



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

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In 1973, a CIA spy infiltrated a KGB lab in East Germany in order to learn and steal the methods behind a top secret Soviet mind control program. He barely escaped with his life, but carried with him this knowledge back to his superiors. Over the next thirty years, the CIA used these mind control methods to develop its own elite force of super agents, capable of committing assassinations and overthrowing foreign governments without the baggage of conscience or doubt. Not until the well-known “malfunction” of one such agent, Jason Bourne, was the public informed of the program, causing its funding to dry up and its active “assets” to be exterminated.

However, unbeknownst to many in the CIA, not all of the program’s “assets” were active at the time. There were in fact over a dozen sleeper agents — scattered in secrecy across the globe — continuing to go about their mundane lives, having no idea that a highly trained killer lurked inside each of them.

As our story begins, some of these people are being awakened... not by the CIA but by an unknown entity. Because back in 1973, those “top secret” Soviet methods were in reality a Trojan Horse, giving a backdoor into the hearts and minds of the most deadly assets ever trained by the CIA.

The Russians call their program “Tsikada,” named for the insects that can sleep underground for years before reawakening to wreak havoc.

But in America, the CIA program went by another name:
TREADSTONE

OVER BLACK. A rhythmic THUNK... THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...
OVER this, DR. GUSTAV MEISNER. Cold. Dispassionate.
Italics = German.

DR. MEISNER (V.O.)
*Subject - J. Randolph Bentley,
twenty-nine year old white male...*

INT. WHITE TILED ROOM

J. RANDOLPH BENTLEY, (29), sits stoic, expressionless. He's wearing WHITE HOSPITAL PAJAMAS, RHYTHMICALLY BOUNCING a small RED BALL (like a handball), at his feet. Rote, robotic.

DR. MEISNER (V.O.)
*...Minute forty one - increased
catatonic reaction to cocktail of
100 micrograms of Psilocybin, .50
micrograms Thorazine, .85
micrograms of Lysergic acid
diethylamide.*

We MOVE THROUGH a TWO-WAY OBSERVATION MIRROR to discover --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

A beautiful RED-HAIRED Russian KGB agent (27), and DR. MEISNER, (65) watch Bentley through the two-way mirror. A chyron appears ON SCREEN - "**EAST BERLIN - 1973**".

DR. MEISNER
Americans... they are porous, but
perhaps too mentally weak.

REDHEAD
(*Russian accent*)
No. He's ready. We just need to
light the fuse.

With that, Redhead exits the observation room and enters --

INT. WHITE TILED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Redhead crosses to Bentley, who just keeps bouncing that ball. THUNK... THUNK... THUNK... She kneels close to him, presses her lips to his ear, and SINGS, in a WHISPERED VOICE, the familiar children's rhyme "**Pop Goes the Weasel**" --

REDHEAD
*All. Around. The mulberry. Bush.
The monkey chased the weasel...*

Redhead stops. Waits for Bentley's reaction. TENSION simmers inside of him, but he just keeps bouncing the ball. THUNK... THUNK... THUNK... So, she starts the song over --

REDHEAD (CONT'D)
*Round and round the cobbler's
 bench...
 (beat)
 The monkey chased the weasel...
 (beat)
 The monkey thought 'twas all in
 fun...*

She stops again. That simmering tension beneath Bentley's eyes now gives way to a slow boil. But he continues to bounce the ball. THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...

REDHEAD (CONT'D)
*A penny for a spool of thread...
 (beat)
 A penny for a needle...
 (beat)
 That's the way the money goes...*

The suspense hangs in the air for a painfully long moment, while THUNK... THUNK... THUNK... The tension behind his eyes is now a RAPID BOIL! She bursts it with --

REDHEAD (CONT'D)
 (whispers LOUDLY)
 POP!...

Bentley CATCHES the RED BALL. He blinks, his eyes rapidly SHIFT FOCUS to Redhead.

BENTLEY
 (under his breath)
 ...Goes the weasel.

With that, he STANDS, almost VIOLENTLY. Redhead steps quickly out of the way.

He looks down at his hand, at the RED BALL, but it has MORPHED into a 9MM PISTOL. He no longer wears the hospital pajamas, he's in STREET CLOTHES now, and Redhead is GONE.

O.S., a NEWSCAST. In *English*. Astute listeners will recognize it -- the WATERGATE HEARINGS. Bentley turns, and the room around him has suddenly MORPHED INTO -

A KITCHEN

From an ALL-AMERICAN TRACT HOUSE, circa early 1970s (avocado green and burnt orange, etc). He MOVES towards the sound of the NEWSCAST, through a door and into --

A LIVING ROOM

Where THREE PEOPLE sit in front of TV TRAYS, eating dinner, watching the WATERGATE HEARINGS on a COLOR TV. A MOTHER, a FATHER and a TEENAGE SON. A middle-class American tableau.

Bentley stares, expressionless. The FATHER nonchalantly smiles at him, as if to say, "It's okay."

The TEENAGE BOY looks at him and nods, and we note just a tinge of fear in his eyes. Bentley's eyes well with tears, unable to stop himself.

He mouths the words, "I'm so sorry," then raises the gun, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, he executes them with three clean headshots. Off Bentley's blank expression, we POP BACK TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Redhead and Dr. Meisner see that Bentley has never left the white tiled room, where THREE PEOPLE sit slumped in chairs, hands tied behind their backs. Two MEN and a WOMAN. The MEN in their UNDERWEAR, the WOMAN in a man's long T-shirt. BLACK HOODS over their heads, BLOOD SPATTERED on the white tiled walls behind them.

REDHEAD

I told you he was ready.

Off Bentley, turning and staring at himself in the two-way mirror --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MALL - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

A SEA of WOMEN wearing *pink pussy hats*, carrying all manner of protests/Women's Rights signs moves past the CAMERA. A chyron reads, "**WASHINGTON DC - JANUARY 21, 2017**". We PAN to a massive, nondescript GOVERNMENT BUILDING, and --

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

An officious looking WOMAN sits in a small, bureaucratic office, leafing through a FILE.

She doesn't smile when TARA COLEMAN (29), pretty, wonky, and pissed off, enters and sits across from her, folds her arms, indignant. This is Tara's BOSS.

TARA

You guys are making a huge mistake.

BOSS

The DOD is cutting our department by 40 percent, so at least you're not being singled out.

TARA

(leans forward, pissed)

You know my research involves a clear and present danger to our national security. I'm telling you, you need to reconsider this.

Her Boss just looks at her. Debates how to put this.

BOSS

The truth is, budget cuts or not, you were getting fired anyway.

TARA

Wait. What?

BOSS

You're a pain in the ass, Tara. You're insubordinate, you don't follow orders, a dozen complaints from co-workers in four years. Not to mention the paranoia.

TARA

Yeah, well, maybe I wouldn't be so paranoid if I could get people to take me seriously around here.

BOSS

(stares, sighs)

You were offered grief counseling on three separate occasions...

This stops her. She just stares.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You turned down all three of them. You're wound too tight for this job. For any job.

They hold each other's gaze for a moment, then --

TARA

You probably sleep pretty well at night, don't you?

BOSS

(we're done here)
I don't get your point.

TARA

My point is, you don't lie awake knowing that you might be the only person in the world who can prevent a nuclear holocaust...

(stands)

Well, I do. So, I'm sorry if I don't have time to worry about rubbing people the wrong way.

With that, she turns and strides out.

INT. LOBBY - GOVERNMENT BUILDING - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Tara carries a CARDBOARD BOX across the HUGE ATRIUM. She passes a couple of colleagues carrying their own boxes. Short, awkward exchanges, "Good luck." "Sorry." "Keep in touch." A couple of them are CRYING.

Tara spots CHARLIE (60), up ahead, carrying his own box. She hurries to catch up. He sees her, smiles sadly.

CHARLIE

This is my fourth administration.
Don't worry, it gets easier.

TARA

Charlie, I need you to hold onto this for me.
(lowers her voice)
They won't be looking for it with you.

She starts to hand him her box... and we glimpse what's in it
- A mess of FILES, PHOTOS, LEDGERS, CHARTS, etc.

CHARLIE

(begging off)
Whoa, what, no, I'm not touching any of that. And you shouldn't either. That's government property.

We now notice a PHOTO of A SOVIET ERA NUCLEAR MISSILE, a HAMMER and SICKLE emblazoned on its tip.

TARA

If these new guys really are BFF's with Moscow, they're gonna bury every contact we have there, every rock we turned over.

CHARLIE

You'll get another chance. The wheel turns every four years in this town.

TARA

Four years! This whole city could be wiped off the map by then.

CHARLIE

(tough love)

Tara... You gotta let go of it. No one believes that missile exists.

TARA

I'm this close to finding it.

Charlie stares at her. He likes her, in spite of herself.

CHARLIE

Look, there's nobody better at what you do. Nobody smarter. But you need to let go of all this. For your own good, your own sanity. I'm sorry. I can't help you.

He walks away. She stands here, defeated. Then heads for the exit with a handful of other people carrying their boxes.

EXT. CITY STREETS - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Tara moves onto the sidewalk and starts walking AGAINST the tide of the CHANTING marches, weaving like a salmon going upstream, her heavy box in front of her.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tara, cardboard box on her hip, fumbles with her keys to open her door, when she sees it's UNLOCKED, ajar. Tara tenses.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tara slowly enters this cluttered apartment. Papers, books everywhere. She whispers cautiously --

TARA

Meghan?

Nothing. She carries her box around the corner and into --

THE LIVING ROOM

Tara enters and immediately drops the box, STARTLED. The box's contents SCATTER across the floor. We now see PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISSILES, NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS, SATELLITE PHOTOS.

TARA (CONT'D)

Shit!! Who (the *fuck*) are you?!!

MR. EDWARDS, (late 30's), sits on the sofa. Clean-cut, suit and tie, Ed Harris when he was 38. Annoyingly inscrutable. Tara grabs a STAPLER from the box, BRANDISHES it.

MR. EDWARDS

Sorry. Your roommate let me in.

TARA

(bullshit)

She wouldn't do that.

MR. EDWARDS

She was heading to the march. She said she texted you about me.

Tara pulls her phone out of her pocket. Checks it. Sure enough, there's a text. But she's still skeptical.

TARA

What are you doing here?

MR. EDWARDS

You're an expert on the Soviet era nuclear stockpile.

TARA

I'm also an expert at killing people with staplers. Now, why are you here? What's this about?

He points to the mess of papers scattered across the floor.

MR. EDWARDS

That.

We recognize a MAP of the ARCTIC REGION and RUSSIA.

Tara steps between him and all the papers, still brandishing the stapler.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Some pretty classified looking
stuff you got there...

TARA
This is my research. Don't even
look at it until you tell me who--

MR. EDWARDS
(matter-of-fact)
...Especially for someone who no
longer has a security clearance.

TARA
(alright, that's it...)
I said, who the hell you are?!

MR. EDWARDS
You can call me Mr. Edwards. I'm
with the CIA.

Tara's expression suddenly changes. She lowers the stapler.

TARA
Oh that's just (fucking) great.
You pick the day I lose my job...
(points at papers)
That is an extinction level event
waiting to happen! I submitted my
report to you people three years
ago! I've called, I've written,
I've knocked on doors, and not a
word. No one believes me. So,
what the hell are you doing here
now?

Mr. Edwards lifts the photo of the HUGE Soviet-era MISSILE.

MR. EDWARDS
(matter-of-fact)
Calling you back.

Tara looks at the missile, then at Mr. Edwards. Off Tara,

EXT. ARCTIC - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

The CAMERA RACES LOW and FAST over a vast ICE FLOW. A chyron
reads, "**BERING STRAITS, OFF THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS**". GIANT
SHEETS of BREAKING ICE show evidence of global warming. We
TILT UP to REVEAL a massive OIL RIG on the horizon.

INT. DOUG'S CABIN - OIL RIG - DAY

DOUG MCKENNA (35), a working class 'everyman', asleep on a small bunk in a twisted mass of sheets and blankets. Suddenly, three loud KNOCKS roust him awake. He stumbles out of bed, opens the door to reveal MIKE, a coworker in grimy, grease covered overalls.

MIKE

Shit, Doug, you can't keep doing this.

DOUG

What time is it?

MIKE

Third time in a week you've missed call.

DOUG

I had another bad night. I can't sleep.

MIKE

Then go to a doctor or someth--

DOUG

No. I don't need a doctor.

We note his reaction is a little over-the-top. Before Mike can respond, a BUZZER sounds. They stop.

VOICE ON LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

All personnel report to the mess hall immediately.

Doug and Mike exchange looks. Something's up.

OIL REP (O.S.)

First day in office and the new administration has cleared the path for our deal with our Russian partners at Rosneft...

INT. MESS HALL - OIL RIG - ARCTIC - DAY

A hundred EMPLOYEES, mostly men. We now SINGLE OUT Doug, who sits with Mike and some of his fellow WILDCATTERS.

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

a squirrely looking, out-of-place REPRESENTATIVE from the oil company is in the middle of his presentation --

OIL REP

...This will result in a 120 percent increase over current capacity... Now, we value every one of you as part of our family. And one thing a family doesn't do is sugarcoat delivering tough news...

Anxious looks are exchanged by everyone.

OIL REP (CONT'D)

...So, today I have some tough news. Several members of the senior staff are staying put, but all C2 and C3 level employees will be replaced, effective immediately.

A loud UPROAR ignites the room. Doug just stares in stunned disbelief, anger roiling behind his eyes.

RIG WORKER #1

What the fuck are you talking about?!

RIG WORKER #2 (O.S.)

Who the hell is gonna man the rig?!!

The Oil Rep tries to calm everyone back down.

OIL REP

Starting tomorrow morning, a Russian crew will be taking over.

An even louder uproar ERUPTS in the room.

OIL REP (CONT'D)

Now, we will do everything we can to facilitate transfers to another rig. However, we are unable to offer any reassignments at this time. The transport plane to Seattle will be leaving from base at 0800! Your severance checks will be...

But the Oil Rep's VOICE just FADES into the b.g., as Doug just stares a blank, cold, defeated look, as --

EXT. FARM - THE UKRAINE - DAY

The CAMERA now FLOATS OVER a giant WHEAT FIELD, lands on an old farmer, OLEG LEONOV, (late 60's) standing in the middle of a dirt road. He's a lovable schlub, a bear of a man. A Chyron reads, "**SOUTHERN UKRAINE**".

A DELIVERY TRUCK makes its way towards him in a hail of dust. It pulls to a stop and a young DELIVERYMAN (punk haircut) hops out with a small PACKAGE.

Oleg signs for the package and excitedly hurries back towards the rickety OLD FARMHOUSE in the distance.

AT THE FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg arrives to find his wife, PETRA (68), a stout, homely, humorless woman, using an old RUSTY SCYTHE to cut weeds.
Italics = Russian.

PETRA
We get a package?

OLEG
Not just a package...

Oleg excitedly unwraps the box and opens it, revealing --

OLEG (CONT'D)
...My new hearing aid!

PETRA
Hearing aid?! Where did you get the money for that?!

Oleg shoves the hearing aid in his ear and turns it on.

OLEG
I sold Vladimír.

PETRA
Vladimír?! That bull was for stud!

OLEG
He was worthless. He hasn't had an erection in 10 years.

PETRA
Ha! Neither have you!

OLEG
Maybe not. But now I can hear!

PETRA

Oh, really... You can hear?

OLEG

Yes! Perfectly! Everything!

PETRA

*Good, then you can hear this.
You're an IDIOT!!*

Petra drops the scythe and strides into the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Oleg follows Petra into this depressing old farmhouse, bare essentials, modest furnishing.

OLEG

*I can listen to my albums now! I
can watch football!*

Oleg crosses to an old dusty RECORD PLAYER. Drops an album onto the turntable and fires it up. The scratchy opening strains of the Weather Girls "*It's Raining Men*" squeaks out of the shitty old speakers. A broad smile paints his face.

OLEG (CONT'D)

Amazing!!

He grabs Petra and begins to dance the lamest disco-era version of the Hustle you've ever seen. Petra wants to hate him now, but can't muster it up. But she's also not about to dance with him. She finds her dignity and storms away. Off Oleg, boogying all by himself.

EXT. FANCY NEIGHBORHOOD - PYONGYANG, NORTH KOREA - DAY

We're looking at an upscale APARTMENT BUILDING in tony part of the city. A chyron says, "**PYONGYANG, NORTH KOREA**". As we PUSH TOWARDS the building, a painfully bad piano rendition of *BEETHOVEN'S FUR ELISE* takes over the SOUNDTRACK --

INT. FANCY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

SOYUN, (32), pretty, sweet, sits next to a SIX-YEAR OLD GIRL, struggling to hack out the piece on the piano. The little girl's MOTHER watches icily from the doorway.

The piece comes to an end and Soyun glances over at the mother, then smiles at the girl. *Italics = Korean.*

SOYUN

*You've made good improvement.
Practice your scales tonight and I
will be back tomorrow.*

Soyun stands, bows deferentially to the Girl's Mother, who stares at her child sternly. Soyun exits awkwardly.

INT. BUS - PYONGYANG - DAY

Standing room only. Soyun and dozens of DRAB WORKERS crammed in like sardines. The bus pulls to a stop in front of a MASSIVE SQUARE. Soyun glances nonchalantly --

OUT THE WINDOW

at GIANT STATUES of KIM JUNG-IL and KIM JUNG-UN. Her gaze falls on a MOTHER and her 5-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER strolling by. The Little Girl holds a YELLOW BALLOON on a string. She and Soyun lock eyes. Then the Little Girl releases her balloon.

Soyun watches the balloon ASCEND into the sky, HIGHER and HIGHER. A small smile curls to her lips. Perhaps that's what freedom feels like.

When she looks back at the Little Girl, the mother has dragged her off, reprimanding her for her foolish act. Off Soyun's bittersweet expression,

EXT. SCHOOL - PYONGYANG - LATE DAY

MOS -- Soyun picks up her 7-year-old son, JIN WOO. Unlike the other stoic parents, Soyun and her son are warm and affectionate. They start off down the street together.

EXT. CITY STREETS - PYONGYANG - MOMENTS LATER

Soyun and Jin Woo walk hand in hand. Jin Woo glances up at his mom, we sense he wants to say something, finally --

JIN WOO

Do you and dad have secrets?

SOYUN

Secrets? What do you mean?

JIN WOO

My friend Yu-na told the teacher a secret about her parents and now she doesn't live with them anymore.

SOYUN

*Then they must've done something
very bad.*

JIN WOO

*But we don't have secrets, right?
We're okay?*

SOYUN

Yes, Jin Woo. We're okay.

Soyun can't bear to tell him what she knows to be true about their country. They enter their crappy apartment building--

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - PYONGYANG - CONTINUOUS

Soyun and Jin Woo head up the stairs. Jin Woo still seems unsettled. Soyun doesn't notice. They reach their apartment door, Soyun fumbles with her keys, starts to open it, when --

JIN WOO

What if I have a secret?

SOYUN

*(distracted by her keys)
What?*

JIN WOO

I found this in my locker today.

Jin Woo opens his backpack and pulls out a brand new GAMEBOY. Soyun casually glances down at it and stops dead in her tracks. Her eyes widened, as if he has a gun or a bomb.

SOYUN

*Where did you ... Who gave that to
you?!*

JIN WOO

*(suddenly scared)
I don't know. It was just there.*

Soyun SNATCHES it from his hands.

SOYUN

*Do you know what could happen to us
if anyone saw this?! The same
thing that happened to Yu-na's
parents.*

Jin Woo stares up at her, panicked by her reaction. Just then, the door swings open, revealing Soyun's husband, HWAN. He has a head of steam of his own, very excited about --

HWAN

You're home, thank goodness!

He gives her a big hug. Soyun quickly hides the GameBoy behind her back.

HWAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I couldn't warn you, but I need you to make dinner. Right away!

SOYUN

What? Why?

HWAN

We have guests.

(whispers excitedly)

From the plant. Something has happened at work, something fantastic, and...

(whispers even softer)

...I think I might be getting a promotion.

Soyun looks into the apartment. Two MILITARY MEN sit in their small living room. The TV is on.

HWAN (CONT'D)

The missile test, it's happening tonight. I invited them to watch the launch on TV. I bragged to them about your cooking.

SOYUN

But... I didn't shop, it will have to be simple.

HWAN

It'll be great. It always is.

(flirty)

And I will pay you back... I promise.

But he stops his flirtation when he notices his son standing here, still freaked out about the GameBoy. Hwan tussles his hair and gives Soyun a quick kiss on the cheek and moves off.

Soyun sighs and pulls the GameBoy from behind her back, then turns to Jin Woo.

SOYUN

Our family, the three of us... it's all that matters.

(MORE)

SOYUN (CONT'D)

*So you mustn't say a word about
this to your father, never. Do you
understand?*

JIN WOO

Yes. I won't, I promise.

He rushes into the apartment. Off Soyun, so much for not keeping secrets...

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CIA - LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Tara sits at the large conference table. Suddenly, a half a dozen PEOPLE file in, including Mr. Edwards, followed by DEPUTY DIRECTOR GAIL CHANDLER, (58), in charge and inscrutable. She's carrying Tara's CARDBOARD BOX.

CHANDLER

Good afternoon, Ms. Coleman, I'm Deputy Director Chandler.

WHAM, she sets the cardboard box down HARD on the table, making a point. Tara stares at it. Shit.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

The degree to which this is a problem for you will depend on how our conversation goes today.

TARA

That's four years of my life, all my research, my contacts. I was afraid it would fall into the wrong hands with the change of administrations.

CHANDLER

Wrong hands? This *research* is the property of the Department of Defense.

TARA

Exactly.

And she's not backing down from that provocative statement. Chandler considers this.

CHANDLER

Well, we've asked you here today precisely because of your '*research*'...

Chandler glances over to her colleague, MCKENZIE, who opens a LAPTOP and clicks a few keys, as --

MCKENZIE

We were especially interested in a report you wrote on the decommissioning of the Soviet SSR missile program...

Tara looks over at Mr. Edwards, like 'see I told you'...

TARA

You mean the report that I've spent years trying to get you people to take seriously? That report?

Everyone shifts a little awkwardly. Chandler forces a smile.

CHANDLER

Tell you what, why don't we go over the highlights here and you can fill in some of the missing pieces for us.

Mckenzie stands and clicks a REMOTE, and an old SATELLITE IMAGE of a SOVIET ERA FACTORY appears on the SCREEN at the far end of the room. Everyone turns their attention to him.

MCKENZIE

...You focused on six specific SSR-9 missiles built at the Yuzhny design plant in Ukraine between 1987 and 1989. Code named "Stiletto".

CLICK, the image now SWITCHES to a shot of *George H. W. Bush* and *Mikhail Gorbachev* at a SIGNING CEREMONY.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Stiletto 1 through 4 were destroyed as part of the START I treaty.

CLICK, shot of a MISSILE hanging in a lobby of a MUSEUM.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Stiletto 5 now hangs on display at the State military museum in Moscow.

CLICK, we now see the photo of the same Soviet MISSILE that was in Tara's box.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

And the final one, "Stiletto 6",
The one set specifically to take
out Washington DC, was
"ceremonially" dismantled in front
of U.S. inspectors on August 3rd,
1991.

CHANDLER

Or at least those are the known
facts. But it's also where your
report takes a bit of a departure.

TARA

I don't dispute that a missile was
dismantled in front of our
inspectors. There's even photos of
everyone there toasting the
occasion with some Stoli vodka.
The problem is... they poured a
little too much vodka that day.
(off their looks)
The whole thing was a giant sham, a
show for the cameras...

The room is now totally engrossed by this tale.

TARA (CONT'D)

...Six days later, a
French/Algerian arms dealer named
Renoir Gabsi purchased the
disassembled parts for 300 million
dollars. Three shipping containers
were shipped across the border to
Turkey. But poor Renoir never
received Stiletto 6. Because the
missile they sold him was a fake.

Everyone is little dazzled by the specificity of her story.

CHANDLER

Do you have a theory as to what
really happened to the missile?

TARA

I believe it's still in play. A
rogue ICBM nuclear missile, warhead
intact, coordinates still locked
onto our capital, capable of
killing every human being within a
forty mile radius of us... It's
either already sold to the highest
bidder, or currently on the market.

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)

Both scenarios keep me awake at night, and should do the same for all of you. Hence my report.

At this, Tara notices the furtive glances and her expression drops. She stares at them, as the nickel drops --

TARA (CONT'D)

Wait, you found it, didn't you?
You found Stiletto 6.

Again, they exchange knowing glances.

TARA (CONT'D)

Where is it?

CHANDLER

It appears to have been acquired by the North Koreans.

TARA

(confused)

That's impossible. I know every player on the field, every possible scenario. It couldn't happen without me knowing.

They all look at her, like 'what the fuck'? Chandler smiles.

CHANDLER

What can I say? I guess the Central Intelligence Agency, with our 22,000 employees and 53 billion dollar a year budget somehow stumbled onto something before you did.

Tara gives her a begrudging "touché" look. Chandler nods to McKenzie, who slides a PHOTOGRAPH of an older ASIAN MAN in a NORTH KOREAN MILITARY UNIFORM over to Tara. She looks at it.

MCKENZIE

His name is General Chin-Hwa Kwon...

TARA

...Number three in North Korea's missile program. I still don't understand. It doesn't track.

MCKENZIE

We believe he is attempting to use the missile as a bargaining chip. To what end, we're not sure.

(MORE)

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

He may be looking to defect, or just line his own pockets. Educated in Switzerland. Fluent in English, French and German. A widower. One child, a daughter.

CHANDLER

That's all we know. Except for one key fact -- He wants to speak to you.

Tara looks like she was hit with a 2 x 4.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

You're meeting him tomorrow afternoon at 2pm at a casino in Macau, China.

TARA

(wtf?!)

Like... as part of some kinda negotiating team?

CHANDLER

No. Just you. Alone.

Mr. Edwards suddenly leans forward, this is news to him.

MR. EDWARDS

Alone? You can't send her in alone.

CHANDLER

It's our only option. If he gets even a whiff he's being tailed, he'll bail. We can't risk that. He's set the rules of engagement, and Ms. Coleman has agreed to them.

Chandler makes a point of looking over at Tara's cardboard box.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Unless, of course she chooses not to.

MR. EDWARDS

This is completely against protocol. Until today, this woman was a GS-3 level researcher for the Department of Defense with a limited security clearance. She's hardly what I'd call a trained operative.

CHANDLER

(sternly)

Then that's where you come in.

(to Tara)

Mr. Edwards here works with our operatives in the field. He will provide you with all the information you need--

MR. EDWARDS

What information?! You said yourself we don't know anything.

Chandler looks over at Tara.

CHANDLER

We'll have people in Macau if you get into trouble, but no close cover, and no surveillance on the ground. You'll be pretty much on your own. That's the best I can offer. So, what do you say?

Tara looks at Chandler. Then at Mr. Edwards. A beat.

TARA

I've spent most of my career trying to find this missile. I don't sleep much because of it. And I'm pretty sure I'm not getting another chance like this. So...

(to Chandler)

Count me in.

Chandler just nods, impressed. Off Tara, determined,

INT. DOUG'S ROOM - OIL RIG - DAY

TIGHT ON a laptop computer screen. A SKYPE call is answered, revealing Doug's wife, SAMANTHA, (36) warm, smiling. She's in the bedroom of a working class home.

SAMANTHA

Hey baby. You never call this early.

WIDEN to find Doug packing his bags while he talks.

DOUG

I just wanted to hear your voice.

SAMANTHA
(seductively)
You can do more than hear my
voice...

She starts to unbutton her blouse.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I've been needing some of my big
polar bear.

DOUG
I'm sorry, your big polar bear's
not really in the mood.

SAMANTHA
(suddenly concerned)
What is it?

DOUG
I'm getting laid off.

Samantha stops. Her heart sinks.

SAMANTHA
What happened? You didn't get in a
fight again, did--?

DOUG
No.
(annoyed)
Nothing like that. It's our new
Russian partners... they're taking
over the rig. The whole crew's
heading home tomorrow.

SAMANTHA
(realizing)
You look tired. You still having
trouble sleeping?

DOUG
I'm having those nightmares
again... I think I'm gonna stop
taking the medication.

Samantha tenses up, ever-so slightly, but tries to hide it.

SAMANTHA
No. That's a bad idea, Doug. You
know what happened last time.

DOUG
 But I don't feel like myself when
 I'm on'em, and--

SAMANTHA
 (firmly)
 This is not the time to make any
 changes. You're under a lot of
 stress.

DOUG
 Yeah. Okay, I know.
 (suddenly impatient)
 Look, I gotta hang up. Some of the
 guys are going out.

SAMANTHA
 You can't drink on the meds,
 remember?

Doug looks away, not wanting to argue. When he does, we see a hint of something dark, something suspicious on Samantha's face. Doug looks back and Samantha's benign expression returns.

DOUG
 I'll see you tomorrow night.

SAMANTHA
 Just promise me you won't--

CLICK, he hangs up. Immediately feels bad about it.

DOUG
 Dammit.

He crosses to the bathroom, and stares at himself in the MIRROR. He pulls a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE of PILLS from his toilet bag. Dumps the contents into his hand, a dozen YELLOW, BARREL-SHAPED PILLS.

Looks at the pills, then stares back up at his own reflection. A thousand-yard stare. Fuck it. Instead of taking one, he dumps them all back into the bottle. As the yellow, barrel shaped PILLS TUMBLE into the bottle --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOVIET ERA PSYCH WARD - NIGHT (1973)

TWO OF THESE SAME YELLOW PILLS

spill into the PALM of a HAND. WIDEN to find Dr. Meisner close his hand around the pills and pour a glass of water.

He carries these across this old Soviet era PSYCH WARD to BENTLEY, sitting on the edge of a bed, staring at the floor. A sea of beds, all empty, but him. Small, frail, dazed. (*Maybe a few hours have passed, maybe a day, hard to tell.*)

Dr. Meisner hands him the YELLOW PILLS and the glass of water. Bentley downs them, then obediently rolls up his sleeve. Dr. Meisner places a SYRINGE CARRYING CASE on the table, removes ONE of EIGHT SYRINGES filled with SEDATIVES, INJECTS one into Bentley's arm.

Bentley looks up at him. Something is bothering him.

BENTLEY

The man that I was, the man that I used to be... Would he have been able to kill that family?

DR. MEISNER

The man you used to be was sent here by the CIA to assassinate me.

Bentley blinks, the drugs beginning to take effect.

DR. MEISNER (CONT'D)

And now look at you. Such progress.

Meisner lowers his READING GLASSES, sets them next to the SYRINGE CASE. Bentley looks down at them.

DR. MEISNER (CONT'D)

These methods of mine, I know they are... complicated. But you, you are my most promising subject. My *cicada*.

BENTLEY

Cicada?

DR. MEISNER

An amazing little creature. They burrow underground, just beneath the surface, and wait... for years at a time, until they awaken from their long slumber...

BENTLEY

(realizing)
Then die.

DR. MEISNER

Yes. But not before they fulfill
their destiny.

Bentley's expression betrays nothing, as he glances down at the syringe case again, the reading glasses nearby.

BENTLEY

It's so much clearer to me now. I
was afraid at first. But I finally
know who I am.

Bentley's eyes, filled with tears, keep staring at those syringes.

DR. MEISNER

Yes. You will be a great soldier
for the motherland.
(pats his cheek)
But right now, you need your rest.

Bentley nods. Dr. Meisner begins to stand up. He picks up the syringe case. But not the READING GLASSES.

BENTLEY

Wait. There's something I need to
ask...

Dr. Meisner leans back down. But Bentley gestures, closer. Dr. Meisner complies, waits, when suddenly Bentley SNATCHES the READING GLASSES, SNAPS off the left ear piece and PLUNGES its jagged edge into Dr. Meisner's throat! Pulls it out.

Dr. Meisner's JUGULAR VEIN SQUIRTS BLOOD, as he instinctively GRABS Bentley and clutches him by the THROAT. They collapse to the floor together.

Bentley ELBOWS Dr. Meisner in the face, and he lets go, falling back onto the floor, clutching his throat, BLOOD everywhere, dying. Bentley lumbers quickly toward the exit --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bentley comes face-to-face with a GUARD, who goes for his gun. But Bentley CATAPULTS himself off a chair and --

RUNS UP THE WALL

The Guard spins, confused, FIRING his gun wildly, missing. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, as Bentley lands PIGGYBACK on the Guard's back. And in one, clean, fluid move, SNAPS the Guard's neck with a quick TWIST, CATCHING the Guard's GUN just as his limp, dead hand RELEASES it.

Bentley, now really feeling the effects of the sedatives, checks the gun's clip. It's out of bullets. He tosses it down and staggers towards --

INT. DR. MEISNER'S LAB - NIGHT

Bentley enters and FLIPS on the lights -- it's totally fucked up in here, half mad scientist's lair, half autopsy room. CAGES filled with mangy MONKEYS, a demented looking CHIMP, a POSSUM.

The demented Chimp starts to SCREAM and violently SHAKE his cage, which only sets off the Monkeys. It's suddenly like an insane madhouse.

Bentley is really feeling the sedatives. Shakes his head trying to fight it off. In a blurry haze now, he scans the room, WEIRD CONTRAPTIONS, ELECTROSHOCK THERAPY MACHINES, etc. Bentley sees --

A CRASH CART with a set of DEFIBRILLATORS and a SYRINGE loaded with ADRENALINE.

He staggers to it, lifts the syringe with a 4 INCH NEEDLE. Desperate, nearly passing out, Bentley braces himself and DRIVES the syringe into his own chest. Lets out a GUTTURAL GASP and drops to his knees.

A few seconds of HEAVING CONVULSIONS and his breathing SETTLES. He pulls himself up and looks around -- now sees

FOUR STAINLESS STEEL TABLES

On three of them, the BLACK-HOODED BODIES of the three people that he shot, still in their UNDERWEAR. Bentley rushes to one, YANKS off the black hood, revealing a MAN about Bentley's age. He recoils in horror. He knows this man.

Bentley sees a GLASS CASE with DOZENS of SMALL VIALS. He moves towards it, starts to grab a few, when he hears the echo of HEELED SHOES.

Shit. He RUSHES to the window. He picks up a chair and SMASHES it against glass. He jumps up onto the ledge, his bare feet slipping a little. Christ, it's a THREE-STORY DROP to the WALLED COURTYARD below!

A STRING of LIGHTS starts five feet below the window, and stretches to a telephone pole on the other side of the walled courtyard. Only a crazy man could make that jump.

He looks back at the door. The FOOTSTEPS grow LOUDER. Before we know what he's going to do --

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DR. MISNER'S LAB - SAME

Redhead and two KGB-TYPES have now discovered the dead Guards, and are making their way quickly towards the lab. Redhead pulls out her GUN and FLINGS open the door, entering -

INT. DR. MEISNER'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Redhead slides to a stop, looks around. Bentley is GONE! The two KGB guys rush in behind her and immediately notice the window WIDE OPEN. They hurry to it and look out. Then turn and look back at Redhead with stunned expressions. She approaches and looks out the window --

IN THE COURTYARD BELOW

Bentley's BODY, facedown on the icy pavement, BLOOD pooling around his head. Redhead stares, fuck. The two KGB Guys make for the door, heading for the courtyard to check the body. Redhead stands here, a mix of emotions. Then she strides for the exit and heads out into --

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DR. MISNER'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

We MOVE with Redhead as she walks briskly down the hallway, deep in thought, when she suddenly STOPS. Her eyes dart back and forth. Something is definitely NOT right.

INT. DR. MEISNER'S LAB - SAME

A WIDE SHOT, the whole room. A beat, then one of the dead bodies on the stainless steel tables, SITS UP! YANKS off the hood, revealing Bentley. Now dressed in his UNDERWEAR.

He climbs quickly off the table, when suddenly the door FLINGS open. It's Redhead. They're face to face. She knew it! She RAISES her gun.

REDHEAD

Too bad. So much potential.

He DIVES under a table as she FIRES. The Monkeys in their cages go WILD, SCREAMING like banshees. He SHOVES the stainless steel table, and it SLAMS right into her, KNOCKING the gun from her hand. It SKIDS across the floor.

Bentley LUNGES for her, but is met with a steamroller KICK to the chest, knocking him back. She goes for the gun, but Bentley GRABS her by the ankle, YANKS her back towards him, giving her an open shot at his chin, which she takes.

And now Bentley and Redhead engage in an intense HAND-TO-HAND fight. It is close. Brutal. And EXTREMELY violent. PUNCHES, KNEES and ELBOWS thrown by both sides. The two foes are relentless as they KICK THE SHIT out of each other.

EXT. COURTYARD - SOVIET ERA HOSPITAL - SAME

The two KGB Guys finally arrive at the BODY. They kneel down and turn it over, REVEALING the black-hooded MAN Bentley executed. They turn and look up at the open window, realizing immediately what he's done.

INT. DR. MEISNER'S LAB - SAME

Where Bentley and Redhead are still kicking the shit out of each other, the KGB Guys YELLING from below. Finally, Bentley throws a PUNCH, Redhead CATCHES it, gripping his wrist, she TWISTS it until - He drops to his knees.

As the Redhead bends Bentley to her will down toward the floor, he manages to snatch a SCALPEL from a table and LUNGE. She instinctively GRABS for the blade, and it SLICES a half an inch of the TIP of her PINKY FINGER CLEAN OFF! She WAILS!

A HEAD-BUTT to the jaw and she drops to the floor, inches from her GUN. She grabs it, trains it on him, blood dripping from her severed finger. Her eyes burn with anger.

Bentley takes a couple steps back until he backs into the demented Chimp's cage. The Chimp SCREAMS and shakes the cage, wanting to kill him.

Cornered, Bentley looks over at the glass case with the VIALS, he wants those. A moment of decision.

REDHEAD

You Americans... fat from all your
"freedom"... too weak to see the
truth. That's why you'll lose.

Her finger tightens on the trigger. Shit. Then Bentley FLIPS the latch on the Chimp's cage! The Chimp SLAMS the cage door and it FLIES open and OUT he comes like an insane BULL. BOLTS for the exit.

WHAM!! Plows right into Redhead, sending her reeling backwards, but she recovers enough to aim her gun at Bentley. BLAM! A bullet HITS the wall next to him, as Bentley HURLS himself OUT THE WINDOW --

EXT. SOVIET ERA HOSPITAL - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bentley CATCHES the STRING of LIGHTS that hang over the courtyard with ONE HAND! A brief second, then SNAP, the wire GIVES WAY, unmooring itself from the wall below the window, TURNING OFF all the lights in the process.

Bentley RIDES it down, SWINGING OUT over the courtyard. The wire reaches its APEX just above the wall that separates this compound from the outside world. At just the right moment Bentley LETS GO, the momentum FLINGING him out and --

OVER THE WALL

where he CATCHES his foot on the top of it, sending him into a TOPSY-TURVY SPIN, FLAILING awkwardly, landing with a THUD on the icy pavement. Nearly passing out from the fall, Bentley somehow pries himself up and staggers off.

BACK IN THE WINDOW

Redhead rushes up, raises her gun. Looks. But Bentley is already in the SHADOWS, long gone.

We RISE UP over the courtyard to reveal the darkened skyline of East Berlin, as we slowly --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Mr. Edwards wheels a CARRY-ON BAG for Tara as they walk towards the boarding gate. He pulls an ENVELOPE out of his jacket pocket, hands it to her.

MR. EDWARDS

....Your room confirmation, and three grand in cash for... you know...

TARA

(making light)
Bribes? Hush money?

He gives her a 'this isn't a joke' look.

MR. EDWARDS

Hotel incidentals. And give me your phone.

She pulls out her CELL PHONE and hands it to him. He pockets it and hands her a FLIP PHONE, a BURNER.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

You have two numbers on speed dial.
(points)

This one's mine, and this one's
your ripcord. If everything goes
right, you won't need to use it.

TARA

And if everything goes wrong?

MR. EDWARDS

(re: the carry-on bag)

We sewed a tracking device into the
lining of the dress in there. And
put a microphone in the front of
the bra to record the conversation.

(points awkwardly at his
own chest)

Right... here.

TARA

(dead pan)

What if I don't wear a bra?

Mr. Edwards gives her an uncomfortable look, like 'please
stop fucking with me', which she enjoys. They arrive at

THE BOARDING GATE

There's an awkward tension, as neither says a word. Finally--

MR. EDWARDS

Look, if you're having any second
thoughts, it's not too late to
change your mind. Truth is, we
can't make you do this.

Tara studies him for a minute, dropping her flippant facade.

TARA

My father was an alcoholic. And
when he drank he could get pretty
violent. He'd come home drunk
and...

(off Edwards' look)

It's not right if you can stop
something and you don't. It's just
not right.

Mr. Edwards takes this in, realizing where her conviction
comes from. He nods. The plane's boarding.

MR. EDWARDS

Follow your gut and do whatever you can to get him to open up. You'll do fine.

TARA

You got any tips, I'm all ears.

MR. EDWARDS

(thinks, then...)

I'll go through his dossier again, see if anything pops up that you can use. I'll call when you land.

There's a bit of chemistry here between them that charges this moment for both of them, more than either wants. She turns and heads toward the boarding gate. He watches her, concern in his eyes --

INT. SOYUN'S APARTMENT - PYONGYANG - NIGHT

Soyun chops vegetables, making dinner. She glances over her shoulder at her purse on the table. While she does, we FOCUS ON her knife as she CHOPS with some pretty amazing 'Benihana' level KNIFE SKILLS.

She sets a pot on the stove. Crosses to her purse and pulls out the GAMEBOY. As she turns it over in her hands, she accidentally TURNS IT ON. A LOUD, BOUNCY ELECTRONIC version of '**POP GOES THE WEASEL**' blares out of its tiny speakers.

She stares at it, as something distant washes over her. Then snaps out of it and desperately tries to turn it off, glancing over her shoulder at --

Her husband Hwan, and the two MILITARY MEN in the other room. They haven't noticed the GameBoy's TUNE because right now, on TV, the missile is about to launch.

Soyun can't figure out how to shut the damn thing off! Instead, she makes it LOUDER! Fuck. Frantic, she RUSHES out of the Kitchen and into --

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Soyun slumps onto the toilet seat, trying to silence the goddamn GameBoy. She can't. She SHAKES it violently. Nothing. So she SMASHES it against the tile wall. It CRACKS in half, SILENCING it.

Soyun suddenly stops. Whatever she's seeing, it's earth shaking. In the b.g., a CHEER from Hwan and his guests.

INSIDE THE BROKEN GAMEBOY

among the BROKEN ELECTRONICS, a SMALL SYRINGE filled with GREEN LIQUID, wrapped in a tiny PIECE OF PAPER. Soyun's eyes fill with tears. She lifts the syringe, unwraps the tiny piece of paper. There's an ADDRESS on one side.

As she turns it over we realize that it's the back of a TINY PHOTOGRAPH. However, we do NOT SEE this photo. But she does. And whoever it is, it causes an almost audible GASP, like all the oxygen escapes from her lungs. Then -- BANG, BANG, BANG - Three loud KNOCKS!

HWAN (O.S.)
(whispers loudly)
They're getting hungry!

SOYUN
(covering)
Right away!

Off Soyun, a world of confusion --

INT. MR. EDWARDS' OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Edwards, in front of his computer, scrolls through GENERAL KWON's DOSSIER. Suddenly, there's a puzzled look on Mr. Edwards' face.

MR. EDWARDS
What the hell...?

He hits PRINT and quickly pivots to his PRINTER, retrieves two SHEETS of printed PAPER, and hurries out of the room --

INT. RESEARCH DEPARTMENT - CIA - MOMENTS LATER

A sea of CUBICLES. Mr. Edwards WEAVES through them, carrying the two SHEETS of PAPER. He catches up with LENNY (60), coffee and a donut in hand. A grouchy researcher, short sleeve shirt, bad clip-on tie. A fixture here. Permanently pissed off. As they walk --

MR. EDWARDS
Lenny, I need a favor.

LENNY
(cranky)
Right, because that worked out so great for me last time.

Mr. Edwards ignores him and shows him the papers.

MR. EDWARDS

This is everything we've got on
Kwon. But something's wonky.
(points)
Right here... Says 'refer to page
6'... 'cept there's only two pages
in the whole dossier.

Lenny stares at him. Sighs, as he hates to admit he's now
curious. Takes the papers. Looks.

LENNY

There's your problem there.
(points to name)
He's got a C.R.O. on him.
(hands papers back)
Now leave me alone.

They arrive at Lenny's CUBICLE. Lenny sits, turns his back
on Mr. Edwards. Done.

MR. EDWARDS

Wait. C.R.O... What is that?

LENNY

"Confidential Request Order".
Means someone's hiding something.

MR. EDWARDS

Well, can you look for it?

LENNY

Technically, but I'd have report
who requested the search. Which
means someone'll find out you're
looking.

MR. EDWARDS

Chandler?

Lenny gives him look, of course. Mr. Edwards considers this.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

I'll handle her. Just do it.

Lenny looks at him, a beat, then smiles.

LENNY

You're gonna get in so much
trouble.

Lenny turns to the keyboard, types in "Edwards" in the
REQUEST FIELD. ON THE SCREEN, a quick search for General
Kwon and a few lines of DATA ROLL OUT.

LENNY (CONT'D)
You were right, his file used to be
10 megabytes bigger.

MR. EDWARDS
Weird. Chandler said we barely
know anything about him.

LENNY
Well, someone does.

The DATA STOPS, cursor BLINKING RHYTHMICALLY on a RED BOX.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Or did. The file was placed in a
subfolder...
(looks closer)
...back in... 2004... for the
Collins Committee hearings.

MR. EDWARDS
The Collins Committee?

LENNY
Before you were here.

Lenny looks around conspiratorially, lowers his voice --

LENNY (CONT'D)
Rumor is an agent went rogue...
exposed some hanky-panky covert op
programs, until this Senate
oversight committee deep-sixed
everything.

MR. EDWARDS
(thinking out loud)
A North Korean general tied to one
of our black op programs... You
think that's kinda weird?

LENNY
Like they pay me to think.

MR. EDWARDS
That subfolder... what was it
labeled?

Lenny types away a little longer.

LENNY
'Treadstone'.

MR. EDWARDS
Treadstone...
(then)
That mean anything to you?

LENNY
No... So, we're done here, right?

MR. EDWARDS
(thinks, then)
You think those files are still on
the Senate servers?

LENNY
(snaps)
I said, we're done. Now leave me
alone.

Mr. Edwards, defeated, turns and heads off.

EXT. "OIL TOWN" OUTCROPPING - ARCTIC - DAY

A remote outpost of civilization on the far edge of the Aleutian Islands. LOW-SLUNG BUILDINGS, QUONSET HUTS, PREFAB BUILDINGS, WORK SHEDS, a LOCAL BAR, etc.

The MIDNIGHT SUN is low in the sky. Doug and a dozen of his COWORKERS make their way towards the bar. Somber. Doug walks with MIKE.

Suddenly, a large TRANSPORT VEHICLE pulls up nearby. Everyone slows to look as it unloads an equal number of RUSSIAN WORKERS, DUFFEL BAGS slung over their shoulders. Their replacements. The enemy.

The two teams of rivals pass one another silently. Stoic glances are exchanged. One burly Russian with a CREWCUT singles out Doug, gives him a snarky sneer.

DOUG
What the fuck you looking at?!

CREWCUT just winks tauntingly back.

MIKE
Leave it alone, Doug.

Doug grits his teeth, containing his anger. They pass without incident.

INT. "OIL TOWN" BAR - NIGHT (MIDNIGHT SUN)

Everyone is a little drunk, a sad affair. Doug sits at the bar with Mike, nursing his third beer. Doug glances over at those same RUSSIANS gathered at the end of the room, laughing, drunk.

DOUG

Man, nothing about this is right.
Used to be simpler when the
Russians were the bad guys.

MIKE

Oh, they still are. Only now
they're sleeping in our beds.

DOUG

Good thing our wives aren't here,
they'd be sleeping with them, too.

Mike can't help but laugh a little pathetically at that. Suddenly, Lee Greenwood's "Proud to Be an American" starts to play. They look over to see one of their coworkers has started it on the JUKEBOX. Mike looks around at the Russians reacting.

MIKE

Oh, this oughta be good... Hold my
spot, I gotta take a leak.

Mike heads off, leaving Doug alone to stare at the Russians. That same Crewcut Russian looks over at him, smiles, WINKS again. Doug's eyes narrow, what the fuck? Crewcut just folds his arms and keeps smiling. Doug doesn't want to start anything, so he just looks down at his beer.

Suddenly, CAROL, (31), pretty, for these parts, sits down in Mike's seat. She's on her cell phone--

CAROL

Well... just try to keep him alive
until I get there. I'll be home
tomorrow afternoon.

She slams her cell phone down on the bar. Her eyes have welled with tears. Doug turns and notices.

DOUG

Everything alright?

Carol looks at him, doesn't bother to cover her emotions.

CAROL

My stupid cat is dying. Not like it's tragic or anything, he's way past nine lives. I don't know why I'm so upset.

DOUG

I'd choose my dog over 99% of the people I've met in my life.

(smiles)

Although, maybe that says more about me.

CAROL

Yeah. Probably does.

She smiles, and there's an awkward pause before --

DOUG

L'me buy you a drink.

She looks at him, suddenly suspicious. He holds up his hands, innocently.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hey, it's just a drink. You look like you could use one.

CAROL

(softens)

Yeah. Okay. Sure. Thanks.

Carol gets the bartender's attention, gestures to Doug's beer, she'll have the same.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What the hell, last night here, live dangerously, right?

And there's suddenly something maybe a bit flirty about her. Or is he mistaken?

DOUG

(stares, curious)

Do I know you?

CAROL

I don't know, but I've seen you around.

(off Doug's look)

I work at 'supply'.

DOUG

I think I'd've remembered you.

CAROL
 (teasing)
 Wow, never heard that line before.

DOUG
 Wait... You think I'm hitting on
 you?

CAROL
 (slight smile)
 I don't know, are you?

And he just looks at her. Is she fucking with him? Before the moment gets too charged, she breaks the tension by laughing. She was. He joins in.

DOUG
 I gotta tell you, I'm not even sure
 I'd remember what that feels like.

He holds up his hand, showing his WEDDING RING. A beat, then she does the same and shows her wedding RING.

CAROL
 Happily?

Doug thinks about it. No one ever asked him that before.

DOUG
 Yeah. Very.
 (then)
 You?

CAROL
 Yup.
 (proudly)
 He's a great guy. Even if he can't
 stand my cat.

But Carol's attention suddenly turns the end of the bar, where Crewcut smiles and makes a "kissy face" at her. She stares back at him. He winks.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 Nice try, asshole! Maybe that
 works in your country!

Crewcut smiles and doubles down, puckering up even more.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 Yeah, why don't come over here and
 try that?!

Doug places his hand on her arm to stop her.

DOUG
He's not worth it.

But now Crewcut is coming right towards them. Doug rolls his eyes, shit. He stands to intervene. Crewcut gets right in his face. Up close, he's huge.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Look, no one's looking for trouble.
You guys won. You took our jobs.
So, why don't you just try to be a
good sport about it, okay?

Out of the blue, Crewcut HEAD BUTTS Doug.

Doug STAGGERS back and falls into a group of Russians. They prop him up and SHOVE him back towards Crewcut, who delivers a CHOPPING RIGHT HAND, that drops Doug to his knees. Jesus, Doug's getting the shit kicked out of him.

Crewcut PUNCHES him again. This time Doug GRABS his fist in midair with lightning speed. Almost SUPERHUMAN. It startles both of them. Where the hell did that come from?

And now Crewcut can't pull his fist from Doug's bear trap grip, so he rears back to head-butt Doug. Doug SIDESTEPS him and uses Crewcut's own momentum to toss him into --

THE JUKEBOX

The records SKIPS right at "*Proud to be an American*", so we hear "*An American, an American, an American*", over and over. Ego bruised, Crewcut, grabs a STOOL and CHARGES. Doug ducks the first swing, GRABBING the stool by one leg and TWISTING it out of Crewcut's hand. He somehow knows exactly what to do with it, SPINNING it expertly and slamming the seat-end into Crewcut's face.

As Crewcut STUMBLES BACKWARDS, Doug MOVES on him, SPINNING the stool again so that it's now facing 'feet-forward'. As Crewcut SLAMS into the wall, Doug PINS his neck with the bottom crossbar of the stool, CHOKING him.

When he realizes he could kill him, Doug lets him go. Crewcut slides down the wall. Doug stares down at him, then drops the stool and turns to walk away.

But now a SECOND RUSSIAN takes his place, fists ready. Doug PUNCHES him in the throat, KNEES him in the balls, grabs him by the hair and SLAMS his face against the wall.

A third Russian BUM RUSHES Doug, takes a swing, but Doug ducks and COUNTERPUNCHES, locking his forearm under his, dropping to one knee and SNAPPING his arm in two! He collapses to the ground WAILING in pain.

Doug SPINS to see everyone staring at him. The Russians collect their wounded and retreat, as Mike approaches.

MIKE

Holy shit, man... Where the hell have you been hiding that?

Doug just shakes his head, thoroughly confused. Then hurries off towards the exit. Mike watches, concerned.

EXT. "OIL TOWN" BAR - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Doug rushes out and bends over, hands on his knees. He closes his eyes, trying to compose himself. *What the fuck just happened?*

CAROL (O.S.)

You okay?

He turns, to see Carol leaning against the wall, lighting a cigarette. He looks at her, then gestures back to the alley.

DOUG

How much of that did you see?

CAROL

Enough to know you can take care of yourself.

Carol holds out her pack of cigarettes, offering one.

DOUG

Thanks, I don't smoke.

CAROL

You're bleeding. Come on, let me clean you up.

DOUG

That's okay... I don't feel like going back in there.

Carol considers this, then --

CAROL

I've got a first aid kit back at the office.

Doug holds her gaze, a moment of decision. Before we know his answer,

INT. CASINO - MACAU - DAY

Tara walks through a MASSIVE CASINO of this huge Macau resort, a BELL BOY pulling her luggage.

As they pass the rows of SLOT MACHINES, Tara clocks the little OLD LADIES sitting with SMALL PLASTIC BUCKETS filled with coins, robotically dropping them in.

INT. CASINO HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tara unpacks her luggage. Holds up the DRESS they packed for her, studies it, trying to figure out where the GPS device is sewn into the lining.

She lifts the BRA and looks closely at it, there's a TINY MICROPHONE wired into the front of it. Suddenly, her flip phone RINGS, scaring the shit out of her.

TARA
(to phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH --

INT. HALLWAY - CIA - DAY

Mr. Edwards moves down the hall, his cell phone to his ear.

MR. EDWARDS
He make contact yet?

TARA
No. Nothing.

MR. EDWARDS
Look, I think I found something you could use with him. But only if he clams up or plays close to the vest. Try mentioning the word "Treadstone".

TARA
Treadstone? What does that mean?

MR. EDWARDS

I don't know yet, but my guess is he will, and it'll show him you've done your homework.

TARA

Okay. Treadstone. Got it...

She hangs up and sets her phone down on top of the clothes laid out across bed. She heads into the bathroom. We hear the SHOWER turn on.

IN THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tara steps out of the shower and wraps a towel around herself. Suddenly, she hears a noise from the other room. She stops. Looks at the bathroom door.

UNDERNEATH THE DOOR

we see a SHADOW. Shit, someone's in her room! Tara looks for something to grab as a weapon. Fuck, there's nothing. She steels herself and moves to the door. She wraps her hand around the doorknob and YANKS it open.

THE MAIN ROOM

She enters quickly... and stops. The room is empty. And now we see why. Her luggage, her phone and all her clothes are GONE! In their place, a single, SLINKY RED DRESS and a pair of HIGH HEELS wait on the bed.

She rushes to the front door, swings it open and looks outside, both ways. There's no one there.

Turning back into the room, she notices a small PLASTIC BUCKET filled with coins sitting on the dresser. It wasn't there before. Seems the General has made contact, and he wants to do things his way.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UKRAINE - NIGHT

Oleg watches a soccer game on TV, a smile on his face. Behind him, Petra cleans the kitchen. One team scores a goal and Oleg jumps up and cheers. *Italics = Russian.*

OLEG

My God, the things I've been missing all these years. Our whole future changes now!

Petra rolls her eyes, derisively. Oleg crosses to her, takes her by the shoulders.

OLEG (CONT'D)

Think of the possibilities. We can dream great things again. Even you had dreams once, yes?

Something distant washes over Petra. For a beat, we think she is going to admit that he's right. Instead --

PETRA

Yeah... and then I met you.

But suddenly he WINCES, as though almost in pain. He pokes at the hearing aid in his ear.

OLEG

Something's wrong.

And now WE HEAR IT, too. An *ELECTRONIC PHASING NOISE*, keeping time with some *electronic current*.

OLEG (CONT'D)

It's something electronic. Interference. A buzzing noise.

He starts to walk around the room, trying to gauge where the BUZZING sound is coming from. He turns his head and the hearing aid reacts, getting louder.

OLEG (CONT'D)

Wait, it's coming from that direction. Over there!

He points outside the house. Petra stares in the direction he's pointing, concerned and angry. She finally crosses to him and holds out her hand, SNAPS her fingers impatiently.

PETRA

Let me see that thing.

Oleg obliges, pulls it out of his ear. She immediately takes it and stuffs it down into her bra. Turns and walks away.

PETRA (CONT'D)

There. Better?

OLEG

Wait... What are you--?

But she turns and strides away. Off Oleg, crestfallen --

INT. CASINO - MACAU - DAY

Tara carries her BUCKET OF COINS past a long row of SLOT MACHINES. A cacophony of NOISE. She scans the room as she settles into one of the slot machines, slowly starts feeding the coins into it. She looks down at her watch. It's 2:07.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CIA - DAY

A row of WORLD CLOCKS, seven minutes after the hour on all of them. TILT DOWN to reveal a high tech surveillance room, COMPUTERS, manned by people with HEADPHONES, RECORDING EQUIPMENT, etc.

Deputy Director Chandler stands behind a SURVEILLANCE GUY, arms folded, impatient. Mr. Edwards enters, leans against the back wall, observing. Chandler looks up at the clocks.

CHANDLER

Try her location again.

The Surveillance Guy types away at his computer. The blinking cursor doesn't respond.

SURVEILLANCE GUY

No GPS signal either.

Chandler turns now and locks eyes with Mr. Edwards.

CHANDLER

(an edge)

You got any theories?

MR. EDWARDS

The same one I had before. We shouldn't've sent an amateur.

CHANDLER

Yeah, well, maybe you should have gone behind my back on that, too.

Mr. Edwards has a pretty good idea what she means by that. Shit. Chandler makes a beeline for the exit.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(to the room)

If she comes online, find me. If she doesn't...

(to Mr. Edwards)

(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

I want a plan on my desk by tomorrow morning detailing how we distance ourselves from this "mistake".

Off Mr. Edwards, watching her go, busted.

INT. CASINO - MACAU - LATER

Tara's right where we left her, her BUCKET of coins nearly empty. Maybe this wasn't General Kwon's plan after all.

Just as she is about to give up, SOMEONE settles into the seat next to her. She turns to see GENERAL KWON, (65) in street clothes, putting coins into the slot machine. She freezes. A beat, then, in precise, formal English --

GENERAL KWON

Your personal belongings will be waiting for you back in your room. For reasons that will become clear, I couldn't take the chance of being recorded.

TARA

Is it true? You have Stiletto 6.

GENERAL KWON

Three more days and we will have the launch codes.

TARA

But you want to stop that from happening. Why?

General Kwon chooses his words carefully.

GENERAL KWON

This missile is a pawn in a very old game of chess. I assumed incorrectly that this game had ended long ago. It appears I was wrong. But I have a plan to take this piece off of the board. And you, Ms. Coleman, are going to help me do that.

TARA

How?

GENERAL KWON

My daughter attends a boarding school in Zurich.

(MORE)

GENERAL KWON (CONT'D)

My own future is in jeopardy, so I must sever ties with her to ensure her protection.

He looks at Tara, as though she should be picking up on some subtle cue. She isn't.

GENERAL KWON (CONT'D)

I have made arrangements with the Ecuadorian Embassy in Geneva. When I am assured that she has been granted asylum there, you will find the trail that leads to the missile. But only if you tell absolutely no one.

General Kwon pulls a small, SILVER BAPTISM MEDALLION out of his breast pocket and hands it to Tara.

GENERAL KWON (CONT'D)

Show her this and she will know I sent you.

Tara takes the medallion and stares at it.

TARA

Why would you choose me for this?

GENERAL KWON

You spent years trying to warn the CIA. There's a reason they didn't listen. You mustn't trust them.

TARA

(confused)

Why not?

General Kwon leans closer. Whispers --

GENERAL KWON

A cancer grows, its cells awakening. They've been *hacked*. And now the old becomes the new.

Tara stares at him, frustrated, growing impatient.

TARA

"*The old becomes the new*"? What is that, a riddle?

GENERAL KWON

(stands)

When you find the missile, you will find the hack.

Tara stops him, desperate.

TARA
Wait, no! Tell me what you mean!

He starts to walk. She BLURTS out --

TARA (CONT'D)
This is about Treadstone, isn't
it?!

The General stops in his tracks, clearly stunned that she's connected these dots. He turns around and strides back to her. He studies her eyes.

GENERAL KWON
You're bluffing. They would never
have let you come here if you knew
anything about Treadstone.

But Tara doesn't budge. She musters a steeliness that we haven't seen in her yet.

TARA
Look, you want me to save your
daughter? Then I need answers.
You can't just tell me that North
Korea is in possession of a Soviet
era nuclear missile without--

GENERAL KWON
(angry)
You weren't paying attention!

His sudden flash of anger stops her.

GENERAL KWON (CONT'D)
Did I say we were in possession of
it?

She stares at him, confused. Off his knowing look, about to explain what he means, we --

INT. CASINO HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door FLINGS open and Tara enters with a head of steam, desperation in her eyes. Whatever the General just told her, it has caused great concern.

She paces, her mind racing, as though trying to figure out her next move. Then she stops when she sees something--

ON THE BED

is her PASSPORT, the BURNER PHONE and the envelope with the cash Mr. Edwards gave her. General Kwon's parting gift.

She rushes over, picks up the phone. Turns it on and thumbs through to speed dial NUMBERS Mr. Edwards showed her. Her finger hovers over the numbers. Then she stops. Thinks.

She grabs a piece of HOTEL STATIONARY, scribbles down Mr. Edwards' phone number. Then moves to the foot of the bed, lifts it up two feet off the floor, sets the cell phone under the foot, and SMASHES it down on it, SHATTERING the phone. Then crosses to the hotel phone. Presses a button.

TARA

(composes yourself)

Yes, hi, is there a store here in the casino where I can buy some clothes?... Great, perfect. And I'm going to need a car to the airport.

INT. SUPPLY OFFICE - NIGHT (MIDNIGHT SUN)

A makeshift office in the back of a huge Quonset hut. A couple of cluttered desks. Doug sits in a swivel chair, as Carol dabs some disinfectant on the CUT above his eye.

CAROL

Swelling's going down. Looks like you're going to live.

DOUG

Thanks, Doc.

(then)

It's pretty late, and I'm still a little drunk. I should go.

Carol leans back against the counter, assessing him.

CAROL

Something's bothering you. I can tell. Stay and talk. You can sleep on the plane tomorrow.

Carol lights a cigarette and smiles at him. There's something warm, and caring about her that touches him. He just stares at her.

DOUG

I was serious. I really am happily married...

CAROL
(dismissive)
Yeah, yeah, we went over all that,
we're both happily married... We're
just talking. Everyone needs
someone to talk to, right?

He looks at her, she's right. His glances down to her pack
of cigarettes on the desk.

DOUG
You mind?

She looks at him, didn't he say he didn't smoke? That's odd.
He takes out a cigarette, lights it, draws on it like pro.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I guess I'm not feeling myself
lately.

CAROL
You lose your job, you lose your
identity. I get it.

DOUG
No, it's more like I can't even
remember who or what I ever wanted
to be in the first place. Like
those memories are just... gone. I
keep having this recurring dream.
I'm sitting in an empty white room,
staring at myself in one of those
two-way mirrors... And what's weird
is there's another *me* on the other
side, looking back. I can feel
him...

He suddenly stops and snaps out of it, embarrassed.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm not making any
sense. I really should go.

CAROL
No. It's good that you're opening
up. We all need to sometimes,
right? And I want to hear more.
(getting an idea)
I think I can find us something to
drink around here.

She crosses to the refrigerator against the back wall.

CAROL (CONT'D)

One of the perks of working at the supply office.

She pulls out a BOTTLE of cheap CHAMPAGNE, carries it to Doug, whose eyes are now heavy, barely able to stay awake, as he leans way back in the chair.

DOUG

I don't think I can drink any more.

CAROL

Come on... We both lost our jobs today. We have to toast. To new beginnings.

She GIGGLES as she fumbles with the cork until... **POP!!!**

CAROL (CONT'D)

(giggles, sing songy)
...Goes the weasel...

She laughs as the Champagne GUSHES out, spilling on her clothes and her hands and all over the floor. Doug stares at her, as something distant washes over him.

DOUG

What did you just...?

But she just moves to her desk drawer and opens it to retrieve a TOWEL, and that's when we see it -- A **SMALL RED BALL**, identical to the one we saw Bentley bouncing in the opening scene. A quick glimpse and she closes the drawer.

Before we can process this, she turns back to Doug, still giggling, but stops when she sees he's passed out.

Her giggling gives way to an intense stare. Suddenly, there's a hint of something ominous in her look. Who the hell is this woman? Off her eerie expression--

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - PYONGYANG - DAY

Soyun sits with the same LITTLE GIRL as she plays *Fur Elise* not much better than she did the day before. The girl's MOTHER stands in the doorway, arms folded, judgmental.

The piece comes to an end, and the girl looks at Soyun for encouragement. Soyun forces a smile. *Italics = Korean.*

GIRL'S MOTHER

I'm going to the store. I will be back in half an hour.

The girl's Mother exits. Soyun takes a METRONOME out of her bag. Sets it on the piano.

SOYUN

*The metronome will help you keep
the proper beat.*

Soyun starts the metronome. TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK...

SOYUN (CONT'D)

*This time you are to keep playing
it all the way through. I need to
use the bathroom. Remember, no
stopping until I tell you.*

Soyun exits the room. (Note: Throughout the following sequence, *Fur Elise* and the TICK TOCK of the metronome will act as a surreal soundtrack.)

INT. BATHROOM - FANCY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Soyun enters and quickly pulls out the small piece of paper that was wrapped around the syringe. She moves to the window, looks out at the apartment across the courtyard. Then down at the address on the paper. That's where she wants to go. She looks up at the PENTHOUSE, then down at --

THE COURTYARD BELOW

where an ARMED GUARD patrols the entrance near a LIMO. Soyun realizes she can't go that way. Shit. A change of plans. She OPENS the window, looks down, terrified, and CLIMBS OUT.

EXT. APARTMENT - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Soyun starts to SCALE the wall, gripping the narrow grooves in the cement with her finger tips, like a rock climber. It's death-defying, acrobatic. We see in her eyes a sudden realization that she really KNOWS how to do this!

She inches her way around the courtyard wall. One slip and she'll plummet to her death. She glances down at the courtyard where the Guard still patrols, unaware.

Suddenly, a NEIGHBOR opens her window right above her, SHAKES out a dusty rug. Soyun STOPS, hugs the wall, stops breathing as the dust rains down around her.

Finished, the neighbor retreats back into her apartment. Soyun breathes again. Continues her climb.

She finally reaches the balcony of the apartment she's heading towards, a few feet above her. Shit, no way to get to it but jump. Steeling herself, she LEAPS, barely GRABBING the rail with one hand. Almost slips, then gymnastically pulls herself to safety.

ON THE BALCONY

Soyun quietly opens a sliding glass door and enters --

INT. PENTHOUSE - PYONGYANG - CONTINUOUS

A large, elegant apartment. Soyun quietly slinks from room to room, cocking her head to listen. She STOPS when she hears a SINK TURNING OFF. It's coming from the back bedroom. She starts in that direction.

AT THE BACK BEDROOM

Soyun enters. A SUITCASE lies open on the bed, clothes still in it. From behind the bathroom door, the SOUND of someone moving around. Soyun crosses to the door and starts to reach for the doorknob, when the door SWINGS open, revealing --

GENERAL KWON

wearing an undershirt, SHAVING CREAM on his face, a STRAIGHT RAZOR in his hand. He stares at her, stunned. An awkward beat, the hunter and hunted face to face. Then, in ENGLISH --

GENERAL KWON

I figured it would be you.

Soyun is taken aback by this. She cocks her head curiously --

SOYUN

You know me?
(realizes, stunned)
I speak English.

Soyun looks like her world is suddenly caving in.

SOYUN (CONT'D)

(in Korean)
How do I know English?!

GENERAL KWON

(realizing)
You're not fully awake yet.

She cocks her head, curious.

GENERAL KWON (CONT'D)

You don't even know who sent you.

Soyun just blinks. He's right.

GENERAL KWON (CONT'D)

Too bad.

(in Korean)

We could have found out together.

And with that, he LUNGES, SLASHING with his razor. She sidesteps him like a Ninja. He SPINS and SLASHES again, this time nicking her shoulder. Mad skills, for a man his age. But she is his match with her Hopkido skills! Two martial artists. She kicks him in the chest. He stumbles back through the doorway and into --

THE BATHROOM

Soyun charges in, grabs a TOWEL, wraps it tight like a weapon. He LUNGES again and she SNAPS the towel around his wrist. TWISTS. The straight razor FLIES out of his hand, SKIDS across the floor.

He FLIPS her, but she lands on her feet like a cat. He punches at her lightning quick - One, two, three punches. Each one, she BOBS and WEAVES, dodging them.

He throws another punch that spins him off-balance, his back to her now. Seizing the advantage, she GRABS him around the neck, YANKS him back against her body, CHOKING him.

The fight turns to a GRAPPLE, messy and ugly. With her free hand she pulls the SYRINGE out of her pocket, rips the cap off with her teeth and tries to PLUNGE it into his neck. But he bucks and KNOCKS it from her hand.

It SLIDES across the floor and DROPS --

INTO THE DRAIN GRATE

in the middle of the room. Distracted by this, Soyun almost loses her grip on him. With no other recourse left, she CHOKES his throat even harder.

They drop to the floor against the wall. She wedges her foot against the bathtub and GRABS the CORD from the BLINDS, WRAPS it quickly around his neck and TUGS hard.

His eyes BULGE. He's dying a painful, hideous, real-time death. His WINGTIP SHOES SCUFF violently on the floor in the final throes. And then it's over. His body goes LIMP.

She stands, her chest heaving from exhaustion. She suddenly doubles over, as if in terrible pain. How could she have done this? Who the hell is she? She stares down at him, at the cord wrapped around his neck, the ligature marks. Then at the DRAIN where the syringe is. She's just blown the cover for this execution.

Mind racing, she gets an idea -- this death could be mistaken for a suicide. She HOISTS him up into a position that looks more convincing, his body hanging from the cord. Then she rushes to the drain grate, and looks inside.

THE SYRINGE

sits SIX INCHES DOWN, wedged in the drain.

She reaches her fingers in, trying to grab it. But it's out of reach, millimeters from the tip of the needle. Dammit. She stands and stares down at it. Desperate, she turns and runs out of the room.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - PYONGYANG - DAY

The Little Girl finishes her last pass at the song and stops. She turns to see Soyun standing right behind her. Soyun smiles and we see that she has been crying.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you okay?

SOYUN

(forces a smile)

It's just... you played so well.

I'm very proud of you.

Off Soyun's forced smile, her world in turmoil --

EXT. ICY TUNDRA NEAR TOWN - MORNING

The MIDNIGHT SUN peeks over the horizon, as we FLOAT OVER the frozen ground, MOVING FAST, past haphazardly discarded clothes - PANTS, COAT, SHOES. We STOP and HOVER above --

DOUG

lying naked in snow, curled in a fetal position, GRIMACING, in the middle of a NIGHTMARE.

Doug WAKES with a start. Freezing cold. He looks around. Holy shit, where is he? Then sees the low-slung buildings of the outpost in the distance. Huh? How did he get out here?

He looks down at his hands. They are covered in DRIED BLOOD. He stares at them, stunned. What the fuck did he do?

INT. SUPPLY OFFICE - ARCTIC OUTPOST - MORNING

Doug, disheveled, hastily dressed, SPRINTS down the hall and slides to a stop at the door of the office they were at last night. It's open a crack. As he SWINGS it open --

DOUG

Carol!

But we reveal -- A COMPLETELY EMPTY room, clean, devoid of any furniture, equipment, anything. He stares, wide-eyed, panicked. Looks down at his hands again. There's still dried blood on them. As he rushes off, wiping his hands on his pants - out damn spot...

INT. FARMHOUSE - UKRAINE - NIGHT

Petra asleep in front of the TV, a bad UKRAINIAN INFOMERCIAL. Middle of the night. TILT UP to see Oleg standing over her, staring. A man with a plan.

He very gingerly reaches down and SLIDES his hand ever-so-carefully down the front of her dress. She stirs, but doesn't wake. Emboldened now, he digs a little farther, groping around until... paydirt. He retrieves his hand, opens it to reveal the HEARING AID.

He slips it into his ear, turns it on. Then WINCES. There's that RHYTHMIC ELECTRONIC BUZZING again. He cocks his head and looks out the window in the direction of the sound.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg, FLASHLIGHT in hand, walks towards the barn, following the BUZZING SOUND that seems to be getting louder.

He swings open the barn door --

INT. BARN - UKRAINE - CONTINUOUS

Oleg enters this old, cluttered barn. Turns slowly, which direction is this "buzzing" coming from? He finally finds the exact spot -- Right here beneath this pile of hay.

He grabs a PITCHFORK and shovels away some of the hay. Reaches a WOODEN FLOOR with WIDE PLANKS.

He BANGS them with the pitchfork. THUNK, THUNK, THUNK, THWANK! The last spot makes a different noise. Hmmm.

Oleg pries up one of the floorboards with the pitchfork. Then another. He shines his flashlight into the open space and sees a large METAL WHEEL of a GIANT HATCH! Off Oleg's stunned expression --

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - MORNING

Idling on the tarmac, filled with Doug's COWORKERS. Doug rushes in, clothes hanging out of his hastily packed duffel bag. The last to board. They close the door behind. His eyes immediately scan the plane for Carol. Shit. She's not here!

He slides into a seat next to his buddy, Mike, who notes his distressed look.

MIKE

You alright?

DOUG

The woman I was with at the bar last night... You seen her?

MIKE

What woman?

Doug looks at him. Jesus, was this all some terrible nightmare? He considers saying something, instead --

DOUG

Never mind.

As the plane starts down the runway, Doug stares out the window. The plane picks up speed and LIFTS OFF --

FROM OUTSIDE THE PLANE

We PULL BACK away from Doug's panicked eyes, the plane lifting higher into the cold, gray sky. Then the CAMERA turns its focus back to the tiny OUTPOST below, disappearing from view. As we DRIFT DOWN and back to the outpost, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARCTIC OUTPOST - BAR - MORNING

We MOVE PAST the bar where Doug was at last night, to a lone DOG entering --

THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BAR

We FOLLOW the dog as it picks up a scent, and MOVES deeper into the alley until it reaches --

THE ROW OF TRASH CANS

where a TRAIL of BLOOD on the snow leads behind the cans. The dog moves to explore the source of this blood, and we just make out the SOLES of a PAIR OF SHOES attached to an unseen BODY. As the Dog starts to lick the blood off the shoes, before we see who they belong to,

INT. MR. EDWARDS' OFFICE - LANGLEY - NIGHT

It's way after hours. Mr. Edwards sits at his desk when his cell phone RINGS. He looks at the incoming number, doesn't recognize it. Answers anyway.

MR. EDWARDS

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

TIGHT ON Tara, a PHONE RECEIVER pressed to her ear, standing in some loud, public place. She's on edge, nervous.

TARA

It's me. I'm sorry. It didn't go like we planned... He stole the suitcase from my room, so I couldn't wear the wire--

MR. EDWARDS

But you met him?

TARA

Yes.

And she stops, thinking of how she's going to explain.

MR. EDWARDS

And?

TARA

The missile... It's not in North Korea.

MR. EDWARDS

(confused)

Then... where is it?

TARA

Right where it's always been,
somewhere in the former Soviet
Union, and it's still aimed at
Washington...

MR. EDWARDS

Jesus.

TARA

...All they need are the launch
codes. They'll have them in three
days.

Three days? Mr. Edwards slumps down onto his desk, the
weight of this hitting him. Then it suddenly dawns on him --

MR. EDWARDS

Wait, this isn't a secure number.
Where the hell are you?

Tara freezes for a second, then --

TARA

I... I can't tell you. That's why
I'm calling. I'm not coming back.
Not yet.

MR. EDWARDS

What the fuck are you talking
about?!!

TARA

I didn't want you to think I'm like
a traitor or anything. I can find
it. I can get the General to trust
me enough to tell me... I just
have to do this one--

EDWARDS

Getting him to trust you isn't
gonna help!
(then)
He's dead.

Tara just blinks, stunned.

TARA

Dead.

MR. EDWARDS

They're calling it a suicide, which
it isn't.

(MORE)

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)
 But, it's done, and so are you.
 So, get on a flight back here and--

CLICK. Tara hangs up on him.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)
 Tara?! Tara?!

BACK ON TARA

She turns away from the payphone, her mind racing, but her eyes filled with a steely resolve. WIDEN to reveal a bustling, MODERN AIRPORT. She's dressed in new clothes, a new carry-on bag. As she walks off, we --

INT. BARN - UKRAINE - NIGHT

Oleg has torn up the floorboards, revealing a giant METAL HATCH. He loosens the last massive BOLT, and pries open the lid, revealing a deep, CONCRETE HOLE with a METAL LADDER descending into the darkness.

He SHINES the flashlight into the hole. It's so deep he can't see to the bottom. But the BUZZING SOUND from the hearing aid is now LOUDER, so he knows he's getting closer. He descends the ladder into the darkness.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg drops to the floor. Shines his light. A DARK PASSAGEWAY leads into the distance. He starts down it. Dank and wet and scary. No one has been here for years.

Oleg finally comes to a dead end, a CINDERBLOCK WALL. He places his hand on it, testing its strength. Then kicks it lightly with his toe. A cinderblock MOVES. That's odd. Getting an idea, he hurries back in the direction he came.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Petra stirs awake. Looks around. Shit, it's almost morning. She gets up and lumbers sleepily towards the hallway, when she notices something out the window.

She crosses to the window and cups her hands on the glass for a better look. She squints to see a LIGHT on in the barn. That's odd. We ADJUST slightly to see her HAND pressed on the glass, and we notice for the first time that -- the TIP of her little finger is GONE, covered with ancient SCAR TISSUE. As her eyes narrow with suspicious anger --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - SOVIET ERA PSYCH WARD - NIGHT (1973)

A bloodied, bandaged HAND SHOVES open a door. Out strides REDHEAD (whom we now know is Petra), her SEVERED-PINKY cradled in front of her. She is followed by three other KGB-types. They head for two parked cars. *Italics* = Russian.

PETRA

*He'll go to the safe house first.
Follow me.*

The four of them split up and two each pile into the TWO CARS and squeal off into the night.

EXT. STREET - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT (1973)

Bentley hides in the dark, snowy shadows of the streets, still wearing only his underwear, literally freezing his balls off. He looks at a darkened apartment building across the street. Heads for it.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bentley moves stealthily down a dark hallway of this decrepit building. Heads directly to the old RADIATOR against the wall, reaches behind it, retrieves a KEY. Rushes to an apartment door.

INT. APARTMENT - EAST BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Bentley enters this darkened apartment, looks around, confused. It's EMPTY. Why is it empty?!! He moves to an ARMOIRE, shoves it away from the wall, revealing an old HAM RADIO in a secret compartment. He turns it on, FLIPS a few switches. It WHIRS to life. He lifts the microphone to his lips --

BENTLEY

This is *Iago*, over.
(waits, no response)
I need to come in. Over.
(still nothing)
Meet at the checkpoint. Heading
there now. Over.

Where are they? But then, a FAINT STATIC on the other end. It's GARBLED, but we barely make out --

VOICE (O.S.)

Checkpoint...

Bentley's eyes widen. He made contact. He throws the microphone down, reaches into the back of the radio and RIPS two WIRES out, and bolts off.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bentley strides towards the stairs, stops when he sees a BROOM CLOSET. Yanks open the door. Finds a JANITOR'S JUMPSUIT. That will do.

EXT. STREET - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Now in the JUMPSUIT, Bentley moves fast down the sidewalk. Looking back over his shoulder, he sees two CARS SLIDE to a stop in front of the apartment building that he just left.

He DUCKS into the shadows, as two of the KGB guys jump out of one car, and Petra and another man get out of the other. Shit, they've picked up his trail.

The four of them head towards the entrance of the same apartment building. Bentley waits until they enter, then sprints to one of their cars and hops in. He throws the car into gear and SCREECHES off down the snowy street.

INT. BENTLEY'S CAR - SECONDS LATER

Bentley FLOORS IT, glancing up at his REARVIEW MIRROR to see if he's being followed. Nothing. He takes a right turn. Then another right, racing towards the checkpoint.

BACK IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT - SAME

Petra and the two others come rushing out. Petra SLIDES to a stop, realizing Bentley has stolen the car. She spins and looks in both directions. Then SLAMS her bloodied fist onto the hood of the other car and SCREAMS in pain.

BACK IN BENTLEY'S CAR - SAME

Feeling safer now, he looks all the way over his right shoulder at the empty street behind him, relieved. When he turns his head back around his headlights suddenly ILLUMINATE a MAN standing right in the middle of the street.

Bentley SLAMS on the brakes, SKIDDING to a stop inches from hitting the man. He stares up in disbelief --

BENTLEY
 (under his breath)
 Ferguson.

EXT. STREET - EAST BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

FERGUSON (50), in a winter coat and Fedora, approaches slowly, staring at Bentley like he's a ghost. Bentley opens the door and steps out.

BENTLEY
 Thank god. I didn't think anyone
 heard me when I called--

FERGUSON
 Jesus man, we gave you up for dead
 a long time ago.

Bentley looks up at him confused.

BENTLEY
 What are you talking about? It's
 only been a week.

Ferguson cocks his head curiously.

FERGUSON
 A week? Bentley... you've been
 gone for nine months.

Off Bentley, absorbing this. WTF? We slowly --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNEL - DEEP BELOW OLEG'S FARM - NIGHT

Oleg WHACKS away at the cinderblock wall with a PICKAXE. He's got a pretty BIG HOLE going. Two more HITS and he finally BUSTS through to the other side.

He drops the pickaxe and CRAWLS through the hole to reveal

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Oleg shines his flashlight down another 50 feet, as the sound from the hearing aid BUZZES even LOUDER. We MOVE WITH him to a large METAL DOOR with a big WHEEL LOCK. He struggles to turn the wheel and it opens.

A rush of stale air washes over him as he steps through and immediately sees an old metal ELECTRIC CIRCUITRY BOX on the wall, circa 1980s.

Its TINY RED LIGHT is BLINKING in perfect UNISON with the BUZZING INTERFERENCE in his hearing aid. Eureka, he's found the source!

He moves to the box to try to shut it off, but the sound of FOOTSTEPS turn him around to see --

PETRA standing behind him, holding that SCYTHE we saw when we first met her, an odd look on her face. Oleg points excitedly to the circuitry box on the wall.

OLEG

See, I told you I heard something!

But Petra doesn't respond. Instead, she SWINGS the scythe with LIGHTNING SPEED. A SPATTER of BLOOD SPRAYS lightly across her cheek. Oleg's severed head hitting the pavement O.S. makes a sickening THUD.

PETRA

I tried to warn you.

(hint of regret)

Idiot.

Her head cranes back as she stares UPWARD at something, and we RISE high above her, and REVEAL that she's standing at the bottom of a SILO next to a 130-foot SOVIET-ERA NUCLEAR MISSILE. (*The very one from the photos in Tara's story*) The HAMMER AND SICKLE faded, but emblazoned on its tip --

EXT. PARKING LOT - LANGLEY - NIGHT

The lot is nearly empty at this hour. Mr. Edwards walks towards his car, when another CAR pulls up next to him and stops. The passenger window rolls down, revealing Deputy Director Chandler behind the wheel.

CHANDLER

Get in.

Mr. Edwards complies and gets into --

INT. CHANDLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Edwards sits, looks over at Chandler, who just stares back sternly, then pulls out her CELL PHONE. Scrolls for a second, then presses the button. We hear Mr. Edwards' and Tara's PHONE CONVERSATION from earlier in the day. TAPED!

MR. EDWARDS

...If he clams up or plays close to the vest, try mentioning the word "Treadstone".

TARA

Treadstone? What does that mean?

MR. EDWARDS

I don't know yet, but my guess is he will...

Chandler SHUTS OFF the recording. Mr. Edwards just stares at her, now more busted than ever --

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

I was going to tell you. I just wanted to find her first before I--

CHANDLER

I wouldn't be so quick to do that.

Mr. Edwards looks at her, surprised.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

The missile is just the tip of this iceberg. The General was using it to point us towards something way more dangerous. And she might be our best shot at finding out what that is.

MR. EDWARDS

(wait...)

You set her up.

CHANDLER

I needed to see if it was really happening.

MR. EDWARDS

If what was really--

But he stops as Chandler drops a FILE FOLDER onto his lap. He looks at it. It's marked "TREADSTONE". Chandler gestures, "go ahead". He opens the folder, leafs through the pages. CIA DOCUMENTS - SURVEILLANCE REPORTS, PHOTOS, etc.

CHANDLER

You were asking the right questions. These files were on the Senate servers... Until two days ago. Someone erased them...

(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
 (knowing look)
 On January 20th.

MR. EDWARDS
 (realizing)
 First day of the new
 administration.

They share a look.

CHANDLER
 I don't think that's a coincidence.

Mr. Edwards looks back at the file, sees a photo of J. RANDOLPH BENTLEY, wearing a MILITARY UNIFORM. Then turns the page to a photo of GENERAL KWON.

MR. EDWARDS
 General Kwon... How is he
 connected... What am I looking at?

CHANDLER
 A mistake. Something that
 should've been buried before it
 started.

Mr. Edwards continues to flip through PHOTOS, DOUG MCKENNA among them, then more, a dozen OTHERS.

MR. EDWARDS
 Who are these people?

CHANDLER
 Specialists. Sleepers. Their
 memories erased, identities
 changed. Undetectable. So deep
 undercover they wouldn't even know
 their own identities.

He turns the page now to a photo of SOYUN, pictured wearing a BOARDING SCHOOL UNIFORM.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
 The program ended in 2004. Boarded
 up, disavowed and left for dead.
 (re: the file)
 Along with all of them...

MR. EDWARDS
 You're telling me these people are
 still out there?

Chandler nods, expressionless.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Just... *asleep?*

CHANDLER
No... That's my point.
(ominous)
Someone's waking them up.

Mr. Edwards' eyes narrow, the implications sinking in.

MR. EDWARDS
Is it us?

CHANDLER
If it is, then you and I are in
dangerous waters.

MR. EDWARDS
And if it's not?

CHANDLER
Then we have to find out who they
are... and we have to stop them.

Off Mr. Edwards, staring at Chandler. What kind of Pandora's
Box have they stumbled onto here?

INT. AIRPORT - SAME

We're back with Tara, rolling her carry-on through the
crowded airport. We MOVE WITH her as she makes her way
toward a BOARDING GATE, and steps to the back of a long line
of passengers. We RISE UP to reveal a sign over the gate
door that reads, "**ZURICH**".

Off Tara, heading into unchartered territory --

FADE OUT.