

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING

Nicole and Devon barrel through the dark and empty lobby, and down a corridor to a LOCKED DOOR of an OFFICE SUITE.

DEVON

What the fuck was that? I thought you were going to let me out down the street from the hotel?

NICOLE

I had to make sure they didn't have a car on us.

DEVON

*For an hour?*

Nicole ignores this, trying a couple of keys. Devon notices the stack of NAME PLATES on the door. Among them...

DEVON (CONT)

Who's Megan Mathison, M.D?

NICOLE

My sister.

She got the right key, and pushes into the --

INT. MEGAN'S OFFICE SUITE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole FLICKS on the lights.

NICOLE

You want a water? I think there's a mini-fridge here somewhere.

DEVON

Whatever you got.

NICOLE

You okay?

DEVON

Apart from the concussion, yeah.

Nicole hands him a bottle of water.

NICOLE

Here.

Devon twists opens the bottle, takes a swig.

DEVON

Can't believe I fell for that twice.

She looks puzzled.

DEVON (CONT)  
Kabul? Trunk of your car?

She smiles at the memory.

DEVON (CONT)  
You still drive like a maniac.

NICOLE  
Thanks.

Devon Laughs. Then:

DEVON  
Feels like about a hundred years ago.

NICOLE  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Hey, I was really sorry to hear what went down. I can't believe they laid that clusterfuck at your feet.

DEVON  
Shit rolls downhill, doesn't it?

NICOLE  
Always.

DEVON  
Worst of all, he slipped the net. Abu Rami did. Once I get back on counterterrorism, I know a guy in Kandahar can help me track him down.

Nicole nods, though that sounds like a long shot.

DEVON (CONT)  
You miss it?

NICOLE  
Sometimes. You?

DEVON  
All the time. That was real work.

Devon takes another swig of water.

DEVON (CONT)  
So what's this about? Why am I here?

NICOLE  
You're not going to like it.

DEVON  
I don't like it already. We agreed  
not to meet again in person.

NICOLE  
-- Let's sit.

Devon does. She pulls up another chair, sitting close and  
opposite.

NICOLE  
We're not getting anywhere. The  
investigation's at a dead end.

(Beat)

Senator Paley really needs to talk  
to you.

**START** →

Devon gets up again.

NICOLE (CON'T)  
Please, just --

DEVON  
*Again.* I'm not going on the record!

NICOLE  
Let's cross that bridge when we [get  
to it] --

DEVON  
(overriding )  
No. There is no bridge that goes  
there.

NICOLE  
I can get you a closed session,  
guaranteed identity protection.

DEVON  
*You're not hearing.* It would be the  
end of my career!

Nicole regards this for a beat.

NICOLE  
You don't have a career.

DEVON  
-- ' Scuse me?

She hold Devon's hostile glare evenly.

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NICOLE

I'm sorry, you don't. ~~It's been  
four years since Rebel's  
died, and the whole was  
that didn't come off you, not  
ever.~~

DEVON

You don't know that.

NICOLE

Have you had a promotion since? Or  
even a commendation?

(Nope)

NICOLE (CON'T)

You wanna believe your just in the  
penalty box, fine, but it's  
bullshit. You're riding that desk  
until you quit. They're just waiting  
you out.

Now she stands and approaches.

NICOLE (CON'T)

Listen to me. Four years ago, an  
agent marched into my station,  
demanded two Humvees and a sat  
phone, and 48 hours later located  
Number Three on our Most Wanted.

DEVON

Don't.

NICOLE

I'm serious. That wasn't your team  
that was you.

DEVON

Fuck you. Is this the part where you  
tell me, *I'm still that agent?*

NICOLE

*You are.* Why else would you come to  
me with this?

DEVON

Believe me, I'm asking myself the  
same question right now.



NICOLE

Well, you care, is why. You can't stand this shit any more than I can. It's why we got along then, and it's why you're stuck with me now.

Beat. A small crack in the armor.

NICOLE (CON'T)

I know you thought chasing terrorists was the most important work you'd ever do in your life. But... what if this is.

Devon's looking right at her now. Actually considering it.

NICOLE (CON'T)

At least think about it. Really think about it.

It's a bad time for the KNOCK AT THE DOOR. DEVON whips around.

DEVON

Who's that?

NICOLE

(looks at her watch)  
Shit.

DEVON

*Who is it?*

(BEAT)

Senator Paley.

DEVON

Are you fucking kidding me?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

NICOLE

(to the door)  
HANG ON ONE MINUTE!

DEVON

You just asked me to THINK about it.

NICOLE

And if you're not ready, I'll tell him to leave.

~~PALEY (V.O.)~~

~~Nicole? Open the door.~~

Nicole CRACKS THE DOOR OPEN and tries to stall Senator Paley.

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~~NICOLE~~  
~~You're early. You need to give me a~~  
~~--~~

But Paley's already pushing past her into the room.

PALEY  
Is this the guy?

DEVON  
What did you tell him?

NICOLE  
Nothing! I didn't tell him --

PALEY  
She told me you're ready to testify.  
Closed session, ~~I got it. I don't~~  
~~know what I can live with it.~~

~~NICOLE~~  
~~Please stop talking.~~

Devon looks at Nicole, appalled. It's like a gut punch.  
Devon trusted her.

PALEY  
What's going on here?

DEVON  
She's a liar, is what --

NICOLE  
If you sit down for one minute, this  
will be a totally confidential --

DEVON  
Back. The fuck. Away from me.

NICOLE  
(to Paley)  
It would be great if you could just  
step out for --

DEVON  
Nobody's testifying. I don't know  
what kind of bullshit she fed you,  
but she's out of her mind. You never  
saw me, you never met me, and you  
can bet your fucking life, you're  
not getting a single word out of me.

Devon goes for the door, but Nicole moves in front of it.

NICOLE  
Please don't do this. You can trust  
him, Devon, PLEASE --

Devon grabs her wrist, hard. On top of that rest of it, she just blew Devon's identity.

DEVON  
Do not say my name again.

NICOLE  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Please  
don't go. You don't have to say  
anything, you just have to listen to  
--

Somewhere in the line above, Nicole placed her hand on top of the fist Devon had gripped around her wrist. Now she's holding on to it for dear life.

DEVON  
Let go of me.

NICOLE  
DO NOT WALK OUT THAT DOOR.

DEVON  
Let go!

And now Devon SHOVES her away, shoves her pretty hard and she FLIES BACKWARD ONTO THE FLOOR. Devon didn't meant to hurt her, but wants out, and after a quick pause to make sure she's basically okay, Devon's gone.

**END**

PALEY  
Jesus Christ.

Paley goes to help her up but --

She's not okay, entirely, but she gets to her feet on her own. The Senator watches her collect herself, then ...

PALEY  
I realize you're a good person.  
(beat)  
You can't call me again.

He leaves.

Nicole's alone. Shaking. Humiliated.