

CLASS OF '09

EPISODE ONE

"Bird with a broken wing"

DRAFT

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Written

by

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INT. ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. RECREATION ROOM. DAY. **PAST.**

In the corner of the recreation room of a low-security asylum is an eclectic reading group. A range of patients, young and old, black and white, skeletal-thin and heavy-set -- all men.

A young psychiatric nurse is reading from a collection of obscure fairytales. Her patients have experienced the toughest of lives yet in this moment they're at peace.

The nurse is Amy Poet. Twenty eight years old. An otherworldly quality to her. We sense that these patients are soothed as much by her as by the story.

POET

"There once was a poor fisherman
who lived with his wife by the sea.
Their home was made from driftwood,
their clothes were rags and they
had nothing to eat. One day the
fisherman sat on the beach, hoping
his luck would change. In that
moment he caught a magnificent fish
with dazzling rainbow colored
scales. A fish like this would
fetch a record price at the market.
As he removed the hook the fish
spoke to him --"

The patients often interject during the storytelling. These interjections are encouraged, part of the process:

PATIENT ONE

The fish talks?

POET

It does. "And it said: '*Pray let me
live! I'm not a fish. I'm an
enchanted prince. And I do not wish
to die.*' So the fisherman
apologized, saying he didn't
realize the fish was a prince and
duly returned it to the ocean --"

This causes outrage among the hardened audience. A heavy-set patient shakes his head and remarks:

PATIENT TWO

I would've sold that fish and I
don't care what it had to say for
itself.

PATIENT ONE

You would've eaten it more like.

POET

"Arriving home his wife was so mad
at him --"

PATIENT THREE

I'll bet she was.

POET

"She told him that he was a fool
for putting it back --"

The facility administrator arrives and touches Poet's
shoulder, interrupting with a whisper:

ADMINISTRATOR

The FBI are here.
They want to talk to you.

Surprised, Poet pauses from her story, glancing over her
shoulder at two sturdy Special Agents at the door. Both men.

Not expecting them, her instinct is to jump up, a sense that
she or her family must be in trouble, that she's done
something wrong. She's about to stand when --

The patients are disturbed by the FBI as a presence. They all
have their own traumatic experience with law enforcement. One
man's legs start quivering. Another stands up.

PATIENT TWO

They come for me? I won't go.

POET

No. They're not here for you.

Poet reaches out and puts a calming hand on one of her
patients' arms. With an effort she asks her supervisor:

POET (CONT'D)

Can I finish the story?

ADMINISTRATOR

Seriously?

She nods at her administrator -- yes, seriously.

INT. ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY. **PAST.**

The Agents are waiting. Patients regard them with suspicion.
Poet exits the communal room, book in hand.

POET

I'm sorry. If I don't get to the end, they get upset. And they can stay upset for days.

She's expecting to be told off but the more mature agent diffuses the tension. He indicates the book.

OLDER FBI AGENT

May I?

Poet hands him the book: he's genuinely interested.

POET

How can I help?

INT. ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. HOLDING ROOM. DAY. **PAST.**

A padded cell. Set up by the Agents for an interview. A table -- three chairs. Poet enters, reacting to this space. Oppressive. Scary. She examines the case file on the table.

The two agents stand opposite. Poet studies photographs of three young men. Their brutalized bodies found in wasteland. She's doesn't recoil from the horrific images.

The older agent presents a photograph of the suspect in his forties. Alpha & granite. Dead eyes.

OLDER FBI AGENT

The suspect.
His brother is a patient here.

And then a photo of a younger fragile man: a patient.

YOUNGER FBI AGENT

We're told you're close to him.

POET

His name is Alfie.
You spoke to him already?

YOUNG FBI AGENT

Tried to.

POET

In here?

OLDER FBI AGENT

He started screaming.

POET

Growing up his father beat him.
He was hospitalized.
The police never intervened.
He never recovered.

YOUNG FBI AGENT

Nor did his brother, it seems.

POET

The only person Alfie's ever hurt
is himself.

OLDER FBI AGENT

Could you talk to him?

POET

What do you think he could know?
His brother's never visited.

OLDER FBI AGENT

On the run sometimes people come
back to their past.

YOUNG FBI AGENT

It's probably a waste of time.

These men dress the same but they're not cut from the same
cloth. The older agent is sensitive and smart.

POET

I'll do it. But not in here.

EXT. ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. GARDENS. POND. DAY. **PAST.**

Alfie seated by the pond. He's a frail, damaged man. In an
asylum for his own protection.

Poet scoops up a small frog. And delicately places it on top
of Alfie's hand. He's serene, staring at the frog.

POET

Why do you never talk about your
family?

Alfie's body chemistry changes. A tension pulses through his
body. The frog jumps off. Poet considers.

EXT. ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. GARDENS. EVENING. **PAST.**

Many hours later, sunlight fading, Poet returns to the two
Special Agents. They're drinking coffee. She sits with them.

POET

His dad didn't beat him.
His brother did.

YOUNG FBI AGENT

But the police records --

POET

The records are wrong. His dad covered it up. Alfie woke one night with his brother's hands around his neck. He's sure he would've been killed if his dad hadn't interrupted. He's scared. He's always been scared. That one day his brother will come for him. That there's something unfinished between them. I think you're right.

OLDER FBI AGENT

About what?

POET

Keeping an eye on this place.

OLDER FBI AGENT

Thank you.

INT. ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. PHARMACY ROOM. EVENING. **PAST.**

Poet on her own, searching library-like shelves of endless white pill bottles. A monotone room. To her surprise the older FBI Agent enters. This time he's alone. For a horrible moment she thinks he might ask for her number.

OLDER FBI AGENT

I'm pretty sure I know the answer.
But have you ever thought about
joining the FBI?

Stunned silence: Poet has *never* considered it.

POET

I haven't, no.

OLDER FBI AGENT

We're trying to bring in different
kinds of people.
People outside of law enforcement.

POET

I'm flattered, I am. But --

OLDER FBI AGENT

I know you're great at your job.
I wouldn't be asking otherwise.
Will you think about it?

POET

With respect -- I don't know how to
think about it.

OLDER FBI AGENT

See it as a chance to stop people
being harmed rather than helping
them afterwards.

POET

Do you believe that?

OLDER FBI AGENT

I do.

POET

Why me?

OLDER FBI AGENT

Not many people are as good with
the darkness as they are with the
light.

He offers his card. After a beat, Poet takes it.

OLDER FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

I'd be honored to be the Agent
sponsoring your application.

The Agent leaves. Poet's left alone with the endless rows of
white pill bottles, studying the embossed logo of the FBI.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD. REMOTE LUXURY HOUSE. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

The year is 2041. A star-filled sky. A magnificent and remote
house. A gated billionaire's castle.

INT. REMOTE LUXURY HOUSE. SURVEILLANCE ROOM. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Amos Garcia: a Cuban-born man in his sixties with a dissident
soul and an oligarch's wealth. A vision of Howard Hughes'
reclusive insanity. Unkept hair. Bloodshot eyes. Paranoid.

An extraordinary spherical room. A wrap-around screen crowded
with thousands of images. In the centre is an elegant
interface. At which he sits. His wealth is tech-related. A
hermit living inside a data brain.

Now we notice the screens are full of footage of one person: Amy Poet. Images from her career as an Agent. Surveillance footage. Agent Interviews. He's obsessed with her.

We see images from across her life's career: in her thirties, her forties. All playing at the same time.

The computer suddenly switches -- showing FBI Agents in the driveway of his house. Amos is not surprised. The details of his arrest warrant flow across the screen. He's being arrested for tax evasion. Financial crimes. White collar.

The lead arresting Special Agent is Amy Poet.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. REMOTE RESIDENCE. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Amy Poet, now in her early fifties, a senior FBI Agent, but still a case Agent. Some of her ethereal quality has been layered with the plaque-deposits of a life in law.

She and the other Special Agents are at the gate, waiting. She looks at her colleagues. She doesn't seem to have a strong connection to them. They're younger than her.

The gate slides open. There's no one there. No one greets them. Poet looks to the other agents.

They draw their weapons. She doesn't. They enter. Poet assesses this castle-like property.

An FBI drone is overhead, following them, watching.

INT. REMOTE RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Poet moves through the house with the other agents. It was once luxurious but is now long neglected. No staff, no cleaning, dust and decay. Insects and weeds.

A wild desert fox walks through. Surprised by human company, it darts off. This house has turned feral.

Poet is truly amazed: she moves forward. An automated door opens beside her. As though enticing her. She enters --

INT. REMOTE RESIDENCE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Poet enters a corridor and before the other agents can join her the door closes behind her.

She's sealed off from the others. They can't reach her. She takes out her communication system. It's jammed.

And then the door at the end of the corridor opens, beckoning her. She draws her gun, moves forward.

INT. REMOTE RESIDENCE. SURVEILLANCE ROOM. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

As Poet enters the automated door slams shut behind her. Poet is cut off. Amos is waiting. Her gun is raised.

AMOS
Don't be afraid.

POET
I'm not afraid.

And now she notices across all the screens images from her career. *Her entire life story.* Including images of the Special Agent who recruited her.

AMOS
Isn't that why you joined the FBI?
They made you feel afraid. Those
two agents. In the hospital.

Poet registers his level of knowledge. She also considers whether he's insane.

POET
Open the door, Amos.

AMOS
How does it make you feel now?
Your institution?
You're afraid, again? Aren't you?

POET
Amos, I'm here to arrest you.
You understand that, right?

AMOS
You're here because I arranged for
you to be here. I had you assigned
to my case.

Poet does now think he's mad. She talks to him as she might have once spoken to her patients.

POET
Why would you have done that?

AMOS
To prove that you're the puppet of
a justice system you no longer
understand. Or control.

INT. REMOTE RESIDENCE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

The FBI agents trapped outside the room are assessing the sealed door. They step back and fire their weapons but the pulse shots glance off, blasting into the living room, shattering a Ming dynasty vase.

FBI AGENT
Get the kit.

An Agent runs off.

INT. REMOTE RESIDENCE. SURVEILLANCE ROOM. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Poet listening to Amos, her gun still trained on him. On screen the information from her life continues to flow.

Behind them a molten blast starts melting through the door. The FBI are cutting their way in: a future FBI kit.

AMOS
I was born in Cuba. Under the rule
of a dictator. My parents moved to
this country to be free. I will not
die in jail. On trumped-up charges.
At the hands of a tyrant I helped
create.

POET
Why don't you open the doors --

AMOS
I don't know you.
But I'm right about you.

POET
What are you right about?

AMOS
That you're going to bring about
the end of the FBI.

A huge glob of molten steel slips to the floor. Poet turns to assess the breach. In a few seconds they'll be inside. When she turns back Amos is holding a gun to his own head.

POET
Amos! Listen to me --

He shoots himself in the head. A clean pulse burn straight through his brain. No blood. Poet is stunned.

Behind her, the door collapses in a heap of molten metal. And the Agents enter. They check on Amos. Poet is shaken.

She looks to the screens -- they've gone black, the whole system is shutting down. As if it were synchronized with Amos's own existence. The room turns dark aside from the lingering glow of the molten steel.

EXT. REMOTE RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Poet outside. Officers and medics going back and forth. A senior FBI Agent approaches Poet, puts a hand on her arm.

SENIOR FBI OFFICER
What did he say in there?

And Poet to her own amazement feels uncertain how to answer.

POET
That he was innocent.

The officer can sense she's withholding something but doesn't understand why. Poet looks up -- the FBI drone is overhead.

INT. DC. POET'S HOME. STUDY. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Poet returns home, entering a study devoted to the FBI. First edition books, diplomas, framed photos from her career.

She reaches up, touching the left side of her face behind her ear. She presses hard on her skin. There's a click. And a geometric fault line appears on her cheek. And now she removes a portion of her face as if detaching a Venetian masque. Except it seemed so real. Synthetic skin.

A portion of Poet's face has been replaced with surgical bone substitute: an elegant hybrid-porcelain-plastic interwoven with original bone and flesh.

Poet's left eye is a camera, a computer -- technology far beyond anything we have today. Something beautiful, like liquid sapphire. She puts the synthetic face down.

And now she glances at her FBI New Agent Graduation photo on the wall -- from the year 2009. She takes it down.

Eighteen men and women in their twenties and thirties, standing together with two FBI teachers. A classic graduation class photo. Hopes & dreams. Close on Poet from 2009.

INT./EXT. POET'S CAR / I95 FREEWAY. DAY. **PAST.**

The year is 2009.

Amy Poet driving, twenty nine years old. A map crumpled on the passenger seat. Music is playing. She's been on a cross-country drive to get here. She sees the turn-off to Quantico.

INT./EXT. POET'S CAR / RUSSELL ROAD. MARINE BASE. DAY. **PAST.**

Poet driving down the narrow approach road. And now she sees, up ahead, through the trees, her first glimpse of the iconic Quantico. She slows the car, to remember this moment.

She's broken out of her thoughts by a startling noise -- a car has pulled up behind her, honking the horn, reprimanding her. Embarrassed, she continues hoping the other car will drive off. But it follows close behind.

EXT. QUANTICO. CAR PARK. DAY. **PAST.**

Poet parks and steps out, watching with dismay as the car she was blocking parks right beside her.

The driver steps out. He's Flynn, thirty five years old, with swagger and authority, dressed in casual clothes -- as is Poet. He looks her over, peers into the car.

FLYNN

Can't stop like that.

POET

I'm sorry -- who are you?

FLYNN

I'm guessing I'm one of your classmates. Why? You think I look too old.

POET

I'm Amy Poet.
Everyone calls me Poet.

She offers her hand. Flynn doesn't yet shake it.

FLYNN

Do you know where handshakes come from, Poet?

POET

Handshakes?

FLYNN

They're a way of showing a stranger
that you're not carrying a dagger.

He offers his hand. She takes a beat. They shake.

POET

I'm not sure you've entirely
convinced me.

FLYNN

I'm Flynn. I'm a cop. Or I was.

POET

Well you pulled me over so that
makes sense.

FLYNN

Old habits, I suppose.
Salt Lake City for fourteen years.
How about you?

POET

I was a nurse.

Beat.

FLYNN

That's a fine profession.

Flynn moves to get his bags, whistling. Poet stands there,
for a beat, then collects her own weathered-canvas baggage.

INT. QUANTICO. LOBBY. DAY. **PAST.**

An imposing wall mosaic: "Federal Bureau Of Investigation".
With the motto: "Fidelity Bravery Integrity". Poet enters and
studies the logo of the FBI. From the card to the real thing.

Flynn joins her, gently goading.

FLYNN

Is your heart about to burst with
pride?

POET

You get nervous around new people,
don't you? You try to be funny and
somehow it ends up obnoxious.

FLYNN

I think we're going to have one of those friendships that starts out really bad and gets really good.

EXT. BOONE LAKE. FORMER LAKE HOUSE. FLYNN'S HOUSE. **FUTURE.**

Poet's electric car pulls into the drive of a lavish lake house. Once a multi-million dollar property with a jetty.

But Boone Lake is gone. It's dry. Cracked mud. Desert-like. Still surrounded by lake houses except there's no water. Out on the dry lake there are the husks of stranded boats.

And Flynn, now in his late fifties, approaches, with his dogs. Retired FBI agents keep in great shape.

He was expecting Poet. And the two hug fondly. It's been a long time. His wife joins them, also giving Poet a hug.

EXT. BOONE LAKE. FLYNN'S HOUSE. VERANDAH. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Poet, Flynn and his wife eating lunch. Overlooking the lake.

FLYNN

We got the lake house.
We just didn't get the lake.

FLYNN'S WIFE

We'd never have been able to afford it if the water was still here.

FLYNN

This place used to be owned by bankers and brokers.

FLYNN'S WIFE

Now our neighbors are teachers and nurses.

FLYNN

Retired FBI agents.

POET

Why did you retire early?

The energy of the lunch transforms. It's tense. Poet is amazed by this reaction -- they're afraid.

EXT. BOONE LAKE. DAY. **FUTURE**

Flynn and Poet walking the dogs. They climb down the steps from the jetty to the dry bed. The dogs run off the lead.

Flynn's wife isn't with them. She watches, for a beat, from the terrace, she knows something is wrong too.

Flynn looks to Poet, waiting for her to speak. But she wants to get further out -- more isolated.

POET

Let's walk a little.

Poet walks out into the dry lake. Flynn follows.

EXT. BOONE LAKE. STRANDED BOAT. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Flynn and Poet have reached the middle of the dry lake. Truly isolated. There's a stranded rusted pleasure boat.

FLYNN

When I asked to retire they suggested I teach at Quantico. I tried for a time. But training has changed. It's down from five months to six weeks. Core components only. How to fight. How to shoot. They claimed it was to get the trainees into the field faster which would help with the recruitment issues --

POET

When we joined there were eighty thousand people applying for six hundred places --

FLYNN

Who'd want to be an Agent today? They don't investigate anymore. They're dispatched. They're told what to do, how to do it.

Poet is stung by this observation but she agrees.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I know you stuck with it.
But it's gone, Poet.
The Bureau we knew. It's over.
And I couldn't stay. It broke my heart to see what he's done.

POET

Some of the new recruits must have
felt like we did?

FLYNN

They were the ones that got cut.
There are automated appraisals.
No appeal.

Poet climbs up onto the rusting hulk of the ship. After a
beat, Flynn follows.

Poet stands like the captain of this stranded boat. Flynn
joins her. Flynn knows what's coming.

POET

How many people do you trust?

FLYNN

You're one of them.

POET

What would you say if I told you I
was going to launch an
investigation into the Director of
the FBI?

FLYNN

Plenty of folk reckon he's become
the most powerful person in the
country.

POET

They'd be right.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. QUANTICO. POET'S ROOM. DAY. **PAST.**

Poet enters a dormitory room. Two single beds. Like a student room at college. The view is Virginia woodland.

She studies the other trainee's bed. Already messed up with personal items. Clothes scattered and chaotic.

Poet hears a noise from the adjacent bathroom: she moves to the door. She knocks. No reply. She pushes on the door.

INT. QUANTICO. POET'S ROOM. BATHROOM. DAY. **PAST.**

Poet enters, seeing a young woman sitting on the floor, her back against the bathtub.

Twenty seven years old, Iranian heritage -- she's Hour Nazari. Her energy is artistic, volatile and brilliant. She looks up at Poet and without a word of introduction declares:

HOUR
I shouldn't be here.

Sincere and sad. Poet feels she shouldn't be here either.

POET
Why do you say that?

Perhaps to conceal the depth of her concerns, Hour points to something trivial: two doors that lead into the bathroom.

HOUR
Four of us share this bathroom.
The FBI calls us "suite-mates".
As in we're "en-suite".
And we're "mates".

POET
Okay...

HOUR
I can't be in a place that calls
people "suite-mates".

POET
Is this really about the doors?

Hour looks at Poet and instinctively knows she doesn't feel she should be here either.

HOUR

I have twelve dollars and fifty cents left. I spent the last of my money on the flight here. Because I thought if I could make it to the Academy it would all be okay. A place to sleep. Our food paid for.

POET

That's all true.

HOUR

We have to buy our own uniforms. Polo shirt. Tactical pants. Regulation gym shorts. An FBI rain jacket. An FBI keyring. When you add it up -- three hundred and fourteen dollars.

POET

I'm not sure about the keyring but I'm pretty sure we're given --

HOUR

They don't even give us coat hangers.

POET

Coat hangers?

HOUR

Not a single one.

INT. QUANTICO. POET'S ROOM. DAY. **PAST.**

Hour and Poet staring into the empty balsa wood wardrobe. Not a coat hanger to be seen.

HOUR

I can't go to our induction class the only person without a uniform explaining why I don't even have the money to buy a pair of pants.

POET

I am sure they give us a uniform. If they don't I'll buy yours.

HOUR

I wasn't asking you to --

POET

I know you weren't.

HOUR

I believe in signs. This is one.
I shouldn't be here.

And this isn't about money or uniforms or coat hangers. This is something deeper. She doesn't belong in this institution.

POET

I need you to stay.

Silence. Poet really means it. Hour is deeply impacted.

HOUR

You don't know me.

POET

No. But I will.

INT. QUANTICO. JEFFERSON BUILDING. FBI SHOP. DAY. **PAST.**

The FBI shop is like a lackluster airport duty free. Bad lighting. A range of FBI clothes. And accessories. Including coat hangers. A special offer on FBI leather key rings. Poet and Hour arrive at the monolithic rack of blue FBI tops.

INT. QUANTICO. FBI SHOP. DAY. **PAST.**

At the back are changing rooms. Poet and Hour step out of their cubicles wearing trainee uniforms for the first time.

They assess their appearance in the mirror. The uniforms are basic. But this is momentous. Hour is emotional. Poet is too. They're happy to share this with each other. And we know -- *we are sure* -- that they're going to be friends for life.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA. FRANKFORD. MAIN STREET. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

A police patrol car driving fast.

Dirty ice heaped on the sides of the street. A deprived area: a gap-toothed main street of pawn shops.

The present tense strand is the winter of 2019.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR / MAIN STREET. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Ten years after Quantico: Poet is a patrol officer. We don't know how she ended up here but it feels jarring. This shouldn't be her career. What the hell has happened?

She's driving. Her male partner seated beside her. He's a murky figure. Not a match for her. Not at all.

She's driving fast, a great driver. The radio crackles with communications. They're responding to an emergency call.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA. FRANKFORD. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet parks outside a rundown block of apartments. She and her partner leave the car, hurrying in.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. APARTMENT BLOCK. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Residents smoking in the corridors slink out of the way as Poet and her partner hurry up the stairs. The police are loathed in this building. And feared. Poet sensitive to that.

They enter onto a corridor. Her partner draws his weapon. Poet does not. She waves for loitering occupants to retreat into their apartments. Which they do. Doors shut and bolted.

At Apartment 27, on the second floor, her partner knocks. An African American man in his thirties opens up.

He's surprised to see the police.

POET'S PARTNER

We have reports of gunfire. Coming from inside this apartment.

The man's reaction is curious. Not typical. He considers, as if translating this explanation. Then opens the door wide.

APARTMENT OWNER

No gunfire here, "officer".

He says "officer" with weight, as though he actually knows Poet's partner. She's sensing all of this and is unsettled. Poet still hasn't drawn her gun. But something is off.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. APARTMENT 27. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet and her partner enter. Conditions inside the apartment are basic but clean. A television is on. Loud.

APARTMENT OWNER

Maybe it was the television?

Poet glances at the screen. It's a colorful family game show. Poet's partner turns to her.

POET'S PARTNER
Check the back.

Poet assesses the dynamic between the two men. It's as if they know each other. More than that, it's as if they're communicating silently. And they want her out the way.

Reluctant, she moves into the hallway.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. APARTMENT 27. HALLWAY. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Alone, Poet moves down the hallway, passing an empty bathroom. She arrives at a closed door at the end.

Her hand moves close to her gun. She enters --

INT. PHILADELPHIA. APARTMENT 27. BEDROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet enters a child's bedroom. Covered with toys. A nice room, not a room of neglect. A young boy sits on the floor, playing with his soft toys. He looks up at Poet.

She crouches down, smiles.

POET
Hey.

The sound of a gunshot. For real. She draws her gun.

POET (CONT'D)
Under the bed. Don't move.

Poet stands, exits, shutting the door behind her.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. APARTMENT 27. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet returns to the main room, gun raised, to find her partner standing with his own gun drawn and pointed.

The suspect is on the floor, shot in the torso, still alive, but critically injured. There's a handgun near him.

Poet moves forward, kicking away the handgun, and tries to help him -- radioing it in.

POET (ON RADIO)
Code Three. Shots fired. Emergency
medical assistance required.

She lays him flat, ripping open his shirt, performing first aid, assessing the wound, bleeding heavily. His mouth full of blood. She's a trained nurse. But it's hopeless.

He's looking up, at the ceiling, the life draining out of him. An awful thing to witness. She notices that he's holding her hand as if they were family.

And now Poet turns to see the little boy at the door, watching his father die.

Her partner holsters his gun. Poet looks at him. He holds her look. He doesn't explain. Doesn't say a word.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. DISTRICT. SHOWER ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet in the showers. A solitary & melancholy figure.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. DISTRICT. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet changing into civilian clothes. Two female officers also dressed in civilian clothes sit down beside her. Not for support. She's being collected. Poet understands.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA. POLICE BAR. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet with her two colleagues. Her breath icy in the air. She takes a look at this dive bar.

An isolated location. Surrounded by an empty carpark. A neon sign blinking above a snow-covered roof.

We follow Poet as she enters --

INT. POLICE SALON BAR. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet enters with her two colleagues. A bar so overwhelmingly dominated by off duty police it feels like a private venue. A sense of solidarity. A tightly knit family.

There are puddles of darkness and light. A pool table. Conversations in shadows. An older female officer sings karaoke in the corner, an obscure sad song, which she sings really well - no one paying any attention to her.

At the centre of this police-family is Chief Wylie: in his late forties, white, a charismatic figure. Ambiguous and appealing, he presides over this group with paternal care.

He carefully observes Poet.

INT. POLICE SALON BAR. SIDE ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet enters a much smaller and darker room with Wylie and his closest men, physically intimidating, crammed together. The door is closed. No way out. She takes a seat.

One of the men runs a portable metal detector over Poet. It beeps on her ankle. She's wearing a small backup gun. They take it off her and hand it to Wylie, who looks at it.

He places it down. His men nod: she's clean.

CAPTAIN WYLIE

What did you hear about this department? Before you joined?

POET

I heard it was corrupt.

He likes her bluntness. She presents as an "open book".

CAPTAIN WYLIE

Yet here you are.

POET

I needed the job.

CAPTAIN WYLIE

Why's that?

POET

Life didn't turn out the way I expected.

Wylie pours them both a drink.

CAPTAIN WYLIE

You don't like me much, do you?

Poet doesn't answer. But she accepts the drink. Wylie smiles. He slides a file across to her. She opens it. Inside is the criminal history on the man who was shot.

CAPTAIN WYLIE (CONT'D)

He was a snitch. For the FBI.

All eyes on Poet. Finally she understand.

POET

You sent me there --
To see if I knew who he was?

It was a test. She didn't know him.

CAPTAIN WYLIE

And you didn't.

POET

He didn't deserve to die.

CAPTAIN WYLIE

Do you know what we sell? Time. You get caught you can be arrested today. Or you can pay. You can buy a month. A year. You can pay with money. Or information. That's why we have the highest conviction rates in the country. Because we own all these people. Now you can be in -- or you can be out. But you can't be in between.

Close on Poet.

INT. POLICE SALON BAR. MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Poet and Wylie emerge from the back room. The entire bar falls silent. All eyes on Poet. We feel, in this moment, peril. There are men at the door.

CAPTAIN WYLIE

I'd like to welcome the newest member of our family.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. FBI HEADQUARTERS. RESTROOM. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet -- wearing an austere business suit -- not the kind a patrol officer would wear. She's looking at herself in the mirror. We don't know where she is at this point. She washes her hands, a method of composing herself. She dries them.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. FBI OPERATIONS ROOM. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet enters a conference room filled with senior FBI officials, men, all gathered, talking amongst themselves.

On the board is a map of the structure of corruption in the district. Captain Wylie at the centre.

Poet takes centre stage. She has to wait before the room comes to quiet.

POET

The undercover operation -- Blue Score -- began nine months ago.

(MORE)

POET (CONT'D)

It took six months before they invited me to join their "family". I've now been part of this "family" for three months --

SENIOR FBI OFFICER ONE

How did you tape their conversations? When they were so paranoid about being infiltrated?

Poet shows them the backup gun. She takes out one of the bullets from the chambers. She uses a knife to open the bullet, inside is a surveillance device.

POET

He didn't trust me. But he trusted my gun.

SENIOR FBI OFFICER TWO

Why did you succeed when every other undercover agent failed?

POET

I never pretended to like them. And I never tried to fit in.

SENIOR FBI OFFICER THREE

She played hard to get.

They laugh, despite her remarkable achievement. Poet considers the joke, weighing up whether to comment.

POET

Sir, am I undercover right now?

SENIOR FBI OFFICER THREE

I'm sorry?

POET

If I'm not, I see no reason to pretend that joke is acceptable.

INT. PHILADELPHIA. FBI OPERATIONS ROOM. DAY. **PRESENT.**

At the end of the meeting all the FBI agents and officers are leaving. Poet's boss approaches her.

FBI BOSS

They want you there --
When they make the arrests.

POET

Why? That's not how it's done.

FBI BOSS
But they're your orders.

Referring to her character more broadly.

FBI BOSS (CONT'D)
And Poet -- you've got to let
things slide. It was only a joke.

But Poet lets nothing slide. She turns to the board, looking at the photo of Wylie at the centre.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA. POLICE DISTRICT. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Multiple FBI cars screech to a stop around the precinct building. A huge number of FBI officers -- wearing FBI winter jackets -- sweep into the building.

Poet is the lead: we follow her as she enters the department.

INT. POLICE DISTRICT. MAIN OFFICE FLOOR. DAY. **PRESENT.**

The FBI team, with Poet in front, walking through the main floor, past many police officers from the bar. They all focus on Poet, looking at her with disbelief.

Poet arrives at Wylie. He considers her. Re-evaluating.

He slowly turns his back to Poet, his hands ready to cuff. Poet does so. The tension is excruciating.

INT. POLICE DISTRICT. MAIN OFFICE FLOOR. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet walking with Wylie as he's led out. The hardest walk of her life. The looks from the other police officers are now hatred. Other FBI officers are securing evidence.

INT. POLICE DISTRICT. ELEVATOR. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet stands opposite Detective Wylie.

CAPTAIN WYLIE
You ate in our homes.
You drink in our bar.
You liked these people.

POET
And you let them down.

Wylie despises her. The doors open. They step out.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DISTRICT. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Wylie steps out, surveying the scale of this operation. He's about to be placed inside the FBI car.

He stops, looks back at his district. His home. All the officers outside watching this humiliating spectacle. Wylie looks at Poet, furious that she can see him like this.

He spits in her face. It's shocking.

He's bundled into the car. Poet wipes the spit off her face.

She turns to the precinct: all the police officers watching her. As FBI agents carry out boxes of evidence and computers.

A police district brought low.

Poet looks up --

A light snow starts to fall.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. QUANTICO. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY. **PAST.**

An auditorium with raked-tiers of timber benches rising up to windows at the back. A blackboard fixed to the wall. The windows are open. The balmy light of a summer evening.

The new class waits -- twenty trainee agents dressed identically in their neat new uniforms. Six women and fourteen men. Arranged in alphabetical order.

A hushed apprehension. Trainees assessing each other. Poet catches the eye of Lennox. Polished. Handsome. In his late twenties, somehow exuding the princely aura of old money.

He writes a note and passes it to her. It reads: "Just Like School". She scribbles on it and passes it back. He reads: "No one passed me notes at school."

On the strike of 7PM -- two senior FBI figures enter: the class counsellors. Drew Holden takes the lectern first, in her fifties. A geometric decency about her.

DREW

Every year eighty thousand people apply to join the FBI. Only six hundred make it to this classroom. But you are not agents yet.

Drew presses a button and a photo appears projected on the screen -- a Quantico graduation photo of FBI agents. From fifteen years ago. She's the only woman.

DREW (CONT'D)

My graduation photo. The only other female trainee was expelled in week two because -- and I quote -- "the form of her body was wrong" when she was doing push-ups. I didn't speak out at the time because I was afraid I'd get kicked out too. She's part of the reason I became a teacher. So that I could stand here and say to you -- *the Bureau has changed*. In this classroom there are no prejudices. We only have thirteen thousand agents to protect three hundred million people. We need the best. Whoever the best may be. My name is Drew Holden. I'll be one of your class counsellors for the next five months.

Drew steps back. Her colleague Gabriel Cruz steps forward, he's older than Drew, in his early fifties, Latino. There's a softly-spoken philosophical quality to him. He exudes warmth.

GABRIEL

Good evening, my name is Gabriel.
I'm your other counsellor. Let's be clear when we say there are no prejudices in this classroom, that's all we're saying. Outside this class - that's another matter.

Gabriel picks up a remote control, presses a button and projected onto the board is a black and white photograph of twenty three white men in suits. Standing in three rows. This is a real photograph from the FBI archives from 1935.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

1935. The FBI's first ever New Agent Class. Director Hoover wanted to transform the Bureau. At that time it was made up of accountants and lawyers many of whom didn't even carry a gun. He had a dream -- to create the world's finest law enforcement agency. He hand-picked twenty three police officers from across the country. Cincinnati. Ohio. Rhode Island. Pittsfield. Delaware. From that class -- to you. In seventy years.

Gabriel is making his point visually - from an all white, all male, Catholic and Protestant class to this class.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

And here's the most important lesson I'll ever teach. The FBI is not these buildings. The FBI is not that motto in the lobby. The FBI is its people. One day the FBI will be you. So -- class -- who are you? That's what we're here to find out.

DREW

We'd like you each to stand up.
Say a few words about yourself.

GABRIEL

Who you were.
Who you are.
And who you want to be.

INT. POET'S CAR / PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet driving towards the iconically ugly headquarters. She's now in a nicer car, an upgrade from the battered wreck we saw her drive to Quantico in. And far behind the automated gleaming electric car in the future. A basic sat nav is providing real time traffic information.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. DAY. **PRESENT.**

FBI headquarters. 935 Pennsylvania Avenue. Snow falls.

INT. DC. FBI HEADQUARTERS. CARPARK. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet parks her car. Much of the carpark is being repaired. This is one of the worst maintained federal buildings in the country. Cracked concrete. Patchwork repairs. Underfunded. She walks past construction workers hammering on walls.

INT. DC. FBI HEADQUARTERS. MAIN OFFICE FLOOR. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet working a desk job. At a bleak booth. She can feel the vibrations through the desk from the repair work. She looks up at the ceiling: a light dust falls from a crack.

She walks to the water cooler, observing the many agents at their desks -- tired, overworked, bleary eyed. As far from the glamorous representations of the FBI as could be imagined. She looks at the clock on the wall.

INT. DC. FBI HEADQUARTERS. WAITING ROOM. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet enters a waiting room. She glances over the stack of magazines -- not lifestyle magazines but back copies of the FBI's monthly: "Law Enforcement Bulletin".

Her FBI Psychiatric Evaluator opens the door. An older woman. She smiles. They don't seem to know each other.

INT. DC. FBI HEADQUARTERS. EVALUATOR ROOM. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Poet seated opposite the Psychiatric Evaluator. All undercover officers must be regularly evaluated.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
While you were undercover you
refused to check in with your
psychiatric evaluator?

POET
I didn't refuse.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
You requested.

POET
If you're playing a part it's
easier not to think about it.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
When you applied to join the FBI
you were engaged? Was that your
last serious relationship?

POET
More or less.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
What happened?

POET
We were living together. We'd
bought a house. We'd made a home.
We were discussing the future.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
A family?

POET
When I told him that I was applying
to the FBI he said: "Go for it" and
"I'm proud of you." Near the end of
the application process -- after
I'd jumped through all the hoops --
there's the spousal interview. They
asked him if he'd relocate to where-
ever I was stationed -- *he said no.*
So the FBI halted my application.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
Did he understand the consequences
of his answer?

POET
I'd been very clear.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
Why do you think he said that?

POET
He never believed I'd get that far.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
So you left him?

POET
What other choice did I have?

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
You could've stopped your
application to the FBI?

POET
The FBI hadn't let me down.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
And if it ever did?

POET
We'd have more to worry about than
my broken heart.

FBI PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATOR
Broken hearts are worth worrying
about too.

EXT. DC. FBI HEADQUARTERS. COURTYARD. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Wrapped up warm, Poet sipping coffee, standing in the courtyard, contemplating the Frederick Charles Shradly statue. The female figure of "Fidelity" is seated, looking up at the male figures of "Bravery" and "Integrity".

Lennox emerges. Now in his late thirties, dressed expensive. Not a field agent. On the managerial wing.

LENNOX
Seems like we might work in the
same building.

She turns, surprised and pleased to see him.

POET
Technically I'm "recuperating".

LENNOX
From the biggest Police Corruption
bust in the FBI's history.

POET
So they tell me.

LENNOX
Congratulations.

POET

Thank you.

LENNOX

Must have been tough?

POET

I'd find what you do tough.

LENNOX

What do I do?

POET

Why? You don't know?

LENNOX

I like to be reminded.

POET

You do the Big Decisions.

LENNOX

Are you making fun of me?

POET

You used to enjoy it once. Or was that before you became Associate Executive Assistant Director?

LENNOX

I'm Executive Assistant Director now.

POET

Is that higher or lower?

LENNOX

I don't remember you being so sarcastic.

POET

Undercover everyone needs a vice.

LENNOX

What would mine be?

POET

You're always looking for something better.

Lennox smiles. Poet smiles. Sad smiles. An answer to the therapist's question: this was the other serious relationship. Lennox steps closer, almost intimate, lowering his voice.

LENNOX

Don't react --
We're talking like old friends.
Reminiscing. After all these years.

POET

What are we doing?

LENNOX

There's a reason you were present
at those arrests. I gave the order.
We knew it would be rough.
That was the point -- to create the
impression that you'd burnt out.
We'd assign you a desk-job. Have
you attend psychiatric evaluations.

Poet is staggered, putting the pieces of the puzzle together.

POET

This is my cover?

LENNOX

Yes.

POET

What's my assignment?

LENNOX

It's inside the FBI.

INT. DC. NATIONAL FBI MUSEUM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

A wall composed of FBI credentials -- each one is beautifully framed like a work of art. There are forty three in total: arranged in a grid, like a class photograph.

Each FBI credential is double-sided: two halves inside a leather wallet. With a small photograph. Some are intact. Some are burnt and charred. Others frayed and scuffed and spotted with blood. Some blown apart, reassembled.

Lennox now in his early fifties. Volunteering as a museum guide. As handsome as ever but a melancholy about him too. This is not the end to his career that he imagined.

He's addressing a class of young students. This main exhibition room is cavernous and solemn. The United States flag on the wall. And the FBI logo beside it.

LENNOX

March 8th, 2022 -- the most FBI
Agents ever killed on a single day.
The Bureau's darkest day.

And now behind the school group Flynn and Poet appear. Lennox
sees them and loses focus briefly. They hold back.

INT. NATIONAL FBI MUSEUM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Lennox saying goodbye to all the students. One idealistic
earnest young student, twelve years old, declares:

YOUNG STUDENT

Sir, my dream is to some day be a
Special Agent like you.

That's his cue except Lennox can't give the rousing speech.

LENNOX

I'm not a Special Agent anymore.
But I wish you all the best.

Short-changed, the student leaves. When the last of them
leaves he turns to the main exhibition space.

Poet and Flynn are waiting by this memorial. He's pleased to
see them both but its complicated.

POET

If you can't answer that question
should you be doing this job?

LENNOX

I'm happy to see you.

POET

I'm happy to see you too.

FLYNN

Anyone happy to see me?

LENNOX

I take it you're not here for the
tour?

INT. NATIONAL FBI MUSEUM. VAULTS. DAY. **FUTURE.**

We're deep in the vaults. Strip lights flicker revealing
steel shelves containing FBI files and antiques. An FBI fax
machine. Lennox, Poet and Flynn enter. They pass historic
firearms. An antique timber desk.

LENNOX
Hoover's desk.

POET
It is real.

LENNOX
He sat right there.

Fascinated, Poet opens a drawer. Flynn and Lennox wait. Lennox observing Poet's undiminished youthful sense of curiosity. Flynn catches the way he looks at her.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Before 9/11 it was on display. As part of the "FBI Experience". Like it was something to be proud of.

POET
You went as a child?

LENNOX
My career started in a museum. It's going to end in one.

POET
Maybe it's not over yet.

INT. DC. RESTAURANT. BAR. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Hour and Poet hug with warmth and affection. Both are dressed glamorously for an expensive meal in a stylish restaurant. The pair are a long way from the nervous trainees we saw in Quantico. Both formidable and successful in different ways.

Poet hands Hour a small & beautifully wrapped gift.

POET
Happy Birthday. Don't open it now. It's nothing. It's silly.

Hour smiles at her friend's absurdity.

INT. DC. RESTAURANT. BAR. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Hour and Poet at the elegant bar area, having a cocktail while they wait for their table. The gift sits, unopened between them. There's a man playing a grand piano, a romantic song. They make a fantastic couple.

POET
I bumped into Lennox.

HOUR
I never understood what you saw in
him.

POET
You never did.

HOUR
All ambition and no dreams.

POET
That's unkind.

HOUR
Is it unfair?

POET
He was reminiscing --

HOUR
About how badly he treated you?

POET
He didn't treat me badly.
He made a choice.

HOUR
Then why have you never got over
it?

POET
He made a bad choice.

The server approaches.

SERVER
Ladies, your table's ready.

Hour and Poet glance at each other -- at the word "ladies".
As Hour and Poet walk, Hour threads her arm through Poet's.
They have the intimacy of a couple. Poet whispers.

POET
Where's your gun?

HOUR
This whole purse is basically just
a gun.

POET
It's pretty though.

INT. DC. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Later that evening, Hour and Poet have drunk too much champagne. At an intimate booth they enjoy seclusion. The unopened gift sits on the table.

POET

I arrived back home -- my 'real'
home -- after eleven months away.
Except my home doesn't feel all
that real. Nothing in the
cupboards. No one waiting for me.

HOUR

They're like tours of duty.

POET

I don't know how many more I've got
in me.

HOUR

The Bureau talked to me.

POET

About what?

HOUR

About you. They asked whether you
could work with me. To transfer
over. You didn't know?

POET

No.

Hour misreads her friend's surprise.

HOUR

Maybe they thought it would be
better coming from me. I think it's
a great idea. Not as a favor. We'd
be lucky to have you. And this is
an exciting time. I'd love you to
be part of it.

EXT. DC. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Still shaken from the revelation, Poet emerges from the restaurant, bracing against the cold. She's sobered up.

Hour is tipsy, still holding the unopened gift.

HOUR

He asked me.

POET
(processing)
He asked you...?

HOUR
I said yes.
You think it's a mistake?

Poet is catching up for a second time.

POET
You waited until the end of the
meal to tell me?

HOUR
I haven't seen you for so long.
I didn't want the whole meal to be
about my wedding.

POET
When did he propose?

HOUR
Three months ago. You were
undercover. I wanted to tell you
face to face. Don't be upset.

POET
I'm not upset. I'm happy. This is
exactly how I wanted to hear.
Drunk. Happy. In the freezing cold.

HOUR
I should've married you.

POET
Why didn't you?

HOUR
You never asked.

Not entirely a joke: they embrace. Hour moves off, towards her Uber, still holding her unwrapped present. Poet watches her go. Hour gets in. Poet waves. Watches her go.

INT./EXT. CAB / DC. NIGHT. **PRESENT.**

Hour in the back of the cab. She opens the present. Inside is a faded & cracked leather FBI key-ring from the FBI store we saw in Quantico. Hour is moved. It's a perfect gift.

INT. NATIONAL FBI MUSEUM. VAULTS. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Surrounded by an array of historic FBI items - Poet, Lennox and Flynn in discussion.

POET

Amos Garcia claimed to have arranged for me to be there. That he hacked the FBI's systems --

LENNOX

He helped build them --

FLYNN

One minute he's an ally of the Bureau, next he's an enemy.

POET

I was investigating him for tax evasion but he said I was there because he wanted me there.

LENNOX

Why?

POET

He said -- I'm going to bring about an end to the FBI.

FLYNN

Maybe he lost his mind.

POET

He said I was the puppet of a system I no longer understood. Or controlled.

LENNOX

Maybe he's right.

FLYNN

What does Hour say?

(beat)

You haven't spoken to her?

LENNOX

When was the last time you two spoke?

POET

It's been sixteen years.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. QUANTICO. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY. **PAST.**

Class '09. Gabriel points to Hour. She stands.

HOUR

My name is Hour Nazari. I'm from Phoenix. My parents were born in Iran. My father was an academic in Tehran. He was arrested by Officers from the Ministry of intelligence --

GABRIEL

What was he arrested for?

HOUR

Carrying a backpack of books about the Soviet Union. He's a history buff. For two weeks they interrogated him: *why are you reading these books*. In the third week they tortured him. When his answer didn't change they let him go. After that my parents sought asylum here.

GABRIEL

Are they supportive of you joining a law enforcement agency?

HOUR

Not exactly.

Close on Poet, understanding her new friend a little better.

INT. QUANTICO. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY. **PAST.**

A man in his mid-twenties stands up. Nathan. Athletic. Restrained. Formal. He's all sinew and honor.

NATHAN

I'm Nathan Anthony Brown. A former Marine. 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry Regiment. Stationed in Afghanistan. I applied to the FBI because I've seen what happens when there's no law or order. And if I'm going to risk my life I want it to be for my own country.

DREW

Do you imagine being in the FBI is
like being in the Marines?

NATHAN

Judging from this class, Ma'am, I'd
say no.

It sounds unexpectedly comedic.

INT. QUANTICO. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY. **PAST.**

Now all twenty members of the class stand up. Gabriel has
written in chalk on the blackboard.

*"As a student of the FBI Academy I devote myself to the
pursuit of truth and knowledge. I subscribe to the highest
standards of honesty, integrity, fidelity and honorable
behavior."*

GABRIEL

Class, raise your right hand.

All the class raises their hands -- ready to be sworn in. We
move across them as they jointly speak the words.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

"As a student of the FBI Academy"

CLASS NAC 09 09

"As a student of the FBI Academy"

GABRIEL

"I devote myself to the pursuit of
truth and knowledge."

CLASS NAC 09 09

"I devote myself to -- "

But as the class recites the code, something strange happens.
The students at the back stop speaking -- they turn around.

Gabriel notices. Drew notices. What is going on? This is
supposed to be a solemn moment. A moment of great importance.

GABRIEL

What's going on?

Now everyone in the class turns around. Gabriel and Drew walk
into the aisles to see what's happening.

At the back of the class --

A small bird from the forests has flown into the class through the open window. It's distressed, flapping around.

The class gather around, haphazardly trying to catch it, but as they move they scare the bird which tries to fly away.

Drew's about to take charge when Gabriel touches her on the arm. He wants to let the class handle this. Drew and Gabriel remain back, judging how this class copes.

The class tries to work as a team, improvised comments about where the bird is, moving together, but to no avail. Until:

NATHAN
We're scaring it.

A voice of authority. The class obeys. They all stop moving. Now only Nathan moves forward, half crouched, gingerly, skillfully, quietly -- towards the distressed bird.

It's a very particular physical motion by Nathan, stooped and focused, edging slowly closer. With assassin precision.

All the class watches. The distressed bird, for the first time, doesn't fly away. Nathan reaches out, ever-so-gently cups his hands around the distressed bird -- tenderly picking it up. He looks down into the palm of his hands. But does nothing.

And now we focus on a heavy-set African American trainee. Thirty years old. It's Tayo Miller. Quiet and reserved. He seems curious at Nathan's inaction.

TAYO
Set it free.

NATHAN
Its wing is broken.

Tayo steps close, looking at the distressed and injured bird inside the palm of Nathan's hands. All the class moves close, staring down at the bird with the broken wing.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
It's dying.

He lowers his head, running his finger across its breast. The bird seems calm. Exhausted. No longer moving.

They all wait, watching as the bird comes to rest. Nathan gently closes his hands around it as it dies.

To their amazement the class observes that Nathan is crying. This stoic-sinewy former marine.

Silent tears that come from some dark place. And the whole class knows he must have experienced terrible grief.

Nathan doesn't seem embarrassed by his display of emotion. Doesn't wipe away the tears. Not even aware that he's crying.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Sir, may we bury him?

Gabriel glances at Drew. This is weird. But they want to let the situation play out -- to see what it reveals.

GABRIEL

We can do that.

EXT. QUANTICO. GROUNDS. DAY. **PAST.**

Nathan walks, arms outstretched, towards the woods. The class follows behind. A most peculiar procession. Some in the class are bewildered. Some supportive.

Gabriel and Drew are observing everything.

Reaching the woodland, Nathan kneels, with the dead bird in one hand, he digs a shallow grave with his other, placing the bird in the hole and covering it with soil.

The class gathers around as if at a regular funeral. Gabriel and Drew register that Flynn finds this absurd. Hour is also puzzled but less conventional than Flynn.

Tayo, in contrast, is studying Gabriel and Drew -- he sees that this is a test. That everything is a test.

Poet places a comforting hand on Nathan's shoulder. Nathan stands up. Together, under the trees, in the setting sun.

GABRIEL

Class, we didn't finish saying the Academy's code. None of you have been officially sworn in yet.

FLYNN

You want to say it here?

Gabriel considers the location, the setting sun, it's beautiful here. Looking out over Quantico.

GABRIEL

It's the words, not the location.

DREW

Class -- raise your right hand.
And repeat after me.

The class all raises their right hands. We follow their very different reactions.

GABRIEL & DREW

"As a student of the FBI Academy I devote myself to the pursuit of truth and knowledge. I subscribe to the highest standards of honesty, integrity, fidelity and honorable behavior."

CLASS NAC 09 09

"As a student of the FBI Academy I devote myself to the pursuit of truth and knowledge. I subscribe to the highest standards of honesty, integrity, fidelity and honorable behavior."

We hold on Class '09, in the setting sun, at the grave of the bird with the broken wing. On Gabriel in this light.

INT. HOSPITAL. SPECIALIST ROOM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Gabriel now in his eighties. A crisp surgical kimono contrasts with his wrinkled skin. He's desperately sick.

He's inside a glass sarcophagus. In the centre of a dark hospital room. On the surface of the inner chamber are vital readings: flickers of light indicating brain activity.

His mouth is wide open, as wide as a scream, and full of translucent pipes and tubes. These retract, like a mass of living intestinal worms, leaving a mess of fluids.

His eyes now open. As if woken from a coma, confused & unsure, he doesn't seem to know where he is --

The sarcophagus opens: the bed transforms into a seat, presenting this frail man to the world. He coughs, hacking up a synthetic yellow fluid. A nurse helps him, coaxing him back to reality. They speak in Spanish.

NURSE

Can you tell me your name?
Can you tell me what year it is?

GABRIEL

My name is Gabriel.
The year is 2041.

NURSE

You don't have to do this.

GABRIEL

This is all I have to do.

INT. HOSPITAL. LOBBY. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Poet enters a health screening device like airport security except for biological risks, bacteria, viruses.

Her health records are automatically activated and assessed. She recovered from breast cancer four years ago. She suffered massive facial trauma sixteen years ago. All the way back to her childhood. Her mother's psychiatric records.

Again, her whole life, this time in purely medical terms, rushes over the screen. A life story. In the flash of an eye.

The screen asks her to type the name of the patient she's here to visit. She hesitates. And then types.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Flynn and Lennox wait, dressed in sterile kimono whites. The corridor is warehouse concrete. More like an art gallery. Viral sterilizing droids rumble past. Poet joins them.

POET

This was a mistake.

FLYNN

We're allowed to visit our friend.

POET

Not all together. Not like this.

INT. HOSPITAL. SPECIALIST ROOM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Gabriel clasps an old-fashioned wrist watch. He sets the time, counting down from sixty minutes.

The nurse returns with Poet, Flynn and Lennox. Gabriel looks at his trainees. He's fond of them. The nurse leaves.

GABRIEL

I get sixty minutes awake --
For every twelve hours I sleep.
Time is against us.
My wife... she passed away. My
children can't understand why I
live like this. Neither dead. Nor
alive. Something in between. But
you know.

POET

Yes.

GABRIEL

The man I taught. My student. Your
classmate. As long as he clings to
power I cling on.
When he goes I'll go too.

LENNOX

Can it be done?

GABRIEL

Not without Hour.

FLYNN

We don't know where she is.

Gabriel knows where she is.

GABRIEL

If the truth comes out -- what he's
done to the Bureau -- the scandal
will ruin him. But it will ruin the
Bureau too. It might not survive
his disgrace. He's made sure of
that. Not what you wanted to hear.
The question -- my friends -- is
not can you save the FBI. But can
you be the ones who tear it down?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DIRKSEN SENATE OFFICE BUILDING. ROOM 226. DAY. **FUTURE.**

The Senate Judiciary Committee. A curved antique table. A wood paneled room. Twenty two senators. An even split between men and women. Instead of regular press cameras there are hummingbird-like floating news cameras. The Chair is a woman in her sixties. She hammers the gavel.

CHAIR SENATOR

The Senate Judiciary Committee will come to order.

The flock of humming-bird cameras scatter, revealing the man before the hearing: Tayo Miller, Director of the FBI. We saw this man briefly, talking to Nathan. Fifty five years old. One of the most powerful people in the Country.

CHAIR

Director Miller, we're grateful to you for making the time. And time is what we're talking about today. Your time. Your sixteen years as Director of the FBI. The question for this hearing is whether it's right to extend your term.

TAYO

Chair, I've had the honor of serving under three Presidents. Each as different from each other as it's possible to be. Any one of those Presidents could have, at any time, for any reason, dismissed me from my post. I could be dismissed today before this hearing is over and be a private citizen by bedtime.

CHAIR

Then let me ask you directly -- bearing in mind there was once a consensus around the wisdom of a ten year term limit -- why are you still in post?

TAYO

Because I've presided over the longest period of criminal decline this country has ever seen. In our cities. And our boardrooms. In our suburbs. And our rural communities.

(MORE)

TAYO (CONT'D)

We can now say that not only are we the greatest nation on earth we're also one of the safest. And after everything we've suffered as a nation who'd want to change that?

EXT. QUANTICO. FORESTS. DAY. **PAST.**

The last rays of the setting sun over Quantico. Sworn in, New Agent Class '09 are leaving the grave of the bird. Some found it bizarre. Others found it moving.

Poet is the last to leave. Looking out over Quantico. She's about to catch up with her class when she notices the top soil quivering ever so slightly.

She bends down. And carefully digs her hand into the soil, pushing back, revealing --

The bird with the broken wing is still alive, too weak to escape, but not yet dead. Stunned, she rescues the little bird. And looks up. The class walking away. No one else aware. She must decide what to do.

She's grappling with the dilemma when a shadow passes over her. Tayo has returned. He crouches down. Tayo and Poet look at each other: both evaluating.

He indicates that she give him the injured bird -- which she carefully does. He stands.

A few people stop, including Hour and Gabriel. They look back. Gabriel is the first to realize something is wrong, he returns, looking at the bird in Tayo's hands.

Quickly all the class returns. Including Nathan, who seems as surprised as they are, unable to understand what happened.

All the class look at him. He's profoundly confused and perplexed, not malicious or caught out.

NATHAN

I watched him die. I swear to you.
I watched him die.

They all know he's not talking about this bird.

INT. QUANTICO. JEFFERSON BUILDING. NATHAN'S DORM. NIGHT. **PAST**

FBI officials pack up Nathan's stuff. They work at speed, throwing everything into his bags.

Tayo was his roommate, he watches the process. He walks to the drawers and opens them.

All the clothes have been precisely folded, military style discipline, at the back of the draw, a prized photograph --

Nathan with his best friend in the military. Arms around each other and we know this man was the guy who died in combat.

EXT. QUANTICO. CAR PARK. NIGHT. **PAST.**

Nathan is out of the FBI uniform. Wearing casual clothes. The FBI officials bring his bags out which they load onto the minibus. He accepts them. He looks at Gabriel and Drew. He's not angry, he's ashamed. It's sad.

Gabriel and Drew stand together. They're sympathetic. They both shake his hand. It's heart-breaking. Gabriel catches sight of the small military tattoo on his wrist.

INT/EXT. QUANTICO. PASSAGE WAY. NIGHT. **PAST.**

Poet stands in one of the glass bridge walkways in Quantico, that connect buildings. With a view over the carpark.

She's alone, watching the minibus drive off. Hour joins her side, putting an arm around her.

HOUR

You're not a nurse anymore.

INT. DIRKSEN SENATE OFFICE BUILDING. ROOM 226. DAY. **FUTURE.**

The Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on Tayo Miller's tenure as Director of the FBI. Senator Spenser is last to question him. In her mid-forties, African-American, she admires the Director as much as she's wary of him.

SENATOR SPENSER

Director Miller, one of your reforms has been to remove the FBI from the oversight of the "Office of Professional Responsibility". Are you claiming to have ended corruption within the Bureau?

TAYO

Senator, my Agents are the most scrutinized public officials in the history of this country.

SENATOR SPENSER
Scrutinized by you.

TAYO
By the system I've put in place.

SENATOR SPENSER
A system none of us can ask
questions of --

TAYO
That's why I'm here.

SENATOR SPENSER
Is it your contention that the FBI
is no longer guilty of miscarriages
of justice?

And now, standing up in the courtroom, are a long line of families with banners and signs. Protesting statements such as "Crooked Computer" and "Artificial Injustice".

Tayo studies these heartbroken families, a range of ethnic backgrounds and socio-economic. He turns back to the Senator.

TAYO
What I can say is that the
miscarriages of justice are now
random and isolated. There continue
to be technical challenges --

SENATOR SPENSER
'Glitches', Director Miller?
Is that a new way of saying
injustice?

TAYO
Glitches can be fixed, Senator. In
my experience injustices never
could.

INT. HOSPITAL. SPECIALIST ROOM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

In Gabriel's specialist room. Their meeting is over. Poet following Lennox and Flynn out. Gabriel touches Poet's hand.

Poet stops: he wants a word alone. The other two head out. Poet holds back. Gabriel checks his watch -- his sixty minutes is up. His thoughts are fracturing.

Poet observes that he can't see her anymore. He's blind.

GABRIEL

You blame Hour. But she blames
herself too. When you ask for her
help -- let go of that anger.
Tell her you miss her.
Tell her you love her.
She's waiting for you.
She's always been waiting for you.

INT. DC. FBI WFO. RECEPTION. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Hour waiting for Poet. She's uncertain if Poet is going to show. When Poet enters she's pleased.

HOUR

I didn't think you'd show.

POET

I didn't think I would either.

INT. DC. WFO. HOUR'S FLOOR. DAY. **PRESENT.**

Hour and Poet enter a large and impressive open plan office. Bustling with people. Over a hundred people spread out.

POET

Where's your team?

HOUR

They're all my team.

All these people work for Hour. This whole floor is Hour's project. Hour smiles, proud. Poet is amazed. Getting a sense of the scale of Hour's department. Something extraordinary.

INT. DC. FBI WFO. HOUR'S CHAMBER. DAY. **PRESENT.**

The main office for Hour's AI investigative system. A large room. No windows. Entirely secure and enclosed.

On the wall is a grid of screens. A hypnotic quality to the flow of imagery. No sound. A tapestry of sources.

We see live footage from various FBI interviews around the country. San Diego. Chicago. Detroit. Some night, some day. Cross referenced against them case file imagery. Which the computer is attempting to match. Criminal connections.

An AI system scrutinizes everything from the live interviews. From the people to the cars. To smaller details like the books on the shelves, the magazines, no detail too small.

This room feels like a primitive version of Amos's room.

Eight supervisors monitoring the feed. Poet doesn't fully understand it yet but it strikes her as something amazing.

Hour watching her friend's reaction -- proud.

INT. DIRKSEN SENATE OFFICE BUILDING. ROOM 226. DAY. **FUTURE**

Senator Spenser digging in for one last question. Her clock is down to a few seconds.

CHAIR

Senator, that's time.

SENATOR SPENSER

Chair, if I may --

TAYO

I'd be happy to take a final question from the Senator.

Tayo's authority is such that the Chair allows it. We can sense that Tayo admires this Senator's bravery.

SENATOR SPENSER

Thank you, Director. If the country is so safe why do you need ten more years? Surely your work is done?

TAYO

Senator, I never had any children. There isn't a day goes by when I don't regret it. But Progress has been my child. One that can't fend for itself. You have to protect it. Keep your arms around it. I'm here to make sure we never go back to the way things were before.

SENATOR SPENSER

And how would you characterize the way things were before?

TAYO

They were human.

EXT. DC. OLD FBI HQ. COURTYARD. DAY. **PRESENT.**

The Shradys statue. The old FBI HQ courtyard. Lennox is waiting. Poet meets him.

POET
Why didn't you tell me it was Hour?

LENNOX
We wanted the surprise to be real.

POET
We don't spy on our own.

LENNOX
Hour's system threatens to be the
biggest upheaval of the Bureau
since its inception.

POET
I won't do it.

LENNOX
Then we'll find someone else.
Wouldn't you rather it be you?

Trapped, Poet can't walk away. She looks at the statue --

EXT. DC. NEW FBI HQ. COURTYARD. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

The Frederick Charles Shradly statue in the future.

The figures of "Fidelity" "Bravery" and "Integrity" are
twisted and warped. Limbs missing, faces scratched.

A memorial to a tragic event we haven't seen.

We pan around to show the new FBI HQ. At 935 Pennsylvania
Avenue. The ugly concrete building is gone. In its place is a
magnificent and intimidating glass structure.

INT. DC. NEW FBI HQ. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

After the first day of the hearings Tayo returns --

The sleek office of an immensely powerful figure. Minimalist
and austere. Marble slab table.

Tayo moves to a side door. A discrete door. The computer
scans his face. The door slides open.

INT. NEW FBI HQ. TAYO'S OFFICE. POD ROOM. NIGHT. **FUTURE.**

Tayo enters an intensely private space. Entirely sealed off
from the outside world, a womb-like space, padded with
angular sound proof panels. With a seat and interface.

A doughnut-shaped screen wraps around the walls, an unbroken circle of footage composed of thousands of thumbnail size screens, footage from FBI body cameras across the country. A radical evolution of Hour's project. A surveillance state.

On one of the tiny thumbnail images, stamp-size on a vast canvas we see: *Poet entering Gabriel's hospital.*

Tayo's chair reclines and as it does he's enclosed in a glass sarcophagus like a deluxe version of Gabriel's pod, with worm-like optic-fibers entering his nose and mouth.

INT. HOSPITAL. SPECIALIST ROOM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

Gabriel's glass sarcophagus. The elderly and frail Gabriel asleep inside. A hand rests on the surface of the glass --

It's Gabriel's hand but Gabriel in his fifties, Gabriel from Quantico, the class counsellor.

And now see this isn't the hospital, this is a representation of Gabriel's consciousness. A serene space. Not literal.

Aware of another presence, he turns around.

Standing inside his consciousness, at the outer edge of his mind is Tayo. Not young Tayo but Director Tayo.

GABRIEL

So it is true. There are no limits.
There isn't anywhere you won't
trespass. Even inside our minds.

TAYO

I'm not inside. Not yet.
I'm at the outer edge. Looking in.

GABRIEL

Most people imagine themselves to
be younger than they are. Not you.

TAYO

This is who I am.
This is who I always was.

GABRIEL

No, it's who you became. But it's
not who you are. You were a shy
little boy who couldn't understand
why the world was so mean.

TAYO

Why was Poet here?

GABRIEL
The Class of '09.

TAYO
Something happened at the arrest of
Amos Garcia? Tell me. Or I'm going
to extract the information whether
you like it or not.

GABRIEL
No, I don't so.

And suddenly the walls change to --

INT. QUANTICO. LECTURE THEATRE. DAY. **FUTURE.**

The old fashioned lecture hall from Quantico. Sunlight
streams in from the back. There are a flock of birds flapping
around the room. Not distressed: a beautiful flock.

Gabriel at the front. Talking to Director Tayo who is seated
as though he were a student again.

TAYO
This classroom was a lie.

GABRIEL
What was the lie?

TAYO
You said progress was inevitable.

GABRIEL
Maybe you were too vain to make a
small contribution. Or too
impatient. But that's what
institutions are made of. A million
small contributions. That's why
they're so resilient.

TAYO
What did Amos Garcia say?

GABRIEL
You can't scare me.

TAYO
Everyone tries to fight --

GABRIEL
How many minds have you been in?

TAYO
Everyone fails.

GABRIEL
How many?

TAYO
You won't even remember I was here.

GABRIEL
Poet is coming for you.

TAYO
Class is over.

GABRIEL
I have one last lesson.

Suddenly the birds are gone. The walls melt away. The blackboard disappears. Until the room is a black box filled with stars. And Tayo realizes what is happening --

Gabriel is dying, letting go of life.

TAYO
You'd rather die?

GABRIEL
It's time.

TAYO
They'll think I killed you.

GABRIEL
You didn't kill me.
You just disappointed me.

TAYO
This won't stop me.

GABRIEL
But Poet will.
When you look back over your life --
where will your mind come to rest
in its final moments?
With someone you loved?
Or with someone you hurt?

Tayo disappears.

Gabriel left alone. Among the stars. He turns to the sun --

EXT. FIELD. DAY. **PAST.**

Gabriel now stands in a beautiful countryside, in long grass, remote, no one else around. The sun shines bright.

There's a blanket spread out. Young Gabriel is on the blanket. It's his sixteenth birthday.

His parents are there. Maybe a sister. There's food, an outdoor celebration. Presents. Cake. A simple affair but wonderful.

Older Gabriel remembers this perfect memory. His family, of course, doesn't see him. They carry on celebrating.

Older Gabriel watches as his younger self opens his presents -
- which are modest, candy bars and books.

And then his father takes off his watch, the one we saw in the previous scenes. And gives it to his son.

Young Gabriel is overwhelmed, looking at the family watch, too big for his wrist, sensing its importance, and the importance of this gift -- his father's legacy.

INT. HOSPITAL. SPECIALIST ROOM. DAY. **FUTURE.**

The real hospital room.

Gabriel's glass sarcophagus. The elderly and frail Gabriel inside. The life signs flatline. Alarms bleep. He's dying.

As nurses hurry in we pan to the side, to the antique wristwatch on the side table -- the one his father gave him.

We go close on the dial -- the time of death.

END OF EPISODE ONE