

RECON

"Pilot"

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Outerbanks Entertainment

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ACT ONE

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PREP ROOM - DAY

A naked, grey corpse of a WOMAN, 70, lies on a prep table.

An EMBALMER, 30s, enters, tying a mask over his beard. He pulls on gloves, stares down at the body -- its slight legs, age-marked skin, sunken face. As he closes the corpse's eyelids --

INT. ALEXA'S LOFT - DAY

Eyes snap open. ALEXA, 28, lurches awake, breathless. She takes in the room, observant, calculating -- just rattled by a bad dream. She orients. IN A SERIES OF INTERCUTS, as Alexa reaches for her phone --

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PREP ROOM - DAY

The Embalmer reaches for his SCALPEL. As he touches the tip to the corpse's collarbone --

ON ALEXA: stabbing a knife into an orange spraying citrus mist. Breakfast. She crosses through her studio. We see the vast emptiness of her loft -- exposed brick, factory windows, and few of the expected furnishings. No clutter. No mess.

As she peels back the orange's skin --

ON THE EMBALMER: peeling back the flesh of the collarbone to expose the carotid artery. A drain tube connects. An embalming machine flips on. Embalming fluid pumps into the body. Blood drains into the machine.

As the Embalmer wrings a sponge in a bucket of water --

ON ALEXA: shutting off the shower. She towels off. Studies herself in the mirror. Pretty, rough edges. Haunted. Pensive. Imperfect. She's steeling herself for something...

ON THE EMBALMER: as he finds his scalpel again, this time touching its tip to the body's hip. He drags the blade along the leg, opening the flesh down to the bone.

He returns the scalpel to the tool tray, setting it beside a PVC PIPE -- wires coil to an electronic detonator. Welding residue at its joints. This is a bomb.

He reaches past it for a BONE SAW. We hear it BUZZ to life --

ON ALEXA: reading a BUZZING phone reminder: "Interview." She tosses it on her bed, finishes tugging on her jeans.

ON THE EMBALMER: as he stretches nylons up the corpse's legs. He dabs foundation on the cheeks. Eye shadow brushes the lids. Lipstick colors the lips.

ON ALEXA: applying chap-stick. She shoves it in the pocket of her hoodie, grabs her backpack and walks to the door -- vans, destroyed jeans, old sweatshirt. She's a woman without a whole lot of fucks to give --

ON THE EMBALMER: proudly gazing down at his work -- the corpse wears a red blazer and skirt, elegant, life-like.

The Embalmer pricks an American flag pin into her lapel. He adjusts it. There. Now, she's perfect.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The embalmer wheels a CASKET into a hearse. In the distance, the WASHINGTON MONUMENT looms.

EXT. MILWAUKEE, WI - DAY

Riding her single-speed bike, Alexa tears into morning rush hour. A confident rider. Master of her surroundings. Miller Brewery peaks above a skyline of historical buildings.

SUPERIMPOSE: Milwaukee, WI May 1, 2016

Alexa rides, hyper-aware. Anticipating a parked CAR DOOR open ahead, she veers aside, dodging the oblivious Pedestrian.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY

The hearse motors up to the majestic church. SIX PALLBEARERS escort the casket through an imposing archway.

SUPERIMPOSE: Washington D.C. The Same Day

EXT. FBI - MILWAUKEE FIELD OFFICES - DAY

Alexa coasts up to a building overlooking Lake Michigan. She locks her bike below a seal: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

INT. FBI - LOBBY - DAY

Bright. Modern. Alexa takes it all in, impressed -- until the ALARM of the metal detectors BLARES -- she's set them off.

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - SIDE FOYER - DAY

ALARMS blare beneath the metal detector, triggered by the CASKET. TWO SUITED MEN approach the Pallbearers.

SUITED MAN

Excuse us. We need to check this.

They snap open the hinges to reveal the pristine body. They poke around the padding. Feeling for any abnormalities. As --

The Suited Man sweeps a METAL DETECTOR over the body. It BEEPS at her femur. As the Pallbearers react with concern --

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)

Hip replacement in 2010. Go ahead.

As the pallbearers close the casket --

INT. FBI - LOBBY - DAY

FBI SECURITY opens a sign-in binder as Alexa waits, noticing the TV behind him playing NEWS FOOTAGE of the a funeral arrivals outside the Washington Cathedral.

FBI SECURITY

Name and person you're here to see.

ALEXA

Alexa Reikowski. Here for Special Agent in Charge Rashida Malik.

He takes in Alexa -- just a few piercings shy of the Girl With a Dragon Tattoo. He smirks, picks up the phone. *Oookay.*

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY

Paparazzi greet limos as they pull up to a crowd of MOURNERS. Doors open to CEOs, AMBASSADORS, CELEBRITIES.

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - BREEZEWAY - DAY

The Suited Man takes his position. We notice his earpiece as he glances toward the FIVE SUITED MEN stationed around him. Same disciplined posture. As he speaks into an invisible radio, it's becoming clear these are SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

SUITED MAN

Breezeway secure.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - SIDE ENTRY - DAY

The Presidential motorcade pulls up. A crowd is maintained by SECRET SERVICE as more AGENTS unload onto the curb and surround MADAM PRESIDENT CAFFREY, 50s, her HUSBAND and their TWO SONS, 20s. As they're whisked toward the entrance --

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - BREEZEWAY - DAY

VICE PRESIDENT BOYD, 65, stands with his THREE DAUGHTERS (late 20s) rereading a speech on a slip of paper. He's nervous. Exhausted. His eldest daughter rubs his back.

They share a comforting look. Their grim expressions brighten slightly as the room busies for the President's entrance.

MADAM PRESIDENT

Hi, girls.

As she hugs the youngest, making her rounds of consolation, an ORGAN wheezes into the PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

SUITED MAN

Madam, you and the First Gentleman will lead the procession. The Vice President will follow you down the aisle and fill in on the left.

She nods, moving to Vice President Boyd. She grabs his hands.

MADAM PRESIDENT

Rose always knew how to throw a party.

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY

A packed CONGREGATION. Teary-eyes glance over shoulders to view the procession. A BISHOP and CLERGY lead, followed by the Presidential family. As they march toward the open casket of the Second Lady of the United States...

INT. FBI - MALIK'S OFFICE - DAY

Alexa sits alone. Waiting. Bouncing her knee, gripping her resume. Nerves have set in. She scans the diplomas. Medals of honor from Afghanistan. Wall art that says "Bismillah".

Alexa's thoughts spin with rapid-fire observations, her trademark way of interacting with the world around her.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Special Agent Malik, 55, top of her class. Perfectionist neat freak. "Bismillah" -- she's Muslim. No family, no pets, no couch. Uncomfortable chairs. Prefers to be alone. Accomplishments on display so the world takes her seriously.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE RASHIDA MALIK, 55, African-American, breezes to her desk. All work, no play. Any soft side obscured by ambition. She gives Alexa a once-over.

MALIK
I didn't order a courier.

ALEXA
I'm not a courier. Reikowski. My placement advisor called you?

Malik offers her hand. Alexa shares her resume.

MALIK
Born and raised in Milwaukee...MSOE
... Poly Sci... ah, I see you're
proficient in Microsoft Word.
Finally, someone who can tell me
how to add a page break.

ALEXA
I want to work in counterterrorism
as an Intelligence Analyst.

MALIK
Then you should've worn a shirt
with a collar. I'm sorry,
Reikowksi. I don't know what you
heard but we don't have another
Analyst in the budget.

Malik offers the resume back. Alexa takes it. Grabs her bag. Moves to the door. But, she just can't help herself --

ALEXA
I was the research specialist for
Quad Security systems, top of my
class at Quantico, graduated
college with a 4.1 GPA, but mostly
I'm the person noticing that Post-
It covering your computer cam.

Malik's eyes glance to the Post-It on her monitor.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
What does it say when the head of
the field office is convinced she's
being spied on? It says terrorism
is working. You know better than
anyone we're not doing enough to
protect this country and that is
more terrifying than terrorism
itself. That is why you need me.

Malik absorbs that. She likes this girl.

MALIK
Come with me.

Malik stands. She leads Alexa out of her office to a balcony looking down upon --

INT. FBI - "SPY TANK" - DAY

An exposed basement office. Six low-tech work stations are manned by six tired-looking INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS. Another six stations are unmanned, used for storage -- boxes, books, old monitors. A bleak tableau of budgetary constraints.

MALIK
Patriotism's great on paper, but it
doesn't keep the lights on. I'll
call you if something opens up.

Malik walks away. As Alexa stares down on the Spy Tank --

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY

The funeral procession continues. The Vice President and his daughters descend the aisle. As his daughters shuffle into their pew, Vice President Boyd approaches the casket. He gazes down at his wife. Willing her to blink. To be alive.

VICE PRESIDENT BOYD
I love you, sweetheart.

He leans down to kiss her forehead. BEEP. His eyes snap open with sudden awareness, when -- BOOM --

The casket EXPLODES. A BLAST of flame, black powder, and gnarly shrapnel ROCKS THE CATHEDRAL as --

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - DAY

The stained glass windows BURST and doors WHIP OPEN, spewing a gust of debris and terror --

RECON

INT. FBI - LOBBY - DAY

A new day. Alexa enters in her vans and hoodie. She throws her bag on the X-ray. Empties her pockets. Coasts through the metal detectors. Nods to the same Security desk guard.

ALEXA
What's up, Benny?

FBI SECURITY
Morning, Alexa.

Superimpose: Four Months Later

Alexa passes the LOBBY TV where Madam President makes a formal address captioned: "The President Returns to Office."

The President has a startling modification since we met her -- a prosthetic arm. An injury from the blast.

MADAM PRESIDENT
Good morning, America. It's good to be back.

INT. FBI - DAY

Alexa strides through the FBI -- she's at home now. Comfortable. She descends the spiral staircase into --

INT. FBI - "SPY TANK" - DAY

A modernized, bustling version of what we saw in the teaser. Now some TWO DOZEN MILLENNIAL IAs work diligently at surveillance stations. Looks like the FBI found more money.

Alexa dumps her bag at her station. She inserts earbuds, then uses her THUMBPRINT to power-on her four monitors:

Monitor 1: Social media pages (Twitter, Facebook, Instagram) for the Mazari Family and DayPack Industries.

Monitor 2: Windows of email browsers.

Monitor 3: Phone data -- names and times of recorded calls.

Monitor 4: Observation log.

She assesses the data, clicks on "OMAR MAZARI CALL HISTORY".

She flips up her hoodie and cloaks herself from the world.

VOICES start up, a recording from the computer. She listens.

OMAR (FILTERED)
I'd like two thin crust. One Hawaiian. One pepperoni. And a side of breadsticks.

MAN'S VOICE (FILTERED)
Is that cash or credit, Mr. Mazari?

Alexa types: **Mazari Surveillance August 31, 2016** at the top of the page. Then **"21:01:23 phone call to 414-555-4767.**
Subject: Another pizza order. 1 Hawaiian. 1 pep. Breadsticks.

MONITOR 2: an active email account labelled "DayPack Admin".
Alexa observes as the user deletes spam promotional emails.

Alexa types on Monitor 4: **Sept 1, 2016 9:03:14. DayPack admin user's morning ritual of deleting all spam.** CUT TO:

INT. FBI - SPY TANK - KITCHEN - DAY

Alexa dumps sugar into her coffee, chewing on a stir stick, eying a mounted TV tuned into the President's address.

President Caffrey now shares the screen with shots of the terrorist embalmer (KYLE JAMAL JOHNSON), footage of flags flying at half-mast, mourners...

MADAM PRESIDENT

The Vice President and the other sixteen souls lost four months ago were used to prey on our fears. Fear of another May Day, or San Bernardino. Paris or 9/11...

PUSH IN on ALEXA's face as news footage of the CATHEDRAL EXPLOSION plays. Alexa blinks, disturbed as --

INT. REIKOWSKI RESIDENCE - ALEXA'S BEDROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A phone RINGS. Sun flares through the window. YOUNG ALEXA, 12, wakes. It's abnormally bright. Her heavy eyes strain to adjust. A blurry family photo dials in and out of focus. Mom, Dad, Alexa. **The phone stops ringing.**

Alexa's gaze shifts to the blurry clock. Squinting, she hones in on the time -- 8:22. Late. Too late. A terrified SCREAM --

MOM (O.S.)

Alexa!

As Alexa lurches up, chilled --

INT. FBI - SPY TANK - KITCHEN - DAY

Alexa shivers, startled out of her memory as a cabinet slams.

FREDDIE

Morning.

SPECIAL AGENT FREDDIE RACER, 30, searching cabinets. While Alexa is all mess and sharp edges, Freddie's clean cut. Groomed. Wearing a nice suit. And very, very attractive.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Freddie's wearing a new tie. He smells like sandalwood. Probably has a date tonight, definitely thinks you're crazy. Walk away --

He catches her staring. She looks away too late. Whoops.

FREDDIE

You analyzing me?

ALEXA

No.

FREDDIE

We were in six classes together at the Academy, I know when the hamster's spinning his wheel.

ALEXA

Just wondering what brings a Special Agent down to the geeks.

FREDDIE

Heard you guys had hipster coffee.

She opens a cabinet near him. Reaches past him to grab a hidden bag of hipster coffee. Hands it to him. They're close.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Alexa drops her eyes. Insecure. Data, she gets. Men are another story.

ALEXA

Anyway, I should probably... bye.

She gets the hell away. As Freddie watches her go, amused --

INT. FBI - "SPY TANK" - LATER

Alexa monitors another call -- the filtered voices of a couple we'll learn to know well: OMAR and FARRAH MAZARI, early 50s.

FARRAH (FILTERED)

Remember the good old days when Oshin called me her "best friend"?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

FARRAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
*Guess who slammed the door in my
face this morning?*

OMAR (FILTERED)
*This is why I want you to join me
at Jumu'ah. I'm sure a lot of
working mothers there can relate.*

FARRAH (FILTERED)
*I don't need group therapy, Omar. I
need two of me so I can be around --*

OMAR (FILTERED)
*An assistant. I know. But there's
so much scrutiny on the community
right now, I don't want to invite a
stranger into our home.*

FARRAH (FILTERED)
*You need me at the Center. DayPack
needs me at the office. The kids
need me at home. I don't even have
time to have this fight again --*

OMAR (FILTERED)
*Farrah. Okay. I will allow you an
assistant, and in return, you allow
Allah back into your life.*

As Alexa types on Monitor 4: **"10:48:16 Omar continues to pull
Farrah back to Islam. Finally OKs an assistant."**

As the DAY CONTINUES IN MONTAGE we catch glimpses of e-mails
she's tracking -- "Reschedule for noon..." "...POS on all
packing materials..." "Reminder from Dr. Habib -- Your
Cyclosporine Prescription is now available."

Alexa studies the screen, curious, as around her the other
IAs break for lunch. Alexa digs a "Lunchables" out of her
backpack. Peels off the lid.

Glimpses of Google searches typed in real-time: "Minecraft
LogIn. Minecraft Videos. Minecraft Weapon Crafting Recipe"...

Snippets of phone calls between TWO TEEN GIRLS:

OSHIN (FILTERED)
I gotta go to class. I hate Barker.

KELSEY (FILTERED)
*Me too. Send me that picture of us
from lunch. I'll miss you.*

Alexa continues her notation on Monitor 4: **13:48:45 Oshin calls Kelsey. Discuss seeing a movie this weekend.**

Alexa eyes Monitor 2: The "DayPack Admin" e-mail account opens and has accumulated a dozen spam emails.

The user moves the mouse arrow across the screen, ignoring the other spam and opens a "Couches Plus" promotion. It contains an attachment. The body of the email says: *"Download attached encryption software. From now on, all communication should be done through ciphertext."*

Alexa pales. Holy shit. She skims DayPack's Facebook. Through business promotions, corporate photos -- all innocuous.

She clicks on DayPack's Twitter page, scrolling down their promotional tweets. She stops on one: **"We're ready! #wave92235"**.

That Tweet triggers something in Alexa. She furiously logs into the NCIC -- inputting "Kyle Jamal Johnson".

An FBI file appears. The TERRORIST EMBALMER. His mug shot. Arrest report. She clicks through a bunch of scanned papers until -- there -- a screencap of Johnson's Twitter page. One tweet on January 2, 2014: **"All good. #wave5116"**.

ALEXA

Oh my God.

Alexa reels. Things just changed.

INT. FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A DOZEN AGENTS gather around a table. Alexa stands at the far end -- hoodie and skinny jeans in a sea of power suits. She fidgets with her zipper as she awaits her presentation when Freddie enters. *Great. He's here, too.* Her nerves build.

Malik strides in, all business.

MALIK

As we know, Milwaukee native Kyle Jamal Johnson converted to Islam in 2013, was recruited by the Al-Ghazi terror organization, and four months ago pulled off one of the most crippling attacks on US soil. If he's working from a cell, he's probably doing it here.

(then)

Reikowski, welcome to the cool kids' table. Let's hear it.

Alexa looks around the room. All eyes on her. The Feds. The suits. She clears her throat.

ALEXA

I believe my target sent up a flare to Al-Ghazi by using a similar Tweet hashtag to what Kyle Jamal Johnson used before he was recruited for the May Day Attack. Hashtag wave.

The images of the two TWEETS display side-by-side.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I noticed it after my target received a fake promotional email containing an encryption key a day later. Just as Johnson did. The obvious difference here is that Johnson followed his hashtag with "5116", which we discovered too late was a date. May 1, 2016 the date of the May Day attack.

Malik shifts in her seat. A dark day for her.

MALIK

"92235" is obviously not a date.

ALEXA

I know. But Johnson forecasted his plan to the world. I believe deciphering those numbers is the key to stopping the next attack. And I believe someone inside the household I've been monitoring is working with Al-Ghazi.

As she prompts a FAMILY PHOTO -- a good looking Middle Eastern family of five. A photo of OMAR appears.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

The Mazaris. Led by Omar Mazari. Born in Egypt where he suffered from a kidney disorder. Organ donation is controversial in the Muslim community so his parents moved here to Wisconsin in 1977.

Alexa's nerves gradually disappear as she shifts the attention from herself to her subjects.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

They put him on a transplant list while they began a small freight service called DayPack. Shortly after, Omar's father was murdered in a hate crime swept under the rug by police.

Alexa looks up at Freddie. She has his undivided attention.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

After the murder, Omar embraced Islam. Propagated an anti-authority newsletter out of Milwaukee's Central Mosque where he met his future kidney and eventual wife -- Farrah Saidi. Not only did she save his life, she turned his family kiosk into a successful regional shipping company.

She prompts a picture of FARRAH dressed for a fund-raiser.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Farrah Mazari. A Palestinian who moved to the US in 1975. Not your typical Allah-fearing Muslim. Americanized quick. Work-a-holic. Keeps a secret checking account for clothes and jewelry, and she's desperate for live-in help to manage her job, life and two kids: Oshin and Yusuf.

Yearbook pictures of a girl OSHIN, 17 and a boy YUSUF, 11.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

They have a third son Jared. Works at DayPack and like Omar and Farrah, probably has access to their corporate Twitter account.

The DayPack employee photo of JARED, 27, appears. Striking eyes and a haunted complexion.

Freddie examines Alexa's packet, studies the encryption key.

FREDDIE

What's with the encryption key?

ALEXA

The key is weak. It will take our supercomputers roughly 40 days to break through their encrypted messages. Al-Ghazi knows this.

MALIK

Then why not use something more sophisticated?

ALEXA

This is the terrorist group that put the *actual attack date* in their recruitment tweet and then went on to blow up our Vice President. Al-Ghazi takes pleasure in taunting us. They want to humiliate us again. The message they're sending with this encryption key is that by the time our computers crack it, the attack will have already happened. We have 40 days. Max.

Uneasy looks bounce around the room. This is bad.

EXT. FBI - DAY

Headed home, Alexa unlocks her bike as Malik approaches.

MALIK

So I'm impressed.

ALEXA

No big deal. I have a thing for remembering weird details.

MALIK

I think they call that a gift.

ALEXA

We've been monitoring 25% of 1.6% percent of the city's population. The probability of one of us striking raw intelligence is --

MALIK

Just say thank you.

Alexa pulls the lock off her bike. She smirks --

ALEXA

You're welcome.

MALIK

You said Farrah Mazari wants a personal assistant -- someone to run her house, help her at work. I want to send you in as an informant. Figure out who's talking with Al-Ghazi.

ALEXA

Me? I can't think of anyone at the FBI who would suck worse at that.

MALIK

You've been monitoring the Mazaris for months. You know their schedules, who they talk to, what they order for dinner. We don't have time to download someone else--

ALEXA

I barely lasted sixty seconds in my interview with you and I knew what I was talking about. Farrah Mazari would laugh me out of her house.

MALIK

Farrah wants young, hungry and stylish. Lucky for us one of those things can be taught --

ALEXA

I don't do corporate. I don't do kids. And I don't pretend to care.

Alexa pulls her bike off the rack. Very much wants to go.

MALIK

Why didn't you tell me you lost your dad on 9/11?

ALEXA

(thrown)

So you could accuse me of being an obsessed xenophobe --

MALIK

So I could see you as a human and not a rambling databank.

That silences Alexa. Malik presses.

MALIK (CONT'D)

But you don't like to talk about it, do you? How he called from the South Tower before it fell? How it went to voicemail? How your mom still pays the answering service so she can listen to him tell her that he loves her?

ALEXA

How do you know what he said?

MALIK

You're not the only one who benefits from the long-reach of the Patriot Act. I just listened to it.

Alexa's stomach tightens in anger. Malik doesn't care.

MALIK (CONT'D)

The VP died on my watch. The Intel was there and I didn't see it. That will haunt me for the rest of my life. Help me see the next one. Help me keep one less terrorist orphan out of this world.

INT. FBI - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sink turns on. Water crashes. Alexa's thoughts spiral.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Alexa Reikowski, 28. FBI Analyst. Good with Intel. Sucks at normal. Claims she wants to protect people then hides in bathrooms and panics when given the chance.

(looking in the mirror)

92235. It means something. You figure it out, you stop the attack.

A long, resolved beat. She turns off the sink and walks out.

INT. FBI - MALIK'S OFFICE - DAY

Freddie reads Alexa's file. Malik looks on from her desk.

FREDDIE

She's an analyst. She sits at a monitor all day. No friends. No social graces.

MALIK

She's an observer. We need eyes and ears inside that house.

FREDDIE

I know this girl -- she's not equipped to have long conversations let alone use a gun.

MALIK

Then while you're reminding her how to use a gun, train her to order lattes and drive carpool -- skills she'll *actually* need.

FREDDIE

Aren't you Muslim? Doesn't it bother you that in the past four months the FBI's surveilled a quarter of this city's Muslim population?

MALIK

Find me a member of Al-Ghazi who's had his First Communion and I'll put a wire tap on his priest --

FREDDIE

It's blatant Islamophobia. How are you okay with this --

MALIK

I'm not. But extremists do not get to speak for my Islam. And until the public understands the difference between the beliefs of a few lone wolf sociopaths and a religion of 1.7 billion, this is what we're doing. And maybe, fifty years from now, I'll start to sleep at night.

Done here, Malik gets up and moves to the door.

MALIK (CONT'D)

It's a few weeks. Reikowski figures out Al-Ghazi's plan, we pull her out, we win.

(opening the door)

I'm headed to ADX to pay our May Day bomber a visit. Have our girl in the house by the time I'm back.

INT. FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie slides Alexa an envelope.

ALEXA

You're my handler? You cheated off me on, like, every written exam.

FREDDIE

One, I didn't realize you noticed. And two, to quote our defensive tactics instructor, "let's just hope she's good at computers."

Alexa eyes him -- no rebuttal there. She opens the envelope.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Alexa Reikowski meet Farrah's dream assistant. Alexa Bentley. Inside that packet you'll find your new driver's license. Phone. Employment history with knowledge of Islam, family background -- you look nervous.

ALEXA

I can memorize an alias in ten seconds. But I have no idea how to get this family to trust me.

FREDDIE

Easy. Win their trust by drawing on the Intel you've collected about them. Use it to make them like you.

Alexa looks at him -- *sure, easy.*

ALEXA

When is this happening?

FREDDIE

When I know you'll ace your interview without getting killed.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Alexa climbs the stairs in workout gear behind Freddie.

FREDDIE

Your job is to figure out if these people are actually terrorists. My job is to keep you alive.

Alexa stops to catch her breath against the railing.

ALEXA
I'll be managing Farrah's calendar,
not training her for a marathon.

FREDDIE
Unless something goes wrong and you
need to take action.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - BOUTIQUE - DAY

Freddie and Alexa stare at a hip girlie window mannequin.

FREDDIE
Because you'll need to be able to
take action wearing that.

Chloe handbag. Alexander Wang boots.

ALEXA (PRE-LAP)
I'm gonna puke.

INT. FBI - CAFE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gagging, Alexa disassembles a whole RAW CHICKEN with a chef's knife. Freddie coaches her. Mediterranean ingredients and veggies clutter the counter.

FREDDIE
You're doing great. Now put the
blade in that V-shaped bone.

ALEXA
It's stuck.

FREDDIE
Pound on the handle.

She does. CRUNCH. The knife breaks the bone. Success.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Freddie empties his Glock on a target. Alexa watches him -- his focus. Chiseled jawline. The sweat on his brow. He's sexy. As he turns to her, Alexa quickly shifts her gaze as he hands her the gun. Alexa faces her target, raises her gun.

FREDDIE
Aim. Prep the trigger. Line up the
front site with the target.

She aims. Fires. A distant miss. Yikes.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
How are you at hand-to-hand combat?

EXT. FBI - GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

Freddie and Alexa spar with boxing gloves. He swings. She ducks. They fight with comfort. A rhythm.

FREDDIE
So Yusuf tells you he's being
bullied. You a) tell his parents b)
make sure he feels like he's being
heard c) all of the above.

ALEXA
D) Get the height and weight of the
bully and assess the probability of
Yusuf kicking his ass. I'm an
analyst. I see people as a
combination of their biometrics,
online spending habits and their
last text of the night. Not a lot
of room for feelings.

He swings, she surprises him -- grabs his arm and twists,
flipping him to his back. She smirks, proud of herself --
until he sweeps out her legs with his feet, downing her. They
lie on their backs side-by-side. They're close.

FREDDIE
Those hoodies you wear, that
monitor you hide behind, all that
data you collect? They're masks.
They keep the real world out and
the real you in. Alexa Bentley is
just another mask. None of it has
to be real. The Mazaris just need
to believe it is, feelings and all.

She studies him, realizing he's seen through her all along.
He turns to finally look at her. A beat as their eyes lock.

ALEXA
I'm ready.

EXT. MAZARI ESTATE - DAY

A stone mansion on an manicured circle drive. The door opens
to FARRAH MAZARI, REVEAL Alexa as her alias -- a Barney's
dress and four-inch heels. Make-up, confidence, and charm.

ALEXA
Hi, Mrs. Mazari. I'm Alexa Bentley.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - FOYER - DAY

Alexa steps in, taking in the grand front entry. As Farrah closes the door behind her --

ALEXA (V.O.)

Farrah Mazari. Wearing her favorite shoes. Harry Winston diamonds she told Omar were \$500 knockoffs from Macy's. She made an effort. She wants to hire me. Impress her --

FARRAH

Can you give us a minute? We're in the midst of a little family drama.

ALEXA

Is everything okay?

FARRAH

Turns out Yusuf's baseball nickname is "the Bomber", and until this afternoon he assumed it was because of his home run average. Excuse me.

Farrah leaves Alexa in the foyer. Alexa stands awkwardly for a moment. She finds a chair. Looks around at the decor. Family photos. The wallpaper. The rug. The personal touches. Holy shit -- she's in the belly of the beast.

MUFFLED UPSET VOICES arise from the next room.

YUSUF (O.S.)

I told you, I hate them.

FARRAH (O.S.)

Enough to forfeit video games for a week?

Alexa stands, creeping closer to decipher the argument.

YUSUF (O.S.)

They called you a terrorist, too.

FARRAH (O.S.)

You are the only Muslim that boy will probably ever meet and you respond with violence.

YUSUF (O.S.)

He hit me, first.

FARRAH (O.S.)
I don't care. Now go to your room.
We'll talk later. I have a meeting.

Alexa backs away from the door as Farrah re-emerges.

FARRAH (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. Let me show you
around.

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Farrah leads Alexa through an expertly furnished home.

FARRAH
You'd run the house, schedule and
payroll for the gardener, pool boy,
cleaning woman. Prep the kids for
school next week. I assume that
was your car outside? We prefer you
use the family car.

EXT. MAZARI ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY

A Lincoln Navigator sits in the driveway. Alexa follows
Farrah past a large pool and lush garden. They head upstairs
to the garage studio.

FARRAH
We host a lot. You'll hire event
staff, catering, valet. Your
apartment would be up here in the --

Alexa trips on the stairs -- awkwardly grabs the railing.
Shit. She can't even walk in heels. Alexa reattaches her
shoe, trying to hide her mortification.

ALEXA
Stupid Manolos, always slipping.

FARRAH
I believe those are Louboutins. Try
hair spray. It helps.

Farrah heads up, as Alexa curses herself under her breath.

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - GARAGE STUDIO - DAY

A furnished studio. OSHIN plays a video game.

FARRAH
Oshin. This is Alexa.

Oshin can't be bothered. She never looks up from the screen.

OSHIN
Nice to meet you, Replacement Mom.

Dead air. Sounds of game explosions fill awkward silence.

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - FOYER - DAY

Farrah and Alexa enter.

FARRAH
My daughter thinks I'm doing this so
I can work more. She's yet to
appreciate what it means to be a
woman in 2016 -- not exactly easy to
be the boss, wife, perfect mom...

They settle before a posed older family photo. In it, Farrah
and Oshin are wearing hijabs.

ALEXA
Probably not easy to be a Muslim in
2016, either, huh?

FARRAH
What does that mean?

ALEXA
I noticed on DayPack's website that
you don't wear a head scarf in
public. I guess I just assumed you
did that to avoid drawing attention
to your faith.

Farrah chews on that. The implication irks her.

FARRAH
I have no problem with my faith,
Alexa. Not in 2016 when strangers
pantomime shooting at me, not in
1980 when my faith introduced me to
my husband or in 1985 when my faith
empowered me to give him my kidney
to keep him alive. My faith made my
life so big that I need two of me.
I have no issues with my faith.

Alexa feels this falling apart. She awkwardly backpedals.

ALEXA
Of course -- I'm an idiot. Sorry, I
shouldn't have assumed.

Silence hangs between them as Farrah considers her. The moment is interrupted when YUSUF, 11, descends the stairs with an ice-pack to his head.

YUSUF
My ice is melting.

FARRAH
One second, sweetheart.

ALEXA
You got punched in the head?

YUSUF
Yeah.

ALEXA
You weren't facing your attacker.

YUSUF
So?

ALEXA
You know how the Diamond Sword is the deadliest weapon in Minecraft?

YUSUF
You play Minecraft?

ALEXA
I do. And the fact that you weren't facing your attacker means you didn't engage your real-life deadliest weapon. Your eyes. Look them in the eyes and they'll think twice about calling you names. Worked for me.

Yusuf offers a tiny smile and a nod before leaving.

FARRAH
How did you know he's obsessed with that stupid game?

ALEXA
Lucky guess.

Farrah considers her another moment.

FARRAH
Well, Alexa, you have a solid resume but can't walk in heels.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

FARRAH (CONT'D)

You're naturally curious yet mildly offensive...

(beat, amused)

Frankly, you remind me of me when I started out.

ALEXA

I do?

FARRAH

You do. I'd like you to work on a probationary basis for a few days. We'll see how it goes.

ALEXA

Great. Okay. Thank you. Then I'll see you tomorrow?

FARRAH

Good. You can show yourself out.

Farrah walks away, leaving Alexa reeling. How did she swing that? In disbelief, she moves toward the entry, passing --

THE STUDY,

where OMAR MAZARI, 55, kneels reverently on a prayer rug. He doesn't notice Alexa watching him curiously a moment, before she continues on her way...

EXT. DEBBIE REIKOWSKI RESIDENCE - DAY

A broken plastic STATUE OF MARY lies in a pile of barbecue parts and cracked clay pots. Alexa enters through the front gate, walking past boxes, crates, hoses, knee-high grass. A hoarding nightmare. She finds a RENT NOTICE on the door.

ALEXA

Mom?

INT. DEBBIE REIKOWSKI RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stuff is packed into shelves, atop surfaces, covering almost every visible inch of home.

ALEXA

Mom?

INT. DEBBIE REIKOWSKI RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

DEBBIE, 65, an unhealthy recluse, boiling water on the one burner not covered by cardboard. Alexa enters.

DEBBIE
You're here. Is it six already?

ALEXA
Pete left a note that you owe rent.
I sent you the check --

DEBBIE
I know, I paid it. That's old.

ALEXA
You sure? You didn't spend it?

DEBBIE
Look at you. Are you wearing make-
up? You look like a model.

ALEXA
I look like I'm trying too hard.
(flips off the burner)
I hate it when you use this. You're
gonna burn the house down. Dinner's
outside. Where's a table cloth?

DEBBIE
Hallway cabinet.

INT. DEBBIE RIEKOWSKI RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Alexa maneuvers through stacks of clutter. She tries to orient, noticing a BARE NAIL impaled high in the wall. The image stops her. She stares at it, her eyes haunted as --

INT. DEBBIE RIEKOWSKI RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A CRUCIFIX hangs on that same nail in the same hallway -- except the hall is clean. Still in her PJs, Young Alexa moves toward a VOICE, locking eyes with the dying Christ.

YOUNG ALEXA
Mom?

She lands at her parents' bedroom. Empty. Bed made. The VOICE comes from a disoriented NEWS ANCHOR on the TV:

NEWS ANCHOR
If you're joining us in Milwaukee we're going to flip over to our New York affiliates who are reporting that a second plane has crashed into the World Trade Center....

As Young Alexa tries to process what that even means --

INT. RIEKOWSKI RESIDENCE - HALLWAY/BEDROOM - DAY - **PRESENT**

ON ALEXA again, reflecting on that morning. She's standing at that same door, staring at the same TV. Except it's obscured by clothes. The bed is buried. Everything is different.

EXT. DEBBIE REIKOWSKI RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

A refrigerator. A tower of spare tires. Tall grass. Alexa opens containers of Chinese takeout at a picnic table. Plastic forks. Paper plates. No homemade charm.

ALEXA

I thought Dr. Roberts wanted you to clean for 15 minutes a day. I couldn't even get to the cabinet.

DEBBIE

Dr. Roberts needs to realize shop-a-holics aren't cured overnight.

ALEXA

Shop-a-holic? His word or yours?

DEBBIE

Can we not ruin dinner with this conversation please? Come on. What's got you all dolled up?

ALEXA

The Counterterrorism division offered me a field assignment.

DEBBIE

Really. My same daughter who was too shy to join her high school soccer team?

ALEXA

I know. It's... the point is... that this is a huge career move for me, and I can do a lot of good...
(delicately)
But there's a chance I may not be able to be around for a few months.

Debbie reacts, visibly uncomfortable.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I know that's a big shift from seeing you every other day, but --

DEBBIE

What am I supposed to do? Depend on Pete? He's scared to come inside --

ALEXA

I haven't figured all that out yet, Mom. It's new to me, too, okay? And I could really use your support. This is a big deal for me.
(smiling, trying)
Can you just be proud of me please? Screw these terrorist bastards.

Alexa reaches out and puts her hand on her mom's. Debbie tries to digest all of this. She retracts her hand to eat.

DEBBIE

So first I lose your father to those people and now I lose you.

ALEXA

You're not losing me. There's an attack coming and I'm trying to stop it --

DEBBIE

Stopping twenty attacks won't bring him back, Alexa. He's gone. It's time to let it go.

Debbie continues her meal. Alexa can only watch, helpless.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Alexa, dressed for a work-out, climbs floor after floor with speed, her steps echoing. Pure mental focus.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Alexa Bentley. Born August 31, 1991 at Mercy Hospital to Miles and... and... Mary Jo.
(drills it into her brain)
Mary Jo. Mary Jo. Mary Jo. Have you heard of my mom? She's an executive like you. SVP of Sales at Green Earth. She makes a difference in the world. My role model, best friend, confidante, thinks I'll be a CEO one day unless my dad makes a lawyer out of me --

A WOMAN descends the stairs. Alexa moves, then continues up --

ALEXA (V.O.)
Miles Bentley. Former prosecutor
now a real estate attorney --

She moves for a MAN and WOMAN descending the stairs quickly.

ALEXA (V.O.)
He hated being away all the time.
The new job gave him time at home --

Alexa stops as even MORE PEOPLE continue to descend. A steady stream. Hurried. People pushing their way down.

Confused, Alexa ascends with urgency now -- except the residents fill up the entire stairwell, headed down -- some with bags, luggage, kids -- controlled chaos. Alexa struggles to squeeze past these strangers -- hears their mutters of warning: "Turn around." "You can't go up there." "Go back."

Panic overtakes her as she grabs a passing WOMAN --

ALEXA
Where are you coming from?

WOMAN
You're going the wrong way.

The Woman continues down. Confused, disoriented, Alexa pushes to a DOOR with an EXIT sign at the stairwell landing.

ALEXA
Excuse me. Please. Excuse me. Move.
MOVE GET OUT OF MY WAY --

She shoves her way into the door --

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

She stumbles into a room of abandoned cubicles. She spins. Desperate to orient -- flickering lights. Over-turned chairs. Broken ceiling tiles. Papers flutter from a narrow GLASS-LESS WINDOW. And then, a PHONE RINGS by the window.

She moves to answer the phone, hair blowing in the wind --

ALEXA
Hello? Dad, is that you? Dad?? DAD--

She spins. As the open air hits her face -- WE'RE OUTSIDE on Alexa standing in a building window. PULL BACK -- she's high up. Debris flutters around her like confetti. STILL FURTHER BACK, Alexa's a spec in a window of The World Trade Center as the soaring towers burn --

INT. ALEXA'S LOFT - DAY

Alexa LURCHES awake. Sweaty. Panting. A nightmare. A phone BUZZES nearby. She grabs her FBI PHONE. Nope. Not ringing. She fumbles for her MAZARI PHONE -- it's 6:45am.

ALEXA

Hello?

FARRAH (FILTERED)

Did I wake you?

ALEXA

Oh, no. I'm -- on a jog.

FARRAH (FILTERED)

Omar forgot his gym bag at home.
Will you bring it to the office?

Work has begun. Time to get up.

INT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - DRIVING - DAY

Alexa drives the family car. Omar's GYM BAG rides shotgun.

ALEXA

Radio on... Radio ON.

LINCOLN NAVIGATOR

Maps on. Where to?

ALEXA

No. RADIO ON --

She looks up -- a STOPPED CAR. She SLAMS the brakes, lurches forward. The gym bag takes a tumble but she avoided a fender bender. Relieved, she pulls Omar's bag to the seat -- A PHONE has fallen out. She inspects it, confused....

EXT. DAYPACK INDUSTRIES - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Parked, Alexa is on her FBI phone studying Omar's phone.

ALEXA

Omar has a second phone. It's not the one we've been tracking. It's locked with a four-digit passcode.

EXT. FBI - DAY - INTERCUT

Freddie approaches the building, headed to work.

FREDDIE
Send me the make and model and I'll
have IT get us instructions --

She inputs 1201. Freddie hears the CLICKING sounds.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ALEXA
Trying the family's birthdays.

FREDDIE
Alexa, stop. The last thing you
need is Omar discovering you messed
with his phone --

ALEXA
Their entire plan could be on this--

The phone LOCKS. "TRY AGAIN IN TEN MINUTES." *Ohhhh shit.*

FREDDIE
What happened?

ALEXA
(hating this)
It locked out. For ten minutes.

FREDDIE
This is why you let me issue the
assignments --

ALEXA
Fine then assign me how to fix it.

FREDDIE
You wait ten minutes. It's 8:23.
Don't let anyone touch that phone
until 8:33 or you blow your cover.

ALEXA
I'm already at DayPack. I need to
get out of here --

She moves to turn the key when A FIST SLAMS the window. Alexa jumps. It's JARED MAZARI, 27. Alexa hangs up on Freddie. Tucks Omar's phone under her leg.

As Alexa lowers the tinted window, Jared reacts -- clearly not expecting to find a pretty girl.

JARED

My bad. Thought you were my sister sneaking a joint or something... So who the hell are you?

ALEXA

Your mom's new assistant -- maybe. I'm on a probationary trial. Alexa.

JARED

Jared.

They shake hands. Their eyes connect. He's taken by her -- then looks away like he suddenly forgets how to be cool. He's striking. And his discomfort only makes him cuter.

JARED (CONT'D)

Probationary trial. Sounds like my mom. I'll walk you inside.

He opens her door. Fuck. She's stuck. She turns her back, discreetly SLIPS OMAR'S PHONE into the bag as she grabs it.

INT. DAYPACK INDUSTRIES - OFFICE LEVEL - DAY

Alexa grips Omar's gym bag. Stiff. Nervous. She needs a plan. Jared leads her through the second story office division on the perimeter of the shipping warehouse below -- a network of conveyor belts tow boxes out doors to various loading docks.

She eyes a big digital clock on the wall -- 8:28. She stops.

ALEXA

This is so cool.

As she tries anything to stall, NOLAN FOSTER, 30s, handsome and gruff in his hard hat, approaches.

NOLAN

Who's your friend, Mazari? Besides clearly lost if she's with you. Nolan Foster. I do the heavy lifting around here.

ALEXA

Alexa. Mrs. Mazari's assistant.

NOLAN

Well, Alexa, let me know if you'd like a tour of our fine facility here. Maybe grab a drink after...

JARED

This is why we don't let operators
off the floor. Go away, Nolan.

NOLAN

Look me up. The cute one in the
hard hat.

JARED

They're not used to pretty girls in
the office. Come on, we shouldn't
keep my dad waiting.

As Alexa watches the clock flip from 8:28 to 8:29...

INT. DAYPACK INDUSTRIES - OMAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Omar stares at the mock-up of a DAYPACK LOGO. As Jared and
Alexa enter, Omar glances at his clock -- 8:29.

JARED

Morning, Father.

OMAR

You're my son and therefore you can
be 29 minutes late to work? You
must be Alexa.

He takes his bag from her, removes the cell phone. *Shit.*

OMAR (CONT'D)

Good to know someone around here is
being trained to manage the books.
Maybe we can retire one day.

JARED

Manage the books? Thought she was
doing mom's shopping and stuff.

OMAR

Why? Were you planning to step up
to offer this company something
more than DayPack clip art?

(grabs the DayPack logo)

It's not your job to pitch the
marketing team new logos.

JARED

It was just an idea to modernize a
little. People liked it --

OMAR

Of course they did. Department heads have to entertain your ideas. You're my son. I'm their boss. But all you're doing is wasting everyone's time. Now I need to make a phone call.

Omar's words land like a guillotine. Jared leaves but *Alexa can't* -- it just turned 8:32. She scans the room panicked. Bookshelf. Maps. Diplomas. A family photo.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Family trip to Engelberg, Switzerland. 2015. Top of Mount Titlis. Farrah hated the crowds. Oshin was scared of heights.

OMAR

Alexa, if you'll excuse me --

Omar turns on his phone as Alexa grabs the photo --

ALEXA

Is this Engelberg?

Omar looks up, having not yet acknowledged his phone screen.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I have the exact same picture.
(still 8:32)
Except with my parents, obviously.
Was it insanely crowded?

OMAR

Actually, it was. Gave my wife anxiety. Now, if you'll excuse me --

Omar TURNS ON HIS PHONE as Alexa sees the clock flip to 8:33. The phone works. The lock out screen is gone.

ALEXA

Sure. Nice meeting you.

She walks out. *Deep exhale*.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. US PENITENTIARY FLORENCE ADMAX - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An enclosed city at the base of sprawling Colorado hills.

Superimpose: US Penitentiary Florence ADMAX, Colorado - day

INT. US PENITENTIARY FLORENCE ADMAX - BATHROOM - DAY

A grimy bathroom. Malik adjusts a hijab over her head. It's the first time we've seen her wearing one. A KNOCK. SPECIAL AGENT DOUG KEMP, 60s, veteran stature enters.

AGENT KEMP

Johnson's ready for you. Confused as hell, but ready.

MALIK

Of course he's confused. He had no idea we were coming.

AGENT KEMP

Are you sure you wanna go in there and look that scum bag in the eye? We've tried this. Torture. Threats. The guy won't break.

MALIK

I don't need him to break. I just need him to slip up.

As she walks out, confident --

INT. US PENITENTIARY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

KYLE JAMAL JOHNSON is an emaciated contrast to the embalmer from the Teaser. He sits at a table, shackled. Three COs stand nearby. As Malik enters, Johnson eyes her, curious.

MALIK

Assalamu Alaikum, Mr. Johnson.

(off his silence)

Now you say Wa-Alaikum-Salaam.

That's how the real followers of Islam greet each other.

(off his silence)

But why would you know that? You're not one of us.

She's trying to get under his skin. He's stoic.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Your lawyer said you wanted to discuss Mazari's safety deposit box. So here I am. Discuss away.

Johnson looks down at his hands. Malik eyes a CO -- wtf?

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

According to him, he had no idea you were coming, ma'am.

MALIK

You're kidding me. You are aware Omar Mazari left you a safety deposit box in his will to be opened upon his death?

She's lying. Luring him. Johnson just stares.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Your lawyer sent some BS civil rights lawsuit insisting you be granted access to Omar Mazari's safety deposit box now that he's dead. That means I get to miss my sister's birthday, put my dog in a doggie hotel, fly here to smell your breath and tell you that you can either drop the lawsuit or spend the next two months in the shu with a shiv up your ass.

Johnson is stoic. Unbreakable. Malik looks at the COs.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Tell me he knows Mazari's dead.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

I have no idea, ma'am.

She eyes Johnson. She's cast her line, now needs him to bite.

MALIK

Okay. Last time. Nod if you understand: whatever Mazari left you, I don't care how sentimental it was, you can't have it.

(beat, he refuses)

Waste of my goddamn time.

She gets up, over this. She moves to the door to leave --

JOHNSON
Was it his kidney?

She pauses. A tiny smile purses her lips. *Caught him.*

MALIK
Car accident. Drunk driver.

FREDDIE (FILTERED)
Johnson knows Mazari.

INT. ALEXA'S LOFT - DAY

On the phone, Alexa was in the process of bandaging the BLISTERS on her feet. But she's stopped to digest this news.

ALEXA
Are you serious? That's huge.

INT. FBI - FREDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Freddie paces behind his desk, on the phone.

FREDDIE
We need to figure out how they know each other. Preferably without breaking any phones in the process. Why aren't you at work?

She glares at the Louboutins on the floor. Dreading them.

ALEXA
I'm on my way.

INT. DAYPACK INDUSTRIES - WAREHOUSE FLOOR - DAY

Alexa strides in, biting back the pain in her feet, stopping to observe Farrah addressing her STAFF of hard-hats.

FARRAH
I'm thrilled to announce that as of 7:52 this morning, DayPack has opened its 25th shipping center.

Her staff cheer and applaud as she flips a poster featuring a map of dots indicating DayPack's expansion over the Midwest.

FARRAH (CONT'D)
Now if Nolan could learn how to drive his forklift, we might even get out of the Midwest one day.

Her staff laughs. They love her. They applaud as Farrah moves toward Alexa who greets her with coffee and a binder.

ALEXA
Your coffee, schedule and I wrote
up the bios for your lunch meeting.

FARRAH
Bios?

ALEXA
For example I noticed Chris
Weathers is single, no kids, and a
member of the Zoological Society at
the benefactor level. That makes
him an animal lover. Which means
he's not a good ally at the DOT for
your proposed delivery route
through the endemic bird area.

Farrah eyes Alexa oddly, trying to digest that. Alexa realizes her "analyst" is showing. She scrambles to fix it.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
That was a lot. What I mean is, I
wouldn't count on Chris for his --

FARRAH
Stop. You're a genius.

ALEXA
I am?

FARRAH
You just saved me two weeks of
work. Put it on my desk please.

ALEXA
Sure. Okay.

Farrah continues on her way as Alexa grins. Impressed with herself. She moves down the hallway and enters --

INT. DAYPACK INDUSTRIES - FARRAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Alexa crosses to Farrah's desk across the room and delivers the folder. Checking the door, she circles to the drawers --

She whips open the top drawer. Heart racing, she shoves aside papers, post-its. Nothing. She closes it, tries another --

A day planner. Perfect. She flips it open -- empty calendar, empty contacts list, empty notes section. Crap.

She returns it. Opens another drawer. Stacks of work orders. She spots a glossy brochure at the bottom, yanks it free --

Except it's not a brochure. It's a magazine opened to an article called "*Clamping Down On Sexual Deviance*" accompanied by an image of a man wearing a blindfold on a ledge, captioned "A Sodomite is thrown off a building in Ar-raqqah."

Alexa's heart sinks.

The CLACK of approaching high-heels startles her. She shoves the magazine into the drawer and moves toward the door as Farrah nears. With no choice, Alexa hides against the wall.

Farrah enters, walking to her desk.

With Farrah's back is to her, Alexa pulls off her heels and sneaks out of the office.

INT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - DRIVING - DAY

Alexa drives, on the phone.

ALEXA
Farrah had Al-Ghazi propaganda in her desk.

INT. FBI - FREDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Freddie is on the phone, concerned.

FREDDIE
You were able to search her desk?

ALEXA
She trusted me alone in her office, *after* she called me a genius.

FREDDIE
So she sees something in you. Nice.

ALEXA
Thanks.

She catches herself smiling. Weird how Farrah's opinion actually matters.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Not that praise from a potential terrorist means a whole lot.

Alexa pulls up to the Mazari estate. Jared's BMW M4 is parked out front.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Jared's over. What should I do?

FREDDIE
Get him to tell you why a known
terrorist knows his father.

ALEXA
Sure. Just casual conversation.

Alexa hangs up. Steels herself before getting out.

EXT. MAZARI ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Alexa grabs today's MAIL from the mailbox and heads for the back door. But a THUNK in the garage stops her. She glances back. Curiously moves towards it. THUNK. She arrives at the side door, slowly opening it --

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - GARAGE - DAY

Jared, shirtless and sweaty, does "chest flies" at a cable machine. A heavy weight crashes as he finishes a set, spent.

Embarrassed, Alexa tries to exit before he notices her --

JARED
Hey.

ALEXA
Oh. Hey. Sorry. I heard something
and didn't know you were in here --

JARED
Hit the button, will you?

ALEXA
Huh?

Jared approaches her. There's something about all that flesh and muscle that keeps her from looking into his eyes. He leans past her to press the button OPENING THE GARAGE DOOR.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Oh.

Jared grabs his water. Alexa regains her focus --

ALEXA (V.O.)
Jared Mazari. 27. Artist. Pseudonym
J. Minotti. Didn't attend his own
gallery opening.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hates working at DayPack but would rather be miserable than disappoint his father.

ALEXA
Not that it matters, but I liked your Day Pack logo.

JARED
Really.

ALEXA
I would've said it at the time but your dad scares the crap out of me.

JARED
Yeah. He has that effect on people.

Jared returns to the tricep cable. He starts another set. Alexa needs to keep him talking. She considers the mail. *TIME Magazine* features the President -- "**She's Back**".

ALEXA
Crazy to think she's already back at work, huh?

He glances to her, continuing his reps as she shows him *TIME*.

JARED
You mind throwing that away?

ALEXA
Does this bother you?

JARED
For me, whatever, I can take care of myself. But Oshin, and Yusuf... The kid's eleven, about to start up school as the only Muslim, where everyone's still mourning our VP killed by a Muslim convert. It's not like people are fighting to sit with him at lunch as it is.

He continues his workout. As Alexa takes that in...

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - OSHIN'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

Oshin giftwraps an Apple Watch on her bed. Her focus keeps her from noticing Alexa appear in the doorway. She knocks --

Oshin startles. She quickly hides a CARD under a pillow.

ALEXA

I'm making a dry-cleaners run. Have anything?

OSHIN

Like what? My soccer jersey?

ALEXA

Cool. Just thought I'd ask.

OSHIN

I know you're a spy.

Alexa stops. Turns back. *What was that now?*

OSHIN (CONT'D)

You report back to my mom. She tells you how to handle it, you do the dirty work and she tricks herself into thinking she's the one raising her children.

ALEXA

I'm not a spy.

OSHIN

You're not my baby-sitter either.

ALEXA

Then let's get dinner tonight. Like adults. You like Italian? I know a place with amazing Hawaiian pizza.

OSHIN

Hawaiian pizza? With the ham?
(baffled)
You know I'm Muslim, right? Muslims don't eat pork.

Alexa blinks. Fuck.

ALEXA

Of course. My mistake.

EXT. MAZARI ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY

Alexa stumbles outside. Confused. Thoughts spinning.

ALEXA (V.O.)

August 11, Omar ordered two pepperonis, extra olives. August 19, one Hawaiian. August 25, one veggie, one sausage.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ALEXA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

August 31, one Hawaiian, one pepperoni, bread sticks. They're Muslim. Everything Omar gets is forbidden by the Qur'an. The pizza place is a front.

Holy shit. As she reels from her discovery, a DOOR SLAMS.
Alexa spins to find Oshin approaching holding Alexa's RESUME.

OSHIN

You're a liar. Your resume says you worked for a Muslim family. Yet you forgot we don't eat pork?

ALEXA

I didn't "forget". I just didn't realize you followed every rule of your religion --

OSHIN

It's kind of a big one. Which you would know if you weren't a liar. Kinda feels like something my mom should know about.

As Oshin walks off, Alexa clamors at a way to fix this.

ALEXA

You've never lied about anything?

OSHIN

Not a job.

ALEXA

What about a girlfriend?

Oshin stops. As if a grenade has just exploded in her path.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Kelsey? Kinda feels like something your mom should know about.

She's really doing this. Playing her ugly trump card.

OSHIN

You're wrong.

ALEXA

What seventeen-year-old gives a "friend" an Apple Watch? I saw the name on the card. How long have you two been together?

Oshin is rattled. Trembling. And then... she breaks.

OSHIN
You can't tell my parents.

ALEXA
What? That their Muslim daughter
won't eat pork but she'll make-out
with a girl?

Oshin is disgusted. As she storms off --

FREDDIE (PRE-LAP)
You said *what*?

EXT. WAREHOUSE/INT. NAVIGATOR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Alexa drives, on the phone.

ALEXA
She was acting like a bitch and it
just came out.

INT. FBI - FREDDIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Freddie has the call on SPEAKER PHONE.

FREDDIE
Alexa, she's a 17-year-old -- and
someone you desperately need to
like you if you want this job --

ALEXA
I said I screwed up. I'll fix it.
Look, I just pulled up to Mazari's
so-called pizza place.

The Navigator pulls up to an abandoned-looking warehouse.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Definitely a front. No way anything
good happens here.

FREDDIE
Okay. Now get outta there before
anyone sees you.

Malik appears at the doorway, listening in on their call.

ALEXA
Freddie, I'm twenty feet away from
blowing this thing wide open.

FREDDIE

I agreed to a drive-by to confirm
Mazari's using a front for
something. I'll send a team.

ALEXA

A team? How long's that gonna take
to get approved?

MALIK

Reikowski, it's Malik. Go in and
tell us what you find.

Alexa takes that in. A bonding moment with her boss.

ALEXA

Thank you, Agent Malik.

As she hangs up, STAY WITH Freddie. He's pissed.

FREDDIE

What are you doing? We have no idea
what's inside that warehouse.

MALIK

She wanted to play with the big
boys. Time to get her feet wet.

FREDDIE

She's an untrained analyst --

MALIK

Who wants this more than any of us.

FREDDIE

And what happens when she's killed
in the process --

MALIK

She dies a hero.

Freddie stares at Malik, disturbed. She exits.

MALIK (CONT'D)

Let me know what she finds.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight spears onto decay. Alexa avoids broken glass as she
sweeps her flashlight around the room -- a pile of broken
ceiling bricks, crumbling plaster, shelves housing boxes.

She dials a number from a slip of paper. *RING-RING.*

A LANDLINE nearby miraculously functions. She ends the call. The landline silences. This is the place. She inspects the shelves. A box is marked with a DAYPACK SHIPPING addressed to OMAR MAZARI. She breaks open the taped seal, opening it to --
PVC pipes. Bands of wires. Oven and digital timers. All the supplies needed to make a lot of deadly explosives.

ALEXA
Oh my God.

RING-RING. RING-RING.

Alexa freezes. She turns to the phone. Moves toward it. Tentative. *RING-RING. RING-RING.* The urge to answer it -- her daredevil curiosity -- pulses through her veins. She places her hand on the phone. *RING-RING. RING --*

A FIGURE LUNGES from the shadows. Alexa's violently shoved against the wall. She gasps, totally freaked -- It's NOLAN. The DayPack employee. He looks a little different when he's gripping both your arms and seething in your face.

NOLAN
The hell are you doing, Reikowski?

Alexa looks at him in utter shock -- *WHAT??*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Alexa is face-to-face with Nolan. Mind racing. Panic. She slips out from his grip. She plays it off.

ALEXA

Alexa Bentley, actually. Mr. Mazari told me to pick up a pizza and I clearly went to the wrong place --

NOLAN

Drop it. I know who you are.

ALEXA

I know, we met at DayPack. I'm Mrs. Mazari's assistant --

NOLAN

You're Agent Alexa Reikowski. And you're about to blow your cover --

Nolan pulls her toward the door. He's fiery. Driven.

ALEXA

No, wait, how do you know who I am?

NOLAN

Get your ass out of this warehouse before anyone sees you.

Alexa pulls herself free. Nolan leaves her, walks out --

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Alexa follows Nolan out to his car, walking fast to keep up.

ALEXA

Nolan Foster. Thirty-three. DayPack manager since October. Are you embedded with them?

Nolan opens his car door. Alexa slams it shut before he can.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Only a handful of people know I'm here. How do you? Who do you work for?

Nolan gets in. Alexa rushes around to the passenger door --

INT. NOLAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Nolan starts his car but Alexa has already let herself in.

NOLAN
Are you kidding me?

ALEXA
What are you? MPD? Homeland?

NOLAN
Get out of the car, Alexa.

ALEXA
They're making bombs. I saw them.

NOLAN
Trust me, Alexa, you have no idea
what you're walking into --

ALEXA
What do you know, Nolan? Tell me.
Do you know where Al-Ghazi's
hitting next? Is that what 92235
means?

BANG! The windshield SPIDERWEBS and Nolan's head slams into the car seat. A bullet in his forehead. Instant death.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

Alexa freezes. Her world stops as she gapes at his lifeless body. BANG! Alexa jolts as the rear window SHATTERS.

Alexa snaps back to reality -- she reaches over Nolan. Opens his door. BANG! She recoils -- crouches behind her seat. She kicks Nolan out of the car, scrambles into the driver's seat and -- FLOORS IT. Breathing fast. Total panic.

She looks over her shoulder -- the glass is totally blown out behind her. But thankfully no one's following her --

CRASH! She's T-boned from the passenger's side. Sprayed with SHATTERED GLASS as her body's rocked by the intentional collision. Her eyes flicker. She fights it.

ALEXA (V.O.)
Stay awake, Alexa. Run. Run --

Dazed she reaches for her handle when a GUNMAN obscured by a motorcycle wind mask reaches for her door.

Alexa gathers a HANDFUL OF GLASS from her lap and throws it in his face. He recoils, momentarily blinded as she hits him with the door and BOLTS toward the river.

EXT. HOLTON STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

Alexa tears off her heels and sprints for a bridge. Checks her shoulder. He's fifty yards in her wake.

She runs onto a marsupial pedestrian bridge surrounded by an iron viaduct. Her right hand is bleeding from the broken glass -- when a bullet whizzes by, PINGS into an iron pile.

Too exposed, Alexa hops the railing. Over land, but fifty feet from safety, she edges to a vertical steel truss. Peering down -- wow, this is high.

ALEXA

Crap.

She drops her heels. They plummet and crash on the pavement. Using the iron rungs like a badly designed ladder she maneuvers her way down, nursing her bloody palm. Sounds of FOOTFALLS above her -- fuck it --

She drops. Twenty feet. Lands on her feet and topples over at the base of a cream city building. She GROANS, muffling the pain from impact. A few steadying breaths, she spots a brick holding open the building's stock door. Adrenaline blaring, Alexa grabs her shoes and races to the door --

INT. BREWERY - NIGHT

Alexa rushes into a massive space packed with brew kettles and lauter tuns. An aged brewery. Dark. Once operational.

Alexa presses forward, squeezing through a maze of kegs when a door rips open. He pursues. Alexa scrambles up the stairs to A GRATED CATWALK. She watches as, below --

The GUNMAN comes into view. Scouring the darkness for her.

ON THE CATWALK, as Alexa creeps behind the stem of a massive brew kettle. She hides. Holds her breath. *Wills him to leave.*

He creeps beneath her. Hand gun at the ready. Eyes squinting through the shadows. Complete silence. Until... DRIP. DRIP. DRIP. He eyes the floor, now dotted with blood.

Alexa looks at her hand -- it's bleeding through the catwalk grate. She pales...

The GUNMAN figures it out, looking up just as --

ALEXA DROPS FROM THE CATWALK, clobbering him with her fall. Her force knocks him to the ground. The gun skitters.

She's on his back. She fumbles for the closest weapon -- her nearby SHOE -- and SLAMS THE HEEL into his head. Once. Twice. Scrappy. Messy. Desperate. The Gunman hollers, clutching his skull as Alexa scrambles for the gun.

The Gunman grabs her ankle, yanks her back as Alexa throws out her hand, grasping the gun. She twists onto her back and blindly pulls the TRIGGER -- The bullet pierces his EYE. BLOOD SPRAYS. He slumps.

Alexa is frozen in stunned shock -- gun still pointed, her hands shaking. Utter disbelief. That didn't just happen.

She crawls to him. Grabs his face. He's dead. No. He can't be dead. She checks his pants for a wallet or phone. Nothing. Flips him to his back, exposing a sheathed COMBAT KNIFE on his waist, but nothing in his pockets. No name. No ID.

ALEXA

No -- who are you? WHO ARE YOU?

She slams her fist into his chest when -- BZZZ BZZZ -- *her phone.* She checks it -- "*Farrah Mazari Calling*". FUUUUUCK.

She takes a few breaths. Pulls her shit together. *Be normal.*

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Hey, Mrs. Mazari.

FARRAH (FILTERED)

Hey, can you grab my dry-cleaning before they close at eight?

She looks at her phone -- it's 7:42. *Noooo.*

ALEXA

Sure. No problem. Bye.

Alexa hangs up. Fuck fuck fuck. She looks at the Gunman. Panic sets in as her control feels like it's slipping away --

ALEXA (V.O) (CONT'D)

You're John Doe. Caucasian. 30s. Brown hair. No visible tattoos. Color of remaining eye blue. No wallet. No phone. No ID. That's your fail safe. You don't wanna be ID'd. You wanna be a ghost. You don't want me to know you.

An idea strikes. She looks at his knife. At the gunman's hand. A terrible, horrible idea.

The decision is made. She rips the knife from its sheath. She presses the Gunman's hand open with her knee.

She presses the knife to his PINKY FINGER, turns her head away, and SAWS. Cringing as she jerks the knife back and forth -- *just like the chicken*. She clenches her teeth. Nauseous. Disturbed. She hits bone. With her left hand, she pounds the handle, like Freddie taught her. CRUNCH.

The resistance breaks. She turns her head, bracing herself to take in the damage -- the finger is SEVERED. Success. A beat as she absorbs the chaos of everything that just happened -- Nolan, the glass, the chase, the blood, the gunshot, the finger -- she turns away and vomits.

EXT. ISOLATED STREET - NIGHT

Adrenaline pumping, Alexa paces on the badly lit street. Spiralling. Freddie's car pulls up. He rushes out.

FREDDIE

What the hell happened in there --

ALEXA

There were boxes of bomb-making materials, Freddie. PVC pipes. Timers. Wire coils, gun powder --

FREDDIE

Okay. We'll send someone in to check it out --

ALEXA

That was just *one* box. There were dozens. They had Mazari's name on them. That's gotta be why he was making all those fake phone calls there. He's a terrorist --

FREDDIE

Alexa. Stop. We'll figure it out. But we need to get out of here.

ALEXA

I can't. Farrah needs her dry-cleaning. I just need a print.

Alexa pulls a baggie from her back pocket. The FINGER.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
I shot him in the eye. Image
recognition wouldn't have worked.
He's gotta be Al-Ghazi.

Alexa shoves the finger into Freddie's hand. He's speechless.

FREDDIE
I'm taking you off the assignment.

ALEXA
What? Freddie, no, we are so close
right now. We can stop them --

FREDDIE
Two men died tonight. Someone blew
your cover. An assassin tried to
kill you. It's too dangerous --

ALEXA
So is flying. So is a holiday party
or a funeral or a stupid job
interview on the 68th floor of a
building that's about to collapse --

FREDDIE
In what world do you think I'm
gonna let you die for this?

ALEXA
You have no idea who I am or what
my *world* is. My world is terror and
anger and hate.

For the first time, genuine emotion rushes to her face. Tears
creep into her eyes. No data to hide behind. Just feelings.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
That is my world, Freddie. I hate
them. I hate that they get to have
a happy loving family and I don't.

Freddie stares into her eyes. He feels for her.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Help me or give up on me, but these
people need to be stopped.

Alexa heads off without him, willing to do this alone.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Using one hand, Alexa frantically, clumsily shifts through the medicine cabinet. She finds a box of bandages. Runs water over the bleeding GASH on her hand.

Her reflection reminds her she's been crying. Her makeup is smudged. Shit. She dabs a wet cloth under her eyes when --

FARRAH (O.S.)
Hey, are you okay?

Alexa jumps. She flips off the water. Tries to cover --

ALEXA
Oh. Yeah. I'm fine --

FARRAH
(seeing the wound)
Oh my God.

ALEXA
It's nothing. Attack of the dry-
cleaning hanger.

FARRAH
Let me see.

Farrah takes her hand, washing the wound for her.

ALEXA
Really. I'm fine, I can deal with --

FARRAH
Alexa. Let me be a mom please.

Farrah finishes cleaning the wound. She gingerly bandages it.

ALEXA
I can't remember the last time
someone nursed me back to health.

FARRAH
I can't remember the last time one
of my hangers attacked anyone.

They share a smile. Alexa can't help but feel protected.

FARRAH (CONT'D)
Will you do me a favor and hunt
down the kids for dinner?

EXT. MAZARI ESTATE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alexa opens the patio door, sees a silhouette by the pool.

ALEXA

Oshin?

OSHIN

I want to be alone.

She hears a SNIFFLE. Great. She steels herself, then cautiously approaches Oshin on a pool chair. Evidence of wrapping paper and the Apple Watch nearby.

ALEXA

I take it Kelsey didn't like the watch.

OSHIN

She said all she wanted for her birthday was for me to come out to my parents, which she knows isn't going to happen. Do you know how long I've been saving up for this?

Oshin takes the watch box in her hands.

OSHIN (CONT'D)

She doesn't realize everything I do for her. I got her a phone case, her bag -- basically everything she wears were gifts from me.

AT THE HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE, FIND FARRAH standing unseen at in the shadows of the patio doors, watching them together, despite only hearing mumbled voices.

BACK WITH Oshin and Alexa. Oshin cleans up the paper.

OSHIN (CONT'D)

And you're just standing there.

ALEXA

Sorry, I'm -- I don't really know what to say. I think...

As Alexa struggles with what to do in this moment --

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I think Kelsey doesn't want stuff, Oshin. She wants you. Your attention, your approval, she wants to feel loved.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ALEXA (CONT'D)

A talking watch is nice but
tomorrow it's just more clutter.
More stuff that buries the problem,
but the problem's still there.
You're still the girlfriend she's
not allowed to talk about.

She finds herself speaking from a childhood-worth of
experience. A genuine moment that catches her off guard.

OSHIN

I can't talk to my parents about
her.

ALEXA

No. But you can talk to me.

Oshin glances up -- a glimmer of hope through her tears. As
Alexa finds herself making an unexpected connection...

BACK ON FARRAH, captivated as she witnesses this stranger
bond with her child. Unexpectedly, she smiles, comforted.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An AGENT, 30s, stares into the BOX of bomb-making materials.

AGENT GUY

So I'm looking at a box of bomb-
making paraphernalia your informant
found. But no sign of casualties.

Two other AGENTS sweep-search the empty lot.

INT. FBI - FREDDIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Freddie is on the phone, thrown.

FREDDIE

That's impossible.

AGENT

I'm on site, sir. There's no one
here. My guys swept the brewery.
Looks like someone got here first.

Freddie's thoughts spin. What is going on?

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jared enters with takeout to find Alexa grabbing plates.

JARED
Hey.

ALEXA
Hey.

Alexa helps him dish the food. He looks at her, smiling.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
What?

JARED
So I was thinking, cuz you're from
Chicago, right? Home of weird
hotdogs and sad baseball fans?

ALEXA
And Michael Jordan. But close.

JARED
I was thinking you should let me
take you out sometime. Show you
what's good around here.

ALEXA
Was there a question mark on the
end of that sentence?

He's been trying to play this cool. Now he blushes.

JARED
I should take you out sometime,
shouldn't I?

They share a smile. He's flirting with her. Alexa shifts,
flustered -- mostly because she doesn't 100% hate it.

ALEXA
I'm gonna clear off the... this.

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alexa moves to the table where new school supplies are
scattered alongside materials for covering textbooks. She
takes a moment to shake off whatever those sparks were with
Jared. She tries to focus, cleaning. She slides a PERIODIC
TABLE OF ELEMENTS into a chemistry book, then stops cold.

She pulls out the table of elements again. Studies it. Her
eyes fall to the "U". Uranium. Atomic number 92.

ALEXA (V.O.)
Ninety two... Wave 92235. What the
hell is 235? February 3rd 5
o'clock? 92235. What is it? Think.

DEBBIE (PRE-LAP)
Think, Alexa.

She BLINKS as a memory strikes her --

INT. REIKOWSKI RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

We're back with Young Alexa, sill in her pajamas, she enters to find Debbie (young 40s now), hair in a towel, frantically searching for something.

YOUNG ALEXA
Mom?

DEBBIE
Think. The number of your father's
job interview. He gave it to you
when he called last night and you
wrote it down. Where is it?

YOUNG ALEXA
Why? What's wrong?

DEBBIE
He called while I was in the shower
and I need to reach him. Think.

She tries to think but seeing her mom so panicked scares her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You were talking about the
buildings. 110 floors. His job
interview. He told you how to reach
him. He needs to hear my voice.
Where did you put it?? THINK.

YOUNG ALEXA
I... I can't remember.

As Young Alexa floods with guilt, we realize this horrible day, and that tiny forgotten detail, is now what drives her --

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - DINING ROOM - **PRESENT**

Alexa startles out of the memory. She looks down at the Periodic Table. As it all clicks into place...

ALEXA
Oh my God.

EXT. MAZARI ESTATE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alexa lingers behind the garage on the phone, whispering --

ALEXA
The target's a nuclear plant.

INT. FBI - FREDDIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Freddie is on the phone with her.

ALEXA
Wave92235. 92 is the atomic number
of Uranium. Uranium-235 is what's
used to make nuclear power. They're
targeting a nuclear plant, Freddie.

FREDDIE
You got that from five numbers? You
don't think that's a bit of a leap?

ALEXA
What else could it be?

FREDDIE
What plant? When? How?
(off her silence)
We have no idea. Nothing matters
until you get actionable Intel out
of someone inside that house.

ALEXA
I want to eliminate Farrah from our
list of suspects.

FREDDIE
Based on what? You found Al-Ghazi's
magazine in her desk drawer.

Alexa wrestles with the emotion she's feeling.

ALEXA
Maybe she knows her daughter's gay
and it freaked her out -- I don't
know. But it's not her, Freddie. It
can't be her.

FREDDIE
It can't be her or you don't want
it to be her?

ALEXA
It's not her.

FREDDIE
Fine. Then we'll focus on Omar.

ALEXA
"We"? Does that mean you're still
in this with me?

FREDDIE
Not sure who else could handle you.

ALEXA
(smiles)
I'm sorry for freaking out on you.

FREDDIE
It's okay to be human every once in
awhile.

As Alexa digests those words, feeling empowered...

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Farrah and Jared bring bowls of food to the table. Gourmet
for take-out: lamb, hummus, salad. As Yusuf and Oshin
surrender their phones to Omar, CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MAZARI'S ESTATE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alexa sits by the pool. Reflective. She dials.

ALEXA'S DAD (FILTERED)
Deb. Alexa. It's Dad. I'm still in
here but I'm okay. Just a little
shaken up. They're directing us to
a staircase. I'll be out soon and
I'll call you then. Love my girls.

As the message clicks off, leaving us with an eerie silence.

INT. MAZARI ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Alexa joins the dinner. Real bowls, real silverware, a real
family -- and a vivid contrast from Alexa Reikowski's life.

FARRAH
Before we dig in, I want to
officially offer Alexa the job.

ALEXA
Are you kidding me? I got it?

OMAR
Any objections say so now.

JARED
Good by me.

YUSUF
I like her.

Alexa smiles. Farrah looks at Oshin. A beat, she shrugs.

OSHIN
Works for me.

FARRAH
Then it's settled. You're in. You
can move in tomorrow.

ALEXA
Wow. Thank you. I feel like I
should have a speech or something.

JARED
Please no speeches. We're starving.

OMAR
Wonderful. Then as we welcome Alexa
into our home, and give thanks for
this wonderful food, let us pray.

They close their eyes. Alexa, however, looks around, taking
it all in -- the family. Their trust. Her spot beside Omar.

ALEXA (V.O.)
The Mazaris. Loving family. Phone-
free dinners. Open to strangers.
And seem really, really *normal*.

Alexa wrestles with that. Faltering. She reminds herself --

ALEXA (V.O.)
But you're normal, too. You're so
normal they hired you to help with
their kids, run their house, sleep
under their roof. You're so normal
you killed a man tonight. Shot him
in the eye then sawed off his
finger. Anyone can seem normal.

Alexa takes a steadying breath, having convinced herself
she's in the right -- at least, for now.

EXT. "THE NEST" - NIGHT

Boots clank up a staircase. ZACK and LEO, both Caucasian, 30s, facility workers donning hard hats and ID lanyards, arrive on an ELEVATED PLATFORM. Zack catches his breath.

ZACK
I'm sick outta shape, man.

LEO
We make all the new guys do it. You get used to it. Eventually.

Zack lingers back, uneasy as Leo sits at the edge of the platform, throws his arms on the railing. Pulls out a flask.

LEO (CONT'D)
This view though, you never get used to this.

REVEAL their platform hangs three hundred feet off the ground, nested against a NUCLEAR COOLING TOWER.

LEO (CONT'D)
I like to come up here and look down at all the poor souls trying to make a dent in this crazy wor--

Leo's FACE slams against the railing. As blood gushes down the bridge of his nose, reveal ZACK behind him --

Zack pulls the disoriented Leo to his feet, yanks Leo's ID LANYARD off his neck, then shoves his body over the railing.

Zack peeks over the edge to watch Leo soar to his death. Content, he uses his PHONE to photograph LEO'S ID LANYARD.

He attaches the jpeg to an email, typing: "**Full access granted.**" He touches a button labeled "ENCRYPT".

As the email whooshes into cyberspace, PULL BACK to watch the steam waft from the mouth of the hyperbolic tower and dissipate over the unknown, unsuspecting town below.

END OF PILOT