

DISTORTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MEDITERRANEAN VILLA - NIGHT

Every hallway ends in darkness, an endless maze offering no sense of space. Sights and sounds blur together as...

ERIN (V.O.)
Where is he?

1ST MAN (V.O.)
I couldn't stop them.

ERIN MABRY (mid 40s, blood-stained jeans and tank top, hair pulled back tight) quickly stalks through the house with practiced caution, fingers tight around the grip of her handgun. Her skin, wet and glistening with sweat and blood.

ERIN (V.O.)
No. No!

Erin slinks around a corner, checks a room. Nothing. Moving on. Caution giving way to urgency.

A SMALL CHILD'S CRIES echo through the halls.

ERIN (V.O.)
(echoing)
Where is he?

2ND MAN (V.O.)
(sympathetic but stern)
I warned you.

Lunging up a flight of stairs, Erin finds a room, door open.

1ST MAN (V.O.)
He's dead.

Inside, a BOY (age 4) lies dead on the floor, eyes wide but vacant. There's blood.

Erin balks. Soul crushed. Eyes watering. Then...

2ND MAN (V.O.)
Family makes you weak.

A gun butt swings out of the darkness, connecting with Erin's face, snapping her head back and she's...

EXT. BOULEVARD - MEDIAN DITCH - NIGHT

Lying in the dirt dividing four lanes of a traffic. Cars cruise past. Erin's clothes are different. The blood is gone.

A breath, then...

She stirs, disoriented, flinching as cars speed past, headlights blinding. She looks around, confusion front and center. Street signs, sounds, passing cars -- everything swims in and out of focus.

Erin lurches out of the ditch and into traffic. The tail-wind of a passing car rustles her clothes. CAR HORN dopplering past. She staggers back into the ditch.

Police lights flash as a cruiser whips a U-turn.

DR. RAYBURN (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Okay, Sarah. Do you know who the thirteenth president was?

INT. DR. RAYBURN'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. RAYBURN (40s, a neurologist) looks across his desk, watching as Erin shakes her head.

DR. RAYBURN
Millard Fillmore. You think you can remember that name?

ERIN
Millard Fillmore, sure.

Rayburn types notes on his computer as....

DR. RAYBURN
Are you taking any medications?

ERIN
No.

DR. RAYBURN
Other drugs?

ERIN
No.

DR. RAYBURN
Any recent head injuries?

ERIN
No.

DR. RAYBURN
Are you under any abnormal stress?

ERIN
No.

DR. RAYBURN
Age?

ERIN
Forty-five.

DR. RAYBURN
How many hours of sleep do you
average nightly?

ERIN
Four. Occasionally five.

DR. RAYBURN
Can you spell 'kitten' for me?

ERIN
Kitten?
(off Rayburn's nod)
K-I-T-T-E-N.

DR. RAYBURN
Now spell it backwards.

ERIN
N-E-T-T-I-K.

DR. RAYBURN
Tell me about your family.

ERIN
I have a husband and a daughter.

DR. RAYBURN
I mean any history of disease with
your parents or yourself?

ERIN
Not with me. I didn't know my
parents.

DR. RAYBURN
Let's talk about the sleepwalking.

ERIN
It's not sleepwalking. I just told
you I don't sleep.

DR. RAYBURN

Okay then, in your own words, how would you describe what happened?

ERIN

I don't know.

Rayburn assesses Erin with a glance.

DR. RAYBURN

The officers who found you said you didn't know where you were or how you got there.

ERIN

Yeah, that's right.

DR. RAYBURN

Do you know where you are now?

ERIN

(out to prove something)

Your office. 5-2-2-7 Hayworth avenue, third floor. Woodman's the cross street. That's where I wanted to park because you guys don't validate, but there's street cleaning today, so I had to park on Olive. There's a furniture store on the corner that doesn't open before noon on any day but Saturday. The salon next door offers discounts on Tuesdays, and the Thai restaurant across the street has lunch specials daily.

DR. RAYBURN

Good. That's good.

(makes a note)

And, whose name did I asked you to remember?

Erin tries to recall. Stumped. She wrings her hands -- no wedding ring on her finger.

DR. RAYBURN (CONT'D)

Sarah?

ERIN

(deflects)

I got distracted talking about my walk over here... And I'm tired because, like I said, I don't sleep much.

Erin anxiously watches Dr. Rayburn make another note.

DR. RAYBURN
It was Millard Fillmore.

ERIN
Obviously not a memorable guy.

DR. RAYBURN
I'd like to schedule an M-R-I.

ERIN
Why?

DR. RAYBURN
Just covering all the bases.
(smiles)
They'll set you up with an
appointment out front, and when you
come back, I'd like you to bring
along a family member or close
friend. Okay?

Erin's eyes dig deep, wary of what he's not telling her.

ERIN
Sure.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Erin observes as a class of GUN STUDENTS practice firing handguns at targets down range. The name badge pinned to her shirt reads "SARAH RIPLEY - INSTRUCTOR"

After a moment, she blows a WHISTLE.

The students stop firing.

ERIN
Safety your weapons.

INT. GUN RANGE - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Erin grabs a punch card marked "SARAH RIPLEY" and clocks out. Turning, she waves to BRUCE (40s), the gun range owner.

BRUCE
Have a good weekend, Sarah.

EXT. EAST COAST COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Ivory growing on colonial buildings.

KEVIN

Where are you?

KEVIN DANIELS (mid 40s, nondescript in jeans and a light jacket) talks on his cell phone while trailing behind PARENTS and TEENAGERS on a campus tour. His name badge reads "TYLER".

ERIN (O.S.)

Your three o'clock.

He spots Erin (sunglasses and a baseball cap worn low) across the quad, mirroring the tour while talking on a cheap phone.

ERIN (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful campus.

KEVIN

It is. Great law school too.

ERIN

So she got accepted?

MICHELLE DANIELS (18, straight-laced with accents of rebellion, a streak of color in her hair, a small nose piercing) glances back at Kevin. Her name badge reads "KELLY".

KEVIN

She did.

Michelle motions for Kevin to get off the phone. He nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She wants to be a Federal Prosecutor... She thinks she wants to anyway.

ERIN

That's great.

KEVIN

You should tell her that.

ERIN

Come on. Every time we talk now?

KEVIN

No one is after you anymore. It's time you re-introduce yourself to your daughter.

ERIN

No. Coming back into her life
now... There's no point.

KEVIN

You don't really believe that, do
you?

(gets no response)

Erin? Is everything all right?

ERIN

Everything's fine. Let me know how
the rest of the tour goes.

Erin ends the call. As she walks away she pulls the SIM card
from the phone and dumps them both in the trash.

MICHELLE

Who was that?

KEVIN

The cleaners. My shirts are done.

Michelle cocks her head, dubious. Kevin deflects.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(re: the campus)

You still like it?

MICHELLE

Yeah. I do.

EXT. PHARM-GEN PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

A glassy, corporate monolith. The sign out front reads "Pharm-
Gen Pharmaceuticals".

INT. PHARM-GEN - I.T. DEN - NIGHT

Several I.T. TECHS (late 20s) working at their computer
stations. One wall is a window -- beyond are rows of WHIRRING
servers. Lights blinking. Everything's copacetic, until...

I.T. TECH 1

Hey.

An ALARM sounds.

I.T. TECH 2

What is it?

I.T. TECH 1
Firewall was just breached.

I.T. TECH 2
Isolate 'em.

I.T. TECH 1
I'm trying.

I.T. TECH 2
Get 'em out.

Data files streaming across Tech 1's screen as he types feverishly, then...

I.T. TECH 1
I can't.

I.T. TECH 2
(realizing)
Shit. Get 'em offline... All of
'em. Now. Come on. Come on!

The I.T. Tech's scramble to take the servers offline. It's not happening fast enough. Tech 2 dashes into...

INT. PHARM-GEN - SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind the glass now. I.T. Tech 2 sprints down an aisle along the wall. He opens a junction box -- an array of CAT-7 cables plugged into it. He rips them out by the handful. The servers continue WHIRRING, but the blinking lights go dark.

INT. MALL - DAY

MARTIN CHADWICK (30, glasses, pea coat, watch cap) stops at a cell phone kiosk and purchases a disposable phone. He dials a number written on a scrap of paper. He lets the line RING twice then hangs up.

A moment later, the phone RINGS. He answers it.

NYLUND (V.O.)
(over the phone)
You here?

CHADWICK
Yes.

NYLUND (V.O.)
Food court. Go.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Martin takes a seat among the sea of tables.

NYLUND (O.S.)
Turn the phone off. Keep it to your
ear.

JAMES NYLUND (45, shoulder-length wig) sits at a neighboring table, phone and laptop in front of him. He pretends to talk into the mic on his earbuds.

NYLUND (CONT'D)
The files?

CHADWICK
Copies and originals on two S-D
cards like you asked.

NYLUND
Drop the cards on the floor and
kick them to me.

Chadwick discreetly drops the cards under the table and kicks them over. Nylund drops a napkin on the cards and uses it to cover them as he grabs them.

He then immediately slips one into a reader attached to his laptop. The files begin copying over.

NYLUND (CONT'D)
There's a key taped to the bottom
of your table.

Chadwick feels with his hand, pulls off a key.

NYLUND (CONT'D)
Your money is in locker twenty-two
at the Dahlia Day Spa on Water
Street.
(beat)
Get some food. We're done.

CHADWICK
If you need anything else.

NYLUND
This is the last time you and I
will talk.

Chadwick ends the pretend call, gets up and heads to a food stand. Nylund waits for the files to finish transferring and notices a MAN watching Chadwick.

He then notices two men, BUZZ and GRIMACE (both in their mid 30s, former military, very serious), at another table watching him. Shit. He looks away and shakes his head, disappointed.

Pulling a pill bottle from his pocket, he dumps a pill into his hand. The bottle label: "CORTAPRIFID". He downs the pill.

The files finish copying. He packs up and briskly walks away.

Buzz and Grimace get up from their table and follow Nylund.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Nylund anxiously pushing onward, almost jogging, trying not to. Head on a swivel, searching. Where the hell is an exit?

He passes an information stand. Eyeing the mall map as he goes by. Doesn't stop. Head rotating all the way back until he sees Buzz and Grimace still pacing him.

Ahead, a line of people leading to a computer store. Nylund turns and pushes through the line.

INT. COMPUTER STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Laptops and mobile devices on display.

Nylund shoves past several TECH-TOUCHERS and weaves between the display tables. Ripping off the wig, he reveals his real hair -- crew cut. He opens his satchel....

Buzz and Grimace scan the crowd for a moment -- they lost Nylund. Then they spot him slipping into the "Employees Only" door at the back of the store. They pick up their pace, racing after him.

BUZZ
(into radio)
Freight corridor, second floor.

INT. MALL - FREIGHT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Windowless concrete hallway. Nylund looks back as Buzz and Grimace enter from the computer store. He turns a corner. They follow.

An access door opens in front of Nylund. BRAWN (mid 30s, muscular, tall) steps out. Nylund is surrounded.

The agents close in. Nylund drops the satchel and goes on the offensive, attacking, catching the agents off guard, but only for a second before...

Attacks come fast. It's close quarters combat. Instinctual. Not a single motion wasted.

Outnumbered, Nylund is quickly overmatched. His attacks begin to fall short, blocked and countered until...

Grimace lands a devastating haymaker to Nylund's jaw, spinning him into the wall.

Brawn and Grimace try to pin him there while Buzz pulls a syringe from his coat pocket.

Nylund slips free. He lands an elbow to Grimace's face, staggering him a second -- just enough to snatch the pistol from Grimace's shoulder holster, and in the same motion, Nylund shoots himself in the head.

Brawn lets the body drop. Buzz checks the satchel. It's empty.

BUZZ

Where is it?

INT. COMPUTER STORE - SAME

Nylund's laptop sitting on a table among other laptops. An attachment finishes uploading to an e-mail which then auto sends. Two recipients listed: "Senator Miles" and "Killr0y_EM3W".

INT. CIA HQ - LOBBY - DAY

A Starbucks kiosk nestled in the back corner of the lobby. A starkly quiet and orderly line of ANALYSTS and TECHS wait for their fix.

Special Operations Deputy Director MARCUS BARNES (40s, jacket, tie, slacks) waits for his drink while watching a news story unfold on TV -- B-roll: Chaos in a European city. Emergency vehicles. Police. SWAT. Traffic jammed.

The ticker on the bottom of the screen reads "12 dead in raid on terror cell".

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

(on TV)

...This stemming from a raid on a suspected terror cell that spilled out into the streets...

ON TV: More B-roll. Bodies under white sheets. Wounded civies being triaged. Vehicles riddled with bullet holes.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

...And once again, the latest total we have is twelve dead. Among them are the six suspected terrorists, two European intelligence agents, and four civilians in what we're being told was a CIA-led operation.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Skinny vanilla latte for twenty-two.

Barnes checks the number in his hand -- #22. As he takes his drink we discover that this is...

SUPER: "CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VA"

Barnes exchanges the number tag for his drink as SCOTT HALAS (60, CIA Director, more politician than spy) addresses reporters on the TV.

HALAS

(on TV)

...I want to commend the bravery of all the agents in the field. If it wasn't for them, countless more innocents would have been killed or injured in the terror attacks being planned there.

Barnes steps away with his latte and glances at another TV.

SENATOR MILES (45, stylish, young firebrand) addresses reporters from Capital Hill.

SENATOR MILES

(on TV)

Four innocent people are dead, not because of a terrorist act, but because of negligence on the part of our intelligence community...

Barnes sips his latte, spitefully eyeing Miles over the rim of his cup.

SENATOR MILES (CONT'D)

(on TV)

We cannot allow those tasked with protecting us to be the ones who endanger us. Someone must be held accountable for those innocent lives lost.

HUMM -- HUMM -- Barnes pulls his cell phone from his pocket.

BARNES

Barnes.

INT. CIA HQ - OPS SUITE - DAY

Nestled deep inside the compound. A block of functional offices connected to a central ops hub. The whole setup is like a bar with no signage. You either know it's there or you don't.

Barnes makes his way through the suite.

BARNES (PRE-LAP V.O.)

What do you mean "it got out"?

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - CONTINUOUS

A small team of OPS TECHS and OPS ANALYSTS work at computers. A bank of monitors on the wall. JACOB DARROW (late 30s, Barnes' right hand and apprentice) gives Barnes a sit-rep.

DARROW

He ditched the laptop and the e-mail auto sent. There were two recipients listed, a Killr0y_EM3W and Senator Miles.

BARNES

(fear of God)

Has he seen it?

DARROW

No. We intercepted it before it hit his inbox. That's how we knew it was sent.

BARNES

And it contains everything? All the stolen files.

DARROW

Everything. Ingredients for Cortaprifid, order invoices, known side effects. Your name's all over it.

BARNES

And what about the other recipient?

DARROW

We haven't been able to confirm who it is, but the files were downloaded from an I-P address belonging to a library computer in Garden Grove. We're shutting down the account now.

BARNES

No. Let it be. They may go back to it. Keep monitoring it... We get any leads from the library?

VALERIE (late 20s) punches keys on her computer. A satellite image of the library comes on the monitors. The image then pulls out to a ten mile radius.

VALERIE

Their security cameras are air-gapped. We're working on getting those files. We're also doing a residence search in a ten-mile radius. So far nothing stands out.

DARROW

We went back through anyone James Nylund worked with as an active field operator... Dell, put the head shots on two.

DELL (late 20s) types on his keyboard and... dossiers with head shots of Kevin and Erin pop up on screen two.

DARROW (CONT'D)

Everyone he worked with in the Distortion program we've either incapacitated, or they're dead. The only exceptions are Kevin Daniels and Erin Mabry.

BARNES

(disappointed / betrayed)
Damn it.

DARROW

They both went off-grid years ago.
We have no idea where to start
looking for them.

BARNES

I do... I'm the one who made her a
ghost.

INT. GUN RANGE - CLASS ROOM - DAY

Erin stands at the head of the class holding an assault
rifle. Cleaning supplies on a table in front of her -- this
is gun cleaning 101. She's given this lesson a thousand
times.

ERIN

Cleaning your weapon is as
important to gun safety as not
pointing it at someone you don't
intend to shoot. A dirty weapon
could jam or misfire... First thing
we need to do is make sure it's
unloaded. Remove the magazine,
check the chamber and the barrel
from back to front.

She removes the magazine, pulls the slider back and checks
the chamber and barrel.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Confirm that there are no...

Erin's rhythm falters. She can't find the word...

ERIN (CONT'D)

There are no, uh...

Her students -- all eyes on her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(forces a smile)
Sorry, I just, uh...
(resets)
You want to make sure there are
no...
(cringes)
Projectiles... in the chamber.
(back in stride)
Generally, you won't need to field
strip the weapon, but for
demonstration purposes, I will.

Erin strips down the weapon with practiced fluidity.

EXT. GUN RANGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Erin drops a duffle bag into a locker in the bed of her truck.

BARNES (O.S.)
Hey, stranger.

Erin turns, sees Barnes.

ERIN
Marcus.

BARNES
(soft)
Erin.

They exchange a friendly hug.

ERIN
What are you doing here?

BARNES
Something's come up. I need to know
if you've had any recent contact
with James Nylund.

ERIN
James? No.

BARNES
What about Kevin? You still keep in
touch?

ERIN
Not really.

BARNES
Well, you might want to reach out.
I think someone connected to Nylund
might be after one of you.

ERIN
Why?

BARNES
Don't know, but Kevin and Michelle
could be in real danger.

(MORE)

BARNES (CONT'D)

I normally wouldn't ask you to risk exposing your family, but do you think you could get him to poke his head up so we can monitor him?

ERIN

If he feels he's compromised, he'll let me know.

BARNES

If he's compromised, he may not have time.

(prodding)

At least consider reaching out for Michelle's sake. I can't help protect her if I don't know where she is.

ERIN

It's nice that you finally care about my family.

BARNES

Sorry. I didn't realize it was still a fresh wound.

(then)

Well, whatever you decide. I'm sure you'll do what's right.

Erin nods. Barnes smiles, walks away.

BARNES (CONT'D)

And you know how to find me.

Erin pensively watches him walk away.

INT. ERIN'S TRUCK - DAY

Sitting at a red light. Cross traffic goes. Pedestrians walking.

Erin sits with her cell phone to her. The line RINGS.

ERIN

Come on, Kevin. Pick up.

It goes to a generic voice mail message.

Confused, Erin checks the phone number then sets the phone down. When she looks back up...

Everything slips out of focus. The light turns green. Erin hesitates.

She watches the cars around her take off. She looks from one street sign to another. Can't read anything. She scans buildings, address markers, it's all undecipherable.

HORNS BLARING -- Go, asshole! She's flustered, breathing quickens.

She inches the truck forward -- nearly clips a car crossing in front of her. The light's red again. Pedestrians passing.

Erin closes her eyes and brings her breathing under control.

She looks again. Everything's still out of focus, but then the coffee shop alone becomes clear. Then the neighboring restaurant. Then everything else on that street.

Green light. She signals and cuts across traffic to turn down the only street that's clear to her.

INT. DR. RAYBURN'S OFFICE - DAY

Erin again sits across the desk from Dr. Rayburn.

DR. RAYBURN
Did you bring anyone with you?

ERIN
No. It's only me.

Dr. Rayburn thinks on that a moment. Then, against his better judgement, he turns his computer monitor so she can see it.

DR. RAYBURN
This is what a healthy brain looks like.

A cross-section image of a healthy brain on the monitor.

DR. RAYBURN (CONT'D)
And this is what your brain looks like.

Doctor Rayburn opens a second image, another cross section of a brain. This one suffers from extreme atrophy.

DR. RAYBURN (CONT'D)
You see how these areas have shrunk to almost nothing? That's atrophy. That's what's causing the dementia.

ERIN
Dementia... Wow... How do I stop it?

DR. RAYBURN

Sarah, this isn't like the flu. I'll prescribe medications, but they'll only work to alleviate the symptoms. We can't stop the disease from advancing.

(beat)

I'm sorry... I wish we had caught it sooner.

ERIN

What do you mean?

DR. RAYBURN

Your deterioration is fairly substantial. I'm surprised, actually. You must be a pretty resourceful woman to have it this bad and still make it seem like everything is okay. The problem is, all that did was delay the diagnosis. So, now we're in the situation we're in.

Erin takes a moment to absorb this. Her edge softening.

ERIN

So what can I expect?

DR. RAYBURN

Well, your memory will continue to worsen, as will your vocabulary, coordination, judgment...

Erin takes a breath.

DR. RAYBURN (CONT'D)

As I said, there are medications available that can alleviate the symptoms, even help regress cognitive degradation in rare cases. I'll set you up with a regimen. We'll monitor you as we go, and we'll hope for the best.

(then)

Now, before I do that, I need to know about your past drug abuse.

ERIN

My what?

DR. RAYBURN

(re: the scan image)

This kind of atrophy, in someone as young as you, it's typically brought on by disease or drug abuse. Your genetic tests are negative, there's no other indication of disease, so can you tell me about the drugs?

ERIN

I was never an addict.

DR. RAYBURN

Alcohol?

ERIN

No.

DR. RAYBURN

Something certainly caused this damage.

Erin takes a moment to recall. Her expression sours as she comes across a bitter thought.

DR. RAYBURN (CONT'D)

Sarah?

ERIN

I took something... to increase memory, awareness, critical thinking...

DR. RAYBURN

What was it called?

Erin looks away -- equal parts defiant silence and concern.

DR. RAYBURN (CONT'D)

How long were you taking it?

ERIN

Fourteen years.

DR. RAYBURN

(astonished)

And who administered this drug?

ERIN

My employer.

DR. RAYBURN
Your employer? Why would they have
given you a mind-enhancing drug?

Off Erin sitting in stoic, stubborn silence...

EXT. PARK - DAY

A UTILITY VAN sits parked on a nearby street in the B.G.

Erin sits on a bench, phone to her ear, watching several KIDS
(ages 4 - 6) playing nearby.

MEMORY FLASH: Erin playing with IAN (age 4 -- the same boy
from the opening). Running. LAUGHING.

KEVIN (V.O.)
(over phone)
Erin?

Erin blinks the vision away.

ERIN
Anyone ever mention anything to you
about side effects from
Cortaprifid?

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - SAME

Kevin closes his laptop, shifts uncomfortably, nervously.

KEVIN
To me? No.
(beat)
Erin, what's wrong?

ERIN (V.O.)
(over phone)
I uh... I just left the doctor's
office... I have dementia.

Kevin slouches a bit as he works to digest that bomb.

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - SAME

Ops Techs working hard as the entire hub works to track
Kevin's phone as they listen in on the call.

KEVIN (V.O.)
God, Erin. I'm sorry.

BARNES

That's him.

VAL

We're hearing him on her end. His phone's a burner too.

DARROW

Get me a location.

VAL

Working on it.

A timer on the wall counts down...

ERIN (V.O.)

I started noticing problems a few months ago.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - SAME

Kevin checks a countdown timer on his watch -- it's several seconds ahead of the ops hub timer.

ERIN (V.O.)

I shoulda gotten checked sooner. Now... it's going to get bad fast.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Erin, watching the kids play.

ERIN

I've been thinking, maybe you're right. Maybe it's time.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Really?

ERIN

Yeah.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Okay. I'll talk to Michelle about it. If she agrees, I'll bring her to you.

ERIN

And what about Ian?

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - SAME

The name hits Kevin like a kidney punch.

KEVIN

Ian?

ERIN (V.O.)

You think he'll want to spend time
with me?

KEVIN

Erin... Ian... He's...

Kevin's WATCH BEEPS.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Erin, time's up.

He ends the call and despondently removes the SIM card.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Erin ends the call. She also removes the SIM card and
casually tosses it in the trash with the phone.

Her gaze then shifts and lingers on the kids playing.

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - DAY

The timer hits zero. Barnes looks to Darrow. He shakes his
head.

BARNES

Alert the team on her. They're
going to meet up. We can grab them
all at once.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin sits on the couch, deep in thought. Michelle storms in.

MICHELLE

Did you pull clothes from my
closet?

Michelle registers two suitcases standing by the door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Dad.

KEVIN

Your mother called. She'd like to spend some time with you.

MICHELLE

Ha.

KEVIN

Kelly--

MICHELLE

You know, Chloe's dad walked out on her family. At least she gets a birthday card every year.

KEVIN

Your mother has wanted to see you. She wants to see you now.

MICHELLE

Whatever. Let her wait sixteen years.

KEVIN

She can't... She's dying.

MICHELLE

We're all dying.

Michelle walks away, trying to escape. Kevin follows.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michelle leads Kevin in.

KEVIN

She has dementia. In a month she may not even remember you anymore.

MICHELLE

Oh, so maybe all this time she just forgot where home was.

KEVIN

None of this was easy for her.

MICHELLE

Can you take my side one time?

KEVIN

I understand your side. You need to spend time with her to understand hers.

MICHELLE

No. I don't... When she left and didn't come home, she said enough.

As Michelle walks away again, Kevin follows her to...

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle grabs the suitcases, starts carrying them back to her room.

Kevin blocks her.

KEVIN

I can't explain this anymore than I already have. Things got complicated. She felt she needed to leave. If you want more answers, you'll have to talk to her.

Michelle pushes past.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

If you don't want to do it, if you really believe you'll never regret not knowing your mother, then fine. I'll call her and tell her you're not coming.

MICHELLE

Great. I'd be surprised if she cared.

KEVIN

She'll say she doesn't. She wouldn't want to give you any reason to regret your decision... But underneath, she will be hurt and she'll bury it deep.
(hanging a look)
You two are the same that way.

Michelle stops. That last remark just nicked the right nerve. With a heavy sigh, she turns back to Kevin.

INT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The inside of Erin's house feels soulless. Generic art. Generic knickknacks. No family photos anywhere.

A DOOR KNOCK.

Erin opens the front door and hugs Kevin. Michelle keeps her distance.

ERIN
Michelle.

MICHELLE
(to Kevin)
Seriously? Michelle?

KEVIN
(whispers)
It's because she's sick. Go in.

Michelle rolls her eyes and pushes past.

ERIN
(re: the suitcases)
What are those for?

KEVIN
In case you two hit it off and she ends up spending the night.

MICHELLE
You packed for a week.

KEVIN
I'm optimistic.
(to Erin)
Can I put them in the guest room?

As Erin shuts the front door, she looks out and catches sight of the utility van parked on the street in front of the neighbor's house. It's the same van from the park.

ERIN
Go ahead.

Her gaze lingers on the van for just a moment, but it registers -- something's not right about it.

As Kevin takes the luggage away, Erin turns to Michelle.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Wow. This is really happening.

MICHELLE
(impassive / sarcastic)
Yeah. Wow.

ERIN
Are you hungry? I thought maybe we could grill out.
(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
(fishing for a reaction)
I've got sirloin burgers, chicken
beasts--

MICHELLE
-- I'm vegan.

ERIN
Oh, uh... Well, I also have some
veggies... Some pineapple --
organic pineapple, we could grill
that.

Michelle looks away, disinterested.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. When I talked to your
dad, he didn't mention anything
about you being vegan.

MICHELLE
That's because he knows I'll eat
anything.

Erin watches Michelle walk into the kitchen. This is going to
be a long day.

KEVIN (PRE-LAP V.O.)
I can't stay.

INT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle takes a seat at the table.

KEVIN
I'm going to take this opportunity
to see a friend in D.C. You mind if
I grab a water for the road?

ERIN
In the fridge.

KEVIN
(to Michelle)
You want something to drink?

ERIN
I've got, juice, lemonade, soda--

MICHELLE
-- Lemonade is juice.

KEVIN
Hey, come on.

Michelle shakes her head.

ERIN
Maybe this isn't the best time.

MICHELLE
Ha!

KEVIN
No. You're doing this. Both of you.
Starting today.

Kevin goes to the fridge.

EXT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - SAME

Buzz and Grimace jimmy open a window and enter.

KEVIN (O.S.)
I should only be gone a day or two.

INT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Kevin looks in the fridge and finds a shoe on the shelf.
Baffled, he sets it on the counter and notices Erin standing
still -- finger raised for silence.

MICHELLE
What's she doing?

ERIN
Shh.

Kevin freezes, suddenly concerned.

MICHELLE
Dad?

ERIN
The air pressure just changed.

MICHELLE
Is she kidding?

KEVIN
Sarah?

Erin stands frozen. Then... she gives Kevin an urgent look.

INT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Buzz and Grimace stalk down the stairs, weapons shouldered, ready to fire as...

The front door BURSTS open. SLICK (mid 30s, wiry) and Brawn push in, guns scanning and...

INT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

A SHOTGUN BLAST shatters the back-door knob. ICE MAN (30s, chewing gum), and MOHAWK (30s, mohawk hair cut) charge in.

The Fire Team converges. Buzz spots an open window.

BUZZ

They're on the move! Go! Go! Go!

EXT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Erin, Kevin, and Michelle race single file down the narrow alley between buildings.

MICHELLE

Dad? What's happening?

KEVIN

Just do what I say.

EXT. ERIN'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fire Team sprints outside.

BUZZ

Survey team, you have eyes on target?

SURVEY #1 (V.O.)

Negative.

Kevin's car, a silver coupe, suddenly SQUEALS around a nearby corner and tears off down the street.

BUZZ

Silver car! Silver car! Target is mobile.

Fire Team dashes to the street where -- two black SUVs roll up, never stopping as Fire Team jumps in. They're off, racing after the silver coupe.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Kevin's silver coupe races in and out of traffic.

I/E. KEVIN'S SILVER COUPE - SAME (MOVING)

Erin's driving, high speed, swerving through traffic.

ERIN
(name slips)
Kevin?

KEVIN
Under your seat.

Erin reaches under the driver seat... pulls out a Walther PPK and hands it to Kevin.

MICHELLE
(re: the gun)
Dad!?!

KEVIN
Keep your head down.

The Black SUVs powering forward, souped-up engines quickly gaining ground.

Erin, zooming past cars, crossing the yellow. Approaching a red light, she veers through the intersection nearly colliding with crossing traffic.

SUV 1 follows. SUV 2 is cut off. It turns down the cross street and races away.

WHOOP -- WHOOP. A POLICE CRUISER joins the chase.

The silver coupe, SUV 1, and the police cruiser rocket past other cars... tires SCREAMING as they round corners and accelerate.

Four-lane boulevard. The silver coupe continuing to bob-and-weave through traffic. SUV 1 and the police Cruiser closing.

Kevin looks down the side streets -- WHOOSH -- WHOOSH -- buildings fly by. In between -- glimpses of SUV 2 racing them, neck-and-neck, a block away but angling closer.

Boulevards converging.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Sarah... Watch out.

Six-way intersection. Erin cranks on the wheel just as...
IMPACT. SUV 2 sideswipes the silver coupe. Side mirror
smashed. Debris flying. Tires SQUAWKING.

Erin jumps the curb, tears through the ditch into the
oncoming lanes. Michelle bounces around in the back seat,
SCREAMING.

SUV 2 hauls ass after the silver coupe. SUV 1 and the police
cruiser race along behind them.

The silver coupe jumps out of the ditch and back onto
pavement... immediately makes a hard right... rear end
fishtailing.

SUV 2 -- too fast -- can't make the turn and SLAMS into a
another car, jack-knifes sideways and...

The police cruiser PLOWS into it like a wrecking ball.

SUV 1 speeds past the wreck. Behind it, SIRENS BLARING as a
SECOND and THIRD POLICE CRUISER angle in.

Erin pounds the HORN as they race toward a cross walk.
Pedestrians dash out of the way.

CRUNCH. The silver coupe jolts as SUV 1 rams it from behind.
Its tail end swerving. Erin struggling to maintain control.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
They're trying to spin us.

SUV 1 nudges the silver coupe's back fender. TIRES SQUEAL as
the silver coupe spins 180°. Erin hammers the gas. The coupe
rockets off in the opposite direction.

Police cruiser 2 swerves to avoid a head-on collision --
impacts into a parked car -- air bags exploding.

SUV 1 makes a hard U-turn, hopping the curb.

Police cruiser 3 tries to block the road, SKIDDING to a stop.

The silver coupe clips the cruiser's front grill as it
squeezes through. A second later, SUV 1 loses paint as it
blows past.

Police Cruiser 3 starts making a U-turn, but it's already out
of the race as...

SUV 1 banks onto a cross street after the silver coupe.

Erin checks his mirror. SUV 1 gaining ground again.

Kevin rolls down his window, SHOOTS at SUV 1. Rounds PINGING off the SUV's fender near the front tire.

ERIN

Shit.

The silver coupe slows down.

KEVIN

Sarah?

ERIN

I missed the turn.

KEVIN

Get the next one.

ERIN

Turning there takes me to Third Street.

KEVIN

We can hit Third Street up here.

ERIN

No. No! I needed to turn back there!

Erin looks around, confused.

ERIN'S POV: Everything moving in and out of focus.

SUV 1 gaining fast.

Kevin sees Erin looking confused. He grabs the steering wheel and presses the CRUISE CONTROL ACCELERATION button. The silver car picks up speed.

Erin glares at Kevin.

KEVIN

It's okay.
(then)
Kelly, hold on.

Kevin cranks the wheel. The silver coupe barrels around a corner. SUV 1 banking behind them, right on their ass.

Kevin, driving with one hand, thumb on the accelerator button, picking up speed.

SUV 1 behind them. Buzz hanging out the window -- assault rifle FIRING. The car's rear window shatters. Michelle SCREAMING as bullets tear through the cabin.

SUV 1 pulls up along side. Kevin grabs Erin and pulls her down as the driver-side window explodes.

Peeking up, Kevin sees...

Cement barriers ahead as the two lanes divide.

He rams the coupe into the SUV, pushing it into the other lane. SUV pushes back. The two vehicles jostling back and forth, rocketing toward the cement barriers until...

The coupe pushes the SUV and swerves away at the last second, clipping the cement barrier as it races past.

The SUV tries to get over -- TOO LATE. It's rear end clips the barrier -- back quarter-panel crumpling, tires SCREAMING. The SUV spins out, colliding with another CAR before shuddering to a stop.

Buzz scowls as he watches the silver coupe turn out of sight.

INT. KEVIN'S SILVER COUPE - MOMENTS LATER (MOVING)

Racing past a "Third Street" sign. Piece by piece, building by building, everything comes back into focus for Erin.

ERIN
(to Kevin)
Excuse me.

KEVIN
Are you okay?

ERIN
Yes. Can I drive here?

Wary, Kevin removes his hand from the steering wheel.

MICHELLE
Dad? Dad! What the hell?

Off Kevin's pensive look...

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - DAY

Stunned silence as everyone watches video feed of the failed chase on the monitors. Barnes paces and thinks for a moment.

BARNES
Where's the drone?

DELL

Still five minutes out.

BARNES

Damn it... Those files. We have to assume he intends to get them to Senator Miles or go public himself.

(thinks a breath)

We need to turn it all into fiction before that happens.

He points to photos of Nylund and Erin on screen.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Built-in deniability. They have literally lost their minds. We need to play on that.

(addressing everyone)

Get Pharm-Gen on the line, they need to wipe their files -- everything related to Cortaprifid. On our end, burn it all -- the files, stockpiles, personnel -- anything and anyone directly associated with the drug. We have to make it all go away like it never existed... It has all got to be erased clean, people. Spotless.

(re: Kevin and Erin's photos)

Starting with them.

A PHONE RINGS. Darrow answers.

DELL

You want operators active?

BARNES

Keep the fire team on them, and put Wilhelm on standby.

DARROW

-- Sir. Director Halas.

Barnes looks less-than-thrilled as Darrow holds the phone.

EXT. CIA HQ - CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Barnes walking with Halas as they exit the building.

HALAS

Four of our agents involved in that European mess have tested positive for Cortaprifid. I'm going on record to say they were taking it voluntarily. We had no knowledge of it, and that we stopped issuing it years ago. I'll need your office to pull together everything we have to support that.

Barnes slows a bit, chewing on that idea. Halas notices...

HALAS (CONT'D)

Is that asking too much?

BARNES

About seventy-two hours ago Pharm-Gen was hacked and files on Cortaprifid were stolen.

(off Halas' bemused scowl)

We're still using it... Cortaprifid. We reclassified it and took it off record... All four of those agents were taking it on operational orders.

HALAS

Whose orders?

BARNES

Mine.

Halas looks incredulous.

BARNES (CONT'D)

You took the corner office. I'm in the hole with no windows. You want to know what's happening in the basement, pull your head out of the clouds once and a while.

HALAS

Jesus, Barnes. You're telling me that there are stolen files confirming we had four mentally compromised agents shoot up a plaza in the middle of Europe?

BARNES

Those agents are at least ten years away from being compromised.

(off Halas' glaring look)

We're doing everything we can.

HALAS

Do it faster. If this gets to Senator Miles, that self-aggrandizing prick will rip down every program we've built to protect this country.

BARNES

I said we're working on it.

HALAS

Work faster.

BARNES

You know what, go put your head back in the clouds. You're safer that way. Trust me. We'll be clear of any fallout if Miles ends up calling one of his oversight committees.

HALAS

If he calls one of his committees, it won't be the fallout you'll need to worry about.

Halas lets his stern gaze linger on Barnes for a moment before climbing into a waiting town car.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Erin and Kevin scan the parked cars as they slowly roll down the street. Kevin sights in on a sedan, circa 2003.

KEVIN

There's one.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Standing next to Kevin's silver coupe, Michelle warily watches as Erin pops the lock on the '03 sedan. She's in and immediately checks the storage compartments.

MICHELLE

You said you worked for the government.

KEVIN

We did.

MICHELLE

But you actually worked for the CIA.

(off Kevin's nod)

Doing what? Like spy shit?

KEVIN

Can you clean up the language please?

MICHELLE

There's shattered glass in my hair. Screw my language.

KEVIN

Yes, like spy stuff.

Kevin looks in Erin's direction. She's busy hot-wiring the '03 sedan.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Your mother was an operator in a black ops program. I was on her tech-ops team.

MICHELLE

Uh, okay. Can you unwrap all that for me?

KEVIN

We were on the ground manufacturing propaganda, spreading disinformation, and generally doing whatever we could to undermine foreign leaders who were anti-U.S. I passed her orders, kept her armed and supplied, and she--

MICHELLE

-- Armed? Did she kill people?

Kevin balks. That's a 'yes'.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Did you?

KEVIN

No.

MICHELLE

But I wouldn't know if you were lying to me now, would I?

KEVIN

I left the program and took you into hiding. Your mother couldn't come with us, she had to stay active to--

MICHELLE

-- Kill people.

KEVIN

(annoyed)

To protect you.

(beat)

I know what you think about her, but you're wrong. The only time I have ever, ever, seen her shed a tear was when she said goodbye to you.

Michelle looks away, digesting all this.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

There's one other thing... Our names... My name isn't Tyler. It's Kevin. Your mom is Erin. And your real name is Michelle... Michelle Daniels. Kelly is an alias...

Michelle takes a seat on the curb, trying to process all this. Kevin gives her a moment, then...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Michelle--

MICHELLE

Stop. I can't -- I can't even right now.

KEVIN

Kelly--

MICHELLE

Seriously?

KEVIN

What would you like me to call you?

MICHELLE

I don't know. I literally don't know who I am right now.

KEVIN

I'm sorry. Can we--

MICHELLE

-- No!

KEVIN

Shh.

MICHELLE

You just undid my life. You think this is okay?

KEVIN

No. No, I don't, but we can't get into it right now. Not here... You have every right to feel what you're feeling, but you understand we're in danger, right?

(off her resentful nod)

Okay. So I need you to understand that everything your mother and I have done, and everything we are going to do, is to protect you. Okay?... Okay?

Again, Michelle gives a bitter nod.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Good. Now come give me a hand.

Erin steps out of the sedan and tosses away a dash-mounted GPS and several other gadgets.

As Michelle passes by, she gives Erin a dark, spiteful glare.

Kevin opens the trunk of his car and grabs an open duffle bag with license plates inside.

As he takes them over to the sedan...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Grab the backpack.

Michelle curiously opens the backpack. Inside are bundles of money and a trove of unopened disposable cell phones.

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

Hey.

Michelle grabs the backpack and carries it to the sedan. Erin takes it and sets it in the trunk.

MICHELLE

What's with all the phones?

KEVIN

That's how your mom and I used to call each other. The phones are disposable and nearly impossible to track if you only use them once.

MICHELLE

And the money, and the license plates? Where you expecting this?

KEVIN

We need to keep moving.

Kevin shuts the trunk, cutting her off Erin as she reaches for a peek into the duffle.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - NIGHT (MOVING)

Kevin driving. Erin puts the PPK into the glove box. Michelle stews in the back seat, observing.

ERIN

We should call Barnes.

KEVIN

No.

ERIN

He might know who those guys are and why they're after me.

KEVIN

Those men aren't after you. They're after me... I was hoping to get to D.C. first... I have all that gear in case I didn't.

MICHELLE

So, you were going to leave me? With her?

KEVIN

I'm sorry. I didn't want to put you in danger, and I couldn't simply dump you at a friend's house.

Michelle sits back, arms crossed, pouting and thinking.

ERIN

So you dumped this on all of us?
(off Kevin's hesitation)
We're calling Barnes.

KEVIN

We're running from Barnes. Those men are his. They're CIA.

Erin looks away, stunned.

MICHELLE

I thought you worked for the CIA?

ERIN

What did you do?

KEVIN

It's not what I did, it's what Barnes did. He knew, Erin. The Cortaprifid. Barnes. Halas. They knew what it was doing to all of you.

EXT. ROADSIDE HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

Erin, Kevin, and Michelle nibble on lunch at a table under an overhang. A single TV in the corner shows news footage of the botched, European terror cell raid.

KEVIN

Several months ago, James Nylund came to me. He was diagnosed with dementia and he believed he knew the cause. We started working to gather evidence, and we found it; aging assets making critical mistakes in the field, losing targets, assassinating innocent people... It all pointed to Cortaprifid, and it all started with the Distortion program.

Erin looks away, mind reeling.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We have boxes of files, but some of it's over twenty years old. We needed something to make it current and tie it all together. James found a hacker who could get into Pharm-Gen's servers to find what we needed, and he did.

ERIN

You hacked a CIA contractor?

KEVIN

And Barnes is coming after me to get back what we stole -- evidence that his programs are still issuing Cortaprifid to field operators, only now there's a mandatory retirement age.

Erin realizes...

ERIN

You told me you didn't know of any side effects.

KEVIN

I'm sorry. I wanted to tell you, but I was trying to keep you out of this.

ERIN

But you trusted James?

KEVIN

Erin, you were the best at being everything we ever needed you to be, but you could never be a whistle blower... I'm sorry.

Erin takes a breath to process things.

ERIN

So what's your plan now?

KEVIN

I need to get the evidence to Senator Miles in D.C. He agreed to initiate a senate investigation if I could give him an airtight case.

ERIN

You have the evidence with you?

KEVIN

Only what we were able to hack.

ERIN

Where's the rest?

KEVIN

At the farm?

ERIN

In Québec?

KEVIN
Safest place I could keep it.

MICHELLE
Wait. You own a farm in Canada?

Kevin nods again then studies Erin as she mulls all this.

EXT. DUMPY MOTEL - DAY

Early morning sun. The stolen sedan sits parked in the weeds around back. Erin pulls a tarp off a pile of discarded toilets and covers as much of the car as she can.

MICHELLE (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Why don't we just rent a room?

EXT. DUMPY MOTEL - DAY

There are two vehicles parked in front of two rooms.

KEVIN
It's better if no one knows we're here.

Kevin stops in front of a room at the far end of the motel, away from the other vehicles.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
This one.

ERIN
I need a... a thing for opening locks.

MICHELLE
A key?

To Michelle's surprise, Kevin pulls a lock pick kit from his backpack. Erin goes to work on the lock.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Right, because you're a spy.

CLICK -- CLACK the door opens.

Kevin nudges Michelle into the room. Erin follows, shutting the door behind them.

MEMORY FLASH: Erin playing with Michelle (2 years old) in a pool as Ian cannon balls into the water.

INT. DUMPY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kevin sets his pack down on one of the twin beds.

Michelle scopes out the room. It's seen better days. Dated furniture. Faded wallpaper. The sheets... are probably clean.

KEVIN

Don't use the phone. Stay off the Wi-Fi, and keep the lights off.

MICHELLE

It's adorable you think this place has Wi-Fi?

ERIN

Hey, why don't you put your suit on and meet us at the pool?

Michelle gives Kevin a look -- *what's she talking about?*

KEVIN

Meet who at the pool?

Erin starts taking off her clothes. Michelle looks away, appalled.

MICHELLE

Whoa.

KEVIN

Erin. Erin, this motel doesn't have a pool.

ERIN

It doesn't? Well Ian's going to be disappointed. He wanted to go swimming... I kind of did too.

KEVIN

It'll have to wait.
(re: the bed)
You should get some sleep.

ERIN

You'll get Ian?

KEVIN

Yeah. I'll get him. Lie down.

Kevin coaxes Erin down onto the bed.

MICHELLE

Dad. Who's Ian?

KEVIN
You should get some rest too.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN VILLA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Erin stalks through the house. Her skin, wet with sweat and blood. The pistol in her hand. Eyes wide, anxious.

ERIN
Ian?

INT. DUMPY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Kevin, in the bathroom with the door closed, looking at himself in the mirror. He's trying to keep it together.

ERIN (O.S.)
Ian?... Ian?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Dad!

As Kevin reaches to open the door -- Erin busts through. Grabbing Kevin, she slams him against the wall by his throat.

ERIN
Where's Ian?

KEVIN
Erin--

MICHELLE
Let him go!

Erin shoves Kevin aside and aggressively scans the bathroom. Clear. She turns and strides for the front door, shoving Michelle to the floor.

ERIN
Ian!

Ripping the chair away, she unlocks the door and charges outside.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Ian!

Kevin, trembling with shock and adrenaline, shakes it off and follows Erin.

KEVIN
Are you okay?

Michelle nods, fighting back tears.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I need you to get the car.

ERIN (O.S.)
Ian!

EXT. DUMPY MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Erin strides past the other rooms, checking the locked doors and glancing inside the parked cars.

ERIN
Ian!

KEVIN
Erin.

ERIN
Where is he?

A MOTEL GUEST (40, heavy-set male) opens his door to investigate the yelling.

MOTEL GUEST
Hey, what the hell?
(off Erin's crazed look)
You on something?

As Motel Guest steps out, he brandishes his HANDGUN -- now Erin's handgun. In two quick moves, she takes it away and throws the man down, pistol pressed to his cheek.

ERIN
Where is he?

Motel Guest, cowers, fearing for his life. MOTEL GUEST'S WIFE (35) steps outside just as...

Erin FIRES a warning shot into the sidewalk. SCREAMING, the wife ducks back into the room.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Where is he!?

Erin spots the MOTEL CLERK (40, haggard woman) coming to check out the commotion, a cordless phone in her hand. She sees Erin with the gun and ducks back into the office.

Kevin grabs Erin, tries to pull her back. She fends him off.

KEVIN

Erin. Hey, hey. Ian is okay. He's safe. No one can get to him.

Michelle careens the stolen sedan into the parking lot.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look, Michelle's here. We have to go. Okay?

Erin calms a little.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Now. Come on. We gotta go.

Kevin takes the gun away and eases Erin into the sedan.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Kevin puts Erin in the front passenger seat.

KEVIN

(to Michelle)

I'll be right back.

As Kevin bolts into their room...

Erin looks and sees the Hotel Guests scrambling into their room... the Manager watching them from her office, on the phone and motioning at them.

ERIN

Are we blown?

Michelle, still reeling, can't answer.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Is our cover blown?

Michelle recoils. On edge. Doesn't know what to say. Then...

Kevin jumps in carrying his backpack.

KEVIN

Go.

ERIN

They've seen us. They've seen the car. They've seen our faces. You were yelling my name.

KEVIN

It's okay.

MICHELLE

Dad?

KEVIN

Michelle. Drive.

MICHELLE

Where do you want me to go?

KEVIN

Head east. We'll need to make a few stops before we go to the border.

The stolen sedan speeds away.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - DAY

Stuffed animals in natural poses. Heads on the walls. Erin and Michelle stand back, space between them. Kevin hands the ID photos to his PASSPORT GUY (early 40s).

KEVIN

Passports. ID's.

PASSPORT GUY

American?

KEVIN

And Canadian, French...
(counting money)
Swedish, and Australian.

ERIN

(to Michelle)
Can we talk?

MICHELLE

About what?

ERIN

Everything that's happening.

Passport Guy nods and disappears into the back of the shop. Michelle dodges Erin and perks up as Kevin approaches.

KEVIN

Let's go. We have about an hour.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Again, Erin and Michelle hang back as Kevin negotiates with a USED CAR SALESMAN (40s).

USED CAR SALESMAN
Fully loaded, U-S-B hookup, built-
in G-P-S, backup cam--

KEVIN
--No G-P-S.

USED CAR SALESMAN
Okay.

Kevin and Used Car Salesman move onto a different car.

ERIN
(to Michelle)
I feel like I should apologize... I
think I should... but I don't know
why?
(off Michelle's cold
glance)
I should apologize. I'm sorry.

MICHELLE
But you don't know why?

ERIN
No, I just have a bad feeling... I
feel bad about something.

MICHELLE
Don't worry about it. I'm sure
it'll go away.

ERIN
Did Kevin... Did your dad tell you
about what's happening to me?

MICHELLE
Yeah. That's one thing he seems to
have been honest about.

ERIN
Oh, that's it. I'm sorry we lied to
you.

MICHELLE
You feel bad 'cause you lied to
me?... I don't know who I am. I
don't know anything about my past.
And everything I knew about my
family is bullshit.

ERIN
None of this... You try to do
something... There's a plan.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

Plans always fall apart. If you can get sixty percent, that's a win.

MICHELLE

What are you talking about?

ERIN

I didn't want it to be like this... I just... I'm the wrong person... And now... I don't want you to be scared of what's happening to me, so if you have any questions. I will answer them as honestly as I can.

Michelle thinks a moment.

MICHELLE

Who's Ian?

Erin half shrugs.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You were yelling his name at the motel.

ERIN

Well, he's... He's just... I don't know. I don't remember.

Michelle glares at Erin, silently calling bullshit, until...

MICHELLE

Fine.

ERIN

Hey. Whatever you think of me... Whatever happens, I'm sorry this is how you'll remember me.

Michelle's impulse is to get mad, but she can see the loss and pain in Erin's eyes. It gives her pause.

Back to Kevin as...

USED CAR SALESMAN

All cash? I'll come down to seven-five.

KEVIN

Done.

USED CAR SALESMAN

I'll just need a current ID.

Kevin hands over a drivers license. Salesman checks it --
"Jerry Edelman".

USED CAR SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Mister Edleman. I'll get the
paperwork started.

As the salesman walks off into the office, Kevin turns and to
see Michelle walking away from Erin. His expression sours,
disappointed.

DARROW (PRE-LAP V.O.)
We just got something.

INT. OPS SUITE - KITCHENETTE - DAY

Barnes, making coffee, finishes up as Darrow steps in and
motions for him to follow.

DARROW (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Police were called. A man and two
women fled the scene at a motel
near Highway One outside
Hyattsville.

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - MOMENTS LATER

Barnes, with is steaming cup of coffee, watches monitor one.
Security video from the dumpy motel's parking lot showing
Erin assaulting the motel guest.

BARNES
When did this happen?

DARROW
This morning.

Motel video: The sedan driving away.

DARROW (CONT'D)
Motel clerk was able to give us a
partial plate. We're running it.

On monitor two: Black and white traffic cam images showing
the sedan pulling into the used car lot.

DARROW (CONT'D)
That's twenty minutes ago.
(then)
Dell...

DELL
Coming up on three.

On monitor three: Jerry Edelman's DMV record.

DARROW
(re: the ID on screen)
He just bought a used car. Dealer
ran that ID through the DMV for the
vehicle title.

BARNES
Everyone. Jerry Edelman. Kevin may
have used this alias before. Find
anything we can on him. Go back
twenty, thirty years. Anything
related to him, purchases, rentals,
travel... if he bought a soft-ice
from a street vendor in Copenhagen,
I want to know about it.
(to Darrow)
Who do we have close to that
dealership?

DARROW
Wilhelm can be there in a few
hours.

BARNES
Push everything we have his way and
get him there.
(fired up)
Come on people. They're leaving
bread crumbs, let's pick 'em up.

EXT. DOG RUN - DAY

WILHELM (30s, dapper hipster) throws a ball for his DOG to
fetch. He smiles at a GORGEOUS WOMAN (30s) as his dog brings
the ball back to her.

As he approaches her...

HUMM -- HUMM. He answers his phone and sees a text message
featuring head shots of Erin, Kevin, and Michelle.

Wilhelm gives a SHARP WHISTLE, calling his dog as he walks
away leaving the woman disappointed.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Used Car Salesman waves as Kevin drives off the lot in a light SUV followed by Michelle and Erin in the stolen sedan.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - SIDE STREET - DAY

Kevin and Michelle clean out and wipe down the stolen sedan.

Erin pulls a set of fake license plates from Kevin's duffle bag and puts them on the SUV.

MICHELLE

Who's Ian?

KEVIN

Make sure you get everything. We can't leave any trace behind.

MICHELLE

Dad. Who's Ian?

Kevin stops, takes a breath and considers the query.

KEVIN

He was your brother.

Michelle takes a moment to absorb this.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He was four when he died. You were two.

MICHELLE

Why have you never mentioned him?

KEVIN

He's part of the past we were trying to erase.

MICHELLE

How'd he die?

KEVIN

He was murdered.

(takes a moment)

Your mom was compromised. I had already left the program at that point, but we were hiding together in Greece. Some bad men managed to track Erin there. They took her hostage and came after you, me, and Ian.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Your mom got free, but by the time she got back to us, they'd already killed Ian.

Michelle takes a seat, emotionally rocked.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

After that, I brought you back to the U.S., but Erin was worried about more reprisals, so she stayed behind trying to eliminate anyone she thought might come after her. Eventually, she retired and went into hiding, but we decided that it was safer for you if she stayed away. So she did.

Kevin looks admiringly at Erin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She kept her distance, but she's always been there, watching you, protecting you... missing you.

Michelle, trying to stay calm, her eyes betraying a rush of emotion as Erin approaches...

ERIN

We're all set.

INT. LIGHT SUV - DAY (MOVING)

Cruising down the highway. Kevin driving. Erin chuckles to herself in the back seat.

ERIN

There was that one time... I think you were sixteen... You and some friends were toilet-papering Scott Randleman's house after he cheated on you.

MICHELLE

You know about Scott?

ERIN

(nodding)

You were heaving rolls over that big birch tree in his front yard when a car alarm went off.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

You and your friends all dove into the bushes to hide, and seconds later a cop car drove past. You remember that?

MICHELLE

(realizing)

You set off the car alarm.

Erin nods. Michelle shakes her head in disbelief.

ERIN

Okay, ask me something else. Anything you want to know.

MICHELLE

Uh... favorite rock band?

ERIN

Depends on my mood. Could be Pink Floyd... could be Metallica, or maybe Twenty-one Pilots.

MICHELLE

You like Twenty-one Pilots?

ERIN

Saw them live.

MICHELLE

So did I, at the Verizon Center. Where'd you see 'em?

Erin gives her a look -- *where do you think?*

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Now you're stalking me and that's kinda creepy.

Erin smiles, amused.

ERIN

Move past the topical questions. What do you really want to know about me? Ask me anything.

Michelle takes a moment to think. As she does, Erin chuckles to herself in the back seat.

ERIN (CONT'D)

There was that time... I think you were sixteen... You and a bunch of friends were toilet-papering Scott Randleman's house.

Michelle, suddenly uncomfortable, glances at Kevin.

ERIN (CONT'D)
You remember that car alarm that
went off?

MICHELLE
You set it off.

Erin nods, grinning with satisfaction.

ERIN
Saved you from that cop.
(beat)
Okay, ask me something else.
Anything you want to know.

Michelle forces a half-hearted smile, but she doesn't have the heart to play anymore.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Kevin pushes the button next to the name "Bellerose" on the call box.

MR. BELLEROSE (V.O.)
(English with French-
Canadian accent)
Hello?

KEVIN
Monsieur Bellerose?

MR. BELLEROSE (V.O.)
Oui.

KEVIN
C'est Jerry Edleman.

MR. BELLEROSE (V.O.)
Je dois te demander le mot sûr.

KEVIN
Serendipity.

BUZZ. Kevin waves to Erin and Michelle sitting in the SUV parked down the street.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - DAY

MR. BELLEROSE (late 40s, French-Canadian) opens the door and shows Erin, Kevin, and Michelle inside.

MR. BELLEROSE
(English with French-
Canadian accent)

And I had the water shut off. If
you run it a little it will get
warm. Okay?

KEVIN
Thank you.

MR. BELLEROSE
Bon pour vous revoir.

Kevin walks Mr. Bellerose out.

MICHELLE
You own this place too?

KEVIN
(nods)
There's a room for you down the
hall.
(to Erin)
We shouldn't stay here more than a
night. This place is safe, but not
untraceable. The farm is where we
need to be.

Erin nods.

MICHELLE
Anything to eat? I'm starving.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin takes a bag of food from a DELIVERY guy and pays with
cash.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin, Erin, and Michelle feast on Thai food. Erin scans
through digital files on Kevin's iPad.

KEVIN
That's just the stuff linked to
Pharm-Gen. You should see the rest.
It took James and I six months to
track down everyone who had a piece
of information.

Erin flips past a number of JPEG files -- head shot photos of
several men and women. She stops on a photo of Wilhelm.

ERIN
Who are these people?

KEVIN
Current assets being issued
Cortaprifid.

ERIN
They'll catch you.

KEVIN
Erin--

ERIN
-- Sooner or later they will.

KEVIN
All we have to do is get the
evidence to Senator Miles. Once
this story goes public, and we're
in the national spotlight, Barnes
won't touch us. He'll try to
undermine us, try to destroy our
character, but we'll be too
exposed. Killing us would only draw
more questions.

ERIN
Oh, come on. You know what you're
up against.

KEVIN
I know what we're up against.

ERIN
There is no "we". I'm no good to
you. Not like this. I shouldn't
even be here.

KEVIN
We're here because you got us away
in the first place.

ERIN
I'm in no condition to get you
anywhere near Senator Miles.
(re: Wilhelm's photo)
They're going to have assets around
him waiting for you... And that's
assuming you get away from the
one's tailing us, because I
guarantee you, we have at least one
working his way to us right now.

Michelle looks scared. Kevin picks up on it.

KEVIN

Can we talk about this later?

ERIN

No. She needs to hear it. You brought her into this... After all those years I wasted trying to keep it away from her.

KEVIN

I'm sorry, I didn't want any of this, but something needed to be done. You sacrificed... we have all sacrificed too much, and the sacrifices we made to protect our country don't matter if we can't protect our country's integrity.

Erin huffs and walks away. Kevin looks to Michelle. She shrugs.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Pieces of a stripped down assault rifle lie on the desktop along with gun oil and cleaning supplies.

Erin begins re-assembling the weapon, but she gets stuck several moves in. She stares blankly at the pieces spread before her.

ERIN

(to herself)

Which goddamn piece?

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Can I help?

Startled, Erin notices Michelle standing in the doorway.

ERIN

Hey. No. I'm just...

(re: the disassembled
weapon)

Just doing some routine cleaning.

Michelle eyes a handgun on the corner of the desk.

MICHELLE

Are you a good shot?

ERIN

Yeah.

MICHELLE

Could you teach me?

ERIN

Why?

MICHELLE

In case I have to...

ERIN

You're not going to have to do anything.

MICHELLE

You believe that?

Erin thinks hard about it then gets up and grabs the handgun. She removes the magazine and checks the chamber.

ERIN

Come here. Face the wall. Give me your hand.

She places the pistol in Michelle's hand.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Pinky, ring, and middle fingers around the grip. Index extended along the top of the trigger guard... Left hand... fingers around the grip over your right hand. Left thumb over your right thumb, extended along the top of the trigger guard.

She nudges Michelle's feet wider with her foot.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Feet shoulder-width, one slightly back, firmly planted. The gun's gonna kick, you don't want to be caught off balance.... Arms straight. Are you right-eye dominant?

MICHELLE

I don't know.

Erin makes a small circle with her thumb and index finger.

ERIN
Can you see the corner of that
picture through the hole?

MICHELLE
Yeah.

ERIN
Now close your right eye. Still see
it?

MICHELLE
Yeah.

ERIN
You're left-eye dominant... Look
down the barrel with your left eye.
Line up the notch at the front
between the two at the back...
Slide your right index finger to
the trigger... Now squeeze. Don't
pull.

Michelle squeezes the trigger -- CLICK.

ERIN (CONT'D)
There you go.

Michelle smiles, enjoying the moment.

MICHELLE
Thanks.

ERIN
No problem. I'm Erin, by the way.

Michelle looks startled. Her smile vanishes.

MICHELLE
I'm... I'm Michelle.

ERIN
Nice to meet you, Michelle. Welcome
to the program.

She moves back to the desk and finishes assembling the rifle.

Michelle lingers a moment, then sets the handgun down and
drifts out.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The fridge stands away from the wall. Kevin pulls cash and a handgun up from a cubby under the floor boards.

Michelle watches him for a moment.

MICHELLE

You worked with that James guy for six months?

KEVIN

Yeah. Why?

MICHELLE

And he had what Mom has?

KEVIN

You're calling her "Mom" now?

MICHELLE

Just answer the question.

KEVIN

Yes.

MICHELLE

How was he able to function well enough to investigate the CIA and not get caught?

KEVIN

He started taking Cortaprifid again.

MICHELLE

Okay. Couldn't we give some to Mom?

KEVIN

No.

MICHELLE

Why not? If it cured James...

KEVIN

It didn't cure James. It got him back to normal, but it was actually speeding up the disease. A week or two more and he would've been catatonic, his brain rotted away to nothing.

(then)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I don't want to see Erin like this either, but more Cortaprifid is not the answer.

Michelle walks away, sullen. Kevin goes back to the cubby.

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - NIGHT

A flurry of activity.

VAL

I think I've got something. A condo outside Albany.

Barnes and Darrow rush to Val's desk.

VAL (CONT'D)

It was purchased ten years ago by an L-L-C. That company eventually went away. The license expired and its holdings went private. I'm still working on tracking them down, but what's key is that the L-L-C's license was registered to Jerry Edelman.

BARNES

That's it. Push the address to Wilhelm. Get the fire team up there... Excellent work.

INT. AUDI TT - NIGHT

Wilhelm sleeps in the driver's seat, handgun resting on his lap. HUMM -- HUMM. He wakes and checks his phone.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Wilhelm's Audi TT starts up and drives away.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin and Kevin cuddled in bed.

KEVIN

I miss this the most.

Erin smiles and runs her fingers through Kevin's hair as he stares at a picture of a sunset on the wall.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You remember Jakarta?

ERIN
(recalling)
You mean the cellar under that wood-
carving store?

KEVIN
Yeah.

ERIN
And they found us.

KEVIN
But that place was so small... and
with all our gear down there they
couldn't get in fast enough.
(looking at Erin)
The sewer grate.

Erin chuckles at the thought.

ERIN
We were soaked with sewage.

KEVIN
But we made it to the beach, and we
threw ourselves down in the sand
and started making out just as they
came running up.

ERIN
And then they ran away thinking...
I don't know what they were
thinking.

KEVIN
They never got close enough to
smell us.

ERIN
I still remember the sunset on that
beach. I forgot the smell, but the
view was unforgettable.

Erin looks adoringly at Kevin. She gives him a kiss and
nestles into him.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Misty morning. Quiet streets. Wilhelm's Audi TT prowls along.

INT. AUDI TT - SAME

Wilhelm eyes the condo building as he rolls past.

INT. CONDO BUILDING - SUBTERRANEAN PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Erin pulls a dusty tarp off an old pickup truck, circa 1998, Québec license plates.

MICHELLE

This is going to get us to Canada?

Kevin reaches inside, keys the ignition. With a REV, the engine comes to life. He smiles, satisfied.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle packs nonperishable food items into a duffle bag and ZIPS it up. Erin grabs it and carries it away.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Erin sets the food bag down by the door and looks over the collection of bags.

ERIN

Did we leave something in the SUV?

KEVIN (O.S.)

No. I grabbed everything.

Erin paces, jittery.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

M4 assault rifle, a pair of handguns, and several loaded magazines for each laid out on the bed. Kevin packs them into a duffle.

ERIN (O.S.)

Are you sure? I feel like we're forgetting something.

KEVIN

We can check it on our way out.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Erin pacing.

ERIN

Or I can check it now while you're packing.

KEVIN (O.S.)

We'll check it on our way out.

Erin moves to the window, peeks outside at the SUV parked on the street corner.

I/E. LIGHT SUV - SIDE STREET - DAY

Erin checks under the front seats... under the back seats... in the back storage.

MEMORY FLASH: Erin looking under the table... in the closet... finding Ian hiding under the bed.

Erin shuts the hatchback. As she walks away, everything slips out of focus.

Heart racing, she looks back the other way... nothing familiar there. Every way she turns looks the same as the direction she was just facing. Then...

She finds someone in focus. It's Ian. The boy walks away.

ERIN

Ian. Wait.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Kevin puts another bag down by the others and notices the door is cracked open.

KEVIN

Erin?

(beat)

Erin?

(beat)

Michelle, is Erin in there with you?

MICHELLE (O.S.)

No.

KEVIN

(panic growing)

Erin?

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Erin rounds the corner onto the condo building's street. The building is right in front of her, but she stops and looks back. Then she looks down the side street, confused.

Ian walks out into the street. Erin follows him and crosses away from the condo building. As she reaches the far sidewalk...

KEVIN (O.S.)
Erin... Erin.

Erin turns to look but doesn't see anyone. Ian walks off into the blur. Erin's about to follow him when...

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Erin. Look up.

Erin looks up and sees Kevin, crystal clear, waving to him from a fourth floor balcony. The condo building slowly comes into focus. Everything else remains cloudy and confusing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Come back this way.

Erin makes her way back across the street. As she approaches the condo building, more and more comes into focus.

Erin dials "Edelman" on the call box, waits for the door to BUZZ. As she opens it... Wilhelm approaches, angling toward Erin, hand reaching into his coat.

Erin notices him and holds the door. Caught off guard, Wilhelm pulls his hand out of his coat and grabs the door.

WILHELM
Thank you.

ERIN
Sure.

Wilhelm follows Erin in and stands behind her as they wait for the elevator.

INT. CONDO BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Erin and Wilhelm both step off the elevator. Erin goes left, Wilhelm waits and goes right. He walks down the hall and pretends to unlock a door as Erin walks into the condo.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Where were you going?

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Erin enters to find Michelle and Kevin by the door.

ERIN

I checked the SUV. It's clean.
There's nothing in it.

KEVIN

I told you we--

CRASH -- the door BURSTS open SLAMMING Erin into the wall.

Wilhelm storms in -- PFFT -- PFFT - PFFT -- silenced shots, rapid fire. Kevin takes two hits as he shoves Michelle to the floor.

Erin throws herself at Wilhelm and manages to wrestle the gun away. The victory is short lived as Wilhelm throws a series of vicious combos, staggering Erin.

Kevin on the floor, bleeding out...

MICHELLE

Dad?

Michelle drags him into the kitchen.

Wilhelm on the offensive, bombing Erin's face and body with a barrage of fists, elbows, and knees. Erin's outmatched. She's fighting off instinct, reacting, defending, not seeing opportunities to attack.

Wilhelm straight kicks Erin in the chest sending her SLAMMING against the wall.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

The sunset photo jumps off the wall and CRASHES to the floor, glass shattering.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Erin retreating as Wilhelm delivers blows.

Finally, Erin ducks and grabs Wilhelm by the legs, lifts him, and SLAMS him down on the floor. Sitting on Wilhelm's chest, Erin rains punches down until...

Wilhelm wraps his ankles around Erin's head and pulls her backwards. Wilhelm slips free and resets, unsheathes a knife. Erin shakes off the dizzy and readies herself.

Wilhelm starts swinging. Rapid fire swipes and stabs. Erin, again on the defensive, struggling to keep pace. Wilhelm SLICES Erin's ribs.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle pressing towels to Kevin's wounds, desperately trying to stop the flow of blood. They can hear Erin getting her ass kicked O.S.

KEVIN
(labored)
Help me up.

Michelle gets Kevin to his feet.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
The ironing closet.

They lurch to the ironing closet. Inside, a shotgun and a box of shells. Kevin takes the gun.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(re: the shells)
Give me those.

Michelle hands shells to Kevin as he feeds the shotgun.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Erin staggering back, pained, blood soaking her shirt. She notices the iPad on the coffee table. Grabs it, dodging just as Wilhelm swings.

Wilhelm charging, cutting X's in the air. Erin, using the iPad like a shield, deflects the knife.

Wilhelm stabs -- the blade penetrating the iPad screen -- glass splintering. Another hit and shards of screen fall away.

Erin catches Wilhelm's knife arm, twists it, pulling Wilhelm in close. She chops the iPad into Wilhelm's throat. COUGHING, Wilhelm throws punches with his free hand.

Erin blocks it, goes for an arm bar. Wilhelm slips out and swings. Erin tries again -- got him! He spins and slams Wilhelm down -- chest to the floor, arm torqued behind him.

Erin presses the broken iPad screen onto Wilhelm's face -- PUSHING and GRINDING the broken glass into his skin. Wilhelm GRUNTS in pain.

Wilhelm manages to twist free, knocking Erin away. He staggers to his feet -- his face a bloody mess. He spies the pistol and goes for it.

Erin charges. Wilhelm grabs the gun just as Erin COLLIDES into him, BOWLING him into the wall and pinning him there. They wrestle for the pistol -- four hands, one gun.

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

CLICK -- CLACK -- Kevin cocks the shotgun. She hears the THUD against the wall. He steps out the door -- PFFT! The pistol shot barely misses his head. He ducks back into the kitchen and aims at the wall -- BOOM!

INT. CONDO SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Plaster EXPLODES from the wall next to Wilhelm's head.

Wilhelm shifts sideways, sliding away as -- BOOM -- BOOM -- BOOM -- Kevin swiss-cheeses the wall. Debris flying.

Erin throws a knee into Wilhelm's ribs, stalling his sideways retreat. Another knee. Wilhelm replies with a skull-cracking headbutt.

Erin struggles to keep Wilhelm against the wall until...

BOOM -- Wilhelm jolts. BOOM -- he jolts again... and slowly goes limp. Blood and piss draining down to the floor.

Erin lets the body drop and takes a moment to recover.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Dad!

INT. SAFE HOUSE CONDO - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin on the floor, barely alive. There's a lot of blood. Michelle kneeling next to him, frantic and emotional.

Erin grabs a first aid kit from the cupboard and goes to work on Kevin's wounds. Kevin takes her hands, stopping her.

KEVIN

More will come.

MICHELLE

We have to get you to a hospital.

KEVIN
 Not safe.
 (to Erin)
 Get to the farm.

MICHELLE
 No.

KEVIN
 (urging)
 Erin.

Kevin looks into Erin's eyes for a moment and caresses her face. Then his eyes lose focus and stare off into nothing. His hand falls away.

MICHELLE
 Dad?
 (realizing he's gone)
 Dad! Dad!

Michelle breaks down, sobbing.

Erin steps back, stunned. Her mind reeling. *What now?* Like a zombie, she walks into...

INT. SAFE HOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erin stops, thinks, looks at Wilhelm then pats him down until she finds his cell phone.

Using Wilhelm's thumb for the finger print ID, Erin unlocks the phone and scrolls through previous calls and messages. She finds a number she recognizes.

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - DAY

An incoming caller ID appears on Dell's computer monitor. Darrow checks it... turns to Barnes...

DARROW
 It's Wilhelm.
 (into speaker phone)
 Wilhelm, ID challenge. Code in:
 Galleon.

Silence for a BEAT.

DARROW (CONT'D)
 Wilhelm? Did you hear me? Code in:
 Galleon.

ERIN (V.O.)

Marcus.

Stunned realization throughout the room.

BARNES

Erin?

ERIN (V.O.)

Your man's dead.

(then)

I'll come in... with the stolen documents... but you call off your dogs and leave my daughter out of this.

BARNES

I'm sorry, Erin. It's too late for that. Kevin brought you both into this. You're both threats to national security now... Can I talk to Kevin?

ERIN (V.O.)

Kevin's dead. So is Michelle.

BARNES

(a hint of remorse)

I'm sorry, Erin. I truly am, but...

(back to cold business)

Those files Kevin took could destroy everything we built to keep this nation safe. I had to take measures in case he went public. You and those files are loose liabilities. You're my last thread, Erin. I tie you off, this all goes away.

(whispers to Darrow)

Get the fire team there now.

(back to)

Erin, you can hide... try to hide. We certainly won't stop looking for you, and that's not good for either of us is it? You need to come in with those files... and with Michelle.

(beat)

Erin, think of all the lives you sacrificed to protect this country. One more saves everything.

The line hangs silent. Barnes throws a bemused look at Dell. Dell shrugs...

DELL
(whispers)
She's still there.

ERIN
Marcus... My daughter is
everything.

The line goes dead. Barnes then turns and sees...

Halas standing in the back of the hub, not happy at all. Holding a file in his hands, he locks eyes on Barnes then turns and walks out.

Barnes, annoyed more than anything, follows him.

INT. SAFE HOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Erin tosses away the phone and catches sight of the broken iPad lying on the floor.

Turning back to Wilhelm, Erin takes a good long look at his face.

MEMORY FLASH: Erin looking at the iPad -- Wilhelm's mug shot looking back at her.

The haunting realization hits her hard.

INT. SAFE HOUSE CONDO - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle sitting on the floor in the corner, crying. Erin enters.

ERIN
We have to go.

MICHELLE
What about my dad?

Erin grabs Michelle and pulls her to her feet.

ERIN
They're going to be here soon.

MICHELLE
I'm not leaving him.

ERIN
We need to go.

MICHELLE

No.

ERIN

Your father would want you safe...
I'm sorry.

Erin wraps her arms around Michelle and gets her moving. On the way out, she snags a set of car keys off the wall hook.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Kevin's pickup truck pulls out of the building's subterranean garage and speeds away, Michelle driving.

INT. OPS SUITE - BARNES' OFFICE - DAY

Barnes offers Halas a seat. Halas stands, FLOPS the file on his desk.

HALAS

Nine. You ordered the deaths of
nine Americans?

BARNES

Nine liabilities.
(dismissive)
They were all former operators.
(righteous)
And every one of them contributed
to the problem we have now.

HALAS

For God's sakes, Marcus. You said
this would be clean.

BARNES

It will be.

HALAS

Really? From where I sit, all I see
is a trail of collateral damage.

BARNES

It will be clean.

HALAS

Well, you might want to start working on that, because I also just got word that Senator Miles has begun assembling an oversight committee. Apparently, Kevin Daniels already tipped him off.

BARNES

Who'd you hear that from?

HALAS

I have a line on someone close to the Senator.

(off Barnes' look of surprise)

You think I forgot how to work an op?

BARNES

Well congratulations, but here's some follow-up...

(re: Halas' case file)

It's ten. Daniels is dead. He and James Nylund were the source of this problem. Now all that's left is an aging asset with some loose screws, and a little girl.

HALAS

That aging asset just killed the man you sent to kill her... That another sacrifice or are we trading blows?

(re: the file)

Clean it up, or I will... starting with you.

Off Barnes doing his best to contain his seething anger...

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

Michelle drives with Erin riding shotgun. Contentious silence hangs for a moment until Michelle begins to cry.

ERIN

Are you okay?

MICHELLE

No.

ERIN

You need me to drive?

Michelle glances at Erin in disbelief.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What would you like me to have done? Put him in the back? How are we gonna get across the border carrying a body with us?

MICHELLE

Can you just stop and be my mom for five fucking minutes?

ERIN

No... I've tried... Every time I do someone I love dies.

Off Michelle, as she studies Erin, her resentment shifts a little toward sympathy.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The pickup truck pulls up to a gas pump.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Erin pulls a baseball cap and some cash from the duffle bag on the floor between her feet. She hands it all to Michelle.

MICHELLE

You want a water or anything?

Erin thinks, then nods.

ERIN

I feel like I do.

MICHELLE

Great. Stay in the truck.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Michelle steps up to the counter with two bottles of water.

MICHELLE

(re: the waters)

These and forty dollars on pump...
I think it's pump two...

She turns to look out the door... sees the truck at pump two but there's no sign of Erin. She dashes out the door.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Michelle sprints to the truck...

MICHELLE

Mom?

She opens the door and finds Erin bent over feeling under her seat. She looks up at Michelle.

ERIN

I dropped my pen.

Michelle relaxes.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Did you forget the waters?

EXT. INTERSTATE ON RAMP - DAY

The truck rests on the shoulder, doors open as...

Michelle observes Erin as she drinks some water and takes a bite of a sandwich.

MICHELLE

What's it like, what you're going through?

ERIN

Most of the time, I don't even realizing what's happening. But sometimes it's like... like standing in a room and the floor, the walls, everything just pulls away, but you don't fall, you just... are. Lost. Confused. I have thoughts, I see things, but nothing connects.

Erin thinks a moment. Then, a realization comes to her...

ERIN (CONT'D)

What's it like for you?

Michelle's breath quivers. She looks away. Feeling Erin's gaze on her, she dismissively wipes her tears away.

Pulling herself together, Michelle closes her door and starts the truck.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Close your door. Buckle up.

EXT. BORDER STATION - DAY

The pickup truck pulls up to the check point. BORDER GUARD (30s) approaches the driver's side window.

BORDER GUARD

ID.

Michelle hands over their Canadian passports. Border Guard checks them... Finds U.S. entry visas stamped in each.

BORDER GUARD (CONT'D)

Are you bringing back any produce, animals, or weapons?

MICHELLE

No.

Border guard peeks in the back, notices the bags and luggage.

BORDER GUARD

What's in those?

MICHELLE

Luggage. Clothes and stuff.

Border Guard impassively reaches into the truck bed for a duffle bag. Michelle nervously watches him. She glances to Erin, she's looking out the window, blissfully unaware.

Border Guard unzips a duffle... finds nothing but clothes inside. Satisfied, he steps into his booth, stamps both passports and hands them back to Michelle.

BORDER GUARD

Welcome home.

MICHELLE

Thank you.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Renovated 1900s farmhouse stands among an old, weathered barn, and a rickety shed. Tall grass has overtaken the yard.

The pickup truck turns into the drive.

ERIN (PRE-LAP V.O.)

Your dad and I bought this place right after you were born.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Creaky floorboards. Charred fireplace. The furniture is all thrift-store chic. Michelle and Erin walk through.

ERIN

Water heater is wood burning. No gas. We have our own well water.

Michelle tries the lights -- nothing.

ERIN (CONT'D)

No internet. Power comes from a generator out back. This place is entirely off grid.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Michelle checks out the bedroom situation -- four rooms. One bathroom.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Michelle looks around... curiously opens a large wooden cabinet and discovers that it's a small armory -- pistols, rifles, SMGs, shotguns, all neatly arranged.

MICHELLE

(to herself)

Holy shit.

She opens a drawer and finds enough ammunition to survive a small war.

ERIN (O.S.)

Get comfortable.

Erin enters and slumps a duffle bag onto the bed.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I'll get everything up and running. We should have hot water in about an hour. There are M.R.E.s in the pantry if you're hungry.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Erin finishes pouring gas into the generator tank and fires it up. It runs nearly silent. Through one of the windows, she sees lights come to life inside the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle opens the pantry and finds the shelves stocked full of M.R.E.s = freeze-dried Meals Ready to Eat.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Erin pulls a tarp off a stack of wood and tosses several pieces into a wheelbarrow.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CELLAR - DAY

Dirt floor and cobwebs. Erin watches a small fire grow inside the wood burning water heater. Satisfied, she closes it and walks away.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fire CRACKLING on the hearth. Michelle sits on the couch, cozied up in a blanket with documents on her lap.

More documents, files, and folders sit on the coffee table. Full banker boxes on the floor.

Erin enters with two mugs of steaming coffee to share.

MICHELLE

This place is nice. I like it here.

ERIN

It was always my favorite. We've got another one in Sweden, and a villa in Greece... had a villa in Greece.

Erin pauses for a moment, pushing her thoughts away. She pulls a banker box over to her chair.

MICHELLE

Looks like Dad was right. There's a ton of stuff here.

Erin takes a large envelope out of the banker box. She opens it and finds several bottles of CORTAPRIFID inside.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Is that it? The drug?

(off Erin's nod)

Is all this useless now without Dad's iPad?

ERIN

No. He downloaded the files from an e-mail account.

MICHELLE

So we can still get them?

ERIN

Not without giving away our location.

MICHELLE

Dad made it sound like those files were the silver bullet.

ERIN

He did, but we can't risk exposing this place. We'd have to go really far away to download them and that would leave us exposed.

MICHELLE

We can't just camp here forever.

ERIN

We'll be here as long as I need to protect you.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Moonlight and silence. The house is dark.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MICHELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle lies asleep for a moment until...

ERIN (O.S.)

Ian?

Her eyes fire open...

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Michelle peeks out of her room and finds Erin wandering around aimlessly between the rooms.

ERIN

Ian?

MICHELLE
(very timidly)
Mom?

ERIN
Michelle, stay with your dad. I'll
find Ian.

MICHELLE
Mom, Ian's...

Erin turns away and TUMBLES down the stairs.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Mom.

Erin SLAMS down on the landing, hitting her head and knocking herself out. Michelle, scared and ill-prepared, does her best to tend to her.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Michelle checks on Erin as she lies asleep in bed.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DEN - DAY

Michelle meanders in and finds several framed photos of people on the shelves. Looking closer, she sees that they're stock photos -- the kinds that come with the frames.

Moving on, she finds a locked closet door. She thinks for a moment. Then...

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle rummages through Kevin's backpack. Among the unopened cell phone packages, she finds Erin's lock-pick set.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Using the lock pick tools, Michelle struggles with the closet door lock for a moment until... CLICK-CLACK. She opens it.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CLOSET - DAY

A light bulb with a string hanging from the socket. Stacks of boxes. Michelle rummages around. She finds old baby clothes, handmade Christmas tree ornaments, and some faded photos.

Taking a moment, she flips through the photos -- old pictures of Kevin and Erin in their younger years... And there's a photo of a BABY. She checks the back -- "Michelle, 2 months" handwritten there.

Another photo of TODDLER Michelle... and one with Erin hugging the breath out of her at her first birthday party. A banner behind them reads, "Happy 1st B-day, Michelle!"

The next photo is one of a young boy. She checks the back -- "Ian, 3yrs".

The realization settles on her. That's her brother. Michelle studies the photo for a long moment, then moves onto another one... a family photo. On the back -- "Greece. Ian 4, Michelle 2".

Emotions swelling, she wipes tears from her eyes and forces herself to move on.

Inside a shoe box, she finds a collection of minicassettes -- nearly a hundred of them -- and a small, handheld recorder. There's a tape inside. She presses play.

ERIN (V.O.)

... I imagine I'd barely be holding it together, praying to God you don't look back at me because if you do, I will lose it, and then I imagine you'll lose it, and your Dad, well, he lost it the second he passed you off at the alter. So then the three of us would be nothing but sobbing messes as you try to say your vows.

The recording: Erin LAUGHS to herself then pauses with a SIGH.

ERIN (V.O.)

I think about stuff like that all the time... I love you, Michelle... More than you'll ever know.

Michelle, tears trickling down her cheek, pops the tape out. It's numbered "23". She grabs another one, "62". Plays it.

ERIN (V.O.)

Michelle, you can do it. Whatever it is, I know you're more than capable of figuring it out and getting it done. It's okay to be nervous. You're nervous because it means something and that's good.

(MORE)

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

If you need to step away and regroup, that's fine. Take a moment, go outside and stand in the sun. Clear your mind. Then go back and attack the problem. Know that I'm right behind you, and I believe in you.

Michelle pops out tape #62 and rummages through the box until she finds "#1". She plays it.

ERIN (V.O.)

Michelle, I'm sorry, but I'm not going to be around to see you grow up. I'm going to miss so many things...

(tape slips)

... Some things I would want to tell you when you're older. I'm going to record them and send them to your father...

(tape slips again)

... Not a fair substitute, but at least I'll know the message got to you, and you can hear my voice, hopefully that's some small...

The recorder eats the tape.

MICHELLE

No. No. No.

She pries the device open and tries to remove the cassette, but the tape has unspooled into a snarled mess.

Michelle breaks down crying.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle sits at the table, deep in thought when Erin enters.

ERIN

Hey, you want to try some target practice today?

MICHELLE

(bored)

Sure.

EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY

Erin stands beside Michelle as she aims the M4 rifle at three cans standing on fence posts twenty yards away.

She FIRES -- misses. FIRES again -- hits the first can. FIRES -- hits the second can. FIRES -- hits the third can.

ERIN

Wow. That's pretty good. You're a natural.

MICHELLE

(underwhelmed)

Yeah.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Erin opens the gun cabinet drawer. As she pulls out the cleaning kit, she curiously notices half the ammo boxes are missing.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle wipes dry some dishes as Erin enters carrying the M4 and the cleaning kit. She sets up at the table.

ERIN

Hey, you know why there are four boxes of ammo missing from the cabinet upstairs?

MICHELLE

There's no ammo missing.

ERIN

Yes there is. Almost half of it.

MICHELLE

No. We've been using the ammo for target practice... every day for the last three weeks. Remember?

Erin looks dumbstruck. She had no idea, but then nods anyway.

ERIN

Oh, yeah. That's right. I remember.

She sits down and starts field stripping the M4 -- BANG. A round fires into the wall scaring the shit out of both Erin and Michelle.

MICHELLE
Shit, Mom.

ERIN
I'm sorry.

MICHELLE
Here. Give me that.

ERIN
I'm sorry. I... I should've checked
the chamber. I know I need to do
that.

MICHELLE
It's okay. I'll take care of it.

ERIN
But you don't know how.

Michelle takes the weapon away from Erin, ejects the magazine
and clears the chamber like a pro.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Three weeks?

MICHELLE
(nods)
Three weeks.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Erin stalks around aimlessly.

ERIN
Ian? Ian!

She lumbers toward the stairs and bumps into a roughly
constructed wooden gate blocking the stairs.

As she's about to open it, Michelle darts out of her room and
pulls Erin back from the landing.

MICHELLE
Mom.

ERIN
Where's my son?

Erin takes a wild swing at Michelle, but she deflects it and
deftly gets Erin in an arm-bar hold taking her to the floor.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Let me go!

MICHELLE

Mom, you're okay. You're okay. It's me, Michelle.

Erin quickly calms. Michelle eases off her and sits her up, holding her as they both rest on the floor.

ERIN

The floor, the walls, everything just pulls away, but you don't fall, do you?

MICHELLE

No, Mom. I don't.

Michelle wraps her arms around Erin as she nestles in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MICHELLE'S ROOM - DAY

Michelle checks in on Erin as she sleeps.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michelle sits by the fire, contemplating the banker boxes full of Cortaprifid files on the floor.

MOMENTS LATER:

Michelle flips open a box.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Michelle enters with a banker box.

She turns an old computer on and hooks up a scanner.

Page after page, she scans the documents into the computer.

Then, she finds a handwritten note that reads:

"Killr0y_EM3W@mail.com"

"User: Brutus"

"Pass: M!chelle"

Michelle smiles at the discovery.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle stands over the backpack, ripping a disposable cell phone from its packaging.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle sits at the desk with the disposable cell phone connected to the computer.

On screen -- a status bar shows the transferring of files.

Transfer complete, she disconnects the phone... logs into the Killr0y_EM3W email... finds "Senator Miles" and sends him the data file.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle removes the disposable phone's SIM card and tosses it into the fireplace, watching it burn.

INT. OPS SUITE - OPS HUB - DAY

The OPS TECHS work, oblivious to...

A notice pops up on a computer screen: "Incoming e-mail. Requisite criteria met. Origin: Killr0y_EM3W@mail.com. Message sequestered. Tracing mobile IP."

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Early morning. Eggs SIZZLING on the stove. Coffee steaming in the french press. Michelle slices fruit on the counter.

Erin enters and sees all the fresh food.

ERIN
(bemused)
Hey.

MICHELLE
Hey.

ERIN
What's all this?

MICHELLE
I went to the store.

ERIN
You went into town?

MICHELLE
We've been here for almost a month.
There's no point in hiding if we
starve to death.

ERIN
No. But, we're here to be safe.

MICHELLE
It's okay. I was careful.
(then)
Besides, I needed to see if there
was any news.

ERIN
News about what?

MICHELLE
Senator Miles, I sent him the
evidence against Barnes.

ERIN
Oh. Did we have enough stamps?

MICHELLE
Yeah.

ERIN
Good. So now what?

MICHELLE
I don't know. I'm waiting to see
something on the news.
(then)
You want some coffee? It's good. It
was aged in bourbon barrels.

Erin sits. Then takes a curious look at the food on the
counter.

ERIN
You went to town?... You need to
stay here. I need to protect you.

MICHELLE
But you can't. You're sick.
Remember?

ERIN
I feel fine.

MICHELLE

You're not fine. Do you know what's happening to you? Do you know why?

ERIN

I think so... I feel like someone made me take something... And someone died.

MICHELLE

You took a drug that made you sick, and you're getting worse. Everyday. You need to see a doctor. You need medicine... Dad said Senator Miles would open an investigation and the exposure would make it safe for us. It's only a matter of time now before we can leave.

ERIN

Your dad sent the files?

MICHELLE

I did. I used a burner phone, just like you and Dad used to do.

ERIN

Oh. Okay... You know, I won't be able to look after you much longer. I should teach you a few things.

MICHELLE

You have... We've practiced with all the guns. I've picked all the locks in the house, and you've taught me how to fight.

Erin smiles warmly.

ERIN

I'm so proud of you.

Michelle smiles.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ERIN'S ROOM - DAY

Michelle helps Erin onto the bed.

MICHELLE

Get some rest. I'll be back before you wake up.

Michelle goes to the door. There's a note taped to the backside.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Just in case. I'm going to lock the door so you don't wander out and get lost. I've put a note right here reminding you where I am, why the door is locked, and when I'll be back. Okay?

Erin nods.

ERIN

Where are you going?

MICHELLE

(re: the note)

Into town to check the news.

ERIN

Okay.

Erin reclines onto the bed. As Michelle turns away...

ERIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry this is how you'll remember me.

Michelle turns back. She thinks for a moment then tenderly rests a hand on Erin's arm.

MICHELLE

It's okay, Mom.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Michelle climbs into the pickup truck and drives off.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

As Michelle drives away from the farm, a pair of BLACK SUVS fly past her heading back the way she came.

Suspicious, she watches them in the mirror for a moment, her mind stuck on a bad realization.

Whipping a U-turn, she races back after them.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle pulls up to the farm to find the two SUVs parked with Barnes, Buzz, Grimace, Brawn, Slick, Ice Man and Mohawk spreading out toward the house.

As Michelle pulls up, the men take notice and quickly turn their weapons on her.

Michelle stops -- engine idling.

BARNES
Michelle. Let's talk.

Michelle and Barnes lock eyes -- a stand off.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Hit the tires.

Buzz POPS off several shots, flattening the truck's tires.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ERIN'S ROOM - SAME

Erin's eyes rip open as the GUNSHOTS echo.

She lies still for a moment, listening, making sure it was real. Then...

She hears MUFFLED VOICES from outside.

Calmly, she goes to the window and looks out.

ERIN'S POV -- THE YARD:

Buzz pulls Michelle over to Barnes. The armed men circle around.

ERIN
Michelle?

Erin rushes to the door. She sees the note. It looks like gibberish to her.

Dismissing it, she grabs the door handle, finds it locked.

She tries in vain to force the door open.

EXT. FARM - SAME

Barnes and his men stand around Michelle.

MICHELLE
She's dead. She died last week.

BARNES
How?

MICHELLE
She fell down the stairs. Broke her neck.

Barnes thinks about it for a breath then looks to Brawn and nods toward the house.

Brawn, Slick, Ice Man, and Mohawk move to the house in two-man teams.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Wait. You'll scare her. She doesn't even know where she is.

BARNES
(to his men)
Bring her out.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ERIN'S ROOM - SAME

Erin pulls on the door. Frustrated, she looks around --

MEMORY FLASH: The Mediterranean Villa -- Erin frantically searching.

BACK TO:

Erin scans the room. Pulling a drawer out of the dresser, she dumps it out and uses it like a hammer on the door knob.

The drawer disintegrates after a few hits.

She checks the knob. It wobbles, but it's still intact.

Bracing herself against the wall, she puts her foot on the knob and pushes with all her might.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Brawn and Slick slide in through the front door while...

INT. FARMHOUSE - BACK DOOR - SAME

Mohawk and Ice Man break in through the back door. Guns raised, they stalk forward.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ERIN'S ROOM - SAME

Erin pushes on the knob. KA-CHUNK. The screws rip out of the door and the knob falls to the floor.

Erin whips the door open and rushes down the stairs.

MEMORY FLASH: Mediterranean Villa. Erin rushes down stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erin darts into the room as Brawn and Slick clear the corner.

Brawn POPS off several shots, peppering the wall behind Erin as she dives into...

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Erin slams to the floor and kicks the door shut just as bullets rip through it.

As she scurries back, she knocks into several banker boxes. Contents spill out on the floor. A bottle of Cortaprifid RATTLES as it rolls to stop.

Erin eyes the bottle...

EXT. FARM - SAME

Michelle stands flanked by Buzz, Grimace, and Barnes. She flinches at the gunshots within the house.

BARNES

It is sad... And I didn't want any
of this.

Michelle glares at him, eyes firing pure hate.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brawn, Slick, Mohawk, and Ice Man converge on the office door.

Mohawk BLASTS the door knob away with his shotgun.

Brawn muscles the door open, shoving the desk away with ease.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brawn and Slick charge in, guns scanning. They find Erin cowering in the back corner.

Grabbing her, they pull her to her feet and walk out her.

ERIN

Who are you? Where's Ian?

As they go, their feet kick the bottle of Cortaprifid on the floor -- it's OPEN and EMPTY.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brawn and Slick bring Erin out. Ice Man and Mohawk stand ready with a pair of wrist shackles.

Erin's eyes dart around, pupils dilated, anxious and scared.

As Ice Man approaches to bind Erin...

Her eyes stop. Pupils constrict and focus. She's fully aware now.

Sharpened by Cortaprifid and fueled by a mother's rage, Erin slaps one of the shackles onto Ice Man's wrist.

Holding on to the other half, she pulls him around like a rag-doll dance partner as she pummels the other men with blazing speed and efficiency.

Mohawk aims his shotgun. She grabs it and redirects as -- BOOM -- Brawn is BLOWN off his feet and laid out, dead.

Erin tears into Mohawk. Fists and elbows flying. Mass and acceleration combining to snap his head back.

His grip on the shotgun loosens.

She takes it. But then Ice Man grabs it. They dance with it. She pulls hard. He pulls harder. She lets go.

Ice Man staggers back into Slick. She pounces on them both.

Fists bouncing like hypersonic pinballs between the two men's faces and bodies before sending Slick crashing to the floor with a powerful kick.

Ice Man, shackle still on his wrist, charges her.

Grabbing the shackle, she torques his arm, dislocating his shoulder. She binds both arms behind his back and SNAPS his neck, dropping him to the floor.

Mohawk draws his pistol. He gets off one wild SHOT before Erin swats the gun aside and responds with conviction...

EXT. FARM - SAME

Barnes, Grimace, and Buzz hear the PISTOL SHOT. Michelle glances at Barnes, anger turning to concern.

BARNES

Go.

Barnes grabs Michelle as Buzz and Grimace rush the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Erin mauls Mohawk. Fists, elbows, knees, everything at her disposal used with jaw-cracking effect.

She tears a pair of knives off Mohawk's utility vest and impales both into his head just as...

Slick grabs a small hatchet from among the fireplace tools and springs back into the fight.

He whips the hatchet around, cutting figure eights in the air as Erin retreats into...

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Erin dodges. Slick brings the hatchet down on the computer monitor, impaling it. He sweeps the desk clean with the monitor still attached to the hatchet.

Pulling the blade free, he continues rampaging, hatchet whipping wildly, until he impales the blade in the wall...

Erin counters, forcing Slick to grab a lamp. He swings the base like a bat. Erin takes a hit but catches the power cord, rips it loose.

Slick swings again. Erin ducks in and snares the power cord around his throat -- one hand stuck under the cord, the other flailing helplessly, until she chokes him out.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Buzz and Grimace stalk in. Seeing Brawn on the floor, their guns go up, ready to kill.

As they approach the office, they glimpse Erin slipping out the window.

EXT. FARM - SAME

Michelle spots Erin sprinting across the yard. Off Michelle's gaze, Barnes catches sight of Erin darting into the barn.

Michelle jerks her hand out of Barnes' grasp then SLAMS her palm into his nose and kicks his knee out.

As Barnes collapses with a bloody nose, Michelle dashes for the barn just as...

Buzz and Grimace charge out of the house. Buzz spots her and fires off several SHOTS.

Dust and splinters explode from the barn's wall just as Michelle ducks inside.

Grimace strides up and seizes on Barnes' bloody nose.

GRIMACE

You had one job.

BARNES

(re: the barn)

They're both in there. Go.

Barnes pulls out his pistol and marches toward the barn. Buzz and Grimace follow.

INT. BARN - HAYMOW - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle darts in, panicked and flustered. She sees the trapdoor in the floor.

Opening it, she climbs down the ladder into...

INT. BARN - MILKING CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

A decaying sub-basement full of detritus, vacant cattle pens, and derelict milking stations.

As Michelle climbs down, a pair of hands rip her off the ladder.

Erin pulls her in tight, bear hugging her.

ERIN
You're okay. Thank God... How many
are left?

MICHELLE
Mom?

Erin jumps up the ladder and shuts the trapdoor.

ERIN
They're going to come in here. When
they do, you need to slip out and
make a break back to the house. See
if you can--

MICHELLE
-- Mom... How are you so focused?

ERIN
(guilty)
I took the Cortaprifid.

MICHELLE
But Dad said--

ERIN
-- I have to get you out of here.
There is nothing more important to
me than that...

FOOTSTEPS on the floor above.

Erin hurries Michelle through the labyrinth of cattle stalls
and under a rusted HAY CLAW hanging from a ceiling-mounted
trolley rail.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I'll be lucid for a few more days
before I get worse, and I'll get
worse faster now, but... I would
trade two months-worth of brief
moments with you for two days of
clarity.

Michelle embraces her mother. Erin takes a breath then wraps
her arms around her little girl until...

More FOOTSTEPS and VOICES from the floor above.

ERIN (CONT'D)
How many are left?

MICHELLE

Um. Three. Including Barnes.

ERIN

Stay out of sight and get to the house. I killed four of them in there. You need to search them for the keys to the SUVs. If you find them, you go--

MICHELLE

-- Mom.

ERIN

Do not wait for me. Do not look back. Go into town -- somewhere public. If I'm not there in an hour, you go to the local police. Tell them everything.

As they approach a back door, it slowly opens from the other side.

MICHELLE

(whispers)

Mom--

Erin shoves Michelle into a stall as an assault rifle muzzle pokes through the opening.

Buzz creeps through the door, on edge. As he scans the area...

Erin pounces, surprising him. She manages to wrestle the rifle away, but not before a burst of SHOTS dot the wall.

INT. BARN - HAYMOW - SAME

Barnes and Grimace hear the SHOTS from below. As they make their way toward the trapdoor...

INT. BARN - MILKING CELLAR - SAME

Erin and Buzz grapple over the rifle.

Finally, Erin's able to torque it away, but she pays for it as Buzz lands several heavy haymaker punches. She loses the weapon, but...

As he swings again, Erin's ducks it and slips in close. Grabbing him, she spins him to the floor and wrestles him into an arm-bar submission hold.

Michelle sees the trapdoor opening...

MICHELLE
Mom, they're coming.

Erin spots an old HAY HOOK lying on the floor. She reaches for it, torquing Buzz's arm as he fights to break free.

He pries himself loose. As he spins to pin her down...

She reaches the hook and swings it hard, catching him in the temple and dropping him dead.

Grimace drops through the trapdoor followed by Barnes.

Erin grabs Buzz's rifle and scrambles to her feet. Hauling Michelle off the floor...

ERIN
Go! I'll buy you time.

Erin shoves her out the door.

EXT. FARM - SAME

Michelle dashes to the corner of the barn and scans the yard. Seeing no one, she darts across the yard toward the house.

INT. BARN - MILKING CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Grimace and Barnes split up and prowl among the cattle stalls.

The sound of GRINDING METAL catches Barnes' attention. He spins and sees the hay claw flying at him along the ceiling trolley rail.

As he sidesteps it, Erin FIRES a burst, clipping Barnes in the shoulder, sending him careening into a stall.

Grimace bolts out from another corner, rifle POPPING off shots in Erin's direction, forcing her into cover.

Peeking through the cracks in the stall's wooden walls, Erin sees Barnes gathering himself two stalls down.

Pressing her rifle muzzle through the crack, she fires off a short burst.

Splinters and bullets rip through Barnes' stall, slicing his face and forcing him to hit the deck.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle rushes in then stops when she registers the destruction and the bodies on the floor.

Propelling herself forward, she frantically searches Ice Man's pockets...

INT. BARN - MILKING CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Erin forces Grimace back with several wild shots until her rifle CLICKS empty. She immediately lunges across the aisle.

Grimace fires back, hitting her in the leg as she throws herself into the stall.

Skidding on rotten hay, she slams into the back wall.

Grimace creeps toward the stall as...

Erin hobbles to her feet and grabs an old, galvanized milk can off the floor.

Using the can as a shield, she charges out of the pen, straight at Grimace. He fires. Rounds PING and SPARK off the milk can.

He knocks the can away. She knocks his rifle away.

Fists and elbows fly quick and sharp between them until...

Grimace gets Erin in a submission hold. She sees his pistol holstered to his leg. She goes for it. He swats it away, but loses his grip on her.

Recovering, Grimace goes on the offensive, assaulting Erin's torso with heavy blows, even the punches Erin blocks land hard.

As she flounders, the big man bull-rushes her, driving her backwards, plowing her through an old door, into a storage room and...

Over a table with old paint cans stacked on it.

Erin CRASHES to the floor -- Grimace on top -- hands now around her throat, squeezing.

Erin can't break free. She grabs a brick off the floor and swings it into Grimace's shoulder. His long arms are too long for her.

Erin, choking, running out of air, kicks the leg of the table. Kicks it again and again and again.

Finally, the leg breaks loose. The table rocks forward. The paint cans slide down and fall onto Grimace's back, knocking him forward as...

Erin swings the brick, SMASHING it into Grimace's head, rocking him just enough for Erin to roll free and WHAP -- another blow from the brick lays him out.

Spinning, she throws the brick at Barnes as he steps into the door.

He dodges the brick and fires a single SHOT into Erin's ribs.

She collapses back.

Lungs burning, Erin gasps for breath, exhausted. Barnes stands over her, holding her at gunpoint.

EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER

Barnes drags a bloodied and beaten Erin out to the yard.

BARNES

I don't understand, Erin. After everything you sacrificed to keep your nation safe, you were about to piss it all away.

He throws her down on the gravel.

BARNES (CONT'D)

You think I betrayed you? You think you were making Michelle safe? She was never safe. That's your problem. Kevin was never safe. Ian was never safe... And all they did was compromise you.

(to the house)

MICHELLE!

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle searches Brawn's pockets until she hears...

BARNES (O.S.)

Michelle. Come on out. It's over.

Jumping up, she bounds to the window and leers out to see Erin slouched on her knees. Barnes standing with his gun to her head.

Michelle recoils. Mind racing.

EXT. FARM - SAME

Barnes wipes blood away from his cheek.

BARNES

I warned you. Back in Greece, I told you, family makes you weak... But you and Kevin had to go against the grain and make your own mistakes... I should've seen that as a sign.

ERIN

Senator Miles knows what Kevin was trying to do. You kill us. He'll ask questions.

BARNES

I'm not killing anyone. You are... After being diagnosed with dementia, you killed your husband, abducted your daughter, and came here. The agency tried to do everything we could for you, but in the end... You took out my intervention team before killing your daughter and shooting yourself. It's tragic... But this is how you're going to pay for your treason, Erin.

The WHIP-CRACK of a rifle shot echoes across the farm.

Barnes whirls and collapses to the dirt.

Looking up, Erin sees Michelle standing on the farmhouse porch, looking down the sights of her rifle.

Barnes kicks and squirms, struggling to right himself.

Erin spots his pistol lying in the dirt. She takes it.

ERIN

You're wrong, Barnes. You're wrong about all of it.

A WOODEN BANG pulls Erin's attention to the barn's back door as Grimace charges through it.

POP-POP. She drops Grimace. Barnes desperately lunges. POP-POP. She drops him.

Woozy, Erin glares down at Barnes for a moment before turning to Michelle and crumbling to her knees.

Michelle drops her rifle and sprints over to her mother, embracing her on the ground.

MICHELLE

Mom? Oh, God. We gotta get help.

Erin stops her and shakes her head.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

No.

ERIN

Hey. Listen to me. I love you. I love you so much, and I am so proud of you.

Erin smiles lovingly. Michelle absorbs it.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Go get 'em.

Michelle looks bemused as Erin's gaze drifts out of focus.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Honey, don't put sand in your hair.

MICHELLE

Mom?

Michelle scans Erin's eyes for any sign of awareness.

MEMORY FLASH: A beautiful beach sunset as Erin watches Kevin build a sand castle with Ian and two year-old Michelle.

BACK TO THE FARM:

Erin's eyes close. Her body goes limp in Michelle's arms.

Michelle leans in, clutching her mom as she passes away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPITAL HILL - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Pedestrians come and go. A gaggle of reporters loiter at the top of the stairs.

INT. SENATE COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY

Michelle sits at the back of the gallery while Senator Miles and his OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE skewer a dejected-looking Halas.

SENATOR MILES

Of the agents involved in the European operation, four of them were on Cortaprifid, a drug with known, severe side effects.

HALAS

Again, I was unaware as to the current usage of the drug.

SENATOR MILES

Director Halas, for a man in your position, isn't ignorance the same as negligence?

HALAS

I'm sorry. Am I here to answer rhetorical questions?

SENATOR MILES

No, sir. You're here because I want your resignation. Do you want to give it willingly, or shall we continue?

Halas clenches his jaw and looks down at the table.

INT. THE CAPITAL BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Dogged by PRESS and STAFFERS, Senator Miles breaks away down a side corridor to where Michelle waits.

SENATOR MILES

Well, it's done.

(re: the press)

I still think you should make a statement. Let people know the kind of personal loss you've experienced to make this a reality. Incite some public outrage... I need it to doing what I'm doing.

MICHELLE

Honestly, Senator, I can't say what I lost. I don't know... I only know what I found. I know my parents were incredibly strong, and they gave everything their country asked of them. Then they gave everything they had left for their family... I found love. I found inspiration. And I found strength. Not sure how that's going to help you.

Senator Miles glances at the mob in the lobby then nods for Michelle to follow him as he walks away from it.

SENATOR MILES

I hear you want to be a lawyer.

MICHELLE

Most senators are.

Senator Miles grins, surprised.

SENATOR MILES

How would you feel about transferring to a school in D.C.?

MICHELLE

I like it where I am.

SENATOR MILES

I'm sure it's comfortable. But your father once said something to me about sacrifice and integrity... We took down a monster of corruption today, but there's still a lot of monsters left. I need a big team to hunt them all, and that team has room for an intern.

(steps closer to Michelle)

Your parents lit the torch. You want to help carry it?

He extends a hand. She considers it for a moment. Then, as she cracks a sly grin...

FADE OUT.