

BUDANOV

You're saying we have a mole.

ELIZABETH

And it's the mandate of everybody in State, Defense and Homeland to find out who that may be.

BUDANOV

But none of us know where to start?

ELIZABETH

You're looking for any signs of a breach.

People fidget, rustling papers to hide their frustration.

MUNOZ

Our best intel right now says more attacks are imminent and--

BUDANOV

And you're asking us to spy on American citizens with even more alacrity than we already do, but not saying what to look for... oh and by the way, the consequences of not finding what you don't know you're looking for is thousands of American deaths.

(then)

Give me a blind-fold and machine gun and I'll get you the same results.

ELIZABETH

Director Budanov. You serve at the pleasure of the President. So do your job and pleasure him.

Budanov is unamused. Elizabeth addresses everyone:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Bombs are ticking. They've been placed by people working for the government. Any agent not supposed to be in Philadelphia is your first priority. Find them. Question them.

Off Elizabeth, well aware of the skepticism around her:

10

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

10

Darwin and Madison cruise along in the back of a cab. He looks up from the file folder he's reading, notices she's staring daggers at him.

Sci

1/7

Poor Richard's Almanack - MADISON

stuck

MADISON

You could've stopped this if you'd listened to me.

DARWIN

Mads, I don't want to do this.

MADISON

Oh. Okay. Just give me some pills and I'll drool myself to sleep and stop bothering you.

DARWIN

I don't want to do that either.

MADISON

Wouldn't work. They pumped me so full of that crap I'm immune, but I fake it real so they don't switch to something new. Because I need my wits about me. You need my wits about me, too, 'cause I see what's coming.

DARWIN

Me too, actually.

MADISON

UN sanctions and martial law?

DARWIN

Dead soldiers in another Middle Eastern sand trap. Happy? I'm a conspiracy theorist, too.

MADISON

You're a sheep. Eating the grass harvested by the New World Order's propaganda combine.

DARWIN

Probably.

Darwin tries not to sigh; he's heard this a million times.

MADISON

Putin. Snowden. Bitcoin. Osama. Obama. Bush. George Bush actually said "I'm going to suspend the free market to save the free market." Those words! Nothing like a little Texas pickle-tickle to wake you up from the American Dream. He opened the kitchen door for a socialist state and B. Hussein Obama was happy to stroll in and start cooking. Hope and change.

(MORE)

2/7

MADISON (CONT'D)

They picked a guy who seems by elocution, grace, race and every other observable factor to be the polar vortex opposite of the previous guy. But on paper?? THEY'RE THE SAME! Not that they're anything but figure-heads. But still. Point stands. Are you listening?

The CAB DRIVER looks in the rear view.

CABBIE

I'm hopin' Sarah Palin runs in 2016.

MADISON

Sarah--? Sarah Palin. Stop the cab.

CABBIE

We're on the freeway!

DARWIN

Don't stop the cab.

MADISON

Anybody who thinks Sarah Palin is the answer is part of the problem. Either passively, as an idiot, or actively, as a subverter.

*end*

The Cabbie starts to pull over.

DARWIN

I'm sorry. She has paranoid schizophrenia and is prone to judgmental outbursts. Just know she feels worse than you and keep driving, please.

CABBIE

You on the lam or sumpthin?

Darwin turns around to see a COP CAR and a FED-SLED behind him. The cabbie pulls over and FBI AGENT GORDON CHAPMAN, mid-40s, approaches. Darwin rolls down the window to greet him.

GORDON

Darwin Fischer?

DARWIN

That's right.

GORDON

Gordon Chapman, FBI. I'm sorry for the inconvenience, sir, but I need you to come with us.

*3/7*

24 INT. DC PRISON - DARWIN'S CELL - NIGHT - FUTURE

24

Matt, now clad in a PRISON GUARD'S UNIFORM, pushes a cart down a long stretch of cellblock. He shoves a tray of food into the greedy hands groping from each cell he passes, pausing when Cell 6-D ignores him.

MATT  
Hey. Chow. Hey!

He clangs on the bars. Darwin rolls over on his cot, then takes the tray.

DARWIN  
Socialism kills, you know.

MATT  
Shut up and eat.

Matt pushes the cart on and moves away. After he's gone, Darwin feels along the bottom of the tray.

TAPED TO THE UNDERSIDE is a small ENVELOPE. Darwin surreptitiously tears it open to find a schematic, a MATCH inside of a SMALL GLASS VIAL and piece of paper with one word and a date scrawled on it: KEY 10/25. Shoving the envelope in his pants, he sits back on his cot and we MORPH TO:

25 INT. DARWIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

25

Darwin's pouring some oatmeal into a bowl, reading the directions on the side of the box. A little water into the bowl and in the microwave it goes.

Satisfied, he turns, startled to find Madison there. She looks rough. Red, puffy eyes. Hair everywhere.

**STUFF**

DARWIN  
You look like something out of a Japanese horror movie.

MADISON  
There's something crawling around inside of me.

DARWIN  
Are you playing along, or --

MADISON  
I felt it wiggling between my veins.

She's serious but unnervingly calm. BEEEP! Saved by the bell. Darwin pulls the bowl out of the microwave:

DARWIN  
Nothing a big bowl of oatmeal can't fix.

**4/7**

**562**

MADISON

Why aren't people living in constant terror that cockroaches are entering various orifices and setting up colonies while we sleep. They can live anywhere. I bet ten thousand could easily fit inside your colon.

Madison sits down, grabs the sugar bowl, dumps almost all of it into her oatmeal. She takes a bite and gags.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Blech! It's like eating baby vomit. Mom always made me eggs.

DARWIN

Mom made oatmeal. And you ate it.

MADISON

She didn't put me in a retard warehouse. I ate it out of gratitude.

DARWIN

You're not going to make me feel bad, Madison.

MADISON

Right. The CIA doesn't hire people with emotions. Forgot.  
(then)  
Answer my question.

DARWIN

You didn't ask a question.

She pauses, considering him. Is that true? Then:

MADISON

How quickly can you get me out of the country? The FBI must've been reading my Newsletter. I can't believe they let us off so easy last night...

DARWIN

They stopped us because of my job. It was one hundred percent about me. Okay? I know it doesn't feel that way to you, but it's true.

Madison smiles a little, sad.

MADISON

I could literally say the same exact thing to you. And you'd feel the same way I do. "Poor, crazy fool."

She hangs her head. Equal parts ashamed and sad.

5/7

MADISON (CONT'D)

Is it so outrageous to think I may be right once and awhile?

Darwin sits beside her. Wants to believe his sister.

DARWIN

Why do you think they stopped us?

Madison pauses. Suddenly hesitant.

DARWIN (CONT'D)

It's ok.

MADISON

It's just... look. If I give you the red pill, and you know what I know, they're going to come after you, too.

DARWIN

They're going to assume you told me anyway. Come on, Alice. Take me down the rabbit hole.

Madison considers. Nods. Ok, here goes:

MADISON

The Soviet Union faked its death so it could lull the United States into a false sense of security, destroy it and take it over. And I figured it out.

DARWIN

Oh.

MADISON

What do you think happened to all the spies that were in this country after the Soviet Union *allegedly* collapsed? Think they went home to freeze their balls off in Siberia? Or do you think they stayed here in their cushy American jobs? Getting promoted to higher and higher levels of government, finance, industry? 25 years later? They're making policy decisions. Red Dawn, baby--

She's wound herself up again, but stops short at the sound of the DOORBELL. Her face goes white...

DARWIN

It's Julia. She's taking off today to stay with you.

Madison's relief melts quickly into disappointment.

MADISON  
You can't leave me with her! I  
thought you two were breaking up.

DARWIN  
No.

Darwin is already in:

26 INT. DARWIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - WASHINGTON DC - DAY 26

Darwin opens the door, greeting JULIA WINSLOW, 33, with a  
peck on the cheek.

DARWIN  
Everything go okay?

JULIA  
Our offices are gonna be closed  
because of the attack.

She smiles over to Madison, lingering in the doorway.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Mads. How's my favorite soon-to-  
be sister?

MADISON  
*In-law.* Our bloodlines will always be  
separate. Enjoy the baby vomit.

Madison glares at Darwin, disappointed, then heads for  
another room, leaving her oatmeal bowl.

JULIA  
Why does she still hate me?

MADISON (O.S.)  
(calling from the other  
room)  
Because you talk to me like you talk  
to your dog. Who's not stupid either,  
by the way.

DARWIN  
(sotto, to Julia)  
Less about hate, more about crazy.  
Keep an eye on her, let her do her  
own thing.

JULIA  
You'll be pretty late?

DARWIN  
I may not be home till tomorrow. Call  
if you need anything.