



BLACK SCREEN

London, England

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE -- MORNING

Big establishing shot, taking in Big Ben and the London Eye.

We focus on one distinctive building: the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

We draw closer with the sound of each GUNSHOT as they ring out on the soundtrack. Closer in, we can see layers of construction happening around the building.

On the third GUNSHOT we CUT TO:

INT. MI-16 - ARMOURY -- MORNING

With a whir and a clank, the TARGET slowly comes towards us. It's been shot twice in the head and once in the chest.

CHLOE PARKER grabs the target.

She looks young, in her 20s. Blonde hair cascades towards her neck. Goggles protect her eyes. There's an intense look on her face.

Chloe observes her score.

She waits a beat, then pushes it back. Her hands press a button, and the target moves back again.

When it hits the end, she fires.

It starts moving forward. Bullets RIP THROUGH the target, reducing it to shreds.

She doesn't notice RUFUS KELSEY enter. He's in his forties, black, bearded, an amused smile on his face.

He stands in the corner. Eyes flicker to a dossier he holds in his hands a few times, but mostly he's just looking at Chloe.

Observing her form.

CUT BACK TO Chloe. She's finished with the target. Gently removes the goggles and puts down the pistol. Turns to the sound of:

CLAPPING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's genuine, yet no less disturbing.

She sees Rufus approach. He's still clapping, dossier held in place under his right arm.

RUFUS
Your form is improving. Be putting
the top rank to shame soon.

CHLOE
I learned from the best.

RUFUS
Fair to say.
(beat)
He'll see us now.

Apprehension floods her face. She looks at the ground, taking in the weight of his words.

INT. MI-16 MAIN -- MORNING

A huge, modern and high-tech space, completely underground, looking like it's hewn straight out of the natural rock. AGENTS work glossy MACS in all directions. The place feels highly energised at all times, but nobody shouts.

CAPTION: MI-16 Headquarters, London.

Rufus and Chloe sit on a couch off to one side. Chloe's looking nervous. She drums her fingers.

RUFUS
Don't fret.

He slides her a coffee over the glass table.

CHLOE
It's been months. A lot to take
in for such a short time.

Rufus smiles. Footsteps approach. Chloe and Rufus stand to welcome the new arrival as JOHN WEXLER arrives. He's just a little older than Chloe, and their familiarity is plain for all to see.

WEXLER
(warm)
Chloe.

CHLOE
(smiles)
Hey John.

They hug. Rufus steps forward to shake Wexler's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUFUS
Agent Wexler.

WEXLER
(re: Chloe)
Still keeping this one under
control?

RUFUS
With some difficulty.

WEXLER
(smiles at Chloe)
Seems like we won't stop rising
the ladder of success together.

CHLOE
No. It doesn't.

She's still fretting. Wexler sees.

WEXLER
Hey. Look at me.

She looks up. He gives her a reassuring smile.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
We're all in the same boat. I
remember my first time in the
field. God, that was embarrassing.

Chloe actually laughs at this.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
You struck out with Rufus. Reckon
you'll strike out more with this
assignment.
(beat)
I've gotta vanish. Let me know
how it turns out.

With a final reassuring smile he turns and walks away. Chloe remains, taking in his words. It's helped. She looks back at Rufus, who shrugs.

RUFUS
He's a smart boy, that one.

INT. MI-16 - KENNEDY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The office is minimalist, a haven for work rather than relaxation. In the right corner is a bulletin board.

SIR ALLEN KENNEDY stands by it. He's in his 60s, white haired and dynamic. The unmistakable aura of command and authority about him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

As you know by now, they have a new leader.

Rufus and Chloe sit in chairs facing him. Chloe's apprehension has gone; she's professional, on the job.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

We've narrowed it down to three possible suspects.

ANGLE ON THE BULLETIN BOARD

which has *The House of Cain* written and underlined in the middle of it.

Surrounding it are three photographs. Three names underneath them. CHRISTOPHER YOUNG. RAMUS KALE. EDWARD MAITLAND.

The last name is underlined. Next to it the words: Location - Newcastle.

Kennedy taps this with a marker pen.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Edward Maitland may be a long shot, but there's something about him that feels wrong. He's our prime suspect.

(beat)

I want you to go after him.

RUFUS

Any ideas how?

KENNEDY

(smiles)

Your own inimitable style will suffice, Rufus. But his new hospital is apparently looking for temporary admin staff. Might give you a way in.

RUFUS

(nudges Chloe)

How's your shorthand?

CHLOE

Good enough to pass.

KENNEDY

Then it's settled.

He motions. Chloe and Rufus stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I want to know everything about him. Edward Maitland, I mean. What he's up to, and how he plans to do it. Okay?

They both nod.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Now I don't need to remind you how dangerous this man could be. But I'm going to do it anyway.

(then)

You're both eminently qualified. Keep yourselves focused.

(to Chloe)

Stick close to Rufus, follow his lead, you'll be fine.

Chloe looks in his eyes, sees an almost fatherly look of pride there. She smiles. Then permits Rufus to lead her out.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S -- DAY

Chloe emerges from a side entrance. Finds Wexler stood out of the wind, smoking a cigarette.

CHLOE

Those things will kill you.

WEXLER

We get shot at for a living. These things are the least of our worries.

Chloe laughs. Looks up at him.

CHLOE

Got an assignment?

WEXLER

Off to Ireland, indefinitely. It's nonsense. There's no way the new head of the Cain wouldn't be based in London.

(beat)

You?

CHLOE

Newcastle. The old stomping ground.

He takes that in.

WEXLER

Need any luck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE
Wouldn't hurt.

Wexler extends his hand.

WEXLER
Good luck.

CHLOE
(shakes the
proffered hand)
You too.

He lets go, winks at her before turning and walking off.
Chloe watches him go. Looks up as Rufus appears next to
her.

RUFUS
You ready?

A deep breath. Then:

CHLOE
Probably not.

They trade a smile.

BLACK OUT:

wALKER

SEPTEMBER 7TH, 2009