

Scorpion 2.0: Who Killed Nemos?

By: Kate Simon

Paige sat in the passenger seat of the van as she looked over her meeting notes. Their meeting at Homeland had gone well, mostly because Toby was under a gag order from smart ass remarks. Normally, Walter and Paige would have no control over Toby's spontaneous snark, but his wife did.

"I just booked our weekend at Venice Beach. Ocean front room, drinks with umbrellas, the works," said Toby.

"Fine," said Happy. "You won."

"Hey, I've earned this. Not telling off that tool took every bit of self-restraint I had."

"That tool, was the financial director of Homeland and has control of our budget," said Cabe.

"I thought that was Katherine's job," said Sly.

"She controls our assignments; Cameron approves or disapproves our invoices."

"I needed them to approve the replacement of my T-1000 laptop," said Walter.

"Who told you to bring your ten-thousand-dollar computer on a job?" asked Cabe.

"It's not my fault. You wouldn't let me go back for it."

"If I had we'd still be picking up the pieces."

"The T-1000 has a titanium alloy case."

"It may, but you don't," said Cabe.

Paige chuckled to herself. Cabe was always looking out for them, not just because it was his job. We were family. And because Walter really was foolish enough to run into a building about to blow up to retrieve his laptop. "We're just lucky Cameron didn't charge us for the damage to that warehouse."

"Hey, it's not my fault," said Walter. "We couldn't anticipate them triggering a kill switch."

"They had a trip wire I didn't see until it was too late," said Happy.

Cabe glanced back and smiled. "You weren't too late, kid. We all made it out in once piece."

"Except my T-1000."

"Enough, Walter," said Cabe.

That was the end of it. Walter may be the head of Scorpion, but Cabe was the final word on bickering between the team. Paige looked up and saw they were near the diner where she first met Walter and the team. "Hey, let's stop at Nemos' for lunch. I haven't seen him in ages."

"I'm up for it. He makes a real cup of coffee," said Cabe.

Sly looked up from his computer. "They have no pending issues with the health department, so I'm okay with it."

"You hacked the health department for Nemos?" asked Paige. Sly looked at her like he didn't understand the question. "Never mind." They turned the corner toward Nemos diner and she gasped. The parking lot was filled with police cars and flashing lights. An officer was taping off the front door. "Cabe!"

Cabe flipped on his lights and pulled into the parking lot. A patrolman signaled him to stop. Cabe rolled down his window and badged him. "Special Agent Cabe Gallo, Homeland Security." He always threw the 'Special' in when he needed to impress someone. It usually worked. Not this time.

"How many of you guys does it take investigate a robbery?"

"How many?" Cabe asked.

"A couple of you guys came in and took the case from the detectives and boy, they were pissed."

"We're going to park and join our associates."

"Whatever," said the patrolman as he let them pass.

Paige spotted the ambulance and pointed. "Cabe," she whispered. The EMT's were standing next to their vehicle, not treating anyone.

He covered her hand. "We don't know anything yet."

They got out of the van and followed Cabe into the diner. He flashed his badge at who appeared to be a junior agent. "Fill me in," he said in his gruff, don't mess with me voice.

"The owner was shot and killed about thirty minutes ago. Looks like a robbery."

Paige pushed past the agent and into the kitchen, followed by Walter and Cabe. She saw her old friend lying face up the floor, blood pooled on his chest. "Nemos!" she screamed. Walter grabbed her by the shoulders to hold her back. She turned to him and began to weep.

"Who let you in here?" A man in a sharply tailored suit walked toward them.

Cabe held up his badge. "Agent Gallo. We were friends of the victim. What happened?"

"I don't answer to you."

"No, but I have the woman we both answer to on speed dial. So, I repeat, what happened, Agent?"

The man flashed his badge. "Special Agent Charles Hogan." He was the trying the 'Special Agent' trick to impress. He should have known better. Cabe drilled him with the patented Gallo glare. Hogan blinked first.

"The police are calling this a robbery gone wrong," said Walter.

"That's probably correct. Mr. Doukas was a private contractor to Homeland. He provided meals for Homeland almost on a daily basis. It's standard procedure for us to investigate his death."

Paige heard Hogan and looked at Cabe. She gave him a slight shake of her head as she wiped her tears.

Toby put his hand on Cabe's shoulder and nodded toward the door.

Cabe looked at Hogan. "Keep me informed." Hogan nodded and Cabe followed Toby, Paige and Walter back to the dining area. Sly and Happy were waiting for them.

"Is Nemos really dead?" asked Sly.

Toby closed the swinging door behind them. "I'm sorry, buddy." He nodded at Happy who led Sly back to the van. "Cabe, Hogan's not going to tell you anything."

"Why?"

"There's something bigger going on here. He's got some serious flop sweat going on and it started the minute we arrived."

Paige leaned closer and whispered, "Nemos was here illegally. There's no way he'd pass clearance to work for Homeland. Just the mention of a badge made him nervous."

"Let's go," said Cabe. "We have work to do."

Cabe looked around the team as they tried to come to grips with the death of their friend. Paige was crying again as Walter held her tight. Happy was wrenching on something. Toby was sitting with Sly, talking quietly to him. He poured himself a cup and took a sip. He didn't know Nemos as well as Paige did, but his death did remind him of all the friends he'd lost. He tried to focus on the moment, otherwise he'd spiral out. It was a technique Toby had taught him. He smiled to himself. He'd never admit to the Doc how much he'd taken away from their sessions. He pulled out his phone and hit speed dial. He never used it unless necessary, so she always picked up if she was out of the office. Otherwise, he'd have to call through the landlines.

"Cabe, what's going on?" asked Katherine Cooper.

"A friend of ours, Nemos Doukas, was murdered in his diner. The police think it was a robbery but Homeland took over the case."

"I haven't been briefed on anything. I've been in meetings all morning. I'm taking a break."

"The agent on site was named Charles Hogan."

"I'll look into it and get back to you. When's Kate due back?"

He turned when he heard the garage door open. He smiled when he saw Kate walk in. "Kate's back from her meeting. I'll brief her."

"Speak of the devil?" she asked.

He leaned in and kissed her cheek. "No devil," he whispered. "Witch. My Irish witch."

She smiled and patted his chest. "You have that right, boyo," she said in the Irish brogue that he loved. She spotted Paige, still being comforted by Walter. "What's going on?"

"Paige's previous boss, Nemos, was murdered in his diner. Somehow, Homeland got involved. Katherine's looking into it."

"What do you want me to do?"

“Help me run point with headquarters.”

“I’ll see if I can find anything in the system on him.”

“Thanks. I want to check on the kids.” Kate sat down at her desk next to his and began typing. He was always amazed to watch her work. She was as brilliant as she was beautiful. Now was time to take care of his kids. He walked over to Paige and Walter. He seemed at a loss for his failed attempted at calming his wife.

“Oh, Cabe, who could have done this to Nemos?” she cried.

He handed her his handkerchief and she leaned on his shoulder. Walter seemed grateful to be relieved of this duty. “We’re going to find out. I’ve already been in touch with Katherine. She’s going to let us know what she finds out. Kate’s working to see what she can find.”

“That’s good,” she whispered she said as her eyes rolled back. He caught her before she hit the ground. Walter picked her up and set her on the couch.

“Doc,” Cabe yelled. “Over here.”

Toby ran to Paige and knelt down next to her just as she was coming around. Happy set his medical bag down next to him. He opened it and grabbed a pen light. “Look at me.”

“What happened?”

“You fainted.” He looked at her eyes, then grabbed his blood pressure cuff and stethoscope. He took her pressure, then helped her sit up. “Your pressure’s low, which I would have expected. Walter, get her some water. Have you eaten?”

“No. I was busy with the figures for the meeting.”

“Happy, grab her a bagel.”

“Sure thing. Butter or cream cheese?”

“Just plain, thanks.” Paige sipped her water and took a small bite of the bagel.

“Is she okay?” asked Walter.

Toby looked at Paige. "You tell us."

"I'm fine. I feel silly."

"You haven't eaten and you've had a shock. It happens."

She looked at Toby and nodded. "See, Walter. I'm fine." She tried to stand and fell back.

"I never said you were fine," said Toby. "Walter, take her home and get her feet elevated. Try and eat some more and stay hydrated."

Walter looked at Toby. "I need to be here for the investigation. There's a bed in the loft."

Cabe put his hand on Walter's shoulder. "Take your wife home. We'll be working on the case and we'll update you as we get more information."

"I'll be fine in the loft," said Paige.

Toby took her by the hands. "No, you won't. Now go home and rest, doctor's orders."

Cabe sat down at his desk and took another sip of his now cold coffee. His phone rang and he saw the caller ID. "Hello, Katherine. What did you find?"

"Nothing."

"What? There were two agents on the scene."

"I checked on Hogan. He's supposed to be training a new agent. He booked time at the firing range."

"Let me guess. He never showed."

"Nope."

"Everyone gets a newbie from time to time. What's his usual assignment?"

"You're not going to like this."

“What?”

“He’s on Carson’s team.”

“Carson? I thought he was out after the Nazari incident.”

“He was transferred to directing the research and information department.”

“Ouch. Desk job. After being a director, that had to hurt worse than being fired.”

“So, Hogan was supposed to be training the newbie. Every new agent has to pass their marksmanship tests, desk job or not.”

“Exactly,” said Katherine. “There is no reason they should have been on the scene of the shooting. The problem is I can’t investigate from here because everything will flow through Carson’s department.”

“Would you like us to look into it? Quietly, of course,” said Cabe.

“I would ask, but you already are.”

Cabe chuckled. “You know us too well.”

“Be careful. Don’t trip any alarms.”

“Yes, Director.”

Paige set her purse down and called out for Ralph.

“Paige, I want you to lay down,” said Walter.

“I need to tell Ralph.”

“Tell me what?” Ralph asked as he came down the hall from his bedroom.

She reached for her son’s hand. “It’s Nemos. We stopped at the diner and found out he was dead.”

“Oh, jeez, that’s terrible. He was a really nice to me, most of the time,” he said with a wan smile. “What happened?”

“They think it was a robbery,” said Walter.

“But you’re still looking into it, right?”

“Of course. The rest of the team is on it. Your mother isn’t feeling well. Would you please make her a sandwich and I think there’s some ginger ale in the refrigerator?”

“Sure,” said Ralph as he headed to the kitchen.

Walter led Paige toward their bedroom and helped her into a t shirt and shorts. He pulled back the covers. “Get in bed. Toby’s orders.”

“Fine, but Ralph’s here. You can go back to the garage.” She pulled the covers up over her.

“No. I’m staying. I don’t like your color. You’re too pale.”

“I just forgot to eat.”

“Paige, I’ve known you six years. I’ve never known you to miss a meal.”

Paige looked at her husband and took a calming breath. From any other man on the planet, that would have been an insult. Walter was just stating fact. “Okay, so I wasn’t feeling good this morning. That’s why I didn’t eat.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because it wasn’t that bad and the meeting was too important.”

He sat down on the edge of the bed and took her hand. "You're more important than any meeting."

She smiled and kissed his cheek. Walter had come so far.

Ralph knocked before coming in their bedroom. "Here's the ginger ale and I made you a tuna fish sandwich."

"Thank you, sweetie." She sipped her drink and took a small bite of her sandwich. "Maybe it would be nice to lay here and to watch TV. I could catch up on "Real Housewives."

Walter rolled his eyes and stood. "Fine. You relax and I'll set up in the living room. I'll see if the team has come up with anything."

"You'll let me know," she said.

"Of course. Now, rest and watch that mental valium you call entertainment."

Paige chuckled as they closed the door behind them. She knew saying she was going to watch reality TV was the quickest way to get her husband out of the room. The truth was she really did feel like crap. She sipped her soda but pushed the sandwich aside. She didn't think her stomach could take it.

“Alright people, let’s review what we’ve got,” said Cabe.

“Nothing,” said Kate.

“Same here,” said Sly.

“What do you mean?”

“Even with Nemos being illegal, there should be something somewhere in his name, but there’s not,” said Kate.

“Other than the diner, he has zero footprint.” said Sly.

“I’ve got something, well, nothing, but it’s something,” said Happy.

“Explain,” said Cabe.

“The video inside Nemos diner has been erased. Walter set the system up and he still maintained it for him.”

“So, it would never fail.”

“Never. Except it did, at seven a.m. this morning.”

“It was turned off,” said Cabe. “The question is by who?”

“Did Walter back up the feed from Nemos?” asked Kate. Happy looked at her and Kate smiled. “Sorry, stupid question.”

“Walter set up the WIFI and his electronic cash register, his bookkeeping and his video surveillance. He may have access codes for the cloud backup.”

Cabe pulled out his phone and hit the wedding picture he had for Walter’s contact. He answered on the first ring. “Hey, buddy. How’s Paige?”

“She’s lying down watching mindless TV. Have you found anything?”

“The only thing we found is Nemo’s surveillance camera stopped at seven a.m.”

“It would have never failed. It would have to have been manually shut down.”

“We thought so. We’d like to access his cloud back up. I assume you have the codes.”

“Unless he changed them, which I doubt.”

“Great. Send them to Happy and we’ll take it from here.”

“Let me know if you find anything.”

“Will do,” said Cabe.

They reviewed the files they pulled from Nemos’ cloud backup. Sly and Kate reviewed financials. Cabe, Toby and Happy reviewed the diner video in reverse. It was a tedious process but there had to be something. Cabe poured himself another coffee and looked over Kate’s shoulder. “Do you have anything?”

“Actually, I think I do.” Toby put the video on hold and they all looked at Kate. “I don’t know if it’s much, but it’s something. I figured out how he paid himself. He did a direct deposit paycheck to Jennifer Doukas every week. She’s his daughter.”

“That’s not unusual. She’s probably a waitress or a cook.”

“If she is, she’s the best paid waitress in town while also being a student at Temple University. That’s in Philadelphia.”

“Okay, shady, but not worth Homeland’s attention,” said Cabe. “Sly, did you find anything?”

“The financials for his business were all in order. The diner is in his wife’s name. There’s nothing here that would throw up any red flags unless someone was looking for them.”

“I don’t understand why Homeland would be interested in Nemos,” said Happy. She pointed at the frozen video screen. “There’s nothing unusual about it.”

Toby stared at the screen. “Start the video.”

“What do you see?” asked Cabe.

“I’m not sure yet,” he said as the video progressed. He clapped his hands together. “Now I am.” He pointed at various customers. “What do you see?”

“People ordering food,” said Happy.

“What stands out?”

Cabe smiled. “The suits.”

Toby smiled at Cabe. “Exactly.”

“Exactly what?” asked Kate. Toby pointed to the screen. Customer after customer were wearing suits. “And?” she asked.

“It’s summer in LA. Who wears a suit to work?” asked Toby.

“Business men, lawyers,” said Happy. Toby pointed to a familiar looking woman with long, auburn hair. She was also wearing a suit.

“Isn’t that Katherine?” asked Kate. She sat in a booth with a man who looked vaguely familiar. He was facing away from the camera. “Who’s she with?”

Toby fast forwarded through their meal. Katherine paid the bill and they stood and walked toward the front door. “Isn’t that...,” asked Happy.

Cabe looked closer at the screen. “Tague.”

“Who’s Tague?” asked Kate.

“He’s the agent who captured Reza Nazari last year.”

“Impressive,” said Kate

“Yes, he is,” Happy smiled. Toby coughed and caught her with a look. “I thought he retired,” she said.

“So did I,” said Sly.

Toby went back and pointed to the screen. “I think we’re missing the big picture.” He pointed to all the suited customers. “The diner is only three blocks from Homeland’s headquarters.”

Cabe smiled. "They're all agents."

Toby stopped the video. "We know that Nemos diner is a gathering place for Homeland employees. Why would this matter?"

"Katherine was there with Tague," said Happy. "Maybe it has something to do with them."

"We can't ask her here. They'll know we're investigating," said Cabe.

"We can invite her to our place for dinner. She's been there before. No one would think that's different," said Kate.

The rest of the team looked at Cabe. "Our place?" asked Toby with a giant smile.

"Oops. Sorry." said Kate.

"It's okay. We weren't going to say anything just yet but we moved in together last month."

"Well, isn't this an interesting development," Toby smiled.

"Later, jackass. We have more important things to worry about."

"What if it isn't just Katherine?" asked Sly.

"What do you mean?" asked Kate. "She would be a prime target."

"Agreed, but maybe not the only one. They could have placed listening devices at all the tables. They would hear the conversations of all the agents."

"Can we scan the diner from here?" asked Cabe.

"I might be able to do something," said Happy. "I'll call Walter and we'll figure something out. I'll call you if I find anything."

"I'll call Katherine and invite her to dinner," said Kate.

"Does she know about you two?" asked Toby

"She will now."

Paige woke up two episodes into the latest season of her show. Her stomach was growling so she pulled the sandwich off the night stand. She should finish it off before Walter checks in on her again. She didn't want to give him something more to worry over. She tried to push the image of Nemos body out of her mind. She hoped the team had come up with something.

The door opened and Walter peeked in. "You're awake."

"I didn't realize I slept for so long."

"Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, thanks."

Walter picked up the empty plate. "It's past five. Ralph wanted to order Chinese. Do you want your usual?"

"Ah, sure," she said knowing full well anything else she ate would disagree with the tuna sandwich she just ate. "Did the team find anything about Nemos?"

"We believe Homeland agents are the target of the investigation."

"By whom and what does Nemos have to do with it?"

"Remember Carson?"

"From the Nazari job?"

"Yeah. He's the boss of the agent who was at the diner. Carson is the director of research. It's a desk job. Cabe says there's no reason Carson should be running a field op. It seems the diner is a favorite lunch place for the agents. Ralph and I were able to remotely scan the diner. We found a frequency that indicates multiple listening devices."

"Does Katherine know anything about it?"

"No and she wants the team to investigate because she doesn't want alert Carson."

"That's good. I want to be in the loop on any information."

Walter looked awkward and pulled the comforter around her. “Well, speaking of information. It’s not really case related but...”

“Spit it out, O’Brien”

“Cabe and Kate moved in together.”

“What? When did that happen?”

“As I understand, recently.”

“Wow. How about that? I knew they were seeing each other but I had no idea they were that serious.”

“They’re inviting Katherine to dinner at home so they can talk about the case.”

“Does Katherine know about them?” asked Paige.

“She will now.”

Kate set out the salad as Cabe fired up the grill. "Do you think this will be alright?" she asked.

"The food will be fine. How she'll react to being under investigation is the question."

"Do you think she'll be upset about us?"

"Considering there is an unauthorized operation going on in her division, two of her agents living together will be the least of her concerns." They were interrupted by the gate buzzer. "I guess we're about to find out." Kate hit the button to open the gate. A few moments later they were opening the front door to their boss.

"I'll never get over seeing this house as I come up the drive," said Katherine.

"Would you like a drink?" asked Cabe.

"Will I need one?"

"White or red?" he smiled.

"White," she sighed.

Kate watched as Cabe opened the wine and pulled some glasses from the cabinet. It hadn't taken him long to feel at home. She knew Katherine saw it too. Better to pull the bandage off quickly. "Katherine before we talk about what the team found, there is something you should know."

"You two are a couple," she said as she accepted the glass of wine.

"Yes," said Kate.

Cabe sat next to Kate and put his arm around her. "I moved in last month."

"Well, that is interesting. For now, I'm going to assume your relationship does not affect operations."

"No, it hasn't," said Kate. "I'm happy to be backup from the garage."

"Yeah, we'll see how long that lasts. Now tell me what the team found."

Cabe took a breath. "Nemos Diner is only a few blocks from headquarters. We know a large number agents are customers, including you."

"Yeah, he makes a great chili cheeseburger."

"You were there with Tague. Did you reactivate him?"

"What the...how did you...?"

"We tapped into Nemos surveillance."

"Do I want to know how?"

Kate smiled and shook her head. "No. The upside is no one else knows how either."

"Thank God for small favors," said Katherine.

"Tague?" asked Cabe.

"No, I didn't reactivate him. He's single, I'm single. It's called a date." She smiled. "We have a lot in common."

"Not everyone would assume that," said Cabe.

"Excuse me?" she said quickly.

"You paid."

Katherine rolled her eyes. "It's called a modern relationship. If he asks, he pays. If I ask, I pay." She took a long sip of her wine. "So, the question is, who is Carson targeting? I have to admit Tague and I aren't his favorite people," said Kate.

"The team went back on the tape and they determined the listening devices were planted about four weeks ago."

"How did they manage that?"

"They detected when a low-level frequency appeared on the video."

"Did they get any audio?"

“No. All the team detected was the frequency,” said Cabe.

“So, we can’t be sure who Carson’s after,” said Katherine. She looked at Kate. “Is there room for one more at the dinner table?”

“Sure.”

Katherine picked up her phone and hit a photo contact. Cabe contained a smile at the picture of Tague and Katherine in matching Dodger shirts. To look at him you’d never guess he captured the world’s most wanted terrorist.

“T, are you in the middle of anything? Good. Can you meet me at 1815 Oceanside? Twenty minutes? Great, see you then. We’ll hold dinner for you.”

“Are you sure you want to bring him in on this?” asked Cabe. “He’s a civilian.”

“Well, not exactly. He’s a private consultant. He’s done work for the government since Nazari, but he doesn’t answer to me.”

Twenty minutes later, Cabe buzzed Tague through the gate. “Gallo, good to see you again.”

“Good to see you.”

“Katherine called me. What is this place?”

“It’s my girlfriend’s house.”

“Damn, dude.”

“Yeah,” he smiled. “It takes some getting used to.” They walked out to the porch and Katherine gave Tague a quick kiss.

“Thanks for coming, T.”

“I’m at your command,” he grinned.

She gave him a playful slap on the chest. “Shut up. I need to introduce you to Agent Kate Riley. She’s a newer member of Scorpion.”

“It’s a pleasure. You have a great home.”

“Thank you.”

Tague turned toward Cabe and mouthed “Well done.”

Cabe chuckled and leaned in. “You too,” he whispered.

“We can hear you,” said Kate. “Cabe, get Tague a drink.”

“Just a soda, thanks.” Cabe came back with Tague’s soda and took a seat at patio table. “I assume you didn’t just invite me last minute to dinner to out our relationship.”

“No,” said Katherine. “They know. In fact, a lot of people know.”

“How?”

“You know the diner near headquarters, Nemos?”

“Sure, we’ve eaten there.”

“The owner was murdered today.”

“That stinks, but how is that a Homeland issue?”

“That’s what we thought,” said Cabe. “The team was stopping for lunch when we saw the police cars. We were surprised to find the investigation had been taken over by Homeland. The only thing is, Katherine knew nothing about it. The agent on site, Charles Hogan, works under Daniel Carson.”

“Carson? The same Carson that took it in the shorts over Nazari?”

“The very same,” said Katherine. “He was demoted to research and I got his job.”

“Okay, we have motive,” said Tague. “But he wouldn’t have gotten anything from bugging us. We never talk business.”

“So that leaves every other agent who’s had a meal at Nemos for the last four weeks,” said Kate. “Someone had a motive to kill Nemos.”

“There’s one person who might know, the agent on site, Charles Hogan,” said Katherine.

“He works for Carson and we can’t risk him finding out Scorpion is investigating them,” said Cabe.

“I don’t know about that. I looked into Hogan.”

“What?” asked Cabe.

“Carefully. It’s not unusual for me to check agent HR files. I looked at Hogan’s record and it’s stellar. He’s a brilliant researcher and tech geek.”

“My kind of guy,” Kate smiled.

“Exactly. His record is spotless. If Carson hadn’t been made director of the department it would have been Hogan.”

“So, you think Hogan will give him up because Carson got his job?” asked Cabe.

“No, I think he’ll do it because he’s an honest agent and this operation has got to weigh on him.”

“He did seem very agitated at the scene,” said Cabe. “How do we approach him?”

Katherine smiled at Tague. “That’s where you come in.”

Tague chuckled. “Sneaky is my specialty”

The Scorpion van was parked around the corner from a coffee shop. They kept the operation small. Just Cabe, Katherine and Tague. The rest of the team was back at the garage, pouring over video, financials and whatever they could find on the agents who were regulars at the diner. They were waiting for Morgan to arrive for his espresso. Tague had tracked Morgan's movements for the last two days. He'd been walking around in Tommy Bahama shirts, khakis and his hair spiked. Morgan never spotted him behind his silvered sunglasses. Tague would have stood out in any other environment, but in LA he looked like every other guy on the street.

"Are you sure he'll be here?" asked Cabe.

"All the baristas know his first name. He'll be here," said Tague.

"Good, because I want answers," said Katherine as she pointed to his spiky hair. "and I want all this gone."

Tague smiled and hooked his hand in horns. "Ah, babe, I look totally righteous." He laughed as Katherine rolled her eyes.

"Here he comes," said Cabe. "Do you want backup?"

"No. The less commotion on the street the better. Stand ready to close the door behind him."

Tague got out of the van but didn't close the door all the way. He walked toward Morgan and held out his arms. "Charlie! Dude! How's it hangin?" Tague put his arm around Morgan tight enough that he couldn't get to his gun.

"Who are you?"

"Ah, Charlie, man, that cuts me," he said as he pushed him toward the van.

"Let me go. You're assaulting a federal agent."

Tague smiled as Cabe slid the door all the way open. "We know." He pushed Morgan into the van. He held a device in front of Morgan and nodded. "He's clean." Morgan reached for his gun.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” said Katherine as Cabe closed the door behind them.

“Director Cooper?”

“Agent Morgan, we need to talk.”

Morgan looked at Tague as he pulled off his sunglasses. “Tague. I should have known.”

“The question is why do you know Tague? Why do you have us under surveillance?” asked Katherine.

Cabe started the van and headed out to the garage.

“Ma’am, I’m not surveilling you.”

“You’re not running the op, no,” said Katherine. “I’ve reviewed your file. You’re a good agent, Morgan. One of the best. You’re not someone who would do this. Your boss, however, is another story.” The look on his face said she was correct. “There was no authorization to run any kind of surveillance at Nemos.”

Morgan looked genuinely shocked. “Carson said it came from the top.”

“This is a rogue operation and now a man is dead, a good man. I want to know why.”

Cabe pulled into the garage and parked the van. He helped Katherine out of the van and the men followed. “Happy, flip the switch.” Happy clicked a switch on box. “Okay, it’s safe to speak here.”

Morgan looked around the garage. “Scorpion,” he said with a reverent whisper.

Paige looked up from her desk. “You!” She bolted to her feet and rushed toward Morgan. She jammed her finger in his chest. “Nemos was my friend. He took a chance on me when no one else would. If you had something to do with his death, Tague will make you suffer.” She looked at Tague. “You can do that, right?”

Tague smiled. “It’s in my wheelhouse.”

Walter grabbed her by the shoulders and maneuvered her back to her desk.

“Talk,” said Katherine.

Morgan sighed and sat on the edge of Cabe’s desk. “Carson called me into his office last month. He said he’d discovered a leak. He believed information was being exchanged at the diner.”

“Did he think the leak was me?” asked Katherine. Morgan’s face went red as he nodded. “Speak!”

“Carson said you’d become involved with a former agent. That he was a rogue element, available to the highest bidder.”

Tague jumped to his feet and grabbed Morgan by his tie. “Should I show you how many ways I can make you pray for death?” He wrapped the tie tight in his fist and forced Morgan up on his toes.

“Tague, stop!” shouted Katherine.

Tague leaned close to Morgan as he pulled the knot tight. “I’m feeling creative.”

“T! We need him breathing.”

Tague sighed and let Morgan down. “We’ll talk later.”

Morgan tried to compose himself. “I didn’t believe it. I knew your record.” He looked at Katherine, “both of yours. I tried to tell Carson he was on the wrong track. I hadn’t seen any reports that indicated a leak of any kind.”

“Did he have anything?” asked Katherine.

“No. He said it was my job follow orders and to get the bugs placed.”

“How did you get Nemos involved?” asked Paige.

“I didn’t.”

“What?”

“I had a tech go in as a health inspector and planted bugs in the booths. I made the assumption that no one would be sharing information at the front counter. Nemos never knew anything about them.”

“Did you get any intel?” asked Katherine.

“Not that I know of. Carson was monitoring the transmissions himself. He didn’t say he found anything.”

“If he had, he wouldn’t need to keep monitoring. All he got from Tague and I was discussing the Dodgers bullpen or where we were having dinner.”

“You got him killed for nothing!” Paige lunged toward Morgan and hit him with a proper right cross.

Cabe grabbed Paige by the shoulders and pulled her back. “Easy, kid.”

Morgan rubbed his chin. “Is she always like this?”

“No,” said Cabe. “But Nemos was her friend so I wouldn’t push your luck.”

“That’s the question, why Nemos?” asked Katherine. “Nemos knew nothing about the bugs. Morgan and Carson both knew that, so why kill him?”

“They did find something,” said Cabe.

“I told you, we didn’t find anything,” said Morgan.

“You did, you just don’t know it,” said Cabe.

“You’re right,” said Katherine. “We need to get copies of the recordings.”

“Director, I’m expected at headquarters in thirty minutes. I’m supposed to take Patterson to the gun range. It’s business as usual until Carson tells me different.”

“He was the agent with you at Nemos?” asked Walter.

“Yes. We were supposed to be going to the gun range when I passed by the diner. I saw the cop cars and pulled in, just like you. I tried to find something without tipping our

hand but there was nothing. It looked like a robbery gone wrong. Patterson was too pissed we weren't going to the range to pay attention."

"Alright, you go to Headquarters. Find where Carson is storing the recordings. Tague will meet you at the coffee shop tomorrow."

"Ah, Director, you pulled me off the street. I don't have a car."

Katherine drilled him with a look. "Call an Uber." Mason pulled his phone from his pocket as he beat a hasty retreat. She stood and looked at the team. "We'll meet back here tomorrow morning after Tague meets with Morgan."

"Are you sure he'll find what we're looking for by then?" asked Toby. She gave him the same stern look she'd given Morgan. Toby held up his hands. "My bad."

She pointed at Tague. "Go wash that crap out of your hair. You're taking me to lunch at Nemos. We don't want Carson to think anyone is on to him."

"Is it even open?" asked Kate.

Sly typed a few keys. "It reopened this morning."

"The rest of you, review the videos and ID the agents. I don't need to know what databases you're breaching to accomplish the mission."

"Yes, Director," said Cabe. He watched as Katherine and Tague left the garage. Kate came up beside him. "Interesting relationship."

"Yeah," she smiled. "A strong, powerful man not intimidated by a strong, powerful woman. It'll never work."

He chuckled and gave her a quick kiss. "Okay, smart ass. You get with the team to see if you can identify any of the agents. I'm going to talk to Paige. Something's going on with her."

"I would say so. Decking a federal agent is not in her job description." She rubbed her hand down his back and gave his ass a playful pat. "For the record, you love my smart ass."

“Hell, yeah, I do.” Cabe smiled as she walked back to her desk. He grabbed an ice pack from the freezer and walked over to Paige. “Here, kid. Those knuckles have got to be sore.”

“Yeah, thanks,” she said. She winced as she put the bag on her knuckles.

“You remembered what I showed you on the bag.”

“Muscle memory,” she said with a slight smile.

“I didn’t teach you that stuff to assault federal officers. What’s going on with you, kid?”

“I don’t know. Nemos death hit me really hard.”

“It’s not just that.”

“I’ve been all over the place lately.”

“You have been working very hard. Maybe you and Walter could take a vacation.”

“It’s still the school year.”

“Ralph could stay with us. I’ll see to it that he gets to school.”

“That’s really nice of you. The truth is we could use a break. I’ll have to talk to Walter.”

“Speaking of Walter, where did he disappear to?”

“He’s up in the loft. I think he’s trying to give me some space.”

“And stay out of the line of fire.”

“That too,” she smiled.

Tague picked up Katherine at Headquarters as he usually did. He held the passenger door open for her just like his mother taught him. That's what happened when you had an old school, English mother. Katherine said his gentlemanly manners was something she really liked about him. He liked everything about her. What man wouldn't want a woman who understood your work, because she did it too? She had season tickets to the Dodger and the Rams. She looked like a movie star and could swear like a sailor. He got in the car and leaned over for a kiss. He took the usual quick kiss to a more passionate level.

"What was that?" she chuckled.

"I'm just really glad you're in my life."

"Aww," she whispered and gave him another kiss. "How about..." she whispered "we go catch ourselves a bad guy."

He chuckled as he pulled out of the parking lot. "I love your sexy talk."

Katherine walked through the door Tague held open. She noticed a memorial poster for Nemos and a jar for contributions. “What’s this? She asked the cashier. She felt bad as the woman’s lower lip quivered.

“It’s for Nemos’ family. He...died Monday.”

“Oh, my I’m so sorry. I just saw him last week. He seemed like a very nice man.”

The cashier brushed a tear from her cheek. “He was the best.”

Katherine pulled a fifty out of her wallet and pushed into the jar. Tague followed suit. The woman whispered a ‘thank you’ as she ushered them to a booth. All the staff they passed seemed to be in mourning. “This is awful,” she said.

“It seems like everyone is really upset. Not every boss is so well liked,” said Tague.

Katherine pursed her lips and rolled her eyes at the obvious shot. She opened the menu. “What do you feel like today?”

“I feel like we should both take off and go back to my place,” he grinned.

“T, you know I can’t do that,” she looked back at the menu, “as much as I’d like to.”

“How’s work going?”

“It’s fine. Same as always. What about you?”

“I’m footloose at the moment.”

They placed their orders and continued their conversation as if it were any other day. Katherine recognized a few familiar faces from Headquarters but she didn’t have names to go with them. Hundreds of people worked for her division and she didn’t know them all by name. That included the women two booths up. She was a receptionist who she walked by every day. Right now, Katherine felt like a poor excuse for an agent.

Morgan filled out the range report on Patterson. He was an excellent shot but a little too quick to pull the trigger. He was always leery of a guy who enjoyed shooting the pop-up suspect figures. Luckily for now, Patterson had a desk job. He looked up at Carson through the glass window of his office. It was near lunchtime and he was waiting for him to leave. Morgan could hack Carson's system from his own desk and he would never know. He smiled to himself. Carson had no idea just how good Morgan really was. Carson checked his phone and left his office without acknowledging anyone.

Morgan waited until most of the office left for lunch to tap into Carson's files. He looked through personal files and found nothing of interest. He was tempted to check his performance review but he restrained himself. If the director was right, Carson's opinion of him would be meaningless.

He sat back in his chair and thought about where else to look for the files. They weren't where normal surveillance recordings would be filed. There were no transcriptions. There was nothing. He knew what bugs were placed and they had to leave a footprint. He looked at Carson's empty office and smiled. He knew where they were.

Cabe shook Kate awake. She hated getting up in the morning but she had a good excuse this morning. They'd stayed late at the garage while the team identified as many of the agents as possible. "Come on, Katie girl. Rise and shine."

"I have a gun," she muttered.

"We have a boss and she's going to be at the garage soon."

Kate put the pillow over her head. Cabe tried to pull the pillow away but Kate flipped over, pulling him with her. She straddled his hips and smiled. "You should know better, boyo," she said in an Irish brogue.

"Normally, darlin', I would surrender to your naked charms, but Katherine..."

Kate pushed her hands against his chest and rolled off him. "Mood killer. I'll grab a shower and you make breakfast."

"It'll be coffee and croissant to go."

"Fine," she said as she walked toward the master bath. She glanced back over her shoulder and saw Cabe smiling. "No admiring my charms until I get coffee."

Cabe chuckled as he walked out of the bedroom. Life with his Katie girl was never dull.

Everyone gathered at the garage, waiting for Katherine and Tague. They were all dragging from the late night. Cabe put on a second pot of coffee as Paige walked up. "It'll be ready in a minute."

"Thanks, I'm good. I want an egg bagel before Toby grabs the last one."

"Hey," Toby muttered with his mouth full. He swallowed and tried to make his point with his second bagel in his hand. "I'd resent that remark if it wasn't true."

"Alright, people, let's get to it," said Katherine as she walked into the garage followed by Tague.

"Did Morgan show?" asked Cabe.

"Yes," said Tague.

"Did you have to persuade him?" asked Paige.

"No," he smiled.

"Damn," she muttered as she bit into her bagel.

Walter handed Katherine a print out of all the names they'd found matched with screenshots. "We've matched twenty-five department employees. None of them have anything in their records that stands out."

"I know most of these names. They're solid agents." Katherine stopped at the picture of a woman. It was the receptionist she noticed yesterday. There was a screenshot of her with a man next to her department ID photo. "Tracy Shepard, age thirty-five. She's been the front desk receptionist for five years. Single, no children. We saw her there yesterday but she was alone. Did you get a shot of who was with her?"

Walter queued up the shot of Tracy with her male companion. "Nothing clear."

Cabe walked up to the screen. "I recognize him. That's Patterson. He was with Morgan the day of the shooting."

Katherine nodded and pulled out her phone. "Special Agent Morgan." She waited for a moment to be connected.

“Morgan.”

“Agent Morgan it’s Cooper.”

“Hi, Mom. What’s up?”

“For the sake of your career, I’m going to assume Carson’s within earshot. Did Agent Patterson know about the bugs?”

“No, Mom. We can’t make it this weekend. Janie has a conference in San Diego. I promise, next weekend.”

“Got it. If you’re right about the recordings, we’ll forget this call.”

“Bye, Mom. Love you too.”

“You’d better be right,” she growled as she disconnected the call.

“Mason found the recordings?” asked Cabe.

“No, but he thinks he knows how Carson is doing it. If you noticed, I had to wait for my call to connect through the electronic switchboard. Cell phones don’t work in the building for security. Morgan noticed Carson checking his cell phone.”

“There would be no reason to if they don’t work in the building,” said Walter.

“Exactly. Morgan thinks the recordings are being stored in the bugs. He thinks Carson has his phone rigged to download the recordings once he’s close enough.”

“Carson’s on the video,” said Kate. “We didn’t think anything of it because he’d only stop for takeout.”

“That’s how he’s getting the recordings,” said Walter “It wouldn’t take long to remotely download.”

“What about Patterson?” asked Kate as she pulled up his Department ID on the main screen.

“He’s young, very handsome and single,” said Katherine. “Tracy Shepard is older and unremarkable.”

“That’s a little cold,” said Toby.

“No, it’s fact. I’ve walked past that woman every day and I didn’t know her name until just now. I barely recognized her at the diner. She blends in.”

“I know what that’s like,” said Kate.

“You do it for the job. She doesn’t mean to be invisible. The only picture on her desk is of her cat. This is a wholly unremarkable woman having lunches with a guy who could be a model.”

“If you want the real dirt on people you talk to people in low places,” said Kate.

Katherine nodded. “He’s using her for information. We need to find out what she told him.”

“The bugs wouldn’t have that much storage. They’re probably wiped when he downloads the recordings. I could rig a pinch phone to copy his phone. We’d have to get close enough to Carson to get the information,” said Walter.

“Morgan said he usually leaves the office for lunch at one,” said Tague.

“Paige could go in on the pretense of offering condolences to the staff. Even if Carson spotted her, it wouldn’t seem unusual,” said Cabe.

“No,” said Paige.

“Paige, you’ve done stuff like this before,” said Walter. “You were very good when you went undercover on the Djibouti job.”

“And we’d be close by in the van,” said Cabe.

“If you all remember correctly, I got shot on that job! Someone else has to do it.”

Walter took her by the shoulders. “Paige, I would think you’d jump at the chance to take down the man who got Nemos killed. What’s going on?”

“I’m pregnant.”

The silence in the garage was deafening. “Your...?” Walter started. “We didn’t discuss this.”

“Discussing isn’t what got you in this situation,” said Toby. Cabe smacked him in the back of the head. “Hey!”

“Your wife is across the room.”

“Thanks, boss,” smiled Happy.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” asked Walter.

“I was going to talk to you tonight when we were alone. I just took the test this morning. I’m only about eight weeks along. I didn’t want anyone else to know yet.”

Cabe put his arms around both Walter and Paige. “Why don’t you two go upstairs and talk in private?”

“That’s a good idea,” said Paige.

He leaned in and kissed her cheek. “Congratulations, kid.”

“Thanks, Cabe.”

Toby raised his hand. “I can prescribe him a sedative.” He got another slap to the head, this time from his loving, if annoyed, wife.

Walter sat next to Paige on the sofa, trying to collect his thoughts. He wasn't prepared. What should he do? He took Paige's hand in his. "How are you feeling?" He jumped to his feet. "Would you like something to drink? I think I have ice tea." He looked in his fridge. "I have pudding cups. Would you like a pudding cup?"

Paige smiled and patted the seat next to her. "I'm fine. Please, sit." He sat next to her and she took his hand. "I didn't mean for you to find out like this but obviously, I can't go on an undercover job."

"Of course." He stared straight ahead; afraid he'd say the wrong thing.

"Tell me what you're thinking?"

Walter looked at her and searched for the words. This was the woman who helped him navigate the world. Despite everything he'd put her through, she married him anyway. Now they were going to have a baby. He had no idea how to be around a baby.

"Walter?"

"I'm scared," he blurted out.

"So am I."

"You are? You've done this before. I haven't."

"It's been thirteen years since I've done this."

"You're an excellent mother."

"Thank you," she smiled and shook her head. "I was about to say it's easier when they're older but that's a lie. It's hard work, but it's worth it." She pulled him toward her. "You have been an excellent father to Ralph. You've learned how to put his needs before your own. That's what a good parent does."

Walter put his arm around her shoulders. "Thank you. I've never been around a baby. Do you really think I can do this?"

"Walter O'Brien, has there been any task you've been unable to master?"

"Not when you were showing me the way."

She smiled and gave him a kiss. "I love you."

"I love you, too." He shook his head and smiled. "We're going to have a baby."

"Yes, we are."

"We should revisit my idea of getting a house. Children need a backyard to play."

Paige chuckled. "It will be some time before this one will need room to run, but it might be a good idea to have more space."

"Yes, I will analyze the market and traffic patterns. Ralph needs to get to his classes." He pulled out his phone and typed in real estate. Paige smiled and put her hand over the phone.

"You don't have to do all of this today. You have nine months."

Cabe stood at the foot of the stairs as Paige and Walter rejoined the team. "Are we good?"

"Yeah, we're good," Paige smiled.

Toby walked up to Walter and extended his hand. "Congratulations, 197. And I'm sorry for the wisecracks."

Walter smiled. "Happy made you say that."

"Yeah, she did, but I am sorry." He stepped closer. "If you need to talk, I'm here."

"Thanks, Toby."

Everyone extended their congratulations with hugs and handshakes. Tague gave Paige a longer hug than Walter liked and he moved her away from him. All the women had a strange fascination for the infamous, swashbuckling agent, including his wife.

"Not to worry, O'Brien," he smiled, looked over at Katherine and winked.

"I'm sorry for the outburst," said Paige.

"No problem, dear," said Katherine.

"What about Carson?"

"Kate's going to handle it," said Cabe. "I spoke with Elena, Nemos wife. Kate's going to work the lunch shift."

"Carson will recognize her," said Paige

"No, that's her specialty. She's left to get ready. She'll be back soon for the pinch phone."

"I better get working on it," said Walter.

An hour later a woman walked into the garage. Her hair as nearly black and she wore brown contacts. Only Cabe recognized her. He gave her a quick kiss. "Oh, well done."

"Thanks."

“Wow,” said Happy. “I barely recognize you.”

“That’s the point.”

“Here are some glasses for you. We’ll be able to hear and see everything you do. She put the glasses and Happy hit a few buttons on her computer. Kate’s view of the garage came up on the big screen.

Walter handed her a cell phone. “You’ll need to wait until Carson does his download. Once you think he’s done, get close to him and hit this button. It shouldn’t take long for the information to be downloaded.”

“Thanks, Walter. I better get going.”

Cabe gave her a kiss. “Be careful, Katie girl.”

“I will, boyo,” she said in her brogue. She turned and walked out of the garage. Cabe fought the urge to stop her. She was not just a great agent; she was one of the best. Still, it had taken him all this time to find her. He could bare the idea of losing her.

“Ah, what’s with the Irish accent?” asked Toby.

Cabe couldn’t help his blush. “Ah, it’s a thing.”

Toby patted him on the back. “My man!”

“Shut it, jackass,” Cabe smiled.

Kate pulled her hair into a ponytail and tied on her apron. She was used to undercover work. She wasn't used to having an entire team backing her up, including the man she loved. Elena had alerted the staff that she was a sub for a girl who'd called off. She grabbed an order book and went to work the counter. Carson always stood at the front counter when he placed his order. She took orders and delivered food for nearly an hour before Carson arrived.

"What can I get you?" she asked in a flat, northeast Pennsylvania accent. Carson looked at her for a moment, then down at the menu.

"Yeah, a mushroom cheeseburger, well done and fries. I'll take a cola while I'm waiting."

"Sure thing," she said as she tore the order off her pad and stuck it on a metal wheel. "Order up!" she yelled. She filled up a soda and set it on the counter in front of Carson. He ignored her as he pulled out his phone and tapped the screen. He looked like everyone else in the diner, checking their phones. She heard Toby in her ear.

"He orders something that has to be cooked, so it gives him enough time."

Kate waited on her customers while keeping an eye on Carson. He had a little smile as he slipped the cell phone in his pocket. She turned away from Carson and pulled out the pinch phone. She hit the button and slipped it back into her pocket. She turned back toward Carson and cleaned the counter next to him.

"Almost done," said Walter as he was monitoring the phone. "Just a few more seconds."

Kate felt the phone buzz and she knew the download was complete. She heard the cook say Carson's order was up. She set the paper bag in front of him and he moved to the register, not surprised he didn't leave her a tip. Cabe let her know when Carson pulled out of the parking lot. She went back to the employee room and changed out of the uniform. As she walked by the register, she put the tips she'd received in the collection jar for Nemos family.

The entire team was working on the information from the pinch phone. Each of the team, including Katherine and Tague, were listening to the recordings from separate bugs. Kate and Cabe were looking through photo files. There were very few personal photos. Carson was single with no children. Cabe was looking through a file of golfing photos when she heard Kate.

“Oh, shit.”

“What?” he asked.

“Look at this.” Kate paged through the pictures and found shots of Katherine and Tague outside her place and at different restaurants throughout the city. She pointed to the latest photos in the files.

“Oh, shit.” He hustled over to where Katherine was sitting. She pulled off her headphones. “You need to see this.”

She looked at Kate’s screen and swore. Cabe pointed to the last few pictures. “Shit!” She picked up a phone and dialed Homeland. “Special Agent Morgan.”

“Morgan.”

“Carson is on to you. You need to get out of there now. Come to the Scorpion garage.”

“Okay, Mom. I’ll be right there.”

Morgan hung up the phone and stood. He tried to calm his breathing. He didn’t want to tip Carson off as he knocked on his door. “I have to go. My mother had a fall and she’s in the hospital.” Carson looked up at him and he knew what Director Cooper said was true. All he did was nod.

The elevator doors were nearly closed when a hand reached in and stopped them. They opened again and Patterson stepped in. “What’s up, Charlie?” he asked.

“My mother is in the hospital. I have to go.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” said Patterson.

Morgan tried to hustle toward his car but Patterson kept pace. He clicked the unlock button on his key fob. He got into the front seat but Patterson jumped in the passenger side. “What the hell?”

Patterson pulled his service revolver and held it low against Morgan’s side. “You thought you were so clever.”

Toby was listening to another boring conversation. This time it was between the receptionist, Tracy, and Agent Patterson. She giggled far more than a thirty-five-year-old woman ought. Patterson was subtly quizzing her on the comings and goings of the department, all under the guise of being the new guy. He wanted to fit in. Toby didn't hear anything other than Tracy's personal opinions. Tracy excused herself to the ladies' room and he heard Patterson sigh. Then Toby heard a sound like static. "Hey, Walter, listen to this." Toby played the sound.

"Interference?" asked Walter.

"No," said Sly. "Listen." He rubbed his hand over his computer's microphone and they heard a similar sound.

"Patterson found the bug," said Cabe. "Katherine..."

"I'm on it. He should be out of the building by now." She called him but it went to voice mail. She called the main desk. "Tracy, it's Director Cooper."

"Yes, Director. How can I help you?"

"Have you seen Agent Morgan?"

"Yes. I just saw him and Agent Patterson leaving. Can I give him a message?"

"No, thank you." She hung up the call and looked at the team. "He left with Patterson."

"Crap," said Cabe. "If Patterson is on to us, we could lose him."

"Not necessarily," said Sly. He turned to his keyboard and started typing. "Accessing the department's car assignments. I have the plate number. Accessing street cameras. I'm not seeing it yet."

Happy moved to his computer. "You need to narrow the focus. Type of car?"

"Silver Crown Vic," said Sly.

Happy hit a few more buttons and all but a few cars greyed out. She pointed to one car and they zoomed in. "Got him. Intersection of North Main and Sixth street."

“Cabe, Tague, go after him,” said Katherine. “T, are you armed?” He just smiled. “Stupid question,” she said. “We’ll give you a heads up when you’re close. Don’t go in hot. We don’t want to get Morgan killed.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Tague.

Katherine rolled her eyes. “Smart ass.”

Morgan tried to think. The director was expecting him. When he didn’t show up, they’d know something was up. If he was going out, he’d try to get some answers. “Why?” he asked.

“Why what?” asked Patterson.

“Why did you kill Nemos?”

“Ah, that was unfortunate. I was trying to find out why he was bugging his diner. I knew Tracy wasn’t bright enough to run an op. Turns out he didn’t know anything about it. He shouldn’t have reached for that knife.”

“Of course.”

“So that’s when I realized it had to be you.”

“Had to be me what?”

“You were bugging the diner to track me. My people wouldn’t like that.”

“I imagine not. One thing I don’t understand, why Tracy?”

“She knows the comings and goings of every agent in the building, including the director. That’s valuable information.”

“Your people pay you well for it.”

“Very well. I had hoped to stick with it longer but obviously I need to pack off to non-extradition country.”

“Obviously. One more question, where are we going?”

“I’m turning you over to my contact.”

“Do you really think they’re going to let you go?”

“You’re higher up the food chain. You’ll be valuable to them.”

“Possibly, but there is one thing you should consider.”

“What’s that?”

Morgan looked at Patterson and smiled. “I wasn’t bugging the diner.” He made a hard turn into a parked car with one hand as he grabbed Patterson’s gun with the other. Cabe flipped on his flashers on and blocked his car as he and Tague jumped out of the SUV. “I suggest you don’t move.”

Cabe opened Morgan’s door as Tague held his gun on Patterson. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m good. I saw you a couple of blocks back.”

“Why did you wait?”

“Patterson was busy bragging. He thought I was bugging the diner. He killed Nemos.”

Cabe tossed his cuffs to Tague. He pulled Patterson out of the car, pushed him against the hood and cuffed him. “What do you want to do with him?” Tague leaned into him and smiled. “The river’s only a few blocks over.”

“Appealing but I think the director will want to talk to him first.”

They pulled into the garage and Tague pulled Patterson out of the SUV. He pushed him toward Katherine. "Hi, honey, I'm home." He pushed Patterson into a chair. "I brought you a present."

Katherine smiled and walked toward Patterson. "Better than flowers." She sat down next to Patterson. "Okay, here are your options. You're going away for murder, that's a given. Your option is whether you cooperate and get a possibility of seeing the sun again or get thrown into a federal super max."

"I give you my contacts and I get witness protection."

"What?" demanded Paige. Katherine held up her hand.

"Easy." She turned back to Patterson and smiled. "Here's what's going to happen. You choose to cooperate and I can put you away in a remote facility under a different identity. Or, I can let the world know that a traitor to his country is in the nearest facility. How long do you think your contacts will let you live?"

Patterson flushed red. "You bitch!"

"And proud of it," Katherine smiled. She looked up as four men in suits came into the garage. "I called for backup. Anders, Carver, you take this one to holding. He is to be constantly guarded until I return. Clear?"

"Yes, Director," they said in sync. They took Patterson by the arms and led him away.

"Strong, Kelly, and Gallo you come with me. She turned toward Morgan. "Agent Morgan, I think you'll want to join us." She put the last pictures on Carson's roll on the screen. They were of Mason at his apartment, on his way to work. Meeting his wife for dinner.

"Bastard."

"Agent Morgan?"

"Let's go get him."

"Are you sure of his location?" asked Cabe.

“I’ve been in touch with the Secretary. Carson’s been called to a conference with him in an hour,” said Katherine.

“Please tell me we’re finally through with Carson,” said Walter.

“I’ll call you after the conference.” Katherine. Tague walked over to her and put his hand to her waist.

“Please be careful,” he whispered.

She gave him a quick kiss. “Always.”

Cabe followed Katherine, Morgan and the rest of the agents into the conference room. He enjoyed the mix of surprise and fury on Carson's face.

"This is a private meeting," said Carson.

Katherine took a seat at the table. Strong and Kelly took positions by the door. Cabe and Morgan stood behind Katherine. She reached for the computer console that activated the main screen. A man in his late sixties came into view. "Secretary Holland, thank you for meeting with me."

"With you?" asked Carson. "This is my meeting."

"Not quite," said Katherine. "We have collected all the evidence of Carson's illegal operation. We have the recorded conversations of agents at the Nemos Diner. We also have the pictures of illegal surveillance of myself, former agent Tague and Special Agent Morgan."

"Morgan! This is you're doing! I knew you couldn't be trusted."

"I suggest you shut up," said Holland. "There was no authorization for this op?"

"No sir. That was because myself and Tague were the objects of his investigation."

"And he found nothing."

"No. He found nothing. The Scorpion team and I found a mole. Agent Patterson was reporting on the movements of agents to outside contacts. He discovered the bugs that Carson had planted. Patterson assumed the owner of the diner was responsible and killed him. He's been arrested and will be interrogated as soon as I'm done here."

"So, all that remains is what to do with this one," said Holland.

"Yes, sir."

"It seems you didn't learn your lesson, Agent Carson. Maybe sometime in a federal lockup will be a teaching moment. Director Cooper, would you care to do the honors?"

She turned and smiled and Morgan. "I think that honor should go to Special Agent Morgan. He has been invaluable to the successful conclusion of this investigation."

Morgan smiled and nodded. "Thank you, ma'am." He walked over to Carson. "Please stand."

"No. You can't do this!"

"The Secretary, Director, the three other agents and my gun all say I can. Now stand your ass up." Carson rose and Morgan handcuffed him.

"Take him to holding. I'll be down later."

"Yes, Director." Morgan left with Strong and Kelly but Katherine indicated Cabe should stay.

"Agent Gallo's presence tells me Scorpion was involved in your investigation," said Holland.

"Yes, sir. They are the ones who asked me to look into the murder of their friend, Nemos Doukas."

"Do I want to know how they accomplished this without tipping off Carson?"

Katherine smiled. "Well, sir, they are very...creative."

"Enough said. Carson was after you, Katherine. Why?"

"Because he couldn't get Scorpion, so Katherine was the next best target," said Cabe. "He had it in for me and Scorpion after Merrick." Cabe closed his eyes for a moment trying to push past the image of his former boss going over the side of a launch pad to his death. "He never believed his mentor was dirty and he blamed me for his death. When he was demoted after the Nazari incident, Katherine became his target."

"Carson thought my relationship with former agent Tague was compromising."

"Which of course, it isn't. I know Tague. He's a wildcard, but he's our wildcard. He'd never betray his country, any more than you would, Katherine."

"Thank you, sir."

"Okay, let's clean up this mess before the news gets wind of it. Sweep up the contacts and put Patterson and Carson somewhere they can't do anymore damage."

“Yes, sir,” said Katherine.

“Good work. Agent Gallo, extend my thanks to your team.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you,” said Cabe. The screen went dark and Cabe smiled. “Well, that was interesting. Should I tell Tague you won’t be home for dinner?”

Katherine laughed. “I’ll be lucky if I make it home for breakfast.”

Paige was nibbling on saltines and hoping they'd stay put. She'd forgotten the miserable morning sickness she'd had with Ralph. Walter was engrossed in his traffic pattern algorithm and housing market analysis. She told him they didn't need to move that quickly but it kept him from hovering.

"Hey, little mama. I see the morning sickness and exhaustion has set in," said Toby.

"Sometimes it's a real pain you're such a good doctor."

He held his hat over his heart. "Words every doctor long to hear." He sat down on the edge of his desk. "Seriously, how did the visit with your OB go?"

"Fine. He confirmed I'm almost three months along and everything seems perfectly normal."

"You know if you need anything..."

Paige put her hand over his. "Thanks Toby, you're a good friend." Toby went back to his desk and she looked around the room. This new baby will be loved and cared for by everyone in her Scorpion family, just as they cared for Ralph. The garage door open and in walked Katherine, Tague and Morgan.

"We weren't expecting you, Director," said Cabe.

Katherine pulled an envelope out of her bag. "I'm delivering a token of Secretary Holland's appreciation." She started to hand the envelope to Walter and Paige held out her hand. Katherine smiled and handed it to her. She opened the envelope and gasped.

"Two hundred thousand?"

"You've made an ally of Secretary Holland. You've plugged what would have been a damaging leak. Patterson and Carson wisely took the deals they were offered."

"He didn't blame you?" asked Toby. "Carson did work under you." Happy gave him a shot in the ribs. "What?"

"That's okay," said Katherine. "Secretary Holland knows me and apparently knows T better than I knew."

“Top secret op, strictly hush hush,” he grinned as he put his finger to his lips. Katherine rolled her eyes.

“What about Tracy?” asked Paige.

“That was a tough one. She didn’t do anything illegal. She thought she was talking to an agent, helping him get a handle on his new job. She was pretty upset when she realized he was playing her.”

“Will she face any repercussions?”

“She’s been transferred to research. The new department head asked for her,” Katherine smiled and indicated Morgan.

“Listening to her conversations with Patterson, she has a real eye for details. That’s the kind of person I can use,” said Morgan.

Cabe shook his hand. “Congratulations.”

“Thanks. I’ve tagged along to celebrate. I’d like to take you all out to lunch.”

“That’s great, I’m in,” said Cabe.

“How about sushi?” asked Toby.

Paige held on to her stomach and groaned. “I may kill you yet.”