

UNKNOWN

Pilot / 101

"Evan Smith"

Written by

Sean Finegan

February 9, 2026

Tectonic Productions

EXT. BERLIN - NIGHT

Moving past the Brandenburg Gate, then drab Stalinist apartments, then sleek skyscrapers. A city with many faces.

Then -- VROOOOM! A BUGATTI MISTRAL revs up to a converted warehouse. Tonight's venue for a private event. More SUPERCARS outside. GUESTS examine them, as if to bid.

INT. PRIVATE EVENT - SAME

Inside, end of a packed bar, looking out through a window.

We're in **SOMEONE'S POV**, SEEING THROUGH THEIR EYES. Our reflected outline ghosts across glass. We're a man. Well built, well dressed. Lights move behind us. Hear house music.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Sir --

TURN to a BARTENDER (20s). Ambitious young man working nights.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

The woman you said to watch for,
she's waiting for you.

Bartender indicates an elegant woman in a Saint Laurent dress. **DASHA** (30s). Entering, other side of the bar. Bartender's look says he wished she was there waiting for him.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Shall I close your tab?

When we SPEAK, our voice is smooth, confident Transatlantic.

OUR VOICE

Cover everyone else's too.

The young Bartender pauses, awestruck. We hold out our jet black credit card, tap his scanner.

BARTENDER

Very kind of you, sir.
(spotting our watch)
Is that a Patek?

OUR VOICE

I'll answer the question you really want to ask: how did I get where you want to be? It wasn't hard work. But it wasn't shortcuts either. The life you want is the reward for the risks most people are afraid to take.

We slide a few hundred Euro to the stunned Bartender, cross to Dasha. Her eyes find us with heat that would melt the ice caps.

DASHA

What did you say to that young man?

OUR VOICE

The kind of thing your uncle would have said to me when I was his age.

She flashes a subtle smile.

DASHA

He's ready to see you.

OUR VOICE

Lead the way.

DASHA

Wait.

She pulls us to WHISPER ASMR-style in our ear.

DASHA (CONT'D)

I wanted to see you first.

She takes our hand. Leads us through the crowd to... a PRIVATE ROOM. GUARDS outside. They block us. One frisks, eyeballing us. The other raises a SMALL ELECTRONIC TILE.

OUR VOICE

Come on fellas, it's me.

The Guard presses the tile to our TEMPLE. Images of our BRAIN ACTIVITY tether to a tablet. Beautiful, fluctuating patterns.

GUARD

Have you told anyone that Mr. Zaytsev is here?

OUR VOICE

No.

GUARD

Are you concealing any weapons?

OUR VOICE

No.

GUARD

Is your name Roger Locke?

OUR VOICE / ROGER

Last time I checked.

Well then, our name must be **ROGER**. The Guard EXAMINES OUR BRAIN ACTIVITY, then NODS to the other. So -- *this tech was a type of LIE DETECTOR, and we just PASSED*. They wave us into --

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We enter with Dasha, find more GUARDS with **SERGEY ZAYTSEV** (50s). Saville Row suit stretched over muscle and kevlar.

His piercing eyes lock ours, don't let go. He gestures for us to sit. We do. Our hands, calm on the table. Dasha next to us.

Sergey's voice is slow, powerful. Subtle Bulgarian accent.

SERGEY

As my niece must have explained,
there are people who are my family
and can do no wrong, and then there
are people I do business with. And
then there is you. Who seems to
have arrived in both places...

Sergey lets the menace of that linger.

ROGER

You sound disappointed.

SERGEY

Sports cars? You know I can never
set foot in anything without armor
plating.

ROGER

Sergey, you're not supposed to buy
them. You are the one selling them.

(off Sergey's look)

The money from the auction goes
into a company I signed over to
your Seychelles trust. You get the
amount we agreed on, clean, and I
even paid the taxes.

As we speak, our hands slowly diagram the flow of the structure we describe with the grace of an artist.

Sergey... LAUGHS. Surprised and impressed looks all around.

SERGEY

You, Roger, have a flair for the
dramatic.

(signaling his Guards)

The case.

A Guard sets a metal case on the table. Unclamps a seal...

Inside, a FADED PHOTO. Part is burned away, scorched edge. What remains shows a GROUP OF MEN in 1980s CLOTHES standing at the BERLIN WALL. Tight camaraderie. Also a PAPERCLIP visible on the front, attaching SOMETHING to the back.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

From the Stasi Archive. Not easy to come by. Also unclear why it's worth the price you're paying.

ROGER

We both know I'll sell it for more.

SERGEY

Is that really what it's about for you, the money?

An earnest pause.

ROGER

That, and the lovely people one meets along the way.

Dasha blushes. Sergey gestures for all to rise. We do.

SERGEY

We toast, then this part is done.

Sergey moves to a well appointed BAR. Pours top shelf into shots as Dasha moves to kiss us when --

We get a CALL. Check the ID. It's a BLOCKED NUMBER. Whole room glances. Not very good etiquette...

We ANSWER without a word -- and hear a **FREQUENCY**. Just a SHORT, SIMPLE sound. Then the line goes dead...

And we are **SUCKED OUT OF THE BACK OF ROGER'S HEAD!** No longer in his POV. Now, we're behind him. Still DON'T SEE HIS FACE, but we do see expensive tailoring on his lean, athletic frame.

Very subtly, Roger appears to... CHANGE.

Posture TIGHTENS. He makes a FIST. Knuckles CRACK. He looks around the room, as if seeing it for the first time.

Subtle, but almost like he's not that same "Roger" anymore...

DASHA

... Roger?

But he IGNORES her. Sends his words to Sergey.

ROGER

You're really not gonna get behind
the wheel of one of those things?
(provoking him)
I know, I know, not bulletproof.
Must be tough, living in fear...

There's something off about the way Roger says it. Flatter.
Colder. Missing the charisma we've heard from him so far.

Tense looks all around. *Is he really challenging Sergey in
front of his own Guards?* Sergey bristles, then a chaotic GRIN
spreads over his face...

SERGEY

Get me the keys.

Sergey moves out with his Guards. Dasha shoots Roger a
worried look, then follows.

Roger waits a beat. Then TAKES THE METAL CASE and WALKS. We
stay behind him, still not seeing his face, out a door --

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Roger heads straight to an IDLING SEDAN. Trunk pops. He sets
the case inside, retrieves a large envelope. Shuts the trunk,
sedan pulls away. He moves to a PARKED DUCATI MOTORCYCLE. Rips
open the envelope as he goes. Inside, a SUPPRESSED PISTOL.

He checks the chamber, pulls on a HELMET, SPEEDS OFF.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

That same BUGATTI purrs into frame. Now Sergey at the wheel,
enjoying himself. He races out of frame -- and a second
later, ROGER TURNS OUT OF A SIDE STREET, following.

Now that he wears a helmet, we move around him as he catches
up to Sergey. Aims the menacing pistol. *About to kill Sergey!*

This is a hit.

But REVEAL: DASHA IS NEXT TO SERGEY. Seeing her, Roger
hesitates a split second... But then he OPENS UP! Rounds
STITCH the car, and would kill them both, except --

WHAM! A BLACKED-OUT BMW E30 SWERVES IN FROM THE SIDE and
SCRAPES ROGER on the Ducati. Any normal rider would fall, but
Roger regains control as -- the BMW CUTS AHEAD OF HIM --

INT. BMW - SAME

Watching Roger in the rearview, the **DRIVER** expertly steers. Shadow hides all but his GLACIER BLUE EYES, stark, unblinking, with the gravity of a man who's outlived his own soul.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - SAME

The BMW stays glued to Sergey's tail, BLOCKING Roger, whose shots shred both cars. Sergey swerves onto OBERBAUM BRIDGE --

EXT. OBERBAUMBRÜCKE - NIGHT

SCREECH! BMW STOPS. Roger SLAMS INTO IT. SOMERSAULTS OVER the roof to the hood, CRUNCHING his neck. ROLLS just in time to see the Bugatti SPEED AWAY. Slams his fist, furious, SPINS --

MAG DUMPS through the BMW windshield -- but NO ONE'S THERE.

Then, someone GRABS HIM. The DRIVER, already out. Tall, broad-shouldered figure lit in SILHOUETTE by the BMW's headlights.

They FIGHT OVER THE GUN. Both trained. Quick blows. Roger yanks for the gun -- *but the Driver catches his hand and slaps something into it: a smooth, ringed* **SKIPPING STONE**.

We see it from over Roger's shoulder. The sight of it FREEZES him, FIXATED on the odd stone. When he finally looks up --

The Driver has moved BEHIND him, and RIPS OFF the HELMET. Seen from BEHIND, Roger looks straight into a **TRAFFIC CAM**.

We still haven't seen Roger's face, but that camera just did.

DRIVER

You can't hide anymore.

The Driver shoves him forward. Roger spins, to see THE SILHOUETTE OF THE DRIVER AIMING THE GUN AT HIM --

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I know who you are. All of you.

But instead of shooting, the Driver STEPS SIDEWAYS, REVEALING HEADLIGHTS of a SPEEDING TRUCK. Roger DIVES INTO THE RIVER --

As he BREAKS THE SURFACE --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

EVAN SMITH stirs awake.

He's 30s, bit too handsome for the muted business casual clothes he fell asleep in atop the sheets of his hotel bed.

Room is cookie cutter, interchangeable. If you stay in a place like this often enough, it all starts to feel the same.

Near Evan, find a LAPTOP BAG and COMPANY QUARTER-ZIP on a chair. SOFTWARE SALES BROCHURES in a stack on the hotel desk.

He rubs his neck, sore from drifting off to sleep while reading a PAPERBACK SPY NOVEL, which is still open on his chest. Pulp title is "BETRAYAL IN BERLIN." Evan glances at the cover, which depicts a shootout on a Berlin bridge.

Wait, was that Berlin sequence a dream inspired by a novel?

Evan sighs. Sets the book on the night table. Adjusts the pillow. Turns off the reading light that was shining into his eyes, now ready to snooze. But then -- KNOCKING on the door.

HOTEL STAFF (THROUGH DOOR)
Evan Smith?

EVAN
Oh hey, no housekeeping please, I'm checking out later.

HOTEL STAFF (THROUGH DOOR)
Herr Smith, it is past checkout!

Evan hears that and sits up. Checks his phone, which shows his alarm has been going off on SILENT.

EVAN
My flight!

As he scrambles out of bed --

INT. / EXT. VARIOUS

SUPERCUT of rushed travel in SOUND-RICH, FIRST PERSON POV:

-- We race out the hotel revolving door, out to the street.

-- In the back of a cab, we're stuck in traffic.

-- At airport security, wrestle a stubborn shoelace knot.

-- In the concourse, race to our gate as the door closes.

-- In a cramped plane seat, feel the VWOOSH of takeoff.

-- Laptop on our lap, yank it out of the way just in time as our seat neighbor spills a drink. Lands on our slacks.

-- In the bathroom, use paper towels or dry our pants -- but as we reach for more, our phone falls in the toilet.

-- Scrub our phone screen at the baggage claim, when our suitcase tumbles out unzipped, clothes strewn.

-- At customs, a CBP AGENT looks between us and our passport.

CBP AGENT
Purpose of your trip was business?

EVAN
Calendar software. It's actually
interesting, it --

CBP
Next.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Elevator doors open, revealing Evan just done repacking his bag. Rolls it to his Toyota Prius, when he hears a baby cry.

Turns to see a MOM trying to soothe her INFANT in a stroller while loading a suitcase from a luggage cart into her car.

EVAN
Need a hand?

MOM
Thank you!

She lifts her baby while Evan loads her suitcase. Baby stops crying once in her arms. Evan smiles... But turns to see the empty cart has rolled off, headed straight for his Prius!

EXT. EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - DAY

Prius parked. Door, now with a nasty scratch. Evan examines it. Can't help but laugh a little to himself.

INT. BEDROOM, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - DAY

Find **JANE SMITH** (early 30s). Thoughtful eyes stare at something we don't see. Carefully, she slides it into an ENVELOPE, writes "NEXT STOP" on it. Smiles to herself, quietly excited...

Then hides it when she hears the Prius door shut outside.

INT. LIVING ROOM, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - DAY

Evan enters. Drops his bag. Hangs his jacket, when Jane steps into frame behind him. Gently wraps her arms across his chest, rests her cheek against his back.

Instantly, all weight is lifted for him. He closes his eyes, touches her hand, relaxes. All at once, all because of her.

JANE

Mmmm. You smell like airplane.

EVAN

No don't move, your chin was doing this thing for my back.

She laughs. He turns, puts his arms around her, kisses her.

JANE

You do smell like a plane though.

EVAN

I don't plan on wearing these clothes much longer.

He picks her up.

JANE

Wait, everyone's gonna be here in half an hour.

(off Evan)

We have that dinner, remember?

EVAN

All good. It'll be good to see people. I always miss these.

JANE

We'll get everyone out early...

He likes the innuendo of that.

EVAN

What's the over-under for Miles-Knows-Best?

JANE

... Let's say 9, and I take under.

INT. DINING ROOM, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - NIGHT

Evan and Jane sit with their most immediate friend group.

MILES and **CHEN** (both 30s). He's always got something to say, somehow fits perfectly with his pre-school teacher wife. **DEVON** (30s), colleague of Evan's is with **LUCY** (30s), a pastry chef.

They kick back, meal mostly done. Thelonus Monk's *Don't Blame Me* vinyl spins on a turntable.

MILES

If it was me, I'd say no.

Evan subtly flashes a count of 9 to Jane with his fingers. Jane grins. A little inside-joke game they play.

LUCY

Miles, it's a lot of money. And they'll put our donuts in stores.

MILES

I have an idea. You make an offer to buy them.

Evan victoriously raises his fingers in a 10. Jane almost bursts out laughing. He rises to change the music.

CHEN

Lucy, interest from a chain like that is a huge compliment.

MILES

All I know is I'd rather be driving my beat-up Civic to a mobile-notary appointment than be a passenger anywhere else. You sell your recipe, they own you. Next thing you know, they're calling the shots.

(turning)

You tell her, E.

Evan's fingers, running over albums to choose... stop. Suddenly unwanted attention. Jane glances at him.

DEVON

Evan's sales are keeping our company afloat, so...

MILES

(turning to Miles)

Yeah, but you coders get to have a life. The way they send him wherever at the drop of a hat, that would drive me insane...

DEVON

You already are insane...

Audio fades. Jane knows that cut, finds Evan's eyes from across the room. Hang on Evan, chord struck.

INT. EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Evan watches Jane see everyone out the front door. Hugs.

He moves to a bookshelf which holds his **PAPERBACK NOVELS**. He's about to slot in the paperback from the plane, but instead pulls out more.

On each cover a DIFFERENT MAN, engaged in some kind of action: a HACKER breaks into an electronic vault... a DOCTOR treats a warzone patient... a CHEF fights off attackers with a ginsu knife... a DIVER saws into a sunken battleship...

Evan looks from them... To a heavy **CORPORATE SALES AWARD** with his own photo on it. The contrast, clear.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Evan wears a t-shirt. Brushes his teeth, but stops to rub his neck again. It CRACKS as he stretches.

JANE (O.S.)
Ouch. What did you do?

Now in a robe, Jane has parked herself in the doorway.

EVAN
Fell asleep reading last night.

JANE
Dangerous.

EVAN
When we met, what did I want my life to be?

JANE
The right answer is married to me.
(beat)
Evan, no one loves their job. I wrote myself a letter in high school about what I'd be doing now. Exactly 0% of it happened... But I love what did happen.

She touches his neck, then kisses it. He loves her arms around him, but something's still bothering him.

EVAN

That's the thing. If this was my life I'd love it. But it's not.

(off her)

You and I haven't had a full week together for a year. My bonus got us the lake house, but I spend most of my time in hotel rooms that all look the same. At work, Brian keeps saying one more sale and I can stop traveling so much... I keep pretending I believe him...

Jane nestles her head on his shoulder. Something in her eyes.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I just don't want to wake up in ten years with all these airline miles and cheesy paperbacks and feel like I missed out on our life together.

JANE

... Come to bed.

She moves out of the room. He stares in the mirror one more moment, frustrated with himself, then turns towards...

EVAN

Hey, I didn't mean --

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan pauses. The room has transformed. The lights are now DIM and there's a covered CASSOULET DISH on the bed.

He moves towards this object that has so suddenly become strange and almost frightening... touches it.

Motion makes him look up. Jane is across the bed, intense. He starts towards her but she stops him, she nods to the cassoulet. She wants him to open it.

Slowly, he does. Inside, he finds the ENVELOPE we saw her sealing in the car. She holds back a smile. He opens the envelope, his heart pounding.

Finds an **ULTRASOUND**. Evan looks up at her, emotion welling as she takes his hand and guides the ultrasound to her belly.

JANE

Our life is just getting started.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

HANDS shove a WOMAN'S HEAD toward us into a trough of water. She's 20s, wearing a soldier's uniform. Cuts and bruises. Her eyes go WIDE as she fights back. But as bubbles escape, she fights LESS. And LESS. Then, her eyes ROLL. She's DYING --

HISHAM (O.S.)

Sam! SAM!

INT. FBI GYM POOL - NIGHT

SAMANTHA DREXLER breaks the surface. Goes by **SAM**. Same woman, same resilient eyes, but no bruises. Now wearing a swimsuit and a few years older (30s), with a USMC TATTOO on her back. AGENT **HISHAM ABBAS** (40s) looks at her from the pool edge.

HISHAM

What the hell Sam? You were underwater since I walked in.

SAM

I'm fine, Hisham. What is it?

She breathes heavy enough to suggest she's not fine.

HISHAM

German Federal Police just asked for help with something that happened in Berlin last night.

SAM

Give it to one of the new guys.

HISHAM

It's something you'll want to see.

From Hisham's look, Sam senses he's referring to SOMETHING THEY'VE DISCUSSED BEFORE.

HISHAM (CONT'D)

... Yeah. That something.

Sam immediately jumps out of the pool.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

A pleasant office park shared by white collar companies. Grass and benches outside.

Evan coasts his bicycle in, locks it in bike parking. He looks up at one of the nondescript buildings, then glances at the ultrasound. Then he tucks it safely in his pocket.

INT. EVAN'S WORKPLACE - DAY

3rd floor view of the outside. Glass offices around a bullpen of desks. A sign reads "*Primary Productivity Solutions.*"

Evan enters, nods "hello" to a few co-workers, spots Devon (from dinner) working on some marketing graphics. They exchange head-nods before Evan reaches his boss' door.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Evan pokes his head in. Knocks. TURN to see: **BRIAN**. 40s. Charming. Seated at his desk, reading files on a screen.

EVAN

Hey Brian, got a minute?

BRIAN

Evan! Come on in. Take a seat.

Evan sits.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Nice job in Berlin. I know it was short notice, but that client was worth the trip. And don't unpack just yet, that deal opened the door for something even bigger.

EVAN

About that... Brian. We're ahead of every projection...

BRIAN

Crushing it.

EVAN

Feels like the perfect time to revisit what we talked about. I could stop hitting the road so much. Stick around here.

Brian, with some corporate jiu jitsu.

BRIAN

Evan... part of why you're crushing it is you're the guy who --

EVAN
Hops on a plane, brings back a sale.
But, that can't be me anymore.

Brian hears that oddly.

BRIAN
Then, who are you?

As Evan considers what to say, Brian leans back and eyes him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Evan... you see the news. Jobs
aren't exactly falling off trees.
You have a good thing going. The
company needs you. But if all of a
sudden, you decide you're not the
guy the company needs...

Evan hears that. Brian lets it hang.

KNOCK. Brian's ASSISTANT walks in, shows Brian an iPad.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Gotta deal with something. Let's
finish this later -- and like I
said, don't unpack yet.
(off Evan)
Berlin opened the door to a client
in Prague. It'd be a gamechanger...
If you're still the guy who can hop
on a plane and bring back a sale.

Brian starts working with his Assistant. Evan rises... Exits.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

People come and go. Evan sits on a bench. Thinking. Looks at the building. *Maybe Brian's right, he should play it safe...*

But then he pulls out the ULTRASOUND. Looks. Somehow the sight of that tiny, blurry dot makes everything clear.

He takes out his phone. Dials. Jane answers.

JANE (OVER PHONE)
Hey.

EVAN
The lake house. You're having fun,
right? Working on it together?

JANE (OVER PHONE)
The together part.

EVAN
The cabinet business thing... What
if we made a go of it?

He can hear her wheels turning. She knows him.

JANE (OVER PHONE)
Are you... about to quit your job?

EVAN
I think so. Well, I don't really
know what I think...
(looking at ultrasound)
But I know what I feel.

On Evan, waiting for what she says...

JANE (OVER PHONE)
I know we can make anything work. I
love you. Go get em.

EVAN
Love you too.

Evan stands. Starts marching back in to confront Brian.

But suddenly VROOOOM! **BLACK SUVS SCREECH UP!** Bystanders
scatter as SWAT OPERATORS JUMP OUT! Guns up.

Evan's in awe. He's never seen this in real life. He can't
help but wonder -- who are they after?

SWAT OPERATOR
Let me see your hands! Now!!!

A SWAT Operator TACKLES... **EVAN!**

Other Operators pile on, causing him to LOSE GRIP OF THE
ULTRASOUND. He strains for it, but it BLOWS AWAY...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Evan sits. Cuffed. Freaked out. This is unbelievably strange.

SAM enters. Now wearing a blazer and jeans. She opens a
laptop, then looks up at Evan a long moment, seeing him.

SAM
My name is Special Agent Sam
Drexler, FBI.

EVAN
Okay... Um, I don't understand --

SAM
Roger Locke... Vlado Katchayev...
Anthony Cutinelli. Otto Malone.
What do these names mean to you?

She stares back evenly. Evan's a bit intimidated.

EVAN
I -- nothing. I don't know those
people.

Sam gestures at her screen which tethers with screens in the room. VIDEO OF THE BERLIN CHASE plays on the screens. This is SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE that's been STITCHED TOGETHER.

SAM
36 hours ago, someone tried to kill
Sergey Zaytsev...

Sam pulls up a SUPERIMPOSED FILE PHOTO OF SERGEY.

SAM (CONT'D)
... an extremely well guarded arms
dealer who no law enforcement
agency in the world has ever been
able to find.

ON SCREEN: *the man we knew as Roger fires from the motorcycle
-- Bugatti swerves -- and the mysterious BMW keeps pace.*

SAM (CONT'D)
And yet, someone found him. In
Berlin. Managed to separate him
from his guards, very nearly put a
bullet in his head.

She PAUSES the video on the BRIDGE.

EVAN
What does that have to do with me?

SAM
You were in Berlin.

Wait, does she mean what he thinks she means? He laughs.

EVAN
I sell B2B productivity software...
You really think I did that?

Sam's silence says, "Yes." *Seriously?*

EVAN (CONT'D)
Usually I miss the bus. Or get the
wrong airplane meal. But this...

He trails off, feeling through-the-looking-glass. Sam betrays
no sympathy, just hits PLAY on the video again:

*Roger SLAMS into the back of the BMW. FLIES over the roof as
the Bugatti gets away. MAG-DUMPS into the BMW, until its tall,
rugged DRIVER yanks him away and they fight over the gun.*

SAM
Who is that man?

Evan doesn't know, so he can't answer. Just keeps watching.

*Roger and the Driver fight with quick, expert blows until the
Driver shoves what we know was the SKIPPING STONE into Roger's
hand. Roger FREEZES. It looks even stranger from this angle.*

SAM (CONT'D)
Right there. What did he hand you?

EVAN
I don't know, because that's not me!

*And while Roger is frozen -- the Driver grabs him, POINTS him
RIGHT AT THE SECURITY CAMERA, as if the Driver KNOWS where it
is, and RIPS OFF THE MORORCYCLE HELMET --*

We **FINALLY SEE ROGER'S FACE** on-screen.

And it is very clearly **EVAN**.

Eyes glued to his own face on screen, Evan pauses. Stunned.

EVAN (CONT'D)
This is a mistake...

Sam just watches him. It sinks in for him, she's serious.
Adrenaline starts pumping. This is really happening.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Someone made that... It has to be a
deepfake... That's NOT ME!

Real, genuine disbelief. A loaded beat, interrupted when --

HISHAM bursts in, whispering quick and fast to Sam. Evan
clocks his wedding ring --

EVAN (CONT'D)
Hey, sir. My wife's gotta be
worried about me. Can I call her?
(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)
(then, pointed)
She's also a lawyer.

They ignore him. Sam nods to whatever Hisham says. She turns back to Evan, accelerating with new urgency.

SAM
Sergey Zaytsev's a dealer, not a
state actor. What did he sell you?

EVAN
I don't know that person!

SAM
You're going to Prague next. What
are your orders there?

EVAN
What are you talking about?

SAM
Why did Section 15 want Zaytsev
dead?

EVAN
Section-what?

Just then, door buzzes. A mid-40s MAN in a crisp, expensive suit walks in. Nods to Evan, who doesn't recognize him at all.

MAN
Don't say anything else, Evan.
(to Sam and Hisham)
Tom Fairbanks from Tudor Wilsdorf.
I represent Mr. Smith.

EVAN
... You do?

TOM stays focused on Sam and Hisham.

TOM
This is clearly a mixup. Don't
believe him? He'll prove it to you.

Hisham turns to Sam, like -- *really?* Sam doesn't react. She turns to Evan, who's struggling to keep up. OFF Sam --

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Silent. Evan and Tom sit, waiting.

EVAN
(whispering)
Who are you?

Tom raises his hand to quiet Evan -- as the door opens and **CARLOS ESPARZA** enters. 50s, with a styled beard and an ornate neck tattoo that pokes out over a cardigan.

CARLOS
My name is Dr. Carlos Esparza.
I'll be administering the exam.

On the table, he sets a messenger bag, adorned with various Phish, Grateful Dead, and third eye patches.

TOM
Doctor of what, exactly?

From Evan, we PUSH past Carlos, THROUGH the mirror, into --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Sam watches intently. Hisham uneasily looks at Carlos.

HISHAM
Why aren't we using one of our own technicians?

SAM
Carlos knows what to look for.

Sam is clearly holding back. But what, and why?

HISHAM
What kind of lawyer wants to put their client on a lie detector?
(off Sam)
We have the guy on video, Sam. Dead to rights. Why are we doing this?

SAM
I need you to trust me.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: a SMALL ELECTRONIC TILE. Carlos gently presses it to Evan's temple, like the Guard in the opening did to Roger.

CARLOS
I take it you've never done one of these before. Otherwise you wouldn't have agreed to it.

Carlos taps a key. Evan's BRAIN ACTIVITY floods onto screens Carlos has set up, a different readout on each. We're surrounded by it, almost like we're INSIDE Evan's brain.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

People lie all the time. Society would collapse without it. But it's exhausting, man. You want to know the definition of freedom? Not being able to lie.

Evan settles his jitters. Looks at Carlos.

EVAN

Let's just get on with it.

CARLOS

Is your name Evan Smith?

EVAN

Yes.

The BRAIN SCAN pulsates on-screen. Carlos tags a few markers.

CARLOS

Were you recently in Berlin?

EVAN

Yes.

CARLOS

(in Russian)

Do you think life is beautiful?

EVAN

I don't speak... whatever that is.

Tom gestures, annoyed, to the two-way mirror. Carlos smiles.

CARLOS

I'm just calibrating the system.

(then, more serious)

Did you try to kill Sergey Zaytsev?

The change in tone throws Evan a little, but --

EVAN

No.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Sam and Hisham turn as FBI A-SAC **LAUREN FUJITA** (50s, Sam's boss, firmly in charge) enters the room.

HISHAM

Lauren --

Lauren's look silences him. Her eyes settle on Sam.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

Carlos looks at the screens, then Evan.

CARLOS

Those names. Roger, Vlado, I think there was an Anthony in there. You do know who they are, don't you?

EVAN

No.

Carlos points to the FREEZE-FRAME of Evan on the bridge.

CARLOS

That's you in this video.
(before Evan can reply)
Come on, that's obviously you. Look at him. Who else is that?

EVAN

It's not me.

CARLOS

Tell me something, Evan. How is that possible?

EVAN

I don't know.

Carlos studies the brain activity. His face doesn't give anything away. Then he turns to the glass with a look that says, "He's telling the truth." CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: CUFFS UNLOCK. Hisham frees Evan, who looks at Sam.

EVAN

I --

TOM

Don't say anything else.

EVAN

I hope you find your guy.

Sam just watches Evan, who follows Tom out. Lauren stares at the empty chair. Hisham shifts, uneasy...

HISHAM

We had a solid lead --

LAUREN

Your suspect just passed your own lie detector. And do you have any idea who that lawyer's connected to? The calls I got, in the past ten minutes?

(re: Carlos)

And who is this?

CARLOS

Am I supposed to answer that?

HISHAM

I forgot to check his credentials --

SAM

(looking at Lauren)

No. Carlos is not an FBI-certified examiner. It was my call.

The way that lands with Hisham and Lauren, it's a big deal.

LAUREN

Please explain why you just destroyed a ten year career in one afternoon.

Sam looks away.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Go home, Sam. Come back tomorrow with answers, or don't come back.

Lauren shakes her head and walks out. Hisham looks at Sam, then follows after Lauren. A beat. Just Sam and Carlos...

And then, Sam's demeanor CHANGES... To one of ANTICIPATION. We realize: everything she just did was for this moment.

SAM

Did you get it?

Carlos turns to a SCREEN, where Evan's BRAIN-SCAN plays.

SAM (CONT'D)

Is it him?

As Carlos locks eyes with her --

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Tom walks into the parking lot. Evan catches up.

EVAN
Hey, who hired you?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Evan. Hey. Let's talk.

Evan sees: BRIAN. Waiting by a car. Evan doesn't understand.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - DAY

Brian drives. Evan looks at him, still surprised.

EVAN
I swear, I have no idea what --

BRIAN
You don't need to explain. I believe you.

Evan sits back. Thinking out loud.

EVAN
It looked just like me...

BRIAN
That's a party trick these days. A kid could do that on their phone.
(off Evan)
Look, software's a cutthroat business. Corporate's up to bat on some big things. This could be someone trying to discredit us.

Brian stops in front of Evan's house.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Get some sleep, then we'll figure it out. The company's got your back on this. So do I.

EVAN
... Thanks.

BRIAN
One thing, though. Don't... tell anyone. Not even Jane.

EVAN
She's my wife --

BRIAN

Yeah kinda all the more reason you
don't want her dragged into this.
Not until we know more.
(beat)
You promise?

Evan shakes his head. Weirdest day ever. But...

EVAN

... Okay.

Brian smiles, but he's clear: "*Don't talk.*"

INT. KITCHEN, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - DAY

Through a window, Evan watches Brian pull away. Steps back, things sinking in. Crosses to the sink. Turns it on. It runs.

He doesn't move, lost in thought. He turns it off. Slowly "dries" his hands without realizing he didn't wash them.

Wanders to the counter. Sees mail. Starts sorting it with his hands as his gaze drifts... Suddenly, nausea. He runs --

Track him to the bathroom, where he runs in and we hear him heave. We stay outside, steady, as he pushes himself up. Dizzy. Stabilizes himself against the sink.

INT. BATHROOM, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

In a continuous shot, join him in there now. He wipes sweat off his forehead, WINCES. He just TWEAKED his sensitive NECK.

Wait... His neck?

His eyes dart to the mirror, hand frozen on his neck.

FLASH TO: *the FOOTAGE SAM PLAYED; Roger SLAMS into the BMW.*

Eyes locked on the mirror, Evan's breathing hastens. He STRAINS, testing his neck against the pain. CRACK.

FLASH TO: *Roger tumbles over the hood, neck BENDING.*

Eyes WIDE now, Evan's heart beats faster. He takes his hand off his neck, looks at his knuckles. SLIGHTLY rough.

FLASH TO: *Roger and the Driver fight with quick, expert blows.*

Evan struggles to hold his hand still. He backs up, still staring at it...

INT. EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

... Out of the bathroom, through the kitchen -- turns --

Shelves of PAPERBACKS now in view. Follow him to them. He runs a quaking hand over the dogeared novels. Stops on the most recent: "BETRAYAL IN BERLIN."

On its cover, the vivid shootout. Specifically, a helmeted motorcycle rider shoots at a sports car on a bridge.

What... The...

RING! It's his phone. Jane. He answers.

JANE (OVER PHONE)
Did you do it?

Evan's heart skips a beat.

EVAN
What did you say?

JANE (OVER PHONE)
Did you quit? Or give notice, or --

EVAN
(mind running)
Where are you?

JANE (OVER PHONE)
On the way home. When are you coming back?

EVAN
I'm here.

JANE (OVER PHONE)
Already? Did they make you leave?
(off his silence)
Wait, Evan is everything okay?

Before he can reply, Evan hears a CLICK.

EVAN
Did you hear that?

JANE (OVER PHONE)
What?

EVAN
That click --
(hears it again)
There, that.

JANE (OVER PHONE)

Um...

He hears it once again. Looks at his phone.

EVAN

I'll see you when you get here. I
love you.

EXT. EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - DAY

Front door. Jane approaches with her keys, reaches for the lock, when -- door opens. Evan guides her in, looks out behind her, shuts the door behind her. We hear it lock.

INT. LIVING ROOM, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - SAME

Jane clocks Evan's strange behavior. He's already moving off to the window, looking out through the blinds.

JANE

So, are we feeling good, or am I
sensing some anxiety, or...

Evan eyes a LANDSCAPER across the street. The Landscaper packs up hedge clippers. Evan watches carefully.

EVAN

Did Miles get a new landscaper?

JANE

Evan, what is going on?

EVAN

I need to tell you something.

JANE

Okay...

His eyes drift outside again, uncomfortable.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The Landscaper shuts the back door of his van. Some DUCT TAPE on the latch. Walks up front, past a ROLL-ON MAGNETIC SIGN on the side panel that says HEDGE WIZARD. Hops in, drives off.

INT. LIVING ROOM, EVAN AND JANE'S HOME - SAME

Evan turns to Jane -- when out of the corner of his eye, he spots an OLDER WOMAN messing with what looks like a Starlink dish on her porch. She aims it around... Taps it...

He tries to get a better look. *Could she be listening to him?* Then as he watches, she TURNS toward him. He ducks back.

JANE

Evan...?

He looks at Jane, then alerts to the sound of MOVEMENT on the other side of the front door. Quickly opens it --

And finds himself standing face to face with a man with his cell phone camera aimed, taking a photo.

EVAN

What do you think you're doing?

The man gestures... to a PACKAGE on the porch below them. He's a DELIVERY MAN, that's what he was taking a photo of.

DELIVERY MAN

They make us take photos now.

Delivery Man turns and goes.

Evan grabs the package, slams the door. Tears open the wrapping. Inside, SOCKS. Evan rifles through them.

JANE

What are you doing to my socks?

Evan thinks.

EVAN

Let's go somewhere.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Farmhouse outside the city. Many acres. No neighbors. Barn nearby. A car pulls up. Sam gets out, phone to her ear.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Sam walks in, still on the phone. Shuts the door.

SAM

Did she say anything else?

INT. HISHAM'S CAR - DAY

Parked in the FBI lot, Hisham speaks covertly on his cell.

HISHAM

Yeah, no one should call you,
especially not me. That's why I'm
in the parking lot despite having
to pee very badly.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SAM'S HOUSE - INTERCUTTING

Sam crosses old floorboards. Photos of YOUNG SAM with her PARENTS hang on the walls, but nothing new's been hung for a while. She might live here, but someone else made it a home.

SAM

I owe you.

HISHAM

You owe me the truth.

SAM

(shrugging)

I read too much into the German
police report, I jumped the gun.

HISHAM

You don't make mistakes, Sam. And
that's not a compliment, you're
weird as hell but in a never miss a
beat kind of way. And then one day
I walk in with a lead on the one
man you've been looking for since
I've known you, and two hours later
you're pressing him with some
random guy who looks like he
started dropping acid in the 80s
and never stopped.

Hisham quiets himself as some people walk by.

In the house, Sam sighs, descends creaky stairs into...

INT. BASEMENT, SAM'S HOUSE - SAME

Now in the dark. The lighting tracks how she feels.

SAM

What do you want me to say?

HISHAM
Whatever it is you're hiding.

SAM
You know as much as I do.

HISHAM
You know I'm a better partner than
you deserve. But were you were
there for me when... I just hope
Lauren believes you.

Hisham hangs up. We stay with Sam, who pauses in dark silhouette, the only light coming from upstairs.

Then, CLICK. She flips on the basement lights, revealing...

MURDERBOARDS with PHOTOS, MAPS, CLIPPINGS, and CHARTS.
Together, YEARS of an INVESTIGATION -- and not an official
one. This is secret, private, personal.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS are linked to different COUNTRIES. Feels
like there's a real bodycount to whatever this is.

Spot the NAMES Sam mentioned before. ROGER, VLADO, ANTHONY,
OTTO. Along with OTHERS. GERARD, KIERAN, DAVIS, and MORE.

Each name is over a printout of a BLANK FACE.

And together, through a near-infinite web of global crimes,
they all connect to ONCE CENTRAL MURDER. Photos of a BODY
WITH A SHEET OVER IT... In what looks like **THIS HOUSE**.

There's a blank face printout for this one, too. But Sam
tears off this central blank face, sets it aside...

And in its place, pins a photo of EVAN. MATCH TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan's face in the side mirror of Jane's Ford Edge. Nervous
eyes look side to side. Then he swings the door open. We turn
with it, revealing a view of a dark, remote lake cabin.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan walks in with Jane. Shuts the door, looks around similar
to how he did back at his house. We spot construction tools,
dust covers on minimal furniture, in-progress cabinetry.

JANE
We're doing the look-around thing
here, too? Did you lose something?

Evan stops looking around, slowly moves to her.

EVAN
Today...

JANE
I get it. You're about to be a dad.
And you're gonna be a great dad,
because you know who you are. If
you thought that job wasn't for
you, you had to quit --

EVAN
I didn't.

JANE
... What?

EVAN
Today... Something else happened.
Something I don't understand, but...

JANE
What? Evan, tell me. Please.

Evan searches for words. Takes a deep breath to speak, when --

Jane SCREAMS. LOUD, TERRIFIED.

Looking PAST Evan -- who TURNS and sees --

A DARK FIGURE in the window.

BANG! Across the room, the door FLIES OPEN. Several MEN storm
in. Rough, armed, clad in black.

Two go for Jane. Evan grabs one of them, but a third PISTOL
WHIPS him in the ribs. Evan tumbles, truly shocking pain.

Jane, screaming. A man drags her OUT of the room.

Head ringing, Evan crawls after her. Two men stomp the wind
out of him. Yank him up by the hair, cruel, violent.

EVAN
NO! I DIDN'T TELL HER --

SERGEY (O.S.)
Tell her what?

Turn to see SERGEY in the doorway.

SERGEY (CONT'D)
Hello Roger.

On Evan, realizing --

FLASH TO: *Sam's image of Sergey on her screen.*

Evan's heart POUNDS. Sergey enters, SHUTS THE DOOR. MATCH TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

AR-15 bolt SLAMS FORWARD. Sam takes her thumb off the bolt release. Just chambered a round. She looks out her window...

Revealing Evan's suburban home. Look in her eye says she's about to do something she's not supposed to -- but also that she thinks he's in there. We know he's not.

Her phone vibrates. Hisham. She declines the call. Pulls up her HOOD. Hisham calls again. Sam thinks, answers this time.

SAM
I told you, I --

HISHAM
Why the hell did a red light camera
on Route 29 just pick up facial-rec
on Sergey friggin Zaytsev?

Sam realizes... Stows her rifle, starts her engine.

SAM
Evan Smith has a lake house out
there -- get me the address!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Breathing. Find Jane, edge of the forest. Blindfolded, hands zip-tied around a slim tree. One of Sergey's men guards her.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan, zip-tied to a wooden chair. At the kitchen table. Three armed men linger nearby. Hear scraping, dragging. Slow. Draws near. Sergey appears across the table, drags a chair. Sits.

EVAN
Let her go.

SERGEY

Your voice is so... different. My niece loved you, Roger.

EVAN

I'm not him. Roger. That's not me!

Sergey looks around.

SERGEY

Is this another... operation? In our time together, you were so capable. People lie; you could lie; but I never thought you were the lie.

(examining a framed photo)

Here, you call yourself Evan Smith.

EVAN

That's my name!

SERGEY

Is this what you tell her, outside?

(then)

Who does she bring you close to? Or is she the target herself?

EVAN

She's my wife!

SERGEY

Maybe she is, maybe you say this so I will kill her for you.

Sergey draws a long, narrow dagger.

EVAN

No! I'm telling you the truth!

Sergey takes out one of those lie detector tiles.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Yes! Use that!

Sergey smashes it with the pommel of the dagger.

SERGEY

That failed me in Berlin. It's useless to me now. You don't want to be useless. Why did you want what I sold you?

EVAN

I don't know what you --

In a flash Sergey is up, gripping Evan by the collar, dagger to the throat. If Sergey or Evan even breathe, it's over.

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Sam speeds, racing against time.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sergey's dagger draws a razor-drop of blood.

SERGEY

Why did you try to kill me?

EVAN

That was not me! I swear!

Sergey kicks out the leg of Evan's chair. Evan hits the wood floor, rolls. Sergey is right back on him with the dagger.

SERGEY

Are you working with Section 15?

EVAN

(familiar)

Section...

FLASH TO: Sam's line, "Why does Section 15 want Zaytsev dead?"

Evan's eyes light up.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wait! I know that name! Let my wife go, let me help you.

Sergey PAUSES. Looks into Evan's eyes. Calculating.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I sell software. I travel. I think someone used my identity, my face --

Sergey moves tightens his grip again.

EVAN (CONT'D)

An FBI agent! She told me your name, she said that name too, Section 15. You want them, so does she. I just want my life back!

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Almost there, Sam sees flashing lights ahead. A train crossing underway! She SLAMS THE BRAKES, stops just in time. Bangs the steering wheel as the passing train blocks her.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sergey eyes Evan carefully. A lifetime of experience, danger, betrayal all combining to judge Evan's truth.

Sergey... releases him. Still kneeling over him. But at least Evan can breathe again. He lets out a sigh of relief. Hope...

But then Sergey pauses. SEEING something. He TRACES part of the floor with his fingers.

Suddenly Sergey RAISES THE DAGGER. Lightning fast, PLUNGES IT PAST EVAN'S FACE -- into a CRACK in the FLOOR.

Evan has no idea what's happening -- when suddenly, the floorboards SNAP OPEN, revealing a HIDDEN UNDERGROUND SAFE.

Light shines from a RETINA SCANNER. Sergey grabs Evan by his hair, slams his up up to it. With a scan of Evan's EYE --

THE SAFE CLICKS OPEN right in front of Evan's FACE. Now he's looking at CASH. GUNS. PASSPORTS. TECH GEAR.

Sergey's men KICK Evan aside. He wheezes -- as Sergey reaches past him to the passports. Flips through them one by one.

SERGEY

Davis. Vlado. Otto. Anthony...

Each shows EVAN'S PHOTO with **DIFFERENT NAMES**.

INT. SAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Sam's car is still blocked by the train.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sergey stops on one particular passport.

SERGEY

Roger... Locke...

(cold)

Enough lies. Shoot him, and the girl.

EVAN

NOOO!

Evan, dead to rights, two men over him aiming PISTOLS --

When CRASH! A **SKIPPING STONE** smashes in through a window. SKITTERS across wood. STOPS in front of Evan's face.

He FREEZES at the sight of it. We RACK on him, PUSH THROUGH HIS HEAD, SLAMMING TO --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEITHER DAY NOR NIGHT

Evan sits up. Same muted business casual clothes. He fell asleep atop the still-made sheets of his hotel bed. Another generic, interchangeable room. Could be anywhere.

Find a PAPERBACK, still open on his chest. Except it's BLANK. Absolutely, totally blank cover. Blank pages. *What?*

He jumps up, stumbles to the door. Locked, from the outside. Thinking, he darts to the window. Yanks curtains aside --

But through the glass, NOTHING. Not day or night. No landscapes. No buildings. Just a black, empty **VOID**.

EVAN

What the...

Evan brings his hand to the glass, touches it. From the other side the glass, we hear MUFFLED NOISE. Very SLOW. Like VOICES, BANGS, CRASHES that have been MASSIVELY SLOWED.

*More on **WHAT** this place is later...*

For now, Evan steps back in disbelief --

When **VOICES** seem to ECHO from here and there. Through VENTS or the DOOR CRACKS into the hotel's ADJOINING ROOMS.

Evan looks all around. At each source of the sound, snippets of DIFFERENT LANGUAGES, as if DIFFERENT PEOPLE are in the rooms all around him. He approaches an adjoining door. Puts an ear to it --

INT. CASINO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Evan convulses, seated at a blackjack table. In his same clothes, out of place here. No one seems to care. He looks at his cards, a bust. DEALER takes a massive chunk of his chips.

DASHA (O.S.)

You have very striking eyes.

He turns to see **DASHA**, a few seats away. She hauls in chips after winning her hand. Frame moves to her, loses Evan.

DASHA (CONT'D)

If only you were a better player.

Camera moves back to Evan, but now, he's different. DESIGNER CLOTHES, STYLED HAIR. This isn't Evan anymore. It's **ROGER**. He looks at her a beat, getting a sense of her.

ROGER

I'm not playing. I own this place.

DASHA

(realizing, quietly)

You're washing money...

ROGER

(looking into her eyes)

You're counting cards... Which means I just paid for your drink...

She bites her lip a little. Roger has serious rizz.

DASHA

... Dasha.

ROGER

Nice to meet you, Dasha. I'm Roger.
Roger Locke. Cheers.

Lose him as we move to her again. She raises her glass. As we move back to him -- he's Evan again, dressed in Evan-clothes.

Evan is reliving a memory that belongs to "Roger Locke." Evan can't affect it, he's just along for the ride.

Evan looks alien, out of place, as if watching "himself" as the moment unfolds around him. On his raised glass, MATCH TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Close on a sweaty shirtless Evan taking a swig from a cheap nasty vodka bottle, then dumping the rest on his face. Shakes it off. Stretches his arms, shoulders loose. Meet **VLADO**.

He's in a makeshift fighting pit, three guys across from him. Rough crowd roars all around, betting hard, smoking harder.

Frame moves, leaving Vlado, to find a NIGERIAN NUN shouting corner advice, slapping his cheek to keep him alert.

NUN

Vlado! You need to hurry up, your patient just went into labor!

Frame finds EVAN in Evan-clothes hearing this.

EVAN

What?!

DING! Next round starts. The three guys approach Evan, ready to rip him apart.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Get me out of here!

As he dodges a blow, whip to the group of Nuns shouting and waving, then frame moves back to find VLADO in Evan's place.

In one smooth motion, Vlado slips a punch, armbars one guy, headbutts another, wheelkicks the last. Frame loses Vlado as we track all guys fall, then we find EVAN again, stunned.

Turn to one of the groaning fallen guys.

GROANING FIGHTER

My bloody shoulder's out!

Turn again to find VLADO in frame. He hands cash winnings to the Nuns, then pulls on a DOCTORS WITHOUT BORDERS shirt.

VLADO

(heavy Russian accent)

It is okay, I am a doctor.

As Vlado reaches to help the fighter, MATCH TO:

INT. VAULT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Close on a focused, mustachioed version of Evan listening to a stethoscope, its bell off-screen. Meet **OTTO**.

OTTO

Very unhealthy. Listen to that...
clogged up, years of neglect.

He moves the bell around off-screen.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Gotta put him out of his misery.

Track Otto's hand on his ear, allowing him to listen closely. We lose his face in frame. When we move back, it's EVAN.

EVAN
You mean kill someone?!

VROOOOOM! A DRILL WHIRS UP! Evan's eyes wide -- as frame moves to find a SCARY, DIAMOND-BIT DRILL! Frame moves back to find OTTO again, guiding the drill into -- a SAFE COMBO LOCK.

Thankfully Otto is a safecracker, not a doctor. On the deafening revving as the drill bites into metal, MATCH TO:

INT. GETAWAY CAR, MOVING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Engine SCREAMING, crescendo of Nessun Dorma BLASTING. Find Evan behind the wheel of a speeding Fiat 500, packed with three other PASSENGERS, all ARMED and wearing SKI MASKS.

The passengers SHOUT in ITALIAN, arguing over the music. Switch from OPERA to ABBA, then HOUSE, then CLASSICAL.

EVAN
Where are we?! What are you saying?

SIRENS chase them. Bricks of EUROS tumble. We TRACK one brick, our frame leaving Evan's face, seeing his hand SHIFT --

Then back to up to meet the **ANTHONY** version of Evan. Intense, passionate, and extremely far-sighted in Coke-bottle glasses. Also deep in the argument, SHOUTING in RAPID-FIRE ITALIAN.

More music-switches. Tempers hot. A passenger waves a gun.

Frame circles again, finding EVAN back in the driver's seat. Freaks out at the sight of the gun.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Point that somewhere else!

Rotate again, past shouting passengers, re-locating ANTHONY. He berates, voice booming, bangs the dash, gestures finality.

PASSENGER 1
(conceding)
Bene, bene!

PASSENGER 2
Bene?

PASSENGER 3
Bene.

ANTHONY
Va bene!

Anthony switches to COUNTRY MUSIC, does a parking break spin, loses the cops, and roars off at neckbreaking speed. SLAM TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEITHER DAY NOR NIGHT

Evan STUMBLES. Feels like voices and sounds echo from everywhere. Maddening, cacophonous. Loses his balance, falls.

Hits the floor, about to rise, when he hears a DIFFERENT SOUND from below. VIOLENCE. DEATH. SCREAMING!

ANGLE THROUGH THE FLOOR VENT up at Evan -- MATCH TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A MAN WITH A RIFLE SCREAMS as his FACE is pressed up against a FENCE. Reveal Evan in Evan-clothes is STRANGLING him.

Frame shifts as the man tries to fire a shot, but when camera returns, Evan is now wearing TACTICAL GEAR. Has COLD, EMPTY, SHARK EYES of a DIFFERENT IDENTITY, NOTHING LIKE THE OTHERS. We'll call this one **THE ASSASSIN**. People deserve names, but this monster doesn't feel human.

Frame moves back to the man, then back to Evan as CRUNCH! Screaming stops. Evan realizes he just killed this man.

INT. SHANGHAI PENTHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Assassin slams a guy's head through a window -- MATCH TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Assassin shoots Sergey's car, breaking glass -- **MATCH TO:**

INT. / EXT. VARIOUS (FLASHBACK)

More and more. Cuts, faster. Violence, more brutal. MATCH TO:

EXT. LAKE (FLASHBACK)

We're at a quiet RIVER. Very different, WARM, ETHEREAL LIGHT. It's calm. Safe. A special place...

We see a **YOUNG BOY** (7) searching for something on the riverbank. Turns, raising a **PERFECT SKIPPING STONE**.

YOUNG BOY

Dad!

We're behind a **MAN'S HEAD** as he turns to the Boy. *Is that Evan?! Is this boy Evan's SON?!* The Man reaches to the Boy --

EXT. OBERBAUMBRÜCKE - NIGHT

We're back in that opening sequence, when the man who'd been Roger, but after the call became the Assassin, is staring at a SIMILAR SKIPPING STONE out in the middle of the bridge.

DRIVER (O.S.)

You can't hide anymore.

The Assassin spins, to see THE SILHOUETTE OF THE DRIVER AIMING THE GUN AT HIM --

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I know who you are. All of you.

Suddenly, the ROAR OF GUNFIRE, but not from this memory or any other. We realize the GUNFIRE is happening --

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

RIGHT BY EVAN'S FACE. His eyes SLAM OPEN, back in the moment with Sergey's men, expecting to have been shot --

But instead, Evan sees the gun is going off NEXT to him, aimed safely upward. Somehow Evan is now STANDING, his left arm in the midst of a complex JIU JITSU DISARM, TORQUING THE SHOOTER'S UPPER BODY IN A PRETZEL. CRUNCH! SHOOTER'S ELBOW SNAPS. Shooting STOPS, replaced by SCREAMING. *How did Evan do that?*

Before he can process the question, he TURNS -- to see his RIGHT THUMB IS GOUGING ANOTHER ATTACKER'S EYE!

Evan YANKS it out. The man stumbles back, covering his injury. *Evan just woke up in the fight of his life, and somehow he's winning!* In disbelief, Evan turns again --

To see Sergey -- wide-eyed, on the floor, clutching his THIGH, into which his own DAGGER has been PLUNGED.

Sergey looks at Evan with genuine terror.

SERGEY

Who are you?!

Both of their eyes snap to the dropped pistol, EQUIDISTANT between them. Sergey REACHES, will be first to it --

But Evan hears a CRICK-CRACK -- and sees his own hands have somehow just rolled into hard, tight FISTS.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Unable to see, Jane alerts to commotion from the house.

A HAND GRABS HER.

Pulls off the blindfold. It's Sam, with her rifle.

SAM

You're safe. Who did this to him?

Jane looks. Sam gestures to the man who'd been guarding her. But he's been KNOCKED OUT, HOG TIED, and BLINDFOLDED as well.

JANE

I don't know, I --

(re: house)

My husbands's in there!

Sam looks and RUNS OFF, Jane still tied to the tree.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey!

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam breaches into the house. Now dark, lights out, the Surefire on the front of her rifle her only illumination.

Hears SLAMS, BANGS, things BREAK. She pushes toward the sound. Light beam searching. She sees a SHAPE --

An unconscious man on the ground. Then another, arm bent the wrong way. Then her beam finds LEGS, stretched out from between halves of a caved-in table. She approaches, sees --

The legs belong to Sergey, who'd been thrown through the table.

CLICK. Someone has a pistol aimed at the side of her head. Only her eyes move -- slowly -- to see it's...

Evan. Gun held firm. No way she could get him first.

EVAN

I want answers.

SAM

Who are you right now?

VOICE (O.S.)
He didn't kill his attackers...

THWUMP. Lights come on. Someone hit the circuit breaker.

Reveal a man in the hallway. 60s. Tall frame. Broad shoulders. It's our DRIVER from Berlin. Here, now.

In the light we see he's ruggedly handsome. Deep blue eyes they see your secrets but keep their own buried deep. Aura incarnate. A living, breathing, unstoppable force.

This is **MARTIN HARRIS** from the film **UNKNOWN**.

MARTIN
That would suggest he's Evan Smith.

Sam uses the distraction to step and spin. Now she has her rifle on Evan. Evan keeps his pistol on her. Standoff.

Hearing Martin's voice, Evan makes the connection.

EVAN
You... You were in Berlin.

FLASH TO: *the Driver in Berlin catches Evan's hand and slaps something into it: a smooth, ringed **SKIPPING STONE**. But we see a bit more this time, reveal the Driver's face: MARTIN.*

In the house, Evan's eyes narrow. Tension rising.

MARTIN
That, is only the beginning of what you will start to remember.

EVAN
My wife --

MARTIN
Outside. Safe. When you leave, I suggest you tell her this was a B&E crew robbing unoccupied cabins.

Sam tightens her aim.

SAM
No one's going anywhere.

MARTIN
A Section 15 kill team will arrive here in 6 minutes to check on him. They don't know this happened. Yet.

Sam doesn't budge.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You could try to fight them, and die. Or, you could let them believe everything is fine, and their weapon still belongs to them.

EVAN

What weapon?

MARTIN

You. Section 15 made you this way. You are very important to them.

Evan's eyes dart to Sam, then back to Martin.

EVAN

Who are you?

MARTIN

What they did to you, began with something that happened to me.

FLASH TO: *Martin's memories from the film **UNKNOWN**. Hitting the water. The hospital. Martin, battling his doppelgänger.*

Here and now, those memories die in Martin's eyes.

EVAN

What do you want from me?

Martin stares at him, almost through him.

MARTIN

Nothing.

Evan is surprised.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You, Evan, are a bystander. An unfortunate one at that. I'm not after you...

(then)

I'm after the rest of you.

Martin ominously taps the side of his temple.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You are not the only one in there, Evan Smith.

As we PUSH IN on Evan, jaw tight, mind racing --

EXT. RURAL ROAD, MOVING - NIGHT

CLOSE ON DUCT TAPE over a DOOR LATCH. PULL BACK, see a VAN, MOVING. MAGNETIC SIGN on the side reads #2 EXPERT PLUMBING.

INT. VAN, MOVING - SAME

In back, a TACTICAL TEAM checks gear. Serious artillery. Lots of guys. Among them, the LANDSCAPER Evan saw earlier. HEDGE WIZARD SIGN now is AMONG OTHER SIGN OPTIONS behind him.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Standoff continues. Martin checks a battered old steel GMT.

MARTIN

Four minutes.

EVAN

I'm leaving. With Jane. If one of you moves, I will shoot you both.

MARTIN

If you run, Section 15 will find you. And when they do, they will destroy everything about Evan Smith, including her.

EVAN

I won't let them.

MARTIN

Oh, they won't kill her. They'll use another one of you to do it.

That hits Evan hard.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

They change you into who they want. Identities they built to access anyone, anywhere, gain information, influence, trust... And kill whoever stands in their way.

EVAN

That is crazy.

MARTIN

Ask Agent Drexler. Another one of you killed her father.

Shocked, Evan looks at Sam -- *whose wounded eyes confirm it.*

Her eyes dart to Martin -- *how did he know that?*

Evan, overwhelmed with sympathy for someone he's pointing a gun at, who's pointing a much bigger gun at him.

Martin's gaze stays on Evan.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

There is only one way to stop them.

You. On the inside.

(off Evan)

You are their weapon. But together,
we can point that weapon at them.

Evan. Sam. Standoff tense. Martin checks his GMT again.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Ninety seconds.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Van stops. Tactical team disembarks with rifles, IR lasers, and NVGs. Disappear into the woods as the van drives off.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan hasn't decided. But he must. Martin's eyes dig into him.

MARTIN

Until tonight, they decided who you
are. Now you decide.

Martin watches Evan as if he knows him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What's it going to be? Should we
kill each other? Let them kill us?
Or will you take back your life?

ON Evan, making his choice --

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

A WOMAN'S HAND knocks on the door. PULLS BACK to find an
OLDER WOMAN with something under her arm. She knocks again.

Door flies open, Evan standing there.

WOMAN

Hey, Michelle from a few houses over. We were in the herb garden and saw your lights were on.

She holds out... a bundle of PARSLEY.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - SAME

Angle on Evan in the doorway, smashed house behind him. He still holds the pistol behind the door, out of view.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Woman smiles, handing the parsley to him. He takes it.

EVAN

... Thank you.

WOMAN

How's the renovation going?

EVAN

... Good.

WOMAN

And your wife? Janine right?

EVAN

Jane... She's... good.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Tactical team now at the tree line. RADIO CHATTER in ears.

Track the Landscaper, watching the Woman talk to Evan, when the Landscaper spots something -- a CUT ZIP-TIE on the ground. He picks it up, looks from it to the house...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Woman eyes him.

WOMAN

... Is she home?

Evan tries to think of what they want to see.

EVAN

We'd invite you in, but... I have work in the morning.

WOMAN

What kind of work again?

EVAN

(realizing an opportunity)
Calendar software....
(channeling himself)
It's... pretty interesting, it...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Landscaper, examining it the cut zip-tie.

TEAM LEADER (OVER RADIO)

He's good. Move out.

The Landscaper tosses the zip-tie, melts back into the trees.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan shuts the door, exhales. Then he crosses the room...
Past the debris... Out the back door...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Where Jane, blanket over her shoulders, stands with... Sam, now in her FBI jacket, taking notes on a notepad.

EVAN

Just a neighbor. I told her to watch out, our house got robbed.

Jane tracks Evan. She KNOWS him, and that felt... off.

SAM

Ma'am, let's get back to your statement about the robbery.

It breaks Evan's heart to lie to Jane. She turns back to Sam.

Evan's eyes find Sam now, too. This woman who upended his life, and whose own life he may have harmed beyond measure.

ON Evan, in over his head, only scratching the surface of the brewing battle within -- but eyes returning to Jane, he knows more than ever who he's fighting for.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Moonlight finds Martin Harris. Watching Sam, Jane, and Evan.

From Evan... Martin looks to the SKIPPING STONE. Runs his thumb across its weathered surface, almost tender, as if the strange rock holds a lifetime's worth of unspoken truth.

Then he walks past us, into the night.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Expansive. Dark wood. Banker's lamps. Feels like a place that hasn't changed for a long time. Someone likes it this way.

Framed photos. Real ones, developed decades ago. Also framed, a LUGER PISTOL. Other memorabilia like that. Inflections of the 20th century that still overshadow today. It all culminates in an odd kind of trophy: a CHUNK of the graffitied BERLIN WALL. Mangled rebar like frayed bones.

An older intercom hums. Click. Someone is let in.

Doorknob turns, revealing Brian outside in what looks to be a much more modern hallway. He enters, carrying the CASE Roger bought from Sergey back in the opening. Shuts the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Set it on the desk.

Brian crosses to an imposing mahogany desk. But the chair behind it is empty. As Brian sets the case on the desk --

Now visible behind him, in a corner, there's a **MAN**. We can't really see him. Just his HANDS, older. The cigarette he rolls...

Brian opens the case. The seal hisses.

The Man crosses to him, cigarette burning in one hand. With the other, he removes the FADED PHOTO inside...

And FLIPS IT, revealing a FILE CARD is what's clipped to the back. Shows the STASI SEAL, TYPEWRITER-TYPED GERMAN TEXT.

The Man removes the card. The paper is fragile, degraded.

MAN

Take it to the lab.

BRIAN

(nervous)

Should I wear gloves?

MAN

Hold it by a top corner. The
general's fingerprint is on the
lower left.

Brian looks at the fragile paper.

BRIAN

Are you... sure?

MAN

I was in the room 38 years ago when
he held it.

(then)

The poison will take 18 hours to
manufacture once they pull his DNA.
Schedule Evan Smith's flight to
Prague for 24 hours after that.

BRIAN

Yes, sir.

Brian carefully takes the card as instructed, heads out.

Alone now, the Man picks up the photo. Carries it...

To a framed version of the FULL PHOTO hanging on the wall.
A GROUP OF MEN, 1980s CLOTHES. They stand at the BERLIN WALL
many years ago. Tight camaraderie. A team, an operation.

The Man holds the partially scorched photo up to the full
one. We now see what had been burned off...

One last member of the group... a **YOUNG MARTIN HARRIS**.

The Man takes a drag from his cigarette...

Then CRUSHES the burned copy of the photo in his hand.

END OF 101