

Where are They?
by
Joe Murkijanian

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Phone 323-253-6402

FADE IN:

INT. PENTAGON — SECURE BRIEFING ROOM — DAY

No windows. Fluorescent hum. Thirty-odd suits and uniforms watch a wall of screens.

A WORLD MAP, marked red. Banking networks failing. Power grids collapsing. Air traffic blinking out over the Atlantic. A digital clock reads 36:00:00 and counts down.

GENERAL MORRISON, 60s, four stars. Doesn't repeat himself.

MORRISON

Hour six, every classified document we have is on the open internet. Hour eighteen, the Chinese have read them.

(indicates the map)

Hour thirty-six — this.

Beside Morrison: HELEN ARENDT, 60s, gray suit, gray everything. She is not watching the screens. She is watching the room.

DEFENSE SECRETARY (O.S.)

Containable?

MORRISON

After the fact? No.

DEFENSE SECRETARY (O.S.)

Before the fact?

Morrison glances at Arendt. Arendt does not glance back.

From the rear — quiet, unhurried:

KELLERMAN (O.S.)

The breakthrough can't be prevented.

Heads turn. DAVID KELLERMAN, 52. Gray suit. Receding hair. The face of a mid-level bureaucrat.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Dr. Reyes submitted her preprint six days ago. She'll rewrite. Publish. Give a talk. There is no containment of an idea this size.

DEFENSE SECRETARY (O.S.)
Then what are we doing in this
room?

KELLERMAN
You're watching a simulation, sir.
(beat)
I'm leaving.

He gathers nothing. He walks out.

Arendt finally looks at the screens. 35:57:43.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON – CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

Kellerman walks. Polished floor. His reflection keeping pace
beneath him.

He removes a flip phone from his inside pocket. Dials four
numbers.

KELLERMAN
(into phone)
Five Archives. Seventy-two hours.

He closes the phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

WHERE ARE THEY?

EXT. PALO ALTO – RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAWN

A quiet block. Jacarandas. A gray VAN at the curb. Unmarked.
Tinted windows. Been there awhile.

INT. VAN – CONTINUOUS

Two men. MSS. The passenger lifts a long-lens camera. Aims at
a bungalow with a blue door.

INT. REYES HOUSE – KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

DR. NADIA REYES, 42, still in her sleep shirt, measures
insulin with the precision of someone who has done this five
thousand times.

NADIA
 (not turning)
 Three minutes, mija.

MIA (O.S.)
 I need my purple socks!

NADIA
 Bottom drawer.

MIA (O.S.)
 Not there!

NADIA
 Middle drawer.

A beat.

MIA (O.S.)
 Found them.

Nadia almost smiles.

MIA REYES, 8, skids in wearing one purple sock, one green.
 Climbs a stool. Offers her finger without being asked.

Nadia lances it. Tests. Reads.

NADIA
 Ninety-four.

MIA
 Is that good?

NADIA
 Perfect.

Nadia injects. Mia doesn't flinch. Has never flinched.

Nadia kisses the top of her head. Mia runs.

Nadia alone at the counter. Watches the empty doorway.
 Something soft in her face. She caps the syringe.

She does not see, through the kitchen window, the lens across
 the street.

INT. VAN – CONTINUOUS

The PASSENGER lowers the camera. Flips through images: the
 stool. The kiss.

DRIVER
 (in Mandarin, subtitled)
 Today?

PASSENGER
 (in Mandarin, subtitled)
 Beijing wants the daughter's
 schedule first. The daughter is why
 she'll come.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOCORE LABORATORIES – MARCUS'S OFFICE – DAY

Research Triangle, North Carolina. A glass office. Framed photos: wife, two teenagers. Behind them, a boy in a hospital gown. Twelve years old. Smiling.

DR. MARCUS WEBB, 51, on a video call. Tie loose. Tired in the way of men who've chosen to be.

On the screen: TOMMY WEBB, 19, dorm room, UNC Chapel Hill.

TOMMY
 – and he literally said organic
 chem weeds people out. Out loud. To
 a room of pre-meds.

MARCUS
 He said it to me too. Thirty years
 ago. Same words.

TOMMY
 What did you do?

MARCUS
 Got a C-plus in organic chem.

TOMMY
 That's not helpful.

MARCUS
 And then I got an A in biochem, an
 A in genetics, and here we are.

Marcus leans back. Behind him, through the glass wall, white coats move between stations.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 You're not being weeded, Tom.
 You're being tested.

Tommy is quiet. Doesn't know what to do with that.

A knock. Marcus's ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT
Your two o'clock.

MARCUS
(to screen)
Call your mother tonight.

TOMMY
I will. Dad -

MARCUS
Yeah?

Marcus hesitates. Wants to say something. Can't find it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Study. Sleep. Breakfast. In that
order.

Call ends. Marcus looks at the photo of his brother.

EXT. BIOCORE - LOADING DOCK - DAY

A JANITOR wheels a bin to an unmarked gray truck. Hands a crumpled printout through the cab window.

MAN IN CAB
(in Farsi, subtitled)
Tehran needs to see this tonight.

The truck pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE MELLON - LISA'S LAB - DAY

Monitors. A reclined chair. A neural interface cap. A PATIENT in the chair - late 30s, shaved head, Army discharge in her open bag.

DR. LISA PARK, 36, adjusts the cap with precision that looks like tenderness.

LISA
Corporal Evans. Tell me what you're
going to do.

CPL. EVANS
Think about the thing.

LISA
Start to finish. Trust the machine.
We're not erasing anything. We're –
filing it.

CPL. EVANS
Can I ask you a weird question?

LISA
Yes.

CPL. EVANS
If you take the worst day away from
me, am I still me?

Lisa stops adjusting. She looks at the woman.

LISA
The worst day isn't you.

CPL. EVANS
It kind of is.

LISA
Then we're not taking it away.
We're letting you choose when you
visit it.

Evans exhales. Nods.

Lisa crosses to her monitor. RACHEL KIM, 36, Korean-American,
warm in a way Lisa is not, hands her a tablet.

RACHEL
(low)
Your brother called.

LISA
Saturday.

RACHEL
He said Sunday.

LISA
Sunday.

RACHEL
He said if I take the message
again, he's sending flowers to me.

LISA
(almost smiling)
Tell him I hate flowers.

RACHEL

He knows.

Lisa turns back to Evans.

LISA

Close your eyes. Tell me where you are.

CPL. EVANS

(quietly)

Kandahar.

Her neural activity lights orange on the monitor.

In the reflection of Lisa's screen – unnoticed – a CURSOR moves. Not hers. A file copies.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ALAMOS – TEST SITE – DAY

Desert. Distant mountains. A concrete pad. In the center: a two-ton block of poured concrete, rebar exposed.

A cluster behind a blast shield. DR. AHMED HASSAN, 44, beard close-trimmed, sleeves rolled, at a control panel. Safety glasses. Quiet, contained excitement.

AHMED

Hold.

The engineers still.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Generator.

A low HUM – below hearing, felt in the chest.

Ahmed turns a dial.

The concrete block TREMBLES.

The block LIFTS. Slow. Silent. A two-ton mass rising into the New Mexico sky as if remembering how to fly.

Ten feet. Twenty. A hundred. Holds.

A YOUNG ENGINEER forgets himself and laughs.

Ahmed smiles. Just a little.

EXT. DISTANT RIDGE – CONTINUOUS

A MAN prone in sand. Long lens. Watching.

MAN
(in Farsi, into earpiece,
subtitled)
Confirm. It flies.

VOICE (V.O.)
(in Farsi, subtitled)
Acquire the man. Not the machine.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEN KITCHEN – PALO ALTO – EVENING

Warm light. DR. SARAH CHEN, 39, leans over KEVIN CHEN, 10, at the kitchen table. Python on his laptop.

SARAH
What's wrong with it?

KEVIN
It's not running?

SARAH
It's running. It's not doing what
you told it to do.

KEVIN
That's not my fault.

SARAH
That's always your fault.

At the counter, EMMA CHEN, 7, draws. A robot holding hands with a stick figure labeled EMMA.

EMMA
(without looking up)
Mommy.

SARAH
Yes, baby.

EMMA
Will the smart computers remember
us?

Sarah stops.

SARAH
What do you mean?

EMMA
When they're smarter than us. Will
they remember we made them?

Kevin glances up. Interested in a way he won't admit.

Sarah crosses to the counter. Crouches beside Emma's chair.

SARAH
We have to build them so they want
to.

EMMA
What if they don't want to?

Sarah doesn't answer. The pot on the stove begins to boil
over. She turns down the heat.

KEVIN
Mom. My code.

SARAH
One second.

She returns to Emma. Kisses the top of her head – the way
Nadia Reyes kissed Mia, twelve hours ago, half a country
away.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Finish your robot.

EXT. CHEN HOUSE – STREET – DUSK

A black SUV down the block.

On the driver's phone: a thermal image of the Chen kitchen.
Three figures.

PASSENGER
Principal is home.

DRIVER
Orders?

PASSENGER
Observe. Client decides.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLERMAN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Sparse. Almost monastic. No photographs. A single framed diploma – GEORGETOWN, MATHEMATICS – hung like a punishment.

Kellerman on the couch. Five manila folders fanned on the coffee table.

On muted television: a news crawl. BEIJING: "AMERICAN AGGRESSION WILL MEET APPROPRIATE RESPONSE."

He opens the first folder.

INSERT: Nadia at a podium. Beneath: Mia in a school directory photo.

He looks at Mia's photograph for a long time.

He closes the folder. Opens the next. Marcus Webb. Lisa Park. Ahmed Hassan with his family at a Fourth of July cookout – Layla laughing, Omar mid-kick with a soccer ball, Yasmin holding a sparkler.

The fifth: Sarah Chen. Beneath, Kevin and Emma at a science museum.

He closes this one more slowly than the others.

He stands. Crosses to a small safe in the hall closet. Dials it without looking. From inside: a single silver USB drive.

He returns to the couch. Inserts it into his laptop. One audio file. Its name is a case number.

He clicks.

TARIQ (V.O.)
(soft, accented, recorded)
I've been thinking about my
daughter today. She would have been
starting school this year.

Kellerman closes his eyes.

TARIQ (V.O.)
My wife will not stop looking for
me. I know this. What will you do,
David, when she gets too close?

A long breath on the recording.

TARIQ (V.O.)
I don't blame you. I want you to
know that.

A pause.

TARIQ (V.O.)
I do not think it was necessary.

TARIQ (V.O.)
But I do not blame you.

The file ends.

Kellerman opens his eyes. Removes the drive. Returns it to the safe. Dials the lock.

He picks up the flip phone.

KELLERMAN
Authorization Archive. Seven Seven
Alpha.
(beat)
Execute on my mark.

He listens. Nods once.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
Mark.

He sits in the silent apartment. The muted news flickers blue across his face.

Somewhere far away, five clocks begin to run.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIVE OPERATIONS CENTER — TYSONS CORNER — NIGHT

An unmarked suite. No signage. A bullpen of twelve workstations. Screens glowing in the dark.

At a raised console: MARCUS CHEN, 32. Sharp suit. Sharper eyes. Younger than anyone in the room. Second-ranking person in it.

Kellerman enters. Hangs his coat. Crosses to Chen without greeting.

CHEN
All five stations live. Medical examiners pre-positioned. Body doubles confirmed. Handlers in country.

KELLERMAN
Reyes.

Station 1 pulses amber. Five feeds tile – highway, traffic cam, GPS on a vehicle, surveillance still of the blue door. Clock: T-minus 14:22:00.

CHEN

Morning commute. Seven-mile window.
Three acceptable sites.

KELLERMAN

The guardrail site.

CHEN

Most visible.

KELLERMAN

That's why.

Chen studies him. Nods.

CHEN

Hassan. Home invasion. Kid gets home from soccer at six-fifteen. Wife and younger girl return from mosque at seven-forty. Subject alone six-fifty to seven-twenty.

KELLERMAN

The son gets home first.

CHEN

We move subject out the back. Son comes in the front. We've –
(small hesitation)
– we've staged the body to be visible from the front hallway.

Kellerman doesn't speak.

CHEN (CONT'D)

Psychological profile is stronger if a child was the first to see him.

KELLERMAN

Stronger how.

CHEN

Harder to unbelieve.

A beat. Kellerman looks at the screen.

KELLERMAN

Park. Webb. Chen.

Chen runs through them. Suicide note generated from Lisa's email corpus. Charter fishing intercept 26 miles offshore. SFO acquisition, diversion hotel, fentanyl-analog pharmacology.

CHEN

Grief is cooperative, sir. Her husband will read the Chronicle coverage of the Bay Area spike. He'll know three doctors who had the same week. Within forty-eight hours, his version matches ours.

KELLERMAN

And if it doesn't?

CHEN

Then we refine.

KELLERMAN

Define refine.

CHEN

Same way we always do, sir.

Kellerman holds his gaze a moment too long.

KELLERMAN

Hassan first. Then Park. Reyes. Webb and Chen follow inside fifteen hours.

CHEN

Confirmed.

KELLERMAN

One thing, Marcus.

CHEN

Sir.

KELLERMAN

Rachel Kim. The graduate assistant. She finds Park at seven-fifteen. She calls nine-one-one. She is outside the operational footprint before we process the scene.

CHEN

... yes, sir.

KELLERMAN

Confirm you have that.

CHEN
I have that, sir.

Kellerman walks to his office.

Chen watches him go. On Chen's workstation, a small window is open Kellerman didn't see. A personnel file. Surveillance still: a young woman with a warm smile and a Carnegie Mellon lanyard.

RACHEL KIM – STATUS: OPEN.

Chen closes the window.

INT. KELLERMAN'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Smaller than expected. Government-issue. No windows. A single framed photograph on the bookshelf, facing away.

He sits without turning on the desk lamp. The bullpen light through the glass wall is enough.

On his desk: the REYES FILE COVER SHEET.

He reads it as if he has not read it before.

KELLERMAN (V.O.)
Subject: Reyes, Nadia. Dependents:
one, minor, female, age eight.
Medical: pediatric Type One
diabetes. Requires continuous
glucose monitoring and daily
insulin administration –

He stops.

KELLERMAN (V.O.)
– requires continuous.

He closes the folder.

INT. ARCHIVE OPERATIONS CENTER – BULLPEN – NIGHT

Through the glass, Chen crosses to JUDITH VARGAS, 40s, three monitors. Oldest person on the floor.

CHEN
I need a supplementary file.
Secondary subject. Kim, Rachel. By
oh-six-hundred.

VARGAS
She's outside the footprint.

CHEN
I want her in the supplementary.

Vargas looks up.

VARGAS
Director Kellerman specified she's
outside the footprint, sir.

CHEN
Director Kellerman specified she's
outside the operational footprint.
I'm asking for a supplementary
profile. Do you understand the
difference?

She holds his eyes. Looks down. Types.

VARGAS
By oh-six-hundred, sir.

CHEN
Thank you.

He moves on.

Vargas glances toward the glass wall of Kellerman's office.
Kellerman is sitting in the dark.

She begins to type.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 – MORNING

Traffic. A gray Honda Civic – four years old, car seat in
back – in the middle lane.

INT. NADIA'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

NADIA at the wheel. Travel mug. NPR low. Hair still wet. The
clock reads 8:09.

On the passenger seat: laptop bag. A small drawing – their
house, with a sun wearing sunglasses.

Her phone chirps. A text from her mother: Picked her up. Also
she says you forgot to sign the permission slip again.

Nadia laughs once. Taps her steering wheel.

NADIA

Text Mom. I'll sign it when I get home. Tell her I love her.

She passes under an overpass. Enters the curve where the hills rise east and the guardrail runs above the old rail cut.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - GUARDRAIL SITE - CONTINUOUS

From a service road above, hidden by chaparral, a WHITE UTILITY TRUCK pulls to the shoulder. The driver - sunglasses - checks his mirrors.

He releases his brake.

INT. NADIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nadia reaches for her coffee. Glances left.

A flash of white -

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - CONTINUOUS

The utility truck merges hard from the shoulder above. Not a collision. A PRESENCE. The Honda swerves right, toward the guardrail.

The guardrail is missing a thirty-foot section. Construction cones mark it. The cones were placed there at 6:04 AM by a Caltrans vehicle with no work order.

The Honda hits the opening at sixty-three miles per hour.

It does not flip. It sails - briefly, strangely gentle - out over the rail cut.

Gone.

The utility truck continues north. The driver does not look back.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIVE OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Station 1 glows green.

VARGAS
 Station One confirmed. Eight-eleven
 local. First-responder call at
 eight-twelve.

In his office, Kellerman looks up.

KELLERMAN (V.O.)
 First of five.

CUT TO:

INT. REYES HOUSE - LATER

The insulin cooler still on the counter. The coffee cup
 unwashed in the sink. Mia's drawing - the sunglasses sun -
 left on the kitchen table.

An iPhone buzzes. Three times. Goes to voicemail.

Buzzes again.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - FRONT DRIVE - LATER

CARMEN REYES, 67, at her sedan. She has been crying. Is not
 now. Has put it away for the child.

Mia emerges holding her backpack and a construction paper
 turkey.

MIA
 Grandma?

Carmen kneels. Takes Mia's hands.

CARMEN
 Mija. Look at me.

MIA
 Where's Mama.

Carmen does not answer immediately. A small mistake. A human
 one.

CARMEN
 There was an accident, mija.

MIA
 Is she at the hospital?

CARMEN
 ... no, mi amor.

Mia's face does not change. Not yet. She is still in the last second of her old life.

MIA
Then where is she?

Carmen pulls Mia into her chest. Says nothing.

Mia's arms hang at her sides. She is thinking.

HOLD on her face over her grandmother's shoulder. Looking at nothing. Calculating.

MIA (CONT'D)
(small)
But I need my three o'clock.

CARMEN
I know, mija.

MIA
I need my three o'clock shot.

CARMEN
Grandma has it. Grandma has everything.

Mia nods against her shoulder. A three o'clock shot. A grandmother with a cooler. Something she can hold.

Across the street, parked at the far curb: a DARK SEDAN. A WOMAN in sunglasses watches. Makes a note on a tablet.

Her name is ESTHER.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE MELLON — LISA'S LAB — NIGHT

10:47 PM. Most lights off. A cleaning cart in the corridor.

LISA at her monitor. A sound behind her. The door.

LISA
(not turning)
Rachel, I told you to go home —

She turns. Not Rachel. A MAN. Mid-30s. Visitor badge: FACILITIES.

MAN
Dr. Park?

Lisa stands.

LISA
Facilities doesn't come up to six
after nine.

MAN
I'm sorry to disturb you, doctor.

He closes the door behind him. He does not lock it. He does not need to.

INT. LISA'S LAB - LATER

Wide shot through the glass wall. From the corridor.

We see Lisa at her desk. We see the man standing. We see Lisa say something. We cannot hear. We see her sit down.

The camera holds on the corridor. Three minutes of nothing.

When we cut back into the lab, Lisa is slumped at her desk as if she has fallen asleep. A pill bottle beside her hand, tipped over, empty. A handwritten note - in her own handwriting, copied by an algorithm trained on six months of her emails - beneath her fingers.

The man is gone.

The digital clock on her monitor reads 11:46 PM.

CUT TO:

INT. HASSAN HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - EVENING

A family home. Framed photographs. A tapestry from Baghdad.

AHMED in the kitchen doorway. Just home. Tie loosened.

He is smiling at a photo Yasmin sent him - when the front door behind him opens without being unlocked.

He turns.

TWO MEN. Ski masks. Work gloves. One of them already raising something.

Ahmed's smile does not have time to disappear.

AHMED
 (in Arabic, subtitled)
 Ya Allah -

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HASSAN HOUSE - FRONT WALK - MOMENTS LATER

OMAR HASSAN, 15, soccer gear, cleats on concrete. Gym bag on shoulder. Earbuds in.

He reaches the door. It is ajar.

He removes his earbuds.

OMAR
 Dad?

He pushes the door.

INT. HASSAN HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOLD on Omar's face.

We do not see what he sees. We see the light from the hallway on his face. We see his lips part. We see his breath stop.

The gym bag falls from his shoulder. He does not drop it. His arm simply forgets it.

From the driveway - YASMIN, 12:

YASMIN (O.S.)
 Omar, tell Mom I -

LAYLA (O.S.)
 Yasmin, wait -

Her mother's voice sharp, instant.

LAYLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 IN THE CAR.

Layla appears in the doorway behind Omar. Groceries. She drops them.

She does not scream. She makes a sound that is not in any language.

She grabs her son. Turns him away. Presses his face into her shoulder. He is taller than she is. She makes herself taller anyway.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
 Don't look. Don't look. Don't look.

Yasmin on the walk, juice box still in hand. Close enough to see, past them, the thing she will spend the rest of her life trying not to remember.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ARCHIVE OPERATIONS CENTER – SAME NIGHT

Station 3 and Station 4 green within ninety seconds of each other.

VARGAS
 Station Three confirmed. Station
 Four confirmed. Response time seven
 minutes to first responder
 dispatch.

Chen leans over his console. Taps the Station 4 feed.

CHEN
 The son got home first?

VARGAS
 As planned, sir.

CHEN
 Good.

In the glass-walled office behind him, Kellerman has heard this. We see his hand, on the corner of his desk. We see it close, briefly, into a fist. We see it open again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC – OFF THE OUTER BANKS – DAWN

Gray water. Gray sky.

A thirty-two-foot charter – MARLIN DAY – cuts through chop, twenty-six miles out. MARCUS at the rail, holding a rod he has not cast.

He is watching the sunrise. He looks – for the first time this morning – at peace.

Behind him, a second vessel. Coast Guard markings. Not a real Coast Guard.

MARCUS
 (calling)
 Hey, Pete! We've got company!

The captain does not respond.

Marcus turns to look. The wheelhouse is empty.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 ... Pete?

A man in a Coast Guard jacket climbs aboard.

COAST GUARD MAN

Dr. Webb? Could I ask you to step over here -

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ATLANTIC - MINUTES LATER

Wider shot. The MARLIN DAY drifts alone. A single life preserver floats fifty yards off the stern. On the deck, a coffee thermos on its side. Dark coffee beading toward the drain.

CUT TO:

INT. SFO - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

SARAH CHEN through security, wheeling a carry-on. On the phone.

SARAH
 - be nice to Daddy, because Daddy's going to be in charge for three days and he's going to forget about dinner at least once. Okay?

A MAN in a suit approaches. Lanyard. Airline staff.

MAN
 Dr. Chen? Gate change - follow me.

SARAH
 (into phone)
 Kev, I'll call you from the plane.
 Love you.

She follows him. They pass her gate.

SARAH (CONT'D)
That was my gate. Sixty-two -

MAN
Keep walking, ma'am.

Her pace changes. Barely.

SARAH
Excuse me?

A second man at her other side. Something against the small of her back.

SECOND MAN
(low, close to her ear)
Dr. Chen. Your son Kevin is in fourth grade at Alta Mesa Elementary. Your daughter Emma is in second grade. Room fourteen. Ms. Patel. Come with us quietly.

Sarah goes still.

She does not close her mouth. She does not look at either man.

She closes her mouth.

She walks.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIVE OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Five stations. Four green. One - STATION 5 - amber.

VARGAS
Station Five - subject acquired. In transit.

Chen looks at his master display. Green. Green. Green. Amber. Green.

CHEN
Four of five.

He looks back at Kellerman's office.

Kellerman is not in his office.

INT. KELLERMAN'S APARTMENT – DAY

Kellerman at his kitchen counter. The flip phone has not rung.

He is drinking a glass of water. He has been drinking the same glass of water for twenty minutes.

On the muted television, a cable news crawl:

BREAKING: CARNEGIE MELLON PROFESSOR FOUND DEAD IN CAMPUS LABORATORY – APPARENT SUICIDE

Kellerman does not look at the television.

The flip phone rings. Once.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

VARGAS (V.O.)

Five of five, sir.

KELLERMAN

Husband identifies at –

VARGAS (V.O.)

Tomorrow. Oh-nine-hundred.

KELLERMAN

Vargas.

VARGAS (V.O.)

Sir.

KELLERMAN

Thank you.

A beat. She is not used to being thanked.

VARGAS (V.O.)

Sir.

He closes the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL ROOM – MORNING

A nondescript business hotel. Blackout curtains drawn.

DANIEL CHEN, 41, in the chair by the desk. ER doctor's hands on his knees. Suit he flew in wearing.

DET. MOORE, 50s, Black, tired. A GRIEF LIAISON in a cardigan by the door.

DET. MOORE
Your wife's travel – she was flying
to a conference in Boston.

DANIEL
Yes.

DET. MOORE
Why change her flight to stay
overnight here?

DANIEL
She didn't.

DET. MOORE
The hotel has a reservation in her
name from Thursday evening.

DANIEL
She didn't tell me about any
reservation here.

DET. MOORE
Any reason she might not have?

A beat.

DANIEL
No.

Moore makes a note.

DET. MOORE
The pattern we're seeing – the
pharmacology – there's been a surge
of these in the Bay Area. Three
physicians. I'm telling you what
we're seeing.

Daniel does not respond.

The grief liaison steps in. Warm. Practiced.

GRIEF LIAISON
Dr. Chen, when you're ready, we can
release your wife's personal
effects. Her bag, her phone, her
laptop.

DANIEL
Her laptop.

GRIEF LIAISON
Yes.

DANIEL
Her laptop was here.

GRIEF LIAISON
It was in her carry-on.

Daniel looks at Detective Moore.

DANIEL
She didn't bring her laptop to the conference. She had her conference laptop. That's a different laptop.

The grief liaison's expression does not change. In a way that would require effort.

GRIEF LIAISON
Sometimes people bring things we don't expect them to bring.

DANIEL
(quiet)
I'd like her laptop back, please.

GRIEF LIAISON
Of course.

DANIEL
Today.

GRIEF LIAISON
Today.

Moore closes his notebook.

DET. MOORE
Is there anyone we can call for you?

DANIEL
My sister has the kids.

He stands. Does not put his jacket on. Walks out.

Moore watches him go.

DET. MOORE
 (to the grief liaison)
 Laptop.

GRIEF LIAISON
 I'll take care of it.

DET. MOORE
 See that you do.

Moore leaves. The grief liaison takes out a second phone.

GRIEF LIAISON
 (into phone)
 The husband wants the laptop back.
 Today.

A beat.

GRIEF LIAISON (CONT'D)
 Understood.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Chen in the doorway.

CHEN
 The Chen husband is asking for the
 laptop.

KELLERMAN
 Give it to him.

CHEN
 Sir -

KELLERMAN
 Clean. Give it to him clean.

CHEN
 We cleaned it once.

KELLERMAN
 Clean it again.

Chen hesitates.

CHEN
 If he's asking for the laptop, he's
 asking the wrong questions.

KELLERMAN

He's an ER doctor whose wife just died in a way he doesn't understand. Most questions will evaporate in forty-eight hours.

CHEN

And if they don't?

Kellerman looks up.

KELLERMAN

Then we'll talk.

Chen leaves.

Kellerman reaches into his desk drawer. Removes the silver USB.

Holds it in his palm.

Puts it back.

CUT TO:

INT. REYES HOUSE - MIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Three days later.

MIA on the floor in her black dress. She is drawing.

On the page: two stick figures. Her mother. Herself. The sun in the corner has sunglasses.

Beneath it, in blocky second-grader letters:

WHERE ARE YOU.

She puts the pencil down. Picks up a red one. Draws a small heart beside the question. No question mark.

She folds the paper. She puts it in the drawer of her small desk.

She crosses to the window. Presses her forehead to the glass.

MIA

(a whisper)

Mama.

Across the street, in a parked car she does not notice, a man with a camera does not lift the camera. He is only watching.

CUT TO:

INT. REYES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mourners. A folding table of food nobody is eating.

CARMEN in an armchair by the window. ESTHER beside her. Holding Carmen's hand.

ESTHER

You don't have to eat, Carmen.

CARMEN

Someone should eat. They cooked.

ESTHER

They cooked because they didn't know what else to do.

Carmen almost smiles.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

I'm going to be here. For her. For both of you.

CARMEN

Esther. How long did you know her?

ESTHER

Twenty years. We met at Berkeley - a summer seminar. We lost touch. Reconnected last summer at a conference in San Diego. I wish we'd had more time.

CARMEN

She never mentioned you.

Esther's face does not change. But something inside her arranges itself.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Esther. How did you know to come?

ESTHER

Your sister Maria called me. She had my number from -

CARMEN

Maria is in Mexico City. Maria doesn't have your number. Maria has never met you.

A very small pause.

ESTHER

I'm sorry, Carmen. I'm - I'm so jumbled up today. I meant Nadia's friend Paula. From the lab.

CARMEN

Paula.

ESTHER

Yes.

CARMEN

(quietly)

I'm so glad you came, Esther.

Esther squeezes her hand.

Carmen does not squeeze back.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

REBECCA WEBB, 48, at the sink. Shoes off. A glass of water in her hand, untouched.

Her MOTHER arranges food into tupperware.

REBECCA'S MOTHER

I put the ham in the freezer.

REBECCA

Mom.

REBECCA'S MOTHER

Don't argue with me about the ham, Rebecca.

REBECCA

I need to know where Marcus was going on Tuesdays.

Her mother stops.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 He had something on his calendar
 every first Tuesday. DC meetings.
 His admin pulled up his travel.
 There were no DC trips. Not this
 year. Not last year.

REBECCA'S MOTHER
 Sweetheart.

REBECCA
 I know what you're going to say.

REBECCA'S MOTHER
 Do you?

REBECCA
 You're going to say he was having
 an affair and I'm going to be sorry
 I asked.

REBECCA'S MOTHER
 I wasn't going to say that.

A long beat.

REBECCA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 Your husband loved you. Whatever
 else is true, that is true.

Rebecca turns back to the sink. She does not drink the water.

On the stairs – out of frame – SARAH WEBB, 16, has heard
 every word. Notebook on her knee.

She writes:

Dad was not depressed.

Underlines it twice.

CUT TO:

INT. PITTSBURGH – PARK FAMILY HOME – DAY

DR. JAMES PARK, 64, in an armchair. Watching the room.
 Holding tea he has not drunk.

SUSAN PARK, 62, moves among guests. She has been crying for
 three days. She has stopped. She has work to do.

On the back porch: MICHAEL PARK, 33, on his phone.

MICHAEL

(low)

The autopsy paperwork was dated the morning she died. Pre-dated.

(beat)

Can you verify without anyone knowing you're verifying.

(beat)

Thank you.

He hangs up.

The sliding door opens. Susan.

SUSAN

Your sister was not depressed.

MICHAEL

No.

SUSAN

So what will you do?

A beat.

MICHAEL

Find out what happened.

SUSAN

Yes.

MICHAEL

Umma - whatever I find, you let me decide what to do with it.

A long pause.

SUSAN

No.

MICHAEL

Umma -

SUSAN

You are not the only person in this family who lost her.

She goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HASSAN HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Women from the mosque in the kitchen. Cooking in quiet, efficient grief.

LAYLA on the couch. YASMIN curled against her side, half-asleep. Omar upstairs - has not come down in two days.

AGENT PERALTA, FBI, in an armchair.

PERALTA

Your husband held Top Secret SCI clearance, Mrs. Hassan. I mention this because, in a case like this, the Bureau has to consider motives beyond the apparent.

LAYLA

... Top Secret.

PERALTA

Yes, ma'am.

LAYLA

For fifteen years I have been married to a man with a Top Secret clearance, and nobody thought to tell me.

PERALTA

It's often like that, in the cleared community.

Layla stares at him.

LAYLA

Agent Peralta. Thank you for coming.

Peralta stands. Sets a card on the coffee table.

He leaves.

Yasmin stirs.

YASMIN

Mama.

LAYLA

Habibti.

YASMIN

Is the man gone?

LAYLA
The agent? Yes.

YASMIN
Mama. There was a man.

LAYLA
The men in the masks -

YASMIN
Not those men.

Layla goes very still.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
When we came home. I looked past
you. There was a man in the
kitchen. Just for a second. He
wasn't wearing a mask. He saw me.
Then he was gone.

A silence.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
I didn't want to say. I thought
maybe I made it up.

LAYLA
You didn't make it up.

YASMIN
I didn't?

LAYLA
You didn't.

Layla tightens her arm around her daughter. Looks at the
hallway. At the kitchen.

She does not cry.

She picks up her phone. Opens Notes. Titles a new one: AHMED
- QUESTIONS.

She writes:

Top Secret SCI - since when?

Yasmin saw a man without a mask in the kitchen.

FOIA - start Monday.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEN HOUSE – PALO ALTO – NIGHT

Framed photos on the hallway wall. A child's drawing of a robot on the fridge. A pot of cold soup somebody made.

DANIEL at the kitchen table. Sarah's carry-on open. A folded sweater. Her conference badge. A novel with a bookmark halfway through.

And the laptop. Her personal laptop. The one she never took to conferences.

KEVIN asleep on the couch in the next room.

Daniel opens the laptop. Her desktop – Point Reyes, two summers ago. Kevin holding up a crab. Emma's hair in the wind.

He navigates to her photos. Scrolls.

Stops.

A group photo. Eleven months ago. Five people at a round table. A small academic gathering. Conference room. Whiteboard.

Sarah is one of them.

The others.

Daniel leans in. He is an ER doctor. He has seen a lot of faces.

He opens a browser. Types: NADIA REYES MATHEMATICIAN.

Clicks IMAGES.

He looks at the photograph. At the screen. At the photograph.

He closes the browser.

Types: MARCUS WEBB BIOTECH.

Clicks IMAGES.

DANIEL
(to himself, very quiet)
... no.

He closes the laptop. Slowly. As if closing it too quickly will wake something.

In the next room, Kevin shifts. Mumbles in his sleep.

Daniel opens his phone. Opens Notes.

5 people in the photo.

Sarah.

Reyes – dead. Car accident. 8 days ago.

Webb – dead. Boating. 6 days ago.

Unknown F – ?

Unknown M – ?

He types one more line.

Tell no one.

He turns off the phone.

He puts his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLERMAN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Kellerman alone. The muted TV painting him blue.

On the kitchen counter: the flip phone. A scotch poured and untouched. The silver USB from the safe. And – new – a single sheet of paper.

He writes, in pen, in his own small script. We see the top line only:

Tariq –

He writes four lines. He stops. He reads what he has written.

He crumples the paper.

He opens the scotch.

He reaches for the USB.

Inserts it into his laptop. Navigates not to Tariq's audio – but to a different file. A video file. Dated November 2014.

He clicks.

INT. KELLERMAN'S LAPTOP – VIDEO – FLASHBACK

Grainy handheld. A kitchen in a small Norwegian apartment. Morning light through a high window.

TARIQ SHAH – 52, physicist's hands, kind eyes – at a table. A coffee cup. A spiral notebook beside him. He is showing something to the camera.

TARIQ
(into camera)
David. You said I could send
letters I cannot send. So.

He holds up a notebook page. Handwritten, in Urdu.

TARIQ (CONT'D)
For my daughter. If she is ever old
enough.

He lowers the page.

TARIQ (CONT'D)
I wrote her today that – that the
light here is not the light I
promised her. That I promised her a
life of light. And that the light
here is very beautiful, and very
pale, and not for her.

A beat.

TARIQ (CONT'D)
David. I want to ask you something.

KELLERMAN (V.O.)
(on the video, off-camera)
Yes.

TARIQ
Is it – is it true what you told
me. That what I was going to build
would have ended the city.

KELLERMAN (V.O.)
Yes, Tariq.

TARIQ
Which city.

A long pause.

KELLERMAN (V.O.)
Any of them, eventually.

Tariq nods slowly. He folds the Urdu page. Puts it in his shirt pocket.

TARIQ

Then my daughter will read this one day, if you let her. And she will read that her father made a good choice. Yes?

KELLERMAN (V.O.)

Yes, Tariq.

TARIQ

(softly)

David. I believe you.

He smiles at the camera. The smile of a man who is already beginning to not believe.

The video ends.

INT. KELLERMAN'S APARTMENT – BACK TO PRESENT

Kellerman at his laptop. His hand is flat on the counter.

He does not move for a long time.

Then, quietly, to the dark apartment, to no one:

KELLERMAN

His daughter was eight.

He closes the laptop.

He picks up the crumpled paper. Smooths it. Reads what he wrote.

He puts it in his shirt pocket.

END OF PAGES 1-40. ACT TWO.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – DAY

REBECCA at a desktop. SARAH over her shoulder. On the screen, a blog in progress. Working title: THINGS I DO NOT BELIEVE.

SARAH

I'm going to publish it tomorrow.

REBECCA

Sarah -

SARAH

Other people are going to find it, Mom. Other families who also don't believe. I don't know how many. I think more than one.

REBECCA

If the person who did this sees it -

SARAH

That's the point.

Rebecca stares at her daughter.

REBECCA

You are sixteen years old.

SARAH

I am.

REBECCA

Sarah -

SARAH

I am doing this, Mom. With or without you. I would like it to be with.

A very long pause.

Rebecca sits on the arm of the couch.

REBECCA

Show me.

Sarah turns the laptop. Rebecca reads.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE MELLON - LISA'S LAB - DAY

RACHEL KIM at her workstation. Lab coat. Coffee. The normal hum.

A notebook beside her. Three names:

DR. STEVENS - 6th floor

PROF. MARTINEZ - Psychology

CHRIS (Grad student) – Building C

She organizes Lisa's old files. Opens a directory she has not seen: LP_Thursday_Consults.

Empty.

Date created: November 4. Six months ago.

Date modified: October 19. The day Lisa died.

Accessed by Lisa's login at 6:47 PM.

Lisa died at 11:46 PM.

RACHEL
(to herself)
What were you doing for five hours.

Behind her – footsteps. A man in a maintenance uniform with a cleaning cart.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Morning. Just need to grab the trash.

RACHEL
Of course.

He empties her wastebasket.

MAINTENANCE MAN
You knew Dr. Park, didn't you.

RACHEL
Yes.

MAINTENANCE MAN
She was here late a lot. I used to see her light on when I did the eleven o'clock rounds.

Rachel turns from her screen.

RACHEL
Which nights.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Oh – it blurs together.

RACHEL
Specifically. Because she usually left by six.

A pause.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Miss, I think you're asking the
wrong questions.

Rachel's chest goes cold.

RACHEL
What are the right questions.

MAINTENANCE MAN
How about: why are you asking.

He crosses to the window. Begins washing it.

RACHEL
I'm going to ask you to leave the
room.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Almost finished.

RACHEL
Now.

He turns.

MAINTENANCE MAN
You've been asking a lot of
questions about Dr. Park. And now
Thursday nights. That's - that's a
pattern someone might misinterpret.

RACHEL
How do you know my name.

MAINTENANCE MAN
It's on your office door.

There is no nameplate on her office door.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)
Grief can make people see patterns
that aren't there.

RACHEL
Get out.

He nods. Leaves.

Rachel sits alone. Looks at the corridor.

She opens her email.

TO: Michael Park

SUBJECT: Thursday nights

Michael – we need to talk. In person. Today. Don't call me. I'm coming to Pittsburgh. – R

She sends it.

Puts the laptop in her bag. Leaves.

At the end of the corridor, the maintenance man is on his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY I-79 – PENNSYLVANIA – DAY

Rachel's Honda on I-79. Five over the limit. Normal.

A gray sedan two cars back.

INT. GRAY SEDAN – CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER – woman, sunglasses, blonde – on a Bluetooth.

DRIVER

Subject continuing to Pittsburgh.

CHEN (V.O.)

Recommendation.

DRIVER

Interdict before contact.

CHEN (V.O.)

Authorized.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLERMAN'S OFFICE – SAME TIME

A soft knock. VARGAS.

VARGAS

Director. Something you should flag.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

VARGAS

Deputy Director Chen initiated a supplementary profile on Kim last night. And this morning he authorized real-time surveillance.

Kellerman looks up.

KELLERMAN

When.

VARGAS

Oh-nine-forty.

Kellerman picks up the flip phone.

KELLERMAN

Get Chen.

Vargas exits quickly.

He dials.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Rachel Kim surveillance - abort.
Immediate.

VOICE (V.O.)

Sir, we've begun the interdict protocol.

Kellerman goes very still.

KELLERMAN

You've what.

VOICE (V.O.)

We have a vehicle in position -

KELLERMAN

ABORT. ABORT NOW.

Chen in his doorway.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Marcus. Close the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY I-79 - CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

A construction zone. Traffic slowing. Single file.

Rachel sees the sedan in her mirror. The driver on a phone.

Rachel touches her brakes. The sedan matches.

Rachel pulls to the shoulder. Emergency flashers. Pretending engine trouble.

The sedan stops behind her.

RACHEL
(to herself)
Oh shit.

She gets out. Raises her hood.

The woman from the sedan approaches. Latex gloves.

DRIVER
Car trouble?

RACHEL
I think I've got it.

DRIVER
Ms. Kim. In my car.

She shows Rachel something. A pager-sized device.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Cardiac stimulator. Forty seconds.

Rachel looks at the device. The stopped traffic. A construction worker a hundred yards away.

RACHEL
... why six hours.

DRIVER
Someone wants to talk to you first.

RACHEL
Okay.

She walks to the sedan.

The sedan pulls away. Rachel's Honda on the shoulder, hood up, flashers blinking.

INT. KELLERMAN'S OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

Kellerman and Chen alone. The glass wall. The bullpen watching through it.

KELLERMAN
Marcus. Cancel the operation.

CHEN
I can't, sir.

KELLERMAN
You can't.

CHEN
Not without compromising the team.

Kellerman nods slowly.

He walks to the center of the bullpen. Addresses the room.

KELLERMAN
Everyone out.

No one moves.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
EVERYONE OUT.

Twelve people file toward the exits.

Vargas last. Pauses at the door. Looks back.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
Marcus. How long.

CHEN
Eighteen months, sir.

KELLERMAN
Operational compromise.

CHEN
Emotional attachment. Reluctance to
authorize supplementary operations.
Deviation from protocols that have
worked for eleven years.

Kellerman walks to Chen's console. Looks at the screens.

Five green. One amber. SUPPLEMENTARY: KIM.

KELLERMAN
Rachel Kim will be dead in four
hours.

CHEN
Yes, sir.

KELLERMAN
Because you decided.

CHEN
Because she was a threat.

KELLERMAN
Marcus. You're fired.

Chen almost smiles.

CHEN
No, sir. I don't think I am.

Kellerman stares.

CHEN (CONT'D)
Director Arendt expects your
resignation on her desk by close of
business today. If it's there, the
Kim operation terminates cleanly.
If it's not -

KELLERMAN
Arendt authorized this.

CHEN
Arendt authorized me to stabilize
the program, sir. By any means
necessary.

Kellerman turns. Walks toward his office.

CHEN (CONT'D)
Director.

Kellerman stops.

CHEN (CONT'D)
For what it's worth, I think you
were a good man doing a necessary
job. But good men don't last in
necessary jobs.

KELLERMAN
Yes.

CHEN
Someone has to do the work, sir.

Kellerman continues to his office.

INT. KELLERMAN'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

He opens his desk drawer. Removes a sheet of paper. Writes:

I resign my position as Director of Archive Operations
effective immediately.

Signs it. Dates it.

From his shirt pocket, he removes the crumpled page we saw
him write last night. Smooths it. Reads it once.

Tears it in half.

Puts both halves back in his pocket.

Walks out.

INT. ARCHIVE OPERATIONS CENTER – CONTINUOUS

KELLERMAN

Marcus.

He hands over the resignation.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Call them off.

Chen reads. Nods. Picks up his phone.

CHEN

(into phone)

Kim operation. Terminate and
release. Immediate.

He ends the call.

CHEN (CONT'D)

She'll be released at a gas station
in twenty minutes. No memory.
She'll wake up thinking she
fainted.

KELLERMAN

Good.

CHEN

David.

Kellerman stops. Chen has never called him by his first name.

CHEN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

KELLERMAN
Marcus.

CHEN
Sir.

KELLERMAN
Fuck you.

Kellerman leaves.

On Chen's screen, amber changes to green.

SUPPLEMENTARY: KIM – TERMINATED.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLERMAN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Kellerman at his counter. Duffel bag packed – burner phone, passport with a name that is not his own, cash in three currencies, a second silver USB drive we have not seen.

He sets them beside his glass.

His personal phone buzzes.

SOPHIE.

His daughter is calling him. For the first time in fourteen months.

He stares at it. Four rings. Voicemail.

He does not listen.

He finishes the scotch.

A text appears from an unknown number:

Arendt authorized six. You are the sixth. They come for you tonight. – E.M.

Kellerman reads it twice.

He looks up at his front window. Peers between the blinds. A black SUV across the street. Two men inside.

He steps back.

Turns on the kitchen faucet. Runs it thirty seconds. Turns it off.

Crosses to the bedroom. Turns off the light. Then dims it. The pattern of a man going to bed.

He picks up the duffel. Crosses to a small service door he has never used. Opens it.

A narrow concrete stairway.

He steps through.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

He scans both ends. Empty. Walks three blocks. Does not look back.

A pay phone outside a gas station. Puts in a quarter.

KELLERMAN

Elias.

MORENO (V.O.)

David.

KELLERMAN

Thank you.

MORENO (V.O.)

Don't thank me yet. They'll figure out it was me in forty-eight hours.

KELLERMAN

I know.

MORENO (V.O.)

David.

KELLERMAN

I need seventy-two hours. Then do whatever you need to do to make yourself safe.

MORENO (V.O.)

You know what they'll do to me.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

MORENO (V.O.)

So you're asking me to die for you.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

A pause.

MORENO (V.O.)

For the families.

KELLERMAN

For the families.

MORENO (V.O.)

David. Tariq Shah.

KELLERMAN

I know.

MORENO (V.O.)

I read the file two years ago. I've been wondering if I'd ever have a reason to.

KELLERMAN

Elias. I am asking you the thing I never got to ask him.

MORENO (V.O.)

What.

KELLERMAN

Forgive me.

A long silence.

MORENO (V.O.)

Seventy-two hours.

KELLERMAN

Thank you, Elias.

MORENO (V.O.)

Don't waste them.

The line goes dead.

Kellerman stands in the cold.

He looks at the sky.

He walks.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTREAL — RESIDENTIAL STREET — NIGHT

Light snow. Outremont. Old stone duplexes.

A small moving van at the curb.

From a second-floor apartment, a woman emerges carrying a suitcase. She pauses at the top of the stoop.

LISA PARK.

She is alive.

Six weeks into her new life. Short hair. Glasses she did not need before.

She looks at the street. At a child across the way, building a snowman.

She does not smile. Has not in six weeks.

HANDLER (O.S.)
(in French, subtitled)
Madame. The ferry won't wait.

JEAN-PIERRE, 50s. Warm the way a man is warm when he is being paid to be.

LISA
Un moment.

She looks at the apartment one last time. Walks down the steps.

INT. MOVING VAN — LATER

Jean-Pierre driving. Snow on the glass.

LISA
Jean-Pierre.

JEAN-PIERRE
Madame.

LISA
My brother. Is he —

JEAN-PIERRE
Madame —

LISA
Please.

A beat.

JEAN-PIERRE
He is grieving. That is allowed.

LISA
He is safe.

JEAN-PIERRE
Madame –

LISA
Please.

A beat.

JEAN-PIERRE
He is safe.

Lisa closes her eyes. A tear – first in six weeks – down her cheek. She does not wipe it.

LISA
Thank you.

EXT. QUEBEC HIGHWAY – LATER THAT NIGHT

The van on rural highway. Snow heavier. Wipers working.

Headlights behind. A pickup, moving fast. Too fast for the conditions.

Jean-Pierre checks his mirror.

JEAN-PIERRE
Merde.

The pickup passes – too close. Fishtails. Overcorrects. Slides across the median.

Jean-Pierre swerves. The van hits black ice.

LISA
Jean-Pierre –

The van rotates. 180 degrees. 270. A tree line. The pickup, sideways, in their lane.

SMASH TO BLACK.

A long beat.

INT. MOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

A cheap motel off I-95. Kellerman on the edge of a stained bed. The burner in his hand.

KELLERMAN

Elias.

MORENO (V.O.)

David. Quebec. Three hours ago. Not ours. A drunk in a pickup.

A silence.

MORENO (V.O.)

Lisa Park is dead.

KELLERMAN

Confirmed.

MORENO (V.O.)

Confirmed. David. Does this change anything.

Kellerman lifts his head.

KELLERMAN

No.

MORENO (V.O.)

David –

KELLERMAN

The Parks don't know she was alive. They don't know she's dead. They only know what they already knew.

MORENO (V.O.)

Understood.

KELLERMAN

Elias. What was her name. At the end.

MORENO (V.O.)

Eleanor Finn.

Kellerman closes his eyes. Repeats it to himself.

KELLERMAN

Eleanor Finn.

MORENO (V.O.)

Yes.

KELLERMAN
Somebody should say it. At least
once. Out loud.

The call ends.

He does not move.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY

REBECCA at her laptop. The blog has a hundred forty comments.

Most are sympathy. Some are strange.

CARMEN_47: My daughter's name was Nadia Reyes. She died on Highway 101 eight days before your father. She did not leave an insulin schedule for her diabetic daughter. She would have.

LHASSAN: My husband Ahmed Hassan died in what the FBI is calling a hate crime. I am an immigration attorney. My husband's death is not what it appears to be.

MPARK: My sister Lisa Park died at Carnegie Mellon ten days before Marcus Webb. Her research assistant is now missing.

DR_CHEN_411: Please do not post publicly. All of you. You are in danger. – Daniel

Rebecca refreshes. The Daniel comment has vanished.

She did not erase it.

REBECCA
(calling upstairs)
Sarah.

Sarah leans over her shoulder. Reads.

SARAH
Mom.

REBECCA
Yes.

SARAH
We did it.

REBECCA
Sarah, we don't know who any of
these people are.

SARAH
The Daniel one. Why is he telling
us to stop?

REBECCA
I don't know.

SARAH
He knows something.

Sarah's phone buzzes. Email.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Michael Park. He wants to meet.

REBECCA
Any of them could be – any of them
could be working for whoever did
this.

SARAH
Including Daniel.

REBECCA
Especially Daniel.

A beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
So what do we do.

SARAH
We invite them here. All of them.
And we see who comes.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN ARENDT'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Sparse. Elegant. Window view of the Capitol at night.

ARENDR at her desk. Glasses on.

The door opens. No knock. CHEN.

ARENDR
You should be asleep.

CHEN

So should you. Four family members
have connected via a blog.
Supplementary profiles on all of
them.

ARENDT

Where is Kellerman.

CHEN

Dark.

ARENDT

Find him.

CHEN

Yes, ma'am.

ARENDT

Marcus. You understand what I'm
about to authorize.

CHEN

I understand.

ARENDT

Four American citizens. Plus a
sixteen-year-old girl.

CHEN

Five targets. Plus ancillary.

ARENDT

The girl's blog is the source of
convergence.

CHEN

Yes, ma'am.

ARENDT

So she's not ancillary.

CHEN

No, ma'am.

A very long pause.

ARENDT

Tariq Shah.

CHEN

I know the case.

ARENDT

His wife spent eight years looking for him. Got close. Kellerman authorized her termination. A car accident outside Karachi.

CHEN

I'm aware.

ARENDT

We are now considering the termination of five American citizens, including a minor, in a single operation. On American soil.

CHEN

Yes, ma'am.

ARENDT

That is not what this program was built to do.

CHEN

The program was built to contain information. The scientists were the vehicles. The families are now also vehicles.

A beat.

ARENDT

Kellerman cannot know.

CHEN

He resigned.

ARENDT

I did not accept his resignation.

CHEN

Ma'am?

ARENDT

I will not allow him to escape what he built by simply leaving the building.

She turns from the window.

ARENDT (CONT'D)

The authorization covers six targets.

CHEN

Ma'am.

ARENDR

David Kellerman is the sixth.

Chen does not move.

ARENDR (CONT'D)

He has access to eleven years of operational files. He has motive. He has demonstrated - publicly, in his own bullpen - that he is no longer operationally reliable. He is the biggest subject we have.

CHEN

Yes, ma'am.

ARENDR

Can you do it.

CHEN

I can do it, ma'am.

ARENDR

This is the decision I will live with for the rest of my life.

CHEN

Yes, ma'am.

ARENDR

Go.

Chen leaves.

Arendt alone at her window.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE - CHAPEL HILL - DAY

Thursday. Gray low sky. Porch light on.

A rental car. MICHAEL PARK steps out. Crosses up the path.

CARMEN REYES on the porch.

CARMEN

Michael.

MICHAEL
Mrs. Reyes.

CARMEN
Carmen.

They nod. Do not embrace.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Daniel did not come.

MICHAEL
I saw.

CARMEN
He called Rebecca this morning.
Said his children were sick.

MICHAEL
His children are not sick.

CARMEN
No.

INT. WEBB HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Four adults. REBECCA, LAYLA, CARMEN, MICHAEL. And SARAH, sixteen, in an armchair by the window.

Timeline notes on the coffee table. Layla's legal pad.
Michael's phone with screenshots of Rachel Kim's final email.

LAYLA
The FOIA response came back in eleven days. The Bureau almost never responds in under ninety.

MICHAEL
Someone fast-tracked it.

LAYLA
Yes. And the records they sent me have my husband's clearance downgraded to Secret. Retroactively. An FBI agent sat in my living room and told me Top Secret SCI.

MICHAEL
Two different agents. Two different stories.

CARMEN
That is not FBI.

MICHAEL
No. Higher.

REBECCA
How much higher.

MICHAEL
Rachel Kim disappeared the day
after she and I talked. Her car was
found on a highway. She is – as of
this morning – not found.

SARAH
(quietly)
Where is Daniel Chen.

Four adults turn.

REBECCA
Sarah.

SARAH
His wife was one of them. He posted
on the blog. Then he told us to
stop. Then his comment was erased.
From my own site. I did not erase
it.

CARMEN
And he is not here.

A silence.

Sarah's phone pings.

She looks. Her face changes.

She shows Rebecca.

A message:

You have a houseguest coming. He is the man who did this. He
is unarmed. He is alone. He will knock at 4:17. Do not open
the door. – Priya.

REBECCA
Priya.

SARAH
Daniel's postdoc. She was in his
notes.

MICHAEL
How did she get Sarah's number.

REBECCA
It's on the blog.

LAYLA
(reading over shoulder)
It's three fifty-eight.

Everyone looks at the clock.

A silence that is not a silence. Something else.

CARMEN
Lock the door.

REBECCA
It's already locked.

MICHAEL
Call the police.

LAYLA
And say what. A man we don't know
is going to knock on a door we
don't open?

CARMEN
Sarah. Upstairs.

SARAH
Mom.

REBECCA
Go.

Sarah does not move.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Sarah. Now.

Sarah goes to the stairs. Sits on the landing. She will not
go further.

The clock ticks.

Then - faint - a car door closes outside.

Footsteps on the walk.

A knock at the door. Soft. Measured.

Nobody breathes.

KELLERMAN (O.S.)
 Mrs. Webb. My name is David
 Kellerman. I know what happened to
 your husband.

KELLERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I know what happened to Dr. Park.
 To Dr. Reyes. To Dr. Hassan. To Dr.
 Chen.

A beat.

KELLERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I am the man who ordered it.

KELLERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I have seventy-two hours before
 someone finds me. I would like - if
 you are willing - to spend them
 telling you everything.

Sarah, on the landing, watches her mother.

Her mother looks at the door.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WEBB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca has not moved. Layla standing. Michael standing.
 Carmen seated, very still.

MICHAEL
 (low)
 Do not open that door.

REBECCA
 Michael.

MICHAEL
 He is either the man who did this
 or someone working for him.

LAYLA
 Agreed.

CARMEN
 Agreed.

Rebecca stands. Slowly.

She crosses to the door.

REBECCA
(through the door)
Mr. Kellerman.

KELLERMAN (O.S.)
Mrs. Webb.

REBECCA
Are you armed.

KELLERMAN (O.S.)
Yes.

REBECCA
Will you surrender your weapon.

KELLERMAN (O.S.)
Yes.

REBECCA
Put it on the porch. Step back five feet.

The soft sound of a pistol on wood.

KELLERMAN (O.S.)
Done.

Rebecca opens the door.

Kellerman five feet back. Pistol at his feet. Hands open, raised slightly.

Exhausted. Jacket crumpled. Three days unshaven. His eyes are steady.

REBECCA
Mrs. Reyes. Mrs. Hassan. Mr. Park.
Come here.

They do.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Have you seen this man.

CARMEN
Never.

LAYLA
Never.

MICHAEL

Never.

REBECCA

Mr. Kellerman. Why are you here.

KELLERMAN

Mrs. Webb. There is something I would like you to know before I come inside. And I would rather tell you on a porch than across a kitchen table.

REBECCA

Say it.

KELLERMAN

Your husband is alive.

Rebecca goes very still.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

So is Dr. Reyes. So is Dr. Hassan.
So is Dr. Chen.

He looks at Michael.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Your sister was alive until last night, Mr. Park. She died in a road accident in Quebec approximately sixteen hours ago. Not by our hand. A drunk driver.

Michael does not move.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

I did not come here to spare myself. I came here to put your families back together.

After a long moment, Rebecca steps aside.

REBECCA

Come in.

INT. WEBB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kellerman in a straight-backed chair. The four adults. Sarah back on the stairs.

His duffel on the floor. On the coffee table, Rebecca has placed - carefully - his pistol, ejected magazine beside it.

REBECCA
Start at the beginning.

KELLERMAN
November 2014. Thirty-four
subjects. Three hundred fourteen
handlers across four continents. I
have been Director the entire time.

LAYLA
Who authorizes you.

KELLERMAN
Helen Arendt. Deputy Director of
National Intelligence.

CARMEN
Who authorizes her.

KELLERMAN
Mrs. Reyes. A question I have asked
three Presidents. I have never
received a direct answer.

REBECCA
My husband.

KELLERMAN
Portugal. North of Lisbon. Teaches
one day a week at a university that
does not know who he is. An
apartment above a bakery. His
handler is Yosef Bouzid.

REBECCA
Safe.

KELLERMAN
Safe.

REBECCA
Does he –

She cannot finish.

KELLERMAN
Mrs. Webb. Five weeks ago Dr. Webb
stopped asking his handler when he
could see his family again. That
was, in our metrics, the end of the
acute phase.

REBECCA
What does that mean.

KELLERMAN

He has accepted he cannot. Does not mean he has stopped wanting to.

REBECCA

How do you know that.

KELLERMAN

Three weeks ago, two in the morning, he asked his handler whether his son - Tommy - would be safer for his entire life because of the decision Dr. Webb had made. Yosef said yes. Because that is what Yosef is trained to say. And because, Mrs. Webb, it happens to be true.

Rebecca does not cry.

REBECCA

Is there a note.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

He removes a folded paper from his inside pocket.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

He gave this to his handler four months ago. I took it when I left the building three days ago.

Rebecca unfolds the paper. We do not read it with her. We see her face.

She folds it. Puts it in her pocket.

REBECCA

Mr. Kellerman.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

REBECCA

Has my husband hurt you.

KELLERMAN

Mrs. Webb?

REBECCA

My husband was a gentle man. I knew him twenty-six years.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I want to know if, in four months,
you took a gentle man and made him
something else.

KELLERMAN

Your husband is still a gentle man.
I took him from you. I did not take
him from himself.

MICHAEL

My sister.

KELLERMAN

Quebec. A drunk driver. A pickup
crossed the median. She was on her
way to the ferry for England. She
was going to be a substitute
teacher. Her cover identity was a
retired neuroscientist who wanted
to teach primary school.

MICHAEL

Primary school.

KELLERMAN

She had indicated - in her handler
interviews - that she wanted to
work with children.

A long pause.

MICHAEL

What was her name. At the end.

KELLERMAN

Eleanor. Eleanor Finn.

MICHAEL

Eleanor Finn.

He repeats it. Tasting it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Eleanor Finn.

CARMEN

And our people. The others.

KELLERMAN

Four phone calls. Tonight.

LAYLA

Four phone calls.

KELLERMAN

I have relationships with four handlers who will, if I ask them personally, do something their chain has not authorized.

LAYLA

And if they say no.

KELLERMAN

Then you will not get your husbands and your daughter back, Mrs. Hassan. And I will die owing you.

SARAH

(from the stairs)
Mr. Kellerman.

He turns.

SARAH (CONT'D)

My dad. Can I read the note.

Rebecca looks at her daughter.

She removes the note.

Hands it to her.

Sarah unfolds it. Reads. Her face does not change for a full fifteen seconds. Then it does.

She folds it. Hands it back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Why didn't he mention me.

KELLERMAN

Miss Webb. He did not believe – when he wrote that note four months ago – he did not believe you would ever read it.

SARAH

Why not.

KELLERMAN

Because he believed telling you would endanger you. And because he told Yosef – in the interview where he asked about Tommy – he told Yosef that if the truth came out in this family, it would come out through his daughter.

(MORE)

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

He did not write your name on that note because he believed you would not need the note.

Sarah sits back on the stairs.

SARAH

Huh.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

SARAH

I need a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Kellerman at the head of the table. His duffel open beside him. From it: a burner phone. A legal pad. Four handler codenames.

Rebecca, Layla, Carmen at the table. Sarah in the kitchen doorway. Notebook.

KELLERMAN

Philip first.

He dials.

INT. MELBOURNE - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

PHILIP NDLOVU, 50s, Zimbabwean-Australian, at a kitchen window. His son visible through a door, asleep.

PHILIP

David. You should not be calling me.

KELLERMAN

The program is over. Atlantic piece drops tomorrow. I need Dr. Hassan on the six AM Qantas flight to LAX.

PHILIP

They will find my son.

KELLERMAN

The program does not exist to hurt handlers' children. You resign tomorrow. Testify. Cooperate.

(MORE)

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
Your son is more at risk inside the
program than outside it.

A silence.

PHILIP
Dr. Hassan is going to ask about
his wife on the plane.

KELLERMAN
Tell him she is waiting. Tell him
his wife's name is Layla and that
Layla figured it out.

PHILIP
He will cry.

KELLERMAN
Let him.

A beat.

PHILIP
Six AM Qantas.

The call ends.

Layla has not breathed. She breathes now.

LAYLA
Ahmed is coming home.

CUT TO:

INT. MADRID - HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

CRISTINA ARAGON, 48, in a robe, glass of wine. Her phone.

CRISTINA
David. Tell me it is not what I
think it is.

KELLERMAN
It is.

CRISTINA
Joder.

KELLERMAN
The Esther extraction. Mia Reyes.
Friday. Stand it down.

A silence.

CRISTINA
David. I approved it six weeks ago.

KELLERMAN
I know.

CRISTINA
Chen brought it to me. Told me it was at your direction.

KELLERMAN
It was not.

CRISTINA
I know that now. I suspected at the time. I approved it anyway. Because Chen told me you had become unreliable.

KELLERMAN
Cristina.

CRISTINA
Stand it down. Esther gets the recall in ten minutes. And then I resign.

KELLERMAN
Cristina. You do not have to -

CRISTINA
David. I was going to let Esther tell a child it was a vacation. My name will be in the piece. Correctly.

The call ends.

CARMEN
(quietly)
Mia.

KELLERMAN
Safe, Mrs. Reyes.

Carmen covers her face. Does cry. Quietly. For the first time in this scene.

CUT TO:

INT. REYKJAVIK SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

GRETA HALVORSEN, 52, in a cable-knit sweater, kitchen table.

GRETA

David.

KELLERMAN

Nadia. JFK. Noon her time.

GRETA

My God.

KELLERMAN

Greta.

GRETA

This is your life's work.

KELLERMAN

I am sitting in the home of Marcus Webb's wife. They are watching me make this call. The families have found each other. The story runs tomorrow.

A pause.

GRETA

The child.

KELLERMAN

Safe. Cristina pulled Esther.

GRETA

David.

KELLERMAN

Greta.

GRETA

The world is going to hate us tomorrow.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

GRETA

But my mother used to say – the world's hatred is not the worst thing that can happen to you. The worst thing is knowing the world was right.

KELLERMAN

Greta –

GRETA
Make the last call, David.

The call ends.

CUT TO:

INT. RURAL PORTUGUESE FARMHOUSE – NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Thick walls. Low ceilings. A wood stove. YOSEF BOUZID, 60s,
at a small table, reading by a single lamp.

His phone buzzes. He looks. Not surprised.

YOSEF
David. I was expecting you an hour
ago.

KELLERMAN
You knew.

YOSEF
My son-in-law works at Reuters.

KELLERMAN
Marcus Webb. Day after tomorrow.
JFK.

YOSEF
Tell him what.

KELLERMAN
His wife knows. His children know.
The story ran. Tommy is waiting.
Sarah figured it out.

A silence.

YOSEF
David. Marcus is going to ask me if
he can stay. In Portugal.

KELLERMAN
I know.

YOSEF
He has begun a project. Teaching.
He is not the same man who arrived.

KELLERMAN
I am asking you to escort him to
the plane. Not to force him onto
it.

YOSEF

David.

KELLERMAN

If he refuses to board, he refuses to board.

A beat.

YOSEF

For eleven years I have done the job you hired me to do.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

YOSEF

And you are now, at the end, asking me to do the one thing the program was designed never to allow.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

YOSEF

To let the subject choose.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

A beat.

YOSEF

I will escort him to the plane.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

David. His wife.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

YOSEF

What is her name.

KELLERMAN

Rebecca.

YOSEF

Tell Rebecca that her husband is tender. He cried once, in September, when a boy answered a question about proteins correctly. The boy reminded him of his son. He cried for eleven minutes.

(MORE)

YOSEF (CONT'D)

I sat on his balcony with him. I did not speak. He did not speak. He cried.

Kellerman closes his eyes.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

I think you should know that. And his wife should know that.

KELLERMAN

Rebecca is listening.

A beat.

YOSEF

Mrs. Webb.

Rebecca leans toward the phone.

REBECCA

Yes.

YOSEF

Your husband is a gentle man. I am sorry I have been his jailer for four months. I am glad to be the man who puts him on the plane.

REBECCA

The boy. The student. What did he answer.

YOSEF

Something about the folding of proteins. I did not understand the question.

REBECCA

Oh.

YOSEF

Your husband said the boy had - had his son's way of holding his pen.

Rebecca presses her hand to her mouth.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

Mrs. Webb. I did not know him before. But the man I have known is worth bringing home.

The call ends.

CUT TO:

INT. PITTSBURGH - SQUIRREL HILL DINER - NIGHT

NORA REINHARDT, 40, in a ruffled blazer, at a booth.
Notebook. Coffee.

The bell. MICHAEL walks in.

MICHAEL
Ms. Reinhardt.

NORA
You're not my source.

MICHAEL
No.

NORA
Then who are you.

MICHAEL
My name is Michael Park. My sister
was Dr. Lisa Park. She died on
October 19th at Carnegie Mellon.
She was taken by a covert
government program that has been
staging deaths of American
scientists for eleven years. She
was alive, in a moving van in
Quebec, until last night. She is
now dead for real. I am authorized
to tell you everything.

NORA
By whom.

MICHAEL
The man who ran the program. Who is
sitting right now in the home of
another victim's widow in Chapel
Hill. He believes the story is more
powerful if a brother tells it.

NORA
Sit down.

He sits.

NORA (CONT'D)
How long do we have.

MICHAEL
Until six AM.

NORA
I'm going to ask you some
questions.

MICHAEL
Ask me all of them.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN ARENDT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Arendt. Chen.

ARENDT
How many handlers are refusing the
recall.

CHEN
Four. All four aircraft are in
international airspace.

ARENDT
The Atlantic has filed.

CHEN
Five AM Eastern.

ARENDT
Chen is in a sheriff's office in
Redwood City.

CHEN
Giving a statement.

A long silence.

ARENDT
Marcus.

CHEN
Ma'am.

ARENDT
I am rescinding the authorization.
On all six targets. Including
Kellerman.

CHEN
Ma'am, operational momentum -

ARENDT
Rescind, Marcus.

A pause.

CHEN
Ma'am. What did you think I would
authorize tonight.

ARENDT
A final clean. Four American
citizens and a sixteen-year-old
child.

CHEN
Yes, ma'am.

ARENDT
You thought I would do that.

CHEN
You authorized the sixth target
this morning.

ARENDT
I authorized David Kellerman
because David Kellerman understands
the consequences of his actions. A
sixteen-year-old child does not.
Four grieving women in a living
room do not.

CHEN
Ma'am.

ARENDT
Rescind.

CHEN
Yes, ma'am.

He turns.

ARENDT
Marcus.

CHEN
Ma'am.

ARENDT
I want the Kellerman rescind issued
last.

CHEN

Ma'am?

ARENDR

I want to think about it.

Chen leaves.

Arendt opens her desk drawer. Removes a single envelope. White. Sealed. Her handwriting. Three letters.

D. K.

She sets the envelope on her desk.

She looks at it for a long time.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kellerman's burner buzzes. Elias.

KELLERMAN

Yes.

He listens. His face changes. Very slightly.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He ends the call.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)

Arendt has pulled the breach team.

REBECCA

What.

KELLERMAN

There was a team in a van two blocks from here, Mrs. Webb. Waiting for authorization.

Layla stands.

LAYLA

Oh my god.

KELLERMAN
Recalled. You are safe. Your
daughter is safe. Chen has issued
stand-downs on all six.

CARMEN
Six.

KELLERMAN
Five family targets. Plus me.

CARMEN
And the authorization on you -

KELLERMAN
I have not heard about mine.

A beat.

CARMEN
Mr. Kellerman.

KELLERMAN
Yes.

CARMEN
I have been trying, for seven
hours, to decide whether I want you
to survive tomorrow morning.

KELLERMAN
I understand.

CARMEN
I have not decided.

KELLERMAN
I understand, Mrs. Reyes.

CARMEN
I have decided one thing. Whatever
happens to you - that is not the
justice my daughter deserves. My
daughter deserves to come home.
Deserves to see her child. I am
going to focus on that. Not on you.

KELLERMAN
That is - the best possible answer.

CARMEN
I know.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBB HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 4:23 AM

Kellerman in the doorway. Burner in his hand. Legal pad on the kitchen island. All four names crossed off.

KELLERMAN

It's done.

Rebecca, Sarah, Carmen, Layla look up.

LAYLA

Ahmed.

KELLERMAN

Six AM Qantas. LAX this afternoon.
Philip will tell him on the plane.

LAYLA

LAX. I will bring the children.

Layla covers her face. Does not cry. Will break later.

KELLERMAN

Mrs. Reyes. Cristina calls you at
nine AM. Transfer time at Duke. A
ride for you and Mia from Palo
Alto.

CARMEN

I will fly home this morning. Six-
thirty from RDU.

KELLERMAN

Mrs. Webb. Marcus day after
tomorrow. JFK. Yosef will tell him
on the plane.

REBECCA

Will he want to come home.

A silence.

KELLERMAN

I don't know.

REBECCA

Because of the note.

KELLERMAN

Because of the note. And because he
has spent four months believing he
was going to stay away from all of
you for the rest of his life. It is
possible he will ask not to.

REBECCA
And if he does.

KELLERMAN
Then you will have to decide
whether to let him stay gone.

Rebecca does not answer.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
Dr. Chen landed at Dulles via
London. Daniel will be there.
Daniel is in a rental car. He will
be here by five.

REBECCA
Here.

KELLERMAN
He has to tell his children their
mother is alive before the news
does. He would like to do it at the
same table where you are all
sitting.

Rebecca nods.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
One more thing.

CARMEN
Say it.

KELLERMAN
At five AM a story publishes that
names thirty-four people who have
been living in the program, and
three hundred fourteen people
across four continents who have
been working for it. Some of them
made phone calls tonight that saved
your husbands and your daughter and
your wife. Some of them did not.
When you read the part that names
Philip Ndlovu, Greta Halvorsen,
Cristina Aragon, Yosef Bouzid, and
Elias Moreno - remember that most
of them will lose their careers and
some will lose their lives.

CARMEN
I will remember.

LAYLA
I will remember.

REBECCA
I will remember.

SARAH
I'll write about them.

Kellerman turns to Sarah.

KELLERMAN
Start with Jean-Pierre. His
daughter is in Lyon. Her name is
Chloé. She is nine. She does not
yet know her father is dead.

SARAH
I will.

Kellerman picks up the duffel.

REBECCA
Mr. Kellerman.

He stops.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Do you have a daughter.

A long pause.

KELLERMAN
Yes.

REBECCA
Where is she.

KELLERMAN
Washington.

REBECCA
When did you last see her.

KELLERMAN
Fourteen months ago.

REBECCA
Will you see her again.

KELLERMAN
No.

REBECCA
Does she know.

KELLERMAN
She will. In about an hour.

REBECCA
What is her name.

KELLERMAN
Sophie.

REBECCA
Sophie Kellerman will be in my house the day her father's story publishes. Do you understand.

Kellerman does not speak.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I am telling you. You are sending a daughter of your own into what you sent thirty-four families into. And one of those families is going to stand in your place for her when she calls, because no one stood in your place for the others.

KELLERMAN
Mrs. Webb —

REBECCA
Don't.

He stops.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You are not forgiven. You are not thanked. You are not welcome in this house ever again. But your daughter is. Do you understand.

KELLERMAN
I understand.

REBECCA
Go.

Kellerman walks to the door.

Sarah stands.

SARAH
Mr. Kellerman.

He turns.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 My dad's note. He wrote my son. He didn't write my daughter. He didn't write me. I'm asking if he said anything about me when you saw him.

A beat.

KELLERMAN
 He said you were going to be better at what he was going to do than he was.

SARAH
 What was he going to do.

KELLERMAN
 Something dangerous.

SARAH
 He thought I was going to be dangerous.

KELLERMAN
 He thought you were going to be honest.

Sarah does not speak.

Kellerman opens the door.

KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
 Name my program in your writing exactly once. Then stop naming it. The program is not the story. The people are.

SARAH
 Okay.

He steps onto the porch.

The door closes.

EXT. WEBB HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gray pre-dawn. He takes one breath.

He walks to a car parked at the end of the block. A different car. Left by a handler we will never meet.

He does not look back.

He gets in. He drives.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN ARENDT'S OFFICE - 4:48 AM

Arendt at her window. The envelope open in her hand.

Inside: a single sheet. Her handwriting. She reads it once, to herself.

We do not see the words.

She folds it. Places it on her desk.

She opens her laptop. Composes a message to the Director of National Intelligence.

Subject: Resignation.

Sir,

Effective immediately.

HA

She sends it. Closes the laptop.

Crosses to her coat rack. Coat. Handbag.

At the threshold, she turns. Looks at her office.

ARENDR

(to the empty room)

Where are they.

She does not answer herself.

She turns off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON APARTMENT - 5:17 AM

A small studio in Columbia Heights. SOPHIE KELLERMAN, mid-twenties, dark hair, asleep.

Phone buzzes. Once. Twice. Three.

She reaches.

THE ATLANTIC – BREAKING: The Archive Program: Thirty-Four American Scientists Were Disappeared – And Most of Them Are Still Alive.

She sits up.

She reads the first paragraph.

Her face changes.

She scrolls. Stops. Scrolls.

She reads her father's name.

She reads it a second time.

A third.

Her phone rings. Unknown number.

She answers.

SOPHIE

Hello.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Sophie Kellerman. My name is Rebecca Webb. I live in Chapel Hill. I am the person your father sent to you.

SOPHIE

... what.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Your father is safe. For now. He is not going to contact you directly. He wanted me to call you before you read the article.

SOPHIE

I've already read –

REBECCA (V.O.)

Then you know.

A pause.

SOPHIE

Mrs. Webb. Is he a murderer.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Yes.

SOPHIE

How many.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Read the article. It has the names.

SOPHIE

Why are you calling me.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Because my daughter is sixteen and she just watched her father's life get rewritten in ninety minutes. Because your father asked me to. And because I told him I would stand in his place for you, since no one stood in his place for the others.

A silence.

SOPHIE

I don't know what to do with that.

REBECCA (V.O.)

You don't have to do anything with it today. When you want to call me, call me. If you never want to call me, never call me.

She gives the number.

SOPHIE

Is my father alive right now.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Yes.

SOPHIE

Will he be alive in a month.

REBECCA (V.O.)

I don't know.

SOPHIE

Okay.

REBECCA (V.O.)

He said one thing. Then I'll hang up.

SOPHIE

Okay.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 He said: She will have questions
 for the rest of her life. Answer
 them. With my silences, if there is
 nothing else to answer with. Give
 her my silences.

SOPHIE
 His silences.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 Yes.

SOPHIE
 He knew I wouldn't get answers.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 He knew he would not be there to
 give them.

Sophie closes her eyes.

SOPHIE
 Mrs. Webb.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 Yes.

SOPHIE
 Thank you.

The call ends.

Sophie sits in her small bed in her small apartment.

She does not cry.

She rereads the lede. The first name is Tariq Shah. She does
 not know who he is.

She begins to read.

CUT TO:

SIX MONTHS LATER.

EXT. UNNAMED EUROPEAN CITY – CAFÉ – MORNING

Cobblestones. A narrow street. A bakery. A school on the
 corner.

At a sidewalk café, a man alone. Coat against the spring chill. A newspaper open to an interior page.

Gray beard. Glasses he did not wear before.

We know him.

A headline in a language that is not English.

Across the square, a woman walks a girl to school. Dark hair tied back. The girl – cartoon backpack – chatters at her mother in a rapid mixture of English and Spanish.

NADIA REYES and MIA.

Kellerman does not move.

Mia stops on the sidewalk. Has noticed something.

Looks across the square.

Looks directly at the man at the café.

She does not know him. She cannot know him.

But she looks.

For one long moment – Mia Reyes, eight years old, diabetic, recovered, reunited – looks at the gray-bearded man at the café as if she is trying to remember something she never learned.

Nadia does not notice. She is looking at the school.

Mia raises one small hand. Not a wave. Something smaller. An acknowledgment.

Kellerman does not lift his hand.

He nods. Once. Barely.

Mia turns. She walks with her mother to the gate.

She does not look back.

Kellerman does not breathe until she has turned the corner.

His phone lights up on the table. A news alert.

IRANIAN STATE MEDIA ANNOUNCES BREAKTHROUGH IN TARGETED THERAPEUTIC DELIVERY PLATFORM. U.S. INTELLIGENCE SOURCES INDICATE MILITARY APPLICATIONS POSSIBLE WITHIN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

He reads it.

He does not react.

He turns off the phone.

He looks at the gate.

He says, very quietly, in English, to no one:

KELLERMAN
Where are they.

He folds the newspaper.

He stands. Leaves payment on the table. More than enough. A tip a man leaves when he will not be returning.

He walks away.

Past the gate.

He does not stop.

He does not look in.

The camera holds on the empty table. The folded newspaper. The coffee, half-drunk.

The bakery opens its door. A bell rings.

A child shouts from somewhere down the street. Another answers.

The city keeps moving.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

Black holds.

Text on black. Plain. White.

TARIQ SHAH
September 4, 1962 – November 11,
2014

Physicist. Husband. Father.

The first.

Text holds. A second line.

AMINA SHAH
March 19, 1965 – August 2, 2019

Architect. Wife. Mother.

Who did not stop looking.

Another.

LISA PARK
April 22, 1988 – September 14, 2025

Neuroscientist. Daughter. Sister.

Who was going to England.

JEAN-PIERRE LEFEBVRE
June 1, 1969 – September 14, 2025

Handler. Father of Chloé.

Who drove her.

ELIAS MORENO
December 8, 1971 – November 3, 2025

Handler. Godfather.

Who said yes.

The names continue, one by one, slowly, through the credits.

Thirty-four scientists.

Three hundred and fourteen handlers.

One question beneath all of them, appearing only once, at the very end, after every name:

WHERE ARE THEY?

Here.

THE END.