

ALIAS

"SHATTERED GLASS, PT. III"

WRITTEN BY

TENDERBEAR

(FIRST DRAFT)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY.

A red leaf falls from a tree. It gently floats toward the ground. A slight breeze lightly lifts the leaf, then it continues to fall. A crackling noise, as the leaf lays itself atop a pile of other leaves, red, yellow, orange, and brown. All around is green grass, poking out through many fallen leaves. The leaves of the pile quiver until a large gust of wind sends them flying every which way. A leaf gets caught in the gust and quickly rises into the gray sky. Below is a small expanse of various tombstones and autumn-bound trees. The leaf continues to float further across the scene over a funeral procession. MEN AND WOMEN dressed in black stand in perfect rows, in absolute stillness. In front is a raised, black casket. The leaf flutters out of the frame as we PUSH IN to the funeral.

SYDNEY (VO)

I'd seen it too many times already.

(beat)

All the pain. The suffering.

(beat)

One can only handle so much.

We slowly PAN a row of standing people, their hands folded and their heads down. We pass a TALL BLACK MAN with patches of gray hair, a SHORTER BLACK WOMAN with silver hair under a box hat, DIXON'S TWO CHILDREN, and a YOUNGER BLACK WOMAN with long, shiny black hair.

SYDNEY (VO)

A life... it's so fragile. Too often taken for granted, by everyone... every single day.

(beat)

But then cherished, all too late.

(beat)

A life can be taken away so quickly... so thoughtlessly.

A RIGHT CLOSE UP of Sydney, bowing her head, her lips gently parted. Strands of loose hair from her bun gently sway with the breeze. She closes her eyes and squints as her mouth muffles. She then takes a deep breath, looks around, and again, closes her eyes. We RACK FOCUS to reveal VAUGHN, standing a few rows behind her, his arm in a sling, his worried gaze never leaving her direction.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

SYDNEY (VO)

And then you're supposed to simply adjust.

(beat)

Move on with your life.

(beat)

"Don't live in the past," they tell me.

"Don't live life in the shadows of your most dismal moments."

SLOW: Sydney gently strides into the CIA Rotunda. The usual hustle and bustle carries on around her. She wears a looming sadness as she pushes a strand of hair behind her ear. Her eyes never look up; her mouth never moves.

SYDNEY (VO)

You know, I don't want to adjust.

Her voice shows signs of saddening. It wavers as she sniffs.

SYDNEY (VO)

I don't want to move on with my life.

(beat)

Living in the past is what keeps me from accepting the truth-- that he's gone.

(beat)

It's the most dismal moments in life that you can never forget.

SLOW: Sydney passes Dixon's office, separated from the rest of the working units in the Rotunda. It is as usual, a large, glass desk, on top a computer and a few other gadgets and files. Sydney stops and stares into the room, a wondering look about her.

We see a black-and-white flash of Dixon's office, Dixon

sitting at the desk, talking on the phone. And as quickly as it came, it's gone. Just the office remains. Sydney quickly averts her eyes from the office and bows her head. Her mouth quivers and her eyes become glossy. She raises her hand to her mouth, and she hopelessly sobs. She lowers to her knees and cries full out, desperate, betrayed. Five AGENTS quickly surround her and begin to help her back up as we

CUT TO:

INT. BARNETT'S OFFICE - DAY.

BARNETT

Sydney.

Sydney is seated in front of Barnett's desk, wiping the tears from her eyes.

BARNETT

This accident was extremely unfortunate. There was no one more devoted to this agency than Marcus Dixon.

(beat)

But you can't hold on to his death forever... It's unhealthy to you and to all of your colleagues.

(beat)

And what do you think Dixon would want you to do?

(beat)

Waste your life away restricted by the thought of a lost friend and partner? Or let go. Continue your life because that's one thing you still have.

SYDNEY

I can't forget Dixon.

BARNETT

You don't have to forget him, Sydney. No. Always remember him.

(beat)

Just don't let those memories constrain you.

Barnett looks down at her book and back up at Sydney.

BARNETT

I'll see you in a week.

Sydney nods as Barnett begins to get up.

SYDNEY

I just--

Barnett stops and turns to Sydney.

SYDNEY

I just want him back, for one day, you know?
I never got to say goodbye...

Barnett sighs and removes her glasses.

BARNETT

You can't turn back time, Sydney.

(beat)

If we could, there would be no need for
psychiatrists.

She smiles and walks out of the frame.

INT. CIA MEETING ROOM - DAY.

MARSHALL, LAUREN, and Vaughn are seated at a horseshoe-shaped table around a screen. All are silent. They turn to the sound of a door opening. In walks Sydney. She doesn't look at any of them, only walks to her seat and sits down. JACK opens the door and walks into the room. He too, shows a mute expression as he walks toward the screen. He stands in the center of the room and waits. No one gives him their attention. They all stare aimlessly into space.

JACK

There is a lot we have to discuss.

No one looks up. Jack waits.

JACK

We have a breakthrough... a, uh...
Covenant document was intercepted last week...

He sees that no one is listening.

JACK

It contained...

Still no one gives attention.

JACK

Important information... regarding...

Marshall looks up.

MARSHALL

It's just not as booming.

Lauren, Vaughn, and Jack look to him.

JACK

I beg your pardon?

MARSHALL

Your voice.

(beat)

I don't mean to be offensive or anything,
but it just doesn't have that commanding
flare to it.

(beat)

Like his used to...

The other three look away. Marshall notices, and he too
looks down. Jack clears his throat.

JACK

Yes, I...

He clears his throat again to revert back to serious mode.

JACK

The documents retrieved last week in
Monaco along with information found in
the Scout Novel have lead us to believe that
the Covenant is on the verge of uncovering
Rambaldi's greatest work ever.

Jack clicks a remote and a picture of undecipherable
scribbles and sketches on old parchment comes onto the
screen.

JACK

Viator they call it-- The Traveler.

Lauren is the first to pipe in. Jack seems relieved that
someone else is paying attention.

LAUREN

What is it?

JACK

Apparently, no one knows. As stated in the Covenant documents, all writings of the piece are indecipherable, as all sketches and blueprints are nonsensical. We do know, however, of this.

Jack clicks the remote again to reveal a vial of green liquid on the screen.

MARSHALL
It looks like Cool-Aid.

JACK
It is far from Cool-Aid. This vial holds the only thing keeping anyone mystified about Viator. It is called--

SYDNEY (OS)
The genesis elixir.

All turn to Sydney who is still motionless in her chair; her eyes looking aimlessly into nothing.

JACK
Sydney. That's undisclosed information, how did you--?

SYDNEY
(still giving no eye contact)
I stole it.

Silence. Finally, Sydney looks up.

SYDNEY
Seven years ago in Milan.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

SYDNEY (VO)
Sloane sent me to Milan to infiltrate a meeting between the KIC and SD-2.

A much younger Sydney, dressed in a brown wig and a business suit walks into a tall building. She talks to the WOMAN at the front desk, smiling and laughing, then accepts a key from her. She walks across the floor to a door and unlocks it with that key.

SYDNEY (VO)
The KIC was exchanging SD-2 ancient Rambaldi

documents and drawings for an undisclosed amount.

(beat)

I was supposed to record their conversation, get out, and come home...

Sydney enters the room and locks it behind her. She then runs over to a wall, takes out a screwdriver and begins to unscrew a large air vent. She removes the vent and enters into the ducts. She crawls through the ducts until she reaches a vent on the bottom of the duct. She peers through the vent and sees a KOREAN MAN talking to another MAN. She takes out a device and clips it on the vent. It attaches, and a red light on the device begins to flash.

SYDNEY

But, something unexpected happened.

Sydney is staring through the vent when she hears a cracking noise. She looks around when suddenly, the duct collapses into the room below, sending Sydney falling down. She gets up from the mess and punches out the Korean Man. She turns and swivel-kicks the other man. The door of the room opens and two GUARDS with guns enter. Sydney dives behind the pile of metal scraps as they fire at her. As they start to reload their guns, a piece of metal comes flying across the room, hitting one of the guards in the head. Sydney runs across the room and kicks the other guard into the door, his neck between the sole of her shoe and her heel. In one motion, she kicks up with the grounded foot and does a back-flip. Halfway through it, she takes the gun out of the guard's hand. She lands on the ground and fires three rounds into the guard's chest. He gags and lowers to the ground, staining the door behind him with a streak of blood. Sydney turns and runs across the room to an opened briefcase, takes out a manila folder and runs back to the door. She begins to open the door when she sees a small vial of green liquid sticking out of the SD-2 man's chest pocket. She runs over, takes the liquid out of his pocket and examines it.

INSERT - A label on the vial reveals it is called the "Genesis Elixir"

She turns and runs out the door.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

SYDNEY

I took it back to Sloane. He said lab tests showed it was just sugar water, some

kind of knock-off remedy the SD-2 official must have been taking.

JACK

Well, it's definitely not some "knock-off remedy." Sloane must have wanted to keep it for himself, without anyone knowing.

SYDNEY

Why? What is its significance?

JACK

We don't know. But we understand that it is crucial for uncovering Viator.

SYDNEY

But wait. If Sloane kept it seven years ago--

JACK

(realizing)

Yes, he may know where it is.

INT. CIA CELLS - DAY.

Sloane is behind the bars, sitting on the bed and reading a book. Jack enters the area. Sloane walks up to the bars.

JACK

The Genesis Elixir, where is it?

Sloane looks around and shakes his head.

SLOANE

You know I haven't slept in two weeks?

No response.

SLOANE

Yes, Jack. Sleeping on steel isn't the most comfortable way to spend your nights. My blanket is thin, doesn't keep me warm. I haven't eaten a real meal since I came in here. Hunger builds character, though, Jack. You should try it sometime.

JACK

Where is the Genesis Elixir?

SLOANE

I want different confinement arrangements.
(beat)

I want a private house where I can cook my own food, sleep in a real bed, and turn up the heat when I get cold.

JACK

I'm not going to comply with the requests of a convict.

(beat)

How about you tell me where the Genesis Elixir is, or you sleep on the floor?

SLOANE

I'm smarter than that Jack.

(beat)

I'm fully aware that the Covenant is on the verge of uncovering Viator.

(beat)

You need the Genesis Elixir now. Before the Covenant gets it, and it's too late.

(beat)

Viator can cause great destruction, Jack. The tales claim it has the capabilities of ending mankind itself. In the Covenant's hands, no one knows what could happen.

Jack glares at Sloane angrily.

SLOANE

Give me my safe house. I tell you where the elixir is.

Jack shakes his head in disbelief.

JACK

You cocky bastard.

Sloane shrugs.

SLOANE

What are friends for, Jack?

Jack glares harder at Sloane then sighs.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

Vaughn is at his workspace, trying to type with one hand. Sydney walks up to him.

SYDNEY
How's your shoulder?

Vaughn looks up at her, a bit startled.

VAUGHN
Ah, you speak.

SYDNEY
(sarcastically)
Okay. I hope you're in pain.

He smiles. She smiles back.

VAUGHN
It's getting better.
(beat)
I mean, I can't move it or anything yet.
And I won't get any work done unless I
miraculously become ambidextrous...
why the sudden change of mood?

Sydney sighs.

SYDNEY
I talked to Dr. Barnett today. She really
put things into perspective for me, you
know? She really made things clear.
(beat)
The longer I let it haunt me, the more of
my life I'm wasting. Dixon wouldn't want
that, I mean, I worried about him enough
when--

Sydney stops abruptly and looks up, startled. She sighs and
barely lets out the next words.

SYDNEY
...when he was alive.

Vaughn stands up and hugs her. She hugs back, still somewhat
saddened.

VAUGHN
Hey.
(beat)
Dixon will always be alive. In our hearts
and in our prayers...

The hug ends. Sydney steps back, her sadness fading.

SYDNEY
I just miss him, that's all.

VAUGHN
We all do, Sydney.

Awkward silence.

VAUGHN
Are you gonna be--

SYDNEY
Yeah. Yeah, I'll be fine.

She stands there and smiles. Vaughn puts his hand on her shoulder and walks away. Sydney walks across the floor and opens a glass door into small meeting room. Through the glass door, we see her slump against the wall. Her face tightens as we hear a muffled cry.

EXT. ROME - EVENING.

The beauty of ancient Rome is still apparent in the evening twilight, with its many domes and churches in the skyline.

EXT. PANTHEON - EVENING.

A black van screeches to a halt in front the Pantheon, between the great obelisk-topped fountain and the front pillars. Seven AGENTS dressed in all black quickly file out of the van with large guns and run up the front stairs to the entrance, which is blocked by two large pieces of wood. The agents line up against the exterior stone wall. One motions and two of the agents kick in the wooden coverings.

INT. PANTHEON - EVENING.

The PANTHEON MANAGER quickly comes across the floor to the entrance, a concerned look on his face. He sees the agents coming in and shouts to them.

MANAGER
(Italian accent)
Excuse me!
(beat)
Excuse me! We're closed for construction!

One of the agents cocks his gun and shoots four rounds into the Manager. The Manager shouts, falls to his knees, and

then to the floor. The agents quickly scatter through the area, their guns aimed, looking for other people. The head agent turns in a full circle then calls to the others.

HEAD AGENT
We're clear! Let's go!

All the agents meet in the very center of the Pantheon on a large circle. One of the agents motions to another who takes out a square device and sets it on the center of the circle. He presses two buttons and the screen on the device lights up ":10."

AGENT
Stand back.

The agents creep backwards as the timer continues until it reaches ":01." The device explodes, causing the entire circle to break up into pieces and fly through the air. The agents duck their heads until the explosion dies. The head agent approaches the steady flow of smoke coming from the epicenter of the blast. He waves some smoke out of his way and stands over the place where the circle was. A deep hole the size of the circle now sits there.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - EVENING.

Sloane is seated at a table, eating spaghetti. Jack is seated opposite him, waiting. Sloane eats a forkful.

SLOANE
Mm. Mm Mm Mm. Jack, you have no idea how long I've craved to eat Italian.

JACK
Get a hold of yourself. It's compliments of Chef Bouyardee.

SLOANE
Yes, well.

Sloane wipes his mouth with a napkin, rests his hands on the table, and sighs.

SLOANE
What can I do for you?

JACK
Do you know where the Genesis Elixir is?

Sloane looks around and then back at Jack.

SLOANE

No.

Jack glares at Sloane.

JACK

What do you mean you don't know?

SLOANE

Take it easy, Jack. I wasn't finished.

(beat)

I may not know exactly where the elixir is, but I know how you can find out. My Zurich office was compromised a week ago. I haven't been back, of course, but I probably lost everything-- all my collections, all my paperwork, even my dear secretary. They were all in that building.

JACK

Don't tell me the Genesis Elixir was destroyed?

SLOANE

Now let's think about this, Jack. The Covenant blows up my office. At the same time, they are desperately seeking the Genesis Elixir. Do you really think they would destroy it?

(beat)

Shortly before the explosion my secretary informed me of a tall woman entering the building, disappearing for awhile and then... she's back. She sees her walk out the door.

JACK

You think she was Covenant.

SLOANE

I know she was Covenant. And I know she took the elixir.

JACK

How does this help?

(beat)

You say a tall woman came into the office. We can't just round up every tall woman in Zurich and question them.

SLOANE

After my secretary told me of this, I went into the surveillance room and took the daily video feed.

(beat)

I have a video of the woman in my left coat pocket.

Jack stares at Sloane who removes a small tape from his pocket and waves it in his fingers.

INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - EVENING.

Sydney is slumped on her couch in a tank top and shorts, sipping a glass of wine and reading a magazine. She turns a page and begins reading when her doorbell rings. She puts down the magazine and walks to get the door. She opens it to find a young man about her size and age with dark brown, perfectly combed hair and a pretty face. He is stubbly and little disheveled. He has a charming aura about him.

SAM

I saw you yesterday.

SYDNEY

(confused)

Excuse me?

SAM

I just moved in, and I'm still trying to get everything into all the rooms. I swear, the boxes multiply. So I'm unpacking all this stuff I never even knew I had and really don't like anyway, and I saw you--

SYDNEY

I'm sorry. Who are you?--

SAM

And I saw you tear a door right off its hinges... just thought you could give me a hand with my refrigerator...

Sydney looks confused.

SAM

By the way, why did you pull a door off its hinges? Remodeling the cheap way?

SYDNEY

I was going through a tough time.

SAM

Oh, I see. Wouldn't want to make you mad.

He sticks out his hand.

SAM

Sam Messler, just moved in.

Sydney accepts his hand.

SYDNEY

So I've heard.

SAM

Really? Cause all I've met so far was
this old woman up the street.

(beat)

Okay, I actually almost ran over this old
woman up the street, but...

Sydney smiles.

SYDNEY

I'm Sydney.

SAM

Well, Sydney. Could you maybe help me move
my refrigerator? I've been chilling my food
in front of the air vent for a day now. I
swear, my house is the second ice age.

Sydney smiles.

SYDNEY

You know what, Sam? I've been dying to get
out of the house.

She steps onto her porch and closes the door.

SAM

You can come in as long as you leave my door
alone.

Sydney laughs and they walk out of the frame.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING.

The kitchen is contemporary with spotlighting and black
countertops, pale walls, steel appliances, and silver tile

floors. Sydney and Sam walk in and up to a refrigerator oddly positioned in the middle of the floor.

SAM

I moved it a few inches and now I'm in physical therapy. I swear this thing weighs a ton--

Sydney moves over to the refrigerator and pushes it until it turns. She then gives it a large shove and moves it back toward the wall into an empty space. She wipes off her hands and the sweat on her head with her shirt.

SAM

Well. Aren't you strong?

SYDNEY

And if you eat your vegetables, one day you can be, too.

SAM

Ah, a clever one.

They smile at each other.

SAM

Gosh, you have a really pretty smile.

(beat)

Hey, now that I can store food, maybe, I mean if you're not busy or anything, you could come over for dinner or something this week...

SYDNEY

Ah... I don't know--

SAM

I'll make... whatever you want. I could just really use the company. I've been unpacking with no outside contact for three days now. I was about to name and befriend my toaster.

SYDNEY

Your toaster?

SAM

Yeah. It's a little shinier than most people, but hey...

Sydney laughs.

SAM

So, what do you say?

Sydney looks around, thinks for a second, and then smiles.

SYDNEY

Yeah.

(beat; sarcastic)

I mean, I'm sure I'll be hungry.

She sighs.

SYDNEY

And I could really use the company too.

He smiles.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

Jack is working at his desk when Marshall approaches him.

MARSHALL

Mr. Bristow, sir.

Jack turns to Marshall.

MARSHALL

Yes, I, uh. Now that you're director, I thought you might want to know I'm near completion of my analysis of the stolen files.

JACK

Anything?

MARSHALL

Clearly rerouted to Covenant.

(beat)

Clearly not Vaughn.

Jack sighs in relief.

MARSHALL

He has backed alibis at the times these files were compromised. Every single one.

(beat)

It's kind of funny, I mean. Whenever he left, someone came on his computer and

sent these files to the Covenant.

JACK

Unfortunately, we still have a thriving mole somewhere in this office.

MARSHALL

I don't mean to be, uh, like a nosy old lady or anything, but... any leads on identifying the mole?

Jack turns to his computer and turns on the screen.

JACK

We have a record of the times every agent came in and left this building.

He types a few keys and a list of names comes up on the screen.

JACK

We programmed in the times all the files were sent to the Covenant.

He types a few more keys.

JACK

And...

He presses one more key and a smaller list of people comes up.

JACK

We have fifteen agents that were in this building at those times.

MARSHALL

Anyone... important? High-ranking?

JACK

None. They're all novice desk-workers.

MARSHALL

Hmm. Well, I gotta get back to work.

Jack nods and Marshall walks off. Jack turns back to his computer and scans the list. He passes names "Smith, Arnold," "Ellis, Dakota," "Tamber, Sam," and then "Flinkman, Marshall." Jack sighs and looks over toward Marshall's office. From outside, we see Marshall typing frantically and

eating a sandwich. Jack turns back, picks up his phone, and dials a number.

JACK

Yes, the analysis is finished.

(beat)

Only one person on the list has the clearance to have accessed those files.

SUPER CLOSE-UP of the name "Flinkman, Marshall" on the list of people, then Jack listening on the phone, his face looking worried.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PARK - MORNING.

A couple are walking with their dog under a gray, cloudy sky. Another pair are playing Frisbee between some autumn-stricken trees. A few kids are playing on the playground behind. Sydney jogs into the frame wearing a gray tank top and sweatpants. Her expression is dazed. She jogs across the awakening park and stops at a bench to rest. She outstretches her arms, holds on to the top of the bench, and breathes deeply. She looks around and then back down at the bench.

VAUGHN (OS)

I thought I'd find you here.

Sydney looks up to see Vaughn standing on the other side of the bench, in a sweat-stained shirt and shorts. His arm still in a sling. He pants and breathes heavily.

VAUGHN

You're tough competition. I lost you for about a mile there.

Sydney laughs.

SYDNEY

You've been following me.

VAUGHN

Trying.

(beat)

I had to stop to actually breathe after the third mile, but yeah.

Sydney smiles.

SYDNEY

So... what are you doing here? You don't jog this early--

VAUGHN

And I don't think I'll start.

(beat)

Cripples like us need their sleep.

Sydney laughs and looks away, then back at him.

SYDNEY

No, really. Why are you here?

Vaughn looks down and sighs.

VAUGHN

I've just... been going through a rough patch in my life. I need someone to talk to, that's all. And with Weiss out of town... the only other person I thought of was you.

Sydney smiles.

SYDNEY

You are married, you know.

VAUGHN

Yeah, sometimes I have to remind myself.

A moment of silence. Vaughn looks around, sighs, and then squeezes out his next line.

VAUGHN

Lauren moved out last night.

Sydney looks startled.

SYDNEY

Oh... my gosh, I'm so sorry.

VAUGHN

No, no. Don't be. I saw it coming long ago.

SYDNEY

I had no idea that you two--

VAUGHN

We're on good terms and all, but... uh... we have different interests, you know?

(beat)

We have different values that don't mix well.

Sydney sighs.

SYDNEY

Well, I wish you the best.

VAUGHN
It is the best. We weren't happy.

SYDNEY
I'm sorry.

VAUGHN
Yeah.

Sydney peaks out a smile. Vaughn returns with another.

VAUGHN
You want to know something?

SYDNEY
What?

VAUGHN
I don't know if I really ever wanted to marry her. I mean, I wanted to marry somebody.

Sydney looks down, somewhat uncomfortable.

VAUGHN
Sydney, after you went missing, I was really thrown into a loop, you know?
(beat)
I had dreams, plans, of spending my life with you.
(beat)
I really missed you, Sydney. I never thought anything could impact my life that much.

Sydney laughs a sarcastic laugh. She is a little annoyed.

SYDNEY
Why are you telling me this?

VAUGHN
I married Lauren for comfort. I needed... someone... to share my time with. I couldn't stand being alone anymore.
(beat)
But I guess it didn't matter. During those two years, I've never been so alone in my life...

Sydney sighs and looks around.

SYDNEY

I missed you too, Vaughn. I really, really missed you.

He smiles wide. She sighs. He moves closer to her so that their feet are centimeters apart. She turns her head to the side, embarrassed.

VAUGHN

You really meant something to me, Sydney.

(2 beats)

You really do mean something to me.

She looks up at him. He smiles. They lean their heads in closer. He readies for a kiss but she turns her head.

SYDNEY

(whispering)

Vaughn.

Silence for a moment, then

VAUGHN

(whispering)

What is it?

She leans back out and takes his hands in hers. Her eyes begin to lightly gloss. She takes a deep breath and sighs. She keeps her voice at a low volume.

SYDNEY

When I went missing for two years, I never knew whether or not I'd ever see you again, ever see anyone again.

(beat)

I went through hell. Absolute hell. At first I prayed every day that they'd keep me alive. But after a few weeks, I started wanting them to kill me. I figured even death could be better than what I was put through.

(beat)

When I finally got out okay, I was so relieved. The first thing I thought about was you.

(beat)

I went to your door, looked inside.

She sighs heavily. She begins to lightly cry. Her voice raises a little.

SYDNEY

And I saw you.

(beat)

Sitting there, staring out the window, aimlessly. You looked so miserable. I smiled, knowing I was about to change your life. I reached for the doorbell...

She sighs again and cries a little harder.

SYDNEY

And I saw her.

(beat)

She walked up to you and put her arms around you. She kissed you... and you kissed her back.

(beat)

I felt betrayed, Vaughn. I felt twisted up inside. I just ran. Ran as far as I could, and then I cried, all night long.

(beat)

It took me months to overcome the fact that you were no longer mine.

(beat)

I loved you Vaughn. I loved you so much.

She begins to full-out cry. He frowns back at her, concerned.

SYDNEY

But I can't take another heartbreak.

I can't ruin my life all over again.

He shakes his head.

VAUGHN

Sydney. I won't. I promise. It'll never happen again--

SYDNEY

No... You can't promise me that!

(beat)

Every day we live a life so dangerous, so delicate, that it could end at any moment.

(beat)

As it is I worry... every briefing... every mission... that you won't be coming back the next day.

(beat)

And it pains me, because I love you Vaughn.
(beat)

I have always, incessantly loved you. And I
wouldn't be able to live if I lost another
boyfriend... another fiancé... a husband...
(beat)

That's why it can't work, Vaughn. I lost you
once already. For two years I lost you entirely.
(beat)

I can't handle losing you again.

Sydney lets go of his hands and turns to go, but he grabs
her hand back. Vaughn has a fiery passion in his eyes. He is
angry, but saddened.

VAUGHN

I can't let you go.
(beat)

I can't let you do this.

Sydney lets out a cry.

SYDNEY

I have to, Vaughn.
(beat; she whispers)
I can't love you.

It hits him. The passion in his eyes immediately dies. He
stands there, stunned.

SLOW: Sydney turns to walk. Her hand slips out of his. He
leaves his outstretched hand in place, then slowly lowers it
to his side. It begins to rain.

Sydney jogs away from him. He stands where he was, watching
her fade into the distance. He plops onto the bench, lowers
his head, and covers his face with his hands.

From ahead, Sydney looks back from her jogging, takes a deep
breath, and wipes the tears from her eyes. She continues to
jog further through the park then stops at the playground.
She walks past a sliding board and a merry-go-round to a
pair of swings, gently rocking with the rain and wind. She
lowers onto one of the swings and leans on the chain. She
closes her eyes and lets out a cry. LONG SHOT of Sydney
lightly swaying on the swing and crying.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - MORNING.

Jack walks into the building and to the middle of the floor.

An AGENT approaches him.

AGENT

Mr. Bristow. The video feed from Arvin Sloane's office has been reviewed and analyzed.

He turns to her, anxious.

AGENT

We have a positive I.D. of the woman you talked about.

He nods, looks around, leans into her, and whispers.

JACK

Who is she?

AGENT

Well, there's one problem, Mr. Bristow.
(beat)
She's dead.

Jack stares at the agent, confused.

INT. COVENANT HEADQUARTERS - EVENING.

The Covenant Headquarters looks similar to SD-6, only with a darker feel and higher technology. Mikelov, the head of the Covenant, crosses the room. An agent approaches him.

COVENANT AGENT

Mikelov, sir, our team is back from the Pantheon.

Mikelov nods forcefully at the agent who walks away. The team of agents from the Pantheon walk up to him.

HEAD AGENT

We were very successful, Sir.
(beat)

Our source was indeed correct. There was a well beneath the Pantheon.

MIKELOV

(Russian accent)
And what did you find?

The head agent motions another of the agents over to him. This agent takes out a small wooden box that fits into the

palm of the agent's hand. Mikelov looks amazed down at the box then back up at the head agent.

MIKELOV
The key to Viator?

HEAD AGENT
No one has opened it yet. We figured we'd let you do the honors...

The agent holding the box hands it to Mikelov. He strokes the top in wonder. He holds the box in one hand and gently lifts the lid with the other. He stares into the box confused. In the box is a small piece of parchment paper with symbols scribbled across it.

MIKELOV
This was all that was down there?

HEAD AGENT
We ran triple checks, Sir. Nothing else was in the hole.

Mikelov closes the box and hands it back to the head agent.

MIKELOV
Give it to decryption.
(beat)
I want to know what this paper says by the time I come in tomorrow.

The head agent nods and walks off with his group of other agents. Mikelov walks out of the frame.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING.

The trees are now nearly bare. The sky is again gray and a brisk wind rustles the leaves on the ground. A leaf from the ground blows into the air and flies across the cemetery. It glides with the breeze over rows and rows of tombstones, then it stalls in mid-air and gently begins to float out of the frame. We RACK FOCUS to see that below, Sydney is kneeling in front of a tombstone. Her hair and clothes are soaking wet as she looks helplessly at the stone. A gust of wind blows her hair and ruffles her clothes, but she remains. Engraved on the tombstone is: "DIXON, MARCUS." And under: "Trusted friend, dad, and employee." Sydney gently stares at the tombstone, her expression a daze. A flash of light then

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

A much younger Sydney is escorted by Sloane through the former SD-6 building. They stop.

SLOANE

Sydney, I'd like you to meet your partner.

A younger looking Dixon walks into the frame. Sydney smiles and accepts his outstretched hand.

DIXON

Marcus Dixon.

(charmingly)

It is an honor.

SLOANE

I know he isn't much, but we thought you could use some company.

Dixon laughs. Sloane smiles back.

DIXON

I just hope I won't get in your way.

(beat)

You're all Sloane's been talking about these days, and he seems very impressed with your abilities. I hope I'm not too forward, but I pray some of your talents will rub off on me.

Sydney smiles. Dixon winks back. Another flash of light.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

Sydney is still kneeling in front of the tombstone. A red leaf gently falls onto the top of it. Sydney is taken off guard and goes to brush it away. She stops her hand a few inches away and pulls it back toward her. She sighs and stands up. She takes a deep breath and walks out of the frame. We RACK FOCUS back to the tombstone. Another gust of wind blows the red leaf off the grave.

INT. CIA OFFICE ROOM - MORNING.

Jack leans over a monitor as the agent types on the computer.

AGENT

We ran a face match scan from the woman found in the video feed.

(beat)

We came up with no matches.

Jack nods.

AGENT

I sent the video to Maxillus over there

She points to a man across the room at a computer. He waves back at them.

AGENT

who ran the feed into his scan system,
and we got a match.

JACK

Why didn't your system find one?

AGENT

Luckily, Maxillus over there, well, one might categorize him as "lazy" if you will? He never updated his software and still had the same database of people from 1999. The only reason she was in his and not in mine must have been because--

JACK

She's dead.

AGENT

Yes.

(beat)

We looked her up on our grave scan system,
and sure enough, we found her.

The agent shakes her head.

AGENT

Mm. It's a shame, really. To be murdered at
such a young age.

JACK

Murdered?

AGENT

Well, I guess it's a shame to be murdered at
any age, but--

JACK

Excuse me, but did you say that woman was
murdered?

AGENT
Found dead in an alley a little more than
two years ago.

(beat)
Apparently, the police have already
labeled it as a cold case.

Jack looks around in thought.

JACK
So who is this woman? What is her name?

AGENT
Her name? Oh, I have it right here.

The agent turns back to her computer and types a few keys.
She types one final key.

AGENT
Ah. Here it is. Her name is Francine D. Calfo.

Jack leans in and stares inquisitively at the monitor, then
leans out and looks away in disbelief.

AGENT
Poor girl. Just over thirty years old.

Jack hurries away from the agent and out of the room.

AGENT
Mr. Bristow?

The agent turns toward the door and shouts.

AGENT
Mr. Bristow? Is there something wrong?

She shrugs and turns back to her computer.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING.

Jack waits next to his car. Sydney pulls up in hers and
parks. She gets out of the car and walks up to Jack. Her
hair and clothes are a little drier, but it is still
apparent she's been out in the rain.

SYDNEY
Dad, what's wrong? I came as fast as I could.

JACK

When was the last time you saw Alison?

Sydney stares at him, dumbfounded by the question. She sputters out her answer.

SYDNEY

I... I don't know-- I think I was with Will last year--

JACK

Did you see her escape?

Sydney looks her father over, very confused. Her eyes then widen.

SYDNEY

She didn't--

JACK

Sydney, did you see her escape?

SYDNEY

I thought Will killed her, but...

(beat)

No I didn't see her escape, but I didn't see her after he stabbed her either--

Jack sighs nervously and looks around.

SYDNEY

Dad? What's going on?

JACK

Alison Doren walked into Sloane's office and took the Genesis Elixir last week.

Sydney is shocked.

SYDNEY

Oh my God.

JACK

Are you certain she was Covenant?

SYDNEY

She was working with Sark. I have no doubts... Why, Dad? What's wrong?

Jack looks very worried.

JACK

Sloane told me that Viator could bring utter desolation to the world.

(beat)

The Genesis Elixir is what activates Viator. If the Covenant has the elixir they will use it for their own purposes. And I bet you ten to one those purposes aren't for the good of mankind.

Sydney is alarmed.

SYDNEY

What do we do?

JACK

What can we do?

(beat)

We haven't a clue where the Covenant is located! We don't even know who runs it.

Sydney stares into the distance, thinking. Then it hits her...

SYDNEY

Mikelov!

JACK

What?

STOCK FOOTAGE - After running out of the demolished Rotunda in "Shattered Glass, Pt. II," Sydney finds herself at gunpoint from a Spanish man he says "This one for Mikelov" and then is shot dead.

SYDNEY

Last week, when the Rotunda was compromised.

(beat)

I found myself at gunpoint right here in the garage. The assassin mentioned a man named Mikelov before he was about to shoot me.

Jack nods.

JACK

I'll run a trace, find everything we can on this man named Mikelov.

Sydney nods back. Jack looks around.

JACK
Are you... okay?

Sydney looks at him awkwardly.

SYDNEY
Yeah, I'm fine.

Jack nods.

JACK
Get changed.

He pats her twice on the arm on his way by as he walks back toward his car.

JACK
I feel we have a big day ahead of us.

Sydney nods and watches her father get in his car and pull away.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - MORNING.

POV: Someone is walking into the Rotunda. People pass and wave as this person continues walking. The person walks past the main area of the Rotunda and opens a door to an office. The person walks in to

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE.

Scattered with electronic equipment, Star Wars figures, and computer monitors. The person takes a seat at the computer and turns it on. The screen pops up to find a title of "Marshall's Computer" and beneath, an animated Marshall doing a dance. A window pops up on the monitor saying "Enter Password:" with a box next to it. The person enters seven digits that appear as just dots on the screen. The desktop of his computer comes up. The arrow from the mouse moves over to a file called "MOLE RESEARCH." They right click on it, drag the mouse arrow down the menu, and click "Delete." It disappears from the desktop.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING.

Jack's car pulls into the warehouse. He exits and walks up to his contact standing in the center of the warehouse.

CONTACT

(Middle-Eastern accent)
Jack.

The contact meets Jacks and they shake hands.

CONTACT
It is wonderful to see you.

JACK
Yes, it's been a long time. Listen, I need you to do me a favor.

CONTACT
Anything, Jack. I am in debt to you.

JACK
I'm looking for information regarding a man.
(beat)
His name is Mikelov. And I'm afraid to say that's all I know.

The contact's eyes widen and he turns from Jack.

CONTACT
Mikelov. Why would you need to know about him?

JACK
Why does it matter? I would appreciate if you could just find out who he is.

The contact nods his head, still fearful.

CONTACT
I know who he is Jack.
(beat)
And if I were you, I wouldn't mess with him.

Jack approaches his contact closer, inquisitive.

JACK
What do you know?

CONTACT
Mikelov Tchaikot is his name. Born in a rich Russian family. Lived in Moscow for thirty years.

He turns to Jack.

CONTACT

Jack. He's a dangerous man. He has connections. No one knows who, no one knows how, but if you make him angry... you might not wake up the next morning.

Jack is not phased.

JACK

Anything else?

CONTACT

He is rumored to head a top-secret terrorist organization. But no one can prove it, and I am certain no one ever will.

Jack nods.

JACK

Do you happen to know the name of this organization?

The contact sighs.

CONTACT

I don't even know if it exists.

Jack nods.

CONTACT

I'm very sorry, Jack. The information you ask for isn't available for my taking.

Jack nods again and smiles a small, reluctant smile.

JACK

Thank you. I'll be seeing you.

He turns to go.

CONTACT

Jack.

Jack stops and turns.

CONTACT

You shouldn't go looking for this man. Anyone who has ever come close to uncovering his true agenda has mysteriously disappeared...

Without any acknowledgement, Jack gets back in his car and drives away.

INT. CIA MEETING ROOM - DAY.

Sydney, who is now dry and in work clothes, is seated across the room from Vaughn, who is also dry and in work clothes. Lauren is seated closer to Sydney, and next to her, Marshall. Jack is standing in the center of the room.

JACK

We believe to have a positive ID of the Covenant leader.

Jack clicks the remote. A picture of Mikelov comes up on the screen.

JACK

Mikelov Tchaikot, a Russian businessman, seems to have all signs point to him being head of the Covenant.

(beat)

My sources tell me he is very ill-mannered and dangerous, eager to kill anyone who proves an obstacle on his path to success.

LAUREN

Do we know where he operates?

JACK

My contact said he lived in Moscow for thirty years. Something tells me he wouldn't be too eager abandoning his place of upbringing.

SYDNEY

You think the Covenant headquarters is in Moscow?

JACK

It's a personal thought. That's all. We have no hints, no evidence, no data.

He shrugs.

JACK

Just a hunch.

Sydney looks stunned.

SYDNEY

Dad, we can't execute a plan based on a mere hunch!

JACK

That is why we wait. All of our resources are being used for finding the location of Michelov Tchaikot.

(beat)

Now that we know his name, I predict a matter of days before we have an exact location.

Sydney nods.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

Sydney is walking across the floor. Marshall stops her.

MARSHALL

Sydney!

Sydney turns.

MARSHALL

Sydney, uh, hi. I've been wanting to talk to you.

He clears his throat.

MARSHALL

We never really got to discuss...

He becomes tongue-tied.

SYDNEY

Discuss what?

MARSHALL

Well, you know...

(beat)

What happened... last week.

Sydney takes a deep breath.

MARSHALL

Sydney. I'm really sorry. I mean, about almost turning you over to the Covenant and all.

Sydney fakes a smile and nods.

MARSHALL

(serious)

The Covenant came into my house and put a gun to my baby's head. What was I supposed to do with that, you know?

(beat)

I mean, as a father, do you have any idea what kind of position that puts you in? He's only a baby.

Sydney stares at him in disbelief. She begins to understand his choices.

MARSHALL

They made it certain they would kill little Mitchell if I didn't drop you off at the port. They gave me no other information, but I was desperate, Sydney. I didn't want to lose my only son.

Sydney looks down and sighs. She shakes her head.

SYDNEY

Why didn't you tell me any of this?

MARSHALL

You don't know what goes through your head when the one thing you love more than anything in this world...

His eyes water and he looks away.

MARSHALL

I didn't want... anything to happen to Mitchell. And I was afraid that if I had told you... they would have somehow found out... and killed him.

Sydney is obviously sorry for ever doubting Marshall.

SYDNEY

Oh my God... I mean, I had no idea.

MARSHALL

I couldn't eat for a day... I just kept thinking about what would have happened if they did kill him.

SYDNEY

But Marshall, you warned me. At the port you

told me to run... Why didn't they--

MARSHALL

I got home and they were still there. They told me I had been warned and would have to suffer the consequences...

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

MARSHALL (VO)

They took poor Mitchell.

One of the agents in Marshall's home picks up Mitchell.

MARSHALL (VO)

Raised the gun to his head.

The same agent raises a gun to the baby's head.

MARSHALL (VO)

I couldn't take it, I just closed my eyes and waited.

Marshall closes his eyes and ducks down, begging to the agent.

MARSHALL (VO)

And I heard it. A gunshot.

Marshall, still with closed eyes, shouts out to Mitchell.

MARSHALL (VO)

And then another. And another.

The agents in Marshall's house fall to the ground after being shot.

MARSHALL (VO)

I opened my eyes and they were dead. All of them, just dead.

(beat)

But Mitchell was okay. That's what mattered.

Marshall opens his eyes and sees the dead bodies. He picks up a crying Mitchell from the ground and hugs him tight, thanking God.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

MARSHALL

I am so grateful they didn't kill my baby.

SYDNEY

And you have no idea who killed them?

MARSHALL

I don't know, and I don't care. It was priceless enough seeing Carrie come home to a house full of dead bodies...

He chuckles, then clears his throat back to serious mode.

MARSHALL

But whoever it was saved my baby.

(beat)

And probably saved me.

Sydney comes toward Marshall and hugs him.

SYDNEY

I'm so sorry I ever doubted your loyalty.

They pull back. She shrugs.

SYDNEY

I mean, with all this talk of moles, I just became suspicious, that's all.

(beat)

If I had known--

MARSHALL

Hey, don't let it bug you.

(beat)

I prefer to put those type of moments in the past, you know? Move on with my life.

Sydney thinks for a moment, seeing the irony in the situation. She smiles and nods. Obviously lying, she responds.

SYDNEY

Yeah, I do.

(beat)

It's for the best.

Marshall smiles and walks away.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

A desk agent is typing on his computer. He looks up at the monitor. A window pops up reading "MESSAGE: URGENT." The agent stares curiously at the screen as he clicks on the window. He reads the screen and his eyes become wide. He immediately gets up and runs off.

CUT TO:

Jack is talking to another agent at his desk. The desk agent runs up to him.

DESK AGENT

Mr. Bristow. We have received an unexpected message.

JACK

Who sent it?

The desk agent looks around and leans in to Jack. He whispers.

DESK AGENT

Mikelov.

Jack stares at the desk agent curiously.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MIKELOV'S OFFICE.

Mikelov is sitting in his office at his desk, his elbow leaning on the desk, his hand clasped over his mouth. He is staring into space when a covenant official named Ivan walks into his office.

IVAN

Mikelov.

Mikelov turns to his employee.

MIKELOV

Ivan. Please.

He motions for Ivan to sit in front of his desk. Ivan nods his head and sits. The parchment is laying on the desk near Ivan. Ivan eyes the piece of paper.

IVAN

Thank you, Sir.

Mikelov nods back and continues to stare into space.

IVAN

Sir. I was just wondering... have we uncovered any further information on Viator?

No response.

IVAN

What it is?
(beat)
Where it is?
(beat)
What it does?

Mikelov sighs heavily, but does not turn to Ivan. He waits. After no response, Ivan continues.

IVAN

I mean, we must have found something in Rome.
(beat)
The parchment, the one found in the box...
did it say anything?

No response. Awkward silence. Finally, it is broken.

MIKELOV
(without looking over)
Ivan, if you had a wish in life, what
would it be?

Ivan is caught off guard by the question.

IVAN
Sir... I don't understand--

MIKELOV
If you were to find... oh I don't know...
say... a magic lamp?... a wishing well?...
and you were granted one wish...
what would it be? Just out of curiosity...

Ivan cannot say. He looks down and thinks hard.

IVAN
I don't know, Sir. I... there are a lot of
things I'd like to have... but one wish...
it's just hard to choose--

Mikelov turns to Ivan.

MIKELOV
What about your wife?

Ivan looks at Mikelov curiously.

IVAN
Mr. Tchaikot, she died in a skiing accident
three years ago--

MIKELOV
I am aware.
(beat)
But what if... what if you could have her
back... would you use your one wish to do
it?
(beat)
Would you use your wish... to be with your
wife?

Ivan thinks deeply on the question. He cannot respond.

IVAN
Sir, this is a very hard question.

(beat)
I mean, I do miss my wife and all, but...
playing with time... I don't know...

(beat)
I figure that maybe God chose that it
was her time to go.

(beat)
And I would never want to betray God,
Sir... I would never want to undo what he
has done.

He thinks hard, then shakes it off, realizing how irrelevant
of a question it is.

IVAN
Why does it matter? Are you telling me
Viator grants wishes?

Mikelov stares back out in space. He gently shakes his head,
as if in a daze.

MIKELOV
No, Ivan.
(beat)
Viator does not grant wishes.

Silence. Ivan waits for a command from Mikelov.

MIKELOV
You may go, Ivan.

Ivan nods and stands. He turns his body so that his right
hand sweeps past the parchment.

INSERT - On its way by the paper, Ivan's hand presses on a
small, square object hidden in his palm.

Ivan turns toward the door to the office and leaves. Mikelov
picks up the tiny parchment from the top of his desk, looks
at it for a moment, puts it back in the small box, leans his
head on his hands, and sighs deeply.

INT. COVENANT HEADQUARTERS.

Ivan quickly walks passed busy workers who shuffle papers
and type at their desks. He opens a glass door into a small
room with computers on the wall. He takes the small black
object in his hand and plugs it into one of the computers.
An image of the "Fabula Viatori" appears on the screen. The
image prints out onto a piece of paper. Ivan then

disconnects the computer, takes the paper, and walks out of the room.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA.

Jack and the agent walk up to a computer. Jack looks at the message on the screen. He reads the screen, then stares at the agent in disbelief.

JACK
Does this mean...?

AGENT
It appears so.
(beat)
He left a number. Says it's secure.

Jack nods, walks away from the desk, and picks up a phone. He dials a number.

INT. COVENANT HEADQUARTERS.

Mikelov is as we left him, his hands resting on his head, sitting in his office. The phone next to him begins to ring. He rolls his chair over and picks up the phone.

MIKELOV
I am pleased you have decided to call.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA./INT. COVENANT HEADQUARTERS. PHONE CONVERSATION.

Jack talks on the phone.

JACK
Is this Mikelov Tchaikot?

Silence as Jack waits for his response.

MIKELOV
(from the phone)
Yes. This is he.

Jack nods his head.

JACK
What do you want from the CIA?

MIKELOV
Now hang on, I introduced myself, so I think

it is only fair to know who I am speaking to...

Silence.

Jack sighs and looks around.

JACK

Jack Bristow, director of intelligence.

MIKELOV

Ah, a high roller.

(beat)

Mr. Bristow, it is my understanding that the CIA has something my agency would very much like to possess.

JACK

I'm aware, Mr. Tchaikot--

MIKELOV

Mr. Tchaikot was my father... please, call me Mikelov.

JACK

I'm aware what your agency requests, but the CIA is in no position to give up one of its most valuable artifacts...

MIKELOV

So, you are a high roller with a budget...

(beat)

Mr. Bristow, my agency is prepared to give you 150 million dollars in exchange for the vial...

Silence. Mikelov waits.

MIKELOV

That is a minimum, I might add.

JACK

No deal.

MIKELOV

200 million.

Silence.

MIKELOV

300 million? 350? Name your price.

JACK

One cannot put a price on the Genesis Elixir...

MIKELOV

Mr. Bristow, it's mostly sugar water--

JACK

Even so... we are not selling.

Jack hangs up the phone. He hurriedly walks out of the frame.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT.

A very worried Ivan stands in the middle of a mostly deserted parking garage. A black car screeches to a halt in front of him. The window rolls down and a briefcase opens up and is stuck out the window. Ivan places a manila folder in the briefcase which closes and retreats back into the car. A arm then comes out of the window with a velvet bag in its hand. Ivan takes the bag as the window rolls back up and the car speeds away. Mikelov empties the bag's contents into his hand.

INSERT - A large pile of small diamonds fall into the hand of Mikelov.

He puts them back in the bag, swallows hard, and walks out of the frame.

INT. CIA MEETING ROOM - DAY.

Sydney, Vaughn, Lauren, and Marshall sit in the chairs around Jack, who is, again, standing in the center. He speaks loudly.

JACK

We received some disturbing information just moments ago... the Covenant does not have the Genesis Elixir as we first thought.

Sydney looks at Jack, shocked.

JACK

Better news is that diagnostics has found the current location of Alison Doren. She works as a bartender in a popular Paris night club called Le Canard Rouge.

SYDNEY

A bartender?

JACK

Only a cover. She is a messenger. All clients and contacts come to her, give their messages, and she delivers them to her boss.

Sydney nods in understanding. Lauren looks confused and pipes in.

LAUREN

But if Alison isn't Covenant... who is her boss?

JACK

I cannot say. But we have to go after her, none the less.

(beat)

Sydney. You'll be heading to Paris in hopes of finding Alison and... interrogating her.

Sydney nods.

JACK

Because of Agent Vaughn's injury we do not want to risk him being hurt any further. Lauren will accompany Sydney instead. Any questions?

SYDNEY

How close is the Covenant from finding Viator?

JACK

Yesterday at approximately 21:00 hours, there was an attack on the Pantheon in Rome. Apparently, there is a deep cavity beneath the Pantheon that acts as a vault, only known about by the workers there... until now.

(beat)

Someone broke into the Pantheon, killed the manager on call, exposed the crevice, and went down to the vault below.

(beat)

Other managers claim that only one thing was taken... a small wooden box that held a paper called Fabula Viatori, the Story of

Viator.

SYDNEY

So, you think the Covenant knows where Viator is?

JACK

It's irrelevant.

(beat)

As long as they lack the Genesis Elixir, it is nothing but a useless contraption.

Sydney nods.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA.

Sydney is at her desk, putting papers into files. Vaughn comes up from behind her.

VAUGHN

Sydney.

Sydney stops and sighs for a moment. Then she goes back to filing.

VAUGHN

I thought about what you said, yesterday.

(beat)

It makes sense to me now...

Sydney stops again, then slowly turns toward Vaughn.

VAUGHN

There are some things in life you just have to accept... this is one of those things.

(beat)

Sydney, I went through hell too. When you went missing, I felt like someone had shoved a knife into my heart...

Sydney listens intently. She bites her lip.

VAUGHN

My life, it literally came to a standstill for six months. I didn't eat, I didn't sleep... I was hypnotized, in a trance. It took six months for me to accept you were gone...

Sydney looks to the floor. She takes a deep breath and looks back up at Vaughn. Her eyes are shiny with tears.

VAUGHN

Every time the phone rang, I pictured you calling, telling me you were coming home.

(beat)

Every time... someone knocked at the door, it was you... as if back from the dead.

(beat)

Words cannot express how much I missed you, Sydney. There was a hole in my heart...

Sydney frowns at him.

VAUGHN

And I can't imagine ever feeling that way again... and that's why I agree... we have to move on...

Tears well up in Sydney's eyes. She wipes them off with her hands and takes a deep breath. She looks up at Vaughn and whispers desperately.

SYDNEY

I have to catch a plane...

Vaughn softly nods his head. Sydney walks past him and out of the frame. Vaughn looks on and sighs.

CUT TO:

"PARIS." We PUSH THROUGH the "R" to:

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT.

The Eiffel Tower stands tall in the Paris night sky. Lights from the city glow in the darkness.

EXT. PARIS NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

The usual excitement of night clubs is seen. People are walking in and out, pulling up in cars, and standing outside, talking. They are dressed in exotic-looking clothes and have wild hair styles.

INT. PARIS NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

The night club glows a shade of blue. We PUSH THROUGH a crowd of people dancing. One pair let their bodies grind against each other. In another pair, a girl is straddled, sitting on her partner's knee, and they are swaying with the techno-like music playing. Another pair caress and kiss each

other as they move to the music.

EXT. PARIS NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

A black van is parked on the side of the club.

INT. VAN - NIGHT.

Lauren is seated at a small desk in the back of the van, piled high with computer screens, buttons, and keyboards. Lauren presses the radio behind her ear.

LAUREN

We're clear.

SYDNEY (OS)

(from radio)

I'm coming in now.

(beat)

My God, you should see some of the people in here.

Lauren types on one of the keyboards and shakes her head.

LAUREN

Ah... the French!

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

The song ends and everyone cheers. A young man with black, spiky hair and multiple piercings comes onto the small runway-like stage in the center.

YOUNG MAN

Et maintenant, une danse spéciale de la putain des poteaux...

The young man exits the stage as the crowd begins cheering. A spotlight comes up in the audience on a small platform with a pole running from the ceiling down to the center of the platform. We see the silhouette of the woman, straddling the pole. The crowd in front of her cheers loudly. CLOSE UP of behind the woman, the spotlight silhouetting the back of her head.

SYDNEY

I'm in.

A few more spotlights turn on to the woman to reveal it is Sydney. She is wearing nearly nothing, just a black leather

bikini-like outfit and a black leather motorcycle hat. Her hair is long and shockingly pink; her lips are bright red. Her skin looks white in the all the light. More techno music starts and the audience begins cheering loudly. Sydney begins dancing with the pole. She dances suggestively, straddling the pole, stroking it, and sliding up and down. The audience cheers wildly through her dance.

POV: Sydney looks down at the crowd cheering and dancing, then over to the bar. Alison is behind the bar, pouring beers for those sitting there.

At the bar, Alison pours a man a drink and passes it to him. Behind her, Sydney is dancing with the pole.

MAN AT BAR

(pointing at Sydney, obviously drunk)

Look at her!

(beat)

I wonder how much she costs for the night.
Wouldn't mind taking a beating from someone
like her.

He laughs wildly and takes a large drink. Alison turns and sees Sydney dancing on the pole.

Back to Sydney's dance, she straddles the pole and continues the suggestive dance. She takes off her hat and throws it into the audience. They dive at it as Sydney stands back up, and the song ends. The audience cheers loudly. Sydney blows kisses and yells to the audience as they continue cheering.

Alison continues to watch from the bar. Sydney looks over toward Alison. Their eyes meet. Alison sees that it is Sydney and gasps. Quickly, the spotlights that were on Sydney go out, and Alison can no longer see the platform. Sydney jumps off the platform and runs through the crowd. People in the crowd check her out as she runs by them. She makes it to a door in the back and enters.

INT. BACK OF NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT.

It is a small room with red padding on all the walls. In it a dirty-looking bed and a table. On top of the table, a pair of handcuffs, a whip, and a set of black clothes. Sydney picks up a pair of black pants and a black sleeveless shirt on the table and begins to put them on.

INT. VAN - NIGHT.

Lauren watches the club on a monitor.

SYDNEY
(from Lauren's radio)
Lauren! She saw me!
(beat)
Lauren! Can you hear me!

LAUREN
I hear you.
(beat)
She's walking out of the bar.

The monitor shows Alison walking out from the behind the bar and entering the crowd.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

Alison walks through the crowd of dancing people, pushing them out of the way as she goes by.

INT. VAN - NIGHT./INT. BACK OF NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT. RADIOED CONVERSATION.

LAUREN
She's coming your way! Don't move!

Sydney is now in the regular clothes. She takes off her wig and puts in on the table.

SYDNEY
Are you crazy? This is a dead end!

LAUREN
No! we have to get her alone if we want to question her!
(beat)
I'm coming in. She's never seen me before...

Lauren puts on a spiky blue wig. She unzips her jacket to reveal a fishnet top over a blue bra. She gets out of the van.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

Alison continues to walk through the crowd. She comes to the pole platform and gets on it. From there, she looks in all directions, hoping she'll spot Sydney.

Lauren walks into the nightclub and makes her way across

the crowd. A man puts his arms around her, one hand touches near her breast.

MAN

Hey, baby. You got some fine stuff I'd like to try on for size. How 'bout you and me get one of these rooms back there and--

Lauren grabs the man's arm and flips him over her shoulder and onto the floor. He yells in pain. The crowd around her stares at her, intimidated. They back up as she walks through. Alison continues to look around the club. She spies the door Sydney went into and hops down from the platform. Lauren looks across the floor and sees Alison walk toward the door.

LAUREN

Sydney! She's coming close.

(beat)

Hold still, I'll be there in a second.

Alison walks up to the door and reaches her hand out. A hand grabs her wrist before she can reach the doorknob. She looks over to see an old man in just really short black pants, cowboy boots, and a cowboy hat.

OLD MAN

You going in there, sugar?

(beat)

If you need some company, I'm the man you are looking for.

He eyes up Alison and licks his lips.

CUT TO:

The man falls to the ground, holding his bruised neck and gasping for air. Alison reaches for the doorknob, turns it, and opens the door.

INT. BACK OF NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT.

Alison looks around the room and finds it empty. She huffs angrily and enters further into the room. Standing straight up against the red wall next to the door is Sydney, in her black clothes, a gun pointed right at Alison.

SYDNEY

Freeze!

Alison turns and puts her hands in the air. She smiles wryly. Sydney begins to circle Alison, so that Alison's back turns to the door.

SYDNEY
No... sudden... moves!

Alison, hands still in the air, laughs.

ALISON
I'm so glad to see you again, Sydney.

SYDNEY
I will not hesitate to shoot you! Do not try anything tricky--

ALISON
Don't you trust me, Sydney?
(beat)
I lived with you for eight years, didn't I?

Sydney is not amused.

SYDNEY
Francie lived with me for eight years.
(beat)
You-- you're just a mock-up.

Alison laughs again.

ALISON
You know you can't kill me, Sydney.

Alison subtly looks down at her pants pocket. The holster of gun is sticking out.

ALISON
Because the second you pull the trigger... all you're going to see is poor Francie, blown away by her best friend.

Sydney shakes her head.

SYDNEY
You're wrong...

ALISON
Am I? Then why am I still alive?
(beat)
It seems you've had plenty of chances to

kill me in the past...

SYDNEY

I tried.

(beat)

You don't die!

Alison smiles and raises her eyebrows.

ALISON

Well then I guess you didn't try hard enough,
did you?

Sydney walks closer to Alison, resting the gun inches from her neck.

SYDNEY

If I had half a mind I'd slaughter you right
here, right now.

Alison is not phased.

ALISON

But you wouldn't, sweetheart! I have something
you need.

Sydney looks at Alison in disbelief. She shakes it off.

SYDNEY

Where is the Genesis Elixir?

ALISON

Who says this was twenty questions?

Sydney puts the gun right up to Alison's throat. She speaks more forcefully.

SYDNEY

There is a gun pointed at your neck.
I'd cut the crap if I were you.

Alison sighs and smiles.

ALISON

Go ahead, Sydney. Pull the trigger.

She coaxes her on.

ALISON

Go ahead. You know you want to kill me...

SYDNEY

Tell me!

ALISON

You wanna know?

Silence. Alison kicks Sydney out of the way, ducks as Sydney fires a shot toward her, and whips out the gun from her pocket. She aims it toward Sydney.

ALISON

You will never know...

She cocks the gun and aims it back at Sydney. A gun presses to her neck behind her.

LAUREN (OS)

Put down the gun!

Alison puts her hands up and drops the gun onto the floor. Her face still smiling; her mood still cocky. She turns to face Lauren.

LAUREN

Where is the elixir?

Silence. Lauren means it.

LAUREN

Answer!

Alison, smiling, turns back toward Sydney.

ALISON

I see you brought your bitch along.

Lauren isn't amused. Alison speaks to them both.

ALISON

You see, this is really interesting...
I tell you where the elixir is, and I walk away unharmed, no? But if you kill me, you'll never get your precious liquid...

Lauren looks at Sydney. Sydney gives back a reassuring glare.

ALISON

Ladies, it seems I am the one in charge here.

Sydney walks up closer to Alison.

SYDNEY
Not a chance!

ALISON
You can't touch me, or you'll never find the
Genesis Elixir...

SYDNEY
Who says we'll touch you...

Alison waits, attentive.

SYDNEY
The CIA has the right to do whatever is
necessary for withdrawing information from
a high-threat terrorist.
(beat)
You will be tortured, drugged, isolated from
the entire world. And if you don't talk...
you will never see the light of day again!

Silence.

ALISON
Well then... I guess I better do something
drastic--

Alison kicks the gun on the floor across the room. Sydney averts her eyes to follow the gun. Alison takes Lauren's outstretched arms and in one motion, irregularly bends her arm, takes the gun from her hand, spins her around to in front of herself, puts her in a headlock, and points the gun directly at her head. Lauren yelps and gasps for air. Sydney comes closer to Alison, gun pointed.

ALISON
You come one step closer, and the bitch gets
her brains blown out.

Sydney stops, but does not lower her gun.

ALISON
Now, I'm definitely in charge here.

Sydney breathes heavily, very angered.

ALISON

Goodbye, Sydney.

Quickly, Alison raises her gun to the ceiling and shoots at a globe light hanging in the center of the room. Sparks start flying out of the light and Sydney ducks for cover. A large stream of smoke fills the room as Alison drags Lauren out of the door. Sydney coughs and aims her gun their way. She fires four shots, but they miss, hitting the wall and the door. The sprinklers immediately come on, bringing the smoke and sparking to a stop and soaking Sydney. Sydney runs across the room and out the door into

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

Techno music blares as the crowd dances wildly. Sydney looks around and sees nothing. She runs over to the pole platform and jumps up onto it. She hangs onto the pole and looks around. She cannot see anything. She leaps across the crowd from the platform and lands in the center of a dancing group. She keeps her gun at her side as she runs toward the exit.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

All outside activity has died down, with only a few people leaning up against the club, smoking and talking. Sydney runs out of the club and looks around in front of her. She slowly walks forward, then hears a loud clanging noise to her right. She immediately turns and runs that way.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY.

Marshall cheerfully walks into his office singing "Funk Soul Brother." He moves with the lyrics over to his computer. He takes a seat and turns it on. The same log-on screen comes up and Marshall types in his password. He turns, puts on his glasses, and writes on some papers as the desktop comes on the screen. He turns back to the computer.

MARSHALL

All right...

He drags the mouse over the files. He leans in closer to the computer and reads all the file names. His face quickly becomes worried as he leans in even closer and takes his glasses off. He shakes his head, very concerned.

MARSHALL

No... no, no, no, no...

Marshall begins typing frantically. A search box comes on the screen and he enters "Mole Research." He continues to type as a window pops up on the screen. It flashes "NO RESULTS FOUND." Marshall looks extremely worried as he runs out of his office.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

Marshall runs up to Jack who is reading a file at his desk.

MARSHALL
Mr. Bristow!

Jack turns to the frantic Marshall.

MARSHALL
(stuttering, spattering)
Mr. Bristow, something happened... I went on to the computer like I usually do and I looked everywhere, everywhere for it, and I couldn't find it anywhere on the computer, and--

JACK
Marshall, slow down.

Marshall pants and nods his head.

JACK
Now slowly, tell me what happened...

Marshall nods.

MARSHALL
Mr. Bristow, all of my research regarding the mole is gone...

Jack looks at him, concerned.

MARSHALL
It was there just a few hours ago, I saw it.
(beat)
I came back from lunch and it was gone...

Jack folds his hands and sighs.

JACK
Marshall, who would have access to your computer?

Marshall thinks for a moment.

MARSHALL

I, Uh... just... me, I guess. Just me.

JACK

And you say the folder went missing on your lunch break?

MARSHALL

Mr. Bristow, somebody deleted my--

JACK

Can you create a witness to your leaving the Rotunda?

MARSHALL

Actually... I...

Marshall stares at Jack in disbelief.

MARSHALL

You don't think I... I mean, you can't think it's me--

JACK

It's difficult, Marshall. It's just that every time the mole made a move, you were the only person with authorized access to the files stolen that was in the Rotunda.

Marshall looks helpless.

MARSHALL

No... no, Mr. Bristow. There's no way I could have--

JACK

There is no one else who could have done it.

(beat)

You were the only one here every time something was compromised--

MARSHALL

But it's my job... I mean, I'm here hours longer than most agents...

Jack sighs.

MARSHALL

Mr. Bristow, you have to believe me...

(beat; desperately)
I'm not the mole.

Jack glares, frustrated, back at Marshall.

JACK
Then who is?

Silence. Marshall tries to think, hoping the answer will appear out of nowhere. He quickly tries to make sense of things.

MARSHALL
You say... I was the only high-ranking member present at all times the files were stolen...

Jack nods his head.

MARSHALL
And I'm sure you got that information from the database of those who signed in...
(beat)
So... what if our mole just didn't sign in before he came into the Rotunda?

JACK
Impossible. Security doesn't allow it. You must collect your badge and undergo a facial scan before you even open the door.

Marshall nods. He thinks some more.

MARSHALL
Then what if...

He has it. He snaps his fingers and his face brightens.

MARSHALL
I got it! Mr. Bristow, I got it!
(beat)
Can I see the database of facial scans and agent profiles?

JACK
You are a suspect to a federal crime. Do you think I am going to allow you that sort of clearance?

Marshall is desperate.

MARSHALL

Please, Jack. Innocent until proven guilty...

Jack thinks and then sighs. He stands up.

JACK

Follow me.

Marshall sighs in relief as he follows Jack over Vaughn's workspace. Vaughn is typing on his computer.

JACK

Vaughn.

Vaughn turns.

JACK

Access the entry agent profile database.

VAUGHN

Is there something wrong?

JACK

Everything's fine. Marshall would just like to check something.

Vaughn shrugs and turns back to his computer. He types some more and a window pops up. It reads "AGENT PROFILER." A long list of names is under it. Marshall leans in to the screen.

MARSHALL

May I?

VAUGHN

Sure.

Vaughn stands up and Marshall sits in his spot. He squints at the screen and scrolls down the list of names. He mutters to himself different names as they pass.

MARSHALL

What I'm looking for is a scrambled name.

(beat)

Someone who works here may have reprogrammed the entries to include another name.

JACK

You can't just access the database and enter a new name without identification and a facial scan. That takes clearance no one in

this office has...

MARSHALL

Ah, yes. But there is a glitch in the system...
Jack looks at Marshall, inquisitive.

MARSHALL

I just discovered yesterday. I was going to
report it to security section... but I kind
of got sidetracked...

Marshall laughs pathetically. Jack isn't amused. Marshall
clears his throat.

MARSHALL

The cyber-exterior wiring runs a cross-scan
of characters only.

(beat)

In other words, they only recognize the
agent's name as a whole. So instead of me
being Marshall Flinkman, I'm Marshallflinkman.

Jack waits for further explanation. Marshall clears his
throat again.

MARSHALL

Now, the router which sends the data to the
detector lens sees the name as individual
characters. So, Vaughn isn't Vaughn to the
router, he's V-A-U-G-H-N.

(beat)

Here comes the juice. You put together these
two programs and you have a system that reads
the name as a group of letters, nothing more.
So, I could be Marshall, or Sharmall, or
Mallrash, or--

JACK

We get it. Tell us how it ties into your
theory.

Marshall nods.

MARSHALL

Yes, well... because the system recognizes
scrambled names as the same as its
originate, you can enter a new profile as
long as it is a variation of a name already
in the data bank. Also, the databank will
delete the variation, unless approval from

its originate.

Jack begins to realize.

JACK

So one couldn't add a variant of my name
without my direct approval?

MARSHALL

Bingo.

Marshall turns back to the computer and continues to search
the list of names.

MARSHALL

What I'm looking for is the name of someone
that doesn't exist. I'll unscramble it into
the original name, and--

Jack gets it. Vaughn, who has been standing behind Marshall,
pipes in.

VAUGHN

We have our mole.

Marshall nods.

MARSHALL

That is correct, Mr. Vaughn.

(beat)

Eh? I'm good, aren't I?

Marshall continues to scroll down the list. He stops and
leans back.

MARSHALL

Hmm... anyone ever heard of a Darlene Rue?

VAUGHN

No, nothing comes to mind... Jack?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Write it down.

Vaughn reaches for a pen and writes down the name on a piece
of paper. He hands it to Jack. Jack picks up the paper and
studies the name. He puts it back down on the table. He
takes Vaughn's pen and begins writing on the paper. He stops

and sighs heavily. He slowly turns toward Vaughn and Marshall.

JACK

I think we have our mole...

Jack hands the paper over to Marshall. Vaughn looks at it from behind. Their eyes go wide.

INSERT - The paper still has the name Darlene Rue, with the letters all crossed out and some numbers over a few. Underneath is the name "Lauren Reed."

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT.

Sydney runs into the dark alley next to the club. She cannot see much, but continues to briskly stride down the small opening. She outstretches her gun as she turns a corner. Around the corner is a tall fence with a door in the middle. She walks up to the door and grabs it on the side. She pulls with all her might, and with a metallic boom, the door flies off its hinges. She runs past the fence and further into the alley.

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - DAY.

Jack is talking on the telephone.

JACK

Yes.

(beat)

Yes... still no word?

(beat)

Yes, when she returns, immediately take Lauren Reed into custody, are we clear?

He hangs up the phone. Vaughn frantically comes up to Jack.

VAUGHN

Jack, I have to go to Paris.

Jack is startled by the sudden request.

JACK

It's too late now, Vaughn. You'll never make it in time--

VAUGHN

(raising his voice)

Sydney could be in danger! Who knows what Lauren could pull!--

JACK

If there was a way, I'd let you Vaughn, but it's a six hour flight from here. By the time you get there, they could be anywhere!

VAUGHN

I have to try...

Jack looks Vaughn up and down.

JACK

It would be a waste of time--

VAUGHN

Look, Jack. I love your daughter more than anything else in this world. I am not about to let a six hour flight get in the way of saving her.

He is very angry. Some tears form in his eyes.

VAUGHN

I would not be able to bear losing her again, Jack! I cannot let anything happen to her, I swore to her, I swore to you, I swore to myself!

(beat)

There is a chance, Jack. You know it. We can fly higher, we can make it there four hours tops--

JACK

That is a violation of National Air Field law, you know that, Vaughn--

VAUGHN

Let them arrest me...

Vaughn swallows and continues, forcefully.

VAUGHN

Please, Jack. You know Sydney is in big trouble.

(beat)

You know Lauren was probably working with Alison on this all along...

Jack nods.

JACK

I cannot give you the orders directly.

(beat)

But I can give you the temporary power
to give the orders to yourself.

Vaughn sighs.

VAUGHN

Thank you, Jack. I will find Sydney and bring
her home, safely--

JACK

Go, go. Time is ticking.

Vaughn nods and runs off.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT.

Sydney mans her gun as she finds herself in an intersection
of four alleyways. She turns the corner into one alley and
looks down. She does the same with the other three. She then
comes back to the middle and turns in circles, looking all
around her and breathing heavily. From behind her, a ladder
swings down from a building above. She turns just as it
bashes her right in the back of the head. She falls to the
ground as we

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT.

POV: Sydney slowly awakens from the blow. All is hazy and dim. She slowly begins to see clearly. Finally, she sees she is in a long black tunnel with a hanging light over her head. She is tied to a chair, and her mouth is bleeding. Her hair is disheveled as she looks around her. Alison walks up from behind her.

ALISON

Wakie, wakie.

She takes a needle and jams it into Sydney's shoulder. Sydney winces as the needle retracts.

ALISON

You were out for four hours, girl! I didn't mean to hit you so hard.

(beat)

Guess I don't know my own strength...

Alison takes Sydney's head and thrusts it backward. Sydney cries in pain as Alison walks to her left and holds up the needle.

ALISON

We know you're a clever girl, Sydney. We just don't want you to pull anything smart.

She puts the needle back down on a small table. Sydney looks to the floor, tired and bewildered. She spits out a mouthful of blood and pants heavily.

ALISON

I'll leave you two alone...

Sydney gasps for breath and coughs as Alison walks out of the frame. Sydney is left alone. She is breathing heavily as she looks around her in all directions, a creeping fear in her eyes. The light above her buzzes and flickers. She continues to look around when the light makes a final, loud buzz and goes out. Sydney is in absolute darkness. All we can hear is her panting and wincing. The light begins to flicker and hum, but it doesn't cast enough light to see anything. It goes out again. Sydney's panting becomes heavier. She stops and listens. Footsteps, slowly

approaching from the far end of the tunnel. Each beat in perfect rhythm, slowly increasing in volume. Sydney's breathing becomes quieter in the pitch black as she listens. Suddenly, the footsteps stop. Sydney sits there, inhaling quickly and loudly. The light begins to buzz again. It flickers just so brightly that we see Sydney's petrified face. The light hums loudly and comes back on with full force. SUPER CLOSE UP of the back of Sydney's head. We circle to the front to find Sydney's eyes wide and teary, her mouth stained with blood, and her whole head shivering. She keeps her head up, but averts her eyes to the floor.

CUT TO:

Sydney sits in the chair, unaware that Lauren is standing directly behind her, a smirk on her face.

LAUREN

Hello, Sydney.

Startled, Sydney gasps loudly and pants. She turns her head toward Lauren. Her eyes go wide. She swallows; she does not speak.

LAUREN

I have waited... almost three years for this...

Sydney is clearly angry. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

LAUREN

It's kind of ironic. I love it.

(beat)

I'm in the CIA for nearly two years and not once did they even pick up a clue. Not once did they suspect a thing...

Lauren walks around Sydney to look at her face. Sydney averts her eyes toward the ground. She shivers, sniffs, and breathes heavily.

LAUREN

That I was the mole.

Sydney looks back up at her and shakes her head.

LAUREN

Devastated, aren't you?

(beat)

Not Lauren Reed! It can't be Lauren Reed!
(beat)
Not the pretty little blonde-haired southern
girl from the NSA!

She walks closer to Sydney.

LAUREN
You're wrong, Sydney.
(beat)
You have no idea how untrue that is...

Lauren walks back away from Sydney, pacing in circles, as
Sydney looks on in disgust and discomfort.

LAUREN
It's a shame no one saw it coming, Sydney.
For your sake.

Sydney spits a mouthful of blood.

SYDNEY
I'm sure you're interested in the well-being
of me--

Lauren runs up to Sydney and grabs her by the neck.

LAUREN
Shut... your mouth!

She jerks Sydney's head to the side. Sydney yells and winces
as Lauren backs off.

LAUREN
It just goes to show you how reliable of
a force the CIA is when it comes to... shall
I say... certain issues...
(beat)
For two years I steal from them right in front
of their noses and they're too blind dumb to
see any of it!
(beat)
And even if they have by now... It's too late,
anyway. They'll never find you, Sydney.
She stops pacing and turns to look at Sydney.

LAUREN
(hauntingly)
Not in time.

Sydney exhales and shakes her head, still avoiding eye contact with Lauren. Lauren continues, pacing chillingly.

LAUREN

Oh no. They could have figured it all out right after we left for Paris... and, still... they'd be too late.

She smiles and turns to Sydney, a wicked gleam in her eyes.

LAUREN

But I'm very excited, Sydney.

She stokes Sydney's cheek.

LAUREN

We're going to have so much fun...

Sydney jerks her head away from Lauren's hand. Lauren laughs.

LAUREN

You've always been a tenacious one. I'd love you to see you squirm...

Lauren gives Sydney an evil look, raising her eyebrows and smiling wickedly. Sydney sits in her chair. A mascara-tinted tear rolls down her cheek. She continues to pant and shake.

SYDNEY

(breathy)

Why...

Lauren looks at her, innocently.

LAUREN

I beg your pardon?

SYDNEY

Why... are you doing... this?

Silence. Lauren shows no emotion. She walks over to the small table and leans against it.

LAUREN

Sydney, I spent two years of my life living a complete lie. Do you have any idea how that feels? To tell lies every day? To those you trust, to those you love?

Sydney smirks.

SYDNEY

You know, I actually might.

Lauren stands up, stern in her talking.

LAUREN

I worked for the Covenant for six years,
Sydney. A complete waste of my life...
And what did I get out of it?

(beat)

Nothing! Nothing but a... meager pay check
and a world of lies... deceit.

(beat)

It was their fault. They polluted my mind,
infested my thoughts.

(beat)

I began to like the lies. I began to appreciate
the inner-workings of true evil. It wasn't
until three and a half years ago that I grew
weary of it all... I got bored.

Sydney listens unwillingly. Lauren's voice softens.

LAUREN

But then he came... yes, he came about six
years after I had first stepped foot into
the Covenant headquarters.

(beat)

He made me an offer. I took it.

(beat)

I couldn't work under the Covenant's roof any
more!

(beat)

Mr. Sark guaranteed it was an offer of a
lifetime, that after finishing the job, we
could change the world forever... literally...

Sydney glares back at Lauren who seems overly amused.

LAUREN

I made a proposal to the Covenant director
that I make a giant leap for their agency.

(beat)

I would go undercover at the NSA as an
analyst and slowly, but surely, work my way
up to the top... to the CIA.

Sydney's eyes widen. Lauren is liking every minute of it.

LAUREN

Little did they know that every bit of knowledge they learned I shared with another party... the Insurgency we called ourselves, but the name was pointless, just for laughs. No one even knew we existed.

Lauren walks closer to Sydney.

LAUREN

You know he doesn't even know I'm here? Doesn't know I'm doing this?

(beat)

He kept saying 'Save Sydney! Don't kill Sydney! Leave Sydney alone!'

(beat)

Sark has always been somewhat of a dick. You've been too much trouble, Sydney.

She walks up to Sydney in the chair.

LAUREN

And little girls who cause trouble must be punished.

Sydney averts her eyes to the wall. She pants heavily, trying to think of a way out of this.

LAUREN

When I was a little girl, my mother used to sing nursery rhymes to me. Do you know what I mean, Sydney?

A pause. Sydney stares at Lauren, in awe of her sick cockiness.

LAUREN

Oh, that's right. Your mom ditched you and left you with a father who never cared for you... I guess you wouldn't know.

Sydney eyes Lauren, angered by the comment. Lauren begins pacing.

LAUREN

Well, one of my favorites was the Itsy Bitsy Spider.

(beat)

It wasn't the rhyming, it wasn't the rhythm.

(beat)

I just loved hearing that the spider failed. That no matter how many times he tried to climb that rainspout, the rain would come right down and wash him to the bottom.

She turns to Sydney and smiles wickedly.

LAUREN

I used to joke that the spider tread water for ten minutes until all of his legs gave in and he died of a painful, slow drowning...

Sydney shakes her head, scared of what this monster might do to her.

SYDNEY

You are so sick--

LAUREN

(forceful)

And I used to fantasize about what I would do if I were that spider. If I were climbing up that rainspout, and that every time, the rain would wash me right back to the bottom.

(beat)

I'd slit my wrists, Sydney.

(beat)

All eight of them.

Sydney's eyes remain wide; she appears attentive.

LAUREN

I hated failing, Sydney. That's why I couldn't stand working for the Covenant!

(beat)

For years I give them my service, and yet every mission, every briefing, every single god damned second of life... they would fail.

(beat)

They were messy, unprofessional, inexperienced twits who built castles in the sky, Sydney! As if they would ever become powerful enough to take over the CIA? The United States?

(beat)

They were so naïve! They truly believed that one day they would take over the entire world as we know it!

Lauren calms down a bit.

LAUREN
But they're done now, Sydney.

Silence.

LAUREN
Yes, that is right. The Covenant is no more.
Neither is the CIA, MI-5, SIS!

Lauren walks up to Sydney and strokes her hair.

LAUREN
And do you know why, Sydney?
(beat)
Do you know why I'm so optimistic in my
speaking?

She tugs hard on a strand of Sydney's hair. Sydney winces as the hair is pulled out of her head. Lauren takes the strand of hair and sniffs deeply into it. She sighs and smiles wryly.

LAUREN
There's one thing I like about you, Sydney.
You always smelled the best out of everyone
in the CIA.

She throws the hair aside and walks over to the table.

LAUREN
Sydney, we've hit something absolutely huge.
Larger than you could ever imagine. Man's
dream has practically come true!

Sydney closes her eyes and another tear rolls down her face.

LAUREN
Viator. Yes, Viator.
(beat)
In just hours we will have it in our hands.
(beat)
And we will use it, Sydney... we will change
the race of man forever!
(beat)
But, unfortunately, you will not be around to
see it.

She slowly approaches a petrified Sydney, a menacing glint in her eye.

LAUREN

But have I been waiting for this day to come...

Lauren is inches away from Sydney. Sydney closes her eyes and flinches, ready for the worst to come.

LAUREN

You're like the spider, Sydney. No matter how hard you try to climb out of this rainspout, I, the mighty rain, will just wash you right back.

Lauren leans in close to Sydney who is lightly crying. She whispers.

LAUREN

(whispering and singing)

The it'sy bitsy spider... went down the agent's back...

She circles Sydney, still singing in her quiet, frightening voice.

LAUREN

Down came it's fangs... it made the agent crack!

Sydney jerks at the word and continues to shiver and gasp.

LAUREN

Out dripped the blood... it caused the agent pain.

Lauren leans in close behind Sydney, resting her chin on Sydney's shoulder. She speaks in a very low, bone-chilling whisper.

LAUREN

And little Sydney Bristow was never seen again...

INT. CIA ROTUNDA - EVENING.

Jack is at his desk, sitting in his chair, and worriedly staring out the window. A hurried Marshall enters his office.

MARSHALL

Mr. Bristow.

Jack turns, attentive.

MARSHALL

We just got word. Agent Vaughn has landed
in Paris.

JACK

Any word on Lauren or Sydney?

Marshall shakes his head.

MARSHALL

Nothing so far. All we know is that they
didn't show up at the extraction point.
They've been listed as MIA in the database.

Jack sighs.

JACK

That's twice now for Sydney.

Marshall bows his head.

MARSHALL

Is she...

He rethinks.

MARSHALL

Do you think she'll be okay?

Jack sighs and turns back to the window.

JACK

I can't predict.

(beat)

I sure hope so.

He turns to Marshall.

JACK

You know tomorrow will be the day...
the day Sydney went missing...

Marshall bows his head.

MARSHALL

I did not know, Sir.

JACK

I just can't believe it was three years ago.

(beat)

It seemed like yesterday... I was... standing
by the sea.

He clears his throat.

JACK

Watching my own daughter's ashes drift into
the ocean.

(beat)

I never wanted to see that, Marshall.

(beat)

I swore to myself that I would never have
to bury my daughter... that she would be
the one who buried me...

Marshall smiles faintly.

MARSHALL

She'll be okay, Jack.

(2 beats)

She always comes home.

Jack nods and Marshall walks out the door. Jack sighs
heavily and leans back in his chair, staring blankly at the
sky.

INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - EVENING.

The setting sun pokes through the window to a small table
covered in a white tablecloth, a pair plates, wine glasses,
and utensils opposite each other, and two candles, mostly
burned out. Sam is sitting in a chair at the table, watching
the candle burn. He sips a glass of wine and looks over his
shoulder. He raises his wrist to glance at his watch. He
sighs and stands up. He blows out each candle and walks out
of the room.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT.

Lauren and Sydney are as we left them, Lauren still with a
self-centered smirk on her face. She reaches into her pocket
and pulls out a small, metal box.

LAUREN

I bet you don't want me to open this box,
Sydney.

(beat)

Do you know *why*, Sydney?
(beat)
I'll tell you *why*, Sydney.

She turns. Her eyes widen with excitement as she speaks.

LAUREN
The Australian King Spider is said to be the most deadly arachnid found on the face of this planet. Those unlucky enough to suffer a bite die within two hours if they don't receive immediate medical attention.

Lauren looks to her left, to her right, and then back at Sydney with an evil grin on her face.

LAUREN
Down here... even when you're screaming at the top of your lungs, what do you think your chances are of receiving immediate medical attention?

She laughs.

LAUREN
You'll feel it too, Sydney. You'll feel its legs scurry down your back. You'll feel its sharp fangs pierce your skin and the icy venom flow through your veins.
(beat)
You shouldn't feel too much within the first couple of minutes... but when it finally settles in...
(beat)
Imagine knives being stuck into every inch of your body. And imagine it happening again... and again... and again... Each time the stabbing gets stronger and deeper until it pierces straight through to your other side.
(beat)
One bite, Sydney. And you'll be wishing I had just done that to you.
(beat)
Have you ever experienced real pain before, Sydney?

Sydney looks up at Lauren, very angered.

SYNDEY
Lauren.

(beat)
I have been kicked... punched... thrown...
beaten... strangled... tortured...
stabbed... shot... You'd think I know what
pain is.

(beat)
But nothing can compare... to the day I
came home... and I saw Vaughn... and I
saw you. And when I saw you lean down and
kiss him... I'd never felt so much pain
before in my entire life.

Lauren cackles.

LAUREN
Poor Vaughn. He really was rather pathetic.
(beat)
I met him a few months after you vanished.
We went on a few dates, messed around a little.

She pauses and turns to smile wide at Sydney.

LAUREN
Three weeks later, I was sleeping in his
bed. But I should say, Sydney, you must have
really meant something him.
(beat)
That must be why one night, he rolled over
to me, held me close, and he whispered into
my ear

She leans in toward Sydney and whispers.

LAUREN
I've never loved someone as much as I love
you.

She turns back away to continue.

LAUREN
I knew I had him exactly where I wanted him.
(beat)
And for two years straight... I used him.
(beat)
And it's funny, really. I was on a job,
given orders by my employer. But he was
just... so good to me. I didn't expect I'd
actually fall in love with him.

Sydney looks to the ground, her face looks twisted and

sickened.

LAUREN
We were in love, Sydney.
(beat)
He completely forgot about you.

SLOW: Sydney's head hangs low. She brings it up to make a terrible glare at Lauren who raises her eyebrows. Sydney shakes her head and begins to cry.

Lauren takes the small box back out.

LAUREN
I really did enjoy chatting, but I think
it's about time I open--

SYDNEY (OS)
It's a shame it was all an act.

Lauren turns toward Sydney, outraged by her flippancy.

LAUREN
(very angry)
What?

SYDNEY
Don't pretend like you don't know...
(beat)
Vaughn never forgot about me, Lauren.
You were just his way of coping. He
needed you for comfort, and that's all.
The only reason why the two of you got
married was because he needed *someone*.
(beat)
He didn't need you.

Lauren stands there shaking, becoming angrier after each word.

SYDNEY
We were in love. And I know for a fact
that every time you kissed, every time
you slept together, he was imagining that
he was with me.

Lauren shakes her head.

LAUREN
No... No! He loved me!

SYDNEY

Don't be naïve, Lauren!

(beat)

When he turned to you that night, and told you that he loved you... he was speaking to me.

Lauren is outraged.

LAUREN

Shut up!--

SYDNEY

(speaking up)

Whenever he kissed you, he was really kissing me.

LAUREN

Don't say another--

SYDNEY

You were just an object that he could plant my face on so that he would never have to be away from me again.

(beat)

You meant nothing. You were nothing.

EXTRA CLOSE UP of Sydney's face as she shakes and slowly lets out her next words.

SYDNEY

He... never... loved.. you...

Lauren is heated to a boil. She whips out a gun and points it directly at Sydney. There is a fiery anger in her eyes.

LAUREN

(screaming)

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

She points the gun to the ceiling and fires several shots. She then points it back at Sydney and sticks it right at her temple.

LAUREN

I am sick of looking at your hideous face! You die right now. I'll save the spider for someone more worthy!

Sydney breathes heavily, frightened, yet keeping her cool.

LAUREN

You are one nasty bitch, Ms. Bristow!

(beat)

And now you're going to pay--

VAUGHN (OS)

Freeze!

Lauren and Sydney turn to find Vaughn standing in the tunnel, a gun pointed at Lauren. Vaughn walks closer.

VAUGHN

Put the gun down or I--

Lauren swings the gun toward Vaughn and fires four shots into his chest. Vaughn gasps for air and falls to his knees, clutching himself.

SLOW: Sydney becomes incredibly angered. Her face squinches up and she cries loudly.

SYDNEY

Vaughn!

Sydney strains and grunts as she tries to pull her arms free. The chords tying her down snap and she leaps to her feet. Just as Lauren turns her arm back toward Sydney, Sydney grabs Lauren's arm and twists it backward. The gun drops to the ground. Lauren withdraws, wincing in pain. Sydney leans down and unties her legs. She is absolutely desperate as she grabs the chair, runs toward Lauren and smashes it over her head. She kicks with all her might, causing Lauren to fly back into the tunnel wall. A couple of bricks become dislodged from the wall behind and fall next to her. Blood begins to pour of Laurens mouth as she gasps and cries for air. Sydney winds up and swivel kicks Lauren's head to the side. We hear a snapping noise as her neck falls lifeless to her chest. She begins to pick it back up, when Sydney swivel kicks her again, this time snapping her neck to the other side. Lauren pants very heavily as she raises her head to look at Sydney. She is very swollen and bruised. Sydney is enraged. Sydney winds up a kick and drives the sole of her boot right into Lauren's face.

From the side, we see the boot smash in her face and blood and matter fly out the sides and top of her head. The body slides down the side of the wall, leaving a trail of blood down the bricks. Laurens hand falls down to its side. We

RACK FOCUS to find a frantic Sydney looking over Lauren's lifeless, mutilated body.

BACK: Sydney turns and runs toward Vaughn. She kneels down beside him and raises her hands to touch him. She doesn't know where to begin. Her face squishes up and tears flow down her cheeks. She leans in to listen to Vaughn's breathing and hears nothing. She begins to helplessly sob. She bows her head on his arm and violently cries. A few moments of this, she raises her head to look at Vaughn's face. His eyes remain eerily open and his lips are gently parted. She slowly brings her hand up to his face and softly strokes his cheek. She snuffles and cries as she continues to look at him.

SYDNEY
(whispers very softly)
I'm sorry.

She rests her head on his lifeless body once again and begins to full out cry. EXTRA LONG SHOT of Sydney crying over Vaughn. Sydney raises her head and wipes the tears from her eyes. She leans over Vaughn's head and gives him one last kiss on his forehead. She holds his hands in hers and she closes her eyes and sighs deeply. She gets to her knees and we see a figure standing behind her. A needle jabs into Sydney's neck and injects her.

POV: Sydney turns to see a blurred vision of a man standing behind her. She turns back to Vaughn's body. As she completely blacks out we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Jack stands in front of a control panel, Marshall seated in front of the computers. Marshall frantically types on the keypad. Dialogue between Marshall and Jack is quick and frantic.

MARSHALL

That was a transmission of a secluded sound flow sequence traveling at one hundred forty-seven point three five decibels.

JACK

What does that mean? What are we hearing?

MARSHALL

It could be anything. A scream. A jet engine. An explosion. A gunshot.

Marshall talks into his head microphone.

MARSHALL

Agent Vaughn? I repeat. Come in Agent Vaughn.

Jack also talks into his head microphone.

JACK

Vaughn. Can you hear me? Vaughn, please come in, Vaughn.

Marshall continues to frantically type.

MARSHALL

We could have had a feedback interruption. Is there a cell tower? A radio transmitter? Anything in the vicinity of Vaughn's location?

JACK

(in microphone)

Vaughn. Respond, Agent Vaughn.

MARSHALL

All link-ups appear to be stable. No disruptions, no feedback, no outside

intercommunication--

JACK

Shh...

Marshall stops typing and talking to listen with Jack. A muffled crying is heard over the radio.

MARSHALL

Is that?--

JACK

Marshall.

They both listen intently.

SYDNEY (OS)

(from radio)

I'm sorry.

Marshall and Jack are immediately in action. Marshall types as Jack talks into his microphone.

JACK

Sydney! Sydney, can you hear me?

Sydney! Please respond!

Static and wavering noises are heard. The radio stops transmitting audio. Marshall repeatedly types on a key.

MARSHALL

It's dead.

JACK

Sydney! Come in, Sydney!

MARSHALL

It's dead, Jack--

JACK

Vaughn! Sydney! Please come in!--

Marshall stands and attempts to stabilize Jack.

MARSHALL

They can't hear you, Jack!

Jack stops and turns to Marshall.

MARSHALL

(calming and retreating)
The transmission has been terminated.

JACK
(stumbling, confused)
How? How could that--?

MARSHALL
Someone must have manually switched off
Vaughn's radio mic.
(beat)
I'm sorry, Jack.

Jack rips off his head microphone and brings his fist up to his mouth in thought and frustration.

MARSHALL
There's nothing we can do now.

Jack remains silent for a moment. He loses it.

JACK
No! NO!

Marshall retreats, still understanding.

JACK
(pointing)
Sydney is somewhere out there and we
don't have a single clue where she is
or who she's with! We send an agent over
to retrieve her and we lose contact with
him too!
(beat)
We are the god damn CIA, Marshall! We're
supposed to be unbreakable!

MARSHALL
She'll be back, Jack.
(beat)
Have some faith in your daughter's own
strength. She's been here, Jack. She's been
here and back again so many times before.
What makes you think this time is any
different?

Jack pauses, unable to find words.

JACK
Where could she possibly be?

CUT TO:

EXT. FORESTED MOUNTAINSIDE - EVENING.

The setting sun pokes through a fly-by pan of thick, green forested mountainside. We fly over several hills with the occasional break for a lake or some rocks. We finally come to a taller hill. We quickly climb up above the hill to reveal a flat, dirt-ridden construction site at the foot of the hill. Trenches and tunnels are being dug with machinery and by men with shovels. The trenches turn and come together to form the eye of Rambaldi.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - EVENING.

SLOW: A Humvee pulls up to the site. Sark is seated in the front. He stops, and a few men dressed in working suits carry a limp body out of the backseat. We see that it is Sydney, her eyes closed tight, her lips lightly parted, and her body like a rag doll. Though she is unconscious, she has an innocent, relaxed look about her.

BACK: Sark leads the pack of men as they cross small bridges over each trench. Movement and work continues around them. From above, we see they stopped in the center of the eye formation. From one side of the eye, the men begin to descend into the trench by means of a improvised ladder made of rope and bark. One man carries Sydney down on his shoulder. Down in the trench, light is scarce, and Sark carries a illumination torch. They pass through spider webs and the ends of tree roots poking through the walls of dirt on either side of them. Finally, they come to a large, wooden doorway. Sark takes Sydney from the man carrying her while the other men take out hatchets and begin to chop at the wooden door. Sark doesn't wait. He slowly walks toward the door, Sydney outstretched in his arms. He steps through the mostly mutilated door.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN.

Sark continues to carry Sydney through an underground passage that leads them to a large, egg-shaped cavern. He waves his illumination stick above him and shouts.

SARK

Down here!

(beat)

I'm right here!

He waits, looking up to the ceiling of the chamber. Suddenly, an explosion is heard and a circle of dirt dislodges from the ceiling and falls to the ground. A beam of light shoots through the cavern, lighting it up. Sark looks all around him in amazement. The chamber is perfectly egg-shaped with mysterious carvings on the walls. In the center, the beam of light illuminates a chair made of cut stone. Sark rests Sydney in the chair and injects her with a needle.

ALISON (OS)
It wasn't my fault, Sark.

Sark stops what he is doing and waits.

SARK
You should not have come here.

Alison walks toward Sark.

ALISON
We're a team.
(beat)
Of course I'm here.

He turns to her. She stops. Their expressions are mostly mute. He clenches his teeth.

SARK
You betrayed me--

ALISON
I didn't know--

SARK
You were supposed to trust me.

Silence. Alison looks to the ground.

ALISON
I'm sorry.
(beat)
I want in, Sark.

Sark sighs and turns back toward Sydney.

SARK
It could have all ended, Alison.
Suppose that Lauren had indeed terminated
Sydney Bristow. Where would we go from

there?

ALISON

It doesn't matter.

Silence. Sydney weakly opens her eyes. She breathes in heavily as she dazedly looks around her.

ALISON

Sydney is alive. Lauren is dead. We didn't need her anyway, Sark.

(beat)

One less mouth to feed.

She smiles. Sark remains incredibly serious. He sighs and looks at Alison. Sydney looks exhausted and dazed, but listens intently.

SARK

The key to Viator seems to be accurate.

(beat)

Our double agent placed inside the Covenant provided us with all the intel we need.

ALISON

So we're here?

(beat)

And we have everything?

Sark outstretches his hand toward Alison.

SARK

I just need one more thing.

Alison looks at Sark. He smiles devilishly at her. She smiles back and reaches into her pocket. She pulls out the genesis elixir and places it in Sark's palm. He wraps his fingers around it and tucks it away in his pocket.

SARK

I thought you knew me better, love.

Alison looks up at Sark.

SARK

I never accept apologies.

Alison's face becomes rigid. Sark stares seriously in her direction. Suddenly, he whips out a gun and fires five rounds into Alison. He walks over to her as she chokes and

falls to her knees.

SARK

And this time, you are actually dying.

He grabs her neck, sticks the gun on top of her head and fires. Blood splashes the face of a panting Sark as Alison slumps onto the ground. We RACK FOCUS to reveal a horrified Sydney watching from the chair. Sark turns his head to see her.

SARK

Hello, Sydney.

Sydney looks wide-eyed at Sark. He stands, and she attempts to move her body to no avail.

SARK

There's no use. I injected you with a substance that rendered your voluntary muscles unusable.

(beat)

You aren't escaping this time.

Sydney remains as still as a statue, slumped in the chair. She can only move her eyes and mouth. Sark walks around the chair.

SARK

You are chosen, Sydney. It's remarkable, really, that a 16th century prophet would foresee the future as he did. That this man would create such remarkable instruments.

(beat)

You may have been impressed by his works before...

(beat)

Let me just say, the best is yet to come.

He takes out a vial of clear liquid and fills a needle. He walks toward Sydney and injects her with it. She begins madly twitching and gasping for breath. Sark holds her down until she closes her eyes and remains still. He then takes out the vial full of the Genesis Elixir. It glows green in the dimly lit cavern. He fills up the same needle and walks behind Sydney.

SARK

This is Viator, Sydney Bristow.

(beat)

The genesis is here.

He stabs the needle straight into the top of Sydney's head. The needle enters deep before he injects the liquid. He pulls out the needle and stands back.

SARK

You will do as I say.

Sydney opens her eyes, but remains still on the chair. Her eyes are completely white. She speaks helplessly and meekly, without variation in pitch or tone.

SYDNEY

I will do as you say.

She closes her eyes. Sark looks up at the hole in the ceiling. The light is just barely streaking through the hole, and the amount entering the cavern is slowly decreasing. Finally, the light passes completely over the hole and the cavern goes almost completely dark. We can still make out the figures of Sark, Sydney, and the chair.

Sydney rests peacefully in the chair. Suddenly, she gasps and opens her eyes. They glow and are completely white. We quickly fly into her eyes and all is white.

INT. WHITE ABYSS.

We slowly fade in to find Sydney dressed in a white robe sitting in the same stone chair. She pants heavily as she gets up to her feet. Everything around her is a white haze. She slowly walks away from the chair and looks around her. There is nothing anywhere.

ROBED MAN (OS)

Viator.

Sydney turns to find an old man dressed in a golden robe and a tall, golden hat. She stands, somewhat stunned and somewhat afraid as she looks at the man.

ROBED MAN

They tried to control you.

(beat)

I sense, they tried to take advantage
of your power.

Sydney is hesitant to respond. She parts her lips as if she is going to speak but says nothing.

ROBED MAN

But it is only you who may see this power.
(beat)
Only the chosen one can wield the secrets
of Viator...

Sydney's eyes go wide at the mention of "the chosen one."
She steps back and bumps into the stone chair.

ROBED MAN

It is only you... who may use Viator...
(beat)
And it is your choice how you should
use it.

Sydney stares, captivated by the entire ordeal. She opens
her mouth yet again, and still nothing comes out at first.
Then, she speaks, almost whispering.

SYDNEY

Where am I?

The robed man smiles and folds his hands. He walks closer to
Sydney.

ROBED MAN

You are still in the cavern, seated in the
stone-carved chair. It is your conscious
that perceives what none other can... It is
my essence that brings what you see around
you.

(beat)

They have tried, I cannot deny... thousands
of men have longed to be where you find
yourself at this very moment.

He leans in toward Sydney.

ROBED MAN

But they have all failed. I had intention
on bringing you here. None other.

Sydney shakes her head, dumbfounded and confused.

SYDNEY

Why me?

ROBED MAN

Because you are chosen. Not by me, nor

by any other of mankind.

He takes a few steps back and looks up into the nothingness. Sydney walks behind him and follows his lead.

ROBED MAN
You were chosen... by fate. And fate
cannot be broken.

Sydney snaps out of her temporary hypnosis. She retreats backward and shakes off the entire predicament.

SYDNEY
No... no, this a dream. This isn't
happening right now! It *can't* be
happening right now!---

ROBED MAN
Does it feel real to you?

Sydney pauses. Startled by the question.

ROBED MAN
The world is only a perception of
reality. Do you feel real right now
as you stand there?
(beat)
Does this feel real to you?

Sydney thinks hard and looks to the ground. She looks back up at the man and shakes her head.

SYDNEY
Nothing... has ever felt so real to
me before in my life...

The man smiles subtly and bows his head.

ROBED MAN
Then it is time...

The man turns away from Sydney and begins to walk away.

SYDNEY
Wait!

The man stops and turns to face Sydney.

SYDNEY
What am I supposed to do?

(beat)
I don't understand... why I'm here,
what any of this means...

The man nods. Sydney stops in her tracks and looks up at him.

SYDNEY
Who are you, anyway?

The man does not respond. He stands there for a moment in silence. Sydney shakes her head.

SYDNEY
(half-kidding)
You're not--

ROBED MAN (OS)
I am who you presume me to be, yes.

A befuddled, astonished Sydney stands, her mouth still partly open. She turns toward the stone stair and then back to the robed man.

SYDNEY
(almost whispering)
And this is Viator...

The man nods.

ROBED MAN
Even my closest followers have prayed
their entire lives for this moment to
come.

(beat)
You are the one who lies within the
prophecy. You have possessed marks that
the blind human race was not able to
perceive. Your signs of virtue have
been shadowed by the selfish man who did
not bother to glance within you... but it
is there, and it is apparent to me... and
to those who find the way...

Sydney listens, in awe.

ROBED MAN
And when I first saw you in my earliest
of visions, I did not see your grace and
your humility. A dark shadow of fire and

rage hid what was truly you... what you
have become.

(beat)

For then you glanced upon Mt. Subasio
and saw innocence and beauty and light
that you had never seen before. And the
fire within you wavered and died...

There is silence. Sydney breathes intensely and stares at
the man with puzzlement and amazement. She glances down.

ROBED MAN

Sydney.

Immediately, Sydney picks up her head, alarmed to hear him
say her name.

ROBED MAN

Fate may have brought you here, but it
did not determine your violent future
described in the writings. The prophecy was
merely an image of what the future may become.
Fate gave you the option to change that
future... and now good will be brought upon
this Earth... and upon you.

Sydney looks around him, still in utter bewilderment.

ROBED MAN

But the prophecy does not end there...
there was a second part never written
down for man to see...

As he begins, a background selection of uplifting music with
accompaniment by a very high-pitched choir begins.

ROBED MAN

And a chorus of angels will sing their
glorious songs, as the chosen descends
into stone and light. Awaken she will in
a time of her own, when the dove that
sits upon the branch can once again fly.
Only she will recall what has passed,
and no other will ever unearth her great
secrets.

Sydney, all the while, listens intently, amazed at what she
hears. The man waits for a few moments before continuing.

ROBED MAN

Are you ready, Sydney, to complete the journey?

Sydney looks to her left and then back to the man. She bows her head as she begins.

SYDNEY

I always had questions about what it all meant... what the writings and the gadgets and the devices would all lead up to. I often questioned the validity of everything we collected... everything you created...

(beat)

But there was always something deep down inside of me... something that assured me it all had a purpose... that I was doing this for a reason.

She is at a loss for words. She looks down to her feet and sighs. There is a prolonged moment of silence. The robed man gives her a glance of reassurance, and she continues.

SYDNEY

I pretended not to believe in the prophecies.

(beat)

I think it was more that I didn't want to believe... but I did. All of my skepticism and doubts created a façade... to hide the truth... to hide the way I felt inside...

The robed man takes a few steps closer to her.

ROBED MAN

And what do you call it? This way that you felt?

Sydney looks up at him, taken off guard by the question.

SYDNEY

... instinct... foresight... intuition?

ROBED MAN

Try fate.

He smiles at Sydney who looks up at him, taken off guard by his response.

ROBED MAN

It moves the Earth around the Sun.

Sydney looks to the ground and nods. Her eyes quickly dart back up to look at the man.

SYDNEY

Well then, we should let fate take its course...

The man smiles and walks Sydney back over to the stone chair. He motions for her to sit. He paces around the chair, as Sydney remains looking out into the nothingness.

ROBED MAN

Life, Sydney, is not fair.
(beat)

It is taught to all in the earliest of lessons... engraved into the minds of every man, woman, and child.

(beat)

But what if... you could have a second chance?

Sydney turns to meet eyes with the robed man.

ROBED MAN

There are times in your life, in every person's life, that you would risk anything to have a second chance... to go back and try again... go back and do things differently.

We slowly PUSH IN to Sydney's thoughtful face. There is a flash of white light leading into the stock footage clips.

ROBED MAN (VO)

There are times that look so bleak, so dark and helpless that you would go to all lengths to redo what has already been done... to rewrite what has already happened...

Each element of stock footage is separated by a flash of white light.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Truth Be Told," Sydney accepts the business card of the man working for SD-6 and telephones him.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Truth Be Told," Sydney walks in to find her fiancé dead in the bathtub. She cries desperately.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Almost Thirty Years," Sydney runs down

the hallway as Vaughn becomes trapped behind the door. Water rushes on top of him, leaving him trapped for an impending drowning.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Phase One," the CIA team rushes into SD-6, shooting down many civilians and taking the whole place in captivity.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Truth Takes Time," Emily and Arvin Sloane run across a field from the CIA. Dixon shoots his sniper rifle and hits Emily, killing her.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Endgame," Dixon's wife gets in her car shortly before it blows up right in front of Dixon and Sydney.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "The Telling," Irina stands on the ledge and falls backward, grapples to the side of it, and swings into the building.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "The Telling," Sydney wakes up in the alley in Hong Kong.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Shattered Glass, Pt. II," the CIA complex blows into pieces, leaving Dixon seriously wounded.

STOCK FOOTAGE - From "Shattered Glass, Pt. III," Vaughn takes in four bullets from Lauren before falling to the ground in a slump.

A flash of white light brings us back into the white abyss with Sydney and the Robed Man.

ROBED MAN

If you could turn counter-clock the hands
of time, if you could redo what has already
been done...

He looks to the floor and then gently lifts his head to meet eyes with Sydney. He speaks in the most gentle, innocent of voices though at the same time is very serious and stern in his speaking.

ROBED MAN

If you could go back... where would you go?

He continues to look upon Sydney whose face is expressionless. It slowly morphs into a thoughtful and mesmerized one. Her eyes sparkle with wonder and a small smile peaks out on her face.

ROBED MAN

Go, Sydney.

He reaches out his hand in the direction of the chair.

ROBED MAN

It is your destiny.

SLOW: He remains with his arm outstretched. Sydney turns from him and walks back over to the chair. She runs her hand over the armrest and descends into the seat.

BACK: She closes her eyes for a moment. She appears exhausted yet incredibly innocent and beautiful. Her head rolls back and her lips gently part. Suddenly, she breathes in deeply with a faint gasp and opens her eyes wide. Again, they are completely white and beams of soft light project from them. She thrashes to the side as there is a large flash of white light that consumes the entire frame.

The whiteness fades into white bed sheets. We are slowly PANNING UP the bed sheets to come upon a figure under them. We continue and finally find a fairly younger looking Sydney, on her side and fast asleep in the bed. She gently rolls over on her back. There is a faint smile on her face and she still wears a glow of perfection and purity.

We PUSH IN on her sleeping face. Suddenly, she opens her eyes and lightly gasps. She squints her eyes and covers them with the palm of her hand. She slowly pulls herself up to sit on her bed. She reopens her eyes and quickly realizes what happened. She excitedly, but not with haste, turns her head to her right and then to the top left of the room. She comes back to center and smiles wide.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR