

INT. PROJECT CHAMELEON OFFICE - NIGHT

The empty office is an example of rigidly regulated corporate efficiency. The expansive room is packed with cubicles. The dozens of small, highly organized desks lack any signs of the identities and personalities of their owners.

The far wall of the room is lined with floor to ceiling windows overlooking the WASHINGTON D.C. sky line. The massive city is ominous and dark. In the distance a large fire burns, casting a dull orange glow in the washed out sky.

ALEX COOPER (mid twenties, handsome) stands among the cubicles, his handgun drawn. Alex is fresh faced and casually dressed. His T-shirt and cargo pants imply he wasn't expecting to be caught in a standoff.

ISABELLA MOORE (mid twenties, girl next door) stands behind a desk, her hands above her head. The advanced desktop in front of her glows with life in the dark room. Isabella wears a sleek, dark outfit. She faces Alex down, not intimidated by his drawn gun.

Alex's wide and expressive eyes are intense; he white knuckles the gun in his hand. His expression is unreadable.

ALEX

Why are you doing this, Bell?

Isabella glances at the computer in front of her. Her mouse rests on a file marked NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Isabella's calm, even at gunpoint.

ISABELLA

Do you know how many people they--  
How many completely innocent people  
we've killed?

ALEX

No one is innocent, Bell.

Calmly searching for a way out, Isabella glances over Alex's shoulder toward the glowing exit sign. She then shifts her gaze towards the windows.

Alex CLICKS the safety of his gun off; the sound echoes in the massive room.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to take you in.

Isabella LAUGHS.

ISABELLA

To be tortured and killed, no  
doubt--

Isabella drops her hands to her side.

Alex gestures with his gun.

ALEX

Keep your hands up!

Isabella slowly raises her hands as Alex cautiously approaches her from behind. He keeps his gun pointed at Isabella.

Isabella strains her neck, watching Alex carefully. Her face is calm.

Alex speaks gently--

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're one of the best we have,  
Bell. They just want you brought  
back into the fold.

Isabella gives him a small smile.

ISABELLA

That's bullshit and you know it,  
Alex.

Isabella exhales sharply as Alex presses his gun to the base of her skull.

Alex reaches into his pocket for his handcuffs.

Isabella closes her eyes.

Isabella throws her head back, connecting with Alex's nose in a bone crunching head butt. The CRACK of Alex's nose breaking echoes in the empty room.

Alex drops his gun. His hands fly up to cover his bloody nose, his face reflecting his surprise.

The handgun bounces on the drab gray carpeting.

Isabella throws a fast roundhouse kick, hitting Alex squarely in the side of the head.

Alex stumbles, reacting to the blow.

Keeping her eyes on Alex, Isabella slowly bends down and grabs the gun quickly. She brings the weapon up at arms length, aiming squarely at Alex.

Alex stares at her, trying to find a way of retaking control of the situation.

Isabella's eyes are hard and calculating.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
(sharply)  
On the floor!

Alex doesn't move. Blood continues streaming down his face.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Don't test me on this, Alex.

Alex glares at Isabella. Unarmed, he can't risk a move on her.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
--Hands where I can see  
them!

Alex slowly extends his arms out to his sides as he lowers himself to the floor. Laying on his stomach, Alex strains his neck to look back at her. The blood streaming down his face, stains his white T-shirt.

Alex looks up at her; his eyes betray his fear.

CUT TO:

*EXT. RUNDOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - WASHINGTON DC - FLASHBACK*

*Isabella runs down a deserted city street; her outfit is soaked from the torrential downpour blanketing the city. Her face is streaked with blood.*

*Every few meters, Isabella checks over her shoulder for signs anyone tailing her.*

*Isabella practically runs into a massive, rusting wrought iron gate.*

*Isabella takes a beat to collect herself, before hoisting her weight up and over the top of the gate.*

CUT TO:

*EXT. OVERGROWN GARDEN - FLASHBACK*

*Isabella lands heavily on her feet, rolling to absorb the force of her fall.*

*Isabella stumbles through an overgrown garden.*

*A massive building, likely a converted hospital or factory from a bygone era, dominates the background.*

*As Isabella moves through a dense patch of overgrown foliage, she drops into low cover, grabbing her gun from her thigh holster.*

*Isabella's eyes shoot towards a figure crouching in cover.*

*Looking again, the shape gradually becomes more defined as a particularly vivid shadow.*

*Isabella carefully gets to her feet and runs towards an exterior wall of the massive building. She pounds on one of the windows.*

ISABELLA

Alex!!

*Waiting, Isabella turns and scans the garden, mild trepidation visible in her face. It's impossible to distinguish shadows from potential threats.*

*Isabella pounds on the window again.*

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Alex!!

*The window slides open, and Alex sticks his head outside. His uncertainty turns to worry as he sees Isabella.*

ALEX

Bell, what's wrong?

*Looking into Isabella's eyes, he reaches down and helps her climb in through the open window.*

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S DORM - FLASHBACK

*Alex pulls Isabella into the apartment; he shuts the window behind her. The concern is evident on his face.*

ALEX

What--

*Before Alex can finish his sentence, Isabella hurries in the direction of the bathroom.*

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S DORM - BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Isabella enters the small, simple bathroom. She shuts the door firmly behind her.

Isabella crosses to the counter, peeling the soaked blouse off her body as she moves. Disgusted, she throws the shirt in the trash.

Stripped down to her bra, Isabella leans heavily against the bathroom counter. She shifts her gaze, avoiding her reflection in the mirror.

With the adrenaline pulsing through her system, she doesn't feel the bloody stab wound in her shoulder.

Overcome, she throws her head into the toilet, and throws up.

Isabella looks up as there's a soft KNOCK at the door.

ISABELLA

What?

Alex sticks his head in the bathroom.

Isabella stands up; she quickly rinses her mouth with a handful of water.

Isabella doesn't say anything, inviting Alex to step further into the room.

ALEX

(gently)

Things go south?

Isabella turns to look at Alex; she pastes on a smile.

Alex moves over to the sink and runs a washcloth under the stream of water.

ISABELLA

I wanted to see you.

Alex gently dabs the wound on her shoulder, cleaning off the layer of dried blood.

ALEX

Do you want to talk about it?

Isabella shakes her head.

ISABELLA

*There's not much to talk about.*

*Alex wraps his arms around Isabella's waist, pulling her body tightly into his.*

*Alex looks deeply into her eyes.*

ALEX

*There's something you're not  
telling me--*

*Isabella runs her fingers down Alex's cheek.*

ISABELLA

*It's-- I'm fine.*

*Alex smiles, recognizing her typical defense mechanism.*

ALEX

*Why don't I believe you?*

*Isabella breaks eye contact, pulling his shirt over his head.*

ISABELLA

*I love you.*

*Isabella backs against the sink, pulling Alex with her. He hikes her skirt up around her waist, lifting her up onto the counter.*

*Isabella wraps her legs around his waist, as they melt into a kiss.*

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECT CHAMELEON OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

*Isabella straddles Alex. She reaches into the back pocket of his cargo pants, pulling out a zip tie. She secures his hands behind his back.*

ALEX

*(through gritted teeth)  
I can't let you go, Bell.*

*Isabella stands up, staring at the gun in her hands. Her finger is wrapped around the trigger. She shifts her gaze down to Alex, who is restrained and helpless on the floor.*

ISABELLA

*I know.*

Crouching in front of Alex, Isabella pushes the gun up underneath his chin.

Alex spits out of a mouthful of blood.

ALEX

You might as well just get it over with.

Isabella remains still. Alex winces as she forces the gun under his chin.

ISABELLA

Dammit.

Isabella takes a beat, and drops the gun, just out of Alex's reach.

Isabella stands up and swiftly moves toward the windows.

Alex shouts after Isabella; his voice is cold and harsh.

ALEX

We won't let you get away with it!

Isabella turns back; she takes a centering breath.

ISABELLA

I love you, Alex.

Alex spits out another mouthful of blood.

Isabella moves smoothly towards the exit sign.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Isabella swiftly, but cautiously moves down a deserted residential street.

The aging brownstones lining the block are crumbling. Most of the windows are either broken or boarded up, leaving any life inside invisible to prying eyes.

Isabella glances over at a burned out brownstone roped off with yellow crime scene tape.

A mud stained, baby pink, blanket is snagged on the branches of a dying tree on the property. It ripples gently in the wind.

Isabella hurdles a mound of garbage which covers the cracked sidewalk.

Isabella jogs across a barricaded road, and approaches a decrepit, former government office building. She descends a narrow set of stairs into--

CUT TO:

INT. CLINTON'S - NIGHT

Isabella opens the door and is hit with a wall of cigarette smoke as she enters the crumbling dive bar.

The small group of rough looking PATRONS are spread across the bar, no one taking interest in anyone else.

Isabella crosses the bar toward JENSEN PARKER (late twenties, mysterious). He sits at the bar, his eyes glued to the grainy news footage playing on a nearby television.

Jensen looks up as Isabella sits down next to him.

JENSEN

How'd it go?

Isabella looks over at the BARTENDER.

ISABELLA

Give me what ever you have on tap.

Isabella drops her bag on the bar in front of her as she sits down.

ISABELLA

Alex tracked me down before I could  
get my hands on any of the files.

Jensen runs his fingers through his shaggy hair. Concern  
spreads over his face.

JENSEN

Damn. Did he figure out what you  
were looking for?

ISABELLA

I don't th-- No.

Jensen's eyes are intense; Isabella returns his glance  
without backing down.

Jensen contemplates his words carefully--

JENSEN

Did you-- get rid of him?

Isabella looks up at the television coverage, breaking their  
eye contact. She quickly wipes her eyes, and runs her fingers  
through her ponytail.

ISABELLA

I couldn't do it.

Jensen's eyes shoot wide in disbelief.

JENSEN

You let him go?

A pint glass of frothy beer is placed in front of Isabella.  
She takes a long sip.

ISABELLA

Last I saw, he was zip tied on the  
floor of the office--

JENSEN

I realize you two have a history--  
you should have put a bullet in his  
head, Is.

ISABELLA

(trailing off)  
I froze up--

Jensen turns in his chair to face Isabella.

JENSEN

God dammit. You realize he won't  
just let yo go. He's too ingrained  
in that way of life.

CUT TO:

*INT. MARYLAND HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK*

*HELEN CARTWRIGHT (30's, polished) enters the sunny nursery. She gently lays a gurgling KAYLA (toddler, wide eyed) into a simple crib.*

*Helen exits into the--*

*INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK*

*Crisp sunlight shines through the wide windows in the updated, tidy kitchen.*

*Helen hurries around the kitchen, collecting stacks of paperwork and sliding them into a packed messenger bag.*

*A NANNY (20's, bookish, unassuming) follows Helen closely. The girl carefully listens as her boss rattles off directions for the day.*

*HELEN*

*I've scheduled a play date for  
Kayla with the Morris'.*

*NANNY*

*Sounds perfect.*

*HELEN*

*You can drop her off, and take care  
of any errands you need to do.*

*The Nanny nods.*

*NANNY*

*Sure.*

*HELEN*

*I'll have to give a speech at that  
NDP rally this afternoon, but that  
should be wrapped by four. I'll  
pick Kayla up before I come home.*

*Helen turns and grabs an apple out of a fruit basket; she  
throws it in her bag.*

*The Nanny wraps her fingers around the stem of a thick glass vinegar bottle. She lashes out, smashing the bottle against the side of Helen's head.*

*It's a glancing blow, not enough to knock Helen unconscious.*

*Bleeding from the side of her face, Helen falls toward her purse. Bracing herself against the counter, Helen manages to grab pepper spray from one of the pockets.*

*At the commotion, Kayla begins SCREAMING in the nursery.*

*Helen holds the pepper spray like a weapon as she backs in the direction of the nursery.*

HELEN (CONT'D)

*What the hell?*

*As the Nanny continues to advance on her, Helen releases the pepper spray.*

*The Nanny throws a kick, knocking the pepper spray container from Helen's hands, it CLATTERS across the kitchen. The Nanny wipes the liquid out of her eyes, unphased.*

HELEN (CONT'D)

*Who the hell are you?*

*Helen backs into--*

CUT TO:

INT. NURSERY - DAY - FLASHBACK

*The Nanny strikes Helen in the throat with her palm.*

*Helen drops to her knees, gasping for air. Her eyes wide with panic.*

*The Nanny bends down over Helen, strangling her.*

*With what life she has left, Helen wraps her fingers around a knitting needle which has rolled underneath the crib. She brings it out, stabbing the Nanny in the upper chest.*

*The Nanny cries out in pain, but responds by tightening her grip even more, squeezing the last ounce of life out of Helen.*

*Standing up, the Nanny CRIES OUT. Her face morphs, gradually becoming Isabella.*

*As the transformation completes, Isabella bends over at the waist. She wipes a trickle of blood from her nose and puts a hand over the wound in her chest.*

## ISABELLA

*Damn!*

*Isabella ignores the still SCREAMING Kayla, steps over Helen's body and exits into--*

CUT TO:

*INT. STUDY - DAY - FLASHBACK*

*Isabella rifles through a large desk which is stacked full with important looking paperwork. She's looking for something.*

*A framed newspaper showing a smiling Helen proclaims VICTORY FOR NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY.*

*Isabella tucks a few stacks of paper into a messenger bag and leaves into--*

CUT TO:

*INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK*

*Isabella digs through the kitchen junk drawer. After a moment, she pulls out a small container of lighter fluid.*

*The baby continues to CRY in the nursery.*

*Isabella grabs a wash rag from the sink and drenches it in lighter fluid.*

*As she pulls a lighter from her bag, her face seems to change with a sudden wave of guilt.*

*Isabella SIGHS.*

*Isabella lights the rag, which explodes in a ball of flames. She throws it into the nursery.*

CUT TO:

*EXT. RESIDENTIAL MARYLAND BLOCK - DAY - FLASHBACK*

*Isabella hurries through the back of the house, and hurdles a fence into the street. Once in full view, she slides a hoodie over her shoulders, and walks quickly, but inconspicuously down the residential block.*

*The house fire is visible from the street.*

*Sirens WAIL in the distance.*

CUT TO:

INT. CLINTON'S - NIGHT

Jensen takes a cursory look around the bar as he takes a sip of his beer.

A ROUGH LOOKING WOMAN (50's, tattooed) walks into the bar. Not acknowledging anyone, she takes a seat in a booth.

Jensen turns to Isabella.

JENSEN

Did anyone follow you here?

Isabella looks around, somewhat taken aback by the question. She pauses to collect her thoughts--

ISABELLA

--The streets were deserted.

Jensen leans in close to Isabella, lowering his voice.

JENSEN

There's a woman, six o' clock.  
Recognize her?

ISABELLA

Institute?

Looking into Jensen's eyes provides Isabella with the answer she needs.

Isabella stands up; she bends down and digs in the messenger bag at her feet. As she feels through the bag, she looks to the woman. Pulling out a manila folder, Isabella sits back down on her stool.

JENSEN

Well?

ISABELLA

Could be anyone. I see the tracking device, but there's nothing distinctive about her.

Jensen digs in his wallet, dropping a few bills on the bar.

Jensen speaks softly, taking extreme care to not attract attention--

JENSEN

Let's get out of here; it's not safe.

Isabella stands up. She slings the messenger bag over her shoulder as she weaves through the tables separating them from the door.

Isabella glances over at the woman as she reaches for the door knob. The woman's eyes follow them out of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jensen reaches back, grabbing Isabella's hand as they move through the city streets.

Every couple of meters, Jensen looks over his shoulder, searching for signs of a tail.

They pass by a group of BUMS (varying ages) huddled around a flaming barrel.

As she and Jensen move passed, Isabella makes eye contact with Alex, who is huddled within the group.

Isabella does a snap double take, her eyes widen as panic sets in.

Isabella reaches for her gun--

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jensen notices Isabella's unease--

JENSEN  
What did you see?

Isabella turns her head, looking back at the group. Alex was a figment of her imagination.

Jensen pounces on Isabella's silence--

JENSEN (CONT'D)  
Is--

The hesitation in Isabella's voice is pronounced as she struggles to figure out what she's seeing.

ISABELLA  
I-- It was nothing.

Jensen looks around, concerned about what Isabella isn't saying.

As they pass a rundown apartment building, a PROSTITUTE (twenties, world-weary) stands up from one of the porches. She takes a step towards Jensen.

PROSTITUTE  
Lookin' for a good time, baby?

Jensen looks the woman up and down, but doesn't acknowledge her proposal.

Jensen looks to Isabella.

JENSEN  
Let's get off the main road.

They turn down a long, narrow alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Jensen and Isabella exit the alley, which opens into a barricaded street. Unlike the residential streets, lights blaze and life moves freely between buildings.

Scantly clad PROSTITUTES (varying ages and conditions) move through the streets, interacting with potential clients.

Isabella makes eye contact with a JOHN (mid-twenties) who is backed against the aging brick wall of the main road. A PROSTITUTE is on her knees in front of him. As he looks in Isabella's direction, his face seems to morph into Alex's.

Isabella exhales deeply, trying to center herself. When she takes a subtle double take, the man is back to his original form.

Jensen surveys the street, his eyes sharp and intense as he holds open a small, graffiti covered wooden door for Isabella.

They enter--

CUT TO:

INT. JENSEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Isabella opens a door and enters their postage stamp of an apartment.

The studio is minimalist, more effort has been put into the collage of maps and computer printouts covering the walls than the simple collection of thrift store furniture.

Isabella hurries to the small, porthole of a window. She quickly looks outside, before securing the curtains.

Isabella looks back to Jensen--

ISABELLA  
We're clear.

Jensen locks the door, securing the dead bolt and chain.

Isabella sets her bag down, taking a moment to look at a dated picture of four smiling OFFICIALS in labcoats.

Isabella, seemingly lost in thought, mumbles to herself--

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
I never noticed that--

Jensen looks over from where he's looking in the refrigerator.

JENSEN  
What's that--

Isabella points at the picture as she faces Jensen. She quickly tightens her ponytail.

ISABELLA

That one--

Suddenly closed off, Isabella crosses her arms in front of her body.

JENSEN

From the Institute?

Isabella nods.

ISABELLA

I get flashes of her--

Jensen walks towards her. He takes a glance at the picture before turning to face her.

JENSEN

Christ. How old were you?

ISABELLA

When the Institute took me in?  
Five. Maybe six, I guess?

JENSEN

I'm sorry.

ISABELLA

I can't even remember what they--  
my parents-- look like.

Isabella chuckles.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

It's a lot easier to write off a  
part of your life you can't  
remember.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - POTOMAC RIVERBANK - FOURTEEN YEARS EARLIER -  
EVENING

*The sun is beginning to sink below the horizon; it casts an  
eerie yellow glow on the riverbank.*

*Isabella, roughly ten years old, crouches behind a dirty and  
torn-up armchair, which has been dumped in the middle of the  
dirty, swampy riverbank.*

*Clutching a handgun, Isabella is splotted with mud. Her eyes  
are closed as she listens for every little, out-of-place,  
sound.*

*There is a CRACK in the reeds.*

*Isabella's eyes snap open; she springs over the top of the chair.*

*Isabella hits the ground, landing on her feet. A fist comes out of nowhere, landing a punch squarely on her jaw.*

*The fighter is a TEENAGE BOY, roughly Isabella's age. His eyes are wide with surprise.*

*Isabella brings the butt of her gun down at the meeting point between the boy's neck and shoulder. As he stumbles, she sweeps her leg behind his, tripping him.*

*The boy falls backward into the mud; Isabella straddles him, pinning him.*

*Startled, the boy brings his gun up in an attempt to fight back. With a crack, the gun FIRES.*

*Isabella's head snaps back, reacting to the searing pain across her cheek.*

VOICE (O.S.)

*Break!*

*A group of ADULTS, led by TEMPERANCE HILL (30's, business-like), step out from behind a shuttered building. Children stand up from different hiding places around the field.*

*Isabella tucks her gun into her thigh holster and stands up, holding her bloody cheek. Her face is devoid of emotion.*

*Temperance walks over to where the children stand at attention.*

TEMPERANCE

(to the BOY)

*If you're going to let yourself get pinned, make sure you hit your target. She can shoot right back, and she won't miss.*

*His pride wounded, the boy slinks off.*

*Temperance turns to Isabella.*

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

(to Isabella)

*I think you'll remember to watch his gun next time. Go patch yourself up.*

ISABELLA

Yes, m'am.

*As she's walking back towards the deserted street, Isabella picks up a bottle and throws it in frustration. It shatters on the brick facade of an abandoned building.*

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - INSTITUTE - EVENING

Alex works out with a punching bag in the Institute's advanced gym facilities.

Alex's nose is swollen; both of his eyes are bruised from the last encounter with Isabella.

Around him, a similar breed of clean-cut, twenty something's work out in a highly disciplined, aggressive fashion.

With each punch, Alex works out pent up frustration.

Temperance walks up to the punching bag; she observes Alex with calculating curiosity.

Seeing Temperance, Alex pulls up from his workout.

ALEX

M'am?

TEMPERANCE

Your face looks like it's been through the ringer.

Alex stands at attention.

ALEX

It's healing.

TEMPERANCE

Isabella Cole did that?

Alex turns to leave.

ALEX

I beg your pardon m'am--

Temperance chuckles.

TEMPERANCE

Why I'm here Cooper, I'm running the task force to bring her and Parker in.

(MORE)

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

You were one of the few people that seemed to know Isabella -- personally. I need someone who's gotten inside her head.

Alex closes his eyes and rubs the bridge of his broken nose.

Temperance senses his hesitation--

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

Whatever feeling that's fueling your hesitation-- you know as well as I do everything that slut's done.

Temperance watches Alex carefully, studying his reaction as she continues--

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

Why have any loyalty towards your girlfriend--

Alex jumps in--

ALEX

She--

Temperance laughs, cutting him off.

TEMPERANCE

You weren't being nearly as coy as the two of you thought. And with all that risk, she was more than willing to betray you for that-- anarchist. She clearly has no regard for you.

As Temperance continues, the intensity grows in Alex's eyes. She's winning him over.

ALEX

What can I do?

CUT TO:

INT. JENSEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jensen sleeps on the tiny bed in the corner of the room.

The room is mostly dark, lit only by the light of Isabella working at a simple computer. A gun sits within arms reach on the table.

Isabella clicks through news articles, engrossed in what she reads.

Isabella looks up at the sound of movement on the bed; she squints through the darkness--

Jensen thrashes in bed.

Noting the odd behavior, Isabella stands up from the table and crosses to the bed.

Isabella sits down on the edge of the bed.

Jensen's on the cusp of sleep, actively trapped in a nightmare. Sweat drips from his forehead.

Jensen MUMBLES panicked gibberish.

Isabella runs soothing fingers through his hair.

Jensen's sits up quickly; his eyes shoot around the room, frantically trying to get his bearings.

Jensen looks up at Isabella, overwhelmed.

JENSEN

What--?

Isabella studies Jensen carefully--

ISABELLA

Nightmare.

Jensen stares at the wall ahead of him, trying to bring his rapid breathing under control.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk about it?

Jensen lays down, resting his head in Isabella's lap. He reaches over, grabbing her hand tightly.

CUT TO:

*INT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK*

*It is late at night as Jensen hurries down a deserted street. It is an industrial block lined with dated factory buildings, most are boarded up and shut down.*

*The pitch black night is broken up by the scattered street lamps, each casting dirty yellow light onto the asphalt.*

*Isabella emerges from the shadows. She wears a provocative dress; her hair and make-up styled carefully. She sizes Jensen up quickly.*

*A small smile crosses Isabella's face.*

*ISABELLA*

*Looking for a good time?*

*Jensen stops quickly; he returns her gaze, sizing her up in return.*

*JENSEN*

*How much?*

*Isabella smiles playfully; she bites her lower lip.*

*Isabella subtly tries to pull the skirt lower over her legs.*

*ISABELLA*

*Fifty.*

*Jensen raises an eyebrow.*

*JENSEN*

*You must be good.*

*ISABELLA*

*I've been told.*

*Eyeing him confidently, Isabella reaches back and tightens her ponytail.*

*Jensen breaks eye contact and surveys the deserted street. They are alone.*

*Isabella restrains a look of surprise as Jensen backs her into the brick wall. She wraps an arm around his neck as the two fall into a heated kiss.*

*Isabella's other hand roams his lean torso, sliding under his black cardigan.*

*Jensen braces himself against the wall with one hand, his other plays with the short hem of her dress. His fingers narrowly miss her thigh holster.*

*They are hungry and passionate as they seem to get lost in the rush of endorphins.*

*As Isabella's hands go to the waistband of his slacks, Jensen awkwardly pulls back from the kiss.*

JENSEN

You must be new in this  
neighborhood.

Isabella doesn't flinch. She looks up at him, earnestly.

ISABELLA

(breathless)

Why do you say that?

Jensen whispers right into Isabella's ear.

JENSEN

Most of the girls in this  
neighborhood don't kiss--

ISABELLA

(jumping in)

I guess I'm just adventurous.

Jensen looks down the street; he notices a dark alley a few  
hundred feet away.

Jensen grabs Isabella by her elbow; he pulls her in the  
direction of the alley.

JENSEN

Come on.

Uncertainty reflects on Isabella's face as he drags her down  
the street. She stumbles in her high heels as she struggles  
to keep pace with his long strides.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jensen roughly pulls Isabella around a corner into the dark,  
dank alley.

A dumpster over-flows with heaped garbage bags. Rainwater  
collects in deep puddles on the cracked and uneven pavement.

Jensen pins Isabella against the cement wall of the alley. He  
holds her shoulders to the wall with his forearm; his other  
hand is around her neck.

Isabella looks up at him; her eyes are wide with fear.

ISABELLA

What are you doing? Let me go!

Isabella struggles in an attempt to get free.

Jensen only tightens his grip on her throat.

JENSEN

Who has you following me?

Panic grows in Isabella's eyes. She COUGHS as her air is cut off--

ISABELLA

(in a small voice-  
frantic)

No one! I'm not anyone. I swear.

JENSEN

Bullshit. Why do they have you following me?

ISABELLA

I sw-- I don't know what you're talking about!

Jensen pulls his handgun from his shoulder holster; he presses it into her jaw.

Isabella winces in pain.

JENSEN

Why don't I believe you?

Jensen grabs her by the arm; he spins her around. With her hands trapped behind her, Isabella's face slams into the brick wall in front of her.

Isabella strains her neck to look back at Jensen as he pats down her torso and slowly runs his hands down her legs.

ISABELLA

(through gritted teeth)  
If I were following you, wouldn't I be armed?

Both barely flinch as a GUNSHOT blasts into the wall, inches from Jensen's head.

ALEX (O.S.)

(loudly)  
Drop the gun, Parker!

Jensen pulls Isabella to a standing position. Turning around, he puts her into a tight arm lock. Jensen presses his gun to Isabella's jaw with his free hand.

JENSEN

(annoyed)  
I knew it!

*Isabella's eyes are wide with adrenaline as she looks around, trying to spot Alex. She's calm. Her fear has been all an act.*

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET- NIGHT - FLASHBACK

*Alex stands just outside the alley. Clutching his gun, he presses himself as tightly as he can to the wall. Safely in cover, he can see all the action in the alley.*

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

*Isabella strains her neck, trying to look back at Jensen.*

ISABELLA

*(shouting- to Alex)*

*Back off Alex! I can handle this!*

ALEX (O.S.)

*(shouting- to Jensen)*

*We're just supposed to bring you in, Parker. It doesn't have to be like this. Come with us quietly, and no one has to be hurt.*

*Jensen looks around quickly. His body language conveys his unease, but his intense eyes are calm.*

*Isabella speaks quietly--*

ISABELLA

*Talk to me. Ignore him. Why leave the program?*

*Jensen's eyes shoot around the street. He looks up, there's a decrepit fire escape hanging just above their heads.*

JENSEN

*You haven't seen the pattern?*

*Looking down at Isabella; her eyes are almost earnest.*

*Isabella strains to look up at him; she's observing his behavior intently.*

ISABELLA

*What pattern?*

JENSEN  
All the "traitors" we're supposed  
to be taking out?

ISABELLA  
What about them?

*Jensen's eyes shoot to the side, locating Alex.*

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Focus on me. What about them?

JENSEN  
We're not taking out traitors. The  
Institute's been having political  
opponents assassinated.

*Isabella looks up at him, trying to process what he's saying.*

JENSEN (CONT'D)  
This isn't about justice, or  
national security--

ALEX  
(jumping in)  
Drop the gun, Parker!

*Alex inches into the alley, moving closer to Jensen.*

*Isabella and Jensen look up; Alex is standing in front of  
them, his gun drawn.*

*Jensen stares at Alex. He jams the gun against Isabella's  
temple.*

*Isabella winces in pain.*

ISABELLA  
Jesus, Alex.

ALEX  
Let her go and put the damn gun  
down.

*The two men stare each other down hotly.*

JENSEN  
Back off, Ken doll.

ALEX  
Are you really using a woman as a  
shield?

*Isabella scoffs and rolls her eyes.*

*ISABELLA*  
*I'm right here, you know.*

*The two men ignore Isabella.*

*ALEX*  
*We both know your not going to kill her.*

*Jensen tightens his grip on Isabella's throat.*

*ALEX (CONT'D)*  
*Why are you doing this, man? Why go rogue?*

*Jensen looks up at him; his eyes are intense, critiquing.*

*JENSEN*  
*I'm done blindly following orders.*

*ALEX*  
*You're turning your back on your country...*

*JENSEN*  
*I see it differently.*

*Alex takes a step toward Jensen, his gun still drawn.*

*With surprising speed, Jensen brings Isabella's arm down on his leg, breaking it. She CRIES out in pain, collapsing onto the ground in a heap.*

*Alex FIRES his gun, hitting Jensen in the arm.*

*Jensen returns FIRE, hitting Alex in the upper chest. Alex drops onto the pavement, writhing in pain.*

*Isabella picks her head off the pavement, agony reflecting on her face. Isabella looks down at Alex's gun, laying on the pavement, it's just within arms reach. She watches Jensen sprint from the alley.*

*Isabella faints back onto the pavement.*

*CUT TO:*

*INT. SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING*

*Alex stands at an individual stall in a military grade shooting range.*

Wearing ear protection, Alex confidently FIRES an intricate handgun at a target positioned at the far wall. His eyes are focused in a laser like intensity.

Alex's shots are tightly grouped in the head and chest of the target.

Alex stops firing and removes his ear protection as he loads more ammunition.

LOGAN WITTIER (20's, average) walks up behind Alex. He gives Alex a friendly pat on the back.

LOGAN  
Room for one more?

Alex makes room.

ALEX  
More the merrier.

Logan unholsters his weapon and checks the ammunition.

LOGAN  
A little birdie told me you got on  
the Parker task force.

ALEX  
They asked me yesterday--

LOGAN  
Better bring the bastard in.

Alex chuckles.

ALEX  
That's the goal.

Logan grabs his ear protection; he looks up at Alex, studying his face carefully.

LOGAN  
You know, you'll be going after  
Bell.

Alex pushes a button on the booth's control panel; he grabs the paper target as it repels toward him.

Alex's voice is icy--

ALEX  
She made her choice.

Logan's surprised at Alex's response.

LOGAN

The two of you were inseparable for five years. Can you really take her out?

Emotion brims in Alex's eyes. The feelings he's been working hard to repress flicker through momentarily.

ALEX

Whoever that was, she's not the same girl-- that wasn't Bell.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BATHROOM - JENSEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Isabella stands in the cheap, dingy bathroom of the tiny apartment.

Isabella pulls her loose hair into a ponytail.

Staring at herself in the mirror, Isabella abruptly turns her back on her reflection.

Isabella's body hunches up as she shifts.

Isabella turns once again to face the mirror. The face looking back is slightly older (early thirties) and nondescript. This is not a face to stand out in a crowd.

Isabella wipes the blood trickling down her nose, and fixes her hair into a tight bun.

CUT TO:

INT. JENSEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Isabella exits the bathroom; her appearance is completely shifted, and she wears a simple trench coat.

Jensen sits across the room, absorbed in a computer article. He looks up at Isabella as she enters the room.

ISABELLA

Well?

JENSEN

You look great.

Isabella tucks her gun into her holster.

ISABELLA

So, you think something will go down at the NDP rally?

JENSEN

There will be enough of a turnout.

Jensen flips over a stack of paperwork.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

As far as the Initiative is concerned, this would be a perfect opportunity to take out some of the movement leaders.

Isabella looks out the window.

ISABELLA

I could have only dreamed of such  
an ideal set-up when I was in  
there. Talk about blend in--

Jensen hands Isabella a small stack of papers.

JENSEN

This should be all the background  
information you need.

Isabella smiles as she stands up--

ISABELLA

Thanks.

JENSEN

Keep me informed.

Isabella exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. METRO STATION - DAY

Isabella steps off the escalator exiting a subterranean Metro Station, into the thin and diffused afternoon sunlight.

The mood in the rundown park surrounding the Metro entrance is one of thinly restrained chaos.

A large group of PROTESTORS are gathered in a tight, barricaded space. They are armed with signs, sticks and baseball bats.

A group of MILITARY POLICE stand in direct opposition to the protestors. The troops, most barely out of high school, white knuckle the powerful firearms in their hands.

EVELYN MCCORD (twenties, charismatic) SHOUTS into a bullhorn, doing her best to incite the protesters.

EVELYN

We don't need government  
interference in the Green Sector!  
They need to fix their own house  
before weighing the citizenry down  
with even more useless government  
regulation.

Isabella maneuvers through the crowds, sticking to a clearly marked pathway between the groups. She watches the action carefully.

As Isabella moves through the street, the frenetic energy of the scene increases.

From somewhere in the mass of people, there is a GUNSHOT.

A SOLDIER (20's) drops to the ground, dead.

A FEMALE SOLDIER (30's, hardened) turns her attention to the protestors as she watches her comrades body fall. Anger spreads over her face.

FEMALE SOLDIER

Fire!

Panic spreads across the group as the soldiers open fire on the largely unarmed group of protestors.

Isabella's eyes shoot wide as she drops into a position of cover behind a dying tree.

Most of the protestors scatter in panic as the troop's drop into a protective position.

Isabella unholsters her gun. Giving herself cover fire, she sprints across the wide open street, into a nearby alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DUSK

Isabella runs into Evelyn, huddled behind a large trash can in the alley.

Evelyn white knuckles the gun in her hands. She looks around the street, repressed panic in her eyes. She doesn't shoot.

Bullets slam into the wall of the alley, sending shards of cement and brick flying into the air.

Isabella crouches next to Evelyn.

ISABELLA

Let's get out of here.

Evelyn looks up at Isabella.

EVELYN

Excuse me?

Isabella shifts, back to her original appearance and points to the puffy scar on her neck.

ISABELLA

I'm on your side.

In the open, the fighting continues. Bodies of protestors pile up on the street. Blood streams in the gutters.

Evenlyn is highly emotional.

EVELYN

They're being massacred out there!  
I have to do something!

ISABELLA

There's nothing you can do right  
now. We need to get you out of  
here.

Isabella takes a quick look between the street and the opposite end of the alley.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You can't help the cause by dying  
for it--

Isabella unholsters her gun.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

This way. Keep you head down, and  
stay close.

Isabella leads Evelyn down the opposite end of the alley, away from the street fighting.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

As Isabella reaches the corner, she puts her hand out, stopping Evelyn.

ISABELLA

Hold on.

Isabella drops to one knee and looks up at Evelyn.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to lay down cover fire  
for you. When I start shooting, you  
run to the next corner, and don't  
stop till you are behind that next  
wall.

Evelyn nods her head as she tries to catch her breath. Her eyes shoot across the street.

EVELYN

Kay.

Isabella begins shooting out into the street.

Evelyn runs into the street, following Isabella's orders. As she runs, she looks over her shoulder. She sees--

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE STREET - EVENING

Two SOLDIERS muscle a struggling YOUNG MAN (late teens, still holding a protest sign) out of one of the apartment buildings.

One of the soldiers knock the Young Man to his knees with the butt of their gun, while the other presses his gun to the back of the boy's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

Horrified, Evelyn grabs her gun out of her coat pocket and turns around. She FIRES her weapon in the direction of the soldiers.

Isabella can only watch as the soldiers shoot the Young Man at point blank range, before turning their guns on Evelyn.

Evelyn is thrown back violently by the wave of bullets hitting her. She hits the pavement with a sickening THUD; her body doesn't move.

Isabella FIRES two shots, killing both soldiers.

Isabella runs into the street.

Dropping to her knees in front of Evelyn, Isabella only has to look at the body to know she's dead. She places two fingers on her neck anyway.

The body has no pulse.

Isabella plants her hands in the pavement to push herself to her feet. The pool of blood forming under the body stains her hands and her clothes.

Isabella runs toward the next corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DUSK

Isabella looks over her shoulder as she turns down a dark, trash lined alley.

In a position of relative cover, Isabella stops running. She bends over at the waist as she tries to slow her breathing.

Isabella's eyes shoot around the alley.

Isabella notices a dated, rusty fire escape running to the top story of one of the buildings lining the alley.

Isabella jumps and catches the bottom rung of the fire escape. She smoothly climbs towards the buildings roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

Isabella takes a moment to collect herself; she looks at the blood smeared on her hands.

Isabella walks over to the edge of the roof, trying to wipe the blood on her pants.

On the street, the military has gained a decisive edge on the street fighters, who have fled into nearby buildings. Small platoons of troops move from building to building.

A low RUMBLE slowly spreads over the roof.

Isabella scans the sky for the source of the noise.

Isabella throws herself to the ground as a spy drone speeds just overhead.

Once the drone is clear, Isabella stands up and takes a moment to collect her thoughts.

Moving across to the other side of the building, Isabella climbs down the rusty fire escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Her gun drawn, Isabella runs down an industrial block of the city.

A military platoon crosses just ahead of her, their assault weapons at the ready.

Seeing the troops, Isabella throws herself back against one of the buildings. Her black outfit and the stark shadows created by the street lamps obscure her from sight as the troops pass feet from where Isabella hides.

Close enough to see clear details of their faces, Isabella holds her breath, afraid even the slightest sound will give her away.

Once they pass, Isabella sprints in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jensen looks up at the violent POUNDING on the front door.

Grabbing his gun, Jensen stands up and moves towards the door. He looks out the tiny peep hole.

Isabella speaks urgently from outside--

ISABELLA (O.S.)  
Me. Open the door.

Jensen opens the door, Isabella practically collapses into the living room.

Jensen reaches out and grabs Isabella by the arm.

Isabella's clothes are smeared with blood. She slowly slides to the floor, exhausted.

JENSEN  
What the hell happened?

Isabella looks at the blood on her hands, before looking back up at Jensen.

ISABELLA  
She's dead.

JENSEN  
Who?

Isabella looks at her hands, replaying the scene in her head.

ISABELLA  
McCord got her head blown off. We were almost out of there and she had to try--

Jensen cuts Isabella off--

JENSEN

I'm sure you did what you could.

Isabella drops her head on Jensen's shoulder.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

Let's get you cleaned up.

Jensen pulls Isabella to her feet.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - JENSEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jensen leads Isabella into the bathroom.

ISABELLA

I didn't want it to happen-- I had  
everything thought out-- She--

Jensen turns on the water in the sink. He gently leads Isabella to put her bloody hands under the steaming hot water.

As the blood goes down the drain, Isabella looks over her shoulder at Jensen as he continues to scrub her hands.

Isabella leans over, kissing Jensen lightly on the lips.

Jensen meets her eyes, but doesn't react to the gesture. He grabs a hand towel and gently dries her hands.

CUT TO:

INT. JENSEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Isabella exits the bathroom and crosses the room to the rickety bed.

Jensen sits at the table, engrossed in his research.

Isabella wears a loose, comfortable sweatshirt.

Isabella drops onto the bed; she covers her eyes against the harsh light of the apartment. She breaths deeply, forcing relaxation over her tired body.

CUT TO:

INT. JENSEN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

*Jensen pulls Isabella into his apartment, quickly shutting the door behind them. Isabella is in shock; she is pale, and soaking wet. She trembles violently.*

*Jensen grabs her by the arm, looking her straight in the eye in an attempt to get her focused.*

*JENSEN*  
*(slowly, clearly)*  
*Did anyone follow you here?*

*Taking a moment to process what he asked, Isabella shakes her head--*

*ISABELLA*  
*I-- I don't think so.*

*Jensen guides her to the bed, siting her down. Moving Isabella's wet ponytail aside, he reveals a blinking red light imbedded in her neck.*

*JENSEN*  
*You're being tracked*

*Isabella looks up at him; she's scared.*

*ISABELLA*  
*Tracked?*

*Jensen stands up and quickly moves toward the window. Seeing no one outside, he turns back to face Isabella.*

*JENSEN*  
*If we don't disable it soon, more shifters will be down on us in a matter of minutes--*

*Isabella jumps in--*

*ISABELLA*  
*--How do we disable it?*

*Isabella looks up at him. Through her fear, she is determined.*

*ISABELLA (CONT'D)*  
*I'm finished with that life. I can't do it anymore--*

*Jensen digs through a drawer in the kitchenette. He walks over and hands Isabella a washcloth. He clutches a knife in his other hand.*

*JENSEN*  
*Bite down on this. Lay down.*

*Her eyes shooting nervously around the room, Isabella stretches out on the bed.*

*ISABELLA  
(nervously)  
You've done this before?*

*Jensen smiles, running his fingers over his scar.*

*JENSEN  
I've had a little experience.*

*Isabella nervously toys with the washcloth in her fingers.*

*ISABELLA  
You did that to yourself--?*

*Jensen cuts in--*

*JENSEN  
It's easy when you don't have  
another choice.*

*Jensen sits down on the bed, resting his hand on her bare shoulder.*

*JENSEN (CONT'D)  
I'll get it over with as quickly as  
possible.*

*Isabella rests her head in Jensen's lap, biting down on the wash rag.*

*Jensen's face morphs into an expression of extreme focus as he expertly cuts into her neck.*

*It takes all Isabella's restraint to remain still as he works. She blinks back tears, mashes her teeth together, and digs her fingernails into her arms as Jensen digs out the tracking device.*

*JENSEN (CONT'D)  
Thank goodness they implant them  
shallow.*

*Relief in his eyes, Jensen wipes his brow and presses a bandage to her neck.*

*JENSEN (CONT'D)  
All done.*

*Isabella sits up, looking at the bloody tracking chip on the dingy tile floor. Her face is pale.*

*ISABELLA*  
*That was in my neck?*

*JENSEN*  
*Tracking every move you make.*

*Isabella looks up at him, pressing the bandage to her neck. She gives him a weak smile.*

*ISABELLA*  
*Thank you.*

*Jensen hands her his gun.*

*JENSEN*  
*Care to do the honors?*

*Her hands shaky, Isabella takes the gun from Jensen. She smashes it with the butt of the gun, shattering the tracking device into oblivion.*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CHAMELEON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Alex sits in a plain room, a nondescript duffle bag open in front of him.

A number of intimidating, highly militarized weapons are laid out in front of him on the table.

Alex expertly works with the weapons, cleaning and loading each one before sliding them into the duffle bag.

Temperance enters the room.

TEMPERANCE

Are we ready to move?

Alex looks up from his task.

ALEX

Set.

CUT TO:

INT. JENSEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jensen sits at the table, going through stacks of internet printouts.

Jensen looks up at Isabella, who stands near the window. She looks outside through a small crack in the curtains.

JENSEN

There's got to be another way to get in the building. Without being seen--

ISABELLA

I used an underground maintenance passage way, and I still had Alex breathing down my neck in a matter of minutes.

Isabella jumps back from the window.

Seeing Isabella's reaction, Jensen reaches for the gun in his shoulder holster.

JENSEN

What's wrong?

Isabella grabs her own gun out of her thigh holster.

Isabella takes a breath, collecting herself.

ISABELLA  
I think we have trouble.

JENSEN  
What kind?

ISABELLA  
Unmarked SUV, government plates.

Jensen swiftly moves across the room, his gun in front of him.

JENSEN  
Driver?

Isabella presses herself close to the wall.

ISABELLA  
I didn't see one--

Jensen SIGHS--

JENSEN  
Didn't see one? Or there wasn't one.

Isabella's response is sharp--

ISABELLA  
Would you like me to open the window and look again?

Jensen puts his hand up, trying to make peace--

JENSEN  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to come out like that.

Isabella pauses, collecting her thoughts.

ISABELLA  
What about shifting-- throw them off the scent.

Jensen looks at the floor in front of him--

JENSEN  
I can't--

Isabella jumps in--

ISABELLA

If this is you trying to maintain  
some kind of moral high ground--

JENSEN

I physically can't-- I've tried--

Isabella's uncharacteristically silent; she stares over at him. Her eyes are difficult to read.

Jensen meets Isabella's eyes. His eyes brim with emotion.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

We'll talk about it some other time--  
- please

Isabella runs her hand down Jensen's bicep, studying his face carefully.

The sound of GLASS BREAKING interrupts the moment, both shift their glance to the window.

An electronic device has been thrown through the window; tear gas is floods the apartment.

They exchange a look; Isabella takes a deep breath before they are enveloped in gas.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JENSEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Isabella steps out of the apartment and quickly scans the dimly lit hallway, her gun at the ready. Her shirt is pulled up around her nose, acting as a primitive shield from the tear gas.

ISABELLA

We're clear.

Jensen steps out of the apartment; the collar of his trench coat forms a barrier protecting his face from the toxic air. He slides his gun into the pocket of his coat.

In the lead, Isabella moves smoothly down the narrow hallway. Looking over her shoulder, Isabella smiles at Jensen.

Adrenaline surges through Isabella's system.

Jensen's visibly nervous.

They stop as they reach the door, pressing their backs securely to the wall as they look out onto the deserted street.

Jensen exhales sharply and drops into a crouch.

JENSEN  
We're walking into a trap.

Isabella looks out to the street, a hint of worry shows in her eyes as she looks back at Jensen.

ISABELLA  
Talk to me, Jens.

Jensen is quiet as his eyes shoot around, searching for any other alternatives.

Isabella shoots a glance outside, nerves growing in her voice--  
-

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Is there something I'm missing?

JENSEN  
No. That's the problem.

Isabella rests her head against the wall, taking deep breaths in an attempt to curb the adrenaline growing in her system.

ISABELLA  
There's no back door or loading dock. We can't stay in the room-- we can't exactly jet pack off the roof--

Jensen pulls his gun out of his pocket and checks the ammunition before meeting Isabella's eyes.

JENSEN  
I feel like I should apologize--

ISABELLA  
Now let's get the hell out of here, so we can save our skins.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Isabella and Jensen step out onto the pavement. Tightly holding their guns; they move quickly down the street, away from the parked SUV.

Jensen looks back; he makes comforting eye contact with Isabella.

A GUNSHOT cracks the peace of the quiet night.

Shot, Jensen slumps to his knees before collapsing onto the pavement.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Isabella drops flat to the ground. She strains her neck, trying to find any clue to the location of the shooter.

Isabella pulls herself across the pavement to where Jensen is sprawled on his face.

ISABELLA  
(to herself)  
Please be alive--

Taking care to stay low, Isabella rolls Jensen onto his back and searches for the pulse in his neck.

Jensen's face is startlingly pale; blood pools from a wound in his chest. His open eyes shoot across the rooftops in a blind panic.

Finding his pulse, Isabella can't hide her relief--

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Thank god.

Isabella looks up, feeling a gun barrel pressed to the base of her skull.

Isabella's calm as she reaches for the gun in her pocket--

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Are you going to kill me, Alex?

Isabella strains her neck and looks back at Alex, who holds the gun to her head.

ALEX  
Get your hands up, Bell.

Isabella laces her fingers behind her head.

Alex looks over his shoulder as Temperance emerges from behind the parked car.

Following Alex's eyes, Isabella laughs--

ISABELLA  
I knew it!

Temperance smiles, thrilled to see Isabella held at gunpoint.

TEMPERANCE  
It's good to see you too, Moore.

Temperance crosses the pavement, stepping over Jensen's unconscious form.

Isabella spits on Temperance's shoes.

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)  
She's a traitor to this country,  
and a murderer. Kill her.

Alex is visibly shaky. He looks to Temperance; his wide eyes pleading for a different solution.

ALEX  
I thought we were bringing her in--

Temperance cuts him off--

TEMPERANCE  
That's a direct order.

Temperance smashes Isabella across the cheek with the butt of her gun. Isabella falls back from the force.

Looking up from the pavement, Isabella's cheek is gushing blood. She looks to Alex.

ISABELLA  
They're using you Alex. Do you hear me?

TEMPERANCE  
Agent!

Alex grimaces, visibly trying to convince himself of something in his head.

ALEX  
Shut the hell up, Bell.

Jensen coughs; he spits up blood. His eyes look back, searching for Isabella.

Isabella wipes the blood from his mouth as she pushes herself back up to her knees. She looks up at Alex.

ISABELLA  
Are you really just going to let him die in the street?

Temperance steps forward, taking power in the conversation.

TEMPERANCE

He's a dangerous revolutionary and  
a traitor to the government--

ISABELLA

Wouldn't you rather have a live  
hostage than a dead martyr?

TEMPERANCE

We still have you--

Isabella looks to Alex.

ISABELLA

If you were going to kill me, I  
think you would have done it  
already. If you're going to kill  
anyone, it's her.

ALEX

Bell--

Temperance pounces on his weakness.

TEMPERANCE

Are you ignoring a direct order?

Alex turns to face Temperance, his eyes pleading.

ALEX

Isn't there--

Isabella spits out a mouthful of blood.

Isabella looks to Temperance--

ISABELLA

Why wait for him to do your dirty  
work?

Isabella glares up at Temperance, hatred pours from her  
expression.

Temperance unholsters her gun, pointing it squarely at  
Isabella's head.

TEMPERANCE

You were always too willful,  
Isabella. I should have picked up  
on that when your trashy family  
pawned you off on us. You were  
always asking too many questions.

Temperance crosses behind Isabella. She grabs Isabella by the arm, pulling her violently to her feet.

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

We ignored it. Your abilities spoke for themselves. I personally hoped it was just a phase.

Temperance takes Isabella into an arm lock, holding her securely. Isabella's eyes shoot around the scene, looking for an escape.

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

I should have seen this coming.

Isabella looks down at Jensen, trying to formulate a plan.

Temperance presses her gun forcefully against Isabella's skull. Isabella grimaces in pain.

TEMPERANCE (CONT'D)

How was I supposed to know one of my best experiments couldn't handle the pressure.

Isabella brings her foot down hard into Temperance's shin. As Temperance stumbles forward, Isabella throws her head back, connecting with Temperance's face.

Isabella grabs the gun from Temperance's flailing hand.

As the two women struggle, Alex redraws his gun.

ALEX

Shit, Bell.

Isabella has Temperance in an arm lock; she presses her gun up under Temperance's chin.

TEMPERANCE

Kill her, Cooper!

ISABELLA

Christ Alex! They're the villains here.

Alex switches the safety off his gun.

TEMPERANCE

Finish her, Cooper!

Struggling to keep physical power over Temperance, Isabella stares at Alex. Fear and uncertainty reflects in her eyes.

Alex is visibly confused. His eyes are wide as he tries to make a decision.

FADE TO BLACK.

A GUNSHOT ECHOES IN THE DARKNESS.