

THE PRAETORIAN

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRAND MOSQUE OF KABUL -- DAY

Kabul, Afghanistan is a bombed-out city with people still living in it. Rubble's been cleared to let traffic pass and army half-tracks rumble by. In the air, there's the sound of not-too-distant gunfire.

Over a dented bullhorn comes a call to worship. The mosque is buzzing with activity; men and women arriving for Friday's noon prayer.

INT. HEETAL PLAZA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

In the hotel across the street, PETER LARSON, 26, watches the mosque through an expensive set of binoculars. He touches his earpiece.

LARSON  
How's the feed?

EXT. PASHTUN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Down the street, a SURVEILLANCE VAN is parked out of the way. RAMI, 38, is inside, stifling in the fetid, desert air.

RAMI  
Coming in loud and clear.  
Microphones are live. Do you copy?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

On the other side of the world, ALVIN SOMERSET, 62, sips from a coffee mug trying to stay awake. He watches a feed of Heetal Plaza from multiple views courtesy of the surveillance van. He speaks into a wireless headset.

SOMERSET  
Langley reads.

INT. HEETAL PLAZA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Using the laptop in front of him, Larson shares a PHOTO with the others. It's of an Arabic Man with proud, angry eyes.

LARSON  
This is who we're here for. Chasa  
Haqqani.

(MORE)

## LARSON (CONT'D)

Wanted for a litany of bombings dating back to the nineties. Known for adding carbolic acid to his I.E.D's. He's meeting up with his wife today for salat, so keep your eyes peeled. It's on us to find him, given our limited resources...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Somerset chances a look over his shoulder at the mid-east STATION CHIEF watching from the back of the room.

## SOMERSET

We're doing the best with what God gave us...

Realizing he's being talked about, the Station Chief walks over to use the intercom.

## STATION CHIEF

You are working with a skeleton crew because you are behind enemy lines and you don't even know if Chasa's gonna show. It's been six months since that dirty bomb at the airport. Why would he raise his head now?

INT. HEETAL PLAZA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Larson tries to convince him.

## LARSON

It's good intel. I've used the guy before. He's a sheep-herder, sick of paying Al-Qaeda protection fees just to live in a thatch roof village.

## SOMERSET (O.S.)

If Peter says the info is sound, that's good enough for me. He has my complete faith. Still, it's an odd choice for prayer. This is supposed to be one of the more progressive mosques. On hot days, they let women attend without head wraps.

## LARSON

Well, beggars can't be choosers--

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Rami interrupts their conversation.

RAMI

--I think I have eyes on the wife.  
She's approaching from the  
southeast.

INT. HEETAL PLAZA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Larson checks the feed.

LARSON

I see her.

He watches as a pregnant muslim woman crosses Heetal Plaza towards the mosque.

LARSON (CONT'D)

How can you tell it's her? There's  
nothing in the file that says the  
wife is pregnant.

RAMI (O.S.)

It's in the eyes, my friend.

They watch in baited breath as she approaches a man.

LARSON

Is this him?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Somerset runs facial recognition on the subject. The computer's eighty points of reference confirm it is.

SOMERSET

Looks like it.

EXT. GRAND MOSQUE OF KABUL -- CONTINUOUS

CHASA HAQQANI, 49, welcomes his wife with open arms. They embrace as if they haven't seen each other in a long time.

Stepping back, he kneels down, kissing her softly on the belly. For a moment, he appears to be praying. Finally, he looks up.

CHASA

Send them to Jahannam.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Somerset's head darts up.

SOMERSET

Did he just say Jahannam?!

The Station Chief becomes concerned.

STATION CHIEF

What's Jahannam?

Somerset and Larson answer at the same time.

LARSON & SOMERSET

Hell.

EXT. GRAND MOSQUE OF KABUL -- CONTINUOUS

Chasa flips a switch through the thin fabric of his wife's burqa.

Smiling, she turns and runs headlong into the women's entrance of the mosque.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Seeing this on the feed, Rami pulls off his headphones and throws open the van door to intervene.

But he's stopped from exiting by a flatbed truck that pulls up out of nowhere. The driver of the vehicle leaves it there and flees.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Watching the footage, Somerset is the first to put it together.

SOMERSET

It's a set-up...

INT. HEETAL PLAZA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Larson stands abruptly. Before he can react, the door to his hotel room is kicked in and half a dozen men storm in.

He tries to pull a weapon, but they beat him to the ground, stomping him--

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Rami races to get out of the van. Jumping into the driver's seat, he hand cranks his window down until it's wide enough to fit through.

As he manically wriggles out of it, he comes face-to-face with the mosque as it's leveled.

The explosion first envelopes Chasa, still praying on the sidewalk, then Rami, finally blowing the windows out of the hotel across the street.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Somerset watches in horror as the ground cameras cut out. He turns quickly to a TECHNICIAN operating the aerial view.

SOMERSET

Get me closer!

The Tech does as told and the view zeroes in on the hotel's entrance.

EXT. HEETAL PLAZA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Somerset watches as Chasa's men drag Peter out of the hotel, kicking and screaming.

When Peter sees that they're pulling him towards a cramped sedan, he becomes frantic, trying to free himself.

It's no use though. There are too many of them. They force him into the backseat.

In a last ditch effort, Peter grips the doorframe with all his might. He screams--

LARSON

Somerset!

--as he's pulled inside the vehicle, the door slamming on his fingers. The car peels out and around the corner.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Somerset turns desperately to the Station Chief.

SOMERSET

You need to authorize a Seal Team--

But the man only shakes his head.

STATION CHIEF  
You know I can't do that.

SOMERSET  
Yes, you can--

STATION CHIEF  
The Agency is very clear on this,  
we cannot send a black hawk for one  
man. It's an eight-million-dollar  
piece of equipment.

SOMERSET  
I don't give a shit about the price  
tag!

STATION CHIEF  
It's downtown Kabul - what happens  
when it gets shot down, huh? I'm  
not turning one MIA into 16 dead  
bodies!

SOMERSET  
That's one of my people out there!  
You can't leave him to be tortured!

STATION CHIEF  
There's nothing I can do.

Somerset looks past him at the footage of the burning wreck.  
He starts to realize just how hopeless it all is when the  
Station Chief places a consoling hand on his arm.

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, but...  
(beat)  
Your man knew what he signed up  
for.

He claps Somerset on the back and leaves him there, staring  
at the screen.

FADE TO:

SUPER: TWELVE YEARS LATER

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, DIRECTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

Somerset sits resigned and bored in a senior staff meeting, his haggard face now lined with age.

At the head of the table, Deputy Director EVELYN CROSS, 53, reads from a weekly rundown--

CROSS

Flags will be flying at half-mast given the situation in Syria. Administrative leave will be granted to anyone who'd like to attend the service at Arlington. You may see bureau members there, so feel free to use it as a chance to work on our inter-agency relationships.

She's in a room with blacked-out windows, coworkers in muted suits around a long boardroom table. They watch as she flips through the pages of her agenda.

CROSS (CONT'D)

What's next... Operations?

ELLIS KIMES, 49, is black and lean, a wiry frame like that of a long-distance runner.

KIMES

Just give us something to do.

CROSS

Dan, how's the new class look?

Head of Recruiting, DAN BILLINGS, 46, is a former marine with a shaved head.

BILLINGS

We've got some good prospects.

Somerset snorts derisively. A couple heads crane in his direction.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

I see someone's awake...

A few of the faces around the table laugh. Cross bristles at being interrupted.

CROSS

Something you'd like to say, Somerset?

SOMERSET  
Nothing constructive.

The Deputy Director reclines in her chair for the first time all day.

CROSS  
Please. Enlighten us...

Somerset groans.

SOMERSET  
We're a clandestine agency. Why do we need these meetings?

CROSS  
Because we don't operate in a vacuum. There has to be oversight.

SOMERSET  
I don't need a committee to tell me how to do my job. Everything has to be rubber-stamped and filled out in triplicate...

CROSS  
I appreciate that your years at the agency have given you a certain perspective, but that's not the way the business is run anymore.

Billings scoffs.

BILLINGS  
What DO you do here, Somerset?

SOMERSET  
Don't worry about what I do.

BILLINGS  
Why don't you do us all a favor and retire? That way you and our liberal president can go raise doves, how about that?

SOMERSET  
Why don't you go carpet bomb a crowded marketplace? That way for every jihadi you kill, you can create ten more!

Cross waves them off before it can get too serious.

CROSS  
Play nice, girls.

SOMERSET  
Are we done here?

The Deputy Director finally sighs.

CROSS  
Why not...

Everyone stands, collecting their things. Cross is the first out the door. When he sees her exit, Somerset follows after, hunched over, every bit of his advanced age.

As he hobbles down the hallway, the KEY CHAIN on his belt clangs obnoxiously.

Billings and Kimes stand at the door watching him go.

KIMES  
Guy's a fucking dinosaur, why haven't they sacked him already?

BILLINGS  
Eh, he's got friends in high places...

KIMES  
What even is "special projects?"

BILLINGS  
Fuck if I know. You been in there? Guy's a hoarder. Custodial tried to clean up once and he threw a "Grade A" bitch-fest until he got his things back.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

While his coworkers continue to talk about him, Somerset catches up with the Deputy Director down the hall.

SOMERSET  
Did you get the memo I forwarded your office?

Cross continues her pace, forcing Somerset to keep up.

CROSS  
Yes, I did.

SOMERSET

And?

CROSS

What did analysis say?

SOMERSET

They can't break it.

CROSS

Then am I missing something?

SOMERSET

Don't you find it strange that two countries at odds with one another would be speaking over channels normally reserved for terrorist groups?

CROSS

It could be distant relatives reaching out to one another.

SOMERSET

Then why the cipher?

CROSS

Maybe diplomatic back-channeling...

SOMERSET

Are you going out of your way to be unhelpful?

CROSS

Bring me actionable intelligence and I'll be the first to authorize a tap. If I'm the ambitious she-bitch everybody seems to think I am, then why wouldn't I?

Somerset groans and rolls his eyes.

CROSS (CONT'D)

You do this, Somerset. You see shadows where there are none. You have a healthy interest in conspiracy theories...

SOMERSET

No, I don't.

CROSS  
Come on, Alvin. How Iran isn't as  
big a supporter of terrorism as  
Saudi Arabia?

SOMERSET  
What's wrong with that?

CROSS  
They're our allies!

SOMERSET  
It doesn't make it not true!

She puts an unnatural hand on his arm. Just like the Station  
Chief did...

CROSS  
Maybe it's time to take a step  
back.

Somerset looks at the offending hand and forces a polite  
smile on his face.

SOMERSET  
Something to think about...

He stalks off, unable to look at her any longer. Shuffling  
through the key chain at his belt, he eventually finds the  
one he's looking for.

He arrives at a door that reads "A. Somerset - Chief Analyst,  
Special Projects" and lets himself in.

INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Once the door closes behind him, Somerset stands upright,  
cracking his back. The whole hobbling routine was a fake.

He nods to his long-time assistant MRS. DAVENPORT, 72.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
How'd it go?

SOMERSET  
How do you think it went?

As he crosses to his desk, he passes a FRAMED PICTURE of  
Peter and himself from years before.

We get a look at the clutter in the room. It's not just junk, but a museum to spycraft: thermal goggles and radio jammers, shirt button cameras and hollowed-out books -- all things collected from a lifetime in the deception business.

Somerset sinks into his desk chair, depressed.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

They don't care about their employees. We're disposable to them. Interchangeable. Expected to blindly follow orders.

He turns the T.V. on; cable news playing at a low volume. On the screen, there's footage of bombings, drone strikes, and political assassinations; all murders committed in the name of religion.

REPORTER (V.O.)

*...Iraqi forces continued their fight today against occupying ISIS troops. Combined with the number of riots and armed rebellions in the surrounding region, many pundits consider that a second Arab Spring may be on the horizon. Some 62,000 died in the first spring, the series of anti-government protests that provoked violent military responses throughout much of the Arab world...*

Somerset motions to the screen.

SOMERSET

They're just gonna respond to this the same way they always do. Send in a drone strike... kill somebody... Nothing's gonna change. It's the same result every time. No one thinks outside the box. And our enemies know that. They're getting creative and our people are dying. Christ, fifty years and I still feel like I haven't accomplished anything.

Mrs. Davenport types away at her computer.

MRS. DAVENPORT

You complain about the agency all the time. Why not make it into the C.I.A. you want it to be?

SOMERSET  
Because I'm too old.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
Who said you had to go it alone? I know it's been a while since you recruited anybody...

SOMERSET  
For good reason.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
Yes, but it doesn't have to end the same way.

Somerset stares off, remembering.

MRS. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. For a moment, just consider it.

SOMERSET  
It would have to be someone with a math/science background. I can't use the C.I.A. decoders anymore because the higher ups have access to everything they work on. I need someone who's the opposite of a company man.

Mrs. Davenport nods to his computer. Reluctantly, he opens the CIA's hiring portal.

Looking through applicants, he sees Rhodes scholars, Yale law grads, and lots of polo shirts and lacrosse.

He tries to narrow the search down to just Math and Science degrees, but quickly gets frustrated. He lets his head drop.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
They might as well be the same person. By the time they get here they're already indoctrinated. I'd take one free thinker over the lot of 'em.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
Then get them before.

SOMERSET  
Before what?

MRS. DAVENPORT  
 Before they learn all the wrong  
 lessons...

Somerset turns back to his computer, intrigued. He pulls up the website for the Scholastic Testing Board and scrolls down to the very bottom. There's a button for technical support. He clicks it and requests "Admin Override."

When the site asks for a log in, Somerset digs around in his desk drawer. He comes out with a small black box he plugs in to his computer. It acts as a PASSWORD GENERATOR.

Once he's let in, he finds the results page and winnows it down to those students who achieved the highest marks.

In the surrounding states there's only one perfect score: a high school Senior from New Jersey named Todd Wilmer.

Somerset quickly finds his CLASS PICTURE. In it, Todd is stoned out of his mind, looking like a hoodlum.

MRS. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)  
 Who is he?

Somerset starts. She snuck up so quietly.

SOMERSET  
 I don't know yet.  
 (beat)  
 You think he could pass for Arabic?

Mrs. Davenport examines the photo. Todd has dusky, mediterranean skin, but an unclear ethnicity.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
 Only one way to find out.

EXT. CHERRY HILL HIGH SCHOOL -- SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Somerset pulls his forgettable, beige Lincoln Continental into the parking lot and takes one of the guest spots.

Before he goes inside, he dabs some spirit gum on his upper lip and applies a fake mustache in the rearview mirror.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Somerset walks up to the school's SECRETARY and introduces himself.

SOMERSET

Hi, I'm Wayne Desario from the Scholastic Testing Board. I'm wondering if I can speak to a student by the name of Todd Wilmer?

SCHOOL SECRETARY

What do you want with him?

SOMERSET

It's common practice that any perfect score on one of our tests be investigated.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

Well, he's not in today. Probably cutting...

When she sees there's no putting him off, the Secretary motions over Somerset's shoulder.

SCHOOL SECRETARY (CONT'D)

You can ask Mr. Donner, he taught him.

Somerset turns to find an overworked Social Studies teacher looking into his mail slot. MR. DONNER, 36, glances up when he hears his name.

MR. DONNER

Yeah, I had him last semester for Civics. Did a report on "the futility of voting" that made me want to kill myself. Still, he's probably the smartest kid I ever taught, so your investigation, or whatever it is, will probably come to nothing. But...

Donner trails off.

SOMERSET

But what...?

MR. DONNER

...but he's also a *sociopath*. The kind that vandalizes school property in between classes. Then, when you catch him at it, he tells you how the word came from the Vandal hordes that sacked Rome in 455 A.D.

Somerset nods, his interest peaked.

SOMERSET

Do you know where I could find him?

MR. DONNER

He'd say anything to the public safety officers to get off campus. If he's not at the Wawa across the street, then he'll probably be at the mall.

INT. CHERRY HILL MALL -- SOON AFTER

The mall's busy for a weekday. Somerset takes the stairs up to the second floor to get an eagle-eyed view of the food court below.

Consulting the school picture of Todd he had printed out, Somerset scans the crowd looking for him. But it's mostly toddlers with their nannies or the occasional rich housewife.

He's about to give up when he hears crying from a bench to his right. The Todd he finds there is a far cry from the one in the picture...

Here, TODD WILMER, 18, is dressed like a Christian missionary, his formerly messy hair now an altar boy comb-over. It isn't long before an OLD LADY passes and tries to console him.

OLD LADY

What's wrong, deary?

Todd throws his arms around the woman and *wails*--

TODD

My prayer group left without me!

OLD LADY

Oh sweetie, we'll find them! It's alright...

She holds him, sobbing, to her bosom. At the same time, Todd reaches around her to steal money out of her purse. As he tucks it away, unseen, Somerset has to smile.

But the moment doesn't last. Around the corner comes an IRATE MAN with MALL SECURITY in tow--

IRATE MAN

There he is! There's the kid who stole my wallet!

Todd springs to his feet, sending the Old Lady sprawling. He bolts -- running full tilt across the mall, a heavy security guard in hot pursuit.

Somerset watches as Todd dodges obstacles with a mixture of youthful gymnastics and parkour.

When he tries to head down one of the escalators, two other security guards head up towards him. He reverses course and has to juke out of the way of the first security officer.

With escape routes limited, Todd makes a split decision to climb over the balcony railing. Bystanders below SCREAM as he jumps atop a descending elevator and rides it all the way to the bottom.

Hopping off, he cuts through the mall's central fountain, splashing water as he goes. With his khakis now soaked through, Todd climbs out on the other side, smiling broadly.

That's when a particularly fit security guard comes out of nowhere and football tackles him to the ground.

INT. OFFICE OF MALL SECURITY -- MINUTES LATER

With Todd now in mall jail, Somerset waits an appropriate amount of time before he approaches the HEAD OF SECURITY and flashes a fake badge.

SOMERSET

I'm here to pick up the shoplifter.

HEAD OF SECURITY

You guys work fast, we just called you...

SOMERSET

We take juvenile delinquency very seriously.

Somerset motions at the glass partition behind the man.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Is that him?

Todd sits in a windowless room, cuffed to an interrogation table.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Yeah, he's all yours. But watch out...

(beat)

He's a biter.

INT. HOLDING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

As Somerset enters, Todd picks his head up off the table.

TODD  
Who the hell are you?

SOMERSET  
That depends...  
(beat)  
How'd you do it?

TODD  
How'd I do what?

SOMERSET  
Every year the U.S. government  
sneaks impossible problems into  
public school exams. You aced a  
standardized test section that  
nobody aces. So, how'd you do it?  
Did you cheat?

TODD  
I don't have to talk to you.

SOMERSET  
That's right. You can just sit  
here until your foster parents come  
pick you up. I'm sure they'll be  
happy to pay your bail...

Somerset heads for the door. He's on his way out when Todd speaks--

TODD  
It just made sense, okay? I have a  
fucked-up head.

Turning back, Somerset takes a seat across from the young man.

SOMERSET  
If you were headed to college, that  
perfect score would have flagged  
you as someone to watch, but you're  
not going to college, are you?

TODD  
Oh, can I start my adult life  
\$100,000 in debt? Maybe then I can  
get a degree that doesn't guarantee  
me a job!

SOMERSET

Do you find your life boring, Todd?

TODD

Every single day.

SOMERSET

What if I could offer you a job where you would never feel that way again?

TODD

I'm all set, thanks.

SOMERSET

But I haven't told you what it is yet. From what I can tell you're a liar, a con man, and a thief. You keep going in the same direction it's jail bars for you...

(beat)

But what if those same attributes weren't handicaps, but assets?

Todd starts to smile.

TODD

What are you... a *spook*?

SOMERSET

This is a turning point moment for you, Todd. You can keep going down the road you're going down, or you can do something worthwhile with your life. My gut tells me you've never belonged anywhere. So why not see how this fits?

Somerset stares at him, waiting for an answer. The boy is quiet for a good long while.

TODD

You get me out of mall jail, I'll join whatever cult you want me to.

INT. MCTEER RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM -- LATER THAT DAY

Todd sits across from his morbidly obese FOSTER PARENTS as Somerset explains:

SOMERSET

You can think of it like a study abroad program.

(MORE)

## SOMERSET (CONT'D)

During his time in Antarctica, Todd will be on the forefront of climate science. And while it's true he will be unreachable for months at a time, rest assured that nothing could be safer--

As Somerset continues to talk, Todd's guardians appear vaguely confused.

## FOSTER MOM

Would the government checks stop coming in?

Todd and Somerset exchange a look.

EXT. MCTEER RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD -- MINUTES LATER

Todd walks Somerset out.

## SOMERSET

Charming people...

## TODD

Everybody's got a hustle.

Arriving at his car, Somerset unlocks the driver's side, but doesn't immediately get in.

## SOMERSET

If we're going to do this, I need to know that if I ask you to do something, you'll do it.

## TODD

Sure thing.

## SOMERSET

I'm serious.

## TODD

So am I. That whole "Come to Jesus" talk we had really freaked me out...

Somerset looks him over and finally nods, convinced.

## SOMERSET

Then from here on out you are no longer Todd Wilmer. Your name is Joseph Quinn.

TODD  
 Couldn't find a whiter name?

SOMERSET  
 We'll have to doctor a bachelor's degree for you. The C.I.A. only hires college graduates.

TODD  
 But they're the C.I.A... won't they know?

SOMERSET  
 Not after we scrub your entire existence from the internet, which should be fairly easy considering you aren't on social media--

TODD  
 --Because it's fucking stupid! Who voluntarily signs up to be a "follower?"

SOMERSET  
 The first step is vetting you. The NSA handles polygraphing all incoming employees. They'll ask you EPQ's, embarrassing personal questions, often of a sexual nature...

INT. POLYGRAPH ROOM -- DAYS LATER

Deep in the bowels of CIA Headquarters, a humorless POLYGRAPH TECH asks Todd:

POLYGRAPH TECH  
 Do you frequent prostitutes?

Todd blushes, refusing to look the woman in the eye.

TODD  
 Uh...

POLYGRAPH TECH  
 Be aware that refusal to answer leads directly to firing.

TODD  
 No, I've never paid for it.

POLYGRAPH TECH  
Have you ever had negative thoughts  
about the U.S. government?

TODD  
Are you serious?

POLYGRAPH TECH  
Answer please.

TODD  
It's a... complicated relationship.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

Somerset has been watching from an adjoining room through a two-way mirror. The polygraph tech comes in, to sum up.

POLYGRAPH TECH  
Well, the Myers-Briggs says he's a  
psychotic. But the voice stress  
analysis reveals no deception.

SOMERSET  
Even at the question about college  
life?

She rechecks her notes and shakes her head. Somerset nods.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
When he's done, send him up to my  
office.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- SOON AFTER

After his examination, Todd walks the halls looking for Somerset's office. When he finds it, he knocks on the door.

INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Somerset's secretary, Mrs. Davenport, aims a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN at the office door from beneath her desk. Once armed, she buzzes Todd inside. When she sees who it is, she releases the shotgun handle and smiles, widely.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
You must be Todd.

She rises warmly to greet him, her manner not unlike an off-season Mrs. Claus.

TODD  
Actually, it's Joseph.

She winks at him.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
My mistake. It's a pleasure to  
meet you.

She gives him a big hug, then leads him back towards her desk.

MRS. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)  
Alvin's just finishing up a  
meeting, he should be back soon.  
In the meantime, he left you this--

She presents him with a GIFT BASKET wrapped in cellophane. Inside, there's a Rosetta Stone Arabic and a book on Cryptography.

TODD  
Thanks.

As Todd goes to pick it up, he spots a GOLD PEN on Mrs. Davenport's desk. Without thinking -- he *pockets it*.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
You can wait in his office, if  
you'd like...

She points the way. As Todd takes a seat in the hoarder's den, she asks:

MRS. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)  
Can I get you some tea?

TODD  
Sure.

While she's gone, Todd looks around Somerset's museum of an office. There's a threadbare copy of "The Anarchist's Cookbook" on his desk. He picks it up and starts to leaf through it as Mrs. Davenport returns.

Placing a saucer in front of Todd, she reaches a quick hand into his pocket, coming out with the gold pen.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
I'll take this.

Todd looks at the carpet, sheepishly.

TODD  
Sorry. Old habits...

MRS. DAVENPORT  
You hold your breath when you make  
your grabs. It's a dead give-away.

He looks at her, quietly impressed.

TODD  
Who are you?

But Davenport only smiles.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
Wouldn't you like to know?

She returns to her desk as Somerset comes bustling in.

SOMERSET  
Sorry I'm late. I trust Mrs.  
Davenport treated you hospitably?

TODD  
Oh yeah, she's great.

Todd sees a picture on a bookshelf.

SOMERSET  
Interesting office you have here.  
Is this you at the Berlin wall?

Somerset nods, nostalgically.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
It is. Berlin was Espionage 101.  
We all got laid.

Todd points to the enclosure around Somerset's computer.

TODD  
What's this?

SOMERSET  
That's a faraday cage. It blocks  
out electromagnetic fields. You  
never know who's watching...

TODD  
That seems to be a running concern  
with you...

SOMERSET

If you had my coworkers, it'd be a concern for you too. Now, let me tell you what's to follow. Before you dismantle a system, you need to see what's wrong with it. With that in mind, you will spend the next six months at the Farm doing various orientation courses with an agency-wide scope. That's analysis, operations, support, etc. Then you'll be returned to my department to match the specific requirements of your discipline.

TODD

What do you mean? You're not teaching these courses?

SOMERSET

No, you're on your own there. I wouldn't do orientation again if you paid me. It's boring as hell. In the meantime, if you need to reach me you can use this email--

He slides a piece of paper over to Todd.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Take a moment to memorize it, then you can burn it in this ashtray here.

Todd does as asked. As he sets the paper on fire, Somerset continues:

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

And you're familiar with foldering?

Todd shakes his head no.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Never actually send an email. You got that? It leaves an electronic trail. If you must contact me, save the message into the drafts folder and I'll be able to see it. I won't respond, but you'll know the meeting place through this--

He hands Todd a STARBUCKS GIFT CARD. The kid stares at it, skeptically.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

I'll change the owner's address on file to where we'll meet. And if you check the balance, that'll be the meeting time.

Todd laughs.

TODD

You don't think this is overkill?

Somerset stares back at him, blankly.

SOMERSET

Not for one second.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LECTURE HALL -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

The induction meeting is held in Lecture Hall B. Todd finds a seat in the back, amongst applicants who easily look ten, fifteen years older than him.

GEORGE PIERCE, 25, a preppie recruit with a swimmer's build, leans forward to talk to him.

GEORGE PIERCE

I think you might be lost. Chuck E. Cheese is down the road.

Todd smiles, politely.

TODD

Yeah, I've always looked young. It's kind of annoying.

He faces back forward, but Pierce doesn't seem to be through.

GEORGE PIERCE

Seriously, how'd you get in?

TODD

I was recruited...

GEORGE PIERCE

Oh yeah? Who brought you in?

TODD

His name's Somerset. You?

Pierce motions to the dais.

GEORGE PIERCE

That's him there.

Dan Billings stands on the side of the stage, dead-eyeing the newbies. Pierce is about to say more when the voices in the room subside and the Deputy Director steps up to the podium.

CROSS

Good morning trainees. My name is Evelyn Cross. I am the Deputy Director of Operations. If you have made it to this stage, you have gotten further than 99% of applicants. And if that fun fact made your insides warm, then you have already failed.

A couple worried looks circle the crowd.

CROSS (CONT'D)

This is a nameless, faceless, and thankless job. If we do it right than the American people will never know we existed. There are no parades, there are no awards, there is only a wall with stars on it if you die.

(beat)

Welcome to the C.I.A.

As the Deputy Director walks off, Todd stares at the empty space she previously occupied -- what the fuck has he gotten himself into?

Before the room can go back to talking, Billings steps forward.

BILLINGS

Alright recruits, grab your gear and head out through the double doors at the back! Buses leave in five minutes!

Todd stands and joins the throngs of people exiting.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

As the recruits bleed into the lobby, they pass the WALL with STARS on it that the Deputy Director was talking about. An uncomfortable silence descends over them as they exit the building and get on the buses.

INT. CHARTER BUS -- SOON AFTER

Once onboard, the trainees start introducing themselves around. Law degrees mix with lowly members of the armed forces. MBA's slum it with criminologists.

When George Pierce takes the seat behind him, Todd groans under his breath.

GEORGE PIERCE  
Hey Doogie Howser, where'd you go?

TODD  
What?

GEORGE PIERCE  
What college? My parents were analysts, so I was pretty much raised in this shit, but most of these guys are Ivy League at least.

TODD  
Williams.

GEORGE PIERCE  
No kidding! Cooper over there went to Williams.

Todd quietly fumes to himself as George yells over the din--

GEORGE PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Cooper, you got a fellow Williams alum over here! You guys probably know each other.

COOPER, 24, looks over eagerly, but obviously doesn't recognize Todd. Quick to explain, Todd mumbles:

TODD  
I spent most of my time in the lab, so that's probably why...

He trails off as George Pierce continues to stare at him. Finally, Pierce just smiles.

GEORGE PIERCE  
You're a really bad liar.

He sits back in his seat as Billings's voice rings out--

BILLINGS  
Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the Farm.

(MORE)

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

For the next six months, every waking moment of your day will be spoken for.

Todd looks out the window. They've arrived at Camp Peary, a 9,000 acre plot of land in rural Virginia. It's a high security military installation, guarded by marines.

As the bus travels through the gates, Todd sees cadets running obstacle courses and cargo planes taking off from the base's very own runway.

He watches as Camp Peary gradually transforms into a highly realistic mock-up of a quaint, European town.

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

This is the Republic of Vertania. When you aren't in a classroom, you will be here. It has a downtown area, a fake U.S. Embassy, and a 24-hour news network that airs only on our closed circuit T.V. You will live and work here under an assumed name and play out real-life scenarios as they come up--

A MONTAGE begins of the first few weeks of training:

In a WORKSHOP, Billings stands before the trainees teaching surveillance. He holds a RIFLE SCOPE up for the class to see.

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

A telephoto lens fitted with a night vision scope makes it so you don't have to be close to your subject to observe them. But if you do need to get close there are ways to accomplish that...

The cadets drill holes in floorboards and snake ENDOSCOPIC CAMERAS through to eavesdrop. In the attached video monitor, Todd sees an extreme close up of his face in a fish-eye lens.

During the seminar on breaking and entering, the staff set up gates and locks that need to be picked.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

We won't be getting into the more elaborate lock breaking with your drills or your thermal lances, but this should give you a primer on how to get through most doors or home safes you come across. For instance, this is a *bump key*--

Billings holds up what looks to be a typical house key, but instead of teeth grooves, it merely has a series of little nubs. He slips the BUMP KEY into the lock without resistance then picks up a hammer.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Pull it out one click, apply tension either clockwise or counter-clockwise, then tap the key with your hammer. Avoiding your fingers, of course...

(beat)

The tap should make all the tumblers bounce and resettle into the proper open lock position.

At the FIRING RANGE, Ellis Kimes demonstrates shooting Glocks and M4-carbines.

KIMES

The Glock has less muzzle rise and allows for faster aim recovery. But sometimes you need more firepower. Whereas the m16 would be considered too long and bulky, the m4-carbine is preferable in close quarters operations. We used them in Somalia in '93.

BILLINGS

Don't forget about Bosnia.

KIMES

Oh, you know I won't.

Todd raises his hand to ask:

TODD

When do we get to shoot at things?

KIMES

Quinn, is it? You're Somerset's recruit?

When Todd nods, Kimes exchanges a grin with Billings.

KIMES (CONT'D)

What do you mean by 'things?'

TODD

Well, we're not aiming at targets  
in the real world, are we?

KIMES

Ohhh! School shooter here wants to  
shoot at people! Let's see if we  
can oblige him!

In an urban combat scenario, Todd makes his way around blind corners, waiting for something to jump out at him.

He takes out several MANNEQUINS dressed up like Taliban soldiers, but when a dummy dressed like a LITTLE GIRL pops up, it scares Todd so severely that he shoots it in the head several times.

Gathering the class together at the shooting gallery, Kimes motions towards a "bad guy" dummy holding a crying woman hostage.

KIMES (CONT'D)

This next one cadets have  
historically had a problem with.  
How do you take down an assailant  
holding a gun to a victim's head?

TODD

Are the walls made of plaster?

KIMES

No, they're a mix of--

Todd banks his shot off the wall. It ricochets back and blows the assailant dummy's head off.

Everyone in the class looks at him, surprised. But Todd only shrugs.

TODD

Geometry. Angles, you know?

On the STREETS of VERTANIA at night, Billings walks the cadets through evasive techniques.

BILLINGS

Dry-cleaning is the practice of  
discerning how many tails you might  
have and how best to shake them.  
Use your surroundings.

(MORE)

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Get lost in a crowd. Take  
advantage of reflective surfaces...

On foot, Todd tries to lose the female agent that's trailing him. He pauses to tie his shoe, using a pub's sheet glass window to catch sight of her.

He leads her into a nearby building. As she enters the revolving door though, he takes it right back out onto the street -- waving to her as he goes.

With the lead he's got on his pursuer, Todd ducks down an alleyway. He digs into his pocket and pulls out a matchbook.

Hurrying over to an overflowing trashcan, he drops a lit match down inside of it and watches as the cardboard and debris goes up in flames.

When it's properly roaring, he kicks it toward the mouth of the alley just as his tail arrives. She rears back, suddenly finding her way blocked with flaming trash.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Todd hightails in the other direction as the agent and other cadets try to put out the fire.

In a mat-covered GYMNASIUM, staff members hand out RUBBER KNIVES to the cadets as Kimes goes over the basics of edged weapons.

## KIMES

Jab, slash, and thrust are the techniques that make up knife fighting. Keep your motions as tight as possible. Big motions leave gaps for your opponent to capitalize on. Now, break into your assigned pairs and show me what you've learned.

As the cadets stand, Todd turns to face his partner, Cooper. When he sees who Cooper's partner is, Pierce LAUGHS.

## GEORGE PIERCE

Watch out Cooper, that middle-schooler's got a knife!

Those within earshot laugh. Todd glowers as Cooper looks to make quick work of him.

Kimes circulates, giving advice.

KIMES

Be unpredictable. Footwork is your best friend. Attacks from outside angles are harder to defend against.

Todd sees Cooper take Kimes's suggestion and knows what he has to do. As Cooper swings his knife in from the side, Todd steps into his guard and uses the oaf's momentum to flip him onto the mat. The impact echoes throughout the gym.

Standing over his prey now, Todd goes for a kill stroke and Kimes has to catch his hand--

KIMES (CONT'D)

Whoa, it may be rubber but that's his neck you're about to stab!

Somerset watches this interaction from the wings, amused. Next to him, Mrs. Davenport takes note.

MRS. DAVENPORT

You like him.

SOMERSET

I do not.

MRS. DAVENPORT

You do. You think he's a rascal. A rulebreaker.

SOMERSET

Eh, so what if I do?

MRS. DAVENPORT

Just be careful. He might come to hate you for what you're asking of him.

During a break from training, Somerset walks with Todd on the grounds of Camp Peary.

SOMERSET

Your classes aren't all you'll be doing...

He hands Todd several folded pieces of paper from his inside jacket pocket. Todd opens them. They're long, rambling passages in strange text.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

These are intercepted terrorist missives. You said you like puzzles?

TODD

But this is in Arabic?

SOMERSET

It's a simple substitution cipher. It may look weird to your eyes, but it's no different than our language, except they have 28 letters in their alphabet. If you can decode in English, you should be able to do this.

In the BARRACKS, Todd pores over the codes in the early morning hours. He's left with long Arabic passages that he's unable to read.

He has to flip constantly through an English to Arabic dictionary to get it all. But even translated, they're still just sentence fragments that barely make any sense.

He's exhausted the next day in class. When he sees Somerset next, he asks:

TODD

But what do they mean?!

SOMERSET

I'm not sure yet. But it is imperative that you leave nothing to be discovered...

With the DORM SHOWERS on full blast, Todd burns the decoded papers, washing the ashes down the drain.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CAMP PEARY, AIRPLANE HANGAR -- MORNING

As the trainees pull on JUMPSUITS and adjust the straps on their PARACHUTES, Billings goes down the line inspecting their handy-work.

BILLINGS

Today you learn about escape and evasion. You will be dropped into the woods outside Camp Peary where you must evade capture. Utilize camouflage. Change direction often to throw off your pursuers. Travel by hard surfaces whenever possible.

(MORE)

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Don't leave telltale tracks in soft ground. Make your way to the extraction point for exfil. All you have to do to win is not be caught.

TODD

That's it? Sounds easy...

Billings smiles.

BILLINGS

Oh, did I forget to mention?

INT. CARGO PLANE -- MINUTES LATER

Once the plane is in the air, the instructors zip-tie the cadet's wrists behind them. Todd balks--

TODD

*Are you insane?!*

BILLINGS

Well, you know what Somerset would have you do?

Billings gives him a hearty shove out of the plane and yells after him--

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

*Improvise!*

EXT. SKY ABOVE CAMP PEARY -- CONTINUOUS

Todd flips end over end, unable to control his descent. He tries desperately to pull the rip cord on his chute, but can't reach...

With the ground getting closer by the minute, he turns frantic. Tucking himself into a ball, he manages to move his bound hands under his body.

As he attempts to get his legs out from underneath him, the zip ties claw at his skin. It takes all the brute strength he has to slide the restraints in front of him.

Only then can he pull the cord.

EXT. CAMP PEARY, WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

Todd lands hard on the forest floor. Getting to his feet, he hobbles over to a jagged branch and begins to saw his zip-ties off.

Once free, he removes his parachute. Using the branch that cut him loose, he digs a hole and buries the chute. It's exhausting work, but necessary.

By the time he's finished, he's good and sweaty. He hears the bark of dogs; the instructors closing in.

Covering his face and hands with dirt, he takes off into the thickest brush he can find...

EXT. WOODS -- SOME TIME LATER

By now, Todd is covered in prickly bush cuts and has a gash on his knee from falling. He listens as the instructors ambush one of his classmates not a hundred yards away.

He hurries on, out of breath. Finding a fallen tree, he decides to hide in the cave created from its massive root system...

But just as he settles in, George Pierce opens his eyes, perfectly disguised in the soil--

GEORGE PIERCE  
Get the fuck out of here!

TODD  
There's room for both of us!

GEORGE PIERCE  
If they find you, they'll find me!

He plants a foot in Todd's hip and pushes him out into the open.

Todd staggers into a clearing just as Billings comes around the corner. He fires two PAINT BALL rounds into Todd, center mass.

BILLINGS  
Fail! Report back to the hanger!

Todd kicks at the ground.

TODD  
*Goddamnit!!!*

INT. BARRACKS, LOCKER ROOM -- SOON AFTER

The cadets are in good spirits, celebrating Pierce's win and showering the dirt off, when Todd storms in.

Looking for something, anything, to cause pain with, he grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the locker room wall and hits Pierce over the head with it.

As Pierce goes slipping across the wet tile, Todd sprays him with the hose.

TODD

The fuck is wrong with you?! You got me eliminated!

Covered in white foam, George Pierce climbs to his feet and lunges for Todd. They brawl on the ground until their classmates manage to pull them apart. Pierce shrieks--

GEORGE PIERCE

Get off me!

--and shakes them off violently before turning his full fury back onto Todd.

GEORGE PIERCE (CONT'D)

You don't fool me, "Joseph Quinn!"  
I looked you up. You barely exist!  
Shit, I've never seen anybody with  
less evidence of life.

He gestures desperately to the others--

GEORGE PIERCE (CONT'D)

Can't you see there's something  
wrong with him?! Him and that old  
man he's always hanging around!

TODD

What about him?!

GEORGE PIERCE

That he's a joke! You know the  
instructors make fun of him, right?  
They call him the Janitor because  
of that insane key chain he keeps  
on his belt.

TODD

Who fucking cares?!

GEORGE PIERCE

My parents said everyone thinks he's crazy and no one wants to work with him anymore. In fact, you're the only one pathetic enough to spend time with him. Now he's so washed up and out of it that he's probably gonna get somebody killed! And I hope to god that it's you!

EXT. CAMP PEARY, BARRACKS -- THAT NIGHT

Todd sneaks out of the dorms and hurries across the back lawn. He finds Somerset in the shadows behind the mess hall.

TODD

I see you got my message.

SOMERSET

No, I was just out for a walk, thought I'd check the grounds.

TODD

I don't think I can do this.

SOMERSET

Just tell me what happened.

TODD

Why didn't you tell me you were universally despised here?

SOMERSET

I see... you want to know if you're backing a lame horse?

TODD

For a start?

SOMERSET

Would it make a difference? Knowing what people think about you is power. You see co-workers icing me out, thinking I'm a frail old hobbling man? I see zero resistance to anything I want to get done.

TODD

Why are they going after you like this?

Somerset tries to put it into words.

## SOMERSET

There is a faction at the C.I.A. that do not wish to see it change, that are okay with the status quo. Among them: Deputy Director Cross and everybody's favorite drill sergeant, Dan Billings. Their C.I.A. is modeled after the structure and hierarchy of corporations. It attracts social climbers, not spies. It is anathema to everything good spy work stands for. So, I let them say whatever they want about me. Let 'em call me whatever nicknames they want. Because they'll never get it.

(beat)

Oh, and this janitor's keychain? It's more than just keys...

Somerset pulls the ring off his belt to show Todd. Among the bump keys and swiss army knives, there are also several thin VIALS. He holds up a yellow one--

## SOMERSET (CONT'D)

This is Sodium Thiopental. You may know it as truth serum. Very hard to acquire in the states. This--

He holds up a clear vial.

## SOMERSET (CONT'D)

--is an adrenaline shot, say if you're on your last legs, but still being pursued by someone. Here--

He holds up two separate ones.

## SOMERSET (CONT'D)

--is a numbing agent and a paralytic. I try not to get those confused. I have skeleton keys and universal handcuff keys that are so small that if you think you're about to be arrested you can shove them up your ass and fish 'em out later when you need them.

He leans in, making sure Todd really hears this next part.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

There is a reason for everything I do. You don't have to believe me... to believe in me.

INT. CAMP PEARY, LECTURE HALL -- AFTERNOON

On a classroom chalkboard, Billings writes "Casting a Persona." He turns to face the cadets.

BILLINGS

Your cover is all you have. The Russians called it "Paminyatchik," an agent under deep cover. There is no detail too small when it comes to crafting your character. Do you have a haircut that someone of your age or region would wear? If you're a laborer, are there calluses on your hands? If you're a local, then why are you carrying a map? Are you whistling a tune that isn't well known in the country you're in? It's a 24-hour a day battle of wits. And you can't make a *single* mistake.

Billings walks the floor in front of his students.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Once your persona is ironclad only then can you begin to think about asset recruitment. It is important to understand the psychological ramifications that cause someone to become a traitor to their own country. This brings us to your first assignment. The D.C. Hyatt is hosting a mid-east business owners convention. Your task is to bump into a foreign merchant and find pretext to see them again to develop him or her as an asset.

The recruits chatter amongst themselves, excitedly.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

But be forewarned, if you lose an asset you lose your place at the farm. It is our job to weed out those who can't stand the pressure. Because in this world, mistakes are fatal.

INT. D.C. HYATT -- EVENING

Todd stands to the side, observing, as his classmates mingle with members of the Arab business world. Most of them have found their assets already, but for some reason, Todd hangs back. He scans the crowd, growing frustrated...

When he sees a MAN with GLASSES showing the other guests pictures of his children though, Todd knows he's found his mark.

Before walking over, he closes his eyes, taking a moment. When he opens them again, he plasters a fake smile on his face that would make Patrick Bateman blush.

Seeing an open chair at the bar, Todd squeezes in.

TODD  
What a beautiful family.

KASIM  
Thank you.

Todd holds a hand out.

TODD  
I'm Joseph Quinn.

KASIM  
Kasim Harnaz.

They shake.

TODD  
Kasim, what do you do for a living?

KASIM  
I own a small shipping company  
headquartered out of Tehran.

Todd's face blooms.

TODD  
What a coincidence! I'm in import-  
export.

Kasim sighs.

KASIM  
I suppose you're here looking for  
dock space?

Seeing Kasim's reluctance, Todd shifts tracks, seamlessly.

TODD

Oh, who wants to talk shop? You know, seeing those pictures... I just wish my family turns out as happy.

KASIM

You're married?

TODD

Engaged. I think I have a picture of her somewhere...

Todd takes his phone out and pulls up a picture of a beautiful woman in a hijab. He shows it to Kasim.

TODD (CONT'D)

See, I'm American, but my fiancée, she comes from a strict Muslim family.

KASIM

Oh, she is very lovely. You are a lucky man.

TODD

Thank you. I just feel out of place though when I'm with her family. I'm learning all I can about her culture, but there's so much to know...

KASIM

I'd be happy to be of assistance if you want. Show you the do's and don'ts of Islam? Teach you some common phrases?

TODD

That would be amazing!

Todd waves the bartender over.

TODD (CONT'D)

(to Kasim)

What are you drinking?

KASIM

Ah, see there's your first mistake.

INT. D.C. HYATT, LOUNGE AREA -- AN HOUR LATER

Kasim and Todd have been talking for some time.

KASIM

No-no, "Allahu Akbar" roughly translates as "God is Great." Now, if you want to sound less stiff then "Alhamdullilah" is something you can say when the food comes. That's more "Thanks be to God."

Todd dutifully takes notes.

TODD

Thank you so much for this, this is really terrific.

KASIM

It is my pleasure.

Kasim chances a look at his watch. Todd notices.

TODD

You gotta get going?

KASIM

I am enjoying our conversation, but I have an early flight tomorrow.

TODD

Say no more. I have to go to the bathroom anyway. If I have any more questions, can I get in touch with you?

Kasim fishes in his jacket for a business card he hands over.

TODD (CONT'D)

When are you back in town?

KASIM

I'm here several times a year. Just contact my secretary to schedule.

TODD

Will do.

Todd heads off, smiling.

INT. D.C. HYATT, RECEPTION HALL -- MINUTES LATER

Todd emerges from the bathroom drying his hands. Scanning the crowd, he's surprised to see Kasim is still there by the exits... and he's talking to George Pierce. Todd hurries over.

INT. D.C. HYATT, WAITING AREA -- SAME TIME

As Todd approaches, Pierce leans in to warn Kasim off.

GEORGE PIERCE

That man you were talking to? I think you should know that in certain circles he's known as a human trafficker--

Kasim gapes.

KASIM

I do not believe this...

GEORGE PIERCE

Hey, I wouldn't believe it myself but several of my colleagues mentioned he was showing them pictures of kidnapped women on his phone.

KASIM

He said it was his wife...

GEORGE PIERCE

That's his scam. He shows people pictures of his "wife." Then sometime later he tells you she's a mail order bride and that you can have one too.

This last bit gets to Kasim. Todd arrives ready to defend himself, but the man just waves him off.

TODD

Kasim, please!

Todd watches as his asset leaves the function. He turns back to Pierce, furiously--

TODD (CONT'D)

*What did you say to him?!*

George raises his glass and smiles.

GEORGE PIERCE

If by some strange miracle you're able to hold onto your place at the farm, first thing tomorrow morning I'm walking into headquarters with everything I've dug up on you and your mentor.

TODD

The hell are you talking about?!

GEORGE PIERCE

I know your secret. If I were you,  
I'd enjoy tonight. Because I don't  
think you'll be around much longer.

George rejoins his friends, laughing. Fuming inside, Todd storms out of the party, determined.

EXT. SOMERSET'S TOWNHOUSE -- SOON AFTER

Todd urgently pounds on the front door, the knocker rattling. It's a few moments before the sounds of stirring emanate from within. Somerset opens the door, awakened from a deep sleep.

SOMERSET

This better be good, I was dreaming  
about Vanna White.

TODD

He scared my asset off.

SOMERSET

Who?

TODD

Pierce. The one I told you about?  
I don't know what he said to him,  
but the guy is long gone.

SOMERSET

What do you mean you lost your  
asset? You can't lose an asset!  
They kick you out for that!

TODD

No shit!

SOMERSET

Well, you gotta get him back!

TODD

That's the least of our problems.  
Pierce says he has something on me.  
And that he's taking it to the  
higher ups first thing tomorrow.  
You don't think he found out about  
Todd Wilmer, do you?

SOMERSET

I did a hell of a job scrubbing, but nothing on the internet ever truly disappears. Look, your ass isn't the only one on the line here. If you go down, I go with you for doctoring your files.

TODD

What do you expect me to do?!

SOMERSET

I can probably hack his cell phone, but you need to find out if he has anything on his personal computer back in the barracks.

TODD

You want me to break into his dorm room?

SOMERSET

Yes, and quickly too. Everyone should only be at the Hyatt for the next hour or so. You'll need this--

He hands Todd his set of keys.

EXT. CAMP PEARY -- NIGHT

As Todd nears cadet housing, Somerset speaks to him through a wireless EARPIECE.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

The barrack entrances and exits are recorded by security. Go around back and take the bite I gave you and cut into the CCTV cable.

Todd hurries around the building removing a POWER RELAY from his pocket. "The bite" resembles a staple remover with two metal teeth on each side. As he moves to attach it, Somerset warns him:

SOMERSET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Make sure the prong marks don't show. Once you're connected, I'll interrupt the feed with a still image.

Clamping the bite onto the cable, Todd circles back to the front of the building.

Looking through the glass at one of the security cameras aimed at the front entrance, Todd asks Somerset:

TODD

You sure I'm good to go?

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Yes. And you need to hurry!

INT. CADET BARRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Todd slips inside the first-floor entrance and heads directly up the stairs to the second floor.

He pauses a moment to let a CUSTODIAN pass. But the guy seems intent on mopping the floor. It's time that Todd just doesn't have...

Finding the sedative on Somerset's key ring, Todd sneaks up behind the janitor and jabs him in the neck.

Almost instantly, the man crumbles to the ground and Todd is forced to catch him.

He drags the limp body to a SUPPLY CLOSET and places it down gently on the linoleum.

Leaving him there, Todd heads for George's door. As he digs in the shoulder bag at his side, Somerset tells him what to do.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Unfortunately, a bump key won't work here. So, what you're gonna have to do is take the bottle of resin I gave you and spray it into the key frame.

Waiting a moment for the liquid to solidify, Todd gently tries turning the knob. The door pops open.

Nervously, he slips inside. Before closing the door behind himself, Todd yanks the newly created key out of the lock.

INT. PIERCE'S DORM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Once Todd is safe inside, he reaches for a light switch. But as if he's reading his mind, Somerset warns him:

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Don't turn on the lights!

Todd stumbles around in the dark for a few moments before he's able to find George's LAPTOP. Sitting down at the desk, he listens as Somerset walks him through what to do.

SOMERSET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If he has a password, you'll need to upload an encrypting device that will parrot back what keystrokes have been used recently.

Todd shakes his head.

TODD

No password.

Somerset scoffs to himself.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Amateur. Okay, check his browser history. If it's on his email or a private server, you'll have to upload mirroring software so that I can erase it. Then you'll take the USB kill stick I gave you and destroy his hard drive. Also, if he has any thumbnail drives you need to grab those too.

Todd moves as fast as possible, the only sound in the room that of his fingers flying over the keys.

But soon there's a second noise. One out in the hall. The sound of trainees returning from assignment...

Todd's breathing is frenetic; even more so when he hears George's keys hit home in the lock.

He freezes, dead to rights, when thankfully, someone strikes up a conversation with George out in the hallway. It allows Somerset's download to finish.

Todd quickly plugs in the USB kill stick. When the screen scrambles, he pockets the drive.

Hurrying to the window, he sneaks out just as George enters.

Flicking on the lights, George seems surprised to see the window open, the curtains rippling in the night air.

At his feet he notices several crumbles of dried resin. He kneels down to examine them, then crosses to his computer, urgently.

*It's unresponsive.*

EXT. CAMP PEARY -- SAME TIME

Behind the barracks, Todd retrieves "the bite" and takes off running. As he hurries across the lawn, he talks to Somerset through the earpiece.

TODD

Did we find something? Tell me  
that wasn't all for nothing!

INT. SOMERSET'S TOWNHOUSE -- SAME TIME

In his home office, Somerset digs through the information retrieved from George's computer.

ON SOMERSET'S SCREEN

Several files pop up. There's a redacted operations report, pictures of the Grand Mosque of Kabul, and a snapshot of a CIA security BADGE for Peter Larson.

When Somerset sees it, his face clouds over.

TODD (O.S.)

Well?

SOMERSET

It's nothing. I can take care of  
it. You need to get back to the  
Hyatt and make sure your asset  
changes his mind. I checked and  
he's got a flight leaving at 7:30  
am.

EXT. D.C. HYATT -- DAWN

In the early morning hours, Todd waits for Kasim in the carport outside the hotel. The man finally emerges wiping sleep from his eyes. He's about to climb onto an AIRPORT SHUTTLE when he spots Todd.

KASIM

(warily)

What are you doing here?!

Todd shows him his palms, as in, 'I come in peace.'

TODD

Before you left, I thought you'd  
want to know the truth.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

The man you spoke with tonight is my fiancée's ex-husband. I have no idea what he told you, but he was very abusive towards her. And I think he'd do anything to get her back. Including lie. You don't ever have to see me again, but you should really think twice about seeing him.

Kasim nods after a time.

KASIM

I appreciate that.

He gets in the airport shuttle as Todd joins him at the door.

TODD

Enough to give me your business?

Kasim laughs.

KASIM

Let's take it day by day. I'm back in the states in a few months. If you want to stay in touch, that is okay with me.

Todd grins as the van door closes. He watches as the shuttle pulls out of the parking lot.

Once it's out of view, he falls to his knees, exhausted and exhilarated.

INT. LECTURE HALL -- THE NEXT MORNING

The trainees are spread out in clumps throughout the room waiting for their next seminar to begin. Pierce storms up to Todd and takes the seat next to him.

GEORGE PIERCE

You broke into my room, didn't you?  
The fuck did you do to my laptop,  
huh? It won't even turn on!

TODD

Your computer is broken, and your first thought is -- it must be me?

GEORGE PIERCE

I don't know what the hell you told your mark, but he must have repeated it to my asset because I spent the entire morning talking the guy off the ledge--

TODD

I wish I could work up some sympathy for you, but unfortunately I'm fresh out.

Pierce stalks away to a seat a couple rows behind him. As soon as Billings enters, those students that have been milling about find their seats. They watch as he writes "Interrogation Techniques" on the chalkboard.

BILLINGS

It's been said that there is only one surefire way of keeping a secret...

He pauses to make sure he has their attention.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

...and that is to kill yourself.

The students LAUGH nervously as Billings continues.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

But there are several tried and true ways to ascertain if a subject is being truthful. Do they blink too much? Do they point their feet towards the door like they just can't wait to leave? A liar is statistically less likely to smile, to pause, or to break eye contact.

Todd raises his hand.

TODD

This is all well and good, but this is about *how* to interrogate. What do we do if we're ever *being* interrogated?

BILLINGS

Unfortunately, terrorist cells aren't hip to the Geneva Convention. There've been recorded instances of fingernail pulling, of electric shock torture to the tongue or genitals.

(MORE)

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

There's even emotional torture where your loved ones are punished instead of you. Bottom line: you don't want to be a part of any of it.

He locks eyes with Todd.

## TODD

And to answer your question: if your abductors have a gun to your back, let them shoot you or scream at the top of your lungs. Because if they get you in their car, they're going to torture you to death. If they do manage to get you to a second location and they're cutting you, the best you can do is make sure they hit a vein, because it will only get worse from there. Still, the agency requires us to walk you through various methods of withstanding interrogations. They will come in handy when we break into pairs and provide you with a piece of info that you must keep secret from your partner.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- DAY

Ellis Kimes guides Deputy Director Cross down a long hallway. Cross pauses every couple of feet to look through the viewing windows of various interrogation rooms.

Inside them, cadets are being yelled at and intimidated, loomed over and pinned against walls.

The next room Cross peers into has Todd handcuffed to a chair. He's lit by STROBE LIGHTS and there is deafening THRASH METAL coming out of the speakers.

## CROSS

I'll look in on this one.

She enters the observation room connected to Todd's torture chamber.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Inside, Dan Billings and George Pierce are silently watching Todd through a two-way mirror.

CROSS  
Have you started?

BILLINGS  
Just getting him primed.

Cross watches as Todd rocks back and forth, trying to block the noise out.

CROSS  
Looks ready to pop to me...

Billings nods and heads for the door, followed closely by Pierce.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

In the hallway, Billings holds back a moment before entering.

BILLINGS  
Follow my lead in there. You got that?

GEORGE PIERCE  
But I can help--

BILLINGS  
You've gotta walk before you can run. And you can barely crawl.

Billings heads inside the interrogation room. Pierce follows after, already pissed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

As Todd's interrogators enter the room, the music stops and the ceiling lights come back on.

When he sees who's accompanying Billings, Todd lets his head drop to the table.

TODD  
Of course, it's you.

Billings takes a seat across from Todd and pours himself a glass of water. He opens a file before him on the desk.

BILLINGS  
You've distinguished yourself in your time here.  
(MORE)

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

None of your class are what I'd call gifted marksmen but compared to the others I'd say you're above average. In the workshop practicals you're second behind only George here.

He motions over his shoulder to where Pierce is leaning against the wall, smiling smugly.

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

But no matter how much potential you have, you're always going to be at a disadvantage with Somerset as your mentor.

## TODD

This again?

## BILLINGS

How much do you really know about him? He's not who you think he is. He has a history of taking young men under his wing. Becomes a sort of absentee father figure so he can mold them into whatever tool best serves his purposes. And when he's done, he leaves them worse than how he found them. I can already see the effect it's having on you. The other day Ellis Kimes had to stop you from stabbing Cooper in the neck. And though I can't prove it, I'd put good money on you being the one that started that fire in the Vertania alley. That, and you were brawling with Pierce in the locker room.

## TODD

You knew about that?

## BILLINGS

I do now.

Todd rolls his eyes as Billings leans in to confide.

## BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Look, there are many here at the C.I.A. who'd like to see the extent of what Somerset's done. Hell, we don't even know where his loyalties lie. He could be selling secrets to a foreign power...

TODD  
That's not Somerset.

BILLINGS  
If you're so sure of his innocence  
then help us get onto his computer.  
Find out what's he hiding from us.  
If you cooperate, I can guarantee  
you a dream posting once you finish  
orientation.

TODD  
I already have a posting.

BILLINGS  
A better one, then. Just think  
about it, okay?

He stands and exits the room. Pierce follows after,  
surprised that it's over.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Pierce catches up with Billings as Deputy Director Cross  
joins them in the hallway.

GEORGE PIERCE  
You call that an interrogation?!

BILLINGS  
We'll leave him to chew it over.  
It's noon. We can take another run  
at him after lunch. For now, go  
pull Quinn out of there.

Billings and Cross walk off, speaking in hushed tones. Pierce  
watches them go, appalled. He waits until they're out of  
sight before re-entering the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

When he sees Pierce come through the door again, Todd groans.

TODD  
You can't think this is going to  
work--

At the first sign of Todd being difficult, Pierce restarts  
the heavy metal and strobe.

TODD (CONT'D)  
 Are you trying to intimidate me?  
 I'm not in any real danger.

GEORGE PIERCE  
 I had the same thought. What say  
 we move on to more *enhanced*  
 interrogation techniques...

Todd realizes what he's saying.

TODD  
 They'll never let you do that.

Pierce smiles.

GEORGE PIERCE  
 Let's find out.

He drags Todd's chair over and tips it back against the wall.  
 Todd struggles, but his hands are still bound behind him.

GEORGE PIERCE (CONT'D)  
 You see, the thing about  
 waterboarding is -- it doesn't  
 leave a mark. It's all in the  
 mind.

He grabs the pitcher of drinking water off the table and  
 returns to Todd's side.

Pulling his shirt up over his head, Pierce dribbles water  
 onto Todd's face.

Almost immediately, Todd begins to sputter and cough, and a  
 fit racks his body.

Pierce stares at him coldly until he recovers. Then goes  
 right back to pouring.

As Todd sucks in wet breaths, he pleads--

TODD  
 Somebody help me!

But Pierce only stops long enough to whisper in his ear.

GEORGE PIERCE  
 No one is coming.

Between gasps for air, Todd SCREAMS--

TODD  
 I don't know what you want!

GEORGE PIERCE

I want you to ask your mentor. Ask  
him what happened to his last  
recruit...

(beat)

Ask him about Abdul-Majid.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY -- SOON AFTER

When he's finally released, Todd makes his way up to the first floor, his hair and shirt front both still wet. He shuffles along in a daze until he finds himself in front of the memorial Wall of Stars.

Next to it is the CIA's "Most Wanted List." Todd steps forward, curious.

It takes some searching, but finally he finds what he's looking for. The Eighth Most Wanted Fugitive is a Caucasian male named Peter Larson...

And under his "all known aliases" is the entry: Abdul-Majid.

INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Todd is buzzed inside by Mrs. Davenport.

MRS. DAVENPORT

Well, hello, Joseph Quinn!

TODD

Howdy. Somerset in?

MRS. DAVENPORT

Sorry no, he's at his weekly chess match with Jay.

TODD

Who's Jay?

Mrs. Davenport smiles.

MRS. DAVENPORT

It's office 10-01, you can't miss it.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, TENTH FLOOR -- MINUTES LATER

Getting out of the elevator, Todd walks the hallway until it comes to an end at a mammoth set of double doors.

Stenciled on the polished wood is: Office of J. Robert Rustler, Director C.I.A.

Todd's eyes go wide. It takes him a few moments to collect himself before he enters.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Todd steps in tentatively, but the ASSISTANT at the front desk already seems to know who he is.

ASSISTANT  
Joseph Quinn?

Todd nods.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Davenport called ahead. You can go right in.

Todd follows where he points. He enters an expansive office, well-appointed in teak and leather features.

There, to the side, he finds Somerset sitting across from RUSTLER, 54, an antique marble chessboard set between them. They look up as he walks into the room.

RUSTLER  
Is this him?

Somerset nods.

SOMERSET  
Jay, this is Joseph Quinn.

They shake hands.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
Entertain yourselves while I use the bathroom.  
(to Todd)  
Guy's got the best toilet in the building.

They watch as he takes his leave. Once they're alone, Rustler fills the dead air.

RUSTLER  
Alvin's told me a lot about you.

TODD  
I wish I could say the same...

Rustler LAUGHS.

RUSTLER

Yeah, he plays it pretty close to the vest. Used to be my teacher at the academy. You'll probably learn more in this position than anywhere else. A year with Somerset might as well be five with somebody else. He was in Saigon when it fell, ditto for Iran. He was on the Berlin & Moscow desks back when it meant something. But the middle east...

(beat)

...that was his baby.

Rustler's about to say more when the toilet flushes and Somerset rejoins them.

SOMERSET

Did you find out who shot JFK?

RUSTLER

No, and I was right about to tell him, too.

TODD

You were?

RUSTLER

It's not who you think. Kind of a letdown really...

He leads the two of them to the door.

RUSTLER (CONT'D)

Same time next week?

SOMERSET

If I'm still alive.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, TENTH FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

As they leave Rustler's office, Somerset finally notices.

SOMERSET

Why is your hair wet?

TODD

I was waterboarded.

Somerset LAUGHS.

SOMERSET

It's a bitch, isn't it?

But when he looks back, Todd isn't smiling.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Wait you're not serious, are you?

TODD

Today was interrogations. And after Billings grilled me with questions about you and what your intentions are, which I'm still not sure of--

SOMERSET

They do that to all the recruits--

TODD

Maybe so. But I'm telling you, they're coming for you.

SOMERSET

It's probably just Cross. She thinks I want her job. Jokes on her, she can have it. Do you have any idea how much paperwork comes with it?

He turns to leave.

TODD

Who is Abdul-Majid?

The words stop Somerset in his tracks. After a moment, he turns to face Todd.

SOMERSET

It doesn't matter.

TODD

To you maybe.

SOMERSET

It isn't relevant to your job.

TODD

Then I quit, how about that?

Somerset lets out a long, exhausted sigh. He looks around the near empty hallway before continuing.

SOMERSET

He was the most brilliant analyst the CIA ever turned out. And I was the one who recruited him. Not only top of his class at the physical requirements, but a whip-sharp mind too. He was overseas on a mission and must have trusted the wrong people, because he got burned. He was taken hostage by Al-Qaeda. But because of the highly-contested area, I was forbidden from sending help.

Somerset swallows hard before continuing.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

He ended up being tortured for months on end. When he finally realized that no one was coming for him... that he was truly alone... something broke inside of Peter. He let those monsters poison his mind until he was convinced they were his salvation. He took the Muslim name "Abdul-Majid" and in time became the cell's most fervent convert. Leading an army of insurgent jihadis, he committed the deadliest terror acts of the last decade. The tower bridge bombing in 2012? That was him. The O2 Arena shooting a few years back? The same. They buried his C.I.A. connection to the world, but it's an open secret here.

TODD

So, all of this... recruiting me... training me... is just for revenge?

SOMERSET

It's so much more than that--

TODD

--You just wanted someone who could blend in? Who looked like the people you were going after? You hired me because I had brown skin--

SOMERSET

*I hired you because I needed someone without a conscience!*

The words echo throughout the hall. Afraid of being overheard, Somerset leads Todd towards the elevators.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Not here.

INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Back in the safety and security of his office, Somerset closes the door and motions for Todd to take a seat.

As he does, Todd glances at the much sought-after computer, only a few feet away. It would be so easy to log onto it while Somerset was out of the room...

SOMERSET

I am responsible for unleashing Peter onto the world. I know that. But that can't be my epitaph. I want to know that my time at the C.I.A. meant something. That I made a difference. And I can't let go until that happens...

He sits down opposite Todd.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

The current school of thought is that the war on terror, like the war on drugs, cannot be won. At least, not by conventional means. It's messy and complicated. But just because something is complicated, doesn't mean it's not possible.

Somerset crosses to a pull-down map to demonstrate.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

The middle east is a nest of grievances fueled by state-sponsored border wars, oil rights, and religiously-deranged terror groups. Peace is possible, but not without a complete overhaul of the current system. I want to disrupt a foreign policy that has failed time and time again. One where we are handcuffed by our alliances. Where decisions are made by committee. Where body count is seen as victory.

(MORE)

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

They're just waiting to facilitate the next great war so we can plant ourselves in a country and not leave for decades. But with Rustler making Director, I'm finally in a position to change all that.

Somerset turns from the map to appeal to Todd.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

We can do things that our government cannot. When you graduate next month, you will be my eyes and ears on the continent. Together, we will use that advanced math that you're so good at to measure the cost of life these operations will spend and more importantly, save. Rustler has given us access to the unit's overflow budget, meaning the Director just wrote us a blank check to fund anything we can dream up.

TODD

Rustler okayed this?

SOMERSET

He knows exactly as much as he needs to for plausible deniability. Technically, he's funding the "Special Projects Branch" of which we are the sole members.

It's a lot to take in, so Somerset asks him directly:

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

What do you say, Todd? Care to make some history?

Todd stares off, overwhelmed.

TODD

You did tell me this job wouldn't be boring...

He mulls it over as Somerset patiently waits.

TODD (CONT'D)

Well...

(beat)

What have we dreamed up?

Somerset smiles, glad he asked.

SOMERSET

We will dangle you in front of foreign operatives so that they might recruit you to their cause. You are no longer Joseph Quinn. You are Tariq Elamin, drunken playboy bon vivant of New England. I've arranged for you to join the Senior class of Deerfield Academy, a prep school in Western Massachusetts. There, you'll be roommates with one Samir Al Hamza.

Somerset places a glossy 8' x 10' in front of Todd. It's a picture of Samir, a muslim teen with dark peach fuzz on his upper lip.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

His father, Farid Al Hamza, is a member of the Saudi Royal Family. We suspect him to be paymaster for an Iranian terrorist cell.

Farid is a bear of a man, with thick eyebrows and gaudy jewelry.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Those letters you've been decoding? They're from Farid to his cousin, the Crown Prince Amir of Saudi Arabia. It is my belief that Farid is acting on behalf of the Prince. I just don't know why yet.

TODD

You want me...  
(beat)  
To go to boarding school?

SOMERSET

Well, not dressed like that.

INT. GEORGETOWN PARK -- DAY

At D.C.'s upscale shopping plaza, Somerset and Todd enter SAK'S FIFTH AVENUE. Inside, a STYLIST helps pick out clothes for a reluctant Todd.

She brings out pastel polo shirts and Dolce & Gabbana suits, \$150 sweatpants and pothead hoodies. She presents them to Somerset, who nods.

SOMERSET

This is good, but it's got to be more *euro-trash*.

STYLIST

I'll see what I have in the back.

When she returns it's with a line of loud silk shirts, a few pairs of mirrored sunglasses, and boat shoe loafers.

As Todd tries on the new duds in the changing rooms, Somerset speaks to him through the swinging saloon doors.

SOMERSET

When it comes to your character, your backstory is as important as any piece of clothing you could wear. You had a French nanny, you summered in the Hamptons, you have permanent five o'clock shadow and you swim in cologne--

Todd comes out wearing his school uniform. Somerset looks him over and shakes his head.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

No, not quite...

He untucks the shirt, loosens Todd's tie, and musses his hair. Together, they look into the mirror. Dressed like this, Todd could just about pass for spoiled rotten.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

(to Stylist)

We'll take it.

STYLIST

Which ones?

Somerset takes out the C.I.A.'s BLACK CARD.

SOMERSET

All of them.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN MASSACHUSETTS -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Somerset drives Todd up to school in his dated Lincoln Continental. As they cross the scenic Deerfield River, he gives Todd his final instructions.

SOMERSET

You'll be entering mid-semester, so don't come on too strong with the kid. He had the room to himself before you got here, so try not to piss him off. Remember, you like what he likes.

Turning off the busy country road, they take the driveway up onto Deerfield's sprawling campus. Passing the athletic fields, they see kids playing frisbee and lacrosse.

When Todd makes the mistake of locking eyes with one of these students, the boy stops what he's doing to make a throat-slitting motion. Todd sits back in his seat.

Ivy-covered, brick buildings come into view as Somerset pulls up outside one of the dormitories. Throwing the car into park, he turns to Todd.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

We will need to speak more frequently while you are on mission. To make sure it's secure, I got you this--

He hands Todd an ancient-looking first-generation NOKIA COMMUNICATOR. Todd stares at it, disgusted, as Somerset explains.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

There have been roughly 8,000 satellites launched since the space race started. 5,000 are still in orbit, but half of those are considered non-functional. Mostly because the big tech companies stop using their operating systems. I know it ain't pretty, but with this you can be guaranteed no one's listening over your shoulder. You just need a code name--

TODD

--What about 'Laser?!'

Somerset stares at him, blankly.

SOMERSET

I was thinking of something a little more classic. For centuries, the guards of the Roman emperor were known for their palace intrigues.

(MORE)

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Through their influence on imperial politics, the Praetorians could overthrow an emperor and proclaim his successor in the very next breath. They killed Caligula and replaced him with his uncle, Claudius. When Claudius was poisoned, they threw their support behind Nero. And so on.

TODD

The Praetorian. I kind of like it...

Todd looks out the window at the school, but doesn't get out of the car right away.

TODD (CONT'D)

I have a conscience, by the way. I have feelings...

SOMERSET

Is that so?

TODD

When you grow up as a foster kid sometimes you have to put up a front to get by. You can either accept whatever crumbs they offer you or go out on your own. And that's what I've done so far. But now, I'm scared of screwing this up.

SOMERSET

You'll be alright. You know how to do this.

TODD

Sure...

Somerset gives him a once-over; a scared kid on his first day of school. He smiles.

SOMERSET

You remember what I told you about Peter? How he was the most brilliant recruit to come through the C.I.A. in decades?

TODD

Yeah?

SOMERSET

You're better than him.

Todd looks up, surprised.

TODD

You don't have to say that...

SOMERSET

Do I look like someone who takes people's feelings into account? For as talented as Peter was, he also had his weaknesses. He liked achievement. He needed to be patted on the back. When the positive feedback disappeared, he was lost. He couldn't vanish into a role like the job required. Not like you...

(beat)

Remember, all great careers have to start somewhere.

Todd reluctantly nods. Hitching his backpack onto his shoulder, he gets his trunk out of the back and drags it inside.

INT. BARTON DORMITORY -- MINUTES LATER

When he arrives, Todd finds the door to his room cracked. There's ear-damaging percussive techno coming from inside.

Before entering, he takes a moment to steel himself for what's to follow. Like he did at the Hyatt, Todd closes his eyes. When he opens them again, he is someone else.

He knocks. There's no answer but the door swings open to reveal an Arab teenager scratching on an expensive turntable.

Across from him, stoned on a couch, are two grizzled forty-year-old white women who are bored and counting the minutes. When SAMIR sees Todd, he brightens--

SAMIR

You come for the show?!

TODD

No, I think I'm your new roommate...

SAMIR

No way, bro!

Samir jumps down off of the DJ equipment to greet Todd.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Welcome to the party house! We have parties like this all the time, man! With great music and beautiful girls. This is ladies Kris and Trishelle, by the way--

KRIS

Actually, we were just leaving.

They collect their things and stand in front of Samir, expectantly. When he doesn't take the hint, Trishelle gets blunt.

TRISHELLE

We need to get paid--

Turning red, Samir leads the prostitutes quickly to the door, shoving a wad of hundreds into their hands. He slams the door after them and turns back to Todd.

SAMIR

You are just in time for dinner, my friend. My father bought a new wing for the cafeteria so the school got a Michelin-starred chef to cook for the students.

INT. DINING HALL -- SOON AFTER

Samir leads Todd to the buffet line, chattering incessantly.

SAMIR

Now techno, that's real music. After I graduate, I'm going to be king of DJ's, even more than I am now. Hey, Steve--

The school quarterback passes, and Samir goes for a high-five. Instead of returning the favor, STEVE pushes Samir into a wall. Getting to his feet, Samir tries to laugh it off.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

He's my friend, he is just messing around...

Samir grabs a tray and starts shoveling food onto his plate, more than he can possibly ever eat. He covers everything with gravy. Todd grimaces and scoops a modest amount of mashed potatoes onto his own plate.

INT. BARTON DORMITORY, BATHROOM -- AFTER DINNER

Looking under stalls to make sure he's alone, Todd talks to Somerset on the archaic phone he gave him.

TODD

He's the biggest dork I've ever met  
in my life--

Somerset's voice comes from a motel several miles away.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

--then so are you.

TODD

But he thinks he's cool. It's  
tragic. Plus, he's a slob. You  
should have seen the things he put  
in his body.

SOMERSET

You're thinking like Todd Wilmer.  
Tariq Elamin grew up rich, wanting  
for nothing. Waste food! Overeat!  
Be bored with life! When in doubt,  
take your cues from Samir.

INT. TODD & SAMIR'S DORM ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Todd returns from the bathroom to find Samir sniffing a line of something. He tries to block Todd from seeing, but quickly realizes he's been caught.

SAMIR

I've got a lot of studying to do...

Todd nods, understanding.

TODD

Adderall, huh? Been there.

SAMIR

Eh, this has a bit more kick than  
that. You want?

Somerset's words come back to Todd.

TODD

Okay, sure.

Samir cuts him up a line with his library card. Todd leans in and snorts it down. He waits for something to happen.

TODD (CONT'D)  
How long does it take to kick in?

INT. TODD & SAMIR'S DORM ROOM -- FIVE MINUTES LATER

Todd furiously does push-ups as Samir DJ's with headphones on. Completing his workout, Todd hops to his feet, wired. He yells over Samir's music, but his roommate is oblivious.

TODD  
I gotta make a phone call!

INT. BARTON DORMITORY, BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Back in the dorm bathroom, Todd makes another hushed call to Somerset.

SOMERSET (O.S.)  
A promising start. It sounds like you're on Captagon. It's known as the "jihad drug." Jihadis take it before going into battle. Practically runs the Syrian economy. If he's using it, he might be more involved than I initially thought.

Todd stares at his reflection in the mirror, clenching his teeth.

TODD  
How long does this last?

SOMERSET (O.S.)  
Quite a while. Try to enjoy it. If this is your new friend's favorite pastime, then it's gonna be yours too.

EXT. DEERFIELD ACADEMY, CAMPUS -- VARIOUS

As the days pass, Todd and Samir spend their time drinking and drugging in class...

and on the athletic fields...

and in the chapel...

When Steve tries to push Samir out of the Cafeteria line again, Todd slams the Quarterback's head into his knee.

It's so sudden and violent that almost no one sees it happen.

As Steve crumbles to the ground, Samir and Todd walk off laughing.

INT. TODD & SAMIR'S DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

Todd is high out of his mind. He stares, amazed, as Samir works the turntable yet again.

TODD  
You're incredible!

Samir nods, proudly.

SAMIR  
My father doesn't think I'll make it, but I'm already booked to play Paris-EDM in August.

Despite his mental state, Todd knows he has a job to do.

TODD  
Your father?

SAMIR  
Yeah, you'll see him next weekend for parent's weekend.

TODD  
Why doesn't he believe in you?

SAMIR  
He can be very intense. He doesn't like coming to America. Thinks boarding school is just "a factory for turning out future consumers."

EXT. DEERFIELD, CAMPUS -- LATE NIGHT

Having snuck outside after lights out, Todd talks to Somerset on the Nokia.

SOMERSET (O.S.)  
It is imperative that you get on the father's radar, that you do something memorable. But don't try to get too close to him. That could spook him.

TODD

I have an idea that I think could  
work...

EXT. DEERFIELD, FRONT DRIVE -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

A limousine pulls to a stop outside the Admin building.  
FARID AL HAMZA, 56, climbs out of the back, draped in furs  
and gold jewelry.

Samir spots his father from afar and runs towards him.

SAMIR

Papa!

He goes to throw his arms around Farid, but his father stops  
him short and shakes his hand.

FARID

Samir, there are people...

SAMIR

...sorry, papa.

FARID

Where is this roommate of yours?

SAMIR

He said he'd be here, but we're  
going to be late for the welcome  
mixer, so we should probably go--

He starts to pull his father by the sleeve, but Farid shakes  
him off.

FARID

I am coming, Samir!

INT. DEERFIELD, GYMNASIUM -- MINUTES LATER

Visiting parents and their children mingle, spread out in  
groups throughout the gym. On a nearby stage, the HEADMASTER  
takes to the podium and taps on a microphone to get their  
attention.

HEADMASTER

Hello, parents! We welcome you  
here to Deerfield. I am Headmaster  
Lewis. I just wanted to introduce  
myself before the parent-teacher  
conferences that are lined up for  
tomorrow.

(MORE)

## HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Please, enjoy the open bar and make sure you sign up for one of the tours that we are offering--

The Headmaster's microphone cuts off before he can finish. He looks around for someone to fix the problem as Todd's VOICE comes over a loudspeaker.

## TODD (O.S.)

Hello One-percenters! Welcome to Parent's Weekend or what I like to call where did all that tuition go?! When you sent little Johnny and Julie off to finishing school, you expected to get your money's worth. You showed up expecting Captains of Industry and Board Chairmen. Never in a million years did you think that THIS is what your money paid for--

The auditorium CURTAINS open to reveal Samir's prostitute friends, Kris and Trishelle. They're dressed as Lady Liberty and Lady Justice, locked together in a sapphic embrace, licking each other.

## TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Feast your eyes!

Mothers shriek, Fathers are outraged. Farid CACKLES at the mayhem this causes, his mouth full of hummus. He watches as the janitorial staff pull his son's roommate from the sound booth.

## INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE -- LATER THAT DAY

The fallout is severe. Curious students watch from the hallway as Headmaster Lewis lambasts Todd at the top of his lungs. Todd takes it calmly, nodding occasionally.

When the Headmaster finally points out the door, Todd gets up and exits. The lookie-loo's part to let him pass.

## INT. TODD &amp; SAMIR'S DORM ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Samir returns to find Todd already packing.

## SAMIR

What happened?

TODD  
I got expelled. That's what happened.

SAMIR  
That is such bullshit. They can't do that to you!

TODD  
Samir, I think I had this one coming.

SAMIR  
But where will you go?

TODD  
I don't know. Back home? Maybe take the G.E.D.?

SAMIR  
You will stay with me over the summer. It is settled.

TODD  
You sure you don't want to check with your father before you say that?

SAMIR  
Please. It was his idea!

TODD  
I don't know what to say...

SAMIR  
Just say yes.

EXT. AL HAMZA COMPOUND -- DAY

Todd pulls up in a taxi outside the gates of a sprawling, walled-in estate. As he grabs his bags, he's approached by a security detail, guards with AK-47's held limply in their hands.

Samir has been waiting for his arrival, though, and hurries out to wave security off.

SAMIR  
Beruz, this is Tariq. He'll be staying here a while.

Samir greets Todd warmly, surprising him with a hug. He takes the bags out of Todd's hands and leads him over to Farid.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Tariq, you remember my father.

Todd's hand is swallowed up in the big man's massive paw.

FARID

I am glad you are staying with Samir this summer. You'll have to supervise him; he's not yet grown.

Todd notices Samir bristle.

TODD

I don't know if he needs my supervision... he's got a high school diploma. I don't.

Farid claps Todd on the chest.

FARID

Ah, but men like you and me we've seen the world and done it all.

Todd looks over at Samir. The kid is near boiling over with rage.

EXT. AL HAMZA COMPOUND, GROUNDS -- MOMENTS LATER

Samir drives Todd and his luggage over to the main house in a GOLF CART.

SAMIR

He is mother fucking asshole! Who is he to say I am child?!

TODD

I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it--

SAMIR

Oh, yes he did!

The gardens give way to features only the one-percent have access to: tennis courts and helipads, lap pools and stone-carved fountains.

Unlike the land outside the compound, here everything is connected by lush, manicured grounds, lagoon-like ponds, and paved roads. Todd takes it in, wide-eyed.

TODD  
You live like this every day?!  
What does your father do for a  
living?

Samir glances at him briefly, before giving a stock answer.

SAMIR  
Waste management.

He pulls the golf cart to a stop outside an outlandish terracotta mansion.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Pushing open the front door, Samir hands Todd's bags off to a waiting staff member. He continues the tour, showing Todd around the bottom floor--

SAMIR  
The gym's got a sauna and steam room, that's the movie theater, and the kitchen's right through there. If you need anything in the middle of the night, the cook's room is just off it, so all you have to do is knock. Follow me--

He jogs up the expansive staircase and Todd has no choice but to follow after.

At the top of the stairs, Samir heads one way, but Todd spots something in the opposite direction that perks his interest...

There's a SECURITY CAMERA over a nearby DOOR recording anyone that comes and goes.

TODD  
What's down there?

Samir turns back, briefly.

SAMIR  
That's my father's office. No one goes in there. Come on--

At the end of the hall, Samir pushes open a set of mahogany doors.

SAMIR (CONT'D)  
And this is your wing...

Todd takes a step forward in astonishment. His "wing" is the size of most houses. It consists of multiple floors with balconies surrounding a central courtyard. Todd can't even find the words. Despite his mood, Samir smiles.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

I'll leave you to get settled.

Samir closes the doors behind him as he goes.

Once alone, Todd searches for his bedroom. He finds his bags where the staff left them: on a nearby king-sized canopy bed.

As he starts to unpack, the Nokia goes off. Checking to make sure the hallway remains clear, Todd picks it up.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

How's the move-in?

TODD

Oh, I could definitely get used to this...

SOMERSET (O.S.)

This isn't a vacation.

TODD

Samir's on this mad kick to prove his manhood to his father.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Dad's a tough guy, huh? They're always the easiest to blackmail.

TODD

That might not be necessary. I think I can turn this kid, Somerset.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

You'll never get a boy to turn on his father. Not in the Muslim world. Listen, I sent you something. A package. It's at an Amazon locker in Riyadh. I need you to pick it up.

TODD

I just got here, I can't up and leave--

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Well, you're gonna have to figure  
out a way because they're only  
holding it for 24 hours.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RIYADH, TAHLIA STREET -- THAT NIGHT

In Riyadh's red-light district, neon lights brighten the  
desert air. It looks like Times Square for bad decisions.  
Todd and Samir find themselves standing in front of TAHLIA  
LOUNGE, a hookah bar that never closes.

SAMIR

You sure you want to go in here?  
This is a dangerous part of town...

TODD

Where's your sense of adventure,  
Samir?!

He leads the way inside as Samir reluctantly follows.

INT. TAHLIA LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

It's a busy night. The hostess shows them to one of the only  
tables left; a four-top ringed by cushioned wicker chairs.

As Samir loads their hookah, Todd looks around. Among the  
servers and patrons, there also seem to be several women  
wandering from table to table offering "massages."

Todd excuses himself and sidles up to one of these women.  
Slipping her a handful of Saudi dinar, he points to Samir  
across the room and says in perfect Arabic--

TODD

You see my friend over there? In  
about five minutes, I need you to  
come over, take his hand, and lead  
him upstairs.

MASSEUSE

For full spa treatment?

TODD

Whatever you think full means...

Todd returns to Samir at their table where he's lighting the  
charcoal on the smoker. He hands one of the pipes to Todd  
and they smoke for a few moments before the masseuse comes  
over.

Samir breathes out a lungful as the woman runs a hand down his chest.

MASSEUSE

You come upstairs for massage?

Samir realizes what Todd did.

SAMIR

That's where you went?

TODD

I think she's just sweet on you.

SAMIR

You sir, are a good friend!

He takes a final puff and follows the masseuse up the stairs. The second Samir's out of view, Todd bolts for the door.

EXT. TAHLIA STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Todd waits for traffic to pass before hurrying across the street to the Serafi Mini Mall. There's a 7-11 there...

INT. 7-ELEVEN -- CONTINUOUS

Todd heads to the back wall where they keep the AMAZON LOCKERS. Finding the right one, he enters the pick-up code and the door pops open.

He gives a cursory look over his shoulder before proceeding.

Inside, there's a BROWN BOX. He takes it out and rips it open.

It's nothing but ARTS & CRAFTS SUPPLIES.

Todd stares at it, confused, and calls Somerset on the Nokia.

TODD

Am I missing something? Am I a kindergarten teacher?

SOMERSET (O.S.)

The pipe cleaners are wires, the marbles are ball bearings, and the Play-Doh is sem-tex--

TODD

*Jesus!*

SOMERSET (O.S.)

If you follow the instructions on the Lego box, it'll show you how to put it together.

TODD

What do you expect me to do with this?

SOMERSET (O.S.)

With the royal family busy supporting terrorism, we're going to hamstring their finances.

TODD

Meaning?

SOMERSET

All in due time. From here, you'll head outside and steal a car. But be careful, if you're caught stealing in Saudi Arabia, they chop your right hand off--

TODD

--Then why didn't you leave me a car?!

SOMERSET (O.S.)

What happens when some eyewitness spots the license plate, huh? You think they tie it back to you and me?

TODD

Just where the hell am I going?!

EXT. TAHLIA STREET -- MINUTES LATER

Holding the package in the crook of his arm, Todd exits the 7-Eleven and heads off to steal a car.

As he turns the corner, Samir watches him from across the street, sticking to the shadows so as not to be seen.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RIYADH -- MOMENTS LATER

On an unpopulated street, Todd finds a small boulder to throw through someone's driver side window.

Once inside, he rips the panel below the steering wheel open and hot-wires it. The engine roars to life. Pulling out of the spot, he takes off into the night.

EXT. RIYADH HIGHWAY -- SOON AFTER

Todd drives deep into the Saudi badlands, civilization falling away as it's quickly eaten up by the desert.

EXT. KHURAIIS OIL FIELD -- NIGHT

Todd pulls over on a hillside overlooking a massive OIL FIELD. It's under heavy guard.

Consulting a GPS, Todd walks a few steps up the hill. When he's sure he's in the right place, he starts digging into the sand at his feet.

Two feet beneath the surface he hits iron; the PIPELINE running from the oil field straight back to Riyadh.

Clearing the sand away, he places the small homemade bomb down upon it, spreading the Semtex across the surface so that it sticks.

Scrambling out of the hole he created, Todd hurries back behind the stolen car. He presses a few buttons on the Nokia and squints.

The explosion is small, but as the crude catches fire a chain reaction starts all along the oil field...

Todd watches in awe as the derricks and refineries go up in flames, shooting fire hundreds of feet into the air!

Hearing alarm bells sound, Todd jumps back in the driver's seat and speeds away.

INT. RIYADH TAXI SERVICE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

With the evening over, Todd and Samir climb into a cab. Samir though, wants answers.

SAMIR

I don't understand. What happened to you?

TODD

I told you, I must have passed out or something.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

I came to in that alleyway and ran straight back to the hookah bar to find you.

Samir considers pressing the issue, but in the end, only sighs. He settles back into his seat for the long trip back to the compound.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, KITCHEN -- THE NEXT MORNING

Farid's massive fist slams down on the kitchen table.

FARID

*These motherfucker!*

Todd and Samir look up from their breakfast to see what has Farid so out of joint. The man has an English newspaper balled up in his hand. Todd can just barely make out the headline:

"Terrorist Act threatens Royal Family's Oil Claim -- Iranian-backed Houthis of Yemen suspected to be involved."

SAMIR

Papa -- calm down! What happened?!

FARID

Don't tell me to calm down, Samir! Every day they don't cap the well, it costs millions and millions of dollars!

SAMIR

But there's nothing you can do about it now, so you might as well--

FARID

No! I can't just sit here, I have to go into work!

Watching his father storm off, Samir throws his plate into the sink and storms out himself.

Todd is left by his lonesome. It isn't long before something occurs to him and he hurries upstairs.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- MINUTES LATER

Todd has retrieved something from his luggage; the "bite" he used to break into George Pierce's room.

As he approaches Farid's office door, he follows the SECURITY CAMERA power lines as they snake along the wall. He chooses a spot where the camera can't pick him up and clasps the bite into the camera wire.

Looking around to make sure no one's eavesdropping, Todd takes out the Nokia and texts Somerset. As he does, text bubbles appear on the screen attributed to "The Praetorian."

"Bite in place. Good to go?"

After a moment, Somerset responds with a simple thumbs up.

With the security camera's image now looped, Todd approaches the door. Finding it locked, he digs into his pocket for a bump key.

Sliding it in, Todd turns the key, gently. With his other hand, he drums the door handle and the tumblers fall into place. He lets himself in.

INT. FARID'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Todd crosses to Farid's desk chair and wakes his computer out of sleep mode. The computer is password-protected. Todd digs around in his pockets for a sleek black memory stick he plugs into the computer.

Calling Somerset, Todd keeps his voice low.

TODD

I plugged in the thing, now what?

SOMERSET

Just open the file, click on the encryption software, and hit upload. It should give you a list of the words most commonly typed on the computer. From there, it's up to you.

Todd does as told. When the software does its business, it spits out a list of twenty or so words the password might be. Only one sticks out. Todd takes a chance on "Al-Shahid" and is let right in.

TODD

Alright, now what?

SOMERSET

Open the browser history. Are there any sites that he visits more than the others?

TODD

Al-Jazeera, a lot of really rough  
porn sites, something called "Sirun  
Sadiq--"

SOMERSET

That's an Arabic messenger service.  
Pull that up.

When he does, Todd notices that the text is nothing but  
squiggly lines.

TODD

Christ, it's actually in Arabic.

SOMERSET

What did you expect?

TODD

Well, I can understand it fine and  
speak it some, but reading the  
actual characters--

SOMERSET

Do you want me to take over?

TODD

No-no, I got it. It just might  
take me a minute...

Todd mumbles under his breath as he deciphers.

TODD (CONT'D)

There are two recent conversations.  
From what I can tell, the first is  
between Farid and his cousin, the  
Prince. They're talking about  
using money from some fund to  
buy... I think that word means  
guns... and the second is between  
Farid and some Iranian IP address  
arranging for delivery. There's  
coordinates and everything.

SOMERSET

Good, write 'em down and get the  
hell out of there.

Todd grabs a stack of POST-IT NOTES and quickly records the  
latitude and longitude. He tears the top post-it off, not  
noticing how hard he pressed to write on it and that he left  
an impression. He heads over to the door, cracking it to  
look out.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

There's a maid there with her back to Farid's office. She's currently vacuuming the 2nd floor carpet. Todd takes a deep breath and exits.

Walking lightly, he takes a few steps out into the hall. Suddenly, the maid starts to turn and he freezes.

Fortunately for Todd, the vacuum cord gets tangled around the leg of an ottoman.

As she goes to untangle it, Todd retrieves the bite from where he placed it and scampers down the stairs, unseen.

EXT. KING FAHD ROAD -- AFTERNOON

Todd gets out of a taxi on a lonely desert road. He finds himself in front of a crumbling FACTORY that looks abandoned.

He hammers on the front door. A SOLDIER with an Uzi answers, looking at Todd, expectantly.

TODD

Is this the C.I.A. safe house?

The Soldier grabs him by the shirt and pulls him inside.

INT. SAFE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Todd shakes himself free of the soldier's grasp when Somerset okays him.

SOMERSET

I see you found the place.

TODD

Yeah, nice staff you got here...

Todd joins Somerset in front of a large VIEWING SCREEN set up to detail an operation. There are techs going around doing last minute corrections to make sure everything is a go.

SOMERSET

We're still a few minutes out. When we aimed our satellites at the coordinates you gave us, the cache of guns had already been moved. But, as you can see, time-lapse photography shows the jihadis hiding them in this cave here.

TODD  
That's a lot of guns...

SOMERSET  
Some 3,000 by our count. Enough  
for a large offensive.

TODD  
What's the plan?

SOMERSET  
The drone's equipped with enough  
firepower to take out Rhode Island,  
so we should be good.  
(beat)  
How's it going with you trying to  
turn Samir?

TODD  
Not much progress.

SOMERSET  
Then I'm glad I continued working  
on this...

Somerset punches a few buttons on his laptop and the viewing  
screen switches over to a high-quality deep fake video he had  
made inserting Farid into a graphic gay orgy scene. Todd  
throws his hands up to block the visual--

TODD  
--Dear God! Why would you do this?!

SOMERSET  
Maybe you aren't familiar with how  
homosexuals are treated in Saudi  
Arabia? This is prime blackmail  
material.

TODD  
Fine! Just take it off the screen!

As the video comes down, the aerial view of Iran returns.  
The DRONE OPERATOR announces from his seat:

DRONE OPERATOR  
One minute to contact.

Todd and Somerset settle in to watch as a DRONE approaches a  
mountain range. When the opening of the cave comes into  
view, the drone drops several missiles.

They arc through the air, leaving a white phosphorous wake. When they disappear into the cave, there's a few moments of nothing.

Then the mountain IMPLODES, triggering cave-in upon cave-in...

By the time, the dust settles -- there is a *dent* in the Earth. Seeing this, Todd pumps his fists in victory.

TODD

*Did you see that shit?!*

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, TODD'S BEDROOM -- THAT NIGHT

Following the successful mission, Todd does his nighttime routine. Having washed his face, he shuts the lights off in his room and climbs into bed.

His head has barely touched the pillow when a hand clamps over his mouth and Farid drags him from bed.

INT. FARID'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Farid throws Todd down hard into one of his desk chairs. Todd moves to fight back, but Farid quickly pulls a gun on him. Todd puts his hands up.

TODD

*The fuck is going on?! What is this?!*

Without saying a word, Farid shows Todd his pad of POST-IT NOTES. Todd's scrawl was so heavy that by shading in the second note, Farid was able to see what Todd wrote on the first.

Todd looks at the coordinates written in his own handwriting and sighs.

TODD (CONT'D)

I don't know what those numbers mean--

FARID

Stop.

Farid presses PLAY on his computer. The security camera on his door isn't the only one the man uses. There's another, further down the hall. And it caught Todd attaching the bite.

FARID (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what you've done? How long I worked on that deal? And for what? Who are you working for? The Americans?

TODD

I'm a high school dropout - I don't have a job!

FARID

It won't matter how young you are. When these people find out it was you, they'll put your head on a stick!

Farid picks his office phone up and dials the front gate.

FARID (CONT'D)

Yes, security please.

Todd shakes his head.

TODD

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

FARID

And why not?

TODD

May I?

Todd motions to Farid's computer. Before the man can stop him, he's pulling up a link. It's the VIDEO Somerset made.

Todd sits back as Farid watches. Eventually, the Saudi turns white as a sheet.

FARID

It's a lie!

TODD

Oh, most certainly. Should we show it to Samir?

FARID

You do not know what they do to these people in my country!

TODD

Well, Sharia law is always up for interpretation, but I believe it calls for anything from beating and torture to capital punishment.

FARID  
Why would you do this--

TODD  
--because you're a bad man. And  
you're going to lead me to even  
worse ones.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROYAL DIRIYAH POLO GROUNDS, STANDS -- DAY

Farid leads Samir and Todd to their seats, but Samir doesn't sit just yet.

SAMIR  
I'll be back, I have to go to the  
bathroom.

He heads up the stairs to the concessions area, leaving Todd and his father alone. The two of them stare at the horses cantering by in an uncomfortable silence.

TODD  
So how did it start? You financing  
terrorism...

FARID  
I just move money around. I don't  
hurt anybody--

TODD  
You put guns in the hands of  
killers. Your hands aren't clean.  
Now, where did the money come from?

FARID  
My cousin, he gave it to me to  
clean.

TODD  
And when did the Prince start  
funding jihadi groups?

FARID  
For the last fifty years Saudi  
Arabia and Iran have been fighting  
over the souls of Islam. With this  
money, the Prince hopes to ignite a  
civil war in Iran, leaving it  
vulnerable to invasion.

In the nearby BOX reserved for the Royal Family, the KING and CROWN PRINCE arrive, waving to their well-wishers. Farid motions to them.

FARID (CONT'D)

The only problem is his father would never go for it. The King knows it would lead to a third world war...

INT. ROYALS BOX -- CONTINUOUS

King Hassan leans in to speak with his son.

KING HASSAN

I need to figure out a measured response to Yemen.

The Prince shakes his head.

PRINCE AMIR

My intelligence sources say that the bomb parts were American military-grade.

KING HASSAN

They are our allies.

PRINCE AMIR

Father, you can't have blinders on to the west.

KING HASSAN

What would you have me do -- set fire to our country?

PRINCE AMIR

Our country is already on fire!

The King looks over his son's shoulder.

KING HASSAN

Then make yourself useful. Find a way to cap the well before this OPEC rep takes it over.

Their guest arrives. The OPEC representative is none other than George Pierce, dressed in pastels like he's going to the Kentucky Derby.

As he shakes hands with the Saudis, he locks eyes with Todd, sitting several rows away.

TODD

Shit.

INT. ROYAL DIRIYAH STADIUM, CAUSEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Heading up into the concessions area, Todd places an urgent call. After a tense moment, Somerset picks up.

TODD

He's here!

SOMERSET (O.S.)

Who?

TODD

George Pierce. He's on some kind of assignment.

SOMERSET (O.S.)

And you think, what? That he'll screw you over? He's a trained professional. He'll do the right thing.

Todd shakes his head.

TODD

No, something's not right...

He trails off. George has followed him up onto the causeway. As he approaches, he takes off his mirrored sunglasses, a shit-eating grin on his face.

TODD (CONT'D)

(to Somerset)

I'll call you back.

Todd returns the phone to his pocket as George steps up, cheerfully.

GEORGE PIERCE

What a small world...

TODD

What are you doing here?

GEORGE PIERCE

You think you were the only person assigned to the mid-east? They got me trying to facilitate a bribe. See who's been snaking us on these oil and gas contracts.

(MORE)

GEORGE PIERCE (CONT'D)

Man, I thought I was rich, but these people have "fuck you" money.

TODD

Cut the shit. Do I have reason to worry?

GEORGE PIERCE

Why would I blow your cover? We're on the same side, aren't we? Speaking of, what kind of things does Somerset have you doing?

TODD

It's none of your business.

GEORGE PIERCE

I only ask because there's a lot of people at the C.I.A. who think he's still in touch with that old recruit of his.

As George beams that Cheshire cat smile, far behind him, Samir exits the bathroom. He spots Todd and George talking together, but doesn't approach. It seems private...

EXT. POLO GROUNDS, STANDS -- MOMENTS LATER

Spooked from his run-in with George Pierce, Todd returns to his seat. Farid is less than happy to see him.

FARID

You may think that you've hobbled these people, but you have no idea of their resources. They'll just buy more guns.

Farid's words trigger something in Todd's mind.

TODD

The cell you wired money to -- where is it kept?

FARID

Why?

TODD

Just answer.

FARID

It's no secret...

(beat)

(MORE)

FARID (CONT'D)  
Everything's kept in the Iraqi  
Central Bank in Mosul.

Todd stands without saying a word. Getting out of earshot,  
he takes the Nokia out and calls Somerset back.

TODD  
We're focusing on the wrong thing.  
We need to cut their legs out from  
under them. We need to go after  
their money directly.

SOMERSET (O.S.)  
What did you have in mind?

INT. PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE -- MORNING

Todd crosses the tarmac towards a nearby airplane hangar.  
There's a SOLDIER there wearing tucked-in camo and leaning  
against a jeep.

TODD  
Sergeant Ritter, is it?

SGT. RITTER  
Just Ritter. Retired. You the  
analyst?

TODD  
Field agent, yeah.

SGT. RITTER  
We're over here.

He stomps out his cigarette and leads the way for Todd to  
follow.

SGT. RITTER (CONT'D)  
Most of these fellas are ex-  
marines, ex-infantry. Private  
sector pays more, you know.

He guides Todd over to a cordoned off area where a 12-member  
SECURITY FORCE sits milling about.

SGT. RITTER (CONT'D)  
Alright, let's run it down.  
Everybody, this is--

TODD  
--They don't need to know my name.

A couple of the soldiers laugh. One of them, DONOVAN, 36, looks at Todd, skeptically.

DONOVAN

That's pretty mysterious, you guys... you think he's C.I.A?

SGT. RITTER

That's enough. Target is Mosul Bank. Perkins, do we have anything to worry about?

PERKINS, 41, shakes his head.

PERKINS

We don't expect much civilian presence seeing as we're hitting it at lunch hour, during prayer.

SGT. RITTER

You've seen the specs?

PERKINS

It's a Dokken-90X. There are better models out there, but it's still lead-lined steel, impervious to explosives.

SGT. RITTER

So, we're talking thermal lance? That puts out a lot of heat. Do we have the equipment?

PERKINS

Everything's onboard.

In the back, Todd raises his hand.

TODD

I'll need a gun.

DONOVAN

I thought you were here to supervise?

TODD

Yeah, and I'm not supervising anything without a gun.

Sgt. Ritter plucks a semiautomatic out of a rack of guns. He puts the safety on and tosses it to Donovan. Donovan walks it over to Todd, but before he lets it go, he makes it clear--

DONOVAN

We know what we're doing. If I were you, I'd stay out of the way.

EXT. BANK OF MOSUL -- SOON AFTER

An ASSAULT HELICOPTER lands in downtown Mosul. Pedestrians cower as the special forces team hurries out of the chopper towards a brick and mortar bank.

Seeing the BANK GUARDS locking the front doors, the soldiers slap small arms charges on the locks and blast them open.

First they kill the cameras, then in go the SMOKE GRENADES. They clatter past the two security guards who have already pulled their revolvers.

As the smoke envelops them, the guards get turned around. The soldiers make short work of them. They knock out one with a blow to the back of the head, the other with a knee to the face.

With the guards dealt with, Donovan pulls a CLERK up off the floor. The nervous man starts to put small bills from his till into a bag, but Donovan stops him.

DONOVAN

Show us to the safe.

The Clerk shakes his head, adamantly.

CLERK

I can't...

(beat)

You don't know whose money that is!

They'll kill me!

DONOVAN

We will kill you.

Donovan puts the barrel of his gun in the man's face. The clerk cowers from it and reluctantly leads the way.

Around the corner is a heavy duty floor-to-ceiling VAULT. Donovan yells back towards the others.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Bring it in!

The soldiers roll an OXYGEN TANK in along with a 3-meter-long welding TORCH. They screw it into the oxygen tank as Donovan puts on a welding helmet and flame retardant clothing.

The lance is ignited. With the oxygen turned up to max, the heat from the torch is stifling. Everyone but Donovan is forced to move back.

Todd watches from afar as the lock and hinges are soldered through, the steel turning to liquid...

Once the third point of contact is broken, the vault door slowly falls forward. Donovan steps out of the way as it lands with a great crash upon the floor.

The soldiers clamor through the newly-created opening and begin loading BEARER-BONDS and stacks of PAPER MONEY into duffel bags.

They're too busy working to notice that one of the guards is coming to, reaching for his ankle piece...

Todd is the only one who sees. He SCREAMS--

TODD

*Gun!*

--and puts two into the man. The guard falls back, wincing and bleeding, but gets one last shot off.

The bullet clips the OXYGEN TANK igniting Donovan in a cloud of fire.

Abandoning the money, Donovan's fellow marines race to smother him out. By the time they do, he's covered in third degree burns.

They hurry him back to the helicopter as the faint sound of POLICE SIRENS approach. Todd calls after the departing team--

TODD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! We need the money!

But none of them listen. Without thinking, Todd turns and runs headlong back through the remaining fire to retrieve the bags of money they left behind.

They weigh a ton. It takes all he has just to drag them to the front entrance. Only when the soldiers see him emerge do they scramble out of the helo to help him.

They pull the money aboard as the first responders arrive. The helicopter takes flight just in the nick of time.

INT. PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE -- HALF HOUR LATER

The security force watches as Donovan's charred body is loaded into a waiting ambulance. Once he's safely inside, the paramedics climb in the front and pull off.

Over by the Blackhawk, Todd has stacked all the cash and bearer-bonds in a big pile on the hangar floor. He stares at it, the day's events weighing on him, as Ritter walks over.

SGT. RITTER

I guess that's one good thing to come out of this. All that money out of the hands of those monsters. Now it'll go where it can be put to good use.

Todd thinks about this for a time and finally nods.

TODD

You might want to look away.

SGT. RITTER

Huh?

Todd leans over and lights the stack of money on fire.

SGT. RITTER (CONT'D)

*What are you doing?!*

He jumps back from the rising pyre, but Todd just keeps staring at it.

TODD

You wouldn't understand.

SGT. RITTER

You're crazy!

He throws up his hands and leaves Todd there as a NEWS SEGMENT takes over...

TELEVISION SCREEN

On Al Jazeera Television, a REPORTER in a head scarf speaks directly into camera...

REPORTER

*In a daring daytime raid, the Iraqi Central Bank of Mosul was hit today.*

(MORE)

## REPORTER (CONT'D)

*The bank is of course noteworthy as being friendly with several terror groups, with the majority of ISIS's operating budget - some \$356 million - believed to be held on the premises. No word yet on how much was stolen. What we can tell you is that the total included significant Saudi funds, a surprising revelation given the oil and water politics of the two nations...*

INT. SAUDI IMPERIAL PALACE -- CONTINUOUS

King Hassan is in his state room having breakfast when he hears this. He turns from watching the broadcast to see that his son has just walked in.

KING HASSAN

What did you do?!

The Prince notices the T.V. on in the background.

PRINCE AMIR

I did what you were unwilling to do.

KING HASSAN

To the whole world we will be seen as the state who sponsored terrorism!

PRINCE AMIR

It will not matter when we have conquered Iran--

The King stares at his son, appalled. It's like he doesn't even recognize him.

KING HASSAN

I've raised a monster...

He starts to call out for his guard, but his words are cut short as the Prince grabs a BUTTER KNIFE off the breakfast table and slides it between his father's ribs.

Amir watches indifferently as the King bleeds out before him on the marble floor.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Evelyn Cross sits in the lobby of her boss's office, waiting to be seen. Finally, the Director's Assistant gets a phone call and gives her the nod.

ASSISTANT

Ms. Cross? The Director will see you now.

As she heads in to see Rustler, her cell phone RINGS. She answers it quickly.

CROSS

I can't talk right now.

GEORGE PIERCE (O.S.)

Ma'am, you said to stay in touch if I saw anything that seemed relevant?

CROSS

Yeah?

GEORGE PIERCE (O.S.)

I had a run-in with our friend in Riyadh...

(beat)

He was with the royal family.

It's enough to make Cross pause.

CROSS

Let me get back to you.

Hanging up, she enters Rustler's office.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Rustler is busy organizing his desk.

RUSTLER

Thanks for coming to me, I have to brief the President in half an hour. What do we know so far?

Cross reads from an intelligence report.

CROSS

No country has taken credit for the heist yet. Depending on who you ask, anywhere from 250 to 300 million was taken.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

One of the ops team was badly burned. Turned up in a hospital in Al-Kharj. Gonna be a while until he can speak. The bank guard who was shot died on the scene.

Rustler starts packing up his briefcase.

RUSTLER

Well, even with the loss of life, I'd like to buy whoever did it a beer. They crippled Isis in one fell swoop. What about the palace murder?

Rustler glances up when he doesn't get an immediate answer. He finds Cross distracted, looking about the expansive room.

RUSTLER (CONT'D)

You already measuring the place for curtains?

CROSS

Uh, sorry sir. There is another avenue we haven't considered yet... Somerset's asset was in Riyadh when the killing took place.

RUSTLER

I know he's your mortal enemy, but I doubt he has a palace coup in him.

CROSS

But sir, the implications--

RUSTLER

That is all.

He blows past her on his way out.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Returning to her office, Cross paces, her suspicions boiling over. She calls out her open office door to her SECRETARY.

CROSS

Helen, can you get me the special projects budget?

She comes in with a BINDER. Cross flips through it to the back--

CROSS (CONT'D)  
This has the most recent data?

SECRETARY  
It gets updated at least once a day.

Cross reads from the ledger.

CROSS  
What's Bell-Naughton?

SECRETARY  
They're a defense contractor, I think...

CROSS  
There's a purchase order from them from Al Kharj city. It's itemized. What's X9-742?

Cross's secretary types the number into her computer.

SECRETARY  
It's a rental fee for a Blackhawk helicopter.

When Cross finally puts it together, she smiles. She checks her watch and stands.

CROSS  
Get all this together. I need to see some people.

EXT. HART SENATE BUILDING -- SOON AFTER

Binder in hand, Evelyn Cross makes her way through a crowded lobby.

She heads for a door in the back labeled "Senate Select Committee on Intelligence."

INT. COFFEE SHOP, RIYADH -- SAME TIME

Somerset walks two cups of coffee over to Todd. He's sitting at a table, staring out the window.

SOMERSET  
Tell me again why you had to burn the money?

TODD

To stop it from falling into the wrong hands.

SOMERSET

Well, other than that startling lapse in judgement, I'd say the operation was a success.

TODD

Two people died. Because of me.

SOMERSET

I don't know where you get your information. They airlifted that guard to a hospital in Ninawa for surgery. He survived.

TODD

You don't have to lie to me.

SOMERSET

I know I don't. He pulled through.

TODD

What about Donovan?

SOMERSET

It's touch and go...

(beat)

Right now we need to talk about what's next.

TODD

What do you mean, what's next?

Somerset motions to the overnight bag in the seat next to him.

SOMERSET

I fly back in a couple hours. But the King dying changes our plans. His son is famously anti-American. If the Prince gets his way, his country is headed for war. And if his country's headed for war, then the entire middle-east will join him, followed by the rest of the world. We don't have time to waste. He's having a public inauguration in two days. He wants to address his people...

Todd looks up at Somerset.

TODD

Are we talking about what I think  
we're talking about?

SOMERSET

Do you see another way?

TODD

I just got a reprieve for killing  
two people. And now you want me to  
kill a third? What happened to the  
kinder, gentler C.I.A.?

SOMERSET

The job gets messy. I never  
pretended otherwise.

TODD

But, I'm not a murderer. You said  
we'd be thinking outside the box,  
coming up with creative  
solutions...

SOMERSET

We have created chaos and we need  
to fix it!

Todd looks off into the distance, muttering to himself.

TODD

We...

SOMERSET

I need you to trust me. This has  
to happen. And it has to happen  
soon. History will thank us.

EXT. RIYADH ALLEYWAY -- DAWN

Todd pulls a borrowed Toyota sedan into a dusty alleyway.  
There are wires hanging from beneath the steering wheel as he  
gets out.

From the trunk, he pulls a BACKPACK and slings it over his  
shoulder. He heads to the mouth of the alleyway and comes  
upon...

EXT. DEERA SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

There are already staff there, setting up seats and  
scaffolding for a stage.

Todd walks the perimeter, casing the area. He notices an office building across the way and looks up at one of the second-floor windows. There's junk piled against it, but it provides an excellent vantage point.

Todd goes around to the back of the building. There's a flimsy wooden door there. He's just about to force it when he thinks twice.

He sees a GUTTER WINDOW nearby that leads into the basement. Todd lays on his stomach to examine it. It's clasped from the inside with a simple hook lock.

Fishing a card out of his wallet, he slides it into the space between window and frame and the lock comes unlatched.

Looking around to make sure he isn't seen, Todd slips quickly through the window.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Todd lands unceremoniously on his ass. Climbing to his feet, he re-locks the gutter window, and heads up the basement stairs.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The first floor is a well-kept industrial solvent company. Confirming that no one's in at this early hour, Todd continues on up the stairs.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, SECOND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

This floor hasn't been rented out yet and is used mostly for storage. Todd figures which room is the right one and lets himself in.

Closing the door behind him, he looks about the room. It's filled with stacks of CLEANING SUPPLIES.

The window he wants is blocked by a shelf of do-it-yourself manuals and dirty rolls of paper towels. He sweeps them aside and unlocks the window. It slides up just enough to get a full view of the inaugural stage.

Finding a spot on the floor, Todd pulls up his backpack. He removes pieces of a long-range carbine from it. Laying them on a blanket in front of him, he begins assembling his weapon.

INT. SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE, ANTECHAMBER -- SAME TIME

In a holding room, Director Rustler waits with his personal assistant.

RUSTLER

They didn't tell you what this was about?

ASSISTANT

They made a point not to.

Eventually, a CONGRESSIONAL AIDE comes in, holding the door for them.

CONGRESSIONAL AIDE

They're ready for you.

INT. SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Rustler is seated before a tribunal of Senators and ranking members of the committee. SEN. BRANDT from Montana acts as their speaker.

SEN. BRANDT

Director Rustler, thank you for coming to see us on such short notice.

RUSTLER

It's no problem, but if I had known what this was about, I could have provided the committee with whatever materials--

SEN. BRANDT

That won't be necessary. We just came across a few inconsistencies we thought you could help us with.

RUSTLER

What inconsistencies?

The Senator nods to an aide who passes Rustler a xerox copy of the "Special Projects" budget.

RUSTLER (CONT'D)

These are official C.I.A. documents. Where did you get these?

The Committee members exchange brief uncomfortable looks with one another.

RUSTLER (CONT'D)  
Nevermind. I think I know.

SEN. BRANDT  
This committee has received evidence that a rogue faction led by the C.I.A.'s Special Projects Branch is running a secret war on a U.S. ally. If this is true, it's not only a fireable offense, there could be criminal charges forthcoming.

Hearing what his former teacher's been up to, Rustler sighs to himself.

RUSTLER  
Oh, Somerset...

SEN. BRANDT  
I'm sorry, I didn't quite hear that.

Making the quickest of decisions, Rustler decides to go with it.

RUSTLER  
I said, not rogue. I sanctioned Somerset. It's part of an experimental program that I've started.

The Senators look at each other, dumbfounded. They didn't expect to hit pay dirt.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -- LATER THAT DAY

Rustler finds himself seated before the President, ELIZABETH GABLE, 51. She paces, furiously.

PRESIDENT GABLE  
This is a fucking nightmare.

RUSTLER  
Madame President, it was not my intention to--

PRESIDENT GABLE  
I have to fire you. Or better yet, you need to resign.

Rustler hoped it wouldn't come to this...

RUSTLER

I serve at the pleasure of the  
President.

The Head of State GROANS--

PRESIDENT GABLE

I mean, what were you thinking?!

Rustler tries to put it into words.

RUSTLER

I was thinking that nothing  
changes, if nothing changes.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, STORAGE ROOM -- SAME TIME

By now, the crowd in Deera Square is deafening. Hundreds have come to see the Crown Prince speak. Todd watches from his perch through the cracked window.

As he waits, he hears sudden footsteps from out in the hallway. It's one of the Prince's Imperial Guard coming by to surveil the surrounding buildings.

Todd hides in the stacks as the Guard tries the doorknob. Finding it open, the man lets himself in.

He inspects the room, but it isn't long before he sees Todd's rifle abandoned on the floor.

He turns to cry out, but Todd is already upon him, wrapping his arms around the man's neck. The Guard fights back, but with his air supply cut off, his choices are limited.

He falls back against the floor, pinning Todd. But Todd remains in place, refusing to let go. Out of options, he snaps the guard's neck.

Pushing the body off of him, Todd hears the crowd cheering and hurries to the window. The Prince's SECURITY DETAIL has just arrived; a series of three ESCALADES.

The Prince's men secure the perimeter before opening the center car's door and ushering him up onto the stage.

Todd balances the rifle on the ledge of the window.

As the Prince takes the podium, the fanfare refuses to die down.

## PRINCE AMIR

Thank you, friends. I see your presence here as a testament of the love you had for my father. I want to take this opportunity to address some of the nasty rumors that have emerged since he passed...

Todd finds the Prince in his rifle scope. Gripping the weapon, he tries to screw up his courage. His breathing has become erratic. He swallows hard.

As he goes to pull the trigger, a gentle breeze catches a palm tree, sending a shaft of sunlight into Todd's eyes.

He winces. And the Prince is hit in the shoulder.

Before Todd can get another shot off, the Prince's security pull him offstage. They rush him back into his waiting SUV and it zooms off.

With people in the crowd pointing up at his window, Todd races to break down the rifle. He shoves the pieces into his backpack and exits the room.

## INT. OFFICE BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Hurrying downstairs, he peeks around the corner into the first-floor office. The majority of the employees are looking through the front windows at Deera Square to see what they can see.

Todd sneaks out the flimsy wooden door he refused to break-into earlier.

## EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, REAR -- CONTINUOUS

Todd is so focused on not being seen that he runs right into a woman in a hijab. He sends her stumbling into the road, but keeps moving.

He's about to circle the building when he sees security entering the front of it. He turns and heads the other way.

## EXT. RIYADH ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

When he makes it to the mouth of the alleyway where he parked, Todd sees that the crowds are blocking his stolen car. He's not going anywhere.

He again changes course, walking frantically. Pulling out the Nokia, he dials Somerset. But there's no answer.

TODD

*Why won't you pick up?!*

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM -- SAME TIME

Somerset stands before an aerial view of Deera Square that's being zoomed to Langley courtesy of a drone. When his phone rings, Somerset goes to answer it, but is stopped from doing so.

Evelyn Cross storms in to the operations room followed by a handful of staff.

CROSS

*Shut it down!*

SOMERSET

What the hell is this?

Cross does her best to ignore Somerset.

CROSS

Gentlemen, please escort this man out to the sidewalk, he no longer works here--

SOMERSET

On whose order?

CROSS

The Director.

SOMERSET

Jay would never--

CROSS

You're right, Jay would never... but, the new Director would.

SOMERSET

You can't shut us down -- I have an operative in the field!

CROSS

He's part of an unauthorized maneuver. He's been disavowed.

Despite his age, Somerset lunges at his new boss and her security is forced to hold him back.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION -- AFTERNOON

The Prince's private guard surrounds Samir on the living room couch. They hold an IPAD up for him to see. On it plays street footage of Todd fleeing from Deera Square.

BODYGUARD

Facial recognition software of the suspect matched pictures taken at a recent polo match...

One of the bodyguards pulls up tabloid pictures taken that day of the King. In the background, Todd and Samir can clearly be seen.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

Do you have any way of contacting this man?

Samir looks nervously to his father.

FARID

We need to do what these people tell us, Samir.

When the boy speaks, it's barely above a whisper.

SAMIR

You can try his phone.

BODYGUARD

His phone?

SAMIR

He's always on it. It is a very old Nokia. Doesn't even have internet...

BODYGUARD

What else can you tell us?

At the first sign of his son's reluctance, Farid prods him--

FARID

Speak!

SAMIR

He was talking to someone at the match. He seemed to know him.

BODYGUARD

What was his name? What did he look like?

SAMIR

I don't know, but later I saw the King talking to the same man.

The Guard brings up more press photos taken that day. He points out George Pierce.

BODYGUARD

Is this him?

Samir nods. The Guards exchange a wordless glance with one another. Finally, the one questioning Samir stands and addresses Farid.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

We will be working out of your house until this madman is arrested.

Farid moves to object--

FARID

But--

BODYGUARD

You wouldn't want anyone questioning where your allegiance lies. You did bring this savage into the Prince's life, after all...

Farid considers pressing the issue, but in the end says nothing.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RIYADH -- SOON AFTER

With his hood pulled up to hide his face, Todd repeatedly calls Somerset on the Nokia. But it goes to voicemail every time.

He shoves the phone angrily into his pocket. Looking up, he sees an INTERNET CAFE across the street and hurries inside.

INT. INTERNET CAFÉ -- CONTINUOUS

Todd settles into an open chair. He pulls up Somerset's google and quickly writes an email:

*Need extraction. Send details. Answer your phone.*

He tries "foldering" the email by saving it to drafts. He waits for a response, but none is forthcoming.

In the corner, the computer tech supervising the room is watching the news. Blurry footage of Todd fleeing the scene plays briefly on the screen.

It's clear it's time to leave. Todd logs out and exits the café.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RIYADH -- CONTINUOUS

As Todd rounds the corner, he stares at the Nokia, willing it to ring. He's so absorbed in it he doesn't see the VAN that pulls up behind him. Or the men that pour out of it...

They try to throw a hood over Todd's face. When he realizes what's happening, he fights back. Pulling free, he attempts to run, but is quickly surrounded.

As he's dragged into the van, Todd makes a desperate grab for one of his attacker's sidearms. He tries to shoot himself in the head rather than be taken alive, but only manages to shoot a couple rounds through the roof of the van.

His abductors wrestle the gun away from him and finally get the hood over Todd's face. Slamming the sliding door shut, the van speeds off down the road.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, BASEMENT -- SOON AFTER

When the hood is pulled off, Todd finds himself in Farid's basement sitting across from a sunburned man with a footlong beard...

ABDUL-MAJID clears his throat.

ABDUL-MAJID  
My name is--

TODD  
I know who you are. How did you  
find me?

Majid holds up Todd's cell phone.

ABDUL-MAJID  
This thing.

He scans through the phone messages.

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)  
You must be the Praetorian. Only  
Somerset would pick such a name...  
(MORE)

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)

(beat)

That pretentious fuck.

TODD

Somerset?

Majid looks up, sharply.

ABDUL-MAJID

Don't.

He removes the SIM CARD from the Nokia and crushes it under his heel.

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)

Where is my money?

TODD

What money?

Rather than answer, Majid nods to an underling.

ABDUL-MAJID

Bring him in.

Todd watches as a bloody mess is rolled in on a wheelchair. When he realizes who it is, he tries not to react.

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)

I believe you two know each other?

TODD

I don't know who that is.

ABDUL-MAJID

Then you wouldn't mind if I killed him?

TODD

Not at all.

George Pierce moans, blood pouring from his busted face.

GEORGE PIERCE

Joseph, please...

Majid looks to Todd, expectantly.

ABDUL-MAJID

Last chance?

Todd shrugs.

TODD  
Never seen him before.

Majid nods and shoots George in the head. He watches Todd for any sort of reaction.

Dropping his head, Todd hides his face. After a few moments though, it becomes clear that he is *laughing*.

Majid looks at him, curiously. When Todd is finally able to catch his breath, he manages to eke out--

TODD (CONT'D)  
*Now-I-know-you're-serious!*

Majid sighs.

ABDUL-MAJID  
I was hoping I wouldn't have to do this...

He wheels over a tray of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)  
It's so unoriginal. You've already been given the torture speech at Camp Peary. I could threaten you with any number of things... you'd probably put up a brave front too...

(beat)  
So, why don't we just skip right to permanent disfigurement?

He picks up a HAMMER and NAIL and crosses to Todd. The kid braces himself as Majid leans over him.

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)  
One more time -- where is my money?

TODD  
I left it in my good jeans.

ABDUL-MAJID  
I know that you think that you just have to hold out long enough to be saved, but I promise you...  
(beat)  
No one is coming for you.

He puts the nail into Todd's ear canal -- and starts hammering.

EXT. RIYADH AIRPORT -- DAY

Somerset hurries out the Arrivals door, an overnight bag over his shoulder. There's a scrum of drivers standing around smoking, waiting to drive anyone who might need it. One of them has a SIGN with his name on it. Somerset walks up to him.

SOMERSET

That's me.

The DRIVER stubs his cigarette out and leads Somerset to an idling station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

As the Driver pulls away from the curb, he tosses an ENVELOPE into the backseat for Somerset.

DRIVER

That's the package you sent in advance.

Somerset opens it and pulls his KEY CHAIN out. Most of the keys have been removed, but he's left the injectable vials of paralytics and numbing agents.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

By the way, we tracked that phone number you sent over. The signal went dead in the highlands area.

SOMERSET

I'll need a record of where.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD -- SOON AFTER

The Driver leads him to a deserted area and pulls up next to a RENTAL CAR. Getting out, he opens the trunk of the rental to show Somerset the cache of WEAPONS inside.

DRIVER

Along with everything you've requested, you've got pump actions, glock-17's, semi-automatics...

Somerset nods.

SOMERSET

This'll do fine, thanks.

The Driver holds out a piece of paper.

DRIVER  
Sign the invoice?

Somerset takes the car keys from him.

SOMERSET  
You sign it.

He gets in the rental and drives off, kicking up clouds of dust.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- SOON AFTER

Evelyn Cross settles into her new office, placing the last of her belongings among Rustler's. Making herself at home, she leans back in her leather office chair as Billings knocks and enters.

BILLINGS  
We just got a purchase order from our weapons man in Riyadh. It appears that Somerset is in Saudi Arabia.

He hands the report over to Cross, who glowers at it before standing.

CROSS  
Flag his passport, don't let him back into the country.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, BASEMENT -- HOURS LATER

Abdul-Majid takes a break from beating Todd. He's been at it for hours. Todd is covered in blood and contusions and has nails sticking out of various body parts.

ABDUL-MAJID  
Joseph Quinn... Tariq Elamin... whoever the hell you are... why are you loyal to a country that gave financial assistance to Bin Laden in the eighties?

Todd wheezes, every word agony.

TODD  
Isn't he your idol?

Majid grins.

ABDUL-MAJID

You're tough, I'll give you that...

TODD

Your respect means so much to me.

ABDUL-MAJID

You know, I drank the Somerset kool-aid too. Thought there was a better C.I.A. to be had. But when he abandoned me, I realized he was just like the rest of them. They're not interested in making the world a better place. They're interested in power. In control. What gives you the right to come into any country you want and tell them how to live? You think you have the moral high ground? When your President has been the one funding us all along.

TODD

The hell are you talking about?

ABDUL-MAJID

Of course, she can't be seen colluding with terrorists... but what about a Saudi Prince? What if you bribed him with profits from favorable oil tariffs? And he took that money and bankrolled Iranian terrorists? Terrorists who would, in turn, attack Saudi Arabia, dragging the U.S. into an armed conflict. A war with Iran would practically guarantee your President a second term, no?

TODD

I don't believe you.

ABDUL-MAJID

Doesn't really matter, does it?

Majid picks the hammer back up.

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)

Well, if you you're not going to tell me where my money is I have no choice but to kill you. Let's finish this.

The nail in Todd's ear is already an inch deep into his skull. Majid gives it another tap and Todd starts to buck, involuntarily.

Majid LAUGHS and motions to one of his men--

ABDUL-MAJID (CONT'D)

Let him up--

They untie Todd from his seat as Majid taps the nail again. Todd jumps to his feet, spinning around in terrible pain, his limbs spastic.

Majid's men are busy laughing when a giant EXPLOSION sounds above their heads.

They look to Todd, collapsed on the floor, only to find him laughing too.

TODD

--Heeee's cominggg!

EXT. AL HAMZA COMPOUND -- SAME TIME

The explosion has blown the front doors off of Farid's compound. As the debris settles, Farid's security guards grab their AK-47's and fire at the opening that was created.

After they flatten the surrounding area with bullets, the guard's step forward nervously, their eagle eyes searching for movement.

In the bushes, some hundred yards away, Somerset crouches, his face in desert camouflage. He watches as the security guards search in vain for him.

Taking his cell phone out, he pulls up a MUSIC APP and turns the volume up to max output.

From SPEAKERS that Somerset propped up on the walls of the compound, there comes the sound of thundering *machine gun fire*.

The security guards turn and shoot in the direction of the sound. As they do, Somerset stands and easily guns the lot of them down.

But there's no time to celebrate. He hurries through the mangled gates and onto the property.

EXT. AL HAMZA MANSION, GROUNDS -- SAME TIME

The Prince's soldiers stream out of the mansion to see what's going on. The ones in front hear the sound of something approaching and tell the others to shut up.

Over the landscaped hill comes a GOLF CART. The moment they see it, the soldiers light it up, riddling it with gunfire.

It finally rolls to a stop when someone hits the battery. The soldier's approach to see a brick duct-taped to the accelerator pedal. They LAUGH.

That's when the golf cart explodes, killing anyone within a fifty-foot radius.

Somerset takes advantage of the mayhem, firing a semi-automatic in short, controlled bursts. He double-taps one of the Prince's men, who falls into the lap pool, staining the water red.

But the soldiers who weren't killed in the explosion are regrouping. One of them takes cover near the backyard's stone-carved fountain. His rifle fire pins Somerset behind a thin palm tree.

Unable to move on, Somerset searches for a solution. He looks out from behind the palm and almost gets his face shot off. But it's enough to give him an idea...

He waits for the soldier to reload, then steps out and fires a single shot at the stone gargoyle atop the fountain. It topples over and crushes the head of the soldier beneath.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Reaching the homestead, Somerset enters the rear doors. There are two of Majid's jihadis descending the grand staircase.

He puts the first down with a quick one-two and goes to do the same to the second, but his gun runs out of ammo. He's forced to stomp on the man's throat as he falls to the bottom of the stairs.

Hearing more men coming, Somerset dumps the gun and hides behind a pillar. As they round the corner, he uses his keys to inject the first with a powerful sedative. Then he cracks the next across the face with the heavy keys.

Noticing that the sentries are mostly coming from one particular door, Somerset heads that way.

He unfastens a shotgun that's slung over his shoulder and takes out the next few jihadis that emerge.

INT. AL HAMZA MANSION, BASEMENT -- SAME TIME

Hearing gunfire from the floor above, Majid sends more of his men up the stairs. He listens as a shotgun blasts several times. Then there's nothing but quiet.

From the floor, Todd manages another laugh--

TODD  
Oh, you did it now...

ABDUL-MAJID  
Shut up!

The basement door swings open and Somerset enters, his shotgun held firmly to Farid's temple. The owner of the house now stands between Somerset and Majid's men, who have aimed their guns at the new arrival.

In the stillness that follows, Somerset sees his former protégé.

SOMERSET  
Hello, Peter.

ABDUL-MAJID  
Somerset.

SOMERSET  
I've got a proposition for you.

He motions to Todd.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
Him for me.

ABDUL-MAJID  
Why not just kill both of you?

SOMERSET  
Because it's me that you want.

ABDUL-MAJID  
Little advice: next time you put a gun to someone's head? Make sure it's someone I give a shit about.

Majid shoots Farid dead square in the forehead. As the soldiers open up on the two of them, Somerset is forced to use the man's body as a shield.

He dives behind some old furniture, but quickly finds himself stuck as Majid's men light up the couch with bullets.

Looking for a distraction, Somerset throws his key ring across the room. The trick works a second time. When Majid's men turn to fire at the noise, Somerset drops them.

Finally, only the man himself is left. Majid pulls Todd to his feet, holding him at gunpoint. Somerset rises, unsteadily.

SOMERSET

Let him go.

ABDUL-MAJID

Why? What's so special about him,  
huh? Why'd you come back for him?

Somerset answers quietly.

SOMERSET

I promised myself I'd never leave  
anyone behind again.

Todd watches as Majid's grip on his gun softens. He's got barely a moment to react...

Without thinking, Todd plucks the nail out of his ear and drives it straight into Majid's collar bone.

As Todd falls to the ground, Majid raises his gun to fire on him. But Somerset gets there first.

He shoots Majid in the shoulder before he can pull the trigger and the gun clatters to the ground.

Somerset hurries over to his recruit.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

You okay?

TODD

Nothing a little penicillin can't  
cure.

Somerset struggles to help him stand.

TODD (CONT'D)

It's good to see you and all, but  
can we get the fuck out of here?

SOMERSET

I don't see why not.

They watch as Majid pitifully crawls towards the basement door.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

We should probably take him with us.

EXT. AL HAMZA MANSION, BACKYARD -- MINUTES LATER

Todd and Somerset drop a moaning Abdul-Majid onto one of the remaining golf carts. They move to get in when they realize they're not alone.

Samir is in their way. He's holding one of the security guards AK's and there are tears in his eyes.

SAMIR

My father is dead.

Todd stops Somerset from going for his gun. He gets out of the golf cart and slowly walks over to Samir.

TODD

I know. But it wasn't us...

He motions to the sprawling grounds.

TODD (CONT'D)

All of this is yours now, Samir. You're free. Go and live your life. Be the best D.J. you can be.

He gently takes the AK from the kid and gets back in the golf cart. Together, he and Somerset speed off across the grounds.

TODD (CONT'D)

That was insane. I think I need a hospital.

SOMERSET

That's the first place they'll look for us. But I'll give you a tip: in this part of the world most veterinarians live above their offices and are highly amenable to bribes.

INT. RASMUSSIN VETERINARY -- SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Somerset keeps watch out the front window. Behind him, Majid is getting stitches from an exhausted vet who's been woken up in the middle of the night. Todd joins Somerset at the window, his ear newly bandaged.

TODD

Can we even go home?

SOMERSET

By now Cross has put a red notice on both of our passports.

TODD

That complicates things. If only we had some tangible evidence that the program worked. Say number eight on the CIA's most wanted list?

SOMERSET

It doesn't mean anything if we can't get him back to the states...

Todd thinks on it for a moment.

TODD

I may know a guy.

EXT. PORT OF DAMMAM, LOADING DOCK -- THE NEXT DAY

Todd's very first asset, Kasim, leads him across the dock of a busy port. He props open the doors on a relatively empty SHIPPING CONTAINER.

KASIM

The Red Cross ones aren't held up to the same kind of scrutiny as the cargo vessels.

TODD

It's technically possible though, right?

KASIM

You'll be able to breathe. But two weeks in there with only a bucket to piss in... it won't be pretty.

Todd waves his companions over. Somerset leads Majid to them, holding him up by the back of his shirt.

KASIM (CONT'D)  
So, this is him?

TODD  
We really appreciate this. It's  
the only way we can get him back to  
pay for his crimes...

Kasim moves aside to let the three of them in. Before he  
closes the door, he asks them once again:

KASIM  
You sure about this? Because once  
I seal it with the sticker...

Somerset holds up a large grocery bag.

SOMERSET  
Flashlights, batteries, food,  
water, and medicine.

Kasim nods.

KASIM  
Then I wish you good luck, my  
friends.

He shuts the door, plunging them into darkness.

EXT. PORT OF BALTIMORE -- TWO WEEKS LATER

The door of the shipping container is finally cracked open by  
Rustler and Mrs. Davenport. They immediately step back,  
wincing from the smell emanating from within.

When the sun hits Todd, he throws a hand up to block the  
glare and leads the way out. Rustler and Davenport give him  
a wide berth. He's covered in filth and sweat.

Somerset and Abdul-Majid follow after. Somerset moves  
stiffly from sleeping on metal and Majid's bandages need  
changing. They've turned a sickly yellow.

RUSTLER  
Let's get you guys to a hospital.

SOMERSET  
No. Langley first.

MRS. DAVENPORT  
At least take a shower--

SOMERSET

I want them to see us like this.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- SOON AFTER

Mrs. Davenport pulls to a stop in the parking lot. Todd and Somerset get out the back of her compact car, dragging Majid along with them.

As they pass C.I.A. employees on their way inside, they get some strange looks due to their appearance: they're greasy, dirty, and caked in dried blood.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Approaching the metal detectors, Somerset digs his ENTRY CARD out of his wallet. When he scans it, the sensors blink red and an ALARM goes off.

In moments, the lobby fills with SECURITY SERVICE personnel. They aim their weapons at Todd and Somerset, screaming for them to get on the ground.

They do as ordered, pushing Majid to the floor with them. As they're taken into custody, a crowd begins to form to watch the spectacle.

One of the people in the crowd is Ellis Kimes. He's the first to notice who it is they have with them.

KIMES

Jesus Christ...

(beat)

It's Abdul-Majid.

Word of his capture spreads quickly through the crowd and those present begin to look on Todd and Somerset with new eyes.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, OVAL OFFICE -- MORNING

Freshly cleaned, Todd and Somerset find themselves seated on a couch across from the President.

PRESIDENT GABLE

I hear there's reason to celebrate?

TODD

It's true. I just came from the doctor.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

They seem to be optimistic about me getting most of my hearing back.

PRESIDENT GABLE

That's great. Really great. I just wanted to congratulate you two. Bringing a fugitive like that to justice. Even if it was by questionable means.

SOMERSET

It's all thanks to Rustler's program. I assume you'll be reinstating him?

PRESIDENT GABLE

Can you imagine? How would that look? Fire one CIA director then change my mind two weeks later?

TODD

At the very least we'll get our jobs back though?

PRESIDENT GABLE

I can put a good word in with Director Cross, but that's really up to her. I make it a policy never to interfere in agency issues.

TODD

But bankrolling terrorists you're okay with?

PRESIDENT GABLE

I'm sorry?

TODD

You should be.

SOMERSET

We know about your arrangement with Prince Amir.

PRESIDENT GABLE

I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about.

SOMERSET

Rustler gets his job back. Same with us.

PRESIDENT GABLE  
Are you blackmailing me?

SOMERSET  
Yes.

PRESIDENT GABLE  
Who the hell do you think you are?  
I'm the goddamn President!

SOMERSET  
I didn't vote for ya.

They get up and make their way to the exit. Just before they leave, Somerset turns back for some parting words.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)  
Oh, and in case you were thinking of silencing us, there's an email set to send to the Washington Post in case of our demise.

Todd smiles as he closes the door.

TODD  
We look forward to working with you.

CUT TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED