "VETERAN OF THE DESERT." She crouches in front of him, looks into his eyes. TAKES HIS PHOTO. When she stands he discovers she's put HER OXY BOTTLE in his lap.

KING
Take two with food.

A thought occurs...pulls forty bucks from her pocket for him.

KING (CONT'D)
Take food.

And off she goes. She hasn't made it a few steps when she sees: MAY KENT at an outdoor cafe, finishing lunch with a good-looking guy around her age. Huh. That's...serendipitous. SNAPS A PHOTO OF THEM...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

King *now following* May and Boyfriend. They're oblivious. They stop and kiss good-bye, requiring King to pirouette around them. May and Boyfriend part, and May continues down the street. But King's now six feet *in front of her*. Slick. King looks back, deliberately letting May see her. May's stunned; infuriated, she moves to King:

MAY
What the hell--

But just as she's about to launch in, King grabs her by the arm and SHOVES HER through a door into a CHINESE RESTAURANT.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Leo stands in front of multiple plasma screens displaying IMAGES FROM THE TUNNEL RAID and WEAPONS CACHE. Asher enters.

LEO
One of our teams busted up a Cartel tunnel outside Acapulco. Langley thinks it's our bombmaker's office. Lot of high end gear. State wants to go public with a big win.

Asher nods, just looking at the screens. Walks up, gets close. He's a studious, grinding sort.

LEO (CONT'D)
Questions, comments, random little thinking noises?

ASHER

Well, I understand *why* the Cartel blew the hotel. It's classic terror strategy. I just don't know *how*.

LEO

How?

ASHER

There's a thousand ways a bomb can go wrong and only one way it can go right. You only get one chance.

(Leo nods, go on)

And from what I've been told...*the Cartels don't bomb*. At least, they haven't before. So they don't have the institutional knowledge. It's important.

(beat)

They had to hire somebody. A really good somebody.

Leo smiles. He's already reached that conclusion.

ASHER (CONT'D)

And you already knew this. And you're gonna find him. And...that's why you called me in here.

LEO

I'm the boss. I don't find people. But I find people who find people.

ASHER

Leo. I'm not an op guy. And I'm just now digging into Palmer's files and the GZ material--

LEO

Palmer was Mexico. There is no Palmer anymore. You wanna understand him? Do his job. Be Palmer. But without all the stealing and the screwing and the bullet-eating.

(off Asher's look)

This is me coping with grief and failure. Deal with it.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

King and May sit in a back booth. A waitress appears and King talks to her in Mandarin. The woman nods and heads off.

KING

I got you tea since you already had that turkey sandwich.

MAY

You're spying on me and Brian?

KING

If that's your boyfriend's name, yes.

MAY

I should walk out of here and report you.

The waitress returns with a pot of tea and a noodle dish for King. She pours May some tea and slides the cup to her.

KING

So walk out.

May considers the door and the tea. Big decision...Chooses the tea. Sips. It's an agreement to stay.

MAY

I can't talk about your poly.

KING

Does Brian know where you work?

MAY

What's it to you?

KING

Curious. If you lie to him.

May thinks on it before answering. This woman has a way...

MAY

I told him I write grant applications freelance.

KING

But you could tell him the truth. You're not in the field.

(off May, realizing)

Oohhh. You want to be.

MAY

Is that why we're here? I took your secret and now you want mine?

KING

These aren't secrets. Secrets we
buy. Secrets we sell. Steal.
Secrets are commodities.

(touches May's chest)

But what's *in here* isn't secret,
it's *personal*. And what's *personal*
is *private*.

King's hand slips behind her neck and pulls her close:

KING (CONT'D)

*And what is private is NOT TO BE
TAKEN. NOT FROM ME.* That's why
we're here.

(beat, re noodles)

Box 'em up if you want them.

King puts cash down. Rises to go. *May's ballsy curiosity:*

MAY

Why *did* you stop taking the pill?
You sleep with men as part of your
job. It's a relevant question.

King stops. Returns. Leans in. Whispers in her ear, intimate:

KING

I sleep with women, too.

(starts to go, stops)

Brian's gonna cheat on you.

May's dumbstruck. King's phone buzzes. She checks it.

KING (CONT'D)

Gotta go. *Secrets.*

King gets up and strides out, leaving May at a loss...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ASHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Asher's office is a DISASTER. PALMER'S FILES all over the floor, stuff leaned against the walls, etc. Also note: A HALF-BURNED FILE CABINET in the back corner. Asher's at his desk: CLOSE-UP ON A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BEARER BOND. Asher pulls it from a plastic sleeve. Brings it to his face. *Smells it...*

A noise. King's in his doorway. Asher puts away the bond. Did she see him smelling it? Her sly smile seems to indicate so.

KING

That's mine. I shot that.

She points to A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH leaning on the wall: it's the one from the flashback at the beginning of the pilot.

KING (CONT'D)

Palmer bought it at an art show to benefit 9/11 families. It's where we met. Where he recruited me.

ASHER

I know. I was in the Middle East section with him then. He paid a lot to have it custom framed. Look, we got off on the wrong foot--

KING

Did we? You investigate spies. I was screwing my CO and he was dirty. You *heard* my poly. And somehow I got benched.

ASHER

Leo wants you back in.

KING

But just Leo.

ASHER

The ground's changed in Mexico.

KING

That sounds too logical to be true--

ASHER

--I'm your new case officer--

KING

--*And it is.* No offense, but when's the last time you worked the field? In real time? With someone like me?

ASHER

Is this the part where I say, "There is no one like you?"

KING

No, this is the part where you say you're not just a paranoid who *sniffs* evidence and keeps his burned up furniture from the World Trade Center Seven office.

Asher looks back at the burnt cabinet. A big beat here.

ASHER

The reporter. Ellen Waldman.

KING

Dead. I was there. What of her?

ASHER

The piece she did in the Times about Lebanese Hezbollah helping the Cartels build drug tunnels in exchange for using their smuggling routes across the border. Is it why she was taken?

KING

No. Hezbollah's built tunnels into Israel for decades. A few of them run Afghan heroin through Mexico. No real connection. She was taken because she was the perfect person to take. A symbol. A red cape.

ASHER

Okay. But what if she was half right? What if Hezbollah was helping the Cartel? What if they're bringing another expertise the Cartel doesn't have?

Her mind is working. She's sharp. She's probably there:

KING

That would be very bad.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - LATER

Screens show A LIVE FEED of Mexican and American agents poring over the weapons/bombmaking room. King sits at a table with Asher. Leo paces around. She's studying STILL PHOTOS from the cache, occasionally glancing up at the monitors, cross-referencing visually. Asher over her to Leo:

ASHER

They drop the duffel with Waldman.
She's bait. People run to her.
Device detonates, kills the
responders. Hezbollah's been
running that game for years in
Israel. But it's not easy. And we
haven't found any RF triggers.

KING

(to herself-ish)
There's a trigger.

LEO

Here's what would be fun for Leo:
an alternate theory that doesn't
include a Muslim terrorist blowing
up Americans to barter his way into
El Paso.

King holds a photo of a RED BOOK buried on the bombmaker's worktable. Declares:

KING

It's not Hezbollah. And there *is* a
trigger.
(re live feed)
Can I talk to them?

Leo has a TECH push a speaker phone to her. ON THE LIVE FEED:
A CIA INVESTIGATOR looks into the camera.

KING (CONT'D)

Can you grab that red book from the
workbench? The one that looks like
a Bible?

LIVE FEED: The Investigator retrieves the book.

LEO

What is it?

KING

A Bible. Otherwise known as *not* a
Koran.

ASHER

Doesn't have to be the bomber's.
There's lots of Cartel soldiers in
and out of there--

KING

Yeahhh...Most Muslim bombmakers I
know are *totally* cool with co-
workers leaving the Word of Christ
right there next to the Semtex.
(re live feed)
Could you open it? Any page.

The Agent opens it for camera. It's in a foreign language.

LEO

Is that Gaelic?

KING

It's a Maynooth. First Gaelic bible
approved by the Irish Church.
Famous. This ones a special edition-
the gilt is real gold flake. See
where it's worn? Gold's too soft. I
got one for a friend once.

LEO

Our guy's Irish? IRA?

KING

Real IRA, ex-IRA. A merc. Something
nasty like that.

ASHER

You can't eliminate Hezbollah
based on a book.

KING

Not a book. A Bible.
(beat)
And don't forget the trigger.

King slides them a photo. It's a close up of automatic
weapons lined up on the wall. She's circled something: AN OLD
FASHIONED BOLT ACTION RIFLE. Asher studies it.

KING (CONT'D)

The British used to jam the Irish
radio frequencies. So IRA snipers
started detonating the bombs by
shooting them. They'd leave these
rifles at the scene. To taunt them.

KING (CONT'D)

I heard a gunshot when the bomb went off. Thought it was a car backfire. I need to go to Boston.

(off their looks)

The Archdiocese there. That's who commissioned the Bible. They used them for fundraising.

(beat)

I've got a guy there. He hates me, but I'll make it work.

LEO

Whattya think, Agent? You're the case officer. It's your decision. You wanna put her back in the field?

ASHER

No, I don't. It's too soon.

LEO

Yeah, that's why it's not really your decision.

(to King)

Bring me back a Red Sox hat.

KING

(to Asher)

What size are you? Extra-cautious?

Cute. She pirouettes and strides out, a bounce to her.

ASHER

Sometimes I'm amazed you're in a position of authority.

LEO

I don't know why I said that.

(beat)

I hate the Red Sox.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS - BOSTON - NIGHT

The Mother Church of the Boston Archdiocese. BISHOP FRANCIS MCKEE, (50s) speaks to staff. He notices KING standing a distance away. Eye contact. She heads to the confessional.

INT. THE CONFESSIONAL - MINUTES LATER

Bishop McKee enters. King is already on her side. Tension.

BISHOP MCKEE

I told you last time I never wanted to see you here again.

KING

Sorry. I forgot. Wait. No, I didn't forget. I don't care.

(beat)

That's a heckuva cross you've got around your neck, Francis. You could probably crucify Jesus again if you had to.

BISHOP MCKEE

I was ordained as Bishop two years ago. But you knew that. And I know you've got your reasons but don't pretend to be cruder than you are.

KING

Pretending is what I do. You know that as well as anybody.

He burns, hates her guts.

BISHOP MCKEE

Tell me what you want.

KING

There's a parishioner. He's probably late 40s, 50s. Irish but with an American passport. Travels a lot. Has one of your Maynooths.

BISHOP MCKEE

There's five thousand men in the diocese who fit that description.

KING

He's ex-IRA. And not a bumper sticker sympathizer like you, Francis. A real one. A man.

He shakes his head: can't or won't answer. She pulls back the screen, leaning her head into his space.

KING (CONT'D)

I know you know who I'm talking about. You're picturing him right now. *Don't screw with me, Francis.*

He hesitates. SHE TAKES HIS PICTURE. Stares through him.

BISHOP MCKEE

The sanctity of the confessional is inviolable. I'd never betray your confidence. No matter who you are.

KING

And--?

BISHOP MCKEE

And on this *I* need the same.

KING

It'll never come back to you.

The Bishop thinks on it a beat, removes pen and paper.

BISHOP MCKEE

This is the name I know him by. If he's somebody else that's for you to find out.

Writes a name. Gives it to her. He gets up to go--

KING

I'd like to make a confession.

He stops. Glares back at her. Makes a gesture: go for it.

KING (CONT'D)

I once slept with a priest. He thought I was a prostitute. He asked me to do *surprising* things. Am I going to hell?

BISHOP MCKEE

If I have to drag you there myself.

He turns and leaves her there. She shrugs. Seems fair.

EXT. CHURCH - BOSTON/INT. ASHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - I/C

King walking from the church, downloads to Asher at home.

KING

Name's Terence Wright. Sent you the address. I can be there in ten.

ASHER

Better you were at the airport in thirty. A local team'll follow up.

KING

Maybe I'll call Leo.

ASHER

Maybe you don't act like my fifteen
year old daughter.

King hangs up on him. Walks a few angry strides. Calls back:

KING

What did Palmer steal?

That throws him. He hesitates ever so slightly. Covers:

ASHER

What people always steal. Money.

KING

And that's it?

ASHER

It was a lot of money.

KING

Huh. Okay.

Does she believe him? Do we?

ASHER

There's something you should know.
The Mexican police got a tip on a
Lebanese national. Omid Hosseini.
Rich kid living in a mansion
outside of Acapulco. His family
owns a construction firm in Beirut.

KING

Save him a beating. He didn't do it-

ASHER

The father's company built Al-
Manar, Hezbollah's tv station. The
kid used to work for his dad demo-
ing apartments.

KING

He. Didn't. Do. It.

ASHER

Maybe the Bible's a wood duck.

KING

Or Hosseini's a wood duck.

ASHER

If he is, we'll find out.

KING
Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

ASHER
Get on the plane, King.

She hangs up. He shakes his head. She's...challenging.

INT. CAB - MOVING - BOSTON - NIGHT - LATER

King runs her finger over her lip. Fresh blood in her mouth.

KING
Screw this. Take a right.

EXT. TERENCE WRIGHT'S HOUSE - SOUTH END, BOSTON - NIGHT

TWO CIA OPERATIVES, BLOOM and SAWCROSS wearing DWP gear, pick the lock on the front of a modest South End house. Enter.

INT. DWP VAN/CIA SURVEILLANCE - SAME - INTERCUT

FRANKLIN, a SURVEILLANCE TECH monitors them. Screens show the agents' POVs as they enter (cameras on their helmets). Bloom and Sawcross start sweeping the house quickly and quietly. They're very expert. The house is pin-clean.

INSIDE THE VAN the back door swings open and KING JUMPS IN. Franklin *grabs for a gun* but King gets to it first, rips the headphones and mic from his head.

KING
Easy. No need for a Raven call. I'm cleared for Apple 25 Indigo.

FRANKLIN
Someone could've told me.

KING
Yeah, *management*. There's a reason they're there and we're here.

INT. TERENCE WRIGHT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bloom and Sawcross searching each cabinet, checking the fridge, etc. Pulling out the garbage can...

INSIDE THE VAN King and Franklin watch. It's tense. Suddenly a PHONE RINGS, startling them both. It's hers. She answers.

KING
Hello?

VOICE
Hey. It's Watney. From the gallery?

KING
Watney?

WATNEY
From Nikki's gallery? She gave me
your number. Hope it's okay.

IN THE HOUSE Bloom's moved INTO THE HALL. Sawcross digs in
the trash. He pulls out AN ECONOMY BOX OF CONDOMS. Joking:

SAWCROSS
That is a *big* box of condoms.

The condom box is on the monitor. King sees it in her
peripheral. Distracted by Watney's call.

KING (IN PHONE)
No, it's fine. I'm just kinda busy.

WATNEY
That's cool. I'm sorry--

Sawcross discards the box. Bloom goes to the BASEMENT DOOR.

KING (IN PHONE)
No, don't worry--

WATNEY
I just wanted to invite you to the
open of my show next week--

Bloom turns the knob on the basement door. CLICK. Opens it...

KING
Wait? What?

WATNEY
My show.

IN THE BASEMENT hidden from view: A SWITCH IS TRIPPED. A
SMALL METAL ROD swings down on a bottle of acid wrapped in a
condom, breaking the bottle inside the condom. The acid
begins eating through the condom, dripping onto A WIRE...A
WIRE ATTACHED TO A BOMB...

KING
(to Franklin)
Did you say condoms?

WATNEY
I did *not* say condoms.

KING
Condoms! Condoms!

FRANKLIN
There's an empty box--

WATNEY
Okay, condoms, condoms--

She hangs up on him. Sees Sawcross headed down the stairs.

KING
Get them out!

FRANKLIN
What! Why?

KING
Irish freaking Catholic IRA--birth control-There's a bomb, that's why!
(grabbing his mic)
Get out! Raven!

BLOOM/SAWCROSS
Franklin who the hell is that--

She tears ass out of the van, running INTO THE HOUSE.

KING
Raven! Raven! Now! Out!

They're slow to react, but this crazy bitch isn't. Sawcross runs up the stairs. King pulls at him while pushing Bloom--

EXT./INT. TERENCE WRIGHT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

King crazily border-collies the two men out of the house just as BOOM! A FIREBALL FROM THE BASEMENT BLOWS UP THE STAIRS AND FWOOM! ENVELOPS THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

The force of the explosion sends them flying onto the lawn...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NYC CIA - ELEVATOR - MORNING

King enters the elevator. She's worn down, ribs bothering her. She straightens up as May slips in next to her. Awkward.

KING
You going up to twelve?

MAY
No. Just ten.

KING
Oh. Right.

You're not one of us, May. After a few floors of silence:

KING (CONT'D)
You had sex with Brian last night.

May looks at her--clearly the answer is yes...but...*jesus*.

KING (CONT'D)
I hope not because of anything I said.

Now May won't look at her at all. The doors open and May heads out as fast as she can. As she goes:

KING (CONT'D)
But if that *is* the case...you're not a bad person just because you had a reason.

May looks like she's going to say something just as the doors shut. King leans against the wall, pleased but pained.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

King enters as a briefing begins. On the screen we see a blow-up of TERENCE WRIGHT'S MASS. DRIVER'S LICENSE. Next to it, a mugshot of the same person from the late 70s. A nervous Asher leads the briefing. Leo stands aside, wearing a Red Sox hat.

ASHER
We believe Terence Wright is actually Michael O'Shea. Sniper, demolitions expert, and one of the leaders of the IRA bombing campaigns during the late seventies.

ASHER (CONT'D)

In 1981 Mr. O'Shea was captured by the British and reported killed in the Maze Prison Escape of 1983. It's been known for some time that a handful of escapees were smuggled to the States and given new identities. But those men have been caught, repatriated or killed. Michael O'Shea was *never* thought to be one of them. He has been, until today, dead and buried in a Belfast cemetery. He is, *as of today*, alive and well and possibly selling his expertise to the Lobos Cartel. If our theory is correct, we should assume they're neither his first client nor his last.

LEO

And, if our theory is correct, he's got thirty years of intelligence about those clients locked up in that stubborn Irish head of his.

(beat)

I. Want. It. The intelligence, that is. And then the head.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM/HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The briefing breaks up. Asher leaves, King catches up.

KING

In theory? Possibly? Tell that to what's left of the South End of Boston.

ASHER

We're chasing him, okay? Doesn't mean we have to marry the guy.

KING

But you've got some Lebanese kid locked up in a box in Mexico based on what? A profile?

ASHER

A profile first put forth by you. To Palmer. At the hotel that night.

(off her look)

Yes. I listened to the tape. It's horrible. And if I haven't said sorry before, I'm sorry.

(MORE)

ASHER (CONT'D)

But it's more than a profile on Omid Hosseini now.

(beat)

They found two hundred and fifty pounds of uncut cocaine locked in a panic room at his house. Langley thinks it could be payment.

KING

He's a drug dealer. Not a terrorist.

ASHER

Trust me. *Everyone* wants it to be that simple. Especially the entire Middle East section of the State department.

KING

It is simple. Occam's razor.

ASHER

Occam's razor can still slit your throat if you hold it the wrong way.

She tilts her head at him, an owl. A beguiling owl.

KING

You're mad I didn't get you a hat.

ASHER

My wife's on a board with Derek Jeter. She'd rather find me with another woman than a Red Sox hat.

(off her look)

It's a turn of phrase.

KING

Not even close. It's okay if you're unhappy at home. Most men are.

He stops and looks at her. Angry but controlled.

ASHER

You screwed up going to Wright's house. You did exactly what I asked you not to do and you screwed up.

KING

Those agents'd be dead.

ASHER

Yep. But you wouldn't.

KING

I'm not.

ASHER

In a parallel universe where you make that decision an infinite number of times, you're dead a lot more than you're alive. That's the math.

Before she can respond Leo arrives, still wearing Sox cap.

LEO

Boys and girls, madames and monsieurs. The game is afoot.

INT. LEO MAXIELL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Leo, Asher and King.

LEO

A man matching O'Shea's description boarded a plane from Sinaloa to Houston two nights ago. There were flights to Ireland out of that airport.

King looks at Asher: HA! Marry this, buddy.

ASHER

Can he go to ground there?

LEO

He can hide in plain sight. We've a better chance finding the bones of St. Patrick in a peat bog than a Northern Irishman who'd give up Michael O'Shea.

KING

I've got one who'll do it. Not willingly or knowingly but definitely. Or at least, maybe.

LEO

Your man in Belfast.

KING

It sounds so espionage-y when you say it that way. But him.

(to Asher)

Local Sinn Fein in Belfast. Ex-IRA.

ASHER

And she's our best choice?

LEO

She's pretty much our only choice.

KING

I like it better when we call she
the best choice.

Asher shakes his head, exasperated. Leo clocks it.

LEO

You're mad you didn't get a hat.

KING

Do *not* talk about the hat.

LEO

Go talk to Support about your gear.
You're on the next flight.

KING

What about Hosseini?

LEO

Hosseini's not your problem.
Getting confirmation on Michael
O'Shea is your problem.

KING

Don't you worry. I may not have
launched a thousand ships, but I've
saved a few from sinking.

She walks out. If we look close, we can see her wince from
her rib injury. Not that she lets anyone else see...

ASHER

You indulge her, Leo.

LEO

I indulge talent.

ASHER

That talent saw twenty people die
and then stopped taking her birth
control. And you know more than I
what that talent's *true talent is*.
We can't pretend that didn't
happen.

LEO

She doesn't act like she wants out.

ASHER

That's the problem. I don't know what she wants. And if there's one thing I've learned hunting moles for ten years, it's that if you don't know what they want, you don't know what they want.

LEO

Have you always been like this or did we turn you this way?

ASHER

You turned me this way.

LEO

I'm sorry, son.

ASHER

S'alright. I'm used to it.

ESTABLISHING - EUROPA HOTEL - BELFAST, IRELAND - EVENING

A city barely making its way in the steady rain of the recession. Still, the romance of Ireland bleeds through.

INT. EUROPA HOTEL - BELFAST - EVENING

CLOSE UP: King lies on the bed, propped on her elbows. She dials her cell phone. We INTERCUT:

INT. SEAN MCDEVITT'S HOME - BELFAST - EVENING

SEAN MCDEVITT, 50s, Big, Liam Neeson-y type, sits in his living room reading. HIS CELL PHONE rings. He answers:

SEAN MCDEVITT

This is Sean.

KING (VO)

Hey Irish.

Sean sits up, his eyes flick to the other room where we presume his wife is located. NOTE: We haven't heard King like this. There's a warmth and sexiness that disarms...

SEAN MCDEVITT

This is a surprise--

KING

Catch you at a bad time?

SEAN MCDEVITT
Alana's making a roast.

KING
I'm in for two days. Shooting the Murals for Time. I'm at the Europa. Can you get away? Tonight?

SEAN MCDEVITT
Tonight?

KING
Yeah, *tonight*. It's that time between not touching me today and not touching me tomorrow.

Oh. *Jesus*.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I'll endeavour to do.

She hangs up. He shuts his phone, his mind churning.

INT. EUROPA HOTEL - BELFAST - SAME

We WIDEN OUT and see King on a bed covered in SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. She struggles painfully up from the bed with a small device and heads to the TV. She slides the bug into the back and fastens it there. TURNS IT ON...WE MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - SAME - INTERCUT

A B&W IMAGE OF KING STARING INTO A WIDE ANGLE LENS.

PULL OUT and find Leo and Asher (and techies) watching the monitors as King moves around the room installing bugs, etc.

ASHER
She's like Cindy Lou Who decorating the tree. If Cindy had a Glock.

LEO
That's a weird reference for a Jew...or...anybody.

May Kent enters the room. Approaches them. She's uneasy...

MAY
You wanted to see me?
(sees monitor)
Am I cleared for that?

Leo "knights" her with a file folder.

LEO
Mazel Tov.

BACK IN THE EUROPA--King puts a tiny earwig into her ear. Flips the switch on a small device, bringing the whole room ONLINE. She claps twice. The clap SOUNDS in the sit room.

LEO (CONT'D)
Eyes and ears.

KING
Aces.

Without warning King pulls her shirt off revealing her bra and bandaged ribs--shocking Asher and May. She unwraps the ribs. We see how bruised they are--a reminder of Mexico...

KING (CONT'D)
I'll be in the tub.

She pulls off her bra just as she EXITS FRAME.

LEO
We will never invent an
intelligence gathering technology
more ruthless and efficient than
the ass of a woman willing to use
it. Who wants pizza?

Asher and May glance at each other: gonna be a bumpy ride...

INT. SITUATION ROOM/EUROPA HOTEL/MONITORS - LATER

In the background on the monitors: King lies fully clothed on the bed, post-bath, reading a magazine. Relaxed, oblivious.

NYC is tense. A table of half-eaten pizzas. Asher reads a Palmer file. May sits down next to him, forages for a slice.

MAY
(re monitors)
You're married. What would your
wife think of all this?

ASHER
My wife's father is Lyman Lincoln.
Old Deputy Director.

MAY
So she gets the job.

ASHER

(re King)

I don't know if she'd get *that* job.

MAY

Sure she would.

(re King or herself)

Believe me, girls have sex for lots of reasons.

(or his wife)

Don't take anything from that.

(beat)

I dunno why I'm here. She hates me.

ASHER

Leo probably thinks it's funny.

A KNOCK ON KING'S DOOR. The scene is now alive from many POVS: in the hotel room, on the monitors, and on our NYC people. Intercut it however gets you most excited.

King moves from the bed to the door while the Sit Room crew rushes over to the monitors. Right before she opens door:

KING

(to them quietly)

Just know for the next bit I'll be picturing all of you naked.

With that she *removes the earwig from her ear* and pockets it, effectively cutting herself off from anything outside of what's in front of her. THE DOOR OPENS: *Sean McDevitt*.

KING (CONT'D)

You endeavoured to do. And you did.

SEAN MCDEVITT

I did. I always do.

They embrace. She kisses him well. Escorts him in.

KING

Missed you. You want a drink?

SEAN MCDEVITT

Alana'd look strangeways at me if I came back dry.

She begins fixing a drink. He sits on the bed.

KING

How is Alana?

SEAN MCDEVITT

She fell in love with a
fishmonger's boy, married a
soldier, and grows old with a
councilman. She's in clover.

She clinks drinks with him. Kisses him gentle. Re him:

KING

Four leaf.

IN THE SIT ROOM: Asher and May watch, rapt. This isn't a King
they've ever seen. But it doesn't feel "fake."

ASHER

I could almost believe her.

MAY

(transfixed)

You should. *She* does.

King looks Sean in the eyes. Smiles.

KING

Small talk, small talk, flirty
repartee. And now the big move...

A deep kiss. She switches the light off, the room dim but the
video equipment sees them clearly. She straddles him. They
undress. *This echoes Palmer/King and Asher/Catherine...*

IN THE SIT ROOM our people know what's about to happen. Their
reactions differ: Leo is bemused, blase. Asher tries to
remain cool but it's awkward. May is, frankly, entranced...

King and Sean have sex. We see what we can see, but what's
implied may be more powerful than what's shown. We also focus
closely on: Asher and May. This is Their First Time. We
follow everybody through climax.

INT. EUROPA HOTEL - KING'S ROOM/SIT ROOM - LATER - I/C

King and Sean post-coital. Face to face. IN THE SIT ROOM the
agents sit breathless, as well.

SEAN MCDEVITT

I want to see you tomorrow.

KING

You're seeing me now.

SEAN MCDEVITT

You know what I mean.

KING

I'm shooting the Falls Road.

SEAN MCDEVITT

Martyrdom. Our local export. Not that it brings us in a pound.

King sits up, turns on the light. From his angle he sees **her entire torso is bruised black and blue.**

SEAN MCDEVITT (CONT'D)

Jesus *Mary*. What happened to you?

KING

Accident. I'm all right. Looks worse than it is.

He takes her by the shoulders. IN THE SIT ROOM they watch her flawless performance...She "reluctantly" shares:

KING (CONT'D)

Acapulco? The reporter? I was shooting the kidnapping for the AP.

SEAN MCDEVITT

You were at that hotel?

She puts up her palms, tries to be strong. Whattya gonna do?

SEAN MCDEVITT (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

She shrugs, again, as if trying to be brave but failing.

KING

There was a man, a friend. A reporter from the local paper. I'd invited him there for a drink. Talk shop...we'd heard the Cartel was going to return her...And then...

She tries to control her emotions. IN THE SIT ROOM they lean forward, forgetting it's a performance. Is it a performance?

KING (CONT'D)

They dropped her, and this...big red bag. I took a picture. People rushed forward to help her. My friend went, too. I hung back...I took a picture...

(more emotional)

There was a gunshot and then...it all...I saw people, my friend, just...pieces...I'm sorry.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)
I promised myself I wouldn't talk
to you about this.

MAY AND ASHER: they see she's laying a trap for him in her
details. She covers her face, upset. He watches her closely:

SEAN MCDEVITT
When you say *gunshot*...that's a
strange thing to remember.

KING
I dunno...I think they shot the
bag...the bomb.

She stands up and pulls away from him. Wrapping herself in a
sheet and sitting in a chair. As if it's too much to bear:

KING (CONT'D)
Who cares, Sean! Who cares.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I care.
(fierce, protective)
I've seen what you've seen.

THE SIT ROOM: stunned. Can't tell what's real and what's not.

MAY
No. Please. More.

Sean moves to King, pulling her up into a hug. She faces the
camera, his back to it. And then we see in one of her hands
HIS CELL PHONE. For just a second her eyes go over his
shoulder and straight into the lens--staring right at May and
Asher and deep into the souls of *all of us*.

On this most powerful and intimate moment we

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

SURVEILLANCE MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS

WE ARE OUT OF FOCUS. The snatches of conversation are played IN VOICE OVER as the image resolves slowly...

SEAN MCDEVITT (VO)
I need to talk to you.

MICHAEL O'SHEA (VO)
--so talk--

SEAN MCDEVITT (VO)
--face to face...you're here, yes?

MICHAEL O'SHEA (VO)
--at the Trough--

--THE PHOTO RESOLVES: **MICHAEL O'SHEA** entering a bar called the **Horse & Trough**.

--**NYC STREET**: Leo walks a busy Manhattan street. He arrives at THE BRITISH EMBASSY. Enter.

SEAN MCDEVITT (VO)
--it was you with the Mexicans--

MICHAEL O'SHEA (VO)
None of your goddamn business--

--A SECOND PHOTO: **A CLOSE UP OF O'SHEA** as he steps inside...

SEAN MCDEVITT
--world's a different place now--

MICHAEL O'SHEA
--I don't see it like that--

--**AT THE CIA**: Asher, staring at King's 9/11 photo...

SEAN MCDEVITT
--diggin' our way out--

MICHAEL O'SHEA
*Digging a hole's more like it.
Kissin' the arse of Empire.*

--**AT THE CIA**: May, watching the Europa hotel sex tape...

SEAN MCDEVITT
*Don't try and sell the revolution
to me, Mikey O'Shea. I still see
your Ma and Da on Sundays!*

(MORE)

SEAN MCDEVITT (CONT'D)
*That's money and murder down there
 that you did--*

MICHAEL O'SHEA
Go to hell, Sean.

--FINAL PHOTO: **O'SHEA EXITING THE BAR. NO DOUBT IT'S HIM.**

--WE END IN BELFAST: KING taking this picture.

INT. THE BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

VARIOUS PHOTOS ON A TABLE: O'Shea in Belfast, his Mass. driver's license, mugshot, Bible, rifle, etc. All the evidence. Leo sits across from DAVID DARBY, BRITISH MI-5.

DARBY
 I'm sorry to say Mr. Maxiell but that could be anybody. Actually, let me rephrase. That could be anybody except Michael O'Shea. He's been dead thirty years.

LEO
 So you say.

DARBY
 Because it's so.

LEO
 MI-5 is confident, then.

DARBY
 We are, sir.

LEO
 Fair enough. I'm gonna pick him up.

DARBY
 Excuse me?

LEO
 If he's not Michael O'Shea, citizen of the Kingdom and IRA mercenary, then he's Terence Wright, citizen of Boston, Massachusetts and a total whack job who killed twenty-seven people.
 (standing)
 Sorry I bothered you--

DARBY
 Leo.

LEO

David.

How pregnant is the pause? About six centimeters dilated...

DARBY

I need to make a call.

LEO

Of course you do.

DARBY

But I warn you. I don't think
you're going to be pleased.

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD - BELFAST - EVENING

Famous for its dramatic MURALS of the Irish Struggles. King
photographs one. This isn't just her "cover," she loves it.

Sean arrives. They don't embrace; stay professional in
public. Re the mural:

SEAN MCDEVITT

The Belfast Lord Mayor refers to
our murals as, "the colors inside
us pushing back against the
greyness that's imposed upon us."

She TAKES A PHOTO of him with the mural behind him.

KING

That doesn't sound like a man who's
bought into the Peace.

SEAN MCDEVITT

It can be a hard sell. Peace hasn't
brought us much. Cost us dearly.
For some it's been too much.

KING

(talking about herself)
Some people'd be lost without a
cause. True believers are hard to
change.

SEAN MCDEVITT

Some do, but not always for the
better.

KING

You've done all right.

SEAN MCDEVITT

I don't know. I've lost track of
the sum of my ledger.

He smiles at her. Wants to tell her what he knows. But before
he can make that decision, HER PHONE RINGS. She steps away.

KING

Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH LEO'S OFFICE - LEO AND ASHER - ON SPEAKER

LEO

We have a problem. O'Shea. We can't
touch him. He works for the Brits.
He always has.

KING

What? Always? Who, MI-5?

LEO

He informs on the radicalized
pockets of IRA still out there. In
exchange they let him make his
money as he will.

She turns away from Sean so he can't hear how pissed she is.

KING

*He is the radicalized pocket of the
IRA still out there. He's training
our enemies! He's...killing us.*

LEO

I did suggest to MI-5 they were
grossly overpaying for the service.

ASHER

They want to know our source. They
want Sean.

LEO

We told them to suck it.

She looks back at Sean, he's contemplating a mural.

KING

They'll figure it's him eventually.

ASHER

I would.

(beat)

He'll give you up.

(MORE)

ASHER (CONT'D)

He won't even know he's done it and it'll be done. We can't let that happen to you...It's bad math, King.

Asher may be new to the case officer thing *but he understands how the game is played*. King looks at Sean, pained.

ASHER (CONT'D)

Come home. We'll take care of Sean.

KING

You have someone here?

ASHER

Just come home.

KING

(beat, considering)

What happened to the kid. Hosseini.

ASHER

What does that have to do with anything?

KING

I wanna know.

Leo and Asher exchange a look. Leo gestures: go ahead.

ASHER

He's dead. A Cartel hit man cut his throat two hours after we handed him over to the Mexicans. Like you said, he was just a drug dealer. But he was dealing without their blessing. They've been waiting for him to leave his compound for months so they could take him out.

Sean turns to her, smiles. She tries to smile back...

LEO

Whether they just got lucky or this was all part of a plan, we're still working out. Obviously nothing would please the Cartel more than the US government picking a fight with Hezbollah and taking its eye off of them. It's potentially a pretty deep op on their part.

They wait for her to respond. She focuses on Sean. Finally:

KING
Thanks for telling me.
(beat)
I'll be on the next plane.

She hangs up. Asher and Leo look at each other.

LEO
So is she telling the truth?

WE REVEAL MAY has been sitting in the corner of the room,
listening to the whole conversation.

MAY
You're kidding, right?

Leo starts making another call...

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD - BELFAST - SAME

King approaches Sean. She's not gonna leave this man hanging
in the wind. Whispers in his ear.

KING
I want to go for a drive.

She looks past him down the road: A MAN WATCHES THEM. ***Note:
this is FINCH, the commando from the Mexico tunnel raid.*

INT. SEAN'S CAR - ROAD OUTSIDE OF BELFAST - MAGIC HOUR

Sean and King drive in silence. She reaches out her hand for
his, holding it. True tenderness. She glances in her rear-
view: FINCH follows in a sedan 300 meters back...

INT. LEO MAXIELL'S OFFICE - SAME

Leo and Asher. Waiting.

LEO
Should we stop her?

ASHER
From doing what?

LEO
I have no idea.

ASHER
Exactly.

They return to waiting. Note: May's in the hall for this:

ASHER (CONT'D)

Palmer's stolen bonds are from the vault that was on Northwest Six. It's the only GZ material we've ever recovered from there.

LEO

Huh. Is that good or bad news?

ASHER

That vault had the most Level Ten Clearance documents in the building. I thought it'd all been destroyed. Now...anything's possible now.

LEO

Meaning?

ASHER

Meaning anything could be anywhere.

LEO

I don't like spending time with you.

ASHER

I get that.

THEY HEAR OVER LEO'S OFFICE SPEAKERS:

KING

Here. Pull over here.

They sit up, at attention. Call May back in. Note: everything King and Sean say to each other is heard in NYC...

EXT. BELFAST WOODS - EVENING

Sean's car is parked along the roadside. Sean and King walk hand and hand down a forest path. King's eyes are subtly back and forth--somewhere out there *Finch is following them...*

SEAN MCDEVITT

I love these woods. My Da brought me here when I was wee. He taught me how to shoot just over there.

KING

I know. You told me.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I did? I don't remember that.

KING
It was a long time ago. We drove
past here on the way to that inn?

SEAN MCDEVITT
Aah. Where you gave me the Bible.
That was a day. One of my best.

KING
Mine, too.

INT. LEO MAXIELL'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Leo, Asher and May. ON A MONITOR: they're watching Sean and
King through a video feed from FINCH'S NIGHT VISION SCOPE.

BACK IN THE WOODS

King stops Sean in a clearing. Deep in the forest. Night.

KING
Sean. I need to talk to you.

SEAN MCDEVITT
What is it, love?

KING
A secret. About Mexico.
(he tenses)
I wasn't there to take pictures.
That's not my job. Not completely.
I work for the United States
Government. For the Central
Intelligence Agency.

BACK AT LEO'S OFFICE: She did NOT say that.

BACK IN THE WOODS: Equally stunned is Sean:

SEAN MCDEVITT
What in the hell--

KING
--did you know that on 9/11 the CIA
offices were in World Trade Center
Building Seven? Most people don't.
I didn't. That's how they found me.
At Ground Zero. Taking pictures. I
was in art school.
(more emotional)
(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

The man who recruited me asked me what I would do to stop it from happening again. It's a *trick* question... A *bad question*. Because there's only one way to answer when it's asked like that. And it can lead you to do...almost anything.

(beat, composing herself)

And that's what I said. That I'd do almost anything. And that's what I do, Sean. Almost anything.

(re the two of them)

Including this.

SEAN MCDEVITT

What are you talking about?

KING

I'm talking about Michael O'Shea.

It all hits him. Both of them emotional:

SEAN MCDEVITT

O'Shea? You've been listening--?

KING

I'm sorry--

SEAN MCDEVITT

And watching--?

KING

I'm sorry--

SEAN MCDEVITT

From the *beginning*?

KING

You know dangerous people, Sean. Not everybody changes--

SEAN MCDEVITT

(stepping to her)

You're a *whore*.

BACK AT CIA: they see the big man close in on her.

LEO

Finch. Ready on my count--

THE SCOPE NODS IN THE AFFIRMATIVE...

ASHER

NO! Let her do it, Leo. Whatever it is, she needs to do it. Or we could lose her.

Leo thinks a beat, nods.

LEO

Stand down, Finch.

BACK IN THE WOODS: THE SCOPE RELAXES. King moves towards Sean, undaunted by his anger. Hands on his chest.

KING

I need you to hear me. Please. Whatever I've done, whatever reasons I've done them...you need to know that for me...the things between us are real. *They're real. I feel them.* You may think that's sick, or screwed up, or that you'll never believe another word I tell you, but I can only say that when I've been with you, I've been with you. I love you.

(beat)

Michael O'Shea works for the British. He always has. They know what he is. What he knows. And they're protecting him. Which means they're gonna come for you and then they're gonna come for me. My government can't let that happen. Do you get that? I need to bring you in, Sean. Come with me.

SEAN MCDEVITT

You want me to work for you? You're trying to turn me out *like a trick*. Is there nothing your country won't do to get what she wants?

KING

What *I* want...is to help you.

SEAN MCDEVITT

Help me what? Betray the ones I love? I never want help doing that.

KING

Please.

SEAN MCDEVITT

Mo Chroi Briste...Good-bye--

BANG! King pulls a gun out shoots him in the heart. Dead.

AT THE CIA: They watch in shock as Finch's scope runs in...

IN THE WOODS: King wipes off the gun, puts it in his hand.

KING
 (leaning in)
 I don't betray the ones I love. I
 love the ones I betray.

She pulls his cell from his pocket. Kisses his lips. There's blood there. We don't know if it's his or hers. She wipes it off. The loss is *real for her*. Calls out into the woods:

KING (CONT'D)
 Finch. I'm gonna need a ride.

He arrives, gives her a warm look. He's a sympathetic sniper and she the opposite of a cold-blooded killer...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CIA

King hooked to the polygraph. May across, signing a form. Asher attending. This is aftermath, pro forma.

ASHER
 So. Are we done here?

May nods, turns to King. Hasn't unhooked her. A pause, then:

MAY
 What was it he said to you? In
 Irish? Right at the end...?

KING
 You mean...before I killed him.
 (King considers, answers)
Mo Chroi Briste. It's what the
 Irish boys call their Protestant
 girlfriends. It means heartbreaker.
 Because your heart is split...
 between your country and your love.

King smiles. This phrase pretty much sums up her entire life. May nods, goes to unhook King. As she reaches for King, King grabs May's hands. Firm but gentle. Sharing a secret:

KING (CONT'D)
 I don't know why I stopped taking
 my pill. I just...don't know.
 (beat)
 I lost track of myself a little.
 (MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

It's what happens here. Do you understand me? It's what happens.

(beat)

Sometimes you shoot the picture.
Sometimes the picture shoots you.

King lets May go. A quiet moment. May has one more:

MAY

Do you really think Brian'll cheat?

KING

(sad smile, to Asher/May)

I think anybody'll cheat, sweetie.

And we have NO idea if King's bringing May closer to help her or just to neutralize her--King's that clever and deep...

INT. ASHER'S OFFICE - LATER

Asher's grinding away at his desk. King enters.

ASHER

Mexico Section wants to debrief you when you're up to it. If the Cartel really was trying to draw us into a Middle East thing it's going to require them to rethink our entire approach down there. More asset development, deeper covers, more resources. Needless to say, they're very excited by the prospect. I kinda think they just wanna buy you a beer. So that's a win.

KING

I love any debrief I can drink.

ASHER

Leo transferred May out of Poly and into Ops as part of our new team. Did you have a hand in that? As your now-official case officer I feel like it's only fair I know.

She gives sly smile. *Of course she did.* He nods, *she's good.* Then King hands him a folder, regarding her 9/11 photo:

KING

It's fair you know this: These are the old proof sheets for my photo. I shot it on film. Check the alt I've circled.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

The recovery workers on a break.
Without masks. It's you and Palmer.
At Ground Zero.

(re his burnt cabinet)

You were recovering Agency
documents from Building Seven.

ASHER

I was in charge of the team. We
call them GZ materials. A million
pieces of paper, two hundred
computers, hard drives,
photographs, everything. All...

He makes a gesture: *into the wind*.

KING

A guy could go crazy being in
charge of looking for all that.

ASHER

A guy could. It's a job that never
ends. At least not yet.

KING

What did Palmer steal?

ASHER

I told you. It was money.
(she stares him down)
Bearer bonds. About 1.2 Million.
From Ground Zero.

KING

When I came in you were smelling
one of them. It was jet fuel.
(he nods, she's good)
Do you think there's more out there
somewhere? That he stole more?

ASHER

Maybe. The bonds are nothing. There
were five thousand classified
documents in that vault worth more
to the right buyer.

KING

And you thought I was involved.

ASHER

I thought I didn't know you at all.

KING

And now? Do you know me?

ASHER

Not really. Enough to know you'd never do what Palmer did...And enough to know you were in on the sting at the hotel. Leo didn't tell me. After I saw you with Sean, I knew. The mic was under your bandages, right?

A FLASHBACK: *King adjusting her bandage in the hotel lobby restroom. We now see her securing a mic wire inside.*

BACK TO PRESENT: King's turn to be impressed.

KING

Sometimes love's just your end of the rope. You wanna know what it's tied to. Palmer was a lot more and a lot less than I thought.

They sit quietly. Their eyes turn to KING'S PHOTO. Suddenly they grab it, turning it around. They tear at the backing paper. Frantic. Revealing...NOTHING BUT FRAME. They exchange looks--Officer and Asset. *Bonded*. Share a moment. And then:

ASHER

Not everybody cheats, you know.

KING

Congratulations. Better hope that doesn't catch on.

She pulls out A PACK OF BIRTH CONTROL PILLS.

KING (CONT'D)

It'll put us outta business.

She pops the pill in her mouth and swallows it.

EXT. BELFAST BAR - BACK ALLEY - EARLY MORNING

Foggy morning. MICHAEL O'SHEA staggers out of the exit, drunk and hangover. A MEXICAN MAN steps from behind a dumpster.

MAN

Senor O'Shea?

MICHAEL O'SHEA

What of ya?

MAN

The Cartel says muchas gracias.

The MAN shoots O'Shea with a silenced round to the head...

AND WE'RE DONE...

EXCEPT WE'RE NOT...

WE RETURN TO A VERSION OF OUR OPENING: MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS, MASKS, DIGGING THROUGH WRECKAGE OF AN EXPLOSION.

TWO MEN are struggling to pull a large FIRE-PROOF SAFE from underneath a fallen wall. They finally get it out. Motion for another man in a mask to come over. As that masked man crosses the wreckage we realize WE ARE NOT AT GROUND ZERO. Instead, we are at the DESTROYED BASEMENT OF TERENCE WRIGHT/MICHAEL O'SHEA'S BOSTON HOUSE.

The man leans down in front of the safe. The door's been blown partially open. The workers yank it open all the way. OUT OF IT FALLS THIRTY YEARS OF MICHAEL O'SHEA'S FILES.

The man in front of the safe pulls down his mask:

Leo smiles.

AND NOW WE'RE DONE.