

ECHO

Written by

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EXT. DOWNTOWN - TYSON'S CORNER, VIRGINIA - DAY

SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV - Dozens of faces pass by. Young. Old. Black. White. Smooth. Wrinkled. No two identical.

Our CAMERA POV allows the faces to drift by indifferently, until it starts to slowly follow ONE FACE. A woman's face.

This is ANNA NEVEN. (30s) Our CAMERA POV continues to covertly follow her throughout the day...

EXT. ART STUDIO - DAY - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV

Our CAMERA POV looks in through the front window of an art studio. Anna and several OTHER PAINTERS sit painting.

She answers a CALL ON HER CELL. A quick, unheard discussion.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EVENING - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV

Anna walks down the street. She stops in front of a store window. Looks at her reflection, which is strangely situated overtop of a mannequin's featureless head.

She brushes her hair. A slight melancholy. As if she didn't like the face staring back at her. She suddenly turns and...

Looks in our direction. Our CAMERA POV quickly hides behind a corner. After a beat we peer around the corner...

Anna's heading to her car parked on the side of the road. Our CAMERA POV ABRUPTLY SHUTS OFF.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - VIRGINIA SUBURBS - NIGHT

Anna's car pulls into the driveway of a mid-sized suburban home. She gets out of the car... Stops. Looks up and down the quiet street. As if sensing she's being watched. She walks quickly to the house and goes inside.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Anna stands at the door. Watching through the peephole.

She shakes her head. *This is so stupid.* She takes off her coat. Heads towards the kitchen.

The doorhandle rattles. Anna jumps. The door opens...

A MAN ENTERS. 30s. Intense looking. Stops. Stares at Anna.

ANNA  
(exhales, relived)  
Bob.

BOB  
Expecting someone else?

This is BOB NEVEN. Anna's husband.

ANNA  
It's... Nothing. I... I had this  
feeling I was being followed home.

This seems to concern Bob. He looks out the front window.

BOB  
What gave you that feeling?

ANNA  
Forget it. It's stupid.  
(starts heading upstairs)  
Gonna jump in the shower. We've got  
to be at Max's in forty five.

BOB  
(remembering - annoyed)  
Do we have to? I've got a lot of-

ANNA  
Wear your beige sweater.

She heads upstairs. Ending the debate. Bob watches her until she's out of sight. Things seem a bit frosty between them.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Through steamed glass we see Anna's naked silhouette in the shower. Bob, now wearing his beige sweater, quietly sneaks into the bathroom. He sees Anna's cell by the sink. He picks it up. Scrolls through her call list. Stops on one...

*6:12 PM. 44 SECONDS. UNKNOWN CALLER.*

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bob walks to a shed at the back of the yard.

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Bob turns on the light. A car engine sits on a table with wheels. Bob moves the table aside. He lifts an empty shelving unit up and off the wall, revealing a CHART HIDDEN BEHIND...

It's all about Anna. Photos of her. Notes on where she goes. Who she talks to. What she eats. Times. Dates. An obsessive documentation of his wife's every move.

Bob pulls a small camcorder out of his pocket. Takes the memory card out and sticks it in a laptop set up under the chart. The footage is the CAMERA POV we saw earlier.

Bob goes to a specific spot in the footage - Anna answering the call on her cell. He writes a note on the chart...

*"6:12 PM. 44 SECONDS. UNKNOWN CALLER."*

He leans in close to the chart. His eyes scanning across it. As if it were a puzzle he was just on the edge of solving.

BOB  
(softly to himself)  
Who are you?

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob picks up a picture off the dresser. It's him and Anna. The WASHINGTON MONUMENT seen through the window behind them.

BOB (V.O.)  
It's important that I remember my  
wife. My real wife.

Anna walks into the room. All dolled up and ready to go out.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I owe it to her to find out who  
this person is.

Anna looks over at Bob. A small, polite smile.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This person living in my house.

Bob smiles back. Equally polite.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This person sleeping in my bed.

As they leave, we PAN to the photo of them on the mantle.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This person who's replaced her.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

ABSTRACT PAINTINGS hang on white walls. A large WATERFALL MACHINE giving off a soothing BUBBLING SOUND.

Bob's lying on a couch. In a track suit. Seems slightly sedated. His words dripping slowly. Sitting in a chair behind Bob's couch, is DR. CARTER. 60s. Tablet in his hands.

DR. CARTER  
Your "real" wife, as you call her.  
Tell me about her. How'd you meet?

CUT TO:

A blurry OUT OF FOCUS IMAGE... Color... Movement...

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
It was a party.

BOB (V.O.)  
Yeah. It was a party.

The image (memory) COMES SLIGHTLY INTO FOCUS...

INT. CONDO - PARTY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A crowded room full of people. Our POV SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
A costume party, wasn't it?

The room COMES INTO FOCUS. Everyone's wearing costumes. As if Carter's words were making the memory appear piece by piece.

BOB (V.O.)  
It was a costume party.

Bob walks into the party. Suit and tie. Holding a book.

A white guy WEARING TRADITIONAL ARAB GARB approaches Bob.

ARAB GARB GUY  
There he is! Where's your costume?

Bob holds up the novel "Gravity's Rainbow".

BOB  
 (proud of himself)  
 I'm Thomas Pynchon.

Bob's friend just stares back at him like he's an alien.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 You know, cause, nobody knows...  
 (his friend still blank)  
 What... he looks like.  
 (gives up)  
 And who are you?

His friend opens up his robe revealing a suicide vest.

ARAB GARB GUY  
 BOOM!

The suicide vest is made up of beer cans.

ARAB GARB GUY  
 I'm "Beer Ladin"!

He rips off a can and tosses it to Bob, who's not impressed.

ARAB GARB GUY  
 Listen, mingle. Have a good time.

BOB  
 (doesn't want to be left)  
 Hang on, I...

He's already gone. Bob looks around. Room full of strangers.

INT. CONDO - PARTY - LATER

Bob's standing with a woman dressed as the QUEEN OF HEARTS.

QUEEN OF HEARTS  
 Burma is seriously a hidden gem.  
 The beaches are breathtaking.

BOB  
 Myanmar.

QUEEN OF HEARTS  
 Excuse me?

BOB  
 It's called Myanmar now.

QUEEN OF HEARTS  
 Oh.

BOB

Their military also uses child soldiers. They take kids from the poorest families and brain wash them into killing machines. When you go on vacation there, you're actually funding child soldiers.

A silent, awkward beat. She points across the room.

QUEEN OF HEARTS

I'm just gonna...

BOB

(knows he's blown it)

Sure.

She slinks off as fast as she can. Poor "too serious for his own good" Bob, wanders off in the opposite direction.

WIDE ON the room illustrating how Bob's the only person by himself. Everyone else talking, laughing. Normal.

INT. CONDO - PARTY - BACK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob slips into the back bedroom. Exhales. Flops on the bed.

A NOISE behind him. Bob stands and turns... It's Anna.

BOB

Oh, I was just looking for my coat-

ANNA

It's okay. I'm hiding too.

Although only a few years younger, she seems entirely different from his very put together wife we first met. Long hair. Dyed streaks. A clumsy sincerity about her.

Bob stays awkwardly frozen, half way out the door. Unsure.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(grins at him)

There's no shame in hiding. Being thrown into a room with complete strangers and knowing how to act is utterly abnormal.

(points to the party)

They're the freaks, not us.

Bob smiles. He slowly, cautiously sits down beside her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I keep thinking one day I'll learn how to chit chat with strangers about mindless crap. Like that skill will just kick in when I hit thirty or something. But every time I'm at one of these things I just end up feeling like I'm fifteen at a high school dance.

BOB

Don't even mention high school dances. I used to hide in the bathroom stall. I'd just sit there and wait it out.

ANNA

Jeez. Why not just leave?

BOB

Cause then it's like admitting you can't do something that...  
(searching for the words)  
...Everyone else finds so easy.

ANNA

I guess the only way to escape is if you left with another person.  
(off Bob's confused look)  
You know, cause then people just assume you're hooking up.

BOB

(slightly sad smile)  
Wish I'd thought of that.

A quiet moment. Awkward kindred spirits silently looking out the bedroom door at the party beyond. Anna pops off the bed.

ANNA

Alright. If we're getting out of here, we're gonna have to put on a bit of a show for these freaks.

She messes up her own hair.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You and I just had a crazy make out session.

She gently runs her hand through Bob's hair. Messing it up. Bob tries to stay cool. Nervous and exited at her touch.



ANNA (CONT'D)  
Probably first base, but who knows.

She undoes the top button on her shirt...

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Maybe even a little light  
petting...

She loosens his tie a bit...

ANNA (CONT'D)  
And now we're off to a seedy motel.  
Sound good?

Bob smiles up at her. Trying to hide his excitement. Unsure where the joke ends and reality begins.

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
Is she really so different?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob on the couch. His mind far off, lost in the memory...

BOB  
It's not the same woman.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - PARTY - NIGHT

Back to the older, married Bob. In his beige sweater. Wandering through a party in a suburban home. Even years later, he still seems a bit out of place at things like this.

Bob stops in front of a bunch of kids playing a VIDEO GAME ON A HUGE FLAT SCREEN. The kids firing missiles at targets. Something about the game captivates Bob for a moment.

VOICE (O.S.)  
She dragged you, huh?

MAX, 30s, the host, and Anna's brother, approaches.

BOB  
Kicking and screaming.

JERRY, 40s, approaches. Patriots jersey. Coors Light in hand.

MAX (CONT'D)  
This is my sister's husband, Bob.  
Bob, this is Jerry. He works in the  
governor's office.

JERRY

Don't let it excite you. I stare at a monitor all day.

BOB

Me too.

JERRY

Max tells me you're in the consulting game? Government work?

BOB

(aloof)

Yeah. We have some contracts with the state department.

JERRY

Like what kinda stuff?

ANNA (O.S.)

This should be good.

Bob turns and sees Anna. He can see instantly she's drunk.

ANNA

(playful - feisty)

What kinda stuff, Bob?

BOB

(lasers from his eyes)

It's a little complicated.

Bob just glares at her. Max, sensing the tension...

MAX

Okay... Someone's had too many.

Max leads Anna away. Turns back to Bob for a second...

MAX (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Everything alright with you guys?

BOB

(curt)

Everything's fine.

Bob keeps his eyes on Anna as she moves through the room. She navigates the party like a pro. Small talk. Fake smiles. A far cry from the awkward, sincere woman he first met.

BOB (V.O.)

They look the same. Sound the same. Even smell the same.

BOB'S POV - Watching Anna. EVERYTHING STARTS TO SLOW DOWN.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But it's not her.

BOB'S POV - CLOSE ON little details... Anna's eyes moving from person to person. Her not quite sincere smile appearing and disappearing. Something false about her. Like every expression... A mask somehow... It's eerie and scary.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's not my Anna.

EXT. VIRGINIA BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The same night Bob and Anna met... The two of them sit on a bench at the edge of the ocean. The beach is dark. Deserted.

ANNA  
This is definitely more like it.  
(thoughtful - looking out  
at the black waves)  
I wonder if there's anywhere like  
this left on earth. Not overrun  
with people. Somewhere you could  
truly escape.

BOB  
Tristan da Cunha.

ANNA  
Where?

BOB  
One of the most remote islands in  
the world. Three hundred residents.  
No airport. Only way to get there  
is a six day boat ride from South  
Africa that only leaves once a  
month. And to top it off, it's an  
active volcano. If you really  
wanted to escape, that's the place.  
(re: the dark empty beach)  
This is how I picture it. In my  
mind.

ANNA  
(closes her eyes - enjoys  
the words)  
Tristan da Cunha.  
(opens her eyes - smiles)  
I love that you know weird shit  
like that.

Bob smiles sheepishly. Loving that she loves it.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So, tell me, what would you do sitting in that bathroom stall while all your friends are slow dancing to Stairway to Heaven?

BOB

Honestly... Graffiti.

ANNA

(laughs)  
"Deborah's a bitch"? Stuff like that?

BOB

No, I... It's stupid. I had this little symbol I'd carve.

ANNA

You had a symbol? Like Batman?

BOB

(embarrassed)  
I don't know. I guess I was like a... A prisoner. Carving those little lines to pass the time.

Anna takes him in. Endeared by his awkward vulnerability.

ANNA

What was it? The symbol.

BOB

I don't remember.

ANNA

Yes you do.

Bob smiles. Grabs a stick. He draws his "symbol" in the sand. A simple triangle like shape with a circle in the center.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Aww, now I want a symbol.

Anna takes the stick. Starts designing her own in the sand. It's intricate. Detailed. Bob watches. Clearly smitten.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't be intimidated by my skills. I'm a painter.

(beat)

Sort of. I paint.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(looks up at him)  
What do you do?

BOB  
I work for a consulting firm.  
(under his breath)  
Sort of.

Anna finishes the symbol. Her and Bob stand back. Admire it.

ANNA  
You know what... If we combined  
them...

She starts to draw her symbol inside and around Bob's symbol.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Huh. They fit together pretty well.

BOB  
(with meaning)  
They fit perfectly.

Bob looks over at her. She's already looking at him. Giving him every sign possible. It's now or never and he knows it.

He cautiously leans forward and kisses her gently. As the kiss continues, the awkwardness gradually melts and they start passionately making out.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Older Bob and Anna. Getting ready for bed on opposite sides of the room. In silence. Going through the motions.

Anna crawls into bed. Bob heads out of the room...

ANNA  
Hey? Where you going?

BOB  
Gonna do some work in the shed.

ANNA  
The engine? Bob, it's the 12th.  
(off Bob's blank look)  
Ovulation?

BOB  
Anna, it's late. You're drunk-

ANNA

What was our agreement? On the 12th we have to try.

(off Bob's sigh)

I'm sorry it's so horrible to have to fuck me once a month.

BOB

It's not that, it's...

She touches his arm, but he instinctively recoils.

ANNA

What's going on with you?

BOB

Nothing.

This is the last thing he wants, but he has to hide it.

She pulls off her night gown...

EXT. VIRGINIA BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bob and Anna making love in the sand. Excited and passionate.

WE BEGIN TO INTERCUT THIS SCENE WITH...

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The SOUND OF WAVES CRASHING carrying over to this scene...

Bob and Anna making love in their bed at home. It's cold and mechanical. To the point. A task to be performed.

EXT. VIRGINIA BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bob looks into Anna's eyes as he makes love to her... There's a sparkle in her eyes... A genuine passion...

BOB (V.O.)

My sweet Anna... Forgive me.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

BOB'S POV OF ANNA - SLOW MOTION - Anna's eyes looking into Bob's. Something dark and stern in her eyes. Something hidden. It's not her. It's not the same woman. To Bob at this moment it feels like... Adultery.

BOB (V.O.)  
Forgive me for betraying you.

PAN AWAY from the bed. Up to the wall. A painting hanging there. It's Bob and Anna's joined symbol. The same one created on the beach the night they met.

EXT. VIRGINIA BEACH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

PAN AWAY from Bob and Anna... Up to the joined symbol drawn in the sand. *A wave washes it out of existence.*

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STRANGE WINDING HALLWAYS - UNKNOWN TIME

Bob slowly wanders through a dimly lit, winding hallway. It feels sterile. Like a creepy hospital at night.

ANNA (O.S.)  
Bob?... Bob?

Her voice is coming from a METALLIC DOOR at the end of the hall. Bob rushes to the door. Goes through it...

A DARKENED ROOM...

A MAN walks towards Bob. The man's FEATURES ON HIS FACE ARE IN A CONSTANT STATE OF FLUX. Fluctuating between dozens of other noses, eyes, etc. It's a horrifying image. The sound of ELECTRICITY BUZZING becomes deafening as the man gets closer.

The face stops fluctuating and settles on a specific face...

An ARAB WITH BLUE EYES.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Bob SCREAMS and bolts upright in bed. Waking from a nightmare. He takes in his surroundings. It's morning. It's his bedroom. Everything's fine.

He instinctively turns and reaches towards Anna, but... The bed's empty. Anna's gone.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - MULTIPLE ROOMS - LATER

Quick snippets of Bob going through his morning routine.

Showers. Brushes his teeth. Gets dressed.

As he pulls his tie on, something catches his eye...

The picture on the dresser of Bob and Anna in D.C. It's gone.  
The picture frame empty and knocked awkwardly on its side.

Bob walks to the dresser. Holds the empty frame in his hands.

EXT. BLAND OFFICE BUILDING - TYSON'S CORNER - MORNING

Bob parks in the parking lot of a bland office building.

INT. BLAND OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Bob walks past rows of cubicles. Coffee mug in hand. Polite nods. Just another day at the office. He walks down a hall. Puts his hand on a scanner. CLOSE ON the scanner...

BOB NEVEN. ID CONFIRMED.

The door opens automatically and Bob walks through it into...

INT. THE CIA - SPECIAL ACTIVITIES DIVISION - MORNING

Rooms full of computers. Analysts everywhere pouring over data. Bob sticks his face into a console. A laser from a RETINA SCAN floats across Bob's eye. Another door opens.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Small and dark with half a dozen large WALL MOUNTED SCREENS displaying DRONE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE from locations around the world. FOUR IMAGE ANALYSTS sit in the room, including SANDRA. 40s. Short hair. Ex military. Tough as nails.

BOB

Morning, Sandra. How are the kids?

SANDRA

Imran almost walked on his own.

BOB

Come on.

On the screen ahead of him, we see what they're referring to.

A live image of a house in a little village in WAZIRISTAN, PAKISTAN. A woman in a FULL BODY BURQA, ALIMA, 20s, sits watching her THREE LITTLE KIDS playing outside their house.

Sandra REWINDS the displayed footage backwards...



SANDRA (CONT'D)

Here. Watch.

The smallest of Alima's children, IMRAN, struggles mightily, but manages two or three wobbly steps before falling.

Bob and Sandra both laugh. They've clearly been watching this family for a long time. Getting to know them.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Taking my break. Let me know if he walks again.

Sandra leaves. Bob sips coffee while watching the family.

ON THE SCREEN - Alima walks into the house. Bob is still able to see her intermittently as she passes by windows.

Alima lays out a mat. She kneels and begins to pray.

She finishes. Rolls up her mat. Starts to strip off her burqa, revealing, surprisingly, a beautiful face and figure.

Bob feels strange watching, but he can't look away. No one gets to see what Alima looks like except her husband, and the drone team spying on her from thousands of miles away.

Alima approaches a mirror. Looks at her own reflection. Brushes some strands of hair. A slight melancholy. (*Very similar to Anna looking at her reflection on the street.*)

Bob watches this private little moment. Transfixed.

Alima opens a LARGE CHEST. She pulls something out. Starts to strap it around her body... What appears to be...

### **Explosives.**

Bob's eyes go wide. He puts his head set on...

BOB

I have a possible code six. Repeat, code six.

Lights on the panels in front of Bob start flashing to life. Sandra comes back into the control room.

SANDRA

What happened?

BOB

Is that what I think it is?

Bob points to the object Alima is strapping to herself.

SANDRA  
(shocked)  
It's not Shahab. It's his wife.

Bob and Sandra watch as Alima pulls her burqa on over her explosives. Covering every part of her body except her eyes.

Bob looks down at the TIME CODE at the bottom of the monitor.

BOB  
Wait a second? Is this not real time? Am I in flashback here?

SANDRA  
Oh, shit.  
(mortified with herself)  
I rewound to show you Imran.

BOB  
Jesus. Switch me to real time eyes.

The recorded footage on the screen of Alima getting dressed suddenly switches to a "real time" live image of the house...

**It's empty. Alima's gone.**

SANDRA  
Shit.

BOB  
(suddenly panicked)  
Give me flashback again. Speed up to two hundred percent.

The image of the house REWINDS to Alima strapping the bomb on. The footage SPEEDS FORWARDS until we see...

A WHITE PICKUP TRUCK pulls up to the house and then drives off into the desert. Out of view of the drone's camera.

BOB  
103, I need emergency eyes on the desert road at 55 north by 80 east.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - DAY

A DRONE PILOT and SENSOR OPERATOR sit in a small, windowless room in some unknown location in the world. Monitors displaying drone telemetry from above Alima's house.

BOB (V.O.)  
(over headset)  
There's a white truck somewhere in  
there heading north. Find it.

DRONE PILOT  
Roger, control. Repositioning.

The pilot maneuvers the joystick-like control.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tense moments as everyone watches the telemetry from the  
drone as it hunts for Alima's truck.

BOB  
Where is she?

SANDRA  
There!

They see it. A small white dot moving along the desert.

BOB  
103, do you have the bogey moving  
north? Zero in and enhance.

The drone camera zooms in closer on the white truck as it  
barrels along the road... **towards a crowded market.**

BOB  
(horrified)  
She's gonna blow up the market.

SANDRA  
We can't let her get there.

BOB  
Show me her getting dressed again.

Next to the live image of the truck, a second screen rewinds  
to the moment Alima strapped the object to herself.

BOB  
That's a suicide vest, right?

SANDRA  
What else could it be?

Alima strapping the object to herself plays on a loop. Though  
it certainly appears to be a suicide vest, the poor quality  
of the image makes it impossible to be certain.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Ninety seconds to the market.

Bob's eyes desperately scan across the images in front of him. Multiple screens show multiple images of Alima.

BOB'S POV - Just like with Anna, EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN. CLOSE ON little details... The slow way she disrobed... Her melancholy expression in the mirror...

*This is what Bob does. His "super power" so to speak. Analyzes the little details of human behavior to form a split second decision...*

BOB  
(quiet - to himself)  
She's going to do it.  
(then - louder)  
103, commence emergency pre-launch.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Roger. Commencing pre-launch.

BOB  
103, initiate laser lock.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Roger. Laser lock initiating.

Bob watches the truck race across the desert. He understands the gravity of the next few seconds. This isn't a video game.

BOB  
Give me flashback again. The point where she gets in the truck.

SANDRA  
Bob, there's no time.

BOB  
Show it to me. Now!

A second screen REWINDS to the truck arriving at the house.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Let it play there. Enhance.

Alima gets into the passenger side next to the unseen driver. And in the back...

**Her three little kids get into the truck.**

SANDRA  
Jesus Christ.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Fifty seconds to the market. Are we  
clear to engage, control?

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Tension in the pilot's eyes as he watches the truck race  
towards the market. His finger literally on the trigger.

DRONE PILOT  
Forty seconds to the market. Are we  
clear to engage?

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An agonizing moment as Bob looks back and forth from the  
speeding truck to the image of the kids getting in.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Thirty seconds to the market. Are  
we clear to engage, control?

SANDRA  
Bob, you need to call it.

Bob takes one last look at the image of the kids, then...

BOB  
(voice catching)  
103, you're cleared to engage.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Copy. Engaging in 3... 2... 1...  
(beat)  
Rifle.

They all watch silently as a HELLFIRE MISSILE HITS THE MOVING  
TRUCK DEAD ON. A massive but silent explosion as they see it  
vaporized on the grainy screen.

Everyone is silent. The tension still palpable in the small  
dark room.

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bob arrives home. Parks his car in the driveway. His NEIGHBOR  
is arriving home too. Both in suits. Both look tired.

NEIGHBOR  
Friggin' Mondays, right?

BOB  
(you have no idea)  
Yeah.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob and Anna sit at the table eating Chinese food. Silent. The only sound the clink of chop sticks. The light hanging over the table FLICKERS OCCASIONALLY.

ANNA  
You pick up those brushes for me?

BOB  
(sighs)  
I forgot.

ANNA  
Light bulbs?

BOB  
(annoyed, frustrated)  
I...  
(but calms himself)  
I'll go after dinner.

ANNA  
(noticing his annoyance)  
You okay?

BOB  
Long day at the office.

ANNA  
What happened?

Bob eyes her suspiciously. *Why's she asking?*

BOB  
Nothing. Work stuff.

They eat silently. Bob sneaks a covert glance at Anna. Watching little details. Her fingers fiddling with her chopsticks. Her mouth chewing her food. The overhead flickering light adding to the strange tension.

Bob gets up and goes to the fridge. Grabs some Soy Sauce. He comes back and reaches out to pour some on Anna's noodles.

She grabs his hand.

ANNA

The hell's wrong with you? You forget I'm allergic?

BOB

Shit. Sorry. Of course.

ANNA

Where's your mind tonight? You sure nothing happened at work?

Bob sits back down. Looks her square in the eye.

BOB

How many times are you going to ask for details about work?

ANNA

Excuse me?

BOB

You know I can't talk about it.

ANNA

I'm sorry. I get confused about what I'm allowed to talk with my husband about over dinner. Maybe you should make me a rule book?

BOB

Yeah, maybe I should.

She gets up. Brings her plate to the counter. Grabs her coat.

BOB

Where you going?

ANNA

To get light bulbs, Bob. Okay? Or do you have to run it by the president?

She leaves. Bob hears the front door open and close.

He gets up and walks to the sink. Washes his hands. Realizing there's no towel, he opens the cupboard. Then notices...

A stack of unopened light bulbs.

Bob quickly turns and bolts out of the kitchen.

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob runs out the front door just in time to see Anna's car disappearing up the street. Bob jumps into his car.

INT. BOB'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Bob covertly tails Anna's car through the streets.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Anna's car pulls into a deserted parking lot. Bob parks his car across the street. Aims his camera at the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV

A SECOND CAR, a BLACK MERCEDES parks directly beside Anna.

Anna gets out of her car. She walks to the passenger side of the black Mercedes and gets in.

LATER - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV

Anna gets out of the Mercedes and walks back to her car. Both engines start. Both drive off in opposite directions.

INT. BOB'S CAR - CITY STREET - TRAVELLING - LATER

Bob tails the Mercedes through the streets. The DRIVER only seen as a DARK SILHOUETTE.

The Mercedes makes an aggressive move through a yellow light and Bob's forced to hit the brakes.

Frustrated, Bob watches the Mercedes disappear up the street.

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob's car arrives home. Sees Anna's car in the driveway.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is dark. Anna sleeps in bed. Bob quietly slips into bed next to her. He lies there in the dark. Watching her.



DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
Do you remember the first time you  
had this sensation? That your wife  
was someone else?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob lies on the couch with Dr. Carter behind him.

DR. CARTER  
It was just after your car  
accident. Wasn't it? On your  
anniversary?

BOB  
(seems melancholy)  
Yes. Our anniversary.

CUT TO:

A blurry OUT OF FOCUS IMAGE... Color... Movement...

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
You'd gone to DC for the weekend.

The image (memory) COMES SLIGHTLY INTO FOCUS... A crowded  
room full of people. Carter's words making it appear...

BOB (V.O.)  
Yes. We went to DC.

INT. RITZ CARLTON - WASHINGTON DC - LOBBY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bob and Anna walk into the lobby of the Ritz Carlton.

BOB (V.O.)  
We stayed at the Ritz Carlton. Like  
the big wigs.

INT. RITZ CARLTON - RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A WAITRESS takes Bob and Anna's picture by the window. The  
WASHINGTON MONUMENT seen through the window behind them.  
(*This is the moment the missing picture was photographed.*)

The WAITRESS hands Bob his phone after taking the picture.

BOB  
Thank you very much.  
(to Anna)  
Dessert?

ANNA

I don't know. I think that Merlot's catching up with me.

(looks at Bob. Seems fine)

God, do you ever get drunk?

Bob smiles. Drops money on the table. Takes Anna's hand.

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

(melancholy)

That's the last time I remember her.

INT. RITZ CARLTON - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THEIR ROOM - LATER

Bob and Anna arrive at their room. Anna pulls out her key card, about to open the door, when Bob grips her from behind.

ANNA

What are you doing?

BOB

*This* is me drunk.

He kisses her. Anna giggles. Fumbling with the door key.

INT. RITZ CARLTON - HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

The next morning. Bob paces. Cell to his ear.

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

The next morning I was called into work.

Anna, in a hotel bath robe, watches Bob from the bed.

BOB

(into phone)

Sorry, who's office are you calling from? Uh-huh. And does he realize it's my anniversary?

MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Anna standing in the doorway.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Apparently it's urgent. Couple hours. That's it.

ANNA

It's okay. I'll get room service.

Anna's disappointed but not surprised. Bob kisses her.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I left her.

Bob looks back to his room as he walks off. One last look at Anna, as she slowly closes the door to their room.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I left her alone and they took her.

INT. BOB'S CAR - WASHINGTON DC - DAY - TRAVELLING - FLASHBACK

Bob puts his cell on speaker as someone picks up.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Hey, Bob.

BOB  
Hey. So, you know why I got called  
into the office?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Called in? Nobody called you in.

Bob's expression darkens...

**BAM! A WHITE VAN SMASHES INTO THE SIDE OF BOB'S CAR.**

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Bob wakes up abruptly in bed. Another bad dream. Once again... He's alone in bed. Anna's not there.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

About to leave for work, Bob watches a NEWS REPORT on TV.

ON TV: Images of the smoking ruin of the white truck where the drone missile hit it. An ANGRY MOB has gathered. Holding up an infant's shoes, black and charred.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
International uproar over the CIA's  
covert drone program has reached a  
fever pitch. At the UN today the  
Chinese officially introduced a  
motion calling for the immediate  
dismantlement of the CIA's covert  
program.

Bob turns it off. Disturbed by it all. Heads out the door.

INT. THE CIA - OFFICE AREA - MORNING

Bob walks through the office. No better here than at home. People glued to the news coverage. The Chinese ambassador speaking at the UN...

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (V.O.)

Not only are these illegal strikes killing civilians, but they are creating new terrorists every day. With every new attack that occurs, it is further proof that the drone program has failed and needs to come to an end. One way or another.

Another analyst, DEBBIE, 50s, approaches Bob.

DEBBIE

Morning, Bob. Got something a little odd here. This...  
(hands Bob an envelope)  
...Arrived anonymously in the mail.

Bob opens the envelope. Glad for any kind of distraction.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Looks like shipping manifests of some kind. Whoever sent this highlighted a bunch of materials sent to these GPS coordinates.

She points at the highlighted GPS coordinates.

BOB

Okay. So?

DEBBIE

So... It was sent here.  
(off Bob's blank look)  
To this address. Addressed to Special Activities. Who knows the CIA is in this building?

Bob nods. Understanding now. That *is* interesting.

BOB

Thanks, Debbie.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob and Sandra sit watching live DRONE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of Alima's house. Alima's family members weep uncontrollably. It's excruciating. Seeing the family's pain. The children's toys in the yard that will never be played with again.

SANDRA

She put those kids in that truck.  
Not you.

BOB

I know.  
(clears his throat)  
Let's find out who put *her* in that truck.

DRONE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of Alima's house REWINDS.

BOB

There. Freeze it.

The same WHITE TRUCK arrives at the house days earlier. Alima gets out of the truck. TWO ARAB MEN carry the chest with the explosives into the house.

BOB (CONT'D)

Show me where that truck came from.

The white pickup truck's course is tracked in reverse through the desert until it travels out of view of the drone's eye.

SANDRA

That's as far back as we go.

BOB

Don't we have eyes on that area?

SANDRA

Too close to the Chinese border.

BOB

Well, let's see how close we can get. I want to know what's in that desert.

DAVIS (50s), Bob's superior, walks into the room.

DAVIS

Bob... It's time.

INT. THE CIA - ELEVATOR - LATER

Bob and Davis stand quietly as they ascend. The mood grim.

DAVIS

No matter what happens in there...  
You made the right call.

Bob looks over at him. Appreciative. Davis just stares forward. Both serious men of few words.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Bob and Davis sit at a conference table with 4 US SENATORS from the oversight committee and several CIA LAWYERS.

SENATOR

Just to be clear, you were aware there were civilians in the truck when you authorized the strike?

BOB

Yes, sir, I was.

SENATOR

Children.

BOB

There were children in the market too.

(beat)

Sir.

SENATOR

So, these "signature strikes", as you call them... Clock's ticking. No time to go up the chain of command. How's that call made?

BOB

We analyze the behavior of our target to determine if it corresponds to terrorist patterns. Then it's ultimately up to the discretion of the targeting officer.

SENATOR

So, whether a life is taken or not, whether an international incident is triggered, comes down to one man's ability to interpret behavior. Do I have that correct?

BOB

Yes, sir. I suppose that's true.

SENATOR

And what happens if you make a mistake? What if you misinterpret the intentions of the subject you're surveilling? That's a lot of responsibility to put on the perceptions of one man?

BOB

It is, sir. I agree.

Bob seems sincere. As if he almost resented the responsibility. At least on this day... He does.

A CIA LAWYER chimes in...

CIA LAWYER

I think we can wrap this up.  
(reading from a paper)  
Agent Neven, did you, to the best of your abilities, conform to article 51 of the UN charter in yesterday's drone strike?

BOB

Yes, sir.

CIA LAWYER

Have you recently consumed any chemical substances that could impede your judgment?

Davis rolls his eyes. What a joke this all this.

BOB

No, sir.

CIA LAWYER

Has anyone identified you in your civilian capacity and attempted to gain information from you on the agency's drone program?

Bob doesn't answer immediately. The question hitting a nerve.

BOB

No, sir.

CIA LAWYER

Has anyone attempted in any way to compromise your decision making process in regards to the agency's drone program?

Bob fidgets in his seat. *Should he say something? Voice his concerns about Anna?*

The lawyer looks up at Bob for the first time.

CIA LAWYER (CONT'D)

Agent Neven?

BOB

No.

(beat)

No, sir.

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Bob sits in front of the chart documenting Anna's behavior. The only light is from a laptop playing the footage of Anna getting in the black Mercedes. (*The whole set up eerily similar to what Bob does in the drone room.*)

Bob freezes the footage on the licence plate of the Mercedes. He writes the licence on the chart, next to several other notes we PAN ACROSS...

*KEEPS PROBING ABOUT WORK... SECRETLY MEETING A HANDLER... WHAT ARE THEY AFTER...?*

ANNA (O.S.)

Bob? You out here?

**Anna's right outside the shed.**

Bob quickly leaps up. In a panic he lifts the empty shelving unit up and overtop of the Anna chart.

The door to the shed starts to open, just as Bob realizes...

The laptop's still open. Bob shuts it just as Anna enters.

BOB

(out of breath)

Hey.

ANNA

Hey.

(looks around the shed)

Everything alright?



BOB

Yeah, just...

He nods towards the car engine. His alibi for being out here.

As Anna walks further into the shed, Bob notices...

The shelving unit didn't go on the wall completely. Part of the Anna chart is sticking out of the corner of the wall.

Bob walks in front of Anna, cutting her off.

ANNA

What are you doing?

BOB

Nothing. Was just going to head in.

It's a standoff. Neither one of them moving. Anna can't go deeper into the shed, but he can't leave. Then finally...

ANNA

Just wanted to check on you.

BOB

Thanks.

She turns and heads out. Bob exhales.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Anna sleeps soundly in bed. Beside her, Bob ever so carefully reaches over her and grabs Anna's cell off the bedside table.

Anna stirs. Bob freezes mid-grab. A beat then... She settles.

Bob turns his back to her in the bed. He searches her cell. In her outgoing texts he finds...

*"2PM TMRW"*

Bob stares at this text. Thinking. He goes into her internet history. Sees the last visit...

A web site. A restaurant called "SACHIMA". Directions to it.

Bob gingerly reaches over Anna and puts her cell back.

He lies back down. Staring at the ceiling. Paranoid as hell.

INT. CIA - BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob hands the license of the Mercedes to a bearded, bookish analyst named BERNIE.

BERNIE  
What's this?

BOB  
It's this thing called a license plate. People who aren't afraid of driving have them on their cars.

Bernie grabs the license. Starts typing on his computer.

BERNIE  
You have any idea how many people were driven off the road in Virginia last year?

Bob smiles. He likes Bernie. Kindred spirits who are more comfortable in dark rooms in front of monitors.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
If forty thousand people a year died in plane crashes you'd never step foot on a plane. And *I'm* crazy for taking the bus...

Bernie trails off. Turns to Bob with a guilty expression.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I know you're the last guy I gotta quote accident stats to.

BOB  
It's okay. What do ya got?

BERNIE  
(re: the monitor)  
Huh.

BOB  
What?

BERNIE  
Bounced back a "no-hit". Not registered. Is it one of ours?

BOB  
Why do you ask?

BERNIE

Cause that's usually the only time we get "no-hits". Agency vehicles. FBI. Spooks generally.

Bob gets up to go. Letting this sink in. Worried.

BERNIE

Wanna grab lunch?

BOB

No, I ah... I already have plans.

EXT. "SACHIMA" RESTUARANT - DAY - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV

Anna walks into the restaurant "Sachima". Through the front window, our camera follows her through the seating area. She sits at a table just outside the camera's view.

BOB (O.S.)

Shit.

EXT. "SACHIMA" RESTUARANT - DAY

Bob gets out of his car. Crosses the street. He peers in through the front window... He can see Anna. She's sitting a few tables away from the window. Her back turned. Alone.

A SUDDEN BLARING NOISE right behind Bob. He spins around. Three cars have almost collided head on in the intersection. All three honking like mad at each other.

Bob calms. He turns back around towards the restaurant...

**Anna is standing at the window. Staring at Bob.**

He's caught red handed. For a loaded second the two just stand staring at each other, separated only by glass.

INT. "SACHIMA" RESTUARANT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob walks to Anna's table. Both of them acting confused.

ANNA

What are you doing here?

BOB

I was... Just passing by. Saw you. Were you meeting someone?

ANNA

What? No. No, I was... No.  
(gestures to the table)  
Well... Let's...

They both sit down. Both trying to act normal. Bob's eyes scan the restaurant. *Who was she here to meet?*

Bob notices a HANDSOME MAN walk into the restaurant. He looks around, scanning the room, then sits at a table by himself.

Bob sees TWO ARAB MEN sitting in the corner. Hushed conversation. At another table a BALD MAN IN A SUIT talking on his cell. Everyone looking suspicious to him.

ANNA

So, where were you heading?

A tense pause as Bob takes a second too long to come up with-

BOB

Donatello's. Just up the street.

She can see the lie in his eyes. He sees that she sees.

BOB

(turning the tables)  
This place is kind of far for you  
to come for lunch, isn't it?

ANNA

Oh... Well... The food's excellent.

Bob stares right through her. She feels it. *Who's lying now?*

BOB

So, what's good?

Anna picks up the menu. *Is her hand shaking slightly?*

ANNA

The... Ah... Gnocchi.

A WAITER approaches their table.

BOB

Two gnocchi, please.

Bob smiles at her. She smiles back. The charade continues.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. The house dark. Bob sits watching TV, but not really watching. Pre-occupied. He looks towards the kitchen.

Anna passes by the doorway. She grabs a CARVING KNIFE from a wooden knife holder and walks out of view.

THE KITCHEN - Anna's at the counter chopping up a late night snack. Her expression similar to Bob's. The suspicion and tension from today's lunch still running through them both.

THE LIVING ROOM - The CHOPPING SOUND stops. Bob looks over...

Anna stands in the doorway. The light from the kitchen behind her, covering her in almost complete shadow.

ANNA  
Heading to bed.

BOB  
Be up soon.

Anna walks upstairs. Bob just sits there. Thinking.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dead of night. The room dark. Bob wakes up in bed. He slowly turns over and sees...

**Anna is sitting up in bed and staring at him.**

Bob's startled. Something creepy as hell about it.

BOB  
What are you doing?

ANNA  
Nothing. Couldn't sleep.

Anna slowly lies down with her head on the pillow. Bob slowly turns around, his back to her again.

His eyes drift to the mirror on the wall. In the reflection he can see that Anna is staring at the back of his head.

One of her arms is hidden under the blanket. A slight bulge. *Is she holding something?*

QUICK FLASH OF MEMORY - Earlier tonight. Anna, covered in shadow, the kitchen behind her.

CLOSE ON - The wooden knife holder in the kitchen behind her. One of the slots empty. *She didn't put the knife back.*

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

Bob's eyes stay on the reflection of Anna's hand under the blanket.

Bob sees his boots by the bed. He slowly, quietly reaches out and grabs one of the boots. He pulls out something hidden in the heel... A SMALL BLADE.

He holds the blade at the ready. Watching Anna's reflection.

BOB

Why are you staring at me?

ANNA

I'm not.

In the mirror Bob sees that she's still staring at his head.

He slowly turns over to face her...

Her eyes are closed. Bob stares at her a moment, then slowly turns back. In the mirror he sees her eyes are still closed.

His hand quietly places the blade back in his boot.

INT. STRANGE WINDING HALLWAYS - UNKNOWN TIME

Once again, Bob wanders through the strange, dimly lit halls.

ANNA (O.S.)

(scared - desperate)

Bob?!

Bob sees the METALLIC DOOR at the end of the hall. Where Anna's voice is coming from. He rushes to it, through it...

A DARKENED ROOM - Anna's there. She rushes to Bob.

ANNA

(relieved to see him)

Bob! You found me!

Bob hugs her. Overjoyed. She hands him something...

ANNA

(whisper)

You need this.

Bob looks at what she's put in his hands.

A gun. He pulls back from Anna's embrace and sees...

Her FACE IS FLUCTUATING BETWEEN DOZENS OF OTHER FACES.

Bob jumps back in horror. The BUZZ OF ELECTRICITY SUDDENLY BLARING. Her face stops fluctuating and settles on a new face... The same ARAB WITH BLUE EYES.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bob wakes up abruptly in bed. Anna's not there as usual.

Something's BUZZING. Bob realizes it's his phone. He looks at it. Whatever he sees disturbs him. He turns on the TV.

ON THE TV - The news is going nuts. A TERRORIST ATTACK. A bomb has exploded at the US embassy in Rome. Images of the embassy on fire. Emergency crews running around. Chaos.

INT. THE CIA - MORNING

The building is buzzing. A frantic energy in the air as the agency tries to get on top of today's attack.

Bob, Sandra, and several other analysts sit watching SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of the explosion.

SECURITY CAM - A WOMAN IN A FULL BODY BURQA walks towards the front of the embassy. The woman starts to yell something. Several SECURITY GUARDS immediately rush towards her. They grab her. There's a brief struggle and then...

A horrible BLINDING FLASH OF WHITENESS as the woman explodes, taking everyone around her and the security camera with her.

BOB

Take me back to five seconds before the blast and slow it down.

The FOOTAGE REWINDS to the struggle between the woman and the guards. It starts MOVING FORWARDS again in SLOW MOTION.

Just before the bomb goes off the guard rips off part of the burqa... Revealing the woman's face for a split second.

BOB

Freeze it on her face and enhance.

The image freezes on the woman's face. ZOOMS IN closer...

**It's Alima.** The woman they took out in the truck. The exact same face.

Bob stares at the image. Dumbfounded. Unable to believe it.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

A room full of analysts including Sandra and Davis. Bob stands in front of side by side images of Alima's face, and the face of the woman who blew up the embassy.

BOB

Facial recognition software hasn't been much help because of the poor quality of the image, but, our eyes can see, what our eyes can see.

The whole room is silent. No one knows what to make of this.

DAVIS

So, what are we talking about here? Twin sister suicide bombers?

SANDRA

Alima Ahmed's family history shows three older brothers. No sisters.

RANDOM ANALYST

Are we sure she was really in the truck when we hit it?

BOB

We reviewed the UAV footage. There's no doubt Alima Ahmed got into that truck and that she was still in it when we hit it. And no one walked away from that truck.

DAVIS

So, what am I looking at here?

Bob looks at the identical faces of the two women. He seems to want to say something... Suggest something... But then...

BOB

I don't know, sir. I just don't know.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A MONTAGE BEGINS - Dozens of different types of SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE retrace the embassy bomber's movements in reverse...

SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of the moment of the explosion rewinds to the point the woman approached the embassy...



FOOTAGE FROM STREET CAMERAS rewind showing the path she walked to get there from the train station...

SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE shows her getting off a train...

AIRPORT CAMERAS show her getting off a plane in Rome...

ANOTHER CAMERA shows her getting on a plane in Islamabad...

SATELLITE FOOTAGE shows the van that drove her to the airport. The footage rewinds until the van's route leaves the satellite's view. The van disappears into...

SANDRA

Is that the same-

BOB

-desert Alima's truck came from?

SANDRA

Yeah.

BOB

Yeah. Did we reposition 103 there?

SANDRA

Roger that.

(to another analyst)

Display 103's telemetry on screen six, please.

An AERIAL VIEW of the desert appears on the wall screen.

BOB

Could take weeks to scan the whole desert.

SANDRA

Especially when we don't know what we're looking for.

(turns to Bob)

What are we looking for?

Bob's eyes scan the desert for... Something... Anything...

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The other analysts have left for the night. Bob's alone. The only one still at it. Scanning the endless, empty desert.

CNN is on one of the screens. TALKING HEADS debating...

## TALKING HEAD

This attack couldn't have come at a worse time for the agency, and plays right into the narrative the Chinese have been pushing, that the drone program is creating more terrorists than it's stopping.

Bob's eyes listlessly scan across the wall screen displaying the desert. Across the data being fed from the drone...

The drone's altitude... Speed... Exact GPS position...

Bob's eyes stop on the GPS data. An idea occurring to him.

He gets up and walks to another desk. Roots through the drawer until he finds...

The shipping manifests anonymously mailed to the CIA. He looks at the highlighted GPS coordinates. Considers for a moment whether this is a good idea, then-

BOB

(into headset)

103, I need you to reposition to coordinates 45 north by 62 west.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)

Copy that, control. Repositioning.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Bob's drifting off a bit. All alone in the dark room. His eyes slightly closing when...

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)

Control, we're at those coordinates you specified.

Bob sits up. Rubs his eyes and adjusts his headset. Looks at the image on the wall screen ahead of him...

Just another patch of desert.

BOB

103, enhance by fifty percent.

The image from the drone zooms in tighter on the desert. Though the image is grainier, more details are visible. Sand. Rocks. Shrubs. Bob sees something...

BOB (CONT'D)

103, enhance grid... 48 by 56.

The image zooms in on a specific spot. Revealing...

Tire tracks. At a certain point, the tracks seem to come to a dead stop. As if the vehicle that left them just vanished.

Bob picks up the anonymous GPS coordinates. Stares at them.

BOB  
(softly - to himself)  
Who are you?

CLOSE ON the image of the desert. This DISSOLVES INTO...

RIPPLES OF WATER. The ripples slowly stop and the water calms, revealing a REFLECTION OF BOB'S FACE...

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bob's in the bath. A far off, pensive expression. A million questions running through his mind. A million worries. A stereo by the tub PLAYS MUSIC SOFTLY.

A KNOCK. Anna opens the door and walks in. She sits on the side of the tub. Seems thoughtful. Sad.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I had this whole speech planned...  
(trails off - hesitant)  
What do you think about... Going  
away somewhere. Maybe for awhile.

Bob doesn't respond. Just watches her. *What's she up to?*

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I just feel like... Something's  
gone wrong. With us.  
(looks to him)  
Don't you feel it?

Bob stays stoic. Trying to read her. Giving away nothing.

BOB  
And my job?

ANNA  
Well...  
(okay here goes...)  
I think your job is part of the  
problem. A big part.

Now Bob gets it. *That's what this is about.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

I know I agreed to this life...

As Anna keeps talking, Bob's eyes drift to the stereo plugged into the wall. He realizes how close it is to the tub.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(far off sounding)

...I just feel like we need to do something drastic.

Anna's words start to sound far off and quieter to Bob.

Whether absentmindedly or deliberately is unclear, but... Anna's hand moves right behind the stereo.

Anna's still talking but Bob can't hear a word. All his attention now on the stereo. Anna's hand. The wire plugged into the wall... *All it takes is one little push.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

Bob?

Bob snaps out of it. Looks away from the stereo.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me?

BOB

I'm listening. You're trying to convince me to leave the CIA.

ANNA

See. That. Right there. The way you're looking at me. Like you're accusing me of something.

BOB

You're trying to get me to leave my job.

ANNA

I'm trying to get you to leave your job *at your job*. When you're home, we barely speak. Every chance you get you escape to that damn shed.

BOB

(angry - snaps a bit)

Can you just stay out of the shed? Is it so terrible I have one place that's *mine*?

Bob knows instantly he shouldn't have gotten that mad. Anna shakes her head, gets up to leave.

BOB

Wait...

She storms out of the bathroom. Slams the door.

Bob unplugs the stereo from the wall, abruptly CUTTING OFF THE MUSIC. Leans back. Rubs his hands on his face.

ANNA (PRE-LAP)

So, what's the big secret?

INT. BOB'S SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Younger Bob. In a suit. Stands in his small, sparse apartment. He looks nervous. Something weighing on him.

BOB

What?

Anna comes out of the washroom. Dressed for a night out.

ANNA

Where you taking me?

BOB

You'll see.

ANNA

How do I look?

BOB

(smiles - genuine)  
Perfect.

She grabs her purse. Heads for the door but sees Bob isn't following. Frozen in place. Staring at the floor.

ANNA

What's wrong?

He looks up at her. Seems to be rallying his courage.

BOB

I want to show you something before  
we go.

INT. BOB'S SMALL APARTMENT - HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob leads Anna into his office. He slowly walks to a large wall mounted painting. He pulls it off the wall (*just like how he hides his hidden chart in the shed*) revealing...

A COMPLEX CHART of CIA documents. Photos of wanted men. Tracking their every movement. Contacts. Behavior. Etc.

When Anna sees the chart, her mood instantly turns serious. She can tell somehow her world is about to turn upside down.

ANNA

Bob, what... What are you doing?

BOB

It's what I'm not doing. I'm not working for a consulting firm.

Anna walks to the chart. Everything about it feels dangerous. She knows instinctively what it means. *Who Bob really is.*

BOB (CONT'D)

I get it if this is all... Too much. Guess that's why I waited so long to tell you. Was afraid it would be.

Anna looks over at Bob. Trying to digest it all.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm telling you now because... I don't want there to be any secrets between us...

Bob pulls a small ring box out of his pocket.

BOB (CONT'D)

...For the rest of our lives.

Anna's mouth opens as Bob gets down on one knee.

BOB (CONT'D)

I was gonna wait till the restaurant, but...

Bob opens the box, revealing the ring inside.

He keeps his eyes on the ground. Too nervous to look at her.

BOB

(really vulnerable)  
If you can't, I understand. I just... I had to tell you before...

Her hand touches his face. He looks up at her. Terrified.

She smiles down at him. Tears in her eyes. She takes the ring. Slips it on her finger.

ANNA

It fits.

Bob smiles. Happier than he's ever been in his life.

BOB

(quoting the night they  
met)

They fit perfectly.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob, his hair still wet from the bath, pulls on a track suit.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob walks down the stairs. Through the living room. The house feels dark. Empty. Quiet.

Bob walks through the kitchen and out the back door...

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bob walks through the backyard to the shed...

INT. BACKYARD SHED - CONTINUOUS

Bob walks into the shed and sees...

**Anna is standing in the shed.**

She's found the secret chart documenting her every move. She turns from the chart and looks at Bob. Her eyes wet and red.

ANNA

(quivering voice)

Bob, what... What are you doing?

Bob's a deer in headlights. He wasn't prepared for this. He slowly, instinctively starts to back away from her...

ANNA (CONT'D)

Bob, what the hell is this?

He just stares at her. Shock and adrenaline coursing.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Bob?!

BOB

(quiet - intense)

Who are you?

ANNA

What?

BOB

Tell me who you are.

ANNA

Jesus, Bob, what the hell is wrong  
with you, I'm your god damn wife!

Bob lunges towards her... All the suspicion and tension Bob's  
been hiding for months now exploding to the surface.

BOB (CONT'D)

Who are you working for?!

ANNA

(terrified)

What?!

BOB

What are you trying to find out  
about the agency?! Who have you  
been meeting?!

ANNA

Bob, stop it, you're scaring me!

She tries to get away, but he grabs her by the arms.

BOB (CONT'D)

(frothing at the mouth)

Where is Anna?! What have you  
people done with her?!

ANNA

(utterly terrified)

Bob, stop!

BOB

(shaking her arms)

Where is my wife!?

ANNA

Bob, stop! Stop!



Anna fights her way free of him. Barrels out of the shed and sprints across the lawn. Runs off down the street.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - MULTIPLE ROOMS - NIGHT

Bob locks the front door. Locks the back door.

In the den, Bob moves aside a copy of GRAVITY'S RAINBOW on his bookshelf, revealing a small sleek safe. Inside the safe is a stack of bills, several passports and... A revolver.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob, revolver in hand, paces the room. Not sure what to do with himself. The Rubicon's been passed and he knows it.

He sits in a chair. PAN AWAY from Bob... To the painting on the wall. Bob and Anna's joined symbol. This DISSOLVES TO...

THE DESERT... From a drone's hovering POV...

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Bob sits staring at the mysterious patch of desert on the wall screen. Sandra enters the room...

SANDRA

Find any messages in the sand yet?

(takes in Bob's  
appearance)

You been at this all night?

BOB

Take a look at this.

Bob zooms in and enhances multiple spots on the desert floor. Each with a set of tire tracks that all come to an abrupt stop at roughly the same location.

BOB (CONT'D)

There's just under a dozen  
different tracks that lead in from  
the desert and stop at this point.

SANDRA

Maybe a sand storm or something  
covered the rest up?

BOB

No. Look how abruptly they stop.

It does appear that the tire tracks simply cut off abruptly.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Now watch this.

The image changes to a wider INFRARED VIEW of the desert.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Infrared shows that every four  
hours or so... This happens.

A HEAT BLOOM flares up from a spot on the desert floor.

BOB (CONT'D)  
A heat bloom. At this exact spot.

SANDRA  
It's the desert. There's  
temperature fluctuations.

BOB  
In the middle of the night?  
Contained to one area?

SANDRA  
So, what are you thinking? Was  
there something at this location  
that got moved?

BOB  
(shakes his head)  
I don't know.

They both sit quietly staring at the patch of desert.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - AFTERNOON

A KNOCK at the front door. Bob cautiously approaches. Peers  
through the peephole. Relaxes slightly. Opens the door...

MAX  
Hey, buddy.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Max sits on the couch. Bob in a chair across the room.

MAX  
Anna's at my place. She's pretty  
shaken up.

Max keeps waiting for a response from Bob, but getting none.

MAX (CONT'D)

Bob? What happened?

Bob looks up at him. *How does he even begin to explain?*

BOB

Have you... Have you ever been so sure of something... Something you couldn't explain, couldn't prove... But sure with every ounce of your being that it was true?

MAX

I don't know. Maybe.

BOB

Max, if you've ever trusted me, you have to trust me now. The woman staying in your house is not your sister. She's not my wife. She's not Anna.

Max tries his best to contain his shock. It's one thing to hear Anna explain it. Quite another to see it in person.

MAX

(trying to be delicate)  
Okay. Then who is she?

BOB

I don't know.

MAX

Bob, people change, over the course-

Bob stands up. Frustrated. Max doesn't get it.

MAX (CONT'D)

Anna says you've been following her around. Video taping her?

Bob looks to the ground. It all sounds so crazy coming out of Max's mouth.

MAX (CONT'D)

How long has this been going on?

Bob thinks. Really considers the question. Then-

BOB

(realizing it himself)  
Our anniversary. In DC. That's when everything changed.

MAX

You mean the weekend of your car accident?

BOB

You going to try to convince me this is all because of some sort of brain injury?

MAX (CONT'D)

Bob, you're a smart guy. You're probably the smartest guy I know. Can you at least entertain the possibility... The *possibility*... That you might need some help.

Bob shakes his head. Looks down. Exasperated.

MAX (CONT'D)

I know someone you can talk to. If not for Anna, then for me.

Bob looks up. Locks eyes with Max.

BOB (CONT'D)

On one condition.

(beat)

Don't trust her.

MAX

Bob-

BOB

If I'm going to entertain your theory, then you entertain mine.

(beat)

Don't trust her.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob rests his head on the couch. Dr. Carter behind him.

DR. CARTER

I'd like to talk about the weekend in DC again.

BOB

(frustrated)

Why do we have to keep going over these memories?

DR. CARTER  
Because it's important how you  
remember them.

Bob stares off into the ether. Remembering...

IN BOB'S MIND - QUICK FLASHES FROM THAT WEEKEND...

Bob and Anna walking into the Ritz...

Having dinner in the hotel restaurant...

Bob says goodbye to Anna outside their room...

BOB (V.O.)  
I was called into work, but it was  
just a ruse to separate us.

Bob in his car, on the phone with work...

BOB  
Hey. So, you know why I got called  
into the office?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Called in? Nobody called you in.

**BAM! A WHITE VAN SMASHES INTO THE SIDE OF BOB'S CAR.**

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - WASHINGTON DC - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bob lies in a hospital bed with a bandage on his head.

BOB (V.O.)  
My car was sideswiped. Hit and run.

He slowly opens his eyes. Disoriented.

BOB (V.O.)  
There were four hours between when  
I was hit and when the hospital was  
able to finally get ahold of Anna.

The door to the room opens. A DOCTOR and Anna walk in.

Anna rushes over and hugs Bob. Seems overjoyed he's alright.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
What happened when you saw her?

BOB'S POV - EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN. CLOSE ON little details of  
Anna's face. Her mouth speaking... Eyes scanning...

BOB (V.O.)

It started out as a feeling. An instinct. Nothing more. I kept trying to dismiss it, but... I couldn't fight the sensation that I didn't know this woman.

PUSH IN CLOSE on Anna's face moving in SLOW MOTION. We see her as Bob does... Some sort of menacing intent in her eyes.

BOB (V.O.)

That the woman I left in the hotel room... The woman I fell in love with... Was not the woman sitting next to me.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Carter's hugely interested in all this. Jotting notes.

BOB

(renewed certainty)

Our anniversary in DC. That was it. That was when they took her.

INT. THE CIA - BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob walks into Bernie's office.

BOB

Anything?

BERNIE

Well, luckily pretty much every head of state stays at the Ritz when they visit DC, so naturally...  
(hands Bob a thumb drive)  
...We keep an eye on it.

BOB

What kind of coverage of the hotel?

BERNIE

We're wired into every corner of that place. Except the rooms. Whatever you're looking for on that weekend...

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Bob's huddled over his laptop. Reviewing security camera footage from the Ritz on the weekend of his anniversary.

BERNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...It's in this footage somewhere.

HOTEL SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE - A high angle security camera. Bob and Anna walk in the front doors of the Ritz Carlton.

RESTAURANT SECURITY CAM - That night, Bob and Anna in the hotel restaurant. They ask a WAITRESS to take their picture.

HALLWAY SECURITY CAM - Bob and Anna arrive at their room. Bob stops Anna. Starts to make out with her in the hall.

Bob (in the shed) watches with a deep sadness. This was the last moment he remembers with his wife. His *real* wife.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob sits watching telemetry of the desert. (*The parallel to watching footage from his anniversary, unmistakable.*)

Bob seems beat. He starts to pack up to leave.

IMAGE ANALYST  
Sir!

Bob turns back. On the wall screen he sees...

A truck. Heading through the desert. In the direction of the mysterious patch of desert.

BOB  
(excited)  
Enhance that vehicle.

IMAGE ANALYST  
Already on it.

The drone camera zooms in. CLOSE ON the truck, then...

**It vanishes.**

Bob jumps up from his chair.

BOB  
What happened?!

IMAGE ANALYST  
I don't know?

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Bob reviewing the Ritz Carlton security footage...

HOTEL SECURITY CAM - The hallway outside Bob and Anna's room the next morning. Bob kisses Anna in the doorway of their room, then turns and leaves. Anna goes back into the room.

Bob (in the shed) fast-forwards the footage until...

TWO ROOM SERVICE WAITERS arrive at Anna's room. Pushing a long cart with a white sheet over it. Anna opens the door and lets them in the room.

Bob fast-forwards the footage again. Looking at the time code... 1 minute passes... 5 minutes... 10 minutes... Bob can't believe this... *What's going on in that room?*

Finally the door opens again. The waiters leave Anna's room.

Bob freezes the image on the lead waiter's face. Studies it. Something familiar to Bob. He goes back to earlier footage...

THE LOBBY - When Bob and Anna first arrived. Behind them...

**The same man walks into the hotel behind them.**

He's in a suit. Definitely not a room service waiter. Bob fast forwards too...

HOTEL RESTAURANT - Bob and Anna getting their picture taken. A few tables away from them... **The same man. Watching them.**

Bob goes back to the moment the waiters brought the room service. The "lead waiter" leans over Anna's food. He's doing something. *Is he pouring something on the food?*

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob watches the drone feed of the truck disappearing on a loop in SLOW MOTION. The truck gets to roughly the position the other tire tracks end... And it simply disappears. No puff of smoke. Just gone.

BOB

It's got to be a problem with the drone camera.

IMAGE ANALYST

Diagnostics are in the green.

BOB

Then the feed must have cut out.



## IMAGE ANALYST

There was no interruption in the signal. We never stopped recording.

BOB

Well it couldn't have just disappeared!

Bob stands with his hands on his hips. Frustrated.

BOB (CONT'D)

Enhance the truck as much as possible.

The drone image zooms in on the truck.

BOB (CONT'D)

That marking on the side... Can we clean that up?

A small mark on the bottom corner of the truck slowly de-pixelates... It's a logo of some kind... It says...

**ZTS.**

Bob quickly flips through the anonymously mailed shipping manifest. Excited. The pieces starting to come together.

He sees the same logo all over the document - ZTS.

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Bob reviewing the hotel footage...

After the suspicious room service waiters leave Anna's room, Bob fast forwards... 1 hour passes... 2 hours... 3 hours...

Until finally... "Anna" walks out of the room.

Bob freezes the footage. He studies Anna's face. *Is this the same woman? Is this the moment the imposter arrived?* Hard to tell if it's our imagination but something feels different. Her gait more confident. Her gaze colder.

PUSH IN CLOSE on "Anna's" face until it's just pixels...

CUT TO:

FACIAL RECOGNITION SOFTWARE tries to identify the man tailing Bob and Anna at the Ritz. (*Very visually similar to the "man with shifting features" in Bob's reoccurring dreams.*)

A match pops up.

BERNIE (O.S.)  
Liu Ziang. Chinese national. No red  
flags except for... His employer...  
ZTS.

INT. THE CIA - BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob huddles over Bernie's shoulder at the computer.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
Weapons manufacturer. They're like  
the Raytheon of China. We think  
they're in essence a corporate arm  
of Beijing but we can't prove it. A  
few recent cyber attacks were  
linked back to ZTS.

Bob lets this sink in. Grave concern over the implications.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
I uh... I couldn't help but notice  
Anna was in the Ritz footage.

Bob says nothing. He's caught. It's awkward for both of them.

BERNIE (CONT'D)  
What the hell's going on, Bob?

EXT. THE CIA - OUTDOOR COURTYARD - DAY

Bob and Bernie sit on a bench in a little courtyard outside  
the CIA cafeteria. From Bernie's disturbed expression, it's  
clear Bob's just brought him up to date.

BERNIE  
(not sure what to say)  
So... It's a person that looks like  
Anna?

BOB  
I understand how it sounds. I...

He trails off. Thinking. Something occurring to him.

BOB  
What if it's not a person that  
looks like Anna.

Bob looks at Bernie. Bernie chuckles. Bob doesn't.

BOB (CONT'D)

You said this company ZTS  
manufactures weapons?

BERNIE

Bob-

BOB

The atom bomb was just science  
fiction until the world saw a  
mushroom cloud over Hiroshima.  
Hell, how long ago were drones  
science fiction? This could be the  
new frontier in espionage-

They stop talking as two people walk by. Once they've passed-

BERNIE

Bob, as your friend...  
(hard to say)

I don't think you've been the same  
since your accident.

Bob gets up. Doesn't want to hear this again.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Bob, please don't mention any-

BOB

Enjoy the bus, Bernie.

Bernie watches him go. Very worried for his friend.

EXT. ZTS OFFICES - DAY

Bob sits in his car across from ZTS. An impressive corporate  
tower. Their slogan... *"Tomorrow's Technology Today."*

Bob films the front of the building. Corporate looking people  
walking in and out. Nothing out of place.

Through the front window, Bob can see an old, STERN LOOKING  
MAN sitting at the reception desk. The man gets up, seemingly  
off for his lunch break, and is replaced by a nervous looking  
YOUNG FEMALE RECEPTIONIST.

Bob shuts off the camera. Starts his car.

BOB (V.O.) (PRELAP)

The heat blooms have continued  
unabated every four to six hours.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob stands in front of the wall screen at the front of the room delivering a debrief to Davis who listens stoically. Sandra and several other analysts have gathered as well.

BOB

As for the truck vanishing, we figure it comes down to two options. Either the drone was faulty or something interfered with its ability to record telemetry in this area.

Davis watches the recording of the truck disappearing over and over on a loop. He holds the anonymously mailed envelope containing the GPS coordinates in his hand.

DAVIS

(re: envelope)

And the whole reason we have eyes on this area is because of this anonymous package?

BOB

Yes, sir. Shipping manifests from the Chinese defence contractor ZTS.

DAVIS

Do you have *anything* linking this area to our twin suicide bombers?

BOB

Both originated from this area.

DAVIS

Meaning what?

Bob hesitates. Does he really want to articulate his theory?

BOB

We all know suicide attacks have increased dramatically in the last few months. What if these aren't random radicals blowing themselves up? What if this is all part of a larger plan?

DAVIS

(skeptical)

Explain.

BOB

(speaking fast - excited)

If you were a foreign power that wanted to bring down America's drone armada, you couldn't do it through force. You'd do it through international pressure. Through manipulating public opinion. And every one of these attacks is being used to prove that the drone program is not working. That it's only creating more radicals.

DAVIS

What exactly are you recommending?

BOB

I think at the very least we need to send a team out here to investigate this area.

Davis looks at the envelope with the GPS. His stern face revealing nothing. Bob waits. Confident he's made his case.

DAVIS

No.

BOB

No?

DAVIS

Until we have some proof that-

BOB

(loud - angry)

Something *is* happening in this desert.

DAVIS

(to the room)

Give us a minute, please.

Everyone but Bob and Davis starts to clear out. All of them feeling the tension. Sandra shoots Bob a "behave yourself" glance. As soon as Bob and Davis are alone...

DAVIS

Bob, you have no proof anything is even going on in this desert.

BOB

How about the fact that trucks disappear when they drive into it? Like it's the Bermuda Triangle!

DAVIS

(stern - had enough)

Bob.

(turns to leave)

Bring me more than marks in the sand, faulty drone telemetry and wild theories about new weapons. Bring me something real.

Bob stands alone in the room. Staring at the carpet.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Bob looks at his reflection in the mirror. Closes his eyes and exhales. Preparing himself for what's about to happen.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bob walks into the living room where Max is already sitting. Beside him on the couch... Anna.

She makes only brief, tentative eye contact with Bob. She's a shaky mix of emotions. Anger. Grief. Confusion.

Bob sits down on the opposite side of the room. His eyes on Anna. As if she could lunge out and attack at any second.

MAX

So, Bob, I've spoken to a friend of mine at Berkeley. A psychology professor. He's been educating me on something called Capgras Syndrome. Have you heard of it?

Bob says nothing. All his attention still on Anna.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, it's a...

(tries to be delicate)

... It's a form of schizophrenia.

Anna wipes her eye. Just hearing the word, disturbs her.

MAX (CONT'D)

People who suffer from it believe that people very close to them have been replaced by identical looking imposters. They've been conducting a study on it at Berkley for years.

Max puts a disk on the table.

MAX (CONT'D)

These are interviews they've conducted with patients for their case study. My friend thought it might be useful for you to see these. Realize it's not just you. That you're not alone.

Bob doesn't even look at the disk. Not buying any of this.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to Anna)

You have anything you want to say?

Anna tries to steady herself. Keeps her eyes down.

ANNA

Bob, I know that recently things have... Well... We've had better days. I know some of it's because of your work. The stress you're under. And maybe...

(hesitates, seems guilty)

...I haven't been there for you lately.

She stops. Max squeezes her arm. Encouraging her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I should have realized earlier that something was wrong with you. It was... It was the way you looked at me. I saw it, but I didn't...

She stops. Gathers herself then finally looks up at him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't pretend to understand exactly what's happening with you, but... I just want you to know... This feeling... About me. However strong it is... Just know that I *am* your wife. And I love you.

She stares at him, desperately needing him to say something.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do you... I mean...

(vulnerable, confused)

Do you not love me anymore?

BOB

(a beat, then... with conviction...)

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I love my wife. Before I met her I was... Just a bunch of broken pieces masquerading as a human being. And she put the pieces together. She's the only one that ever could.

Tears start to sneak down Anna's face as she listens. She's never heard Bob speak like this.

BOB (CONT'D)

But you...  
(leans forwards)  
... Are... Not... My... Wife.  
(lets it hang in the air)  
And I'd rather live with only my memories of her, than betray her by spending another second with you.

Anna stares back in absolute shock. Bob's words simultaneously the most romantic and most unimaginably hurtful thing she's ever heard.

Even Max is too shocked to speak. Bob's absolute conviction in ripping Anna's heart right out of her chest.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob peers through the curtains in the front window, watching Anna and Max walk away from the house.

Anna suddenly collapses, as if her legs just gave out. Sobbing uncontrollably. Utterly shattered to her soul. Max has to steady her.

Bob watches silently. The first trace of regret starts to crawl across his face.

Her pain is so genuine. So intense. *So real.*

Bob slowly sits down. The room incredibly quiet and empty.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)

You must have at least considered the idea that... All of this may be in your head?

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob sits quietly eating dinner at the kitchen table. He looks to the opposite end of the table. The empty seat. Something sad and lonely about him now eating alone.



DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
That it's you that's changed. Not  
Anna.

Bob's eyes drift to the living room table. The disc Max left.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bob shuts off the lights. Getting ready to turn in. Again,  
his eyes drift to the disk Max left. On the table. Untouched.

He turns and walks out of the room. A beat, then-

The lights suddenly come back on. Bob grabs the disc.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob sits at the computer. Watching the video Max gave him.

BOB (V.O.)  
No. I've seen things. Clues.

THE VIDEO - A bad resolution image of an interview with a  
Capgras sufferer, TRISH. Late 40s. Perfectly normal looking.

TRISH  
It was just after my dad moved in  
with us. I started noticing things.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
What did you notice?

TRISH  
Things going missing. Things of  
mine he was taking. Toothbrush. My  
jewelry. That's when I knew.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
What did you know?

TRISH  
They were going to replace me next.

Bob watches. Incredibly disturbed.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
Don't you think if you look at  
anyone's life close enough, they'll  
start to seem strange. Suspicious.

Bob watches another interview... A disheveled looking man,  
BILL, 40s, in what appears to be a MENTAL INSTITUTION.

BILL

(southern drawl)

Was round 'bout when she turned eleven. No. Twelve. That's when she started changing.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What happened when your daughter turned twelve?

BILL

The demon came inside her. It looked like her. But it wasn't her no more.

OFFSCREEN INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Is that why you locked her in her room for ten days without food?

Bill's face contorts into a quiet sob. An unbearable pain.

Bob shuts it off. He can't watch anymore. Sick to his stomach. The horrible realization sinking in... How sick these people are. *How he may be one of them.*

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob sits up. Covers his face with his hands. Lost. Desperate.

BOB

Is there something wrong with me?

Dr. Carter gets up from his chair behind Bob. Kneels next to him. Close. Intimate. Seems to genuinely care for Bob.

DR. CARTER

I know how terrifying it is to realize you can't trust your own mind. Every step you take the sands shift beneath your feet.

Bob looks up at him. Eyes red. Defeated. Scared.

BOB

(sincere)

What do I do?

DR. CARTER

Separate yourself from the person your illness has fixated on.

Bob shakes his head. No way.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob crawls into bed. Something sad and lonely about him going to bed all alone now. He lies there for a beat. His eyes open. Staring across the room at the empty picture frame.

BOB (V.O.)

I just want the *real* Anna back.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob sits at his computer. Scanning through dozens of digital photos of him and Anna.

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're not in love with the real Anna anymore, Bob.

CU ON - THE PHOTOS - Them on vacation... Them with their families... Waking up in bed on a lazy Sunday morning... The disparate images of a life spent with another person...

DR. CARTER (V.O.)

The real Anna and the Anna in your memories have become two separate people.

He clicks on a folder labelled "Backups". Then a sub-folder labeled "Anniversary - Washington". He finds the one he's looking for. Him and Anna. The Washington Monument behind.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)

You're in love with the memory.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob puts the photo back in the frame. Sets it on the mantle.

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're in love with this perfect picture of the two of you happy.

He just stands, staring at it in the dark, lonely room.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)

A picture that exists now only in your mind.

FADE TO BLACK.

A NEWS BROADCAST - AN ANCHOR speaking over images of the UN.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The UN today officially drafted a resolution to launch an internationally monitored investigation into the CIA's covert drone program.

PULL BACK from the broadcast revealing it's on a TV in...

INT. THE CIA - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bob, Sandra and a room full of analysts watch the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

A team of UN inspectors are being dispatched to the regions most affected to ascertain the effectiveness, legality and human tole of the most controversial covert program in the world.

Davis, at the head of the room, shuts it off.

DAVIS

As you can all see, we're under a microscope right now. All pre-planned strikes are being halted until this heat passes, but we can't control what comes out of nowhere.

Everyone in the room seems concerned. Listening attentively. Except Bob. At the back. Seeming distracted. Half listening.

DAVIS

We can't afford any mistakes, people. Stay on your toes.

Davis nods, dismissing the room. Everyone clears out.

Bob leaves slower than the rest. Seeming preoccupied.

Davis' eyes stay on Bob as he leaves. Concerned expression.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bob looks rough. Unshaven. Thrown together clothes. Starting to even look like a crazy person.

Max reads from papers on Capgras printed off the internet.

MAX

Apparently Capgras is caused by damage to the Amygdala, which can happen when you have a brain injury. Like your accident in DC.

Bob's only half listening.

MAX (CONT'D)

(reading from papers)

The Amygdala is the part of the brain that links visual recognition to emotion. You look at the person's face, your brain recognizes the features, but none of the emotions you would normally associate with that face are there.

Max picks up the house's wireless phone.

MAX (CONT'D)

They say something that works is to talk to the person you suspect over the phone. Because there's nothing wrong with the part of your brain that controls hearing.

Bob eyes the phone in Max's hand as if it were radioactive.

BOB

Maybe she's better off without me.

MAX

I don't believe that.

Max stands up. Sets the phone down beside Bob.

He leaves. Bob sits at the table. The phone in front of him.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob leans against the wall. Phone in his hand. Unsure.

He slowly dials a number. Closes his eyes. Exhales deeply.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bob, in a tuxedo, exhales deeply. Sitting in a bathroom stall. Not going to the bathroom, just sitting there. SOUNDS OF A PARTY heard through the walls.

Head down. Eyes closed. Knee bouncing nervously.

MAX (O.S.)  
You ready to do this, buddy?

BOB  
Be right out.

He exhales deeply. Gets up. Flushes the toilet for appearances. Walks out of the stall.

We LINGER ON the stall wall... Bob and Anna's joined symbol, freshly scratched into it. Old habits die hard.

INT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Anna, escorted by her father, veil across her face, walks down the aisle towards a very nervous Bob.

ANNA (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
Bob?

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bob leans against the wall. Phone to his ear.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
You don't need to say anything. I know it's you.

Bob doesn't move a muscle. He seems terrified.

ANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(over phone)  
I know you can't control this thing that's happening to you. And I don't blame you for it. Any of it.

Bob listens intently. It *sounds like her*. Like Anna.

ANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(over phone)  
Just know... It's me.  
(starts to cry)  
I swear to you it's me. And I love you. I love you so much, and this is killing me.

He knows it's her. It's *really* her. It's Anna.

Bob's face crinkles into a silent sob.

BOB

Anna... I'm so sorry.

Bob looks over towards the glass back door of the house...

Anna's standing in the backyard. Cell to her ear. Tears rolling down her face.

Bob rushes to the door and slides it open. She comes in and wraps her arms around him. Bob grabs on to her.

BOB (CONT'D)

(muffled sobs)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

INT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bob slowly lifts Anna's veil... *Revealing Anna's face.* The most beautiful she's ever looked. Tears in her eyes.

Bob stares at her face. As if seeing it for the first time.

He leans in and kisses her. The whole room STARTS CHEERING.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Anna holds Bob in her arms on the floor. Rocking back and forth. Both holding onto each other for dear life.

FADE TO BLACK.

CU ON - An aerial image of the mysterious patch of desert.

DAVIS (O.S.)

You need to let it go.

INT. THE CIA - DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Bob in Davis' office. The patch of desert on his monitor.

DAVIS

Islamabad's saying there's nothing in this desert. We haven't seen anymore... Disappearing trucks.

Davis notices Bob can't take his eyes off the desert.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Bob? Are you alright?

BOB  
(snaps out of it)  
I'm fine.

Davis taps his fingers. Trying to be delicate about asking...

DAVIS  
It's been about... Six months since  
your accident, hasn't it?

Bob doesn't like where this is going.

BOB  
(defensive)  
About that, yeah.

DAVIS  
I just need to be sure you're a  
hundred percent. The whole world's  
watching our every move.

BOB  
I'm fine, sir.

Bob gets up and leaves. Davis watches him go.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob stands staring at the patch of desert on the wall screen.

IMAGE ANALYST  
Shall I reposition 108, sir?

BOB  
(turns from the screen)  
Yep.

IMAGE ANALYST  
(into headset)  
108, this is control. Reposition to-

BOB  
(suddenly turns back)  
You know what... Leave it there.

The analyst gives him an "are you sure" look.

BOB (CONT'D)  
It's fine. But, uh, do me a favor.  
Take the telemetry off the big  
screen and patch it to my monitor.



The analyst can smell something wrong. But Bob's the boss. Bob looks around to see if anyone's overheard. No one has.

INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Bob and Anna give their orders to the waiter.

ANNA

The, uh, Teriyaki. Thank you.

The waiter leaves and the two of them are suddenly alone. They sit silently. Unsure what to say to each other.

ANNA

Should we get an appetizer?

BOB

Sure.

ANNA

Oh... He took the menus.

Bob taps his fingers nervously. Keeps his eyes on the table.

ANNA

(searching his face)

You still feel it, don't you?

He looks up at her. Unsure if he should deny it or not.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(sad)

I can see it. The way you look at me.

Bob looks down sheepishly. Nods yes.

BOB

(struggling to articulate)

It's like... My mind knows what it's seeing, but...

He points to his chest. Trying to find the words, but can't.

ANNA

It's okay.

(Smiles. Genuine.)

We'll work through this.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Anna get ready for bed. Anna gets into the bed, but Bob delays. Anna picks up on his hesitation.

BOB  
(points to the bathroom)  
I'm just gonna...

ANNA  
(no pressure)  
Sure.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob washes his hands. Looks at his reflection in the mirror.

He notices Anna left her cell in the bathroom. Picks it up.

He slowly puts it back down without looking at it. Like an alcoholic barely managing to turn down a drink.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob quietly crawls into bed next to Anna. He lies on the opposite end of the bed. Stays there for a beat.

He slowly turns around. Cautiously, awkwardly, snuggles up next to her. Putting his arm around her.

Though he can't see it, Anna smiles. The gesture meaning the world to her.

INT. STRANGE WINDING HALLWAYS - UNKNOWN TIME

Bob wanders through the strange, dimly lit halls. He turns a corner - the walls are now lined with glass. Water on the other side. Like giant fish tanks.

ANNA (O.S.)  
(far off - scared)  
Bob?... Bob?

As Bob moves through the winding halls, HUMAN FACES start to slowly emerge from the water tanks on either side of him. SPOOKY BLANK FACES emerging one by one just after Bob passes.

Bob rushes through the METALLIC DOOR at the end of the hall.

THE DARKENED ROOM - Bob can see more of the room now...

The walls are lined with massive TV SCREENS. (*Very similar to the Drone Control Room.*) On each screen is a different moment from Bob's past. A different memory. As if cameras had been recording Bob his entire life...

Bob and Anna meeting at the costume party... On the beach at night... Bob proposing to her...

One of the screens catches Bob's attention. It shows what occurred a few seconds ago. Bob wandering through the winding hallways. And behind Bob...

The MAN WITH THE FLUCTUATING FACE is following him.

Bob's fear starts to rise. The BUZZ OF ELECTRICITY builds.

The man follows Bob through the metallic door...

Bob (in the room) spins around...

The MAN WITH THE FLUCTUATING FACE is right behind him. The face settles on the same ARAB WITH BLUE EYES.

Bob, terrified, looks down at his own hand. Sees that he's holding the gun Anna gave him in the last dream.

He points the gun at the man's face and fires. On the BANG-

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob startles awake in bed. Breathing fast. A nightmare.

He turns. Looks beside him - expecting he'll be alone...

Anna's there. Sound asleep.

Bob gets up. He walks around to her side of the bed. Looks at her peaceful sleeping face. Serene. Perfect. *His wife.*

INT. BACKYARD SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Bob looks across the "Anna Chart". No longer a puzzle to be solved. It's an abomination. A testament to his sickness.

He starts to slowly pull the pieces off. Disassembling it.

LATER

The chart's almost bare now. Bob stands on a step ladder trying to unscrew the top of the chart from the ceiling.

His screwdriver slips and goes through plaster. He sees...

A BLACK WIRE. Underneath the plaster. Something about it immediately confuses Bob. This shouldn't be here.

He follows the wire... It leads right to the light. Bob loosens the base of the light. Finds the wire leading into...

**A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.**

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV - A black and white image. We see Bob. Staring into the camera. Shocked expression.

BACK TO THE SHED

Bob holds the camera in his hand. His mind reeling. The whole time he's been watching Anna.... *Someone's been watching him.*

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob's in a panic. All the paranoia he's tried so hard to suppress, roaring back with a vengeance.

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV - From a camera hidden in Bob's TV, we see Bob looking through the living room. Trying to figure out where another camera could...

He walks up to the TV. Stares right into our camera's POV.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - MULTIPLE ROOMS

Bob finds another camera behind the mirror of the bathroom...

Another in the light above the kitchen table...

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

ANGLE ON - Anna, sleeping in bed. PULL BACK revealing...

Bob standing over her. His gun in his hand. Staring down at her as if she were a monster.

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV - DAY

Through the front window - Anna pacing back and forth. Phone to her ear. Worried. The house is torn apart. Bob's gone.

LATER - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV - AFTERNOON

Anna walks out the front door. Gets in her car...

EXT. PARKING LOT - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV - AFTERNOON

Anna's car pulls into an almost empty parking lot.

She parks next to another car. A BLACK PORSCHE. She gets out of her car and gets in the passenger side of the Porsche.

LATER - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV

Anna gets out of the Porsche and gets into her own car. Both cars drive off in opposite directions.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV - LATER

The Porsche pulls into a car dealership. It parks in the lot. The door opens and...

It's the HANDSOME MAN that walked into Sachima and then tried to play it cool. *That was who Anna was meeting that day.*

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anna's car pulls in. She gets out and walks to the house.

She looks haggard. Exhausted from a day of searching for Bob.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anna walks into the house and sees...

**The Handsome Man is on his knees.**

The side of his face bloodied. A terrified expression.

Anna turns. Sees Bob. Gun in his hand.

ANNA

Oh my god.

BOB

Sit down.

Anna very slowly sits down. Her terrified mind racing.

BOB

(to Anna)

Who are you?

ANNA

Bob. Put the gun down.

Bob points his gun at the Handsome Man's head.

BOB

Who is this? Your handler?

The Handsome Man turns away. Pressing his face into the wall.

HANDSOME MAN

Paul! Paul! My name's Paul!

BOB

Why's your license a no-hit?

PAUL (HANDSOME MAN)

Wh... What?

BOB

Why isn't your license registered?!

PAUL

I... I work at a dealership. The cars aren't sold yet.

Anna, horrified, jumps up from the couch.

ANNA

Bob, listen to me. You're sick. You're very sick. You know this.

BOB

I don't believe you anymore.

Terrified, she cautiously approaches Bob.

ANNA

Bob, please. You're about to make a horrible mistake.

BOB

Why are there cameras in the house?

ANNA

Bob, please... You're confused. If there's cameras in here, you put them here.

BOB

Stop lying to me!

Bob presses the gun right into Paul's head.

BOB (CONT'D)

Why are you meeting this man?!

ANNA

Bob, Stop!

Bob has a wild look in his eyes. *He's going to do it!*

BOB

Tell me where my wife is!

ANNA

We had an affair!

This stops Bob in his tracks.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We had an affair. Alright.

Bob tries to process this. A curveball he wasn't expecting.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I only met him today to warn him  
that you might...

She starts to break down. Bob listens cautiously.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We were like strangers for so long.  
If I had any idea it was because  
you were sick I never would have...  
(wipes away tears)  
As soon as I found out what was  
happening with you, I told him it  
was over. Told him I had you back.

She looks up at Bob. A resolve in her red, teary eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

But I don't have you back, do I? As  
long as I'm in your life, you'll  
never be free of this thing.

A horrible silence. Bob slowly lowers his gun. Looks from Paul, sniveling in the corner, back to Anna.

BOB

*My wife, would never do this to me.*

Bob turns away. Slams the door as he leaves the house.

INT. BOB'S CAR - PARKED ON THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bob gets in his car. He starts to punch the roof of the car. Rage and sadness and fear boiling over.

He leans back and closes his eyes. When he opens them again, he notices something... A black wire sticking out from the rearview mirror. Leading to... Another surveillance camera.

Bob yanks the camera out. Stares down the barrel of the lens.

BOB

Who are you?! Who are you?!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - Bob's fingerprints scanned in the hand scanner.

INT. THE CIA - OFFICE AREA - DAY

Bob walks through the office. Slowly. Pre-occupied. A REFLECTION OF DAVIS' FACE suddenly appears and we realize we're watching Bob through the window of...

INT. DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Davis watches Bob through his office window. Concerned expression. Davis' ASSISTANT pops her head in.

ASSISTANT

You wanted to see me?

DAVIS

Yes. Can you bring me Bob Neven's last psych eval?

ASSISTANT

(surprised at the request)  
Of course.

She leaves. Davis sits down. Leans back. Thinking.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Bob sits staring at the monitor on his desk. Displaying telemetry from the mysterious patch of desert.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Bob?

Bob turns. Sandra's behind him. He's caught red handed.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

If Davis finds out you're still-



IMAGE ANALYST

(urgent)

Sir. We have a possible code six coming out of Yemen.

Everyone snaps to attention. On the wall screen they see THREE BLACK DOTS moving across the desert. Moving Fast.

IMAGE ANALYST (CONT'D)

This is telemetry from 108. Just outside our base in Al-Anad.

The DRONE CAMERA ZOOMS IN closer on the black dots...

THREE BLACK LAND ROVERS. Moving across the Yemeni desert.

BOB

Where they heading?

IMAGE ANALYST

Straight for our base.

BOB

(to the entire room)

I wanna know if any of our own people would have any reason to be at those coordinates right now. 108, what's the ETA to the base?

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)

ETA to the base... Five minutes.

BOB

Alright let's go into flashback. UAV. Satellite. Anything. Show me where they've been before this.

The room springs into action. Dozens of drone and satellite feeds being combed over.

SANDRA

(listening to her headset)

JSOC has nothing in that area.

IMAGE ANALYST

I've got them.

Everyone turns to one of the screens. Drone footage showing the three Land Rovers parked in a small TRIBAL VILLAGE.

IMAGE ANALYST (CONT'D)

This is less than two hours ago.

A GROUP OF TEN MEN exit the vehicles. Dressed in Arab garb.

BOB  
Get me faces.

The footage ZOOMS IN on multiple men but the angle's bad.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Four minutes to the base.

The entourage walks to a tent. AN ELDERLY ARAB MAN exits the tent to greet them. A good view of his face.

FACIAL RECOGNITION SOFTWARE KICKS IN... It gets a hit.

SANDRA  
Tareq al Abab. Tribal leader.  
Suspected of sheltering AQAP.

BOB  
(Not enough)  
Suspected.

IMAGE ANALYST  
I've got another one. Forty Five  
minutes ago.

They all turn to another screen. Footage of the Land Rovers parking in another village. BOMBED OUT BUILDING beside them.

SANDRA  
(re: the village)  
That's Radaa. We hit that exact  
spot a month ago with a strike.

A GROUP OF VILLAGERS carry something towards the Land Rovers. Something large. Covered in a blanket.

BOB  
What is that?

The footage ZOOMS IN. No way to tell what it is as it's loaded into the back of one of the vehicles.

INT. DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Davis' Assistant walks in and hands Davis a file.

ASSISTANT  
Neven's eval from eight months ago.

DAVIS  
Thank you.

As she leaves the phone rings. Davis puts it on speaker.

DAVIS

Davis.

AGENT OVER PHONE (V.O.)

Sir, we have a code six unfolding  
in real time. May have a strike  
imminent.

DAVIS

Who's in command?

URGENT VOICE (V.O.)

Bob Neven, sir.

Davis looks down at Bob's file. A renewed urgency.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Everyone glued to the LAND ROVERS moving towards the base.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)

Three minutes to the base.

BOB

I need faces! Get me a face!

The analysts desperately try to ZOOM IN on different faces.

BOB (CONT'D)

The one in front. Get me his face.

The analysts ZOOM IN on the man greeting the tribal leader.  
The image SWIVELS. DE-PIXALATES. The face becoming clear...

It's an Arab man... With blue eyes.

**The exact same man from Bob's dream.**

As Bob stares at the man's face, an OMINOUS ELECTRIC BUZZING  
starts to build in Bob's ears.

BOB'S POV - Focusing on the Arab Man's face. EVERYTHING SLOWS  
DOWN. CLOSE ON the little details Bob is digesting... The  
Arab Man speaking with the villagers... His hands moving...  
His blue eyes scanning the desert... The curl of his mouth...

The man's every movement seeming tinged with menace. The  
horrible ELECTRIC BUZZING building in Bob's ears.

BOB

(intense - a bit scared)

We need to take him out.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)  
(louder - with resolve)  
108, commence emergency pre-launch.

SANDRA  
(surprised)  
Bob, are you sure?

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - DAY

The Drone Pilot and Sensor Operator start hitting buttons.

DRONE PILOT  
Roger. Commencing pre-launch.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks towards the LAND ROVERS. Tense. *This is it.*

SANDRA  
Bob, I'm not sure about this. We  
haven't seen anything conclusive-

BOB  
(into headset)  
108, initiate laser lock.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Roger. Laser lock initiating.

SANDRA  
Let's cross check with-

BOB  
I'm telling you this is it! We need  
to take him out, now!

The whole room is razor tense. All the other image analysts seem as worried as Sandra, but Bob's barreling forwards.

Suddenly, something catches Bob's eye... He looks to the monitor on his desk displaying the mysterious desert...

Something is moving across the desert.

With everyone else's eyes glued to the big screen, Bob leans in closer to the monitor on his desk.

**TWO MEN are running through the desert.**

Bob can't believe what he's seeing. *Where did they come from?*

BOB

103, do you read me? Zoom in on the two bogeys at the bottom of the image and enhance.

SANDRA

Bob, what the hell are you doing?

INT. DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Davis is reading Bob's psych evaluation. His eyes scanning across a handwritten questionnaire Bob has filled out.

AGENT OVER PHONE (V.O.)

Sir, agent Neven's authorized pre launch.

Davis' eyes drift across his desk. To the envelope with the anonymously mailed GPS coordinates. Davis picks up the envelope. Looks at the address written on the envelope.

He puts the envelope directly beside Bob's handwriting in his psych evaluation...

**The handwriting is identical.**

DAVIS

Oh my god.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE ROOM - DAY

Bob stares at his monitor...

The DRONE CAMERA ZOOMS IN on one of the fleeing man in the desert. The fleeing man stops. Looks up revealing his face...

**It's Bob. It's Bob's face.**

Bob (in the drone room) stares at the screen in absolute shock. His brain turning upside down.

He looks over at the rest of the room. Everyone else is glued to the Land Rovers on the wall screen.

Bob looks back to his monitor... Frozen in disbelief... Unable to speak. It's him... **It's his face.**

INT. THE CIA - OFFICE AREA - DAY

Bob walks through a maze of cubicles. Slowly. Trance like.

Across the room he sees AN AGENT looking his way. At the opposite end, ANOTHER AGENT, who quickly looks away.

Whether he's imagining it or not is unclear, but to Bob it feels like *everyone is watching him*.

INT. THE CIA - BERNIE'S OFFICE - LATER

Bernie hands Bob a small POCKET DRIVE.

BERNIE

Just plug this in and it'll  
download software that lets you  
access that computer remotely.

Bernie sees how shaky Bob is. A nervous live wire.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

So, what do you need this for?

BOB

The answers to all of this are at  
ZTS.

BERNIE

Bob, whatever you're thinking about  
doing-

Bob leans in close to Bernie. A fear in Bob's eyes.

BOB

(whispers)

I think they're going to replace me  
next.

Bernie, gravely concerned, watches Bob turn and scurry off.

EXT. ZTS OFFICES - DAY

Bob sits in his car. Watching the front of the building...

Through the front window of the building, he sees what he's been waiting for... The shift change at the reception desk. The older man replaced by the young, junior looking female receptionist.

INT. ZTS TELECOMMUNICATIONS - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Bob walks through the lobby to the reception desk.

BOB

Hi, I'm John Lynch. Here for a meeting with Liu Ziang.

YOUNG FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Sure.

(scans her monitor)

I don't see anything scheduled?

BOB

He's expecting me.

(off her unsure look)

It's okay. Call his office.

YOUNG FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Just one second. Would you like a water or anything?

BOB

I'm fine, but... Could I use your facilities?

(before she can answer)

It's okay. I've been here before. I know where it is.

As Bob walks off down the hall, we hear the receptionist...

YOUNG FEMALE RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

I have a John Lynch here for Liu?

Bob sees doors leading to an office area. His eyes clock a camera on the ceiling. And on the wall... A fire alarm.

Bob loiters for a second while BUSINESS MEN pass by. He walks to the fire alarm, nonchalantly scratching the side of his face to hide it from the camera. He pulls the alarm.

A BLARING ALARM rings throughout the building.

Bob walks into the washroom. Keeps the door open a crack.

Dozens of ZTS EMPLOYEES file past as the building is emptied.

Bob waits until there's no more people, then slips out.

Goes through the doors into the main office area. Standard corporate. Rows of cubicles. Offices. Not unlike the CIA.

Bob scans the names on the outside of the offices. Until he finds the one he's looking for... Liu Ziang.

INT. LIU ZIANG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bob slips into the office. The ALARM STILL BLARING.

He jumps on the computer. Finds the connection to the server. Sticks the POCKET DRIVE into the computer and hits DOWNLOAD.

A PROGRESS BAR moves slowly as a program is downloaded from the pocket drive to the company's server.

Bob walks to the window. Down on the street he can see all the employees in front of the building. Chatting. Smoking.

Suddenly the ALARM STOPS.

Bob sees all the employees start heading back inside.

He goes to the computer. The progress bar inching along.

INT. ZTS TELECOMMUNICATIONS - LOBBY - DAY

Dozens of employees file back into the building. Including...

Liu Ziang. The man tailing Bob and Anna on their anniversary.

YOUNG FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Oh, Mr. Ziang.

(he stops and looks)

John Lynch is here for you.

LIU ZIANG

Who?

INT. LIU ZIANG'S OFFICE - DAY

Through frosted glass, Bob sees A SILHOUETTE approach the office door.

Bob rushes over to the door. Locks it just in time.

OUTSIDE ZIANG'S OFFICE

Ziang tries to open the office door but can't. Confused. Getting suspicious. He presses his face against the frosted glass window, trying to see inside the office.

IN ZIANG'S OFFICE

Bob stays frozen behind the door. Ziang's face pressed up against the window, directly beside him.

Ziang mumbles something in Mandarin and moves off.



Bob scurries back to the computer. The download has finally finished. Bob grabs the pocket drive.

He opens the office door a crack, peers out...

The cubicles are now full. People everywhere.

Bob, as swiftly as possible without drawing attention, exits the office and makes his way through the room.

INT. ZTS TELECOMMUNICATIONS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bob walks as fast as possible past the receptionist.

YOUNG FEMALE RECEPTIONIST  
Excuse me? Sir?

Bob ignores her and heads for the front doors. Behind him, Ziang and TWO SECURITY GUARDS rush into the lobby...

EXT. ZTS TELECOMMUNICATIONS - DAY - SECURITY CAMERA POV

Ziang and the guards exit out onto the street. They look around but Bob is nowhere in sight. Vanished.

Ziang pulls out his cell phone. Dials a number...

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Bob's using one of the library's computers. The pocket drive plugged into it.

ON THE COMPUTER - Bob uses the software he installed at ZTS to access the company's internal servers remotely.

He roots through folders, financial records, internal memos.

Something catches his attention. A folder labeled PROJECT ECHO.

He sees a list of SCIENTIST NAMES assigned to the project. He picks one of the scientists, DR SERVINO ANTINI. Does a search on his name...

He finds multiple news headlines featuring Antini...

"INTERNATIONALLY BANNED GENETIC EXPERIMENTS"...

*This is it. This is what he's been after.*

Bob clicks on "Supply Chain". Hundreds of shipping manifests for project Echo. All sent to...

A specific set of GPS COORDINATES. In the Pakistani desert.

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob parks on the street a few doors down from his house. He scans the street. No cops. The house seems quiet and normal.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob walks in the house. It's dark. Not a sound. He cautiously tip toes to the bookshelf. Moves the copy of GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. Types a code into his safe and opens it. He pulls out his "getaway kit". Fake passports. Money. Etc.

THE BEDROOM

One last thing he needs. He walks over to the photo of him and Anna on their anniversary. The Washington Monument behind them. Just as he pulls the picture out of the frame...

A slight THUMP SOUND from the closet.

Bob hears it. Drops the picture frame awkwardly on its side.

Bob pulls out his gun. He slowly walks towards the closet.

ANNA (O.S.)

I always loved that one too.

Bob spins around. Anna's in the bedroom doorway.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The picture.

The two just stand still. Unsure of each other's intentions. Bob sees Anna has two suitcases with her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I couldn't decide what to take.  
When you decide to end one life and  
start another... What do you take  
with you? It's all just stuff.

Bob slowly puts away his gun. Anna doesn't seem like a threat right now. Her smeared makeup. Thrown together clothes. A woman pushed to the edge. Overcome with grief.

She turns and starts heading down the stairs. Bob watches...

BOB  
(a realization)  
You really believe you're her,  
don't you?

She stops. Turns back to him. There's no anger in her eyes when she looks at him now. No malice. If anything... Pity.

ANNA  
What are you going to do, Bob?

BOB  
I'm going to find out who did this  
to us.

Anna smiles a small, sad smile. She's genuinely sad for him.

ANNA  
Goodbye, Bob.

She walks down the stairs. Slowly walks out the front door.

Bob just stands alone. A quiet moment in the dark bedroom.

He turns back to the closet. Opens it...

**A MAN IN A HAZMAT SUIT jumps out of the closet.**

Before Bob can scream or react, the man plunges a syringe into Bob's neck.

Bob's body goes limp. The Hazmat Man catches him. Lays him on the ground. He takes Bob's gun. Bob's eyes are open, but his body is paralyzed.

*Note - We see the following action from Bob's vantage point on the ground. His eyes only able to see pieces...*

Bob hears the front door open. SIX MORE MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS enter the bedroom. Carrying a gurney of some kind. A body lying on it. They take the body off the gurney and place it in Bob's bed.

**It's Bob. Its an exact replica of Bob.**

From the ground, Bob is still paralyzed. But we see the horror in eyes. **He's being replaced.**

The Hazmat Men take Bob's wedding ring and watch. They take them over to the Bob replica (*who from this point on we'll refer to as "Bob-B"*) on the bed and put them on him.

One of the HAZMAT guys sticks a needle into Bob-B's neck. Another checks his pulse. Another attaches some kind of ELECTRO SHOCK DEVICE up to his chest. They ZAP HIM.

Just to add to the horrific surreality of it all, one of the Hazmat Men appears to be video taping everything going on.

The Hazmat Men scurry over to Bob on the ground. They pick him up and put him on the gurney.

As Bob is carried out of the room, he gets one last chilling look at his replacement, sleeping soundly in his bed.

The Hazmat Men carry Bob down the stairs. As Bob passes rooms he sees more Hazmat Men. Cleaning up the house from when Bob tore it apart. Re-installing cameras.

EXT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Hazmat Men load Bob into the back of a white van. They attach restraints to Bob's wrists. They shut the doors to the van and jump in. The van drives off. Like it was never there.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A quiet, eerie moment... Bob-B. Lying in bed. Sleeping soundly. The "new Bob" flawlessly inserted.

INT. WHITE VAN - TRAVELLING - LATER

Bob, on the gurney in the back of the van. He can hear and feel that they're moving. Driving somewhere.

Bob's scared eyes look down at his hand. He's regaining feeling in it. Able to clench and make a fist.

He tries to lift his ankle up towards his hand. He desperately twists and contorts his body until finally his fingers reach his boot. Hidden in the heel, he pulls out...

His small blade.

He starts to cut at the restraint around his wrist. He hears a SHIP HORN BLOW. *Where the hell is he?*

The van suddenly stops. Bob frantically keeps cutting. He hears the doors of the van open and shut.

He cuts and cuts... Finally... The bond breaks.

Bob uses his free hand to quickly get his other one free.

The back doors of the van open... Multiple Hazmat Men.

Bob lunges forward. He stabs his blade into the neck of one of the Hazmat Men who recoils screaming.

Bob barrels his way past the other men and out of the truck.

Has only a split second to take in his surroundings. He's on-

EXT. SHIPYARD DOCKS - NIGHT

-a pier. The other Hazmat Men are barreling towards him.

In a split second decision, with the Hazmat Men closing on him, he does the only thing he can...

Bob jumps off the edge of the pier.

He lands awkwardly and painfully in the dark water below.

Several of the Hazmat Men pull out machine guns with silencers and start firing into the water.

Bob submerges. Bullets whizzing past him as he swims as far and fast as he can... Deeper into the dark water.

EXT. SHIPYARD DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Further down the pier... Bob floats in the water. Hidden behind a rusty buoy. He watches the Hazmat Men running up and down the pier, searching the water with flashlights.

EXT. SHIPYARD DOCKS - LATER

Further down the pier, Bob pulls himself up and out of the water and onto an embankment. He checks the bag around his waist... Money, passports, GPS. Still there. *Thank god.*

He lies on his back. Shivering. Shocked. Fighting tears. He's not James Bond. This is all scaring the shit out of him.

He looks out at the horizon. The sun starting to rise. Dawn.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Bob-B. Lying in bed. Just as the Hazmat Team left him. The sun starts to rise, falling across Bob-B's face.

Bob-B suddenly bolts upright and screams. As if waking from a nightmare. He takes in his surroundings. It's his room. His bed. He's fine.

He leans back down. Instinctively reaches towards the other side of the bed, but... It's empty. He's alone.

*(Note: As it will slowly sink in over the next few moments, we have seen this scene earlier in the film.)*

INT. SHIPYARD DOCKS - OFFICE AREA - MORNING

Bob sneaks into the offices of the shipyards. He finds a set of lockers. He finds some jeans. A half decent blazer. Starts to undress.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Quick shots of Bob-B going through his morning routine.

Showers. Brushes his teeth. Gets dressed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Bob, now wearing the clothes he stole, stuffs the stolen ZTS shipping manifests into an envelope. We see the front of the envelope addressed to...

"CIA - SPECIAL ACTIVITIES DIVISION"

He drops the envelope into a mailbox and scurries off.

INT. BOB AND ANNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

As Bob-B pulls his tie on, something catches his eye...

The picture on the dresser of Bob and Anna in D.C. It's gone. The picture frame empty and knocked awkwardly on its side.

Bob-B picks up the empty frame in his hands.

*This is all starting to look very familiar.*

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

Bob exits a cab. Walks into the airport.

EXT. BLAND OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Bob-B parks his car. Walks into the building.

INT. AIRPORT CHECK IN COUNTER - MORNING

Bob smiles at an AIRLINE EMPLOYEE as he hands her his fake passport. She types his information into her computer.

INT. BLAND OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Bob-B walks past rows of cubicles. Nods at coworkers. Just another day at the office. Sticks his hand on a scanner...

CLOSE ON the scanner - *BOB NEVEN. ID CONFIRMED.*

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY - MORNING

Bob walks through a metal detector. A TSA AGENT waves a wand over him and lets him past.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Bob-B walks in. Sees Sandra.

BOB-B

Morning Sandra. How are the kids?

SANDRA

Imran almost walked on his own this morning.

BOB-B

Come on.

On the wall screen ahead of them we see Alima playing with her three little kids in Waziristan, Pakistan.

*And with that it's sealed... We've been watching the story of Bob's replacement all along.*

INT. AIRPLANE - TRAVELLING - DAY

Bob sits looking out the window. High above the clouds now. He hears a noise and looks over - Three little ARAB CHILDREN are running up and down the aisle, squealing with laughter.

DRONE PILOT (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
Thirty seconds to the market. Are  
we clear to engage, control?

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

An agonizing moment as Bob looks back and forth from the speeding truck to the image of the kids getting in it.

SANDRA  
Bob, you need to call it.

Bob takes one last look at the image of the kids, then...

BOB  
(voice catching)  
103, you're cleared to engage.

They all watch silently as a HELLFIRE MISSILE HITS THE MOVING TRUCK DEAD ON.

INT. AIRPORT - TAJIKISTAN - NIGHT

Bob exits his plane and walks through the airport. He stops and looks at a news report on one of the airport televisions.

It's the aftermath of the strike on Alima's truck. Angry protesters. UN Ambassadors condemning the drone program. (*The exact same report we saw earlier.*)

We PUSH IN on the TV showing the Chinese Ambassador...

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (ON TV)  
With every new terrorist attack that occurs, it is further proof that the drone program has failed and needs to come to an end. One way, or another.

We then PULL OUT from the newscast, revealing we're seeing it on a TV in...

INT. THE CIA - OFFICE AREA - DAY

Bob-B is watching the same newscast. Debbie approaches him.

DEBBIE  
Morning, Bob. Got something a little odd here.



She hands Bob-B the envelope that Bob mailed. Bob-B looks inside and sees the ZTS shipping manifests.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
So, what the hell's at these  
coordinates?

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - TAJIKISTAN - AFTERNOON

Bob sits with a slightly overweight, bearded man. REMMY.

BOB  
(purposely coy)  
Answers. Hopefully.

REMMY  
Since when you a field man, Neven?

BOB  
Can you get me into Pakistan or  
not?

Remmy looks at the GPS coordinates circled on the map.

REMMY  
Take me a few days. Maybe a week.

Something behind Remmy catches Bob's eye. He gets up and walks over to the TV. It's a newscast. A bomb has exploded at the embassy in Rome. (*This is the same attack we saw earlier. The exact same news report.*)

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - LATER

The moment Bob-B first discovered the mysterious patch of desert. Bob-B walks to the wall screen. Looks at the tire tracks in the sand. Looks down at the anonymous mailed shipping manifests in his hand...

BOB-B  
(softly - to himself)  
Who are you?

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE - INDUS VALLEY - PAKISTAN - DAY

A crowded market. Teeming with life. And poverty. And danger. A PAKISTANI TEEN leads Bob through the market. Some time has passed. Bob's beard now full.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - INDUS VALLEY - DAY

Bob's led into a smoky room. Several MEN WITH GUNS inside.  
Laid out on the bed are a dozen DIFFERENT TYPES OF FIREARMS.  
Bob looks them over. Decides on TWO REVOLVERS and an AK-47.

BOB  
(subtitled - in Urdu)  
*These three.*

Bob hands the men American dollars. He pulls a GPS out of his pocket. Types in the coordinates of the mysterious patch of desert. Hands the GPS to one of the gun dealers.

BOB (CONT'D)  
*Also, I need transportation here.*

The Gun Dealer stares at the location of the coordinates.

GUN DEALER  
(subtitled - in Urdu)  
*Impossible. Too dangerous.*

Bob smiles knowingly. He lays down more cash on the bed.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - JEEP - TRAVELLING - DUSK

The desert flies by as we speed along a lonely desert road.

Bob sits in the back of a beat up jeep. FIVE ARMED MEN sit in the back with him, all unapologetically staring at Bob. He ignores their glares. Looks down at a picture in his hands. The picture missing from the mantle back home. Bob and Anna's anniversary.

BOB  
(quiet whisper)  
*I'm coming.*

Bob looks out at the desert flying past him...

DAVIS (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
*It's been about... Six months since your accident, hasn't it?*

INT. THE CIA - DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Bob-B in Davis' office. Staring at the mysterious desert on the monitor. Davis is staring at Bob-B suspiciously.

BOB-B  
About that, yeah.

DAVIS  
I just need to be sure you're a  
hundred percent. The whole world's  
watching our every move.

BOB-B  
I'm fine, sir.

Davis nods. Bob gets up and leaves. Davis watches him go.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Bob wakes up from sleep. The jeep has stopped. The DRIVER  
opens the back of the jeep and gestures for Bob to get out.

BOB  
(subtitled - in Urdu)  
*Why are we stopped?*

The driver points to a MOUNTAIN RANGE beyond the desert.

DRIVER  
(subtitled - in Urdu)  
*There. Towards the mountains.*

BOB  
*No, no. We had an arrangement. You  
take me into the desert.*

The driver shakes his head and heads back inside the jeep.

DRIVER  
*Too dangerous.*

The jeep heads off. Bob stands alone. The middle of nowhere.

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - DAY

Bob trudges through the desert. Nothing around him for miles  
except endless sand. The unrelenting sun beating down on him.

He stops. He checks his position on the GPS. He takes a drink  
from his canteen. And keeps trudging.

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - LATER

Bob struggles with each step. His face red and lips parched.

*Every step he takes, the sand shifting beneath his feet.*

A BLEEP from his bag. He stops. Pulls his GPS out of his bag.

He's arrived. He's standing at the exact spot of the GPS coordinates. He looks around... Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Bob swings the GPS around in the air, trying to see if it's working properly. He taps it. Soft at first and then harder. Frustrated. Desperate.

The GPS keeps showing the same thing. He's there. Bob looks around. East. West. North. Nothing.

He SCREAMS in frustration. Throws the GPS.

He falls to his knees. In his eyes we see more than fear... A crushing realization starting to sink in... *Am I a madman?*

Bob falls to his back. Tries to shield his face from the sun.

His weak, burnt fingers reach into his bag. He pulls out the picture of him and Anna on their anniversary.

BOB  
(weak, quiet)  
I'm sorry, Anna.

A wind gusts. The photo flies out of Bob's hand. He struggles to his feet. Walks towards the photo. Just before he gets there, the wind blows it further away. As if the desert itself was trying to keep him from his wife.

He almost catches up with it, when suddenly the photo falls over the edge of...

**A huge thirty foot drop.**

Bob stops himself just before he goes tumbling over as well.

He looks down... The desert floor simply stops at an abrupt edge. Bob watches the photo fall down the drop, to-

**The entrance to an underground facility.**

Bob looks down in awe. *Am I really seeing this?*

It's a huge opening. Big enough for vehicles. Bob looks around. The mysterious patch of desert... The location of the GPS coordinates... It's the roof of an underground facility.

Bob walks a few steps back from the edge. From his view point now, there's nothing.

The sand on the roof of the facility looking like it's on the same vertical plane as the rest of the desert, which is in fact below it. An optical illusion. Looking at it from above (or from a drone) it appears as nothing but empty desert.

Bob leans his head over the edge. Looks into the facility.

FIVE MEN with machine guns sit chatting and smoking near the entrance. They seem like Tribal militia. Hired guns.

A HISSING SOUND behind him. Bob turns. Walks towards the sound. It's coming from a large desert shrub. HOT STEAM is escaping from the base of the shrub.

Then, just as suddenly as it started, the steam stops.

Bob wipes sand from the base of the shrub. He finds a metal grate. Some kind of exhaust system for the facility below.

Bob puts the sleeves of his shirt over his hands to protect him from the heat and pulls the grate up and off the ground.

There's a circular ventilation shaft. Leading into darkness.

Bob readies himself. *I've come this far*. He carefully lowers himself down into the ventilation shaft.

As Bob lowers, WE PULL BACK from him... Making it appear from our POV as if he is *slowly sinking into the desert*.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - DAY

Bob kicks the vent cover, knocking it off. He quickly drops out of the ventilation shaft.

He's in a long hallway. Creepy. Sterile. Like a hospital.

Holding his rifle at the ready, Bob starts to walk down the halls. By the way he's holding it, it's clear he's slightly out of his element with the large weapon.

VOICES approach. Bob sees a door and quickly goes through.

4 MEN IN HAZMAT STYLE SUITS walk past. Speaking in MANDARIN.

They slowly pass. Bob realizes where he's walked into...

Another hallway. Lined with glass. Some kind of WATER TANKS.

Bob walks slowly down the hall. Something familiar to him...

*This is the hallway from his dream.*

Bob walks right up to the glass. Peering into the dark water on the other side.

**A HUMAN FACE emerges from the water.**

Bob jumps back from the tank.

HUMAN BEINGS. Hooked up to dozens of wires, inside semi translucent sacs. Like artificially created wombs. Some as small as children. Others almost adult sized.

Bob passes by a window looking into a room. Inside the room he sees THREE IDENTICAL LOOKING MEN. All sitting in chairs facing giant TV screens.

On the screens in front of them, hundreds of faces flash by. (*Very similar to facial recognition software cycling through features.*) Every few seconds the flashing faces will stop on a specific face, and the men get ZAPPED BY AN ELECTRIC JOLT.

Bob watches... Horrified. *What the hell is going on here?*

Bob looks to the far end of the hall. A METALLIC DOOR. The same one he was drawn to in his dream. He walks towards it. Somehow knowing it's where he needs to go.

He puts his hand on the knob. Turns it... Walks in...

It's a fully furnished room. Carpeted. ABSTRACT PAINTINGS hang on white walls. A large WATERFALL MACHINE giving off a soothing BUBBLING SOUND.

A couch with a chair sitting right behind it. It's...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob looks around at the room. It's a surreal sight in the middle of the sterile, hospital-like building.

He lowers his rifle. Stares at the couch. Something familiar coming back to him... Just out of reach...

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. Bob quickly hides behind the couch.

He watches underneath the couch as a MAN'S FEET walk in.

Bob peers up over the couch. The man is standing in the corner of the room. His back turned.

Bob slowly stands up. His rifle trained on the man's back.

The man freezes. Knows someone's there. Slowly turns around.

**It's Dr. Carter.**

For a loaded moment, the two men just stand staring at each other. Bob's rifle aimed at Carter's chest.

BOB  
Who are you?

DR. CARTER  
(amazed)  
Bob...

BOB  
(confused, unsure)  
I know you.

DR. CARTER  
Please, Bob, put the gun down.

BOB  
How do you know my name?

DR. CARTER  
(re: the couch)  
Why don't you have a seat-

Bob rushes towards Dr. Carter, causing him to back up.

BOB  
That thing that's in my house right now. This is where you made it. Isn't it?!

DR. CARTER  
(quiet - a little scared)  
Yes.

BOB  
When you replaced me you didn't kill me. You tried to take me. You did the same thing with Anna, didn't you?

DR. CARTER  
Bob... Anna's not here.

BOB  
She *is* here! Take me to her. Now!

He shoves his gun right in Carter's face.

DR. CARTER  
(a beat, then-)  
Alright, Bob. Let's go.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Carter walks in with Bob behind him. Rifle on his back. The room has SEVERAL LARGE MONITORS ON THE WALL. Along the opposite wall a ONE WAY MIRROR looking into a prison cell.

SOMEONE is in the corner of the cell. A BAG OVER THEIR HEAD.

BOB  
(nervous)  
Go. You do it.

Dr. Carter walks into the cell. Approaches the prisoner. Bob watches from the doorway. His anticipation building... *Is this it? Has he finally found her?*

Dr. Carter slowly pulls the bag off the person's head...

It's not Anna... **It's Bob. The real Bob.**

Bob (with the rifle) backs up against the wall. His eyes wide. Mouth open. *It can't be...*

Bob (*the real Bob, who will always be referred to simply as "Bob"*) squints and looks away from Carter. He's skinny and weak. Seems scared of Dr. Carter.

BOB  
Who... Who is that?

In the observation room, Bob (rifle) stares at his imprisoned doppelganger in shock. Not knowing what else to do...

BOB (RIFLE)  
(quiet - intense)  
Put the bag back on.

Dr. Carter puts the bag back on Bob's head. Walks back into the observation room.

BOB (RIFLE)  
(shocked - terrified)  
Who is that?

DR. CARTER  
That... Is Bob Neven. The real Bob Neven.

BOB (RIFLE)  
No. It's just another one of your monsters.

Dr. Carter gestures to a remote control on the desk.



DR. CARTER

May I?

Dr. Carter hits a button and the SCREENS ON THE WALL SPRING TO LIFE. It's visually very similar to the drone control room. Except instead of drone feeds from around the world, it's all images of Bob throughout the story. *The watcher is now the watched.*

One screen shows Bob in an undeveloped state, floating in water in a translucent sack.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Your first six months you were in a vat of water, not unlike a mother's womb. Though growing at ten times the rate of a fetus.

Another screen shows Bob lying on the couch with Dr. Carter behind him. Going over the story of how Bob and Anna met.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

We then assessed the successful transference of Bob Neven's memories to you.

Another screen shows footage from inside Bob and Anna's hotel room on the weekend of their anniversary. Anna lies unconscious on the bed. Liu Ziang (dressed as a room service waiter) checks her pulse. Makes sure she's fully asleep. The other, unseen "waiter" films everything.

Once he's sure she's out, Ziang says something into his cell.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

After making sure Anna had a nice long sleep...

Another screen shows video footage from inside a VAN tailing Bob's car on the street in DC. A man in a HAZMAT SUIT gets a call on his cell. Nods to the driver, who then hits the gas.

The van SMASHES INTO THE SIDE OF BOB'S CAR, knocking Bob unconscious behind the wheel.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

We then inserted you into Bob Neven's life.

The CAMERA WATCHES as a Hazmat Team rushes to Bob's car. They remove Bob's clothing. Watch. Wedding ring. They carry Bob's unconscious body away. In the driver's seat they place...

**An exact duplicate of Bob.** The original replacement. (*Who from this point on we will refer to as "BOB-A".*)

After a quick flurry of activity, the Hazmat Men scurry back to the van. Leaving only...

Bob-A. Passed out. In his car. FAR OFF SIRENS getting closer.

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're an exact duplicate of Bob  
Neven in every way. Except for one  
thing.

We PAN ACROSS various screens on the wall. Showing surveillance from the hidden cameras in Bob-A's house throughout the past few months. It's a surreal, hidden surveillance recap of Bob-A's journey...

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The flesh and blood woman never  
matched the perfection of the  
memories we implanted.

Bob-A in the bathtub arguing with Anna...

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You somehow knew the woman in your  
memory didn't match the woman in  
front of you.

Anna discovering the shed chart. Bob-A screaming at her...

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Your obsession with her jeopardized  
our entire mission. It was the fly  
in our ointment. It was what made  
you malfunction. It was what  
brought you here.

Bob-A discovers the cameras hidden in the shed...

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Luckily, we came up with a solution  
for your... Replacement.

Dr. Carter hits a button and suddenly all the screens switch to images of Bob-B.

ON ONE OF THE SCREENS - Bob-B on the couch with Dr. Carter.

BOB-B  
Is there something wrong with me?

DR. CARTER

Separate yourself from the person  
your illness has fixated on.

ON SCREEN - Bob-B waking up in bed. Turning over only to realize Anna's gone. He's in bed alone.

DR. CARTER

We convinced the next one that he  
was sick. That he had to stay away  
from his wife, for her own good.

ON SCREEN - Bob-B replacing the anniversary picture.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

We used his love for his wife  
against him.

BACK TO SCENE

Bob (rifle) looks away from the monitors. The horrible truth  
sinking in...

**He is BOB-A. He is a replacement.**

BOB-A

(quiet - overwhelmed)  
Why?

DR. CARTER

We needed you to kill this man...

Dr. Carter points to one of the monitors... Bob-A strapped to  
a chair in front of a screen. Hundreds of faces flash by.  
Periodically the faces settle on the image of the Blue Eyed  
Arab. Which coincides with an ELECTRIC SHOCK TO BOB-A'S BODY.

DR. CARTER

Fareed Banerjee. The UN special  
envoy conducting the investigation  
into the CIA's drone program. And  
in a matter of moments... With the  
entire world watching... He is  
about to be assassinated by a drone  
strike. A strike authorized by Bob  
Neven of the CIA.

Bob-A looks to Carter in awe. The horrible brilliance of it.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

After today, there will no longer  
be a CIA drone program.

BOB-A

No... I told them about this place.  
I mailed the GPS coordinates.

DR. CARTER

We know. In fact, your replacement  
is watching this facility at this  
very moment. But it's too late. Any  
moment he will see Banerjee and the  
kill switch we implanted will be  
triggered.

Bob-A pulls himself up off the ground. He walks to the one  
way mirror. Looks into the prison cell beyond. Looks at the  
real Bob, lying in the corner of the cell.

BOB-A

Get him out of there.

DR. CARTER

There's nowhere to run, Bob.

Bob-A looks at the wall of the cell. A little symbol that's  
been scratched into the wall. It's Bob and Anna's symbol.  
Dozens of them across the walls.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Even if you could escape this  
facility, where would you go? You  
are not Bob Neven.

Bob-A looks at Bob's fingers. Bloody and scab ridden. He's  
been carving the symbol into the walls with his bare fingers.

DR. CARTER (CONT'D)

You're an experiment. A weapon that  
malfunctioned.

Bob-A is overwhelmed with emotion. The force of will it would  
take to carve these. The love this man has for Anna.

Bob-A wipes a tear from his eye. Turns to Dr. Carter.

BOB-A

I said get him out.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob-B sits staring at the monitor on his desk. Displaying  
telemetry from the mysterious patch of desert.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Bob? If Davis finds out you're-

IMAGE ANALYST

Sir. We have a possible code six coming out of Yemen.

On the wall screen - THREE BLACK LAND ROVERS. Moving fast.

BOB-B

Where they heading?

IMAGE ANALYST

Straight for our base.

EXT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - DAY

The GUARDS sit at tables playing cards and smoking.

GUN SHOTS RING OUT!

Bob runs at full speed towards the entrance. The bag is still on his head, causing him to run in a bit of a zigzag pattern.

The shocked guards spring into action. They grab their weapons. One of them hits a button and AN ALARM BLARES.

Bob runs out of the entrance and into the desert. The guards barrel out of the facility after him.

The lead guard aims his gun at Bob... He fires.

Bob is cut down in a hail of bullets.

All the guards converge around his body, lying motionless on the desert floor. A guard reaches down and pulls the bag off his head...

**It's not Bob. It's Dr. Carter.**

Tape over his mouth. His lifeless eyes staring up.

The confused guards start to look around in a panic. Yell at each other accusingly. One of the guards turns and sees...

Bob and Bob-A running into the desert.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The analysts desperately try to ZOOM IN on different faces in the entourage of men heading towards the drone base.

BOB-B (CONT'D)

The one in front. Get me his face.

The analysts ZOOM IN on one of the men...

It's an Arab man. With blue eyes. (Fareed Banerjee)

BOB-B'S POV - CLOSE ON BANERJEE'S FACE. Little details. The ominous BUZZ OF ELECTRICITY building. The KILL SWITCH being triggered in Bob-B's psyche.

BOB-B

We need to take him out.

(louder - with resolve)

108, commence emergency pre-launch.

SANDRA

Bob, are you sure?

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - DAY

Bob-A leads Bob through the desert. Bob hasn't been outside in months and can't open his eyes. The scorching sun too painful. He's running blind with Bob-A leading him.

BOB

(weak, tired)

Who are you? Where are we-

BOB-A

Just keep moving!

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Something catches Bob-B's eye. He looks to the monitor on his desk...

**TWO MEN are running through the desert.**

BOB

103, do you read me? Zoom in on the two bogeys at the bottom of the image and enhance.

SANDRA

Bob, what the hell are you doing?

The drone camera zooms in on one of the fleeing men...

It's Bob. It's Bob's face.

Bob-B's jaw drops. Unable to believe what he's seeing.

Suddenly... Behind the two fleeing men... TEN MORE MEN APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE. They appear to be chasing after the escapees.

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - DAY

Bob-A and Bob keep running through the desert. Behind them the facility guards give chase. Firing their rifles.

Bob-A stops and turns back. He FIRES HIS AK-47 wildly at the pursuing guards which makes them duck for cover.

Bob and Bob-A reach an outcropping of rock and jump behind it as BULLETS RICOCHET all around them.

Bob collapses in exhaustion. Still unable to open his eyes.

Bob-A peers over the rock wall... The guards are closing on them. Firing their weapons. And behind them...

A HUMVEE. Heading after them.

Bob-A fires back at the soldiers, causing them to scatter. But the situation is hopeless and he knows it.

Bob-A picks Bob up off the ground.

BOB-A

Look at me.  
(he doesn't)  
Look at me!

Bob struggles, then... Through squinting eyes, he sees the face of the man in front on him. Bob-A's face. His own face.

His fear is quickly replaced with a delirious awe.

BOB

(trembling voice)  
Who...

Bob-A gives Bob the bag with the money, passports and GPS.

BOB-A

Take this.

BOB

(eyes wide)  
Who are you?

BOB-A

Take it!

He hands Bob the canteen of water and one of his revolvers.

BOB-A (CONT'D)

You're the one she needs.

Bob just stares back. Not understanding what's happening.  
Bullets RICOCHET OFF THE ROCKS. The guard's VOICES closer.

BOB-A (CONT'D)  
Go to her! Go! Now! Run!

A delirious Bob, turns and runs in the opposite direction.  
Bob-A turns back to the approaching guards. He fires at them.  
All of this buying Bob time as he runs into the desert.  
Bob-A keeps firing. The guards return fire from behind rocks.  
A few seconds of a furious gun battle then...

**BAM. Bob-A is hit. Then again. And again.**

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob-B watches his monitor in shock as the guards shoot down Bob-A.

Bob-B backs away from the monitor in horror. He's watching "himself" being killed.

DRONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Forty Five seconds to the base, are  
we cleared to engage?!

SANDRA  
Bob, you need to call it now!

Bob-B looks over at the cavalcade of vehicles heading to the drone base. The whole room waiting for his decision...

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - DAY

The facility guards and the humvee go right past Bob-A, who's lying lifeless on the ground. Their sights set firmly on Bob, who's still fleeing.

Bob-A slowly struggles to his feet. He uses his rifle to start making some kind of marks in the sand.

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob-B looks back and forth from his desk monitor to wall screen displaying Fareed's convoy...



DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Are we clear to engage?!

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - DAY

Bob-A keeps making marks in the sand with his rifle. His strength finally gives out and he falls to the ground.

He stares up at the sun. His last breath escaping him...

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob-B, tension and uncertainty in his eyes...

BOB-B  
(shaky voice)  
108... You're clear to...

Bob-B's eyes look back to the monitor on his desk. Next to Bob-A's lifeless body... Something written in the sand...

**"YOU ARE THE REPLACEMENT".**

Bob-B's eyes are wide... Could it be possible... *Are they communicating directly to him...*

Bob-B looks back and forth from the message in the sand to the man about to be hit by a drone strike... On some level understanding the strings being pulled... Himself being pushed to do this...

DRONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Are we clear to engage, control?!

BOB-B  
(trembling voice)  
Negative 108... Stand down.

EXT. INDUS VALLEY DESERT - DAY

Bob runs. Exhausted. Delirious.

Behind him the pursuing guards jump into the Humvee which continues racing in Bob's direction.

Bob finally runs out of steam. He stops.

He knows there's no escape. Only one thing left to do.

He turns to face the approaching vehicle...

Points his gun at them, causing the guards to aim at him...

Which is what he wants... He's not going back there...

BOB  
Goodbye Anna.

Bob pulls the trigger...

**BLAM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.**

**THE HUMVEE IS VAPORIZED IN A BALL OF FLAMES.**

Bob is sent flying backwards. Landing on his back.

He slowly looks up. In shock. Stares at the ball of flames that used to be the HUMVEE. In disbelief.

A DULL WHIZZING SOUND.... Getting louder....

**BLAM! A HELLFIRE MISSILE SLAMS INTO THE ROOF OF THE HIDDEN FACILITY.**

The top of the facility explodes in flames, collapsing in on itself.

Bob stares at the burning facility. Eyes wide. Mouth open.

He slowly crawls to his feet. He looks at the carnage all around him. In total delirium. *What the hell is going on?!*

INT. THE CIA - DRONE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The smoking ruin of the facility seen on the monitor.

PAN AROUND the room... Sandra... The other analysts... All staring towards Bob-B in shock.

SANDRA  
Bob, what the hell did you just do?

IMAGE ANALYST  
I've got a match!

FACIAL RECOGNITION SOFTWARE has identified the man inside the land rover... The Arab with blue eyes...

IMAGE ANALYST  
(reading the name)  
Fareed Banerjee. He's...  
(shocked, looks to Sandra)  
He's the UN envoy assigned to investigate drone strikes.

SANDRA  
(her hand to her mouth)  
Jesus, we almost...

Sandra turns back to Bob-B. He's not paying attention to any of this. Just staring at the facility as it burns. Calm. Almost serene.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Bob... What did you do?

The door opens. Davis rushes in. Flanked by FOUR MEN IN SUITS. In Davis' hands is the anonymously mailed GPS envelope. The men in suits circle Bob-B.

DAVIS  
Bob... You need to come with us.

One of the suits gently takes Bob-B's arm, leading him away.

Sandra and the whole room watch silently. Shocked.

As Bob-B is taken off, he catches one last look at his monitor. He sees a small moving dot...

A single survivor. Walking away from the burning facility...

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. DOWNTOWN - TYSON'S CORNER, VIRGINIA - DAY

SUBJECTIVE VIDEO CAMERA POV - Dozens of faces pass by. Our CAMERA POV allows the faces to drift by indifferently, until it starts to slowly follow ONE FACE. Anna's face. (*Identical to the opening shot of the film.*)

A few months have passed. Her hair a little longer. She seems worn down. Sad. Alone. Our CAMERA POV continues following her as she drifts down the street...

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - ART SHOWING - NIGHT

Anna drifts among the crowd. Looking across the paintings but not really looking at them. She notices a TV across the room. A NEWS REPORT with the headline - "DRONE REPORT RELEASED".

A melancholy comes over her. A reminder of Bob.

WIDE ON the room illustrating how Anna's the only one standing alone. Everyone else talking, laughing.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Anna escapes into an empty back room. Sits on the bed.

VOICE (O.S.)

Anna.

She looks behind her and sees...

**Bob.** The real Bob. Thinner and a little gaunt from his months of imprisonment. Anna jumps to her feet.

BOB

No, wait, wait. Please.

She's half out the door. Staring at Bob in shock. Disbelief.

BOB (CONT'D)

Anna... It's me.

(beat)

*It's me.*

Anna stays absolutely still. Fighting the instinct to run.

BOB (CONT'D)

I can't even imagine what you've been through. I can't even begin to understand. Just please know... It's me. The real me. I'm back.

He stares at her. Overcome with emotion at seeing her again. He moves towards her. She backs away from him. He stops.

ANNA

Bob, I can't...

BOB

Anna... It's all over. The CIA. Everything. I've left it all. The only thing that matters is you. We can leave. Now. Like we always wanted too. Just the two of us.

He kneels at her feet. Anna's fear starts to turn... She can see something in him. Something she hasn't seen in so long.

BOB (CONT'D)

I love you Anna. I need you to help me put the pieces together.

Bob looks to the floor. Overwhelmed.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(looking down)  
There's so much I want to expla-

Her hand touches his face. He looks up at her.

ANNA  
(amazement)  
I know.

She runs her hand across his features.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(tears in her eyes)  
I can see it.  
(looking into his eyes)  
I know it's you.

Bob, overwhelmed, wraps his arms around her waist.

They stay like that. Holding onto each other.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Anna walk through the party hand in hand. They disappear into the crowd of people.

PAN OVER to the TV... That no one's paying attention to...

ON THE TV - Footage of Banerjee flanked by an entourage of Arab security, meeting with tribal leaders.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Fareed Banerjee, the UN special investigator, nominated by the Chinese and approved unanimously by the security council, met with tribal leaders and villagers in areas hit by drone strikes.

The large object covered in the blanket, which the villagers help load onto Banerjee's convoy, is unveiled for reporters. Pieces of wreckage from a drone missile.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
While Banerjee did suggest some new safeguards for the program, critics say for the most part this controversial program and those who run it, will continue to operate in the shadows.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CIA PRISON - NIGHT

Davis walks through dark, ominous halls, lined with cells.

INT. CIA PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Davis enters. Sits down at a table. Across from him...

**Bob-B.**

A far off, resigned expression. His eyes meet Davis'.

DAVIS  
Who are you?

Bob-B just stares back for a moment. Then stoically...

BOB-B  
I'm Bob Neven.

The two men stay locked in their stare. Davis opens a folder.

DAVIS  
I want to show you something.

Davis puts a photo on the table. It's a still from a security camera of what appears to be...

Anna. Boarding a plane in an airport. Bob's eyes are immediately drawn to Anna. Davis notices...

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
This is security footage of Anna  
Neven boarding a plane in Toronto.

Davis places another photo on the table.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
This is her boarding a connecting  
flight in Frankfurt.

Another photo...

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Then exiting an airport in South  
Africa. Which is where we lost her.

Davis places one final photo on the table.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
The camera outside the airport  
captured this image of her  
meeting... This man.

Bob-B looks at the photo. Anna, hand in hand, walking out of the airport with what appears to be... Bob.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
(taps the photo)  
This is Bob Neven isn't it? The  
real Bob Neven.

Bob-B tries to stay stoic but... Seeing Anna in the photo has affected him. His poker face slipping. Davis sees he's getting to him. He pulls out the ZTS shipping manifests.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
We obtained a search warrant for  
ZTS but they suddenly decided to  
close all their US offices before  
we could execute it. It appears  
they were conducting illegal  
experiments at a facility in the  
Pakistani desert. A facility at the  
exact coordinates of your  
unauthorized drone strike.  
Experiments with... Advanced  
genetic replication.

Bob-B hangs on Davis' every word. He knows what he's suggesting. What Bob-B has understood on some level since he saw that message written in the sand.

DAVIS  
So... I'll ask you one last time.  
(beat)  
Who are you?

With his shackled hands, Bob-B picks up the photo of Bob and Anna walking out of the airport. Hand in hand.

Tears well in Bob-B's eyes as he stares at Anna's face. How happy she looks. She's with the right person.

Bob-B throws the photo back on the table. Wipes his eyes. Stares back at Davis with a defiant, almost noble gaze.

BOB-B  
I'm Bob Neven.

Davis regards him for a beat. He knocks on the door. The guard enters. Picks Bob-B up and leads him out of the room.

Davis stays sitting at the table. Thinking. Disturbed.

Finally he stands up. Gathers his papers, then notices...

One of the photos is missing.

INT. CIA PRISON - PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Bob-B is lead into a small cell. He lies down on his bed. From under his sleeve he pulls out one of the photos he stole from Davis. He stares at it like it's treasure.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
You're not in love with the real  
Anna anymore, Bob.

CLOSE ON the photo - Bob and Anna exiting the airport in South Africa. Hand in hand. Happy. Together. Man and wife.

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're in love with the memory.

Bob-B smiles. Stares at Anna. He loves her so much. The woman from his memories. Enough to let her go...

DR. CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're in love with this perfect  
picture of the two of you happy.

PAN AWAY from Bob-B... Along the walls of the cell to...

**Bob and Anna's symbol. Etched into the wall.**

Like Bob's prison cell in the facility... Like the lonely kid stuck in the stall at school... Etched into the wall with blood. And pain. And Love.

PUSH IN on one of the symbols... We hear WAVES CRASHING...

EXT. BEACH - TRISTAN DA CUNHA - NIGHT

A dark, utterly deserted beach on the little island off the coast of South Africa. A sign on the beach reads... "*Tristan Da Cunha. Population: 300*"

Bob and Anna, husband and wife, walk down the shoreline.

DR. CARTER (V.O.)  
A picture that exists now, only in  
your mind.

As they disappear into the darkness, we PAN AWAY from them...

To the ground... To Bob and Anna's symbol etched in the sand.

*A wave washes it out of existence.*

THE END