

HOMELAND: SEASON 7 EPISODE 1

"Keane Hearted"

Written by

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PREVIOUSLY ON: HOMELAND"America First"

## SEASON 6: FINALE

CIA Operative Dar casually walks into the Orsay restaurant and is greeted by a staff member where they descend into the bowels of the establishment, into a cold arctic meat locker. A US Senator is handcuffed and in his underwear. Outraged but scared. Dar - getting to know your prisoner is 10 times more effective than torture. But since we know each other already - Dar exits and a bucket of ice cold water is thrown onto the Senator. After the house explodes in front of her, a disorientated Former CIA Analyst Carrie speaks with White House Chief of Staff Rob. Carrie is given a lead about a Special Ops team sent to protect Keane. Meanwhile General McClendon runs point on that team sent in to actually take Keane down. Protesters chant outside the President Elects hotel over the manipulated video leak that showed her dead Son leaving comrades behind during a military mission. She and Saul speak on her holding office, he says - What you did took balls. People like a President with balls- Things begin to go off the rails when a Special Agent receives notice of a bomb threat and tries to evacuate Keane from the hotel. Dar calls Carrie to warn her that the bomb scare is a ruse to get Keane outside the building in order to kill her. The motorcade is attacked and Rob, the Chief of Staff is blown up but the SUV carrying Keane and Carrie isn't hit. Both women are ushered inside by two Agents who are quickly murdered by the Special Ops men. All roads lead to protecting the President Elect so Carrie and Quinn team up. In the end Dar figures out who set Keane up, Saul finds another conspiracy map put together by Carrie and Quinn is shot multiple times after he helps Carrie and Keane escape. Months later after Quinn's funeral; the now President Keane arrests many government officials supposedly attached to the attack on her life; which includes Dar and later Saul. Carrie is shut out of the White House and later stands outside of the Capitol with a new determination.

TEASER

EXT. DAMASCUS, SYRIA - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The DAMA PALACE HOTEL is made up of 40 floors and the exterior looks like a concrete parking garage. The lighting is very dim on the inside with patterned burgundy carpet that mimics the bedspreads. Each room has a modest wooden chair and queen size or double bed dependent on occupancy.

PRIVATE TROTTI with the French Army trims a scruffy beard on his bronze face. He's shirtless, towel wrapped around his shoulders and cargo pants on with a gun on his hip. French lilt hidden under a UK accent hums to himself.

He pauses.

A shadow passes outside his door. Then a knock.

PRIVATE TROTTI

One moment. Thank you.

More knocks. A FEMALE voice.

FEMALE

Company tonight baby?

PRIVATE TROTTI

NO, thank you.

Whining outside his door. More insistent knocks.

PRIVATE TROTTI (CONT'D)

I told you ---

He swings open the door to reveal The FEMALE with blood on her nose and sweat on her brow.

FEMALE

They made me do it.

Two Middle Eastern MEN push her to the side and pull guns.

MAN # 1

Are you sure we can't come in?

PRIVATE TROTTI

Can I help you boys?

MAN # 2

No but we are going to help you.

Private Trotti tries to pull his weapon and is kicked in the gut.

A fight ensues with the Men overtaking him. He does a quick kick to the knee of one and a punch to the other.

Grunts and slaps come rapidly then silence.

MOMENTS LATER:

INT. - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Fully clothed and running past HOTEL GUESTS, the Private makes his way to the busy streets.

He cuts through alleys with one of the Men on his heels. They wind their way, parkour style, through buildings and dodge PEOPLE as they go.

Into a burner cellphone:

PRIVATE TROTTI

I've been made. Clearance number  
82546 bravo, alpha, niner. Get me  
an exit.

He slides across the hood of a car and makes his way into a rickety taxicab.

MAN # 1

You broke my nose you piece of  
shit!

The man slams into the windows of the taxi as it pulls away.

EXT. - WAREHOUSE - DAWN

A steel door has a massive lock and the warehouse is surrounded by a tall fence.

Private Trotti climbs over and retrieves a key from a chain around his neck.

He makes his way inside.

MEN and WOMEN mill about the open floor plan. They look up in unison.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Party started without me?

French Special Ops Officer MCLEAN with dark chocolate skin approaches and places a kiss on both his cheeks.

OFFICER MCLEAN

Glad you joined us. Give us the update.

He flops into a nearby chair and gives details on what happened.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Thanks for the distraction. They look to be from the new army. Their uniforms told me not rebels but part of the new regime after Assad was killed.

OFFICER MCLEAN

What did they want with you?

Approaching with a towel and bottle of water; French Special Ops GENERAL PHILIPPE CHATEAU stares daggers at them both. Behind his silver-rimmed glasses is a man of charm and intelligence. Hair white, teeth bright and a stern delivery to his soldiers.

GENERAL CHATEAU

You kissing my girl now?

OFFICER MCLEAN

We don't have time for a fight. I have room in my heart for both.

The Men smile.

PRIVATE TROTTI

What I learned so far. She will want to know about this.

GENERAL CHATEAU

Are you sure you want to bring Carrie into this?

PRIVATE TROTTI

No other choice. If my Intel is correct we may be on the verge of war.

All motion ceases in the room. The Private takes a sip of his water and walks off pulling his cellphone out.

ACT ONE

INT. - LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Former CIA Analyst CARRIE MATHISON awakens to Franny snuggled in her arms. On the bedside glass table her cellphone buzzes with multiple missed calls. Carrie rolls over, views the screen and puts it on silent.

The bed comforter shifts off of Franny and the little girl rolls over to snuggle in closer to her mom. Carrie kisses her on the forehead and sits up in bed.

CARRIE

Time for school honey. Let's go  
brush our teeth.

FRANNY

Ok mommy.

They shuffle into the glass enclosed bathroom and Carrie cellphone screen lights up again.

EXT. - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SAUL BERENSON a DIVISION CHIEF with the CIA ends a call and heads toward a coffee shop. A few cars down a SECRET SERVICE AGENT watches him closely. The men eye one another and Saul waves.

MOMENTS LATER:

A tap on the back window of the Agents' car makes the man spin around in confusion. Saul motions for him to unlock the door. He has two coffee cups in his hand.

SAUL

Tell her right fucking now I'm done  
with this.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Sir that is not up to me.

SAUL

I'm going to give you a few seconds  
to rethink that.

The men eye one another in the rearview mirror. Saul hands the man the coffee.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Thank you sir.

SAUL

Thank you.

Saul hits the man in the back of the head with a gun. The agent slumps over. Saul departs.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Outside U.S. PRESIDENT KEANE Oval office PEOPLE mill about on phone calls, talking rapidly amongst each other and reading through paperwork as it comes in through fax machines.

A FEMALE SECRETARY pops her head into the Oval office to alert President Keane that her new CHIEF OF STAFF DAVID WELLINGTON has arrived.

FEMALE SECRETARY

Madame President you have a visitor.

DAVID

She is expecting me. Bring us some coffee. Thank you.

Keane waves him in without looking up. The blonde haired white man steps around the secretary who retreats quickly and closes the door.

As David makes his way over to President Keane, she places a CONFIDENTIAL file folder into the desk drawer to her right.

PRESIDENT KEANE

I expected you hours ago David.  
Don't ever make that a habit.

DAVID

Yes Ms. President. I have a debrief from the N.S.A. We need to review it and I can---

She holds up her hand. Keane is dressed in a blue blazer and a pencil skirt. Her hair is smoothed back into a bun and her face looks fresh with just a hint of red lipstick. She smiles but it doesn't reach her eyes.

PRESIDENT KEANE

If I wanted you to run this show I would've made you my VP. Now have a seat and let me tell you what's next.

DAVID

Yes ma'am. I'm sorry.

PRESIDENT KEANE

The French Prime Minister seems to have an issue on how I run my Operative missions. It was my hope someone would've made sense of it to him.

DAVID

Well if I may, we had General McClendon try to talk sense into the senseless. Yes we did send a couple of Seals into his Syrian stronghold. But I assumed that wouldn't be an issue.

President Keane gets up and walks around her desk. She sits on the edge; looking down ominously at her personal assistant appointed after her former Chief of Staff Rob was killed.

PRESIDENT KEANE

What I expected was you to run point and translate to all parties involved to gain control of this issue. The Syrian strike was necessary and the bonus was the Iranian convoy outside their base. Now give me the rundown.

David blinks for a beat. He grabs a notepad out of his tailored blue suit.

DAVID

Well the drone hit multiple targets with a few civilian casualties. As you reviewed in the brief. But what we learned today was a mother and child was part of that list.

President Keane eyes widen but she composes herself and GLARES at David.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Send their relatives one hundred thousand from our Safe Hold Foundation. Make it anonymous of course with no connection to my administration.

David takes notes. His face creases.

DAVID

About that. We have a problem.

INT. - FEDERAL DETAINMENT CENTER - DAY

Doors buzz throughout the facility. MILITARY OFFICERS walk back and forth in escort of PRISONERS.

Saul walks into a side door where he is patted down by a FEMALE OFFICER. She is not warm and doesn't acknowledge Saul.

He is waved out of the room and walked down a long gray hallway that is squeaky clean with no obstructions. There is no chipped paint or scuffs on the walls.

The door in front of him buzzes open.

MOMENTS LATER:

INT. - VISITOR CENTER - DAY

DAR ADAL a CIA OPERATIVE and friend/enemy of Saul steps into the room. His face is weathered but his hair and beard are neatly trimmed. An Officer escorts him to a small plastic chair.

SAUL

Hey.

Dar smirks.

DAR

Did you bring them?

Saul tosses across the table playing cards.

SAUL

It took alot to convince the Chief on the hill to let me bring this "contraband" in.

The Men chuckle.

DAR

I always wondered how did you gain your freedom anyway? You've come here every single week.

SAUL

They can't hold a man that was almost blown up with her. But there was a price.

Dar looks up from the playing cards. Intrigued.

DAR

And that was?

Saul is intense. Dar leans in and looks around the room.

SAUL

I've been tagged. 24 hour  
surveillance by her foot soldiers  
wherever I go.

DAR

(shrugs)

Interesting. It's to be expected.  
We did try to get her un-elected OR  
killed.

The Men stare at each other. Saul leans back.

SAUL

Fuck you. Not my operative at all.  
That was your Black Ops men on  
point. Which is why it got so messy  
and I almost died. Again.

DAR

(chuckles)

Yes my friend. You almost did. But  
let's get down to it. So what do I  
owe the pleasure of your presence?

SAUL

I need to get her back in the  
field.

DAR

Let me guess. Your adopted analyst  
daughter?

Dar raises an eyebrow.

SAUL

Something is wrong on the hill. I  
wasn't fired and I believe there's  
a reason for that. Keane is smart  
but batshit crazy like I thought.

DAR

Carrie won't come easy. She has to  
be dragged in kicking and screaming  
every time.

Saul stands.

SAUL

I'll figure it out. In the meantime  
try not to kill anyone.

Dar stands also. An OFFICER yells.

OFFICER

Sit down. NOW!

Saul glares. The officer cringes back into the corner.

DAR

Oh don't you worry. You aren't the  
only one with connections. Or  
protection for that matter. See you  
next week friend.

INT. - MODEST LIVING ROOM - DAY

Freelance Surveillance Expert MAX PIOTROWSKI unkempt and  
anxious sits on an upholstered ripped up couch. On the table  
is a bottle of Vodka and a lit joint in the ashtray.

In front of him is a massive flat screen TV that streams the  
morning news.

MAX

No you putz it's not supposed to be  
done like that. You can't just  
dismiss a freaking pile up on the  
expressway.

He adjusts the broken eyeglasses on his face.

MAX (CONT'D)

I hate this fucked up country I  
swear.

Across the room an old school house phone rings. After a beat  
an even older answering machine clicks on:

**"If you've reached this  
number. Hang up and don't  
try again."**

DAR

Get off the couch and pick up.  
Hurry!

Max tosses the joint into the glass ashtray and scrambles  
across the room to the phone.

EXT. - HOMS, SYRIA - DAWN

A Black Hummer sits discreetly on Tishrin Street near the Dam 90 kilometers from Aleppo.

Establishing.

INT. - BLACK HUMMER - DAY

Inside the heavily tinted SUV sits U.S. GENERAL MCCLENDON who reads a file folder.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

We need to get a handle on this situation immediately boys.

The back seat is occupied by the Men sent in to capture Private Trotti. They have cuts and bruises on their face.

MAN # 1

Sir, we almost had him. The working girl got in the way once she began to scream.

MAN # 2

Yeah it drew attention to the area, Sir. He was able to get away from us while we subdued the slut.

MAN # 1

You also told us don't hurt him too badly.

The General looks at them from the front seat.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Seals don't you feed me that bullshit. Their fucking Special Forces unit shouldn't be able to compete.

MAN # 2

If I may Sir. You said not to kill anyone.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

So that means you can't subdue one man? Is that what you're telling me soldier?

MAN # 1

I think he meant to say ---

The other man nudges him in the ribs. Glares.

MAN # 2

We won't fail you next time. Sir.

In the distance heavy mortar fire hits the ground and the aftershock rocks the SUV slightly.

General McClendon waves them off. They climb out the SUV.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

I've got a call to make. Dismissed.

He pulls out a SAT phone and David picks up on the 2nd ring.

DAVID

Did we get him??

GENERAL MCCLENDON

He slipped through the net. Sir.

DAVID

Shit. Ok listen up, the President has been briefed of our operation.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

The latest is the stronghold in Aleppo has the rebels retreating. Just give me more time to lay this trap. My men on the ground are the best out here.

DAVID

Apparently not General if they couldn't grab one man.

The men stand outside the vehicle fully clothed in combat gear and assault rifles in hand. They scan the area.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Just let her know I'm handling this hiccup. We lost the battle but not the war. I promise you that.

DAVID

I'll stall this update. Just get it done.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Yes sir.

He clicks the line and climbs out the SUV.

INT. - CARRIE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Franny runs to the NANNY and jumps into her arms.

CARRIE

Thank you for coming at short notice.

NANNY

No problem Ms. Mathison. Hi little lady. Ready?

She gives Franny a kiss on the cheek and walks toward the door.

CARRIE

Have a nice day at school sweetie. Love you.

FRANNY

Love you too mommy. Can we have ice cream later?

Carrie walks to the door and ruffles her hair.

CARRIE

Of course. Sprinkles? Chocolate?

NANNY

(giggles)

Yes please! I can't wait for this day to be over.

The Nanny and Carrie laugh.

NANNY (CONT'D)

Let's make sure we do great today at school. Okay?

FRANNY

Eye, eye Captain.

Franny does a sloppy salute and waves goodbye to Carrie.

CARRIE

Until later baby. Love you!

FRANNY

Love you more!

CARRIE

Love you mostest!

Carrie closes the door on them both and walks toward the ---

INT. - CARRIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

She opens a glass sliding door by inputting a code into the electronic keypad.

The door clicks and she steps inside, closing it behind her.

CARRIE

Let's see what we uncover today.

On a nearby dresser a small flat screen TV is tuned to CNN News. President Keane is giving a briefing to the press.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

I'm coming for you bitch.

Across the room a list of suspects are mapped out on the wall. Along with news headline clips and Intel information Carrie has acquired.

She walks over to the map and places a photo of Saul next to a headline of his release from the Federal detainment Center.

Backing up reveals most of the glass wall in the small enclosure is covered with her map.

In the middle is a picture of President Keane with a bulls-eye across her face.

The cellphone in her hand rings and the doorbell chimes.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT./EXT - DAMASCUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The back door of a rickety taxicab opens and Private Trotti emerges.

He walks inside the airport clutching his side and a briefcase in the other.

At the Customs line he approaches and hands over an American Passport to the Syrian CUSTOMS AGENT.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Destination?

PRIVATE TROTTI

Home finally. Time to get back to school.

The agent examines his passport. PEOPLE in line eye the exchange wearily.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Step to the side.

PRIVATE TROTTI

I'm sorry but I already missed the red-eye last night. Please sir.

CUSTOMS AGENT

The quicker you move, the faster you board. Over here. Sir.

Private Trotti shifts to the side of the line and spills the contents of his bag on the floor.

Textbooks and papers scatter everywhere.

PRIVATE TROTTI

(In Arabic)

Brother I will appreciate courtesy in this matter. I can ---

CUSTOMS AGENT

(In Arabic)

Please just go!

The men have a tense moment as the Private delays gathering his belongings. The Agent waves him through to security.

CUT TO:

INT. - CHECK-IN LINE OF THE FLIGHT - DAY

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS scan tickets to board the plane. Private Trotti tosses his "school" bag into a nearby trash bin and walks toward the counter.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Ticket please.

PRIVATE TROTTI  
Which way to First Class?

He smiles. The WOMAN smiles and waves him through.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(in Arabic)  
Cocky Americans.

PRIVATE TROTTI  
(in Arabic)  
But we love it here.

She is shocked as he walks through the double doors.

INT. - MAX APARTMENT - DAY

Max paces back and forth tangling the long cord of his house phone.

INTERCUT Dar in the Federal Detainment Center.

MAX  
Dar? How are you? They let you  
go???

DAR  
Slow down son. Listen up. I don't  
have much time.

An OFFICER stands by the door as look-out while Dar gives orders rapidly to Max.

DAR (CONT'D)  
No I'm still on "vacation". Look I  
need for you to connect with a  
contact for me.

MAX  
I can't do it. Not going back out  
there to ---

Dar glares.

DAR

There's not much time. You HAVE to help the cause now. Just like last time. We may have lost my son. This isn't over.

MAX

Quinn...

The men exhale in unison.

DAR

He'd want you in on this. He'd want ALL of you in on this; to take the wicked witch of the east out of commission. All you have to do is link up with my contact.

Max looks over at the weed joint burning in the ashtray.

MAX

What's the address.

Dar stands and paces the cell as the Officer gestures to wrap it up. In the distance squeaky footsteps.

DAR

Club Atlas on 36th and 9th avenue by the old millhouse. You know the place right?

MAX

Yes sir.

DAR

Ask for Sayid. Tell him Ahmed the American sent you. I've got some Intel to share.

The cellphone is ripped from his hand. Line goes dead in Max's ear.

MAX

Hello? Hello. Shit.

Max scrambles to get dressed and takes a pull of the joint while heading out the door.

INTERCUT:

EXT. - MODERN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Saul rings a doorbell insistently. Cellphone in hand.

The door swings open.

MAGGIE MATHISON is shocked to see Saul.

MAGGIE

Oh no. Is she alive?? Just tell me  
Saul!

Saul looks down at the pavement.

EXT. - CARRIE APARTMENT - DAY

Carrie swings her door open to find OTTO DURING on her doorstep. The multi-million dollar German Philanthropist who acquires Charitable Foundations looks flustered.

OTTO

Can I come in Carrie. You look  
well.

CARRIE

My hair looks a mess Otto. What are  
you doing here?

The pair share a tense quiet moment.

OTTO

I had to see you. Make sure you and  
Franny are okay.

CARRIE

She's at school Otto. Look I  
appreciate you letting us stay here  
in DC to handle my situation. But  
you can't just drop by like this.

She drags Otto inside the apartment.

INT. - MAGGIE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Saul removes his fedora hat and steps into the foyer. The Townhouse has a country feel to it with rooster inspired decorations along side stainless steel fixtures.

SAUL

I'm sorry. Carrie is fine  
physically. Mentally, not so much.

MAGGIE

Please don't say it Saul. Is she  
off her meds again??

Maggie begins to pace the room picking up her children's toys scattered everywhere.

SAUL

It's ok. No need to clean up on my account. But yes we need to talk.

He sits down in a wide-back upholstered chair with a flowery duvet across the back.

INT. - CARRIE APARTMENT - DAY

Otto removes his jacket and walks into the Loft kitchen.

OTTO

You stopped returning my calls.  
I've been calling you for days!  
They shut me down months ago in New York.

CARRIE

I'm not welcome back either.

OTTO

The difference is I could've fought them. IF you wanted to stay on. But you just left. On your "mission".

Carrie runs her hands through her blonde shoulder length hair. Looks around the apartment wildly.

CARRIE

It's not over for me. Okay? Once I'm done here we will start again.

OTTO

That's not why I came to see you.

CARRIE

What is it now Otto?

She throws her hands in the air and steps over to the refrigerator.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Water?

OTTO

Yes please.

Carrie hands him a chilled bottle of water from the massive stainless steel fridge.

CARRIE

I'm fine. I swear it. They wouldn't have given me my daughter back if I wasn't.

OTTO

Again it's not about that. You know I still see us as ---

INT. - MAGGIE TOWNHOUSE - SUNSET

Saul eases back into the chair ready to put on the performance of his life.

SAUL

Your sister refuses to return my calls. Won't let me come into her place. Last I saw her she looked spastic. Like last time.

MAGGIE

That's not a guarantee she's losing it. What else has she done?

SAUL

Up and left New York without a word. Taking back up with the German. He's a scammer.

MAGGIE

She likes him. But it's the wrong time. What makes you think he's bad.

He watches her walk back and forth mimicking Carrie when she is on the verge of losing herself. A picture of Maggie and Carrie's deceased father framed over the chair Saul is in.

SAUL

Sit with me. I'll tell you why.

MAGGIE

Franny can just come here to stay until she figures it out. I'm sure there's another "job" she needs to take.

SAUL

I wish it were that simple. Carrie is NOT well. You know this road traveled. Where it leads.

He grabs her hand. Tears begin to fall down Maggie's face.

INT. - CARRIE APARTMENT - NIGHT

CARRIE

No. That is a big NO from me. She just was given back. After Quinn I have to check in weekly.

Otto sits on a nearby swivel stool.

OTTO

You aren't alone in this. You know that right?

They pause for a beat.

CARRIE

There is something you can do for me.

INT. PRESIDENT KEANE MOTORCADE - NIGHT

President Keane is dressed in blue slacks and a black button down shirt with a navy blue blazer.

Beside her David checks his cellphone scrolling through emails.

PRESIDENT KEANE

How close are we to the target.

DAVID

My Intel says 90 kilometers out. We are getting close.

PRESIDENT KEANE

I respect your resilience David. You are one of the few I trust. After being almost killed by those bastards.

DAVID

Now we have more pressing issues to worry about. Like I told you when you hired me. Not even the Vice President needs to be as close as me to you.

She glares at him.

PRESIDENT KEANE

The American people think differently.

DAVID

Excuse my language. But screw the "people". We are securing them a future in Syria. If they want it or not.

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT turns in the drivers seat.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Madame President we are here.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Thank you. Pull around back.

CUT TO:

INT. - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Several dozen Military Officer MEN sit around a square wooden table. The room is silent. Everyone is at attention waiting for orders. At the head of the table is General McClendon shuffling paperwork.

He stands and scrapes his chair across the concrete floor.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

At 01:00 GMT time a ground asset located a shoe factory in Sbeineh that was a front for arms dealing. It's believed the Syrian government funded these weapons through a Russian connection.

Man # 1 clears his throat to speak.

MAN # 1

Sir do you believe it was an intended target for the rebel fighters?

GENERAL MCCLENDON

So you are not as dumb as we all thought.

Chuckles throughout the room.

MAN # 2

Well we think this "asset" could be on the new regime side. After the fall of President Assad they have boots on the ---

General McClendon raises his hand to interrupt.

GENERAL MCCLENDON  
Who's fucking briefing is this?

In unison.

MILITARY OFFICERS  
Yours sir.

GENERAL MCCLENDON  
Who are you meant to follow to  
carry out this mission?

In unison.

MILITARY OFFICERS  
Yours sir!

GENERAL MCCLENDON  
Good. Now let me finish. Yes they  
are from the new regime in Syria.  
But our mission is to squeeze that  
connection for President Keane. We  
are to take over the warehouse and  
remove all situations from the  
location. Acquire the weapons from  
here and here.

He points to various schematics of the warehouse made by  
infrared cameras.

GENERAL MCCLENDON (CONT'D)  
Visuals supplied by the Russians  
themselves. Because it helps when  
you think you fixed an election.  
Their President feels that he has  
the upper hand.

The Men begin to check their weapons and adjust utility belts  
on their person.

GENERAL MCCLENDON (CONT'D)  
The goal is to take politics out of  
this. We go in and get the cache to  
swap out with Russian firearms that  
were shipped over by our Navy.  
Phase II comes when the President  
gives us a go.

MAN # 1  
Sir may I speak?

General McClendon glares.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Make it worth MY time.

MAN # 1

So we go in, swap out the cargo with Russian weapons and allow the rebels to acquire it?

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Exactly. We only have a few hours before the resistance makes their move tomorrow. We aren't aware of a time. But what our stealth drones tell us, is that they are making their way from Damascus to this location. So we secure the area, remove anyone who sees anything and do the swap.

He stands and walks out the room. The men follow.

INT. - FEDERAL DETAINMENT CENTER - NIGHT

Footsteps walk on the polished floor announcing their arrival. President Keane makes her way down a row of steel doors with small windows.

MEN and WOMEN sit inside. They perk up as she passes.

President Keane waves and gives a diabolical smile.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Maybe next time. There's only one person I need to see today.

DAVID

Right over here Madame President.

A cell door opens and Dar sits on a twin frame bed playing a solo game of cards.

DAR

Here to join me Keane?

PRESIDENT KEANE

That is President Keane.

DAR

It used to be President Elect. When I actually had a job.

She smiles.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
David wait outside.

DAVID  
Are you sure?!

DAR  
Run along lapdog. Choke on a bone.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Guess you don't respect titles  
anymore. He's now my Chief of  
Staff.

DAR  
I use to have one of those. Until I  
was falsely accused; by you of  
trying to kill you. Good times.

President Keane drapes her blazer across a nearby chair.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
I allowed you to have these cards  
right? It isn't so bad in here.

DAR  
You know it's best to practice your  
game. When you know the moves your  
opponent will make, it makes it  
that more easier to beat them.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
My preference would be --- when you  
know your Foe, makes it easier to  
lock them up.

She gestures around the cell.

DAR  
What do you want?

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Have a goodnight Mr. Adal.

President Keane looks over at the Officer in his room.

PRESIDENT KEANE (CONT'D)  
Give him all the playing cards he  
needs.

Dar does a sarcastic bow and smiles as she exits.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./INT. - ATLAS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Max dismounts a scooter a few doors down from the Nightclub. He looks grungy and unshaven but determined to get inside and complete the mission.

MAX

How much to get in?

A big burly BOUNCER eyes him up and down.

BOUNCER

Back of the line.

Max looks at over a dozen PEOPLE waiting in line. He steps up to the bouncer.

MAX

Let me ask you a question.

BOUNCER

Look buddy wait your turn.

MAX

Are you at capacity? Because I'm the nephew of the Fire Chief and from what I can tell.

Music blares inside the crowded lobby of the club. PEOPLE inside gyrate their hips to techno music.

The Bouncer looks around nervous and waves off BOUNCER # 2 who approaches.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm not here to cause trouble.  
Unless you make me of course.

He gives the Bouncer a sarcastic grin. The velvet rope is opened and Max scurries inside.

INT. - ATLAS BAR AREA - NIGHT

A BARTENDER slams down 2 shots of dark liquor in front of Max. Beside 2 already empty shot glasses.

He tips generously then leans over.

MAX

Tell Sayid I need to speak to him.

The sexy FEMALE bartender cringes back in shock.

BARTENDER

Who?

MAX

The man upstairs sweetheart. Tell him Ahmed sent me. He will want to see me.

He points up to a bank of windows overlooking the club. Max passes her a \$100 dollar bill and points to a bottle of champagne.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'd love to keep this going all night. But I really have to speak with him. So please.

He leans in closer to her.

BARTENDER

Give me a moment.

MAX

Rush, don't rush. I'll be here watching the flat screens.

Around the room CCTV screens show other areas of the massive warehouse size nightclub.

The Bartender rushes away. In her hands a chilled bottle of champagne in a bucket is balanced with grace.

INT. - MAGGIE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

An array of dinner plates are on a long wooden table with a modest white runner down the middle.

Saul sips a coffee and cuts into a piece of cake.

MAGGIE

I will help you. But give me until morning. Once I have the kids off to school.

SAUL

You tried to call her already didn't you?

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE

She is my sister. The only family I have left.

SAUL

Completely understand. What did she say? Is she open to seeing US?

MAGGIE

Carrie is open to seeing me. I didn't tell her you were here.

Saul tosses his fork down and stands.

SAUL

I'll be back in the morning. There are some things I need to handle first.

MAGGIE

Ok Saul. I'm sorry I didn't tell her you were coming ---

The door closes quietly behind him. Maggie begins to clear the table.

INT. - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. - HOTEL - NIGHT

Private Trotti shaves his face in the mirror. Another towel around his waist.

Balanced on the sink his cellphone begins to vibrate. He picks up.

PRIVATE TROTTI

I'm here.

CARRIE

You're already in the states? Why?

PRIVATE TROTTI

We need to talk Cherie.

CARRIE

Look I've got my own thing going right now. I really wish I could help you again.

PRIVATE TROTTI

This isn't Israel Carrie. It's so much worse.

Long pause over the phone.

CARRIE

What are you saying exactly?

PRIVATE TROTTI

We need to meet. Face to face.

CARRIE

You can't just come here and expect me to rush into anything. I don't have time for ---

He walks to a nearby chair and plops down.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Keane may be involved. I'm here because it's important.

CARRIE

Shit. Give me an address.

INT. - SAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moving boxes are scattered throughout the room. Saul is looking at hard copy photos of the map Carrie put together.

SAUL

What are you working on kid.

He circles portions of the large blown up photos. Next to him on the couch is a laptop.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Hold on. That can't be.

Saul opens his laptop and does a search of an article headline:

**"President Assad succumbed to a Heart Attack. Country in turmoil"**

He reads the year and date stamped on the article. Then types into the browser and finds another headline:

**"Russia offers a convoy of troops be sent in to protect their interests in Syria"**

Saul scans the article and highlights passages then copy and pastes into a word document program.

Next article:

**"US Naval ships post outside  
of the Mediterranean to show  
support"**

Saul marks down the year and date stamped on the article.

Next article:

**"Syria sets up shop in  
Moscow. Is the US next?  
President Keane weighs the  
option."**

SAUL (CONT'D)

Carrie.

Dawn approaches and Saul heads for the door.

INT. - ATLAS NIGHTCLUB VIP AREA - DAWN

Max is drunk. His contact SAYID TANOUS is also drunk. The men clap to the music still blaring in the club. The dance floor is bare.

SAYID

So my friend. What is your name again?

MAX

(chuckles)

I thought we were brothers. United.

SAYID

Oh no my friend. Pale skin would never mix with my blood.

The men eye one another for a beat. Then burst into laughter.

MAX

Well let's finally talk shop.

SAYID

Shop? We party more!

Another bottle of champagne is brought over by the sexy bartender. But Max sits up serious.

MAX

Ahmed sent me.

SAYID

What did you say?

Max leans into the man.

MAX

Ahmed needs to speak with you. We don't have much time.

At that moment his cellphone rings.

SAYID

Ahmed! You sneaky snake you. Where are you friend?!

INTERCUT:

INT. - FEDERAL DETAINMENT CENTER/ VIP SECTION OF ATLAS - DAWN

Dar is watched closely by the Officer. Who gestures for him to hurry.

DAR

Ahhhh you had fun huh? How much did you boys drink.

SAYID

Past tense? We still go. Bring us food. Now, now please.

Sayid waves the sexy Bartender over. She begins to clear the table.

MAX

Give us a moment please.

SAYID

What is it you need? Where are you?

DAR

Out of the country. Look I need for you to look into someone for me. Back in Aleppo.

Silence for a beat. Sayid sits up instantly sober.

SAYID

Who and Why?

The Officer scans the hallway outside Dars' cell.

DAR

That is what I like to hear friend.  
Remember our time outside of  
Moscow? All that vodka and no  
sleep. I recall you being drunk  
then also.

SAYID

Well who can turn down Russian  
vodka.

He claps, smiles at Max and pours another drink.

DAR

Speaking of the Russians. They are  
up to something. I need you to find  
out what.

SAYID

Oh goodness. Spy stuff again? I got  
out years ago Ahmed.

DAR

I will make it worth your while  
when I get back. Maybe get rid of  
those pesky violations on your  
club.

SAYID

Immigration was here. Did you know  
that? Freaking your President is  
all over us Arabic. I'm IN!

DAR

More like you Muslims. But that is  
neither here nor there. I'm  
following the crumbs and we all  
will eat at the end.

The line goes dead. Max stands and shakes his hand.

MAX

Until next time.

Max brushes off his grungy clothes and heads down the stairs.

SAYID

We will be in touch Friend! Ahmed  
is my brother in arms. Until then.

Sayid begins to tear into a platter of cheeses and bread.

INT. - PRESIDENT KEANE BEDROOM - DAWN

Across the plush carpet sits a massive TV cabinet with a 60" flat screen television airing the news.

President Keane sits in the middle of fluffy pillows on a Cali King size bed and sips a cup of tea.

Small knock on the door.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Come in.

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT appears.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Madame President you have a phone call.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Who is it?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

The General ma'am.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Tell him to wait. I need a moment before I hear bad news so early in the morning.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Yes ma'am.

President Keane swings her legs into bedroom slippers and puts on a silk robe. She walks over to an oval mirror and brushes hair away from her face.

Her back goes iron rod and she opens the door. Places her hand outside for the phone. Slams it close.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Why are you contacting me and not David. I told you I want no parts of this.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

I understand ma'am. But you will want to hear this. Phase 1 is in motion.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Is it now?

GENERAL MCCLENDON

In two hours we begin to turn this thing around in our favor.

PRESIDENT KEANE

Well whatever you need. David will make it happen. Discreetly of course.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Thank you Madame President. I will be in touch.

She glares.

PRESIDENT KEANE

With David. Good day.

The line is disconnected. She walks back to the bed and climbs in. Sips her tea.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. - LINCOLN MEMORIAL REFLECTING POOL - DAWN

Carrie paces back and forth as the city wakes in the distance. A MAN in running gear jogs toward her from the pool area.

CARRIE

Hey.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Hi. It's so nice to see you Cherie.

He leans over to give her a warm embrace. She cringes away.

CARRIE

I'm glad to see you too. What's happening?

PRIVATE TROTTI

What have they done to you?

CARRIE

It's been over five years since our mission. What haven't they done to me.

The pair take a seat on the steps of the Memorial.

PRIVATE TROTTI

You know I wouldn't have come if it wasn't important.

CARRIE

(sighs)

I wouldn't be here if we didn't have each others back. Scary shit. I know.

He looks into her eyes and pauses for a beat.

PRIVATE TROTTI

They tried to kill me. I don't know exactly who they were. But I know who they pretended to be.

Carrie sits up.

CARRIE

Tell me now Private.

PRIVATE TROTTI

I was in Damascus working a lead from my embassy. It's been two years now undercover after Assad was killed.

CARRIE

Assad? Syria? What the hell is going on.

PRIVATE TROTTI

(exhales)

Just listen damn it Carrie. I was there because of arms dealing near Damascus. You know the rebels are a headache for everyone. But they called me back in. I don't know but I was ordered back to base. Then boom two men show up and try to kill me.

Carrie stands.

CARRIE

Okay. This is fucked up but how does that tie to here?

PRIVATE TROTTI

They were Americans. The men sent to kill me were sent by your government.

CARRIE

What is she hiding now?

PRIVATE TROTTI

Who is hiding what Cherie?

CARRIE

We need to go. I'll brief you later.

Private Trotti hurry behinds Carrie as she exits.

EXT. - CARRIE APARTMENT - DAY

Saul holds the door of a cab open for Maggie. The two make their way to Carrie's front door.

MAGGIE

I've been trying her all morning. It's just odd Saul. Where is Franny?

SAUL

Let's not panic. Just use your key.

He deters his eyes from her intense ones.

MAGGIE

How did you know? Never mind.

SAUL

I just need to talk to her. Sort this whole thing out.

The pair make their way inside and pause. Silence.

MAGGIE

That's odd. Carrie? CARRIE!

SAUL

She isn't here.

Maggie glares at him. A key is placed in the door.

MAGGIE

Oh thank god. Sis I need to ---

The Nanny walks inside.

NANNY

Whew. You scared me!

SAUL

Where's Carrie?

MAGGIE

Sorry for him. Good Morning.

NANNY

I was told to get some clothes for Franny.

MAGGIE

What??

The Nanny walks between the pair.

NANNY

Carrie asked me to watch her daughter for a few days. She's gone.

In unison

SAUL/MAGGIE

Gone?

INT. - LARGE AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

The doors to an SUV opens. Carrie and Otto emerge.

OTTO

It's the least I can do. But  
promise me once you're back we go  
back to normal.

CARRIE

(sighs)  
Nothing in my life will ever be  
normal.

Otto embraces her. She is in full combat gear with a weapon on her hip.

OTTO

Just give me a chance.

CARRIE

Well this is a start. Thank you.

She gestures to a large cargo plane with the back ramp open.

OTTO

I will check in on your daughter.  
She will be safe. Ok?

CARRIE

(in German)  
Until we meet again.

OTTO

(in German)  
Good luck. See you soon.

From the runway a MAN in uniform gestures toward the pair.

CARRIE

I'm getting better right?

She runs her fingers through her hair. Eyes shifty.

OTTO

Go. Please.

MOMENTS LATER:

INT. - CARGO PLANE - DAY

Inside the military style steel cage MEN mill around the cabin. Carrie is strapped into an overhead harness.

She scrolls through her cellphone as a call from Maggie comes through. Carrie hits ignore and smiles as Private Trotti walks over.

PRIVATE TROTTI

You look very sexy in full fatigue gear. Like the old days Cherie. No?

CARRIE

If you don't stop!

She grins.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Who was that man?

CARRIE

It's complicated.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Not for him. I can always tell these things.

CARRIE

Let's just get this bird in the air. I will tell you about the storm that's been brewing from last year. We can share Intel and meet in the middle.

PRIVATE TROTTI

You sure you can trust the French government?

He smiles.

CARRIE

I don't trust them. I trust you.

She is pensive but alert.

PRIVATE TROTTI

Well let me buckle up then. Sounds like we are in for a ---

CARRIE

Oh god. Stop with the movie cliches.

The plane engines roar and they taxi down the runway. Carrie and Private Trotti begin a tense discussion.

EXT. - CARRIE APARTMENT - DAY

Saul stands on the sidewalk looking up and down the street. Maggie is inside on her cellphone and pacing around the foyer. She turns her back on Saul.

A Black SUV pulls in front of him. The Secret Service Agent he knocked out emerges.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(smiles)

Thanks for the coffee. Let me return the favor.

The Agent punches Saul in the face and drags him into the SUV. It pulls away right when Maggie emerges looking confused.

CUT TO:

INT. - INTERROGATION FACILITY - NIGHT

Water drips on the concrete floor and a large drain is in the middle of the floor. Two stainless steel tables are up against the wall. The room is windowless.

Tied to a steel chair and sleeping peacefully is Saul. He has sweat on his shirt and blood on his forehead.

The overhead lights click on and he wakes with a jerk.

SAUL

What the fuck!!

A burly Black MAN steps into the room and smiles.

MAN

Ahh he's awake. Finally.

SAUL

Who put you up to this shit?

The Man pulls on a pair of gloves. Saul spits at him.

MAN

Careful now. Watch the suit.

SAUL

It was her wasn't it? Come on out. I know you're watching from your cave.

He glares at a surveillance camera in the corner. The Man punches him in the gut.

MAN

Now did you think it would be that easy to outrun us? I proposed she throw you back in with your buddy. But apparently she has other ideas.

The Man continues to punch Saul who is helplessly hog-tied to the chair.

INT. - MAX APARTMENT - NIGHT

Across the room a TV blares the news at a sleeping Max. On the table in front of him is a bottle of bourbon.

Loud knock on his front door. He falls onto the floor.

MAX

Who is it?!

The knocks continues then silence.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello!

SIYAD

Wake up my friend. Open the door.

Max looks around the room confused. Heads to the door and opens slightly with the chain still on.

MAX

Uhhh how did you find me?

SIYAD

Stop this nonsense. Open for me.

Siyad looks down the hallway then plays with his fingernails.

MAX

Give me a sec.

Max slams the door and searches for a weapon.

SIYAD

Ahmed will call you? Yes?

MAX

I, I'm not sure.

SIYAD

Pick up the phone.

Across the room Max's old school phone rings. He pauses in the middle of the room.

MAX

It can't be.

SIYAD

I need to speak. We won't have much time.

Max scurries to the door and opens it then races to the phone.

MAX

Da---I mean Ahmed.

DAR

Put him on.

MAX

How did he know to come here?

DAR

Calm down son. I spoke with him earlier. Told him a place and time.

MAX

But how did you get his number?  
From in there.

Dar sighs.

DAR

I'm the CIA. No matter the wickedness in the house on the hill. Now put on my friend.

Max hands over the phone.

SIYAD

Friend! You still out of town. I thought we'd be swapping stories by now.

DAR

Good to hear your voice. Now listen up. I need for you to take my friend to meet your friend. So we can all be friends.

SIYAD

(chuckles)

How do you say --- I can dig it.  
Right?

DAR

I'm sure pulling you in will cost  
me a pretty penny. But I really  
need your help. All will be  
revealed in the end.

SIYAD

My usual fee of course.

DAR

Of course. Now down to business.  
Did you make contact with your  
sources in Syria?

Siyad paces the room.

SIYAD

How much to say in front of our ---  
mutual friend.

DAR

He is to know everything. I'm going  
to use him later.

Max looks on none the wiser.

SIYAD

There's been alot of movement in  
Aleppo recently. Aside from the  
rebel fighting my people picked up  
a scent of some Americans. They've  
been discreet until two days ago.  
My people say they're on the move.  
But your people are sly.

DAR

They went dark.

SIYAD

Is that how you say it?

DAR

That's all that matters. Look I  
can't chat for long. Put my friend  
on the phone.

Siyad hands the long corded phone to Max.

MAX

Hello; Ahmed?

DAR

Find Carrie and Saul now. Something is up and they are the only ones we can trust. She's locked up everyone else.

CUT TO:

INT. - CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Carrie and Private Trotti are asleep as turbulence shakes the massive plane.

CUT TO:

INT. - INTERROGATION FACILITY - NIGHT

Saul is also asleep. But he now has blood dripping from his nose.

The lights in the room are off and a red dot on the surveillance camera in the corner is steady on his movements.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. - MAGGIE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Franny sits on the carpeted floor of a play room. Maggie watches from a chair across the room.

FRANNY

Mommy promised me ice cream if I was good. Is she coming?

MAGGIE

Soon baby. But let's wait until your niece and nephew arrive. We will all go together.

Maggie watches Franny closely for a reaction.

FRANNY

(wide grin)

Okay. We all get to go together?!

MAGGIE

All of us. Come here sweetheart.

Franny leaps into her Aunt Maggie's lap and snuggles in.

FRANNY

(whispers)

If she doesn't make it. I'll be okay. Mommy works alot. I still love her though.

Both fight back tears.

EXT. - SBEINEH, SYRIA - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT./EXT - ASSAD SHOE FACTORY - NIGHT

The Black Ops TEAM led by General McClendon are hunched down behind an abandoned building.

Man # 1 has night vision goggles on to report status.

MAN # 1

Sir. No movement on the east wing.  
Final worker has closed up shop.  
It's 02:00 GMT right now. Sir.

GENERAL MCCLENDON  
Men on me. Enter from the West side  
just in case there are more workers  
lingering inside.

MAN # 2  
What if there are?

The General glares.

GENERAL MCCLENDON  
You are to take out all targets.  
Silencers on!

Man # 1 & 2 smile. The remaining team members gear up as a  
car drives by and turns away from their position.

GENERAL MCCLENDON (CONT'D)  
I want two in the rear at all  
times. Once it's cleared signal for  
the rest of us. We will evacuate  
materials and bring in what's  
needed. Report back in ---

The General stares at a divers watch.

GENERAL MCCLENDON (CONT'D)  
No later than 03:00 GMT. Rebel  
forces are now expected to hit this  
place harder than your Mamas ass.  
We NEED to be in the clear before  
that time. Understand?

In unison.

TEAM MEMBERS  
Yes SIR!

1 HOUR LATER:

INT. - ASSAD SHOE FACTORY - NIGHT

Multiple bodies are being dragged across the factory floor.  
Crates are carried out and loaded into trucks at a loading  
dock.

Movement ceases when a Helicopter flies overhead but quickly  
departs into the distance.

GENERAL MCCLENDON  
Let's go. NOW!

Team members scramble to finish loading the remaining crates. Man # 2 tosses a body on top of a pile of bodies.

MAN # 1

Sir we count four down. What should we do with the bodies.

The General gestures for the team to wrap it up. He walks away and the Team hurries to follow.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

Toss them into the Dam on our way back to the rendezvous.

EXT. - ASSAD SHOE FACTORY - NIGHT

As Two trucks pull away from the factory on the west side; REBEL FORCES enter from the east.

The SOLDIERS have weapons at the ready and converge on the factory.

MAN # 2

Just in time boss. Glad that's done.

GENERAL MCCLENDON

This is nowhere near over son.

He makes a hard right into a back alley and turns again away from the factory.

INT./ EXT. - CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Fancy expensive luxury cars are being driven out of the Cargo Plane.

Carrie unbuckles her seat belt and makes her way down the ramp.

In the immediate distance the land is flat. In the far distance hills are lit up like a starry night.

CARRIE

What's over there?

PRIVATE TROTTI

That's Damascus.

CARRIE

Why couldn't we land closer?

PRIVATE TROTTI

My contact here can get us through customs faster. But I need for you to change. The men are already staring.

He hands her a "Hijab".

CARRIE

Looks familiar.

She makes her way back up the ramp.

PRIVATE TROTTI

You don't need help?

CARRIE

No I can manage. Just get us out of here. So we can talk.

MOMENTS LATER:

INT. - LUXURY CAR - NIGHT

The pair are in the backseat being driven by an ARABIC MAN through the land. In front a caravan of more luxury cars speed through the night.

PRIVATE TROTTI

It suits you. Somewhat Cherie.

Carrie smooths down the black Hijab garment and scoots away from him.

CARRIE

Listen we need to make contact with your people. Now! I want a full brief on what they know so far.

PRIVATE TROTTI

No problem. They are expecting you. But you must understand what is happening now.

He eyes the driver in front.

CARRIE

Don't worry about him. My friend Otto has planned out everything. We won't have any issues to talk freely. So spill it.

PRIVATE TROTTI

I like an aggressive woman.

Carrie rolls her eyes.

CARRIE

(stern)

You have me in a place I do not know well. Chasing down a lead on people you do not know. Get off of this situation now and help me here. We must stop whatever is coming.

PRIVATE TROTTI

You are right and I'm sorry. Just glad to be in your presence again.

She smiles.

CARRIE

Let's toast later. For now I want to know everything that everyone know's. What I found out is the ties we have to the Russians. Keane is in the process of setting up a trade deal with these people. But something seems off to me. Since Assad was killed neither side have made a move yet. Why are they waiting?

PRIVATE TROTTI

That alerted my people too. We all helped to remove Isis from the area. If the goal was to oust Assad because of his terrorist collusion; why is everyone not moving in?

The two are silent for a beat.

CARRIE

You brought me in as an ally. I may need some of my own over here. Saul would know how to navigate this.

PRIVATE TROTTI

(chuckles)

Are you on better terms with your father?

CARRIE  
My father is dead. Saul is  
something else entirely.

Carrie pulls out a burner phone.

INT. - INTERROGATION FACILITY - DAY

The door bangs open and the Burly Man wheels in a tray of instruments.

BURLY MAN  
Just a little more fun before our  
friend arrives.

SAUL  
When I get out of here ---

BURLY MAN  
How? You don't even know where you  
are.

SAUL  
Look you piece of shit. You think I  
don't know a black site when I see  
it. Where's this one? In VA or DC?

A knife slams against the tray.

BURLY MAN  
How do you know that?

SAUL  
Oh she didn't tell you who you've  
kidnapped?

The Men glare for a beat.

BURLY MAN  
Doesn't matter. I've got a job to  
do.

SAUL  
Yeah well you suck at your job. I'm  
with the CIA and I'm telling you it  
won't end well. For anyone.

In the corner of the room the surveillance camera goes dark. Simultaneously the door swings open and President Keane enters.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Are you enjoying your stay Mr.  
Berenson?

SAUL  
What have you done to Carrie?

Keane looks up confused.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Carrie? I don't know what you're  
talking about.

SAUL  
Liar.

He spits at her feet. The Burly Man steps over to punch him.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Hold it.

She leans in toward Saul.

SAUL  
You don't have her?

PRESIDENT KEANE  
How does the saying goes? When  
allies become enemies and enemies  
become allies. Isn't that the  
American dream? Just know by the  
time we let you go I'll be halfway  
through my 2nd term and you'll be  
so happy to be free that you won't  
have the energy to come after me.  
Old man.

Keane walks out the door. Saul yells after her.

SAUL  
Let me the fuck out of here. You  
crazy fucking bitch!

Slaps and punches ricochet around the room as the door  
closes.

INT. - WHITEHOUSE - NIGHT

President Keane touches a framed photo of her son. Her  
secretary pops her head in.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Hold all my calls for the next few  
hours. I have something to do.

SECRETARY  
No problem Ma'am. Enjoy your visit.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Hold your tongue child.

The secretary scurries out of the room.

MOMENTS LATER:

INT. - WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Secret Service AGENTS are in tow following President Keane through a labyrinth of steel doors. She types in codes into keypads.

At the last door she address the MAN and WOMAN.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Hang back. Do not disturb me.

In unison.

MAN/WOMAN  
Yes Ma'am.

The pair retreat from the door. Keane steps through and a Medical DOCTOR brushes past her. She ignores them.

President Keane walks into the room and sits on a metal stool beside a hospital bed.

She leans over and embraces the hand of the person on the bed.

PRESIDENT KEANE  
Feeling better today son?

She turns on an elevated TV across the room.

PRESIDENT KEANE (CONT'D)  
Let's watch your favorite show. Is  
that fine Quinn?

On the bed former CIA paramilitary officer PETER QUINN smiles down at President Keane. Through an oxygen mask he shakes his head yes.