

STRAYS

"A Dangerous Breed"

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT - DAY

Through the scope of a sniper rifle we see activity in the cluster of sand-colored structures below, like an anthill, bustling just under the sand, a hidden hive.

Wind whistles through the badgirs. It sounds lonely.

SASHA DRAKE (30) A consummate professional with a perpetual smirk, narrowed eyes, and beige fatigues, wipes sweat off her brow as she meticulously adjusts her rifle's scope.

She gets visual confirmation on the positions of her teammates on the far ridge, and in the valley below.

Behind her, pouring over a map of the compound they're securing, is COLE BEVAN, a cocky Brit, equal parts childlike mischief and deadly precision, in matching gear.

COLE

Keep your eyes on 'em, Drake. Me
they'd kill, you they'd keep.

SASHA

Don't sell yourself short. You've got a
pretty mouth. And I'm a biter.

She flashes him a sassy grin. He feigns offense.

COLE

I think that might be harassment.

SASHA

Better report me then. No special
treatment, remember?

COLE

I would. But my wife would kill ya.

SASHA

Oh, Alisha and I have an
understanding. I can shag you all
over the Dasht-e Kavir so long as I
bring you home alive.

Cole looks at her, comically sexy, a mockery of smoldering.

COLE

Take me, Sasha Drake, international
superstar!

SASHA

Eat shit.

Cole stands like a gorilla and beats his chest. She
mirrors him. Beating her own chest.

COLE

Mind the girls, now. What kinda
feminist folk hero would you be if
you popped your tits?

She punches his shoulder, smiling, and gets back in
position. She trains her weapon on the compound. It's
silent and still.

SASHA

Weirdly quiet, yeah?

They listen. Then, a strange, faint music, like a flute
made of crystal is heard behind them.

In unison, they turn their heads away from the valley and
the compound in front of them to look for the source.

Cole rises, moving away from the ridge they're positioned
at, and drifts toward the mountainous outcrop behind them.

COLE

You can hear that right?

SASHA

It's probably nothing.

But she stands, moving toward him.

COLE

What if it's something.

SASHA

Like what? A decoy flautist?

COLE

Ah, such wit. I'm checkin' it out.

SASHA

Like hell! Shit hits the fan and we're not here...
And something's off, I can feel it.

COLE

Women's intuition?

She gives him a well deserved glare.

COLE

I'll be right back.

He sets off at a jog.

Sasha hesitates, waiting with bated breath.

Finally she grunts and hustles over to the gun, still
perched on the ridge.

She grabs the rifle and chases after Cole, throwing an
agonized look over her shoulder at the compound.

She rounds the dune and sees Cole frozen in awe.

His walkie-talkie is going haywire.

She follows his gaze and sees a golden creature, like a
cross between a unicorn and a gazelle, with music clearly
emanating from the notches in its spiraled horn.

Cole reaches an arm out, approaching as if to pet the beast.

SASHA

(Whispering)

Cole! Don't.

Suddenly, a smattering of gunfire can be heard in the
distance. Sasha whips her head back toward the ridge
they just left. She readies her weapon.

SASHA

(Turning back)

Come on! We've gotta-

She turns back just as the golden monster lowers its head in a malevolent gesture of attack.

Cole looks hypnotized.

SASHA

Trooper, move!

She discharges her weapon at the beast but it doesn't stop it from impaling Cole through the chest.

She shoots repeatedly, screaming. But bullets seem to have no effect whatsoever. She doesn't even seem to be hitting her target.

She throws the rifle aside and pulls her knife.

The creature heaves Cole, who's already dead, with a toss of its golden head and charges.

Sasha adopts a fighting stance and when it reaches her, plunges her knife into its hide.

The notched horn punches through her protective gear and she twists just in time.

It misses her heart but slices into her ribs. She howls.

The beast rears up on its hind legs. In the bright sun she notices that it's beautiful.

Her blood gleams on its shining horn and as it drips down the spiraled protrusion, the horn starts to smoke, as if her blood were made of acid.

The creature shakes its great head, blasting shrieks of pain from its nightmarish maw, turns, and flees.

Sasha falls to her knees, bleeding and in shock.

The echoing sounds of battle fade out as the sound of her heart beating, the wind whooshing, and the whisper of her kevlar on sand sand become deafeningly loud.

The world slows down.

The knife in her hand is clean. She knows that's wrong. Her other hand, which is pressed to her ribs, is covered in her blood.

Her clothing smokes slightly.

The sun beats down on her, blinding.

She crawls to the battered corpse that used to be her best friend.

She screams his name, but all we hear is the wind, the heartbeat, and an increasingly pervasive whine.

Her hands grasp Cole's walkie-talkie and she presses the call button with a devastatingly loud click.

Real-time sounds flood back in as the static of the walkie talkie goes off.

SASHA

Captain, our medic is down...

She sees Cole's white, bloodless face and rolls over onto her back, horrified. The sky is very, very bright. She faints.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THE POUND - TIME OF DAY INDETERMINABLE

A large, underground facility, decadently furnished in an oddly antique style.

Where one might expect chrome surfaces and fluorescent lighting, we see dark wood and pewter lamps that look like they hold some kind of flame suspended in glass.

At odds with the warm wood and dark metal is a high octane hacker setup that would make NASA burn with envy.

ORA SIOFRA (20) an Irish spitfire with Black Hair tipped with green, black leather pants, and a mesh hoodie surfs social media on all 25 screens with her feet on the desk.

Her feet are suddenly pushed off the mahogany desk by HERMES (40), a Middle-Eastern gentleman with impeccable style and a slight tremor in his right hand.

He leans on the space previously occupied by her neon Skechers.

HERMES

I hope at least one of these
screens is dedicated to research.

ORA

(Mouth full of candy)
Ysshrr. One. Tertlly.

HERMES

(Skeptical)
Which one?

She gulps.

ORA

This one.

She moves a window to the largest screen.

ORA

You heard about that chick right?
Th first SAS grunt with the same
hardware as her majesty?

Hermes leans forward as she presses play on the video.

ORA

They think she snapped like a twig
in a hurricane. But...

On the screen we can see Sasha, on the tail end of what
appears to be a lengthy interrogation. She looks wrecked.

SASHA (ONSCREEN)

I know how it sounds. But, it was a
unicorn. Or some kind of goat thing
or... The horn was *singing*, okay? It
gored him. I jumped in. It sliced me
up... then it ran.

Hermes leans in. Interest officially piqued.

INTERROGATOR (ONSCREEN)

It's an imaginative story Ms. Drake.

SASHA

It's not a "story" it's what
happened!

The more upset Sasha gets the worse the video
glitches. Hermes pulls out his tablet.

Bingo. Ora leans back, mouths, "Self-five!" and performs
one.

SASHA (ONSCREEN)

I've got proof. Gold hairs! I kept
them. They're still growing. It
impaled him, and, and just threw
him like he was nothing. He didn't
even try to... It was like he was
in a tr-trance or... I'm not crazy.

She looks crazy. Ora pauses it.

ORA

Gold hairs, post disarticulation
growth, hypnotized soldier, singing
horn? I mean, if this ain't our bag

HERMES

Good work.

She opens her mouth and tilts her head like a baby bird. His eyes all but roll. She caws. She's adorable. He sighs.

Hermes reaches into his jacket, extracts a fancy chocolate, and tosses it up in the air. She catches it in her mouth with the grace of a raptor.

ORA

Love you!

Hermes presses a button on his tablet and waits. It's not long.

MILES (Offscreen)
(filtered)

Sir?

HERMES
I need you to go to Clearing
Hospital. There's a soldier I'd
like you to question. Sasha Drake.

ORA
(laughing)
She does sound mental, though.

Hermes looks back at the screen, Ora presses play.

The YouTube video resumes. Sasha pulls at her hair.

SASHA (ONSCREEN)
I don't know what else I can tell you.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY COURTROOM - DAY

The video continues.

SASHA (ONSCREEN)
It was a golden... singing...
unicorn.

Sasha sits, head in her hands, with her lawyer, NESTOR BRIGHTON (53) a deceptively good lawyer who manages to make his pricey suit look extremely shabby, in a room full of important men.

INTERROGATOR (ONSCREEN)

And, what did it sing? God Save the Queen? Or, ooh, Bowie? Major Tom?

The Sasha in the room raises her head.

SASHA

Please turn it off.

CAPTAIN EINHARDT

I wish I could soldier but it's playing on EVERY GODDAMN SCREEN IN ENGLAND!

She crumbles back onto the table.

MAJOR-GENERAL CAMPBELL

If you, or anyone you know, leaked this video, now is the time to come clean.

CAPTAIN EINHARDT

You're looking at sanctions already for leaving your post, mid-operation. Don't add impeding an official Investigation Sasha.

SASHA

I didn't even HAVE that video! I-

Nestor puts a hand out to stop her. She bites down.

NESTOR BRIGHTON

(Almost lazy, but clear)

I think we can all agree, this video's release in no way benefits Ms. Drake.

CAPTAIN EINHARDT

Come clean. What, exactly, happened between you two out there in the desert?

The implication is ugly.

Sasha flushes with indignation. Her fists clench.

SASHA

Cole was my teammate and my friend,
nothing more.

Captain Einhardt points an aggressive finger at her.

CAPTAIN EINHARDT

You and your "teammate" might have
started a Goddamn war! You know
the 3 members of the Revolutionary
Guard we were investigating? Dead.
The information they were hiding?
Gone. And the Supreme Leader is
not finding your unicorn video very
amusing! He's putting a lot of
pressure on the President to find
out what the hell we were doing in
Iran. And those questions are
exactly what we were trying to
avoid when we sent in COVERT OPS!

MAJOR-GENERAL CAMPBELL

You have put us in a very
unpleasant position, Miss Drake.

Nestor puts his hands on the table.

NESTOR BRIGHTON

Trooper Drake is aware of the
severity of the situation Major General.
She has answered your questions to
the best of her abilities and is now
late for the medical examinations you
ordered her to undergo.

Captain Einhardt throws his hands up in the air, snorting.

Major General Campbell rises and gets uncomfortably close to
Sasha, ignoring her lawyer completely.

MAJOR-GENERAL CAMPBELL

If this moves, young lady, in the
direction it appears to be going,
the attention you're getting now
will seem like a happy memory.

Sasha rises and salutes.

Her cheeks are scarlet.

INT. CLEARING HOSPITAL - DAY

DR. ELI WARREN (36), a labrador of a man who consistently appears to have just piddled on a carpet somewhere, enters a hospital room, puts a set of scans up and frowns at them.

Sasha, sits with her feet dangling over the edge of the hospital bed, kicking them back and forth like a child.

ELI

Well, you don't have a tumor in your brain.

SASHA

That's good, right?

She jumps down.

ELI

Not in your case, no.

Eli turns around just in time to see Sasha pull off her medical gown. He blushes furiously and whirls back around to face her charts.

She pulls her bra on over her SAS tattoo, a shield with a winged sword in the center and a banner that says 'Who Dares Wins.' She pulls on a button down over that.

SASHA

I know how it sounds, Eli, but that's what happened.

She steps into a pair of slacks and pulls them up. At the sound of the zipper he turns back around.

ELI

The heat of battle's cracked tougher nuts than you. And with your history of mental vacations...

SASHA

I didn't have a break. I saw

something out there.

He sighs, removes his glasses and rubs his eyes.

ELI

You should have lied

Sasha shakes her head.

SASHA

They'd have known I was lying before
I got my mouth around the words.

He prepares a series of syringes and nods at the bed. She climbs back up onto it and sits in the center, dangling her legs again.

SASHA

Anyway. What could I have said? I can't think of a single explanation for what happened that makes any sense. Even if they believed me, that lie would've...

ELI

Yeah, but, they don't believe you.

SASHA

Yeah, but, it's still the truth.

He sets the syringes on a metal tray and brings them over to her. She glares at them as though they've said something rude.

ELI

Well, prepare yourself. What comes next might sting a bit.

Eli sticks a syringe into Sasha's arm and she grimaces.

The room goes into fast forward:

- He takes her blood
- He asks her questions and types up her responses
- Eli leaves and is replaced by a therapist
- The therapist leaves and is replaced by social worker
- The social worker leaves

The room slows down again when MILES MORSTEN (25) A smiling African-American man in a brand new officer's uniform with

an oddly out of place silver wrist-cuff on his left arm enters.

He sits on an adjacent bed, and matches her posture right down to the swinging legs.

Sasha stops and eyes him warily.

SASHA

Doctor, therapist, social worker,
what's that make you?

MILES

Just a grunt, crossing the i's and
dotting the t's.

SASHA

Fine. Cross or dot whatever you
like.

MILES

What did it sound like? The
"singing."

Sasha's entire body goes rigid.

SASHA

Why?

MILES

Did it sound like a flute?

Sasha swallows hard and blinks.

SASHA

Seriously, who are you?

MILES

The captain asked me to see if you're
sticking to your story.

SASHA

Which captain?

The smallest hesitation.

MILES

Einhardt.

SASHA

No. I don't think so. Who are you?

Miles' eyes dart toward the door.

SASHA

I wouldn't. I am a trained member
of the Special Air Service in Her
Majesty's Royal Army. I'd beat you.

He relaxes into an American accent.

MILES

Guilty. Wanted a scoop.

SASHA

Get. Out.

Miles flashes her a smile.

MILES

Really, very impressive though.

SASHA

Out!

She watches him go. She steadies a tremor in her hand.

EXT. CLEARING HOSPITAL - THAT NIGHT

Sasha, exits the door and is immediately assaulted by noise
and light. Reporters crush toward her.

REPORTER 1

Sasha! Tell us what really happened!

Flash.

SASHA

Please I-

CAMERAMAN

You're beautiful, Sasha!

Flash. Flash. Flash.

She puts a hand up. Shielding her eyes.

REPORTER 2

Any credibility to reports that you
have a history of mental illness?

CAMERAMAN 2

Sasha, over here! Over here!

Flash. Flash, flash, flash.

SASHA

I, I wouldn't really-

A microphone is shoved in her face.

REPORTER 3

Do you really expect people to
believe-

REPORTER 4

Sasha, what happens next, are you-

CAMERAMAN 3

Sasha, honey, can we get a smile?

WOMAN IN THE CROWD

I believe you Sasha! I believe you!

REPORTER 5

Any thoughts on who might have
leaked that interrogation tape?

Sasha ducks trying to push past the mob.

Clicks.

Flashes.

Microphones.

Sasha breathes in and out. In and out.

IRIS MACHIKO (O.S.)

Is it true you were having an
affair with Cole Bevan?

Sasha jerks her head up.

Flashbulbs redouble their effort to blind her. She twists her neck, left, then right. It's predatory.

SASHA

(Loud, clear, and angry)
Who said that?

A chorus of "Sasha" rings out on all sides.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I want to answer that question!

The din quiets though the cameras never stop. Some cell phones are raised.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Who asked that? Don't be shy.

A pause.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Not proud of yourself? Don't want anyone looking at you?

Somehow the tide has turned. They are cobras, she's a charmer. They wait, silent, save the ever present shutter clicks.

IRIS MACHIKO (32) a Japanese-American reporter with a high end coat that was out last season and low end pumps meant for function not fashion, steps forward confidently. Everything about her screams "hungry."

Camera's turn in her direction and flash.

Flash. Flash, flash.

INT. MIRIAM AND GIDEON DRAKE'S BROWNSTONE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

MIRIAM DRAKE (50) a strong woman with a soft jaw and a piece of jewelry for every memory, is glued to the television.

MIRIAM

Gideon, she's on the telly! She looks good! Considering! Can't call her mum to say she's home but...

Miriam turns up the volume.

INSERT: TV SCREEN

Sasha waits. Iris wavers.

IRIS MACHIKO (ONSCREEN)

I, uh...

SASHA

(sharp, taut)

You, uh... You uh?

Iris shakes her head and breathes out one short breath.

IRIS MACHIKO

Given the severity of the
allegations, the very public

GIDEON DRAKE (57) A career military man, just months
into retirement, enters in a clean, pressed robe and
creased flannel pajamas.

He's clearly familiar with a retiree's uniform, just
not overly fond of it.

IRIS MACHIKO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

- loss of life, not to mention
the diplomatic implications of this
failed mission-

He sits next to his wife looking anywhere and everywhere
but at the television. His eyes settle on a family photo.

Gideon and his wife, 10 years younger, whaling on air
guitars while a 14-year-old Sasha and her 10-year-old
sister sing into hairbrush microphones.

SASHA (O.S.)

Yes, I see. Given all that, you, a
woman, and professed journalist,
think that you have the right to
ask whether or not my cunt is so
desperately insatiable

Miriam squeaks, a half-tickled, half nervous sound, as
she claps her hands to her mouth.

SASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-that I couldn't wait till after
the mission I hoped would define my

career to attend to it's cravings?
About the size of it? Well let me
say here, now, once. No. It is not.

Gideon pushes himself up, shaking his head. He slowly
ambles back from whence he came.

IRIS MACHIKO (O.S.)
I'll make a note of that.

As he passes the side table, he pushes the picture of the
happy family face down.

MIRIAM
Oh, Gideon, she's makin' a point!

GIDEON
(without turning back)
She makin' a fool of herself. And
me.

Miriam turns back to the TV.

EXT. CLEARING HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

IRIS MACHIKO
But what I meant was, is there any
possibility that your rumored
romance was a distraction that led
to-

SASHA
To an attack by a creature of myth
and legend? I doubt it.

There are titters. Sasha looks around. She steps up onto a
curb for height.

SASHA (CONT'D)
How's the sound? Good? Clear?

Some thumbs go up. She smiles.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Excellent. Then I'll be heard. Cole
Bevan was a good man. A good husband.
This "rumored romance" as Miss...

Sasha meets Iris' gaze expectantly.

IRIS MACHIKO
(trapped)
Machiko.

SASHA
As Miss Machiko, puts it, is not
only a false, insulting bit of
fiction, designed to hurt me.

Iris tries to melt into the crowd. They do not let her.

Sasha speaks directly to Iris' camera. She has the
best angle. Her public tongue lashing is an
exclusive.

SASHA (CONT'D)
It is also a slap in the face of a
good soldier who died in service to
this country. And to his wife and
children whom he loved more than oxygen.
Cole was my friend. His wife, Alisha, is my
friend. I realize that I am a joke to you.
A failed experiment, proof that women do not
belong in the military. And my new personal
nightmare, a story. But whatever I may be to you,
I am still a person, smack in the middle of losing
everything. I would appreciate it if you'd all
quit endeavoring to make it worse.

Sasha turns and hurries toward her car.

After a beat, the crowd seems to come out of whatever
brief spell her parting words had cast over them and they
press toward her car.

Iris rolls back her footage a few frames. She hits play.

SASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I am still a person.

Sasha's car makes it out of the lot.

Cameraman 1 passes Iris as he heads back toward his van.

CAMERAMAN 1
You got it, right?. Stay on
her. You two got chemistry.

INT. SASHA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sasha's apartment is small, dim, and bare.

Keys rattle in the lock.

The way the entire mechanism sags calls the deadbolt's efficacy as a security measure into serious question.

The door opens. Sasha stands at the threshold, wrestling the key back OUT of the lock.

SASHA

Fuckin, God damn, whoring-

She yanks and it releases her. The sudden lack of resistance, coupled with her considerable strength, sends her flying backwards into the wall and the only thing hanging on it. The mirror.

Her head connects with the glass, hard. Miraculously, there's no crunch of breaking glass.

A faint, high-pitched whine starts in her left ear.

She gingerly reaches up and touches her head, checking for blood. None. Then she looks at the mirror. Intact. She breathes out.

SASHA

Finally, a break.

Then, cracks spiderweb out from some central spot on the mirror and fracture her reflection.

Sasha breathes. In and out. In and out.

And then she loses her fucking shit.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Hang this bloody apartment and hang
the Special Air Service and hang
that God damn, rudding beast!

She kicks the door closed and throws her paperwork and tears off her clothes with the kind of irrational violence that might be funny, if it weren't so tragic.

CUT TO:

INT. SASHA'S BATHROOM - LATER

Silence. Dark and quiet. Flickering candlelight provides paltry illumination.

Sasha is in the bath. It is barely big enough. The water level is steadily decreasing. She sinks lower and lower into it, going fetal.

Time passes. The water drains.

In another universe her land-line is ringing.

It stops.

The water is gone. The candles are out. She lays naked in an empty tub, in the dark. She's a fetus in a porcelain womb.

She begins to sing to herself absently, like a child.

SASHA

This is Ground Control
to Major Tom
You've really made the grade
And the papers want to know whose
shirts you wear
Now it's time to leave the capsule
if you dare

She begins to sing as Bowie-like as she can.

This is Major Tom to Ground Control
I'm stepping through the door
And I'm floating
in a most peculiar way
And the stars look very different
today
For here
Am I sitting in a tin can
Far above the world
Planet Earth is blue and there's-

The door slams open. Sasha, for all her training, freezes.

She doesn't move for a long minute.

ALISHA BEVAN (24) A reformed sorority princess who ditched her wine bra for a wedding scrapbook the day after her

first date with Cole, stands silhouetted in the doorway, fear etched into every line of her face.

Sasha blinks.

Alisha sucks air in loudly, practically gasping.

Sasha sits up, covering herself.

ALISHA

Yet another example of the kind of
fucked up shit I really don't need
from you, right now, Drake!

Alisha slams the door. The room is plunged into darkness again. The shadow of Alisha's feet walking away breaks the solid line of light under the door.

ALISHA (O.S.)

Put some fuckin' clothes on!

SASHA

All right! Shit.

Sasha pulls herself up.

CUT TO:

INT. SASHA'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

They sit on the bed. Alisha cannot stop moving. She smokes a cigarette and unconsciously rocks back and forth.

ALISHA

You looked dead.

SASHA

I was singing-

ALISHA

After that media stunt, and all...

SASHA

I lost my temper.

ALISHA

All class, by the way.

SASHA
Probably could've picked a better
word.

ALISHA

Fanny.

SASHA

Quim.

Alicia's whole body cringes at the word.

BOTH

Twat.

They smile, for a moment they could be back in college.

SASHA
Sorted then, next time I'll
say twat.

Alicia rises and puts out her cigarette at the window
sill. She shuts it.

ALISHA

So. Tomorrow.

SASHA

Yep.

Sasha becomes very, very interested in her thoroughly
uninteresting comforter.

ALISHA
You wanna give me a hint? Paint me a
picture?

Sasha doesn't reply.

ALISHA

They asked me to come, you know? And bring the girls.

SASHA

The hell for?

ALISHA

The fuck you think? To guilt you into telling the truth! I been really patient, Sasha.

SASHA

Don't call me that.

Alisha stands and paces.

ALISHA

You can't expect me to go along with this forever! It's insane. I'm worried about you. And I want to know. I deserve to know how the love of my life died.

SASHA

I wish I had a- a- back up reality for you. But I'm gonna find that thing, and prove it to you. Look.

Alisha sits again and grabs her face.

ALISHA

Don't, please, I can't.

Sasha opens her closet. It is a massive conspiracy wall.

She is nothing if not thorough.

If we wondered before what she did in this barren dump all day, there's no question now.

ALISHA

Holy hell, Drake...

Sasha pulls open a drawer from the bottom of the closet and pulls out a specimen jar.

SASHA

These hairs, they haven't stopped growing. I've got charts.

Alisha stares at Sasha while Sasha hunts for the charts.

SASHA

I know how it sounds, but I kept 'em.

Alisha looks at the lines and maps and insane notes on the margins of the closet walls.

ALISHA

This... this is beyond anything I'm
equipped to deal with.

Alisha is cringing away from Sasha like she's radioactive.

Sasha recognizes the look and everything it means. She
presses her lips together. They get thinner and
thinner.

SASHA

Et tu, Brute?

Alisha pushes past Sasha and into:

INT. SASHA'S LIVING ROOM

Alisha is all but running away.

SASHA

Alisha, please!

ALISHA

I got two little girls who ain't
gonna see their daddy ever again
And every day, I gotta explain
why. Only I don't know why. And my best
friend, the only one who was there...

Alisha takes Sasha's hands.

ALISHA

My sweet, sweet best friend, that I
love and really need right now, has
gone completely mad.

Alisha looks around at the state of the living room.
She's done. She goes out the front door.

Sasha chases after her.

EXT. SASHA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alicia hurries toward her car, Sasha breaks into a run trying to catch up.

Alicia shrieks and starts running too.

Sasha stops dead.

SASHA
Are you seriously afraid of
me right now?

Alisha holds her arm out in warning.

ALISHA
I don't know!

They're both panting.

SASHA
You realize I could outstrip you
any time I wanted.

Abandoning caution, Alisha grabs Sasha and shakes her.

ALISHA
Tell me what happened!

Sasha reaches up and gently touches Alisha's face.

SASHA
I already have!

Alisha pushes her, and screams, and slaps Sasha as hard as she can. Sasha takes the hit like a bad-ass.

SASHA
Feel better?

All the fight goes out of Alisha.

ALISHA
No. I do not.

Alisha turns and staggers, limp with emotional exhaustion, to her car.

INT. SASHA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sasha goes up the stairs as if she weighs a thousand pounds.

As she nears the door she goes on full alert.

Something is off.

INT. SASHA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sasha creeps toward the bedroom. From the hallway we can see that the window is wide open again.

Sasha runs to it. She scans the street below.

Less than half a block away a lithe, black guy strolls casually toward a cross street. Light glints off his silver wrist cuff.

SASHA

HEY!

He takes off running. Sasha climbs up into her window sill as though to give chase and realizes she's still wearing her bathrobe.

She watches him disappear into the night.

INT. OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM - DAY

Nestor struggles to get his files into his briefcase.

NESTOR BRIGHTON

Sorry, pet. I know how much it meant to ya, being SAS.

SASHA

I doubt that.

He claps her on the shoulder.

NESTOR BRIGHTON

You'll land on your feet. Do us a favor, don't disappear, eh?

SASHA

Where would I go?

NESTOR BRIGHTON
Kiss yer ma for me.

She gives him a one armed hug.

SASHA
Kiss 'er yourself, ya wank.

NESTOR BRIGHTON
Just see if I don't!

Nestor winks at her and heads off.

Sasha sits. She ducks her head and steels herself.

She will NOT cry in public.

She pulls at a thread on her sleeve. Several more threads
come undone.

She stands and cranes her head; looking for the restrooms.

Just then she catches a glimpse of Miles turning the corner.

She hustles after him.

She flies around the corner. He's nowhere.

She hurries through the halls, getting more and more frantic
until she catches sight of him out of the corner of her eye,
behind the judge's chambers.

She hides as she watches him shake the hand of a court
dignitary and place a file in a briefcase before locking it.

Light glints off his bracelet.

Sasha's eyes narrow.

She follows him out.

EXT. THE POUND

Miles arrives at the ground level of the Pound and goes in.

The building is nondescript. It could be a post office or
recycling facility, except it has no visible signage or
power cabling.

Weird.

Sasha scans the roof for something, anything; solar panels, wind turbines, a freaking lightning rod, anything that indicates this facility is in use.

Sasha waits, indecisive.

Miles doesn't come back out.

She approaches the door Miles entered through.

She enters.

INT. THE POUND

Sasha arrives in a long empty hallway.

She walks up toward the other end of it, looking around stealthily. But there aren't even any security cameras. None that she can see anyway.

She's standing in the middle of the corridor, brow furrowed when:

CLICK

Sasha starts to turn and the barrel of a gun presses into her temple.

MILES

I wouldn't.

END OF ACT ONE