

COMPANY TOWN

by  
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The Sanitsky Company /  
Paramount Television

REVISED NETWORK DRAFT  
December 7, 2005

TEASER

LOGLINE: KHARKOV, UKRAINE

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

WE PAN OVER the crooked streets of post Iron Curtain Kharkov, clogged with cars and buses. Snow falls, blanketing the gray and moldering buildings rendering them temporarily beautiful.

ANGLE ON -- ARKADY NIKOTIN (42) carrying a BRIEFCASE. He inhales the last of his cigarette before tossing it to the slush.

A car slows at the curb. The window rolls down to reveal a MAN talking into a cellphone. He looks at Arkady and NODS -- a sign -- the game is on...

BACK TO Arkady as the car slips into traffic and he continues walking, alert, clocking every little tick of motion around him. Yet to the casual observer he could be just another citizen on his way home.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB -- NIGHT

A steamy and crowded Euro disco/bar. Music thumping, patrons jostling past Arkady who is at the bar next to a nervous looking man we will call PAVEL who is tearing matches from a book and arranging them in an elaborate GEOMETRIC PATTERN.

Arkady slides down the bar, lights another cigarette, snaps the match dead and sets it next to Pavel's design, completing it. Pavel ventures a glance and subtle nod at Arkady.

ARKADY  
(in Russian)  
(Drink. Don't look at me.)

Pavel does as he's told.

ARKADY'S POV -- something doesn't feel right as he gazes at the mirror behind the bar, scanning the crowd.

ANGLE ON -- a MAN on the cramped dance floor, feigning interest in a woman dancing provocatively nearby. But he is watching Arkady, expertly clocking his every move.

ARKADY (CONT'D)  
(Now.)

Arkady pays for his drink, follows Pavel through the crowd and down a dark hallway to a backroom

The MAN we saw on the dance floor crosses to the bar, sees the matches arranged next to Arkady's empty glass...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM -- NIGHT

Music from the club filters in. We see Pavel flipping through a stack of documents -- codes, blueprints, names, the deadly secrets of Nations -- as Arkady photographs them with a tiny digital camera...

ARKADY

(Faster.)

Pavel flips the documents faster and faster.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

(You followed protocol?)

Pavel NODS as Arkady snaps the last shot and then pulls the memory chip from the camera and slips it into his pocket. Arkady then grabs the bundle of documents and sets them in a trash can. He removes a flask from his jacket and dumps some iridescent green fluid on the papers.

A BEAT as they watch the documents magically dissolve into mush.

ARKADY (CONT'D)

(We are done here.)

PAVEL

(re: briefcase)

(Can I see?)

Arkady sets the briefcase on the table, clicks it open for Pavel to take a look.

A BEAT as Pavel stands transfixed by the contents of the briefcase.

Pavel looks up to see Arkady behind him with a gun.

PAVEL (CONT'D)

(I don't...)

BANG! Arkady SINKS one in Pavel's head, shuts the briefcase and exits.

IN THE HALLWAY -- Two men dressed as clubgoers appear as if from nowhere. We recognize one of them as the man on the dance floor.

Arkady sees the glint of gunsteel and without warning drills the FIRST MAN in the chest with a tight three.

Arkady ducks into a doorwell as the SECOND MAN opens fire.

Arkady steps out, squeezes off a round and manages to graze the SECOND MAN in the leg -- buying himself a precious few seconds.

TRACK ON Arkady as he bolts down the hallway and back into the disco.

Arkady plunges into the crowd of dancers, shoving his way toward the exit, looking over his shoulder to see if he's being pursued. Arkady blows past the doormen and escapes into the street.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Snow gusts off the building in blinding sheets as Arkady wisely steps down a dark side street, trying not to call attention to himself.

Halfway down the block he sees a car idling, its tail lights red against the snow. Arkady pretends to search his pockets as if he's forgotten something as he turns around and heads back to the main street.

ARKADY'S POV as he looks down and sees a trail of blood in the freshly fallen snow and before he can raise the Glock he sees the second man standing in a doorwell. His name is MARTIN AMBERSON -- a lethally seasoned operative. He's holding a gun on Arkady.

MARTIN

Arkady, don't.

But Arkady starts to draw on Martin, leaving him no choice but to SHOOT Arkady in the chest, knocking him into a bank of dirty snow.

As Arkady lays dying in the snow, Martin crosses, kicks the Glock clear and frisks him.

He finds the camera, checks for the memory chip and sees that it's been removed. A quick search of Arkady's pockets yields the chip. Martin leans close and in English...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What's in the case, Arkady?

Arkady musters one last fuck-you gesture, a laugh that freezes on his lips as the light goes out of his eyes and he dies. Martin grabs the briefcase and snaps it OPEN.

HOLD ON his face as it's filled with the same trembling awe reflected in Pavel's earlier as we...

MATCH CUT:

INT. TAXI, VIRGINIA -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON Martin Amberson's face pressed against the window asleep as Washington DC passes by outside.

TEN MINUTES LATER the taxi comes to a stop. The driver nudges Martin awake.

TAXI DRIVER

We're here.

(off look)

Thirty eight Harmondale Drive.

MARTIN

...home.

Martin nods gathers his coat and the briefcase he took from Arkady and exits the taxi.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

As the taxi's tail lights disappear around the corner, Martin takes a deep breath and crosses to his house and enters quietly.

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Your basic charmingly cluttered house in the suburbs.

Martin enters and soaks in the familiar glow of home. In the half dark of the kitchen he finds a note from his wife on the counter.

It reads: Wake me, when you get in.

He smiles.

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE, BASEMENT -- DAY

Martin enters his work-shop with the mysterious BRIEFCASE we saw in the teaser.

A BEAT as he opens it and has a look, the same transfixed awe filling his face. REVERSE SHOT as we see that inside the briefcase are stacks of crisp 1000 EURO NOTES.

Martin takes one of the EUROS, pulls a small infrared scanner out and examines the bills. STRANGE CODES and MARKINGS immediately leap out at us.

Puzzled he puts the bills back, shuts the case and looks around for someplace to hide it.

He opens a small door leading to the furnace room, snaps on an overhead light.

IN THE FURNACE ROOM Martin traces some ductwork and slides a secret panel back to reveal a storage chamber. He sets the BRIEFCASE inside and slides the panel back.

He snaps the light off and exits.

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Martin enters to find his wife ANGIE AMBERSON (38) standing in the kitchen in her bathrobe and even at this late hour she is beautiful.

ANGIE

What were you doing in the basement?

MARTIN

Somebody left a light on.

He crosses and kisses her. She hugs him tightly -- he's home and safe.

ANGIE

Come to bed. I missed you.

MARTIN

I missed you too.

Martin grins as he slips a hand inside her bathrobe. Angie smiles, turns and leads him upstairs.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. VIRGINIA SUBURBS -- MORNING

We crane down HARMONDALE DRIVE a quaint little cul-de-sac in the shadows of Washington D.C. Timed sprinklers pop, robins work lawns -- just another suburban street filled with average American families. Except Harmondale Drive is in what is known as a Company Town -- a place where CIA operatives, Pentagon Spooks, Military Intelligence officers and FBI, NSA and Homeland Security agents try to live quiet normal lives.

ANGLE ON -- RUSH BOWEN, mid 30s fit and chiseled. He's stretching in the driveway before starting off on his morning jog. As he stretches we note a SPECIAL FORCES TATTOO on his arm -- a sword bisected by lightning bolts...

We trail behind Rush as he jogs past the WILSON house -- a two story white clapboard affair with toys strewn all over the lawn.

A BEAT as Rush stops and stares at an upstairs window for a moment, before reaching down and moving an abandoned bike off the sidewalk. We however linger on the WILSON'S house as WE PUSH IN through a bedroom window...

INT. WILSON HOUSE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

... To find TOM WILSON, a 37 year old FBI agent consumed with his job. Right now he's getting a little morning delight eye-opener from his wife, BRIDGET -- 35 and judging from her well-toned backside no stranger to Pilates and yoga.

Tom seems miles away, his face a study in detached stoicism.

BRIDGET

... are you close?

(beat)

Yeah, I'm close, just a--

Just then the bedside alarm goes off broadcasting. NPR's Morning Edition. Bridget swats at the snooze button, crawls back on Tom and resumes only to be INTERRUPTED yet again by banging on the door and the voice of SUZIE WILSON, their 9 year old daughter.

SUZIE (O.S.)

Dad there's something really,  
really wrong with the toilet!

Tom puts a hand on his wife to roll her off. She stops him.

BRIDGET

No.

(off look)

Tom please, we need to do this...

She increases her efforts only to have the banging on the door grow louder and...

SUZIE (O.S.)

Dad, Justin did something *really*,  
*really* bad and there's water  
everywhere.

We hear JUSTIN (6) playing did not/did too with his sister.

A BEAT as Bridget rolls off her husband, frustrated.

TOM

It's okay, really.

Tom pulls himself out of bed, steps into some clothes as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Rush Bowen covered in sweat as he jogs. At a corner he is joined by Martin Amberson. Meeting like this is obviously some sort of routine.

MARTIN

Rush.

Rush nods, picks up the pace as we follow them -- two alpha dogs trying hard not to compete, but competing just the same.

RUSH

Hey old man. Thought you were on a  
sales trip.

(off look)

China right?

MARTIN

Indonesia.

(off look)

Got back last night.

RUSH

How did it go?



MARTIN

(vague)

Same old, same old -- few new  
accounts, jet lag.

Martin runs ahead of him, but Rush keeps pace.

RUSH

I thought you said it was Taipei.

MARTIN

Nope. Jakarta.

Rush looks puzzled.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(changing subject)

Kevin's pitching Saturday.

RUSH

How's that curveball of his coming?

MARTIN

Breaks two feet out. Coach won't  
let him use it though.

(off look)

Hard on young arms.

Rush pulls ahead of Martin.

RUSH

Love to see him pitch but I've got  
some work to finish up.

MARTIN

Maybe next time.

Martin passes him as they round the corner to Harmondale and  
Martin peels off, heading toward his house.

ANGLE ON Rush as he stops in front of a house and seems to be  
looking in a window waiting for someone.

A BEAT as he peels off his shirt, looks again and sees a  
woman standing in the window watching him, this is MAGGIE  
SHAUNESSY, a recently widowed military wife struggling to  
raise her troubled daughter. Maggie's quiet beauty is  
haunted by the desperate realization that she wants and needs  
a man in her life. To that end she smiles and opens up the  
window, motioning Rush closer.

Rush makes sure no one is looking before he cuts across the  
yard to the open window.

Maggie puts a finger to her mouth -- signalling him to be quiet as she whispers something dirty to him and we...

CUT TO:

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE -- MORNING

Martin panting and sweating from his jog enters his daughter, VERONICA'S room. Ronni is fifteen and of course sound asleep at this hour, her room decorated with the usual photo collage of pseudo emo/punk boy bands, ads from Vogue and Blender.

A BEAT as Martin watches her sleep, noticing something on her exposed upper arm. He bends down to have a closer look and sees that it's a fresh CUT next to several other older SCARS.

A look of concern ripples across Martin's face as he gently shakes her awake.

Ronni opens her eyes and quickly tugs on her T-shirt to cover the scar, grabs a can of PEPPER SPRAY off her bedside table and points it at him.

MARTIN

Whoa -- Don't shoot...

RONNI

You really need to knock, Dad.

He 'knocks' on her head lightly.

MARTIN

You're gonna be late for school.

Ronni groans pulls the covers over her head and waits for her father to leave.

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE, BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Martin ENTERS to find his son, KEVIN 17, and full of jock swagger as he finishes up his last set of bench presses.

Martin spots his son, helps him rack the bar.

MARTIN

You been keeping an eye on Ronni at school like I asked?

KEVIN

Uh-huh.

MARTIN

She doing okay?

KEVIN  
She's got better grades than me.

MARTIN  
That's not what I'm asking.

KEVIN  
Define okay.

MARTIN  
You noticed anything different with her?

KEVIN  
You mean is she still a member of the MIA club?  
(off look)  
I don't think so, but then I don't follow her into the bathroom after lunch. Besides the finger's out, Dad.  
(off look)  
All the cool girls are into X.

MARTIN  
Ecstasy

KEVIN  
Ex-lax.  
(beat, Martin winces)  
She knows I'm spying on her so she puts on an act.

MARTIN  
Well then I'm gonna have to teach you to be a better spy.

Kevin notices a thin line of blood running down his Father's leg.

KEVIN  
Umm, Dad -- you're bleeding.

Martin looks down, wipes the blood away.

MARTIN  
Must have nicked myself on those damn rose bushes the Wilson's have hanging out into the street.

He exits and we follow...

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Martin pulls up his shorts to reveal a blood soaked bandage on his upper thigh -- the bullet wound from his adventure in the Ukraine. He daubs the wound clean and flushes the bandage down the toilet.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MORNING

A frazzled looking Bridget Wilson trying to juggle the chaotic morning routine of packing lunches and preparing breakfast for her children Justin and Suzie.

She sets down two large bowls of Fruit Loops.

JUSTIN

Really?

Justin digs in, his sister Suzie however pushes the bowl away.

SUZIE

Dad says sugar cereal's bad for you.

Bridget grabs the box, points to the USDA chart on the side.

BRIDGET

See -- eleven essential vitamins and minerals.  
(off look)  
Now eat.

SUZIE

But Dad--

BRIDGET

When Dad makes you breakfast he can make the rules.

Tom Wilson ENTERS dressed for work in a blue suit, conservative tie. He's carrying a briefcase in one hand and a rubber frog in the other which he shows his wife before dropping it in the trash.

TOM

Toilet's fixed.

He looks over at Justin and shakes his head disapprovingly.

BRIDGET  
Great way to start the morning.

She gives Tom a knowing wink, but he doesn't respond.

TOM  
I'll be home late.  
(off look, whispers...)  
They found her body.

Bridget stiffens, but quickly recovers.

BRIDGET  
Umm, okay.

Tom sets his briefcase on the counter and goes back upstairs.  
We follow him...

INT. WILSON HOUSE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

Tom enters, toes the door shut and crosses to the laundry hamper and digs through the dirty clothes, looking for something.

He finds what he's looking for -- a pair of women's bikini cut UNDERWEAR.

A BEAT as he sniffs the underwear and then quickly stuffs them in his pocket. He sets the lid on the hamper just as Bridget enters with a travel mug of coffee.

BRIDGET  
What are you doing?

TOM  
Forgot something.

He points to his lapel at an American flag pin.

BRIDGET  
Oh.  
(hands him the coffee)  
Brought you some coffee.

TOM  
Thanks.

He kisses her stiffly on the neck as he takes the mug and like that he's gone.

We stay with Bridget as she looks around the room, her eyes falling on the hamper and a STRAY SOCK hanging out of it. She shakes her head at the untidiness and tucks it back in.

INT. SHAUNESSY HOUSE -- DAY

Maggie Shaunessy at the window as her daughter, AMANDA (16) comes in dressed for school in her best preppy/punk/slut outfit.

AMANDA  
Were you talking to someone?

MAGGIE  
No.

Amanda goes right for the coffee press and finds it empty.

AMANDA  
No coffee?

MAGGIE  
I was busy this morning.

Amanda goes to the refrigerator and grabs a Mountain Dew. Maggie frowns at this, but holds her tongue.

AMANDA  
Busy doing what?

MAGGIE  
I've got some gardening to do.

Maggie puts on a gardening hat, points to some gloves and a can of wasp spray.

AMANDA  
Spying on our neighbors?

MAGGIE  
Am not.

Amanda rolls her eyes and bends over the kitchen counter. Using the stainless steel toaster as a mirror she sticks out her tongue and puts in her TONGUE STUD, clacks it against her front teeth and turns to her mother.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Those things are disgusting and dangerous -- you could get an infection.

AMANDA  
I'm so not getting into this now.

MAGGIE  
Your Father would have disapproved.

AMANDA

When he comes home I'll take it out  
if he doesn't like it.

Maggie reacts to her daughter's use of the present tense.

MAGGIE

Stop talking like that Amanda.

AMANDA

Like what?

MAGGIE

Like he's still out there.  
(off look)  
He's dead, Amanda.

Maggie grabs her daughter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

He's not coming back. It's been  
four years.

AMANDA

So?

Maggie summons what little motherly patience she has left...

MAGGIE

Nobody could have survived a crash  
like that.

AMANDA

They never found his body.

Maggie sighs -- they've been round and round about this.

MAGGIE

You've got to stop this.

AMANDA

-- stop what? He's alive. I know  
he's alive and he needs our help.

MAGGIE

We really need to move on with our  
lives honey.  
(off look)  
It's what he would have wanted.

AMANDA

Move on?  
(off look)  
(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Is that what you call what you're  
doing with Rush?

MAGGIE  
What are you talking about?

AMANDA  
I've seen him sneaking out of here.  
So don't lie to me.  
(off look)  
Why can't you just--

MAGGIE  
Why can't I just -- what?

AMANDA  
Wait.

MAGGIE  
Wait for what?

AMANDA  
For him to come home.

MAGGIE  
Amanda honey, please...

Amanda storms off to her room in a huff and we follow her...

INT. SHAUNESSY HOUSE, AMANDA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

The whole room is a shrine to her missing father. One entire wall is filled with newspaper clippings. We assemble the story from the headlines: APACHE SHOT DOWN OVER AFGHANISTAN, SIX MARINES PRESUMED DEAD.

WE NOTE THE DATE ON THE ARTICLE, November 9th 2001

ANGLE ON A PHOTO of CAPTAIN RICHARD SHAUNESSY, a scowling tough as leather Marine captain.

ANOTHER HEADLINE: BODIES OF FIVE MARINES RECOVERED FROM CRASH SITE, ONE MARINE STILL UNACCOUNTED FOR.

ANGLE ON: Amanda as she enters, slamming the door behind her. She sits at her desk and checks her IM or instant messaging. Her login name is DADDY'S GIRL.

Maggie tries the door but it's locked.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
Amanda, please let me in so we can  
talk about this.



AMANDA  
Go away!

ANGLE ON AMANDA as she reads a fresh message from somebody with the handle, THE SEEKER.

INSERT MESSAGE: THE SEEKER: You still there?

DADDY'S GIRL: Yes. Fight with Mom who doesn't believe he still alive.

THE SEEKER: He's out there. Trust me.

DADDY'S GIRL: You promised me proof...

THE SEEKER: It's coming.

A BEAT as Amanda stares at the yellowed newspaper photo of her father, wishing, hoping...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY HARMONDALE -- MORNING

A car pulls into the driveway of the house next to the Wilson's. RAY DUPRE early 40s exits, crosses to the passenger side and opens the door for JESSA his much younger girlfriend or wife -- we are not sure.

Ray is a watcher -- quietly sizing up his surroundings, assessing possible threats.

Jessa is blonde and beach bum pretty, but today she is wearing large frame sunglasses, a National's baseball hat and a gauze BANDAGE across her nose that suggests she's just returned from a visit to the plastic surgeon.

RAY  
Are you okay?

Jessa stands unsteadily but refuses Ray's assistance.

JESSA  
I'm fine.

Halfway toward the door they are surprised at their hedge by Maggie Shaunessy, dressed in a Martha Stewarty sun hat, wearing gardening gloves and carrying a can of wasp spray.

She is surprised to see her neighbors home.

MAGGIE  
... Ray, Jessa -- good morning.

RAY  
Margaret.

MAGGIE  
Maggie, please.  
(off look)  
I'm sorry I didn't know you were home.

A BEAT as Maggie stares at Jessa's bandaged nose, the bruising on her cheeks...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Well, how was it?

JESSA  
How was what?

MAGGIE

The spa.  
(off look)  
The Golden Door. That is where you  
went isn't it?

JESSA

Very, um...

Ray steps in.

RAY

It was relaxing -- very relaxing.  
(Beat then to Jessa)  
Why don't you go inside and check  
the messages, Honey?

Honey sounds a little strained, like he's not used to calling her that. Ray winces at the small mistake...

JESSA

Okay.

Jessa nods and heads for the door.

MAGGIE

Is she all right?

RAY

She's fine. Just tired.  
(off look)  
Can I help you with something?

He points to the can of wasp spray in Maggie's hand.

MAGGIE

Oh this. I'm sorry. You have a  
wasp nest right there. They keep  
coming in the windows. Amanda's  
terribly allergic to them.  
(off look)

The directions said I should apply  
early in the morning or late at  
night. I figured morning would be  
better to sneak over here.

She points to a large wasp's nest in the tree between their houses.

RAY

Here. Let me take care of it.

He takes the can of wasp spray from her.

MAGGIE

Are you sure?

RAY

The nest is in my tree.

(off look)

Wouldn't want Amanda to get stung  
now would we?

Off Maggie as Ray approaches the nest with the spray.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBERSON HOUSE -- MORNING

On the back deck we find ANGIE AMBERSON dressed for work,  
pacing and looking at a message on her Blackberry.

INSERT MESSAGE: Can you get the files?

Angie bites her lip, mulling the answer -- this is clearly  
more complicated and clandestine a decision than she's used  
to.

Angie types back: Yes.

She hits SEND and sighs as the door slides open and out steps  
her husband Martin. Angie manages to slip the Blackberry  
into her pocket and turn to greet him with a tacked on SMILE.

MARTIN

There you are.

(off look)

I thought you had to be at the  
office early.

ANGIE

I do. Good run?

MARTIN

(nods)

Listen, we have to talk about  
Ronni.

(off look)

She's doing it again.

Angie makes a face, this is clearly something they are  
worried about.

ANGIE

Are you sure?

MARTIN

(nods)

Maybe she needs to go back to Fair Oaks for awhile. Dr. Finerman warned us she could slide back into her old behavior.

ANGIE

We can't just ship her off to Fair Oaks every time she has a problem we don't want to deal with. She came back doped up and angry. Kids at school made fun of her when they found out.

MARTIN

I don't understand how this happened.

ANGIE

How what happened?

(off look)

She's just working through some stuff.

MARTIN

By cutting herself?

ANGIE

She's a good kid, Martin -- we just need to give her some space.

(off look)

She knows you've got Kevin spying on her.

Martin tries to play it off.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look. I know what you two are up to...

MARTIN

I'm just worried.

ANGIE

(beat)

I'll talk to her.

Angie gives him a peck on the cheek. He pulls her into a quick hug. Angie sniffs him, crinkles her nose...

MARTIN

Something wrong?

ANGIE

You stink.

Angie kisses him, shoves him away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Shower. Lots of soap.

(off look)

No I really gotta go -- I'm late.

He smiles, watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUANTICO -- DAY

The neatly trimmed lawns and imposing buildings of the FBI compound hum with activity.

ANGLE ON TOM walking across a field toward a waiting FBI helicopter.

He pulls out his ID badge and flashes it to a guard who lets him pass. At the chopper he's met by AGENT SHAUNA ASHFIELD, (38) -- attractive black woman whose easy smile hides a steely ambition and complete devotion to Tom. She hands him a file briefing.

AGENT ASHFIELD

Woman out walking her dog  
discovered the body.

TOM

Is it her?

Ashfield NODS as Tom opens the helicopter door for her.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

A chopper's eye view of a narrow strip of woods saddled between a freeway and a shopping mall, DC looms in the b.g.

The FBI chopper lands in a small clearing where half a dozen FBI agents and Forensic Specialists are waiting. They exit and are ushered quickly into the trash strewn woods.

AGENT ASHFIELD

We've got a canvass started.  
Agents are searching the nearby  
parking lot for her car.

TOM  
What else?

AGENT ASHFIELD  
Preliminary indication is that it  
may have been a suicide.

They step through some heavy brush to a small damp depression in the woods where there are the remains of a campfire, some old pallets covered with trash and two field forensics experts examining the body of CLAIRE DENHOLME.

Tom and Agent Ashfield glove up and approach the body.

AKHIL KHANA, a pony tailed field forensics officer steps away from the body to talk to the agents.

TOM  
How long has she been here?

AKHIL  
At least two days. I'll have to  
get her back to the lab to be sure.

Tom stands over the body, notes a .38 revolver near her purpled and swollen hand.

TOM  
What do you think?

AKHIL  
I'd rather not speculate. But  
there's the gun.

He points to the revolver.

AKHIL (CONT'D)  
And here we have the prescription  
bottle of Darvocet.

He points to an empty bottle in the weeds next to her.

AKHIL (CONT'D)  
And there's the back of her head.  
(beat)  
She wasn't taking any chances.  
It's called suicide insurance.

He points to chunk of scalp several feet away from her body.

TOM'S POV as he leans over the body, cups Claire's face in his hands.

TOM

Did you see the bruises here?

He indicates some bruises on her chin and throat. Akhil has a look and nods. He's seen them.

BACK TO TOM'S POV as he works his way down her body. He looks at Claire Denholme's feet, one shoe on the other off. Nearby the missing shoe has been flagged and catalogued by a crime scene tech.

INSERT SHOE: A QUILTED MARC JACOB, missing a HEEL.

Agent Ashfield crosses with a cellphone and hands it to Tom.

AGENT ASHFIELD

It's Molesworth.

Tom takes the phone.

TOM

(into phone)

Wilson here.

A beat as he listens and then listens some more and then hangs up and turns to the other agents, grim faced.

TOM (CONT'D)

We need to lock the site down.

(beat)

Senator Denholme's on his way here.

He wants to see his wife.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY BASICS HEALTH CLUB -- DAY

A class full of sweating MILFs -- Moms I'd Like to Fuck. We hear the gentle voice of yoga instructor, GARY WHEAT -- trim, annoyingly healthy and radiant.

GARY

Hold ... and breathe ... relax your hips, let your neck stretch and...

PAN til we find Bridget Wilson and Maggie Shaunessy in the back, arching into yoga poses -- Bridget with no problem, Maggie struggling.

BRIDGET

Jessa?



MAGGIE

(nodding)

At least a nose job, maybe more  
If I had a body like that I ...

(struggles to maintain  
pose)

I wouldn't be here and I sure as  
hell wouldn't go under the knife.

BRIDGET

(staring at Maggie's  
breasts)

Are those original GM parts?

MAGGIE

I had them lifted.

(off look)

I need all the help I can get.

BRIDGET

So maybe she does too.

MAGGIE

I'm just saying there's something  
strange about those two. He's  
practically old enough to be her  
father. She barely talks and when  
she does, he butts in.

BRIDGET

Maybe they've moved here to open up  
a meth lab.

(off look)

Newspaper says it's sweeping the  
suburbs.

MAGGIE

I'm serious, Bridg -- something is  
not right with those two.

BRIDGET

He could be a spy or something.

(off look)

This is a company town, half our  
neighbors work for the government --  
what's two more?

MAGGIE

Hey, maybe you could have Tom check  
for me -- you know look up their  
file.

BRIDGET  
I can't do that.

Bridget looks up to see Gary standing over them.

GARY  
Can't do what?

BRIDGET  
Nothing...

Gary leans down and puts a HAND very low on Bridget's stomach to correct some imperceptible flaw he's noticed.

GARY  
Feel that?

Bridget sinks lower into the pose, legs trembling.

BRIDGET  
Umm. It burns.

GARY  
In a good way, right?

A BEAT as she focuses on the burn, bites her lip and smiles...

BRIDGET  
Uh-huh.

His hand creeps a little lower as Maggie watches wide-eyed and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HYPERION ENERGY CORP -- DAY

A gleaming architectural cube of a building that houses Hyperion Energy an Enronesque global energy trading firm.

INT. HYPERION ENERGY CORP -- DAY

We follow Angie Amberson dressed in a conservative suit just radiating confidence as she walks down the brightly lit hallway of Hyperion, past cubicles of bright young men and women trading, scanning Bloomberg terminals -- millions and millions of dollars changing hands with the click of a mouse.

ANGLE ON ANGIE as she chases down one of her co-workers -- VICTOR HILTON, silver-haired, well dressed and impatient.

ANGIE  
Good morning Victor.

VICTOR  
Angie.  
(pause)  
Yes?

ANGIE  
(nonchalant)  
I need to take a look at the Ghent  
account.

VICTOR  
Ghent?  
(beat)  
That account's been inactive for...

ANGIE  
Three years, I know, it's just this  
bullshit shareholder lawsuit  
subpoenaed everything from that  
quarter.

Victor mulls the request.

VICTOR  
Subpoena. Sounds serious.

ANGIE  
It's nothing to worry about -- just  
their lawyer letting us hear his  
bark before he bites.

VICTOR  
Is that all? Well I hope we bark  
right back.

ANGIE  
Don't you worry about that.

VICTOR  
Shirley can pull Ghent up for you.  
(off look)  
Don't give them anything more than  
you have to if you know what I  
mean...

Angie nods clearly getting his drift.

INT. HYPERION ENERGY, VICTOR HILTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Victor's assistant, SHIRLEY stands over Victor's laptop as Angie watches her log on to a secure file storage system. Shirley steps back.

SHIRLEY

I'll need to log out when your done.

Angie nods, sits at the computer as Shirley hovers. Angie didn't plan on this and quickly thinks. She sees a mug of coffee near the phone and gets an idea. Angie reaches for the phone and 'accidentally' SPILLS the coffee.

Both women react.

ANGIE

I'm sorry. I'm such a klutz.

She quickly moves Victor's papers out of the way. Shirley rushes out of the office.

SHIRLEY

I'll get some paper towel.

The minute Shirley exits, Angie takes a small KEY CHAIN DRIVE from her pocket, plugs it into the LAPTOP, types in some commands.

INSERT SCREEN: The Ghent file appears on the screen followed by another security block.

She quickly types in a code and enters -- a whole sprawl of company CLASSIFIED COMPANY documents streaming across the screen as she starts DOWNLOADING THEM, one eye on the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. HARMONDALE DRIVE -- DAY

Rush walks out to his mailbox and grabs a bundle of bills, the Post and some letters. He sorts through them and finds an unmarked manila envelope with no return address.

He looks around before opening it. Out slides a 1,000 Euro note that flutters to the grass.

The note lands face down. On the back written in black magic marker is: LOOKING FOR THIS?

Rush picks up the note. Spooked he looks around as he pockets the note and sees Ray who has just finished with the wasp nest watching him from across the street.

RAY  
(calling out)  
Morning Rush.

Rush flashes an uneasy smile, shakes the bundle of bills and credit card offers at Ray...

RUSH  
Low five point nine introductory  
rate. Interested?

Ray laughs and heads inside as we...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Martin enters a door with a discreet and bland logo on it that reads AIRPRESS CORPORATION SALES. He looks like any other salesman checking into the home office -- except that when he enters we see that the room is a bare cubicle -- a heavy steel door at the other end with an electronic security lock on it.

A BEAT as he crosses, removes a security ID badge, swiped it through the electronic lock. The door opens into another room -- Airpress is obviously a front for covert CIA operations.

IN THE ROOM -- We see a bland looking man in a blue suit and tie with thick black rimmed glasses sitting at a bare table under harsh fluorescent lights. He is reading a file of some sort, wetting his finger and turning each page.

He finally looks up and nods at Martin.

MAN  
Martin.  
(off look)  
Have a seat. They will be with you  
shortly.

Martin sits. The man goes back to his file and without looking up says...

MAN (CONT'D)  
I heard things got a bit sticky in  
Ukraine.

MARTIN  
Somebody got to Arkady.

MAN  
Perhaps the Company will see it  
that way.  
(beat)  
You had your orders, right?

MARTIN  
(sarcastic)  
Right.

Off Martin as the Man grins tightly.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLYGRAPH ROOM -- DAY

A starkly lit room. A thin man with thick glasses sits monitoring vital signs on a state of the art polygraph machine, complete with Blood pressure cuff, Iris scan.

WE PULL BACK to see Martin Amberson in the hot seat, wired to the machine waiting for the next question. He's got ice in his veins like he's done this before.

ADMINISTRATOR

Have you ever knowingly disobeyed protocol?

MARTIN

Yes.

Beat as the administrator circles the response on the read-out.

ADMINISTRATOR

You were wounded in the left knee. True or false?

MARTIN

False. I was wounded in the right knee.

ADMINISTRATOR

You live at forty four Harmondale Lane.

MARTIN

Yes.

ADMINISTRATOR

Prior to extraction were you given or passed any items?

MARTIN

No.

ADMINISTRATOR

Did you receive or take anything besides the target assets?

MARTIN

No.

ADMINISTRATOR

Did you witness this man exiting  
the building?

He holds up a photo of PAVEL.

MARTIN

No I did not.

ADMINISTRATOR

Prior to the shooting was Arkady in  
the possession of a briefcase?

MARTIN

(cold as ice)

No.

ADMINISTRATOR

During the operation did your old  
partner Bill Horton try to contact  
you?

MARTIN

Bill Horton is dead.

(off look)

You let him die in a North Korean  
prison.

Off Martin as we PULL TO OBSERVATION WINDOW:

ANGLE ON two people watching Martin's interrogation. They  
are his CO/Case Manager, STENSLAND stands talking to  
security/risk analyst JANE PEYROUX as they observe the  
interrogation.

STENSLAND

Well?

Jane Peyroux clearly still has her suspicions.

JANE PEYROUX

I still have my doubts.

STENSLAND

If you think he's been compromised,  
I encourage you to take it up with  
Danvers.

A BEAT as she watches Martin through the glass.



JANE PEYROUX  
 Lot's of chatter out there.  
 (off look)  
 Horton's not dead.

STENSLAND  
 Amberson doesn't need to know that.

JANE PEYROUX  
 Maybe he already does.  
 (off look)  
 And he's playing both sides.

STENSLAND  
 Impossible. As far as Amberson  
 knows we lost Horton in Operation  
 Big Chill.  
 (beat)  
 End of story.

JANE PEYROUX  
 Keep telling yourself that.

STENSLAND  
 We need Amberson in the field, not  
 stranded behind some desk on  
 administrative suspension.

Off Stensland as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Tom Wilson stands with his boss, SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE LEN MOLESWORTH (50) humorless Fed in a charcoal grey suit. They watch as SENATOR FRANK DENHOLME and his support staff take in the crime scene. DENHOLME (45) slick beltway warrior looks at his dead wife, his face an inscrutable mixture of grief, disgust and political calculation.

Akhil waits for the Senator to finish and then prompted by a nod from Tom Wilson, pulls a sheet over Claire Denholme's body.

ANGLE ON Tom and Molesworth watching the Senator.

MOLESWORTH  
 Too neat?

TOM  
 I didn't say that.

MOLESWORTH

You don't have to. I can see you're already thinking it.

TOM

We'll get her back to the lab and see what's what.

MOLESWORTH

There's already some wrangling about that. I don't need to tell you that Senator Denholme sits on the Budget Oversight Committee.

TOM

I know tread lightly.

(beat)

So what's worse -- wife of Senator kills herself or wife of Senator murdered?

MOLESWORTH

Politically speaking?

(off nod)

Let's wait and see what the autopsy yields.

TOM

There's something else.

MOLESWORTH

Yeah?

TOM

Rumor going around the Senator was having an affair with one of his interns.

Before Molesworth can respond they are confronted by Senator Denholme and his staff.

SENATOR DENHOLME

(devastated)

Thank you.

The Senator wipes a tear from his cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY BASICS, LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Bridget and Maggie after their yoga class. Maggie watches as Bridget strips.

MAGGIE  
 (teasing)  
 Gary's got the hots for you.

BRIDGET  
 Don't be silly. He knows I'm  
 married.  
 (off look)  
 With kids.

Bridget wraps a towel around herself, self consciously checks herself in the mirror.

MAGGIE  
 He slept with Carol Radomile.

BRIDGET  
 Carol Radomile's a slut.

MAGGIE  
 A married slut with three kids.  
 (beat)  
 But you do have the perfect  
 marriage, the perfect husband...

Maggie steps out of her clothes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 Right?

BRIDGET  
 Well, I mean yes. I guess I never  
 thought of it that way.

ON BRIDGET as she sneaks a look at Maggie's body, shocked by something she sees south of the border ...

MAGGIE  
 (off look)  
 It's a Brazilian.

BRIDGET  
 (shocked)  
 It's so...

MAGGIE  
 Clean and neat.  
 (beat)  
 Rush loves it.

Bridget reacts.

BRIDGET  
You?

MAGGIE  
(grinning)  
Uh-huh.

BRIDGET  
When?

MAGGIE  
Last week.  
(off look)  
And Sunday and then last night...

Bridget reacts, but recovers quickly. This is news to her...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Don't you want to know how it was?

BRIDGET  
No. Not really.

MAGGIE  
Something the matter?  
(beat)  
You told me I needed to put myself  
out there after Richard died...

BRIDGET  
It's just he lives right across the  
street.

MAGGIE  
So?

BRIDGET  
So I'm just saying it might get  
complicated is all.

MAGGIE  
I thought you'd be happy for me.

BRIDGET  
(fake smile)  
It's great, really. I'm happy for  
you.

Maggie smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CRIME LAB -- DAY

Sterile high tech FBI lab buzzing with activity. We see Claire Denholme's body brightly illuminated on a mortuary slab as Akhil walks Tom Wilson and Agent Ashfield through his preliminary findings.

AKHIL

Ballistics on the slug won't be back for awhile. But judging from what I saw, the slug will match the gun.

TOM

What about the pills?

AKHIL

... tox screen indicates she ingested them three hours before T.O.D...

AGENT ASHFIELD

Would she have been able to drive?

AKHIL

She could have driven to the woods and then taken the pills.

(beat)

After an hour she would have been like Billy Joel coming home from happy hour in the Hamptons.

TOM

So she waited three hours for the pills and then shot herself?

AKHIL

Some suicides have to build up their nerve to do it.

TOM

That's a long time to be sitting in a woods behind a K-Mart.

(off look)

How many blue light specials you think a Senator's wife has seen?

AKHIL

I know ... suicides choose places they are comfortable with.

AGENT ASHFIELD  
Tech forensics pulled surveillance  
footage from the parking lot.

Tom drifts over to Claire's body and examines the bruising  
under her jaw in the light.

Akhil and Agent Ashfield watch as Tom fits his over her jaw --  
his fingers matching the bruising almost exactly...

TOM  
Let's go see this intern.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- DAY

Tom Wilson and Agent Ashfield parked outside the intern's  
apartment building, watching. Ashfield reads from a file...

ASHFIELD  
Graduated Summa Cum Lauda from  
Hofstra.  
(pause)  
One year as a campaign assistant  
and then as a paid intern for the  
Senator...

Tom stops her, points at the apartment building's front door.  
Agent Ashfield pulls a camera up and readies to shoot photos.

TOM  
Here we go...

ANGLE ON a young man exiting the building. This is JOSH  
NEWMAN who has now become the focus of Agent Tom Wilson.

Agent Ashfield starts shooting photos as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DUPRE HOUSE -- DAY

Sparsely furnished and lacking any personal touches that make  
a house a home. But a closer look reveals small POST-IT  
notes in curious places -- on the fridge, over the sink, on  
the coffee pot.

INSERT: POST-IT NOTE ON CUPBOARD -- it reads; black coffee,  
granola with sliced bananas.

AND ANOTHER READS: Two years with the Ford Agency, Paris.  
Room mate -- Ingrid and Helene.

ON A SERIES OF FAMILY PHOTOS ON THE FRIDGE are POST IT NOTES over each family member. ONE READS; Caroline 22, scar on her ankle from a dog bite. ANOTHER; Father worked for phone company 26 years, scratch golfer.

And so on -- each note a small piece of information.

Ray enters and finds Jessa at the table.

JESSA

She saw -- Maggie saw...

RAY

Saw what?

Jessa points to the bandage on her nose.

RAY (CONT'D)

So you had work done. Next time ask her about her implants.

(off look)

Or the tummy tuck she had after giving birth to Amanda.

JESSA

How do you know that?

RAY

I know.

He crosses puts his hands on her shoulders in a fatherly manner.

RAY (CONT'D)

(sing song)

While I was fishing with my buddies in Montana you spent two relaxing weeks at the Golden Door. Yoga, a little hiking, massages, meditation

...

(beat)

Do you need to look at the material again?

JESSA

(cold)

No.

(pause)

What if they ask about the surgery?

RAY

They won't. At least not to your face.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
 But if they do you saw Dr. Melman  
 in Scottsdale. Recommended to you  
 by your good friend--

JESSA  
 (cutting him off)  
 I remember.

Ray takes her face in his hands and examines the swelling.  
 Jessa reaches up and pulls his hands away.

JESSA (CONT'D)  
 Please.

RAY  
 Sorry.  
 (beat)  
 Did you call in?  
 (off nod)  
 Then we should get to work.

He crosses to the window overlooking Maggie Shaunessy's house  
 and closes the blinds.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE -- DUSK

We see Angie doing some quick shopping before going home.  
 She lingers in front of the pasta rack when a tall  
 nondescript MAN pulls his cart next to her. He reads agent  
 as he notes the package of pasta that Angie is holding.

MAN  
 Strangozzi.  
 (off look)  
 Priest stranglers -- they make  
 great aioli.

ANGIE  
 ... are you?

MAN  
 Yes I am.

Angie smiles equal parts nervous and thrilled to be a part of  
 this cloak and dagger enterprise in of all places the grocery  
 store.

ANGIE  
 I'm sorry, I don't know how to do  
 this.



MAN  
 You're doing just fine.  
 (off look)  
 You can hand it to me...

Angie reaches into her purse and hands the Man the KEYCHAIN DRIVE we saw her with earlier.

ANGIE  
 That's it?

MAN  
 Unless you have more shopping to do.  
 (beat)  
 There's a helluva special on strip steaks.  
 (off look)  
 Joke.

Angie smiles as the man pushes his cart away and down the aisle, leaving Angie to her shopping...

ANGLE ON the Man as he notices Angie's hands trembling -- she's starting to lose her shit.

EXT. GROCERY STORE, PARKING LOT -- DUSK

ANGLE ON Angie keyed up from her encounter as she walks toward her car.

INT. CAR -- DUSK

Angie, hands still shaking keys the ignition and then opens the glovebox looking for a stashed pack of cigarettes. She finds them hidden behind some maps, takes one out and pushes in the lighter on her dash, hands trembling when ... the Man knocks on her window scaring her half to death.

She rolls down the window.

MAN  
 Unlock the door.

A beat as Angie hesitates and finally hits the power locks. The Man opens the passenger side door and gets in. He notes that Angie is upset, rattled and clutching the pack of cigarettes.

The lighter pops, startling her again and the Man takes the lighter holds it for her.

MAN (CONT'D)

You don't smoke.

Close to tears, Angie looks at the cigarette and tosses it out the window.

MAN (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

ANGIE

I can't do this. I really can't do this...

MAN

Can't do what?

ANGIE

This -- I got you the files and...

(beat as she loses it)

I have a family, I can't be sneaking around like this. What are people going to think?

MAN

Mrs. Amberson you came to us, remember?

(off look)

You said you couldn't stand back and let Hyperion get away with it.

ANGIE

I've changed my mind.

(beat)

I'm no whistle blower. I just wanted to do the right thing.

MAN

And you are.

(off look)

Hyperion's involved in money laundering, racketeering -- you name it. We need you to help us prove our case.

(beat)

These are serious crimes, Mrs. Amberson. What you are doing is very brave. Most people would do nothing.

A beat as Angie looks out over the parking lot -- all she sees are other women just like her rushing home with groceries -- some multi-struggling with kids.

ANGIE  
I want to tell my husband.

MAN  
(reassuring)  
We've been over this, Angie. You can't tell your husband, priest or rabbi what you're doing. One leak and the whole investigation could be compromised.  
(beat)  
The Department of Justice will see that you and your family are protected if and when we bring a case to trial.

ANGIE  
Protect them? From what?

The Man winces, just talked her right back out to the ledge.

MAN  
Protect them should things get...

ANGIE  
... Get what? Are you telling me I could be in danger?

MAN  
Only if you get caught.  
(beat)  
Relax -- that's not going to happen, right?

Angie nods.

ANGIE  
I think I want that cigarette now.

The Man hands her the pack of cigarettes.

MAN  
Just act normal.  
(beat)  
Now go home to your family.

The Man exits the car, leaving Angie spooked to scan the parking lot to see who might be watching as we...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI/TOM'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Tom Wilson sits at his desk watching Senator Denholme on the television giving a statement to the press about the discovery of his wife's body.

A BEAT as Wilson snaps off the television and removes a plastic evidence bag from a drawer. He sighs seems to be tossing some great problem around as he stares at the empty bag.

INT. FBI FORENSICS LAB -- NIGHT

Tom enters to find Akhil writing a report at his desk.

AKHIL

Don't you have a family?

TOM

Don't you?

AKHIL

Understanding girlfriend.

(beat)

And before you ask I'm not done with the report yet.

TOM

That's not why I'm here.

Tom DROPS the evidence bag on Akhil's desk. INSERT EVIDENCE BAG: In the bag is his wife's bikini cut underwear we saw him take from the hamper.

TOM (CONT'D)

I need you to run this for me.

Akhil picks up the evidence bag.

AKHIL

This have something to do with the Senator's wife?

TOM

Another case.

(off look)

Do me a favor and don't log it in.

AKHIL

Okay. You want fluid and fiber?

TOM  
 (nods)  
 The whole nine yards.

Off Tom as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNESSY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Amanda enters and goes straight to her room and logs onto her laptop. A message from the Seeker pops up on her screen.

INSERT MESSAGE: A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

Amanda clicks on the attached file, opening a blurry photo of three gaunt and haggard looking men standing in rags on a rubble laced mountainside.

Amanda stares at the man on the far right, his face unclear, grainy, but something about him is familiar ...

AMANDA  
 Daddy?

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE SEEKER POPS ON HER SCREEN:

THE SEEKER: Did you like the photo?

DADDY'S GIRL: I want to meet...

THE SEEKER: Where?

DADDY'S GIRL: How about the fountain at the mall?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DARK BASEMENT -- NIGHT

We see a chubby balding man, his face illuminated by the glow of a computer screen as he types.

INSERT SCREEN: THE SEEKER: Tomorrow?

WE PULL BACK to see that the walls are covered with photos, maps, passwords, newspaper clippings -- all of it peeping Tom creepy.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

ANGLE ON Kevin Amberson staring down an opposing batter on the impossibly green grass of the high school park.

He pauses, winds and heaves a fastball in over the plate. We hear the ump shout....

UMP

Striike...

ANGLE ON Martin, Kevin's father watching the game from the outfield fence all by himself.

Martin turns and sees the Man -- STENSLAND (40) CIA handler -- from the lie detector test approach and lean on the fence next to him. Martin silently notes his presence.

STENSLAND

You've been cleared.

(pause)

Instructions will follow.

Martin nods slightly, turns his attention back to the field and his son as he winds up and throws another smoker over the plate. As the ump yells strike again, Martin sees that Stensland has vanished.

ANGLE ON ANGIE approaching her husband

ANGIE

(paranoid)

Who was that man you were talking to?

MARTIN

(shrugs)

Just some guy.

(beat)

Wanted to know the score, I told him and he left.

He sees that she's a little freaked out.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Something wrong? You've been a little jumpy lately. And don't tell me it's work.

Angie smiles, recovers.

ANGIE  
 Nothing's wrong. Work is great.  
 (points at their son)  
 How's he doing?

MARTIN  
 Struck out five so far.

ANGIE  
 I thought Ronni was going to come.

MARTIN  
 She's at the mall with a friend.

Off Angie as we ...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL -- DAY

ANGLE ON Ronni and her friend CAITLIN shopping in a hip clothing store.

Caitlin stands in front of Ronni who is busily cutting the tags off a vintage T-shirt, disabling the security device and stuffing it into her purse.

CAITLIN  
 (whisper)  
 Hurry.

Ronni grabs one more T-shirt, stuffs it in and grabs Caitlin tugging her toward the exit.

CONCOURSE -- the two girls exit giggling with excitement from the store, nearing a fountain in the center of the mall.

Ronni pulls up when she sees, Amanda standing by the fountain watching, just waiting for contact from The Seeker.

RONNI  
 (to Amanda)  
 Amanda?

Amanda ignores her. Ronni rolls her eyes at Caitlin as if to say ... loser. They continue into another store.

ANGLE ON Amanda as she checks her watch, disappointment creeping in as she realizes she's been stood up as WE PULL BACK...

TO SEE the Seeker standing nearby, watching Amanda through a telephoto lens. We hear him CLICK several quick photos as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNESSY HOUSE -- DAY

Rush gets out of bed naked, starts pulling on clothes, putting on his WATCH. We see Maggie in bed looking both needy and happily spent...

MAGGIE

We don't have to sneak around anymore.

(off look)

Amanda knows.

Rush turns, clearly bothered by this.

RUSH

You tell her?

MAGGIE

No she figured it out herself. She disapproves.

(off look)

Amanda thinks her Father is still alive, that he didn't die in the crash.

RUSH

That's...

MAGGIE

Crazy I know.

Maggie rises wraps her arms around Rush and tries to pull him back to bed. He's resistant...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Maybe we should do this at your house.

RUSH

That's not a good idea.

MAGGIE

Why not?

Just then Rush's cellphone RINGS. Maggie reaches for it, but Rush grabs it before she can look at the number. He answers tersely...



RUSH  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah.  
 (pause)  
 I'll be there in ten minutes.  
 Don't touch anything.

He hangs up.

MAGGIE  
 Who was that?

RUSH  
 I've gotta go.

Maggie watches Rush exit and flops back on the bed as we...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CRIME LAB, TOM'S OFFICE -- DAY

Tom Wilson huddling with Molesworth.

TOM  
 Ashfield's interviewing the intern.

MOLESWORTH  
 Has he accounted for his  
 whereabouts on the night Claire  
 Denholme went missing?

TOM  
 At home watching television.  
 (beat)  
 I need to go over the time line  
 with the Senator again.

Molesworth nods, crosses and shuts his office door.

MOLESWORTH  
 You like him for this?

TOM  
 I'd like to think our elected  
 officials are smarter about killing  
 their wives but I don't know  
 anymore.

MOLESWORTH  
 Just because he's sleeping with his  
 intern doesn't mean he killed his  
 wife.

TOM

The guy's banging his boy toy  
intern.

(off look)

Wife finds out and it's sayonara  
Senate.

Molesworth shrugs.

MOLESWORTH

You don't know what kind of  
understanding they had. People  
make all kinds of compromises.

(off look)

I've been married twenty five years  
-- trust me you'll see.

TOM

What's that supposed to mean?

MOLESWORTH

Don't let your notion of marriage  
cloud your judgement on this Tom.

(beat)

You're a better agent than that.

Off Tom as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DUPRE HOUSE -- DAY

Ray and Jessa watching television on a couch together.

RAY

Did you see that?

(off nod)

See the way she lets him take the  
lead?

JESSA

He loves her doesn't he?

RAY

Why do you say that?

JESSA

Rewind it.

INSERT TELEVISION: Grainy surveillance type footage of a  
foreign looking city. Three large black SUVs pull to the  
curb. Heavily armed thugs step out, open the door of one of  
the SUVs.

A wealthy looking MAN dressed in a Hugo Boss suit steps out, turns and offers his hand to a stunning blonde woman in Prada -- could be his wife or his mistress.

We watch as the man leans in and WHISPERS something to the woman who SMILES, closes her eyes.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Right there.

(beat)

He whispered that he loved her.

RAY

How do you know that?

JESSA

That smile. She doesn't want to answer him, not yet at least...

ANGLE ON JESSA as she stands in front of the screen, practices throwing her hair back and smiling the woman on the television and even with the bandaged nose we realize she's a DEAD RINGER for the mysterious woman.

She hits PLAY and suddenly half a dozen armed and masked men surround the vehicles, pointing MACHINE GUNS and RIFLES at the MAN as several others shoot bodyguards and GRAB the WOMAN ripping her out of sight. The camera is batted to the ground, ending the footage abruptly.

ANGLE ON Ray and Jessa. Jessa looks a bit shaken even though she's seen this footage dozens of times.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question?

RAY

Depends.

JESSA

What happened to the others?

RAY

What others?

JESSA

You know. After they were inserted.

RAY

They did their job and were extracted.

(off look)

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
If you're asking if I've ever lost  
one, the answer is no and I don't  
intend to lose you.

Ray looks at her and for a moment the detached mentor facade  
slips and he shows real concern for her...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Rush driving hell bent for election.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Rush walks quickly down a dark hallway. He comes to a large  
steel reinforced door, raps on it.

The door opens to reveal a MAN LASHED AND BLINDFOLDED IN a  
chair. Two MEN stand nearby, eye Rush's arrival with fear  
and respect.

RUSH  
What happened?

MAN #1  
He just stopped breathing.

Rush crosses, checks for a pulse on the man in the chair --  
stone cold dead.

RUSH  
You went too far.

MAN #2  
You told us to press him about  
Kharkov operation.

RUSH  
He give you anything about  
Amberson?

MAN #1  
No.

RUSH  
What about Horton?

MAN #2  
Zero.

RUSH  
Just clean it up.

The two men trade looks.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Now!

The men snap into action as Rush exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENATOR DENHOLME'S HOUSE -- DAY

A large well appointed house. Agent Ashfield and Tom Wilson are talking to Senator Denholme in the front yard.

SENATOR DENHOLME

As I said before Claire said she was going to her book club. She said she'd be home early.

(beat)

That was the last I saw of her.

TOM

Did you see her pull out of the driveway?

A BEAT as the Senator thinks a minute.

SENATOR DENHOLME

No. I was in the study working on a commencement speech I'm supposed to deliver this Saturday.

(pause)

You can't see the driveway from the study.

Ashfield checks her notes.

AGENT ASHFIELD

This was around seven o'clock, right?

SENATOR DENHOLME

Yes, that's right.

AGENT ASHFIELD

Do you remember what she was doing before she left?

SENATOR DENHOLME

(frustrated)

I understand you have to ask these questions, but what do they have to do with finding who killed my wife?

TOM

It helps if we can construct a time line of the victim's last couple of days.

(beat)

Her killer went to great lengths to make it appear as if she'd killed herself. It's possible he had contact with her prior to the abduction.

SENATOR DENHOLME

You're saying it's someone she knew.

TOM

Most of the time it is.

SENATOR DENHOLME

I see. How about we cut the b.s.

(off look)

I know you've been interviewing my staff.

TOM

We're just doing our job sir.

SENATOR DENHOLME

And this is the part where you tell me you need to rule me out as a suspect, right?

TOM

Well, yes.

The Senator takes a deep breath, clenches his jaw.

SENATOR DENHOLME

Then let's get it over with shall we?

Tom's cellphone RINGS.

TOM

Go on. I'll be right in.

Ashfield follows the Senator inside.

INTERCUT BETWEEN Tom and Akhil in the lab as needed.

TOM (CONT'D)

Yeah.

AKHIL (O.S.)  
Got the results back on that  
underwear.

A BEAT as Tom steels himself...

TOM  
Go on...

AKHIL (O.S.)  
Tested positive.  
(beat)  
Semen and trace amounts of  
lubricant, possibly from a  
condom...

A BEAT as Tom spots something in the grass.

AKHIL (CONT'D)  
... Tom you there?

TOM  
... hold on.

Tom takes out knife, plunges it into the dirt and digs an  
object out.

A BEAT as he hold up the HEEL from a woman's shoe as we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. WILSON HOUSE, BATHROOM -- DAY

Bridget Wilson in front of the bathroom mirror reading the directions of a box of Brazilian Bikini wax.

On the counters sits the plastic tub of brown wax with a wooden applicator stuck in it.

A BEAT as she sticks her finger into the container of wax to test it. The stuff looks painful and sticky. She makes a face.

BRIDGET

(sotto)

Ouch...

The phone RINGS and she exits the bathroom to answer it.

INT. WILSON HOUSE -- DAY

Bridget in the kitchen on the phone when she hears a scream from upstairs.

BRIDGET

...I'm going to have to call you back.

Bridget runs upstairs...

INT. WILSON HOUSE, BATHROOM -- DAY

... to find her son Justin with the application stick full of bikini wax stuck in his hair, screaming.

BRIDGET

Justin Michael Wilson what in God's name have you done?

She takes a look. The wax is stuck pretty good in his curly and well cared for locks. Bridget grabs the box looking for IN CASE OF EMERGENCY instructions as Justin tries to pull the stick free.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNESSY HOUSE -- DAY

ANGLE ON Amanda at her computer staring at a screen, blank except for.



DADDY'S GIRL: Where were you???????

The prompter pulses waiting for a response as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DUPRE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Ray Dupre looking out his front window at a car parked across the street. Jessa ENTERS, her nose still bandaged, the bruises yellowing. She notes Ray's interest in something out the window.

JESSA

What is it?

RAY

A car I don't recognize. Been parked out front for awhile.

Jessa has a look.

JESSA

There's someone inside.

RAY

I know.

Ray opens a kitchen cabinet and takes out a pair of binoculars to have a closer look.

INSERT BINOCULARS -- We recognize the man in the car as The Seeker.

RAY (CONT'D (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have a closer look.

Ray exits.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Ray crosses the lawn walking toward the parked car, but before he can get a closer look The Seeker spots Ray and pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE -- DAY

Suzie Wilson watches as her Mother rubs peanut butter into her brother Justin's hair trying to loosen the wax.

BRIDGET  
 (to Suzie)  
 Hand me the jar.

SUZIE  
 It's not working mom. He's going  
 to lose all of his hair.

Justin starts to cry and tries to hit his sister.

BRIDGET  
 Just be quiet!  
 (to Justin)  
 You hold still.

She rubs some more in, tugs at the applicator gently but it's stuck good.

SUZIE  
 Told you.

A BEAT as she looks at her son, head covered with peanut butter, tears running down his cheeks.

BRIDGET  
 Suz, I need you to find me some  
 scissors.

Off Justin as we...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FORENSICS LAB -- DAY

Akhil holds up the snapped off heel Tom found in the Senator's yard, fitting it against Claire Denholme's shoe. It fits perfectly.

AKHIL  
 I ran the soil on the shoe we found  
 at the crime scene.  
 (off look)  
 It's doesn't match the dump site.

TOM  
 I don't understand.

Akhil points to the bottom of the shoe where the heel snapped off, dirt and bits of grass cling to the bottom.

AKHIL

If she'd walked after snapping her heel I would have gotten a match from where we found the body.

TOM

So she was abducted in the driveway?

AKHIL

Most likely. And then driven to the woods or taken to another location where she was forced to take the pills.

Tom nods, realizing the case has just officially become a cluster fuck.

TOM

I better fill Molesworth in.

Tom turns to go when Akhil stops him to hand Tom back the evidence bag with the underwear.

AKHIL

I got enough for a DNA sample. You want me to run it?

A beat as Tom looks down at his wife's underwear.

TOM

Yeah, sure run it.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE -- EVENING

Martin enters and finds Angie in the kitchen getting dinner ready -- pasta of course.

ANGIE

There you are. Rush is here.

MARTIN

Where?

ANGIE

Basement -- he needs to borrow a saw or something.

(off look)

Said he could find it himself.

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE, BASEMENT -- EVENING

Martin finds Rush in his work room. Rush turns and is startled to see him...

RUSH  
Scared the shit out of me.

MARTIN  
Angie said you were down here.  
(off look)  
What's up?

RUSH  
My Skilsaw quit on me.

MARTIN  
What are you working on?

RUSH  
(quick)  
Finally started that basement remodel. I've been talking about and wouldn't you know it -- first cut I hit a nail.

MARTIN'S POV as he notices that the door to the furnace room AJAR and THERE'S A LIGHT ON.

A BEAT as Martin laments Rush, trying to read him. The mood of two guys talking shop has taken a turn...

MARTIN  
It's right here.

Martin reaches under the tool bench and pulls out a Skilsaw hands it to Rush.

RUSH  
Thanks.

MARTIN  
You need a hand?

RUSH  
No. I think I can handle it.

MARTIN  
(loaded)  
Sure there's nothing else you were looking for?

RUSH  
Nope. This oughtta do it.

MARTIN  
Hold on a minute.

Martin crosses to shut the workroom door.

RUSH  
What are you--

Before Martin can shut the door Angie appears on the stairs.

ANGIE  
Dinner's ready.

MARTIN  
We'll be right up.

Angie doesn't leave.

ANGIE  
(to Rush)  
Do you want to stay for dinner?

RUSH  
No it's okay.

MARTIN  
Come on, stay.

Rush steps past Martin, anxious to get the hell out of there.

RUSH  
Really, thanks for the offer, but  
I'm in the middle of something.

Rush all but runs up the stairs and exits, leaving Angie to wonder what's going on.

MARTIN  
I'll be right up.

Angie exits and Martin goes to check on the briefcase.

He shuts the furnace room door behind him, clicks on the light and opens the panel -- it's still there. He starts to put the panel back when he notices a fingerprint in the dust above it...

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE, GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

We see Bridget in the garage, scooping up several Barbies and their piles of tiny designer clothes which are spread all over the garage and driveway like confetti. We can hear the kids fighting in the b.g.

She looks up to see Rush coming from Martin's house, carrying the saw. Rush waves, but she doesn't wave back. He walks up the drive and into the garage.

RUSH  
Something wrong?

BRIDGET  
Get out of here.

Rush touches her on the shoulder, but she brushes him away.

RUSH  
Nobody can see us.

BRIDGET  
What about Maggie?  
(beat)  
She told me.

RUSH  
Told you what?

BRIDGET  
Oh don't even try it. You slept with her.

RUSH  
Calm down.

BRIDGET  
Don't tell me to calm down.

RUSH  
It just happened. It doesn't mean anything.  
(beat)  
Look maybe I gave you the wrong impression.

Bridget drops several Barbies into a plastic toy tub near the door, takes a deep breath.

BRIDGET  
You're right.  
(sotto)  
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I mean what the hell was I  
thinking?

She laughs at her own foolishness...

RUSH  
We can talk about this later.

Bridget grabs several handfuls of Barbie clothes off the floor. Rush stoops to help her, but she pushes him away and in a quiet voice...

BRIDGET  
It's been a really long day and my  
husband's coming home.  
(firm)  
I just want you to leave. Now.

Just then the door leading to the house open and out steps Bridget's daughter, Susie.

SUSIE  
Mommy?

BRIDGET  
I'll be in a minute, honey.  
(turns to Rush)  
Get out of here.

Rush smiles at the little girl and leaves. HOLD ON BRIDGET as she watches him walk down the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S CAR -- EVENING

Tom has just pulled down Harmondale when he sees Rush walking near his house. Rush waves and Tom waves back, but gives him a good long hard look -- could this be who his wife's banging?

A BEAT as Tom looks over at his wife's underwear in the evidence bag. He quickly stuffs them into the glove box before pulling into his driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. DUPRE HOUSE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Ray changing Jessa's bandages.

RAY  
You ready?

Jessa nods and closes her eyes. Ray carefully removes a bandage from her face to reveal the work she had done.

JESSA  
Well -- how does it look?

RAY  
It's too early.  
(off look)  
Keep your eyes shut.

Ray playfully puts his hand over her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE -- NIGHT

Tom Wilson at the dinner table with his family, chewing his pot roast determined not to let the fact that his wife is cheating on him spoil his appetite. Justin sits across the table with his new crew cut. Bridget breaks the silence...

BRIDGET  
... I just thought with summer and  
all it would be cooler for him.  
(off look)  
He likes it, right Justin?

She gives Justin a keep-your-mouth-shut look.

TOM  
How's it feel?

BRIDGET  
(prompting)  
Tell your Father how it feels.

JUSTIN  
It feels clean and ... neat.

TOM  
Maybe we should think about one for  
Suz.  
(off look)  
Save money on haircuts.

SUZIE  
Dad...

Everybody laughs and for a moment Tom forgets his marriage has just crashed and lets a small smile slip as we...

CUT TO:



EXT. HARMONDALE DRIVE -- NEXT MORNING

Another blue sky day in suburbia. Timed sprinkler pop on, scattering bluebirds and robins off the lawn...

INT. WILSON HOUSE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

Tom Wilson in bed next to his sleeping wife, wide awake his guts churning. He rises from bed and crosses to the window and cracks the blinds -- sunlight and the noise of his son and daughter shouting downstairs filling the room as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Maggie standing at the window waiting for Rush to jog by. She checks her watch, frowns as there's no sign of him.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBERSON HOUSE, RONNI'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Ronni under the covers carefully running a pair of nail scissors over her arm, pain and then slack jawed pleasure as the blade breaks the skin and blood runs down her arm.

IN THE HALLWAY -- We see Angie in her bathrobe getting ready to knock on Ronni's door as we...

EXT. HARMONDALE DRIVE -- MORNING

We see Martin huffing along on his morning jog. He pulls up at the corner where he usually meets Rush. Takes a breather, checks his pulse and then continues with his run. He passes a little park with bushes and tended flower beds as we...

PULL BACK TO A BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the neighborhood stirring to life, everything in its place except for a shock of flesh in some bushes...

ANGLE ON RUSH sprawled in the mulch, his face a bloody mess...

FADE OUT:

THE END