THE ASSET

Written by

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EXT. GROUND ZERO – SEPTEMBER 12, 2001 – FLASHBACK

IN SLOW-MOTION: TWO MEN IN HAZMAT GEAR AND MASKS MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE APOCALYPtic LANDSCAPE OF GROUND ZERO. One of them turns away from the horror and sees a lone figure thirty yards away: A WOMAN, early twenties. Beautiful in a natural and athletic way. She has an old-fashioned camera to her eye. Her other eye open. She stares into the man’s soul as she TAKES A PHOTO. AND NOW:

WE REVERSE THE SCENE AND AS WE DO IT FREEZES AND CHANGES TO BLACK AND WHITE. IT’S THE PHOTO SHE TOOK: AN EERIE IMAGE OF THE TWO MASKED WORKERS IN THE TWISTED HORROR OF GROUND ZERO.

EXT./INT. HOTEL CAMINO REAL BAR – ACAPULCO, MEXICO – EVENING

A crowded high-end Acapulco hotel bar. American tourists, Mexican locals and, for a reason we’ll soon find out: media, both print and TV. And police. Laughter, gossip, and if you’re not too drunk to notice, tension.

ANNA KING, (the woman from the flashback) now early 30s, sits at the bar. She has a LEICA M9 in her hands. It’s the modern equivalent of the camera she had before. King (almost everyone calls her this almost always) has the camera umbilicalled to a netbook sporting a mini-satellite dish. She takes a photo of some tourists. It shows up on the laptop. She works on the laptop photo, tweaking it, cropping it, etc.

ONE OF THE TOURISTS from the photo peels off from the group and approaches her. He’s a little drunk and a lot male.

   TOURIST
   You just took a photo of me.

   KING
   No. I didn’t.

   TOURIST
   (re the photo)
   Right there. That’s me. Doug Looper.

   KING
   No. The photo’s of those two, the drunk girl and the soldier. Doug Looper’s just sorta...in the background.

   DOUG LOOPER
   You can’t just take pictures of people you don’t know and...
   (MORE)
DOUG LOOPER (CONT' D)  
(re equipment)  
Do whatever you’re doing.

KING  
I’m sending them to my photo editor at the AP using this satellite modem thingy. Hotel wifi’s like snorkeling in peanut butter.

DOUG LOOPER  
You need our permission to use those. Let me buy you a drink and we’ll sign releases or whatever.

KING  
The bar’s a public space. No expectation of privacy.  
(re the bartender)  
And I shot Ishmael’s wedding. I drink for free.

She presses the “SEND” button.

KING (CONT’ D)  
But you’re right, it’s for a story about your friends.

DOUG LOOPER  
My friends?

KING  
Well, you, your friends, and the like. Americans who vacation in war zones.  
(her attention turns)  
Uno momento--

ROBERTO SERRANO, 40s, a Mexican journalist, approaches.

KING (CONT’ D)  
Aaah! Roberto! Bienvenides!

ROBERTO  
El Rey. Buenos Nochas!

They kiss hello. He slides onto the chair next to her.

KING  
Doug Looper. Roberto Serrano. He writes for El Sol. How many murders you cover this year, Roberto?

ROBERTO  
About a thousand.
KING
A thousand’s a lot, Doug. Let’s call Acapulco Kabul and then see if we’re up for a margarita pool-side.

DOUG LOOPER
Cartels don’t target Americans. That reporter girl’s a fluke. My travel guy told me.

KING
Is your travel guy here? No. He’s probably in Nice. Get the hell out of Dodge, Doug. Pass it on.
(leaning in to him)
And don’t worry about the photo. I cropped you out.

She turns fully to Roberto, dismissing the dizzy Doug.

A QUICK FLASH-POP: A HELMETED MOTORCYCLIST WITH A HELMETED WOMAN RIDING TANDEM SPEED DOWN AN ACAPULCO STREET.

INT. HOTEL BAR - BACK TO SCENE
Doug Looper’s back with his group complaining about King. A bartender delivers a bottle of tequila to King and Roberto.

ROBERTO
I don’t know why you keep doing that. They never listen.

KING
It’s my civic duty. And it’s fun.

ROBERTO
You’re a strange woman. Got your message. Que pasa?
(she points to a group of men with camera gear)
CNN’s here?

KING
That’s que pasa.

ROBERTO
It’s about Ellen Waldman?

KING
They heard the Lobos Cartel’s agreed to return her.

He looks surprised.
ANOTHER FLASH POP OF THE MOTORCYCLIST AND PASSENGER--

She pours two tequilas. They drink. She pours again.

KING (CONT’D)
Surprised you guys don’t have it.
El Sol’s been all over the story.

ROBERTO
Unlike you Americans we’ve got a
whole city to cover. Not just one
blanca who wandered off the road.

KING
The blanca being...a writer for the
New York Times....The road...being
her hotel room at four a.m.?

ROBERTO
I was intemperate. Lo siento.

They drink another tequila. And right before King fills them
up again she switches the two glasses so she now has
Roberto’s (unseen by him). It’s as fast as a magic trick.

A tense semi-drunk moment between two “friends.” Roberto
raises his glass, chooses to forgive. Overlapping:

ROBERTO (CONT’D)   KING
To her safe return--   --I always wondered why she
                   opened her door in the middle
                   of the night--

ROBERTO (CONT’D)   KING
--Como?             --why she would do that--

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL - SAME

THE MOTORCYCLIST FROM THE FLASH-POPS SKIDS TO A STOP IN FRONT
OF THE HOTEL. He pulls out A HUGE KNIFE and only now we see
his passenger is TIED to his arms with twine. He slices
through the twine, freeing her. She drops limply onto the
street. Her helmet pops off. Although we’ve never seen her,
it’s ELLEN WALDMAN. He tosses down A RED DUFFEL BAG next to
her and guns the bike out into traffic and disappears. People
immediately sense something’s happened, begin to notice.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

The bar has a view of the front--we hear people calling out:
“It’s her!” “Waldman,” etc. The journos in the bar grab their
gear and run for the street.
Tourists push forward, wanting to see. Roberto leaves the bar, forgetting about King, his own instincts pulling him to the prone figure.

Despite the commotion, King remains a center of alert calm. She quickly takes Roberto’s tequila glass and wraps it in a napkin and stuffs it in her camera bag, tucking her gear behind the bar. She grabs her camera and begins snapping photos—it’s who she is... One of the first photos she takes is of Roberto, capturing a very puzzled look on his face...

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL - SAME

AT THE BODY. People rush to the unconscious woman. Crowding towards her. Roberto pushes through the crowd, King moving slower, more cautious, head on a swivel, taking photos.

A cop’s at the body now, a crowd behind him. From King’s POV through her viewfinder: the woman’s face. Her eyes pale, open. Something very wrong. The view gets obstructed, she moves, refocuses. She finds in her focus: THE RED DUFFEL BAG.

Strange. On instinct she stops moving forward, backs up a beat... Sees Doug and gently pushes him back, protective...

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT FOLLOWED BY AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION--KILLING DOZENS AND RIPPING THROUGH THE HOTEL. King pulls herself from underneath a table. Bleeding, injured. She staggers through the devastation, searching. Finally she finds the object of her search: HER CAMERA. Hugs it to her chest. We cling to the tiniest of things...

FADE TO BLACK

INT. FANCY NEW YORK CITY HOTEL - LOBBY RESTROOM - NIGHT

King stands at the mirror. She pulls up her shirt. HEAVY BANDAGING around her ribs. She tugs at it, adjusting it. Smooths her shirt. She coughs, grabs her ribs. Serious pain. She pulls out a bottle of pills and takes two of them.

INT. NYC HOTEL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

King knocks on the door. A MAN opens it. 40s, handsome. PALMER GREER. He smiles big as he sees her.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

King enters. She smiles, taking his hand. A little shaken up.
KING
I’m not ready to talk.

They move to each other’s arms. He holds her gently, knows she’s injured. They kiss. More passionately now...

KING (CONT’D)
And I’m gonna need to be on top.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - LATER
They make love. She’s on top, wearing nothing but bandages.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - LATER
Post-sex. She’s in bed, flipping through her Acapulco photos. She finds one of Roberto Serrano. Holds it up to Palmer.

KING
We heard anything yet?

PALMER
We were right. DNA from Serrano’s glass came back. He was in Waldman’s room when she was grabbed. Agency thinks he’s likely been the Cartel’s guy on the paper for years. Guess they didn’t care enough to tip him on the bomb.

KING
I’m sure killing him before we could flip him was a nice bonus. I shoulda set the meet in my room.

PALMER
Don’t beat yourself up. I know you liked him.

KING
He was a weasel. But a fun drunk.

PALMER
Cartel’s issued a statement.

KING
Lemme guess. It’s all our fault.

PALMER
It’s all our fault. US media, US military--
(reading from a statement)
(MORE)
PALMER (CONT’D)
“--and all American intelligence organizations operating illegally on sovereign Mexican soil.”

KING
Drug lords talking like revolutionaries and bombing like terrorists. Viva la freaking Raza.

PALMER
We’ve helped Calderon hit ‘em hard the last few years. With their elections coming up I guess they wanted to make a point.

KING
Yeah. Mess with our money and we will kill the hell out of you.

She shakes her head, leans against his hip. Holds his hand.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - MIDDLE OF NIGHT - LATER
They’re in bed. She’s awake. He senses it and wakes up.

PALMER
Hey. You okay?

KING
Yeah. I’m okay.

PALMER
You’re a great liar. Maybe the best. But it’s me.

KING
I’m okay. Ribs are on fire.
(beat)
Can’t believe they blew it up. They’ve never done that. I’da bet they couldn’t do that. We need to track demo experts. Construction-

PALMER
Baby. We know. You may be the best but you’re not the only.

He looks at her. She’s not okay. A beat. Big moment:

PALMER (CONT’D)
I want you to quit.
KING
We’ve gone through this. What I do is what I do. I’m sorry if you can’t handle it anymore--

PALMER
No. Quit quit. The Agency. I’ll do it, too. We’ll leave together.
(off her look)
I don’t want you to do this anymore. Any of it. And I don’t want to do it without you.

KING
I know Mexico went sideways. But I’ll be okay--

PALMER
I have money.

And now she looks up. That’s a weird thing to say.

KING
What? What do you mean money?

**Note: start intercutting their POV with an observer’s POV (visual and audio) through a telephoto lens out the window.**

PALMER
It’s enough for anything. Anything we want to do. In my house. Under the stove. It’s all there.

She stares at him, confused and concerned.

KING
I don’t know what you’re saying but I don’t like how this sounds.

PALMER
You need to know.

KING
No, I don’t. I don’t need to know anything.

PALMER
You do. For us. I can’t have any secrets between us.

KING
NO! PLEASE. NOT NOW. FOR US.

She jumps out of bed, moves to a chair.
PALMER
Wait--

KING
Please. It’s just--I’m so tired and whatever it is I’m afraid it’s something you and I can’t turn back from. I know enough. I don’t want to know anything else. Not tonight.

PALMER
I’m sorry. Okay. Pretend I didn’t say a thing. Come back.

She crosses to him and slides in bed. Moves close.

KING
I’m tired, babe.

PALMER
I know. I’m sorry. Tomorrow.

KING
Tomorrow.

He closes his eyes, foreheads touching...Her eyes are open...

INT. PALMER GREER’S KITCHEN - NIGHT
The camera creeps in on Palmer’s OLD STOVE. Slowly FOUR CIA COMMANDOS ENTER FRAME. Black ninja gear, night vision. They descend on the stove like night...

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - LATER
Palmer sleeps. King sits in a chair watching. She takes a BEAUTIFUL PHOTO of him. She loves this man.

INT. LEO MAXIELL’S OFFICE - CIA - NYC STATION - NIGHT
LEO MAXIELL, 50s, Yale type, listens to a digital file on his computer. It’s Palmer and King...

KING
I’m tired, babe.

PALMER
I know. I’m sorry. Tomorrow.

KING
Tomorrow.
His phone rings. He answers. Listens.

**LEO**
Okay. Get it all back here ASAP.
(hangs up, dials)
Go.

INT. NYC HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON: Palmer and King asleep. We pull out: TWO MEN stand over them, quiet as wraiths. King sits up, her instincts sharp. FROM NOWHERE ANOTHER MAN GRABS HER--COVERS HER MOUTH.

**AGENT**
Agent Greer.

Palmer wakes, stares straight into the muzzles of two guns.

**AGENT (CONT’D)**
I’m Agent Hansen, sir. From the Internal Security Office. Please sit up and place your hands where I can see them. Slowly.

Palmer takes stock of the situation, sits up slowly. He’s a smart man. Looks over at her...heartbreak in his face.

**PALMER**
Anna.
(beat)
You’re the best.

**KING**
Palmer!

He pulls his hand from under his pillow. He has A PISTOL. Before anyone can react--BAM! He **shoots himself in the head**.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. ASHER WALLACH’S MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE – EARLY MORNING

CIA ANALYST ASHER WALLACH (40s) sleeps. Next to him is his very rich wife CATHERINE (early 40s). Catherine looks like she should’ve married a Kennedy. Asher’s cell rings. He wakes and answers. Hangs up without speaking. His wife stirs.

CATHERINE
Who was that, Ash?

ASHER
Work.

CATHERINE
This early? For you? Why?

ASHER
No idea.

INT. LEO MAXIELL’S OFFICE – CIA – NYC STATION – EARLY MORNING

Leo studies a printout. All around him are flat screens with various news feeds covering the Mexico bombing. Asher enters.

LEO
Thanks for coming in.
(re printout)
You play fantasy baseball?
(Asher shakes head no)
I’m in a league with a bunch of guys from NSA. I think there was some collusion during the draft but I’m not sure.

ASHER
I’m not sure that falls under Counterintelligence but...is that something you want me to look into?

Leo thinks on it a second...as if really considering it...

LEO
No.
(beat)
Palmer Greer shot himself tonight.

ASHER
What? Wow.

Asher sits down in a chair.
LEO
Talk to him recently? You guys came up together.

ASHER
Not in years. Since I moved sections. What happened?

LEO
He’d been stealing. ISO went to pick him up at the Plaza. He had a nine under his pillow.

ASHER
The Plaza? Was he with someone?

LEO
His field op. King. Know her?

ASHER
Only by reputation. She’s the Human Intel Specialist.

LEO
Yeah. That’s what the pansies and princes at Langley call her but I wouldn’t say it out loud again if I were you. She’s not ashamed of what she is and you better not be. She sniffs out hypocrisy like a dog. Let’s go.

ASHER
Where?

LEO
To sniff and be sniffed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

KING is hooked to a POLYGRAPH by MAY KENT (Asian, 20s). Asher enters, takes a seat behind May against the wall. King looks at him: who are you, buddy? After a beat she turns to May:

KING
Where’s Roy?

MAY
Roy?

KING
Roy Benson. He does my polys. Where is he? I like Roy.
MAY
I’m...the one who’s here.

She considers making a bigger deal out of it, declines. She’s tired, emotionally ragged. But May’s all business:

KING
Ok. Let’s just get it done.

MAY
Are you currently taking any medication?

KING
Yes. Oxycodone.

MAY
Is that the only one?

KING
Yes.

MAY
What time did you take it today?

KING
About three hours ago.

MAY
Do you normally take oxycodone at two in the morning?

King pauses, slightly irritated. Flicks a look at Asher.

KING
No.

MAY
When do you take it?

KING
I take it when my broken ribs hurt. From when Mexico blew up on me.

Now King wants none of this woman or this shit.

MAY
Certain medications can affect the accuracy of the polygraph.

KING
Is that a question? Are you asking me if I know that?
MAY
Yes.

KING
Yes. There should be a Drug Waiver/Notification in the file.

MAY
There’s not. I wouldn’t be asking you these questions if the Waiver was in the file.
(beat, quietly)
I’m not a bitch.

KING
I didn’t say you were.

May raises her eyebrow.

KING (CONT’D)
Is that a question? Are you asking me if I think you’re a bitch? While I’m hooked up to the poly?

MAY
Yes.

KING
Yes.
(beat)
Can I take this thing off?

MAY
We still need your affirmation for the Incident Report.

KING
The oxy corrupts the poly. You said so yourself.

MAY
I said some medications do. Not that one.

King stares her down. Then Asher. Then back. Deep breath. May pushes a file across the table and opens it to a typed page.

MAY (CONT’D)
True or false I am showing you Incident Report 78397AAK.

KING
True.
MAY
True or false you prepared this report today, May 9th, 2012, detailing incidents of day same?

KING
True.

MAY
Is the report complete, accurate and truthful to your knowledge?

KING
Yes.

MAY
Are you on birth control?

KING
What?

MAY
Are you taking birth control pills? You said the oxycodone was the only medication but sometimes people forget birth control or think it doesn’t count. Your file says you’ve been taking it since...2003.

King looks at her, burning.

KING
That’s not part of the affirmation.

MAY
No but it’s part of your file.

King’s eyes close. She breathes again. Opens.

KING
I stopped.

MAY
When?

She really doesn’t want to answer this. Looking at Asher.

KING
Two days ago.

MAY
When you were in the hospital? In Mexico? Is that when you stopped?
KING
Yes. That’s when I stopped.

A staredown. Almost casually May switches gears:

MAY
Were you aware Palmer Greer had stolen from the Agency?

KING
What?

MAY
Do you know what he stole?

KING
What? No. You read the report!

MAY
Prior to the events in the report--

KING
No! I told you. No. I was not aware! I wasn’t! I wasn’t aware of anything! ANYTHING!

The woman’s done. May unhooks King. Asher stands to go:

KING (CONT’D)
I know who you are. You were his friend once.

Asher has no answer. Leaves as her eyes burn into his back.

INT. LEO MAXIELL’S OFFICE – SAME

Asher enters, agitated. Leo’s been watching on a screen.

ASHER
You should’ve told me they were in love.

LEO
He recruited her. He was her CO for ten years. Love is probably too easy a word.

ASHER
Is she the reason he stole? He wanted her to quit?
LEO
Well I’m sure sending her off to screw other men wasn’t the best part of his job. But it’s more complicated than that.

ASHER
Leo. What is it? What did he steal?

LEO
Here we get to the nut of the nut.

Leo hands Asher a file. He opens it. Photos we can’t see.

LEO (CONT’D)
Photos of what was under his stove.

Asher holds a photo close to his face. Puzzling over it...

ASHER
Are these...?

LEO
Go ahead and say it. I won’t think you’re crazy.

ASHER
Are these...GZ? GZ materials?

LEO
You’re the expert. But I think so.

Asher can’t believe his eyes. Shuts the file. And while we don’t know what GZ is, let’s just say it’s BIG.

ASHER
I need everything he was working on. And her, too.

LEO
So you have concerns about her.

ASHER
I dunno yet. Agents are kinda like fruit. Where some only bruise, others rot. And where some rot, others turn bad just like that.

(beat)
And unless you saw a different poly than I did, I think we can agree that even with the most benign interpretation, at the very least Agent King needs a serious nap.
INT. CIA LOBBY - LATER

King waits on a bench. She cleans part of her camera with a q-tip. Asher approaches, sits next to her. Awkward.

ASHER
Are they hard to clean? I’ve never had anything but a point and shoot.

KING
They’re good with dust and dirt.
(beat, while cleaning)
It’s the blood...that can really... screw up your focus... ring.
(gives him a look)
You told Leo to bench me.

ASHER
I don’t tell Leo to do anything. I’m just an analyst.

KING
You just analyze.

ASHER
I’m really more of a worrier.

KING
You worried about me?

He thinks, considers his words. Of course he is.

ASHER
I worry about everyone.

Her car arrives. She gets up. As she leaves:

KING
The Mexicans don’t bomb. Make sure somebody worries about that.

He watches her leave. Does not have a sense of her at all.

INT. KING’S LOFT - NIGHT - LATER

King pulls back a door and enters her loft, dumping her bags. Photos are everywhere--some hers, some famous photographers: Danny Lyon, Robert Frank, James Nachtwey, Diane Arbus. Not featured prominently but we should see it: A NUDE SELF-PORTRAIT taken when she was twenty-two.
INT. KING’S LOFT - PHOTOGRAPHY WORK SPACE - MINUTES LATER

She hooks her camera to a computer. Presses a button. A printer buzzes...

INT. KING’S LOFT - SHOWER - LATER

She washes off the night’s terrors. Her torso a black band of bruises. She coughs again, it’s excruciating. She spits blood at the drain and it disappears down with the water...

INT. KING’S LOFT - BEDROOM AREA - LATER

King’s wearing a t-shirt, underwear and wet hair. She sits on her bed with the newly printed photo: it’s the one of Palmer sleeping before he got busted. The last peaceful moment. She puts it next to her on the bed as she lays her head down...

INT. DRUG CARTEL TUNNEL - ACAPULCO - NIGHT

A sophisticated drug tunnel on the outskirts of Acapulco. A commando team made up of Mexican Military and U.S. Paramilitary make their way through the tunnel. (Production note: someone’s got a camera on their helmet, taping this. And let’s feature one specific American gunman named FINCH.)

Suddenly shadows emerge from the tunnel! CARTEL GUNMEN! The commandos fight the gunmen, attacking, retreating, attacking retreating...Our commandos overwhelm them.

BANG! The commandos blow the door off of a room which we discover is: AN ENORMOUS WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES CACHE...

INT. NIKKI ALI ART GALLERY - DAY

King enters. Workers prep the gallery for exhibition. The work is subversive, paintings and photography a la Banksy. A MAN directs the hanging of a large piece.

MAN

Not so perfect. Not so perfect.

She passes him and heads to the back of the gallery.

INT. GALLERY BACK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

A HIP AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN, NIKKI ALI, (early 30s) eats a hot dog at her desk. King greets her with a kiss.
KING
There’s a cute boy out there hanging the Watney show.

NIKKI
That is Watney you dork. You wanna meet him?

KING
You know I don’t date artists.

NIKKI
Or anyone else.

KING
Oh Mommy. Let’s not start.

Nikki wipes her face and hands, puts on some white gloves.

NIKKI
Then how about we start with...your Mexico trip. I printed some of what you sent...

Nikki pulls out a large portrait of an ARMED PARAMILITARY MAN sitting on a throne made of clear plastic bags of powder.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
Is that a heroin throne?

KING
Just cocaine.

NIKKI
Oh. Just cocaine. You can get those at IKEA.

Nikki pulls out some other photos—more paramilitary, more drugs, children working drug fields, etc.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
Sweetie this stuff is off-world.

KING
That new paper turned out nice.

NIKKI
Nice, yeah, it turned out nice. That’s the modifier that comes to mind when I see drug lords and their toddler drug mules.
KING
(re a photo)
That one girl’s at least ten. And
she just flies the plane.

Nikki cocks her head to her friend:

NIKKI
I’m not judging, baby. Your ass
profits me. I just worry about you
sometimes. That thing in Acapulco--

KING
Nowhere near where I was.

She smiles reassuringly, a warm and completely different
energy than the one we get from her in her “spy life.”

INT. MAIN GALLERY - FEW MINUTES LATER

King heads out. Watney sees her. She gives a killer smile.

WATNEY
(re her camera)
That Leica your weapon of choice?
With that 50 mil on it I always
think it’s a toy.

She detours towards him. As she hands him her camera:

KING
You know what they say: Anything’s
a toy in the hands of a boy.

He smiles, puts it to his eye and TAKES HER PICTURE. He looks
at the display image on the back. Re photo (or her?)

WATNEY
I’ve done better.

KING
I’ll take your word for it.

She takes back the camera and walks out the door. Kills him.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

King walks the street, chasing an Oxy with an orange soda. As
she stops to swallow she sees she’s in front of a HOMELESS
MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR.
He has a sign around his neck: “VETERAN OF THE DESERT.” She crouches in front of him, looks into his eyes. TAKES HIS PHOTO. When she stands he discovers she’s put HER OXY BOTTLE in his lap.

KING
Take two with food.

A thought occurs...pulls forty bucks from her pocket for him.

KING (CONT’D)
Take food.

And off she goes. She hasn’t made it a few steps when she sees: MAY KENT at an outdoor cafe, finishing lunch with a good-looking guy around her age. Huh. That’s...serendipitous. SNAPS A PHOTO OF THEM...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

King now following May and Boyfriend. They’re oblivious. They stop and kiss good-bye, requiring King to pirouette around them. May and Boyfriend part, and May continues down the street. But King’s now six feet in front of her. Slick. King looks back, deliberately letting May see her. May’s stunned; infuriated, she moves to King:

MAY
What the hell--

But just as she’s about to launch in, King grabs her by the arm and SHOVES HER through a door into a CHINESE RESTAURANT.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Leo stands in front of multiple plasma screens displaying IMAGES FROM THE TUNNEL RAID and WEAPONS CACHE. Asher enters.

LEO
One of our teams busted up a Cartel tunnel outside Acapulco. Langley thinks it’s our bombmaker’s office. Lot of high end gear. State wants to go public with a big win.

Asher nods, just looking at the screens. Walks up, gets close. He’s a studious, grinding sort.

LEO (CONT’D)
Questions, comments, random little thinking noises?
ASHER
Well, I understand why the Cartel blew the hotel. It’s classic terror strategy. I just don’t know how.

LEO
How?

ASHER
There’s a thousand ways a bomb can go wrong and only one way it can go right. You only get one chance.
(Leo nods, go on)
And from what I’ve been told...the Cartels don’t bomb. At least, they haven’t before. So they don’t have the institutional knowledge. It’s important.
(beat)
They had to hire somebody. A really good somebody.

Leo smiles. He’s already reached that conclusion.

ASHER (CONT’D)
And you already knew this. And you’re gonna find him. And...that’s why you called me in here.

LEO
I’m the boss. I don’t find people. But I find people who find people.

ASHER
Leo. I’m not an op guy. And I’m just now digging into Palmer’s files and the GZ material--

LEO
Palmer was Mexico. There is no Palmer anymore. You wanna understand him? Do his job. Be Palmer. But without all the stealing and the screwing and the bullet-eating.
(off Asher’s look)
This is me coping with grief and failure. Deal with it.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

King and May sit in a back booth. A waitress appears and King talks to her in Mandarin. The woman nods and heads off.
KING
I got you tea since you already had that turkey sandwich.

MAY
You’re spying on me and Brian?

KING
If that’s your boyfriend’s name, yes.

MAY
I should walk out of here and report you.

The waitress returns with a pot of tea and a noodle dish for King. She pours May some tea and slides the cup to her.

KING
So walk out.

May considers the door and the tea. Big decision...Chooses the tea. Sips. It’s an agreement to stay.

MAY
I can’t talk about your poly.

KING
Does Brian know where you work?

MAY
What’s it to you?

KING
Curious. If you lie to him.

May thinks on it before answering. This woman has a way...

MAY
I told him I write grant applications freelance.

KING
But you could tell him the truth. You’re not in the field.

(Off May, realizing)
Oohhh. You want to be.

MAY
Is that why we’re here? I took your secret and now you want mine?
KING
These aren’t secrets. Secrets we buy. Secrets we sell. Steal.
Secrets are commodities.
(touches May’s chest)
But what’s in here isn’t secret, it’s personal. And what’s personal is private.

King’s hand slips behind her neck and pulls her close:

KING (CONT’D)
And what is private is NOT TO BE TAKEN. NOT FROM ME. That’s why we’re here.
(beat, re noodles)
Box ‘em up if you want them.

King puts cash down. Rises to go. May’s ballsy curiosity:

MAY
Why did you stop taking the pill?
You sleep with men as part of your job. It’s a relevant question.

King stops. Returns. Leans in. Whispers in her ear, intimate:

KING
I sleep with women, too.
(starts to go, stops)
Brian’s gonna cheat on you.

May’s dumbstruck. King’s phone buzzes. She checks it.

KING (CONT’D)
Gotta go. Secrets.

King gets up and strides out, leaving May at a loss...

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. ASHER’S OFFICE - DAY

Asher’s office is a DISASTER. PALMER’S FILES all over the floor, stuff leaned against the walls, etc. Also note: A HALF- BURNED FILE CABINET in the back corner. Asher’s at his desk: CLOSE-UP ON A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BEARER BOND. Asher pulls it from a plastic sleeve. Brings it to his face. Smells it...

A noise. King’s in his doorway. Asher puts away the bond. Did she see him smelling it? Her sly smile seems to indicate so.

KING
That’s mine. I shot that.

She points to A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH leaning on the wall: it’s the one from the flashback at the beginning of the pilot.

KING (CONT’D)
Palmer bought it at an art show to benefit 9/11 families. It’s where we met. Where he recruited me.

ASHER
I know. I was in the Middle East section with him then. He paid a lot to have it custom framed. Look, we got off on the wrong foot--

KING
Did we? You investigate spies. I was screwing my CO and he was dirty. You heard my poly. And somehow I got benched.

ASHER
Leo wants you back in.

KING
But just Leo.

ASHER
The ground’s changed in Mexico.

KING
That sounds too logical to be true--

ASHER
--I’m your new case officer--
--And it is. No offense, but when’s the last time you worked the field? In real time? With someone like me?

Is this the part where I say, “There is no one like you?”

No, this is the part where you say you’re not just a paranoid who sniffs evidence and keeps his burned up furniture from the World Trade Center Seven office.

Asher looks back at the burnt cabinet. A big beat here.

The reporter. Ellen Waldman.

Dead. I was there. What of her?

The piece she did in the Times about Lebanese Hezbollah helping the Cartels build drug tunnels in exchange for using their smuggling routes across the border. Is it why she was taken?

No. Hezbollah’s built tunnels into Israel for decades. A few of them run Afghan heroin through Mexico. No real connection. She was taken because she was the perfect person to take. A symbol. A red cape.

Okay. But what if she was half right? What if Hezbollah was helping the Cartel? What if they’re bringing another expertise the Cartel doesn’t have?

Her mind is working. She’s sharp. She’s probably there:

That would be very bad.
INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - LATER

Screens show A LIVE FEED of Mexican and American agents poring over the weapons/bombmaking room. King sits at a table with Asher. Leo paces around. She’s studying STILL PHOTOS from the cache, occasionally glancing up at the monitors, cross-referencing visually. Asher over her to Leo:

ASHER
They drop the duffel with Waldman. She’s bait. People run to her. Device detonates, kills the responders. Hezbollah’s been running that game for years in Israel. But it’s not easy. And we haven’t found any RF triggers.

KING
(to herself-ish)
There’s a trigger.

LEO
Here’s what would be fun for Leo: an alternate theory that doesn’t include a Muslim terrorist blowing up Americans to barter his way into El Paso.

King holds a photo of a RED BOOK buried on the bombmaker’s worktable. Declares:

KING
It’s not Hezbollah. And there is a trigger.
(re live feed)
Can I talk to them?

Leo has a TECH push a speaker phone to her. ON THE LIVE FEED: A CIA INVESTIGATOR looks into the camera.

KING (CONT’D)
Can you grab that red book from the workbench? The one that looks like a Bible?

LIVE FEED: The Investigator retrieves the book.

LEO
What is it?

KING
A Bible. Otherwise known as not a Koran.
ASHER
Doesn’t have to be the bomber’s. There’s lots of Cartel soldiers in and out of there--

KING
Yeahhh...Most Muslim bombmakers I know are totally cool with co-workers leaving the Word of Christ right there next to the Semtex. (re live feed) Could you open it? Any page.

The Agent opens it for camera. It’s in a foreign language.

LEO
Is that Gaelic?

KING
It’s a Maynooth. First Gaelic bible approved by the Irish Church. Famous. This ones a special edition—the gilt is real gold flake. See where it’s worn? Gold’s too soft. I got one for a friend once.

LEO
Our guy’s Irish? IRA?

KING
Real IRA, ex-IRA. A merc. Something nasty like that.

ASHER
You can’t eliminate Hezbollah based on a book.

KING
Not a book. A Bible. (beat) And don’t forget the trigger.

King slides them a photo. It’s a close up of automatic weapons lined up on the wall. She’s circled something: AN OLD FASHIONED BOLT ACTION RIFLE. Asher studies it.

KING (CONT’D)
The British used to jam the Irish radio frequencies. So IRA snipers started detonating the bombs by shooting them. They’d leave these rifles at the scene. To taunt them.
KING (CONT' D)
I heard a gunshot when the bomb went off. Thought it was a car backfire. I need to go to Boston.
(off their looks)
The Archdiocese there. That’s who commissioned the Bible. They used them for fundraising.
(beat)
I’ve got a guy there. He hates me, but I’ll make it work.

LEO
Whattya think, Agent? You’re the case officer. It’s your decision. You wanna put her back in the field?

ASHER
No, I don’t. It’s too soon.

LEO
Yeah, that’s why it’s not really your decision.
(to King)
Bring me back a Red Sox hat.

KING
(to Asher)
What size are you? Extra-cautious?

Cute. She pirouettes and strides out, a bounce to her.

ASHER
Sometimes I’m amazed you’re in a position of authority.

LEO
I don’t know why I said that.
(beat)
I hate the Red Sox.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS - BOSTON - NIGHT

The Mother Church of the Boston Archdiocese. BISHOP FRANCIS MCKEE, (50s) speaks to staff. He notices KING standing a distance away. Eye contact. She heads to the confessional.

INT. THE CONFESSIONAL - MINUTES LATER

Bishop McKee enters. King is already on her side. Tension.
BISHOP MCKEE
I told you last time I never wanted to see you here again.

KING
(beat)
That’s a heckuva cross you’ve got around your neck, Francis. You could probably crucify Jesus again if you had to.

BISHOP MCKEE
I was ordained as Bishop two years ago. But you knew that. And I know you’ve got your reasons but don’t pretend to be cruder than you are.

KING
Pretending is what I do. You know that as well as anybody.

He burns, hates her guts.

BISHOP MCKEE
Tell me what you want.

KING
There’s a parishioner. He’s probably late 40s, 50s. Irish but with an American passport. Travels a lot. Has one of your Maynooths.

BISHOP MCKEE
There’s five thousand men in the diocese who fit that description.

KING
He’s ex-IRA. And not a bumper sticker sympathizer like you, Francis. A real one. A man.

He shakes his head: can’t or won’t answer. She pulls back the screen, leaning her head into his space.

KING (CONT’D)
I know you know who I’m talking about. You’re picturing him right now. Don’t screw with me, Francis.

He hesitates. SHE TAKES HIS PICTURE. Stares through him.
BISHOP MCKEE
The sanctity of the confessional is inviolable. I’d never betray your confidence. No matter who you are.

KING
And--?

BISHOP MCKEE
And on this I need the same.

KING
It’ll never come back to you.

The Bishop thinks on it a beat, removes pen and paper.

BISHOP MCKEE
This is the name I know him by. If he’s somebody else that’s for you to find out.

Writes a name. Gives it to her. He gets up to go--

KING
I’d like to make a confession.

He stops. Glares back at her. Makes a gesture: go for it.

KING (CONT’D)
I once slept with a priest. He thought I was a prostitute. He asked me to do surprising things. Am I going to hell?

BISHOP MCKEE
If I have to drag you there myself.

He turns and leaves her there. She shrugs. Seems fair.

EXT. CHURCH - BOSTON/INT. ASHER’S HOUSE - NIGHT - I/C
King walking from the church, downloads to Asher at home.

KING
Name’s Terence Wright. Sent you the address. I can be there in ten.

ASHER
Better you were at the airport in thirty. A local team’ll follow up.

KING
Maybe I’ll call Leo.
ASHER
Maybe you don’t act like my fifteen year old daughter.

King hangs up on him. Walks a few angry strides. Calls back:

KING
What did Palmer steal?

That throws him. He hesitates ever so slightly. Covers:

ASHER
What people always steal. Money.

KING
And that’s it?

ASHER
It was a lot of money.

KING
Huh. Okay.

Does she believe him? Do we?

ASHER
There’s something you should know. The Mexican police got a tip on a Lebanese national. Omid Hosseini. Rich kid living in a mansion outside of Acapulco. His family owns a construction firm in Beirut.

KING
Save him a beating. He didn’t do it-

ASHER
The father’s company built Al-Manar, Hezbollah’s tv station. The kid used to work for his dad demoing apartments.

KING
He. Didn’t. Do. It.

ASHER
Maybe the Bible’s a wood duck.

KING
Or Hosseini’s a wood duck.

ASHER
If he is, we’ll find out.
KING
Yeah, that’s what I’m afraid of.

ASHER
Get on the plane, King.

She hangs up. He shakes his head. She’s...challenging.

INT. CAB - MOVING - BOSTON - NIGHT - LATER
King runs her finger over her lip. Fresh blood in her mouth.

KING
Screw this. Take a right.

EXT. TERENCE WRIGHT’S HOUSE - SOUTH END, BOSTON - NIGHT
TWO CIA OPERATIVES, BLOOM and SAWCROSS wearing DWP gear, pick the lock on the front of a modest South End house. Enter.

INT. DWP VAN/CIA SURVEILLANCE - SAME - INTERCUT
FRANKLIN, a SURVEILLANCE TECH monitors them. Screens show the agents’ POVs as they enter (cameras on their helmets). Bloom and Sawcross start sweeping the house quickly and quietly. They’re very expert. The house is pin-clean.

INSIDE THE VAN the back door swings open and KING JUMPS IN. Franklin grabs for a gun but King gets to it first, rips the headphones and mic from his head.

KING
Easy. No need for a Raven call. I’m cleared for Apple 25 Indigo.

FRANKLIN
Someone could’ve told me.

KING
Yeah, management. There’s a reason they’re there and we’re here.

INT. TERENCE WRIGHT’S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Bloom and Sawcross searching each cabinet, checking the fridge, etc. Pulling out the garbage can...

INSIDE THE VAN King and Franklin watch. It’s tense. Suddenly a PHONE RINGS, startling them both. It’s hers. She answers.
KING
Hello?

VOICE
Hey. It’s Watney. From the gallery?

KING
Watney?

WATNEY
From Nikki’s gallery? She gave me your number. Hope it’s okay.

IN THE HOUSE Bloom’s moved INTO THE HALL. Sawcross digs in the trash. He pulls out AN ECONOMY BOX OF CONDOMS. Joking:

SAWCROSS
That is a big box of condoms.

The condom box is on the monitor. King sees it in her peripheral. Distracted by Watney’s call.

KING (IN PHONE)
No, it’s fine. I’m just kinda busy.

WATNEY
That’s cool. I’m sorry--

Sawcross discards the box. Bloom goes to the BASEMENT DOOR.

KING (IN PHONE)
No, don’t worry--

WATNEY
I just wanted to invite you to the open of my show next week--

Bloom turns the knob on the basement door. CLICK. Opens it...

KING
Wait? What?

WATNEY
My show.

IN THE BASEMENT hidden from view: A SWITCH IS TRIPPED. A SMALL METAL ROD swings down on a bottle of acid wrapped in a condom, breaking the bottle inside the condom. The acid begins eating through the condom, dripping onto A WIRE...A WIRE ATTACHED TO A BOMB...

KING
(to Franklin)
Did you say condoms?
WATNEY
I did not say condoms.

KING
Condoms! Condoms!

FRANKLIN
There’s an empty box--

WATNEY
Okay, condoms, condoms--

She hangs up on him. Sees Sawcross headed down the stairs.

KING
Get them out!

FRANKLIN
What! Why?

KING
Irish freaking Catholic IRA--birth control--There’s a bomb, that’s why!
(grabbing his mic)
Get out! Raven!

BLOOM/SAWCROSS
Franklin who the hell is that--

She tears ass out of the van, running INTO THE HOUSE.

KING
Raven! Raven! Now! Out!

They’re slow to react, but this crazy bitch isn’t. Sawcross runs up the stairs. King pulls at him while pushing Bloom--

EXT./INT. TERENCE WRIGHT’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

King crazily border-collies the two men out of the house just as BOOM! A FIREBALL FROM THE BASEMENT BLOWS UP THE STAIRS AND FWOOM! ENVELOPS THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE HOUSE...

The force of the explosion sends them flying onto the lawn...

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. NYC CIA - ELEVATOR - MORNING

King enters the elevator. She’s worn down, ribs bothering her. She straightens up as May slips in next to her. Awkward.

KING
You going up to twelve?

MAY
No. Just ten.

KING
Oh. Right.

You’re not one of us, May. After a few floors of silence:

KING (CONT’D)
You had sex with Brian last night.

May looks at her—clearly the answer is yes...but...jesus.

KING (CONT’D)
I hope not because of anything I said.

Now May won’t look at her at all. The doors open and May heads out as fast as she can. As she goes:

KING (CONT’D)
But if that is the case...you’re not a bad person just because you had a reason.

May looks like she’s going to say something just as the doors shut. King leans against the wall, pleased but pained.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

King enters as a briefing begins. On the screen we see a blow-up of TERENCE WRIGHT’S MASS. DRIVER’S LICENSE. Next to it, a mugshot of the same person from the late 70s. A nervous Asher leads the briefing. Leo stands aside, wearing a Red Sox hat.

ASHER
We believe Terence Wright is actually Michael O’Shea. Sniper, demolitions expert, and one of the leaders of the IRA bombing campaigns during the late seventies.
ASHER (CONT’D)
In 1981 Mr. O’Shea was captured by the British and reported killed in the Maze Prison Escape of 1983. It’s been known for some time that a handful of escapees were smuggled to the States and given new identities. But those men have been caught, repatriated or killed. Michael O’Shea was never thought to be one of them. He has been, until today, dead and buried in a Belfast cemetery. He is, as of today, alive and well and possibly selling his expertise to the Lobos Cartel. If our theory is correct, we should assume they’re neither his first client nor his last.

LEO
And, if our theory is correct, he’s got thirty years of intelligence about those clients locked up in that stubborn Irish head of his.

(beat)
I. Want. It. The intelligence, that is. And then the head.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM/HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER
The briefing breaks up. Asher leaves, King catches up.

KING
In theory? Possibly? Tell that to what’s left of the South End of Boston.

ASHER
We’re chasing him, okay? Doesn’t mean we have to marry the guy.

KING
But you’ve got some Lebanese kid locked up in a box in Mexico based on what? A profile?

ASHER
A profile first put forth by you. To Palmer. At the hotel that night.

(off her look)
Yes. I listened to the tape. It’s horrible. And if I haven’t said sorry before, I’m sorry.

(MORE)
But it’s more than a profile on Omid Hosseini now. (beat)
They found two hundred and fifty pounds of uncut cocaine locked in a panic room at his house. Langley thinks it could be payment.

KING
He’s a drug dealer. Not a terrorist.

ASHER
Trust me. Everyone wants it to be that simple. Especially the entire Middle East section of the State department.

KING
It is simple. Occam’s razor.

ASHER
Occam’s razor can still slit your throat if you hold it the wrong way.

She tilts her head at him, an owl. A beguiling owl.

KING
You’re mad I didn’t get you a hat.

ASHER
My wife’s on a board with Derek Jeter. She’d rather find me with another woman than a Red Sox hat. (off her look)
It’s a turn of phrase.

KING
Not even close. It’s okay if you’re unhappy at home. Most men are.

He stops and looks at her. Angry but controlled.

ASHER
You screwed up going to Wright’s house. You did exactly what I asked you not to do and you screwed up.

KING
Those agents’d be dead.

ASHER
Yep. But you wouldn’t.
KING
I’m not.

ASHER
In a parallel universe where you make that decision an infinite number of times, you’re dead a lot more than you’re alive. That’s the math.

Before she can respond Leo arrives, still wearing Sox cap.

LEO
Boys and girls, madames and monsieurs. The game is afoot.

INT. LEO MAXIELL’S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER
Leo, Asher and King.

LEO
A man matching O’Shea’s description boarded a plane from Sinaloa to Houston two nights ago. There were flights to Ireland out of that airport.

King looks at Asher: HA! Marry this, buddy.

ASHER
Can he go to ground there?

LEO
He can hide in plain sight. We’ve a better chance finding the bones of St. Patrick in a peat bog than a Northern Irishman who’d give up Michael O’Shea.

KING
I’ve got one who’ll do it. Not willingly or knowingly but definitely. Or at least, maybe.

LEO
Your man in Belfast.

KING
It sounds so espionage-y when you say it that way. But him.
(to Asher)
Local Sinn Fein in Belfast. Ex-IRA.
ASHER
And she’s our best choice?

LEO
She’s pretty much our only choice.

KING
I like it better when we call she
the best choice.

Asher shakes his head, exasperated. Leo clocks it.

LEO
You’re mad you didn’t get a hat.

KING
Do not talk about the hat.

LEO
Go talk to Support about your gear.
You’re on the next flight.

KING
What about Hosseini?

LEO
Hosseini’s not your problem.
Getting confirmation on Michael
O’Shea is your problem.

KING
Don’t you worry. I may not have
launched a thousand ships, but I’ve
saved a few from sinking.

She walks out. If we look close, we can see her wince from
her rib injury. Not that she lets anyone else see...

ASHER
You indulge her, Leo.

LEO
I indulge talent.

ASHER
That talent saw twenty people die
and then stopped taking her birth
control. And you know more than I
what that talent’s true talent is.
We can’t pretend that didn’t
happen.

LEO
She doesn’t act like she wants out.
That’s the problem. I don’t know what she wants. And if there’s one thing I’ve learned hunting moles for ten years, it’s that if you don’t know what they want, you don’t know what they want.

Have you always been like this or did we turn you this way?

You turned me this way.

I’m sorry, son.

S’alright. I’m used to it.

A city barely making its way in the steady rain of the recession. Still, the romance of Ireland bleeds through.

CLOSE UP: King lies on the bed, propped on her elbows. She dials her cell phone. We INTERCUT:

SEAN MCDEVITT, 50s, Big, Liam Neeson-y type, sits in his living room reading. HIS CELL PHONE rings. He answers:

This is Sean.

Hey Irish.

Sean sits up, his eyes flick to the other room where we presume his wife is located. NOTE: We haven’t heard King like this. There’s a warmth and sexiness that disarms...

This is a surprise--

Catch you at a bad time?
SEAN MCDEVITT
Alana’s making a roast.

KING
I’m in for two days. Shooting the Murals for Time. I’m at the Europa. Can you get away? Tonight?

SEAN MCDEVITT
Tonight?

KING
Yeah, tonight. It’s that time between not touching me today and not touching me tomorrow.

Oh. Jesus.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I’ll endeavour to do.

She hangs up. He shuts his phone, his mind churning.

INT. EUROPA HOTEL - BELFAST - SAME

We WIDEN OUT and see King on a bed covered in SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. She struggles painfully up from the bed with a small device and heads to the TV. She slides the bug into the back and fastens it there. TURNS IT ON...WE MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - SAME - INTERCUT

A B&W IMAGE OF KING STARING INTO A WIDE ANGLE LENS.

PULL OUT and find Leo and Asher (and techies) watching the monitors as King moves around the room installing bugs, etc.

ASHER
She’s like Cindy Lou Who decorating the tree. If Cindy had a Glock.

LEO
That’s a weird reference for a Jew...or...anybody.

May Kent enters the room. Approaches them. She’s uneasy...

MAY
You wanted to see me?
(sees monitor)
Am I cleared for that?
Leo “knights” her with a file folder.

LEO
Mazel Tov.

BACK IN THE EUROPA--King puts a tiny earwig into her ear. Flips the switch on a small device, bringing the whole room ONLINE. She claps twice. *The clap SOUNDS in the sit room.*

LEO (CONT’D)
Eyes and ears.

KING
Aces.

Without warning King pulls her shirt off revealing her bra and bandaged ribs--shocking Asher and May. She unwraps the ribs. We see how bruised they are--a reminder of Mexico...

KING (CONT’D)
I’ll be in the tub.

She pulls off her bra just as she EXITS FRAME.

LEO
We will never invent an intelligence gathering technology more ruthless and efficient than the ass of a woman willing to use it. Who wants pizza?

Asher and May glance at each other: gonna be a bumpy ride...

INT. SITUATION ROOM/EUROPA HOTEL/MONITORS - LATER

In the background on the monitors: King lies fully clothed on the bed, post-bath, reading a magazine. Relaxed, oblivious.

NYC is tense. A table of half-eaten pizzas. Asher reads a Palmer file. May sits down next to him, forages for a slice.

MAY
(re monitors)
You’re married. What would your wife think of all this?

ASHER
My wife’s father is Lyman Lincoln. Old Deputy Director.

MAY
So she gets the job.
ASHER
(re King)
I don’t know if she’d get that job.

MAY
Sure she would.
(re King or herself)
Believe me, girls have sex for lots of reasons.
(or his wife)
Don’t take anything from that.
(beat)
I dunno why I’m here. She hates me.

ASHER
Leo probably thinks it’s funny.

A KNOCK ON KING’S DOOR. The scene is now alive from many POVS: in the hotel room, on the monitors, and on our NYC people. Intercut it however gets you most excited.

King moves from the bed to the door while the Sit Room crew rushes over to the monitors. Right before she opens door:

KING
(to them quietly)
Just know for the next bit I’ll be picturing all of you naked.

With that she removes the earwig from her ear and pockets it, effectively cutting herself off from anything outside of what’s in front of her. THE DOOR OPENS: Sean McDevitt.

KING (CONT’D)
You endeavoured to do. And you did.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I did. I always do.

They embrace. She kisses him well. Escorts him in.

KING
Missed you. You want a drink?

SEAN MCDEVITT
Alana’d look strangeways at me if I came back dry.

She begins fixing a drink. He sits on the bed.

KING
How is Alana?
SEAN MCDEVITT
She fell in love with a fishmonger’s boy, married a soldier, and grows old with a councilman. She’s in clover.

She clinks drinks with him. Kisses him gentle. Re him:

KING
Four leaf.

IN THE SIT ROOM: Asher and May watch, rapt. This isn’t a King they’ve ever seen. But it doesn’t feel “fake.”

ASHER
I could almost believe her.

MAY
(transfixed)
You should. She does.

King looks Sean in the eyes. Smiles.

KING
Small talk, small talk, flirty repartee. And now the big move...

A deep kiss. She switches the light off, the room dim but the video equipment sees them clearly. She straddles him. They undress. This echoes Palmer/King and Asher/Catherine...

IN THE SIT ROOM our people know what’s about to happen. Their reactions differ: Leo is bemused, blase. Asher tries to remain cool but it’s awkward. May is, frankly, entranced...

King and Sean have sex. We see what we can see, but what’s implied may be more powerful than what’s shown. We also focus closely on: Asher and May. This is Their First Time. We follow everybody through climax.

INT. EUROPA HOTEL - KING’S ROOM/SIT ROOM - LATER - I/C

King and Sean post-coital. Face to face. IN THE SIT ROOM the agents sit breathless, as well.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I want to see you tomorrow.

KING
You’re seeing me now.

SEAN MCDEVITT
You know what I mean.
KING
I’m shooting the Falls Road.

SEAN MCDEVITT
Martyrdom. Our local export. Not that it brings us in a pound.

King sits up, turns on the light. From his angle he sees her entire torso is bruised black and blue.

SEAN MCDEVITT (CONT’D)
Jesus Mary. What happened to you?

KING
Accident. I’m all right. Looks worse than it is.

He takes her by the shoulders. IN THE SIT ROOM they watch her flawless performance...She “reluctantly” shares:

KING (CONT’D)
Acapulco? The reporter? I was shooting the kidnapping for the AP.

SEAN MCDEVITT
You were at that hotel?

She puts up her palms, tries to be strong. Whattya gonna do?

SEAN MCDEVITT (CONT’D)
I’m so sorry.

She shrugs, again, as if trying to be brave but failing.

KING
There was a man, a friend. A reporter from the local paper. I’d invited him there for a drink. Talk shop...we’d heard the Cartel was going to return her...And then...

She tries to control her emotions. IN THE SIT ROOM they lean forward, forgetting it’s a performance. Is it a performance?

KING (CONT’D)
They dropped her, and this...big red bag. I took a picture. People rushed forward to help her. My friend went, too. I hung back...I took a picture...

(more emotional)
There was a gunshot and then...it all...I saw people, my friend, just...pieces...I’m sorry.

(MORE)
KING (CONT'D)
I promised myself I wouldn’t talk
to you about this.

MAY AND ASHER: they see she’s laying a trap for him in her
details. She covers her face, upset. He watches her closely:

SEAN MCDEVITT
When you say gunshot...that’s a
strange thing to remember.

KING
I dunno...I think they shot the
bag...the bomb.

She stands up and pulls away from him. Wrapping herself in a
sheet and sitting in a chair. As if it’s too much to bear:

KING (CONT'D)
Who cares, Sean! Who cares.

SEAN MCDEVITT
I care.
(fierce, protective)
I’ve seen what you’ve seen.


MAY
No. Please. More.

Sean moves to King, pulling her up into a hug. She faces the
camera, his back to it. And then we see in one of her hands
HIS CELL PHONE. For just a second her eyes go over his
shoulder and straight into the lens--staring right at May and
Asher and deep into the souls of all of us.

On this most powerful and intimate moment we

END ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

SURVEILLANCE MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS

WE ARE OUT OF FOCUS. The snatches of conversation are played IN VOICE OVER as the image resolves slowly...

SEAN MCDEVITT (VO)
I need to talk to you.

MICHAEL O’SHEA (VO)
--so talk--

SEAN MCDEVITT (VO)
--face to face...you’re here, yes?

MICHAEL O’SHEA (VO)
--at the Trough--

--THE PHOTO RESOLVES: MICHAEL O’SHEA entering a bar called the Horse & Trough.

--NYC STREET: Leo walks a busy Manhattan street. He arrives at THE BRITISH EMBASSY. Enter.

SEAN MCDEVITT (VO)
--it was you with the Mexicans--

MICHAEL O’SHEA (VO)
None of your goddamn business--

--A SECOND PHOTO: A CLOSE UP OF O’SHEA as he steps inside...

SEAN MCDEVITT
--world’s a different place now--

MICHAEL O’SHEA
--I don’t see it like that--

--AT THE CIA: Asher, staring at King’s 9/11 photo...

SEAN MCDEVITT
--diggin' our way out--

MICHAEL O’SHEA
Digging a hole's more like it.
Kissin' the arse of Empire.

--AT THE CIA: May, watching the Europa hotel sex tape...

SEAN MCDEVITT
Don’t try and sell the revolution to me, Mikey O'Shea. I still see your Ma and Da on Sundays!

(MORE)
SEAN MCDEVITT (CONT'D)
That’s money and murder down there
that you did--

MICHAEL O’SHEA
Go to hell, Sean.

--FINAL PHOTO: O’SHEA EXITING THE BAR. NO DOUBT IT’S HIM.

--WE END IN BELFAST: KING taking this picture.

INT. THE BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

VARIOUS PHOTOS ON A TABLE: O’Shea in Belfast, his Mass. driver’s license, mugshot, Bible, rifle, etc. All the evidence. Leo sits across from DAVID DARBY, BRITISH MI-5.

DARBY
I’m sorry to say Mr. Maxiell but that could be anybody. Actually, let me rephrase. That could be anybody except Michael O’Shea. He’s been dead thirty years.

LEO
So you say.

DARBY
Because it’s so.

LEO
MI-5 is confident, then.

DARBY
We are, sir.

LEO
Fair enough. I’m gonna pick him up.

DARBY
Excuse me?

LEO
If he’s not Michael O’Shea, citizen of the Kingdom and IRA mercenary, then he’s Terence Wright, citizen of Boston, Massachusetts and a total whack job who killed twenty-seven people.

(standing)
Sorry I bothered you--

DARBY
Leo.
LEO
David.

How pregnant is the pause? About six centimeters dilated...

DARBY
I need to make a call.

LEO
Of course you do.

DARBY
But I warn you. I don’t think you’re going to be pleased.

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD - BELFAST - EVENING

Famous for its dramatic MURALS of the Irish Struggles. King photographs one. This isn’t just her “cover,” she loves it.

Sean arrives. They don’t embrace; stay professional in public. Re the mural:

SEAN MCDEVITT
The Belfast Lord Mayor refers to our murals as, “the colors inside us pushing back against the greyness that’s imposed upon us.”

She TAKES A PHOTO of him with the mural behind him.

KING
That doesn’t sound like a man who’s bought into the Peace.

SEAN MCDEVITT
It can be a hard sell. Peace hasn’t brought us much. Cost us dearly. For some it’s been too much.

KING
(talking about herself)
Some people’d be lost without a cause. True believers are hard to change.

SEAN MCDEVITT
Some do, but not always for the better.

KING
You’ve done all right.
SEAN MCDEVITT
I don’t know. I’ve lost track of
the sum of my ledger.

He smiles at her. Wants to tell her what he knows. But before
he can make that decision, HER PHONE RINGS. She steps away.

KING
Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH LEO’S OFFICE – LEO AND ASHER – ON SPEAKER

LEO
We have a problem. O’Shea. We can’t
touch him. He works for the Brits.
He always has.

KING
What? Always? Who, MI-5?

LEO
He informs on the radicalized
pockets of IRA still out there. In
exchange they let him make his
money as he will.

She turns away from Sean so he can’t hear how pissed she is.

KING
He is the radicalized pocket of the
IRA still out there. He’s training
our enemies! He’s...killing us.

LEO
I did suggest to MI-5 they were
grossly overpaying for the service.

ASHER
They want to know our source. They
want Sean.

LEO
We told them to suck it.

She looks back at Sean, he’s contemplating a mural.

KING
They’ll figure it’s him eventually.

ASHER
I would.
(beat)
He’ll give you up.
(MORE)
ASHER (CONT'D)
He won’t even know he’s done it and it’ll be done. We can’t let that happen to you...It’s bad math, King.

Asher may be new to the case officer thing but he understands how the game is played. King looks at Sean, pained.

ASHER (CONT’D)
Come home. We’ll take care of Sean.

KING
You have someone here?

ASHER
Just come home.

KING
(beat, considering)
What happened to the kid. Hosseini.

ASHER
What does that have to do with anything?

KING
I wanna know.

Leo and Asher exchange a look. Leo gestures: go ahead.

ASHER
He’s dead. A Cartel hit man cut his throat two hours after we handed him over to the Mexicans. Like you said, he was just a drug dealer. But he was dealing without their blessing. They’ve been waiting for him to leave his compound for months so they could take him out.

Sean turns to her, smiles. She tries to smile back...

LEO
Whether they just got lucky or this was all part of a plan, we’re still working out. Obviously nothing would please the Cartel more than the US government picking a fight with Hezbollah and taking its eye off of them. It’s potentially a pretty deep op on their part.

They wait for her to respond. She focuses on Sean. Finally:
KING
Thanks for telling me.
(beat)
I’ll be on the next plane.

She hangs up. Asher and Leo look at each other.

LEO
So is she telling the truth?

WE REVEAL MAY has been sitting in the corner of the room, listening to the whole conversation.

MAY
You’re kidding, right?

Leo starts making another call...

EXT. THE FALLS ROAD - BELFAST - SAME

King approaches Sean. She’s not gonna leave this man hanging in the wind. Whispers in his ear.

KING
I want to go for a drive.

She looks past him down the road: A MAN WATCHES THEM. **Note: this is FINCH, the commando from the Mexico tunnel raid.

INT. SEAN’S CAR - ROAD OUTSIDE OF BELFAST - MAGIC HOUR

Sean and King drive in silence. She reaches out her hand for his, holding it. True tenderness. She glances in her rear-view: FINCH follows in a sedan 300 meters back...

INT. LEO MAXIELL’S OFFICE - SAME

Leo and Asher. Waiting.

LEO
Should we stop her?

ASHER
From doing what?

LEO
I have no idea.

ASHER
Exactly.
They return to waiting. Note: May’s in the hall for this:

ASHER (CONT’D)
Palmer’s stolen bonds are from the vault that was on Northwest Six. It’s the only GZ material we’ve ever recovered from there.

LEO
Huh. Is that good or bad news?

ASHER
That vault had the most Level Ten Clearance documents in the building. I thought it’d all been destroyed. Now...anything’s possible now.

LEO
Meaning?

ASHER
Meaning anything could be anywhere.

LEO
I don’t like spending time with you.

ASHER
I get that.

THEY HEAR OVER LEO’S OFFICE SPEAKERS:

KING
Here. Pull over here.

They sit up, at attention. Call May back in. Note: everything King and Sean say to each other is heard in NYC...

EXT. BELFAST WOODS - EVENING

Sean’s car is parked along the roadside. Sean and King walk hand and hand down a forest path. King’s eyes are subtly back and forth—somewhere out there Finch is following them...

SEAN MCDEVITT
I love these woods. My Da brought me here when I was wee. He taught me how to shoot just over there.

KING
I know. You told me.
SEAN MCDEVITT
I did? I don’t remember that.

KING
It was a long time ago. We drove past here on the way to that inn?

SEAN MCDEVITT
Aah. Where you gave me the Bible. That was a day. One of my best.

KING
Mine, too.

INT. LEO MAXIELL’S OFFICE – INTERCUT

Leo, Asher and May. ON A MONITOR: they’re watching Sean and King through a video feed from FINCH’S NIGHT VISION SCOPE.

BACK IN THE WOODS


KING
Sean. I need to talk to you.

SEAN MCDEVITT
What is it, love?

KING
A secret. About Mexico. (he tenses)
I wasn’t there to take pictures. That’s not my job. Not completely. I work for the United States Government. For the Central Intelligence Agency.

BACK AT LEO’S OFFICE: She did NOT say that.

BACK IN THE WOODS: Equally stunned is Sean:

SEAN MCDEVITT
What in the hell--

KING
--did you know that on 9/11 the CIA offices were in World Trade Center Building Seven? Most people don’t. I didn’t. That’s how they found me. At Ground Zero. Taking pictures. I was in art school. (more emotional) (MORE)
KING (CONT'D)
The man who recruited me asked me what I would do to stop it from happening again. It’s a trick question... A bad question. Because there’s only one way to answer when it’s asked like that. And it can lead you to do... almost anything.
(beat, composing herself)
And that’s what I said. That I’d do almost anything. And that’s what I do, Sean. Almost anything.
(re the two of them)
Including this.

SEAN MCDEVITT
What are you talking about?

KING
I’m talking about Michael O’Shea.

It all hits him. Both of them emotional:

SEAN MCDEVITT
O’Shea? You’ve been listening--?

KING
I’m sorry--

SEAN MCDEVITT
And watching--?

KING
I’m sorry--

SEAN MCDEVITT
From the beginning?

KING
You know dangerous people, Sean. Not everybody changes--

SEAN MCDEVITT
(stepping to her)
You’re a whore.

BACK AT CIA: they see the big man close in on her.

LEO
Finch. Ready on my count--

THE SCOPE NODS IN THE AFFIRMATIVE...
ASHER
NO! Let her do it, Leo. Whatever it is, she needs to do it. Or we could lose her.

Leo thinks a beat, nods.

LEO
Stand down, Finch.

BACK IN THE WOODS: THE SCOPE RELAXES. King moves towards Sean, undaunted by his anger. Hands on his chest.

KING
I need you to hear me. Please. Whatever I’ve done, whatever reasons I’ve done them...you need to know that for me...the things between us are real. They’re real. I feel them. You may think that’s sick, or screwed up, or that you’ll never believe another word I tell you, but I can only say that when I’ve been with you, I’ve been with you. I love you.

(beat)
Michael O’Shea works for the British. He always has. They know what he is. What he knows. And they’re protecting him. Which means they’re gonna come for you and then they’re gonna come for me. My government can’t let that happen. Do you get that? I need to bring you in, Sean. Come with me.

SEAN MCDEVITT
You want me to work for you? You’re trying to turn me out like a trick. Is there nothing your country won’t do to get what she wants?

KING
What I want...is to help you.

SEAN MCDEVITT
Help me what? Betray the ones I love? I never want help doing that.

KING
Please.

SEAN MCDEVITT
Mo Chroi Briste...Good-bye--
BANG! King pulls a gun out and shoots him in the heart. Dead.

AT THE CIA: They watch in shock as Finch’s scope runs in...

IN THE WOODS: King wipes off the gun, puts it in his hand.

    KING
    (leaning in)
    I don’t betray the ones I love. I love the ones I betray.

She pulls his cell from his pocket. Kisses his lips. There’s blood there. We don’t know if it’s his or hers. She wipes it off. The loss is real for her. Calls out into the woods:

    KING (CONT’D)
    Finch. I’m gonna need a ride.

He arrives, gives her a warm look. He’s a sympathetic sniper and she the opposite of a cold-blooded killer...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CIA

King hooked to the polygraph. May across, signing a form. Asher attending. This is aftermath, pro forma.

    ASHER
    So. Are we done here?

May nods, turns to King. Hasn’t unhooked her. A pause, then:

    MAY
    What was it he said to you? In Irish? Right at the end...?

    KING
    You mean...before I killed him. (King considers, answers)
    Mo Chroí Briste. It’s what the Irish boys call their Protestant girlfriends. It means heartbreaker. Because your heart is split... between your country and your love.

King smiles. This phrase pretty much sums up her entire life. May nods, goes to unhook King. As she reaches for King, King grabs May’s hands. Firm but gentle. Sharing a secret:

    KING (CONT’D)
    I don’t know why I stopped taking my pill. I just...don’t know.
    (beat)
    I lost track of myself a little.
    (MORE)
KING (CONT’D)
It’s what happens here. Do you understand me? It’s what happens.
(beat)
Sometimes you shoot the picture.
Sometimes the picture shoots you.

King lets May go. A quiet moment. May has one more:

MAY
Do you really think Brian’ll cheat?

KING
(sad smile, to Asher/May)
I think anybody’ll cheat, sweetie.

And we have NO idea if King’s bringing May closer to help her or just to neutralize her--King’s that clever and deep...

INT. ASHER’S OFFICE - LATER

Asher’s grinding away at his desk. King enters.

ASHER
Mexico Section wants to debrief you when you’re up to it. If the Cartel really was trying to draw us into a Middle East thing it’s going to require them to rethink our entire approach down there. More asset development, deeper covers, more resources. Needless to say, they’re very excited by the prospect. I kinda think they just wanna buy you a beer. So that’s a win.

KING
I love any debrief I can drink.

ASHER
Leo transferred May out of Poly and into Ops as part of our new team. Did you have a hand in that? As your now-official case officer I feel like it’s only fair I know.

She gives sly smile. Of course she did. He nods, she’s good. Then King hands him a folder, regarding her 9/11 photo:

KING
It’s fair you know this: These are the old proof sheets for my photo. I shot it on film. Check the alt I’ve circled.
(MORE)
KING (CONT'D)
The recovery workers on a break.
Without masks. It’s you and Palmer.
At Ground Zero.
(re his burnt cabinet)
You were recovering Agency
documents from Building Seven.

ASHER
I was in charge of the team. We
call them GZ materials. A million
pieces of paper, two hundred
computers, hard drives,
photographs, everything. All...

He makes a gesture: into the wind.

KING
A guy could go crazy being in
charge of looking for all that.

ASHER
A guy could. It’s a job that never
ends. At least not yet.

KING
What did Palmer steal?

ASHER
I told you. It was money.
(she stares him down)
Bearer bonds. About 1.2 Million.
From Ground Zero.

KING
When I came in you were smelling
one of them. It was jet fuel.
(he nods, she’s good)
Do you think there’s more out there
somewhere? That he stole more?

ASHER
Maybe. The bonds are nothing. There
were five thousand classified
documents in that vault worth more
to the right buyer.

KING
And you thought I was involved.

ASHER
I thought I didn’t know you at all.

KING
And now? Do you know me?
ASHER
Not really. Enough to know you’d never do what Palmer did...And enough to know you were in on the sting at the hotel. Leo didn’t tell me. After I saw you with Sean, I knew. The mic was under your bandages, right?

A FLASHBACK: King adjusting her bandage in the hotel lobby restroom. We now see her securing a mic wire inside.

BACK TO PRESENT: King’s turn to be impressed.

KING
Sometimes love’s just your end of the rope. You wanna know what it’s tied to. Palmer was a lot more and a lot less than I thought.

They sit quietly. Their eyes turn to KING’S PHOTO. Suddenly they grab it, turning it around. They tear at the backing paper. Frantic. Revealing...NOTHING BUT FRAME. They exchange looks--Officer and Asset. Bonded. Share a moment. And then:

ASHER
Not everybody cheats, you know.

KING
Congratulations. Better hope that doesn’t catch on.

She pulls out A PACK OF BIRTH CONTROL PILLS.

KING (CONT’D)
It’ll put us outta business.

She pops the pill in her mouth and swallows it.

EXT. BELFAST BAR - BACK ALLEY - EARLY MORNING

Foggy morning. MICHAEL O’SHEA staggers out of the exit, drunk and hangover. A MEXICAN MAN steps from behind a dumpster.

MAN
Senor O’Shea?

MICHAEL O’SHEA
What of ya?

MAN
The Cartel says muchas gracias.
The MAN shoots O’Shea with a silenced round to the head...

AND WE’RE DONE...

EXCEPT WE’RE NOT...

WE RETURN TO A VERSION OF OUR OPENING: MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS, MASKS, DIGGING THROUGH WRECKAGE OF AN EXPLOSION.

TWO MEN are struggling to pull a large FIRE-PROOF SAFE from underneath a fallen wall. They finally get it out. Motion for another man in a mask to come over. As that masked man crosses the wreckage we realize WE ARE NOT AT GROUND ZERO. Instead, we are at the DESTROYED BASEMENT OF TERENCE WRIGHT/MICHAEL O’SHEA’S BOSTON HOUSE.

The man leans down in front of the safe. The door’s been blown partially open. The workers yank it open all the way. OUT OF IT FALLS THIRTY YEARS OF MICHAEL O’SHEA’S FILES.

The man in front of the safe pulls down his mask:

Leo smiles.

AND NOW WE’RE DONE.