

24 INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE, 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY/DUSK

24

End of the summer afternoon, golden-glow burns into the window fiercely like firelight. Sebastian watches the street below, his face warm with the red-orange glow.

In the corner of the room, a WOMAN bathed in shadow sits cross-legged. We see clearly her red manicured nails.

The PM'S AIDE holds the door ajar, neither in nor out.

PM'S AIDE

Mr. Lincoln is here, Prime Minister.

Sebastian almost salivates the moment. His eyes predatory.

SEBASTIAN

Send him in.

In a moment, Tobias enters briskly - feathers ruffled.

TOBIAS

Prime minister, would you care to explain--

SEBASTIAN

(brutally)

No. I would not. Your termination at Synapse is timely and let that all that be said about the matter.

TOBIAS

But, the Patriot--

SEBASTIAN

Oh, I have someone in the driving seat, Toby. You've done enough.

Tobias looks to the Woman, still obscured in the harsh full-light of the sun coming from the back of the room.

TOBIAS

I see. And this is her, is it? A new Sarah, perhaps? If I may, you need a firm hand for this project, not--

SEBASTIAN

Toby, please. Your replacement is already at work, developing Patriot with Sarah to be finished by the end of tomorrow.

The Woman stands, brushes her trousers down and offers her razor-fingered hand to Tobias - we see now, it is Vasilyeva.

SEBASTIAN

This is Miss Vasilyeva, we've this very moment negotiated the terms of withdrawal from Finland. It's not public yet, of course. The implant - you understand.

Tobias doesn't shake the hand - he's outraged.

TOBIAS

Do you not think, Prime Minister, that your Secretary of Defense might have been present during this discussion?

SEBASTIAN

On the contrary, we spoke about you in depth. Your lack of judgement on the Armed Forces testing, your losing track of key witnesses - and,

Sebastian looms darkly toward Tobias,

SEBASTIAN

Your unsanctioned selling of classified military technology to the opposition in a time of national war.

Tobias goes numb, the heat of his sins showing in his face.

SEBASTIAN

Acknowledging the evident misconduct in our cabinet, Miss Vasilyeva was only too kind as to offer this information.

TOBIAS

What-- who is she? What do you want--

SEBASTIAN

Miss Vasilyeva has arranged your transport to Moscow, to complete the negotiations. The leader of the Russian state and I have got what we wanted from this war.

Stern silence weighs on the room. These words are heavy.

Tobias is stunned.

SEBASTIAN
Goodbye, Toby.

Sebastian motions to the door. Tobias starts to walk... almost in a daze.

25 EXT. PUB NEAR THE UNIVERSITY - DAY/DUSK

25

Outside an old pub - THE KING'S HEAD. A grim painting of Charles I's execution adorns the hanging sign.

Henry stands by the door, smoking a cigarette. A whisky and coke melts in a rocks glass on a table next to him.

Bustling in, a group of CHATTERING STUDENTS gaggle off the street and into the bar - some from Henry's lecture. One is the Bright Student - she clocks him.

BRIGHT STUDENT
Henry! Thanks for today, that was... bold.

She lingers, waving her friends inside. Henry raises an eyebrow. She deftly produces a vape; almost a magic trick.

HENRY
I'm pleased you-- so many of you came. There were things that needed considering.

BRIGHT STUDENT
Right? It's crazy, I'd never thought of any of that. Like, it's so fucked up. How they expect us not to notice.

HENRY
I'm no conspiracist, remember - this field is often theoretical. It's that which prepares us for when facts are indeed, brought to light.

On cue: a blacked out saloon pulls up across the street.

Henry clocks it and takes a large swig of his drink.

The Bright Student has edged closer. She looks up to him,

BRIGHT STUDENT
Can I have a drag?

A FACELESS MAN (Male, 40s) - Tall, smart posture. His

tactical rollneck smartly lining his chin, neat leather coat meeting matching gloves without giving a glimpse of skin.

The Faceless Man checks the time on a military wristwatch and peers through thick, dark shades.

Henry looks back, the Bright Student's eyes flirting wildly. He tenses anxiously, then passes her the end of the cig.

HENRY

Finish it. I think that might be my ride.

He strides over, leaving the drink and the student. She, a little disappointed, stubs the cig and heads inside.

HENRY

I suppose you're not here for a drink.

FACELESS MAN

No, Mr. García. Would you come with us?

Resigned, he knew this would come. Henry steps in the back.

HENRY

You know, I do have a lawyer.

FACELESS MAN

I don't believe that will be necessary.

26 EXT. LAY-BY, DUSTY SIDE ROAD - DUSK

26

Bracken shrubs lean into the road, warped by a blistering wind that wracks against the two figures as Ewan tapes the phone to Nathaniel's bare chest.

Emma sits in the front seat: door half open, one leg on the tarmac; neither in nor out.

Satisfied, Ewan tosses Nathaniel the thin black t-shirt from the car, ripping the tags off. He pulls it over the phone.

Ewan pulls bracken into a loose covering over the car.

Emma steps out and peers into the dull red light on Nathaniel's chest, soft through the t-shirt.

EMMA

Anything we see in there - labs, test
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

subjects, Lukas - try to face it, stay still--

Nathaniel's shivering. Breathing has quickened.

EMMA

Regulate your breathing. It might come loose. And cover up that light.

Ewan hands Nathaniel another strip of tape. Nathaniel pauses with it, still shivering, hesitating pulling up his shirt.

Emma eyes him, softly now.

EMMA

You don't have to do this, I can--

NATHANIEL

I'm just cold.

He tapes up the record light on the phone and pulls the shirt back down. Emma offers a smile. Ewan locks up the car and hides the key under the wheel.

EWAN

Come on then. We'll go out around the hangars, there's a way in through there if my card still works. After that, it's a ticking clock. I'll flag on the system, they'll be looking for me. For this-

He motions to the implant in the back of his neck.

NATHANIEL

And then what?

EMMA

Then we get the hell out. Find the car and drive as far away as we can.

NATHANIEL

Running from a hundred armed guards. Foolproof.

EWAN

Ha! With Finland we're thin on the ground as it is. Security's light. Maybe twenty for the whole base.

Nathaniel drips cold sweat. Twenty's a lot.

EWAN

(smug)

You'll be fine. You've got me.

Emma rolls her eyes and makes tracks through the bracken and into an open field. Concrete structures loom by the soft glowing taxiway of the airfield.

27 INT. VIKRAM'S LAB, ARMY FACILITY - DAY

27

No windows in this lab - it could be night, day, tomorrow. Sarah clocks another change of guard shifts: the door briefly opens, breathing fresh air into the hollow space.

The Guardsmen are replaced by another DUO OF GUARDS. Sarah watches the door; a patient hawk eyeing her opening.

Not yet. She returns to inputting her sketchy handwritten notes into the screen's interface. Grey data boxes crowd the screen, filled with numbers and hormone chemical structures.

Sarah puts data into a window comparing Norepinephrine and Adrenaline. Their chemical structures are very similar.

She pulls up a test window: we've seen one similar before in Synapse Devs, an animated person with inputs set to OFF along one side.

Sarah clicks four inputs ON and runs the simulation.

Immediately, a coding window throws up errors:

```
"RUNTIME_ERROR... Traceback File
"/E:/secure.hmi/devs/patriottest.bat" exec(code_obj,
self.user_global_ns, self.user_ns)... File "<ipatriot-input-
16-c8h11no3>", line 427, in <module>..."
```

Sarah scrolls the errors and slams the table in frustration. She sits on a high stool. Immediately uncomfortable, she empties her pockets onto the desk; takes off her watch.

Sarah starts to calm. Where she'd thrown the wallet, a photo peeks out. She moves to it, slowly. Afraid to remember.

As she pulls it out, it shows Lukas: a toddler at the beach playing with a golden retriever. Sarah's crouched beside. The photographer's shadow is clear: a broad man, no shirt.

Sarah is forlorn. Then, inspired. Staring at the dog...

SARAH
 (softly)
 Pavlov...

She brings up a window for Oxytocin. It's a much wider, complex chemical structure. Sarah types more numbers - mostly two-digit combinations, separated by commas.

Satisfied, Sarah clears the screen and pulls up the test.

She clicks a series of inputs ON, green lights indicating. Rushing, she hurriedly types a set of code and hovers over the RUN button... a breath. And-- CLICK.

Under the animation of the person, green text reads ACTIVE. Otherwise, there seems to be no changes.

Sarah looks on in disbelief. She pulls up an error reporting window: "File "/E:/secure.hmi/devs/patriottest.bat" running... no errors detected..."

SARAH
 My god... It's working...

One of the DUO OF GUARDS looks up. Sarah spins to him.

SARAH
 Tell Vikram it's ready. And tell him
 to bring my son!

28 EXT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

28

Vast, flat buildings shape out military hangars. A huge transporter plane sits sleeping on the runway.

Wind rages and specks of rain spit the tarmac, as three tiny dots: Nathaniel, Emma and Ewan, dart inside an open hangar.

29 INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

29

Ewan slips into a shadowed corner, beckoning Emma and Nathaniel to his position and flicking his eyeline to a lone ENGINEER fueling a small, luxury private plane.

Two FACELESS MEN stand guard by the plane, dressed all black.

Sticking close to the perimeter, Ewan edges around them. Now, thirty feet from him: a door to the interior of the facility. No guard. Ewan pauses, suspicious.

Nathaniel holds his chest toward the plane, and the Faceless

Men. Emma makes a silent signal - 'What's the hold up?'

Ewan swallows his suspicion and makes for the door, silent.

30 INT. DEVS, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

30

Bleep! Ewan's card passes them in, Emma and Nathaniel file through with Ewan slipping in behind them.

Familiar white corridors. Ewan senses the way, remembering.

They pass a lab labelled RESEARCH FACILITY THETA. No life inside: it's a mash of large wire cages, straw and sawdust lining the floor. Nathaniel records through the window.

The door to the room is warped; kicked in from the inside.

EMMA

(whispering)

Animal testing... we're close.

Ewan slips ahead. Flat to the wall, he peeks around a corner.

31 INT. VIKRAM'S OFFICE, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

31

A small, cluttered office of papers, charts and screens.

Surveillance screens show empty halls; one has a lone Ewan beckoning Emma and Nathaniel around a corner to more labs.

Vikram smiles. Then a grin. A knock at the wooden door reveals a Guardsman, not one of Sarah's-

GUARDSMAN

Sir, he's here sir.

VIKRAM

I can see that, let him get a little lost first.

The Guardsman impatiently waits for him to finish,

GUARDSMAN

Sir, no, sir. Mr. Young, sir.

Vikram's pales, his grin thrown off as if caught in the act.

Sebastian, flanked by two FACELESS BODYGUARDS, steps in at his slow, purposeful pace. He notices Ewan on the cameras.

Returning to Vikram, Sebastian waves the Guardsman off.

Heavy silence hangs on the room, visibly weighing on Vikram.

SEBASTIAN

I wasn't aware you had guests.

VIKRAM

(desperately)

I knew they'd come, that's why Ewan-
he's got the faulty implant, and his
sister used to work for--

SEBASTIAN

This sounds very complicated.

Sebastian looks around the office; the discarded notes.

SEBASTIAN

I'm told a messy desk makes for messy
work.

Sebastian glances to one of his Faceless Men,

SEBASTIAN

Would you?

VIKRAM

Wait! The implant's ready, but - it
needs testing. We need to see if a
human subject responds to command.

Sebastian raises an eyebrow.

SEBASTIAN

Go on.

Vikram gathers himself, fishing for case files on the desk.

He comes up with Emma's headshot and Ewan's army record.

VIKRAM

These two - they're behind all of
these... delays. Emma, she called out
my company for unauthorised testing -
Ewan is the only missing implant from
Finland--

SEBASTIAN

I must say, Vikram. These allegations
sound very personal to your own
carelessness. Would it be entirely
absurd of me to assume the convenience

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
to you, if they were your 'tests'?

Vikram swallows. It was a reach, and didn't get past him.

Sebastian glances Nathaniel, facing another research facility with his chest forward to the window.

SEBASTIAN
Who's the other man?

VIKRAM
A news reporter, columnist really.
Nathaniel Abara-

SEBASTIAN
Very good. We'll shoot that one,
should help the others co-operate.

One of the Faceless Men stands to attention and slips out, clipping a long, flat suppressor onto his jet-black Glock.

VIKRAM
I- I thought, Nathaniel- he could be
control, a separate test and--

SEBASTIAN
I believe you will make a good
control, Vikram. You already have the
implant installed, it will save time.

Vikram is open-mouthed, as the remaining Faceless Man begins to sort through his desk, collecting any sensitive files.

Sebastian watches the other Faceless Man slip from screen to screen, hunting Nathaniel. Now, Sebastian smiles. Then grins.

32 INT. DEVS, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

32

Ewan spins another corner, a bullet shears down the corridor into a window next to him. Ewan slams back around the wall, hugging it and slipping out his pistol.

The Faceless Man strides down the corridor towards Ewan.

EMMA
Ewan!

Ewan peeks out to return a couple rounds down the hall. The Faceless Man flats to the wall, and slips into an open lab.

EWAN

Wait - that's special forces. It was a warning shot, they want me alive.

NATHANIEL

What? Maybe he missed, you can't--

Ewan steps out confidently, into the centre of the corridor.

EWAN

Believe me, a special doesn't miss. Not at that distance. You both need to be careful, they must want the implant.

Ewan steps forward and turns the corner--

EWAN

Where'd he--

CRASH! - Crisp and sharp as a champagne flute shattering, a neat hole of glass appears from the lab Nathaniel's facing.

Time slows: shards tinkle to the floor; Emma spins to see; Nathaniel knocked back, dribbling blood; Ewan racing to grab Emma; Nathaniel falls to the floor; Ewan fires off into the dark lab, pulling Emma away; they spin the corner:

An ARMED UNIT of guardsmen have set up two lines of rifles, trained on Ewan and Emma. There are twelve of them.

Ewan drops his pistol and slides it away. They raise their hands.

Nathaniel, clutching his chest, reveals the phone had taken most of the impact. A surface wound beneath it is littered with glass and plastic from the phone.

He scooches to the broken door of the dark animal testing lab. He slips inside, leaving a bloody handprint by the entranceway.

33 INT. RESEARCH LAB DELTA, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

33

A cold, medical space. Tall machines echo the shopping centre clinic; though seem a blocky, functional prototype.

Sarah sits glum, withered, tired. A GUARDSMAN stands beside.

The automatic glass pane bleeps sharply, jolting her with a look of hope - Lukas?

In steps Vikram, closely followed by Guardsmen and... Emma: bruised, scuffed. There has been some struggle.

Sarah takes a second to recognise her. Vikram's stern, cold.

VIKRAM

I've brought the perfect test subject.
How fortunate, Sarah, that you should
be the one to administer it. You
installed a test subject once before,
of course.

Sarah glowers bitterly. She clicks on the machine. Lights flash and it powers on.

Emma's marched to the chair by a Guardsman. She's uncharacteristically compliant.

SARAH

She's drugged. I suppose you forged
her signature on the consent as well.

VIKRAM

I'm sure she'll be more than happy to
sign soon enough. We'll observe her
through the night. By the morning,
Patriot will have cleared trials.

SARAH

Vik.

Sarah's tone changes; nostalgic, now. Vikram stalls, catching Emma's pitiful form: barely conscious, slumped in the chair.

SARAH

She trusted you, in the beginning. She
believed in you.

VIKRAM

She tore down my reputation with
magazine slander!

SARAH

If you want revenge, it wasn't Emma
who pulled the plug. Tobias--

VIKRAM

Believe me, Tobias has been dealt
with. You'll be next if you don't-
obey!

Vikram is ruffled, he's losing control. He taps the implant app on his phone, raising his FOCUS mode even higher.

His pupils dilate then snap to sharp, restless dots; darting about the room like a captured fly looking for an exit.

A vein bulges in his forehead; his eyes are bloodshot.

He spins on heel and marches out the room with his Guardsmen, leaving Sarah and Emma alone.

Sarah brushes hair out of Emma's face, revealing growing bruises and a split lip. She looks around her: the whirring machines, the cold blue-light of the walls, the impersonal blankness of it all.

SARAH

What money can buy...

Sarah types into a screen on a large machine with a robotic arm, that hovers over Emma menacingly.

Emma's bed raises, shifting her into a seated position. The headrest has a large opening, exposing the back of head and neck.

The robotic arm stirs, churning into position behind Emma's head. When it settles, cushioning clamps lock Emma's head still and the robotic arm reaches forward to Emma's skull.

A whirring from a miniature saw blade cuts into Emma's head. She jerks her body, but the head remains clamped in place.

Sarah looks away, painfully, as the arm withdraws, blooded.

It switches out its utility with a hydraulic churn and produces an injector, much like the hand-gun seen in the army tent.

The injector stamps into Emma's skull and she bites down on her tongue, blood dripping from the corner of her lip.

Sarah types again at the screen and a dim light blinks into life: red, then white, then blue light, soft through the skin and blood on the back of her head: A Synapse implant, loaded with Patriot.

Sarah dials down Emma's pain receptors and her eyes calm.

34 INT. RESEARCH LAB THETA - NIGHT

34

The lab is dark. In a far corner, a blinking hazard light glows dim red over a clutter of cages.

Nathaniel catches his hand on bulb glass as he slides into the dark. Looking up, he sees the overhead lights smashed, hanging loose from the panels.

NATHANIEL
(whispering)
The fuck...

A rustling in the far corner jolts Nathaniel's eyes to the cages in the corner of the room. He freezes, tense.

A silhouette passes the flickering red light - low and broad.

Nathaniel pulls back slowly, trying not to make a sound on the glass. On the other side of the room, the Faceless Man enters, silhouetting in the doorway: long, neat and thin.

Movement from the cages draws the Faceless Man. Nathaniel watches as he stalks towards the cages. A crunch of glass under the Faceless Man's feet freezes him.

CRASH! A hanging light fitting falls from one side, smashing down in front of the Faceless Man. He dives to dodge it, pulling up his gun to aim-

Sudden and fierce, an IMPLANTED CHIMP dives full force into the Faceless Man, tackling him into bloody combat.

Nathaniel watches pistol rounds flash off, undercutting their gruesome fray - but the continued brawl must mean they miss, or are ineffective.

Nathaniel takes his opportunity, leaping for the exit, wincing at his bleeding chest as he pushes forward.

In grim half-light, the Implanted Chimp looks up from a limp, twitching Faceless Man. Its maw is covered in blood.

Nathaniel dives out the door-

35 INT. DEVS, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

35

In the hallway, Nathaniel slams the door as closed as the bent metal can manage, just as the Implanted Chimp barges into it full force.

Nathaniel leaps back into the cold white corridor, as the Implanted Chip bangs ruthlessly on the door.

He looks down the way he came: dead. A clean escape. The door to the hangar is still open.

He looks up, to the corner Ewan was shot at; where they were captured. Another bang from the lab pushes his decision-

NATHANIEL

Oh, for fuck's--

Nathaniel grits his teeth and launches forward up the corridor, after Ewan and Emma.

36 INT. RESEARCH LAB BETA - NIGHT

36

Sophie stands at a control panel in the bold white room. A TECHNICIAN stacks papers at a desk, clearing out. Sarah stands by, anticipant.

Sophie presses a combination, turning a key on the board and a panel door slides away from a glass enclosure.

Sarah rushes forward.

Lukas steps out, a little uneasy. Awoken from a long sleep.

LUKAS

Mum?

Sarah holds him tight. Lukas, nervous, pats her on the back.

Sophie looks away. Takes to opportunity to nod the Technician out the room, who leaves briskly.

Sophie doesn't approach, giving them space.

SOPHIE

There's a car waiting.

Sarah shoots her a bloody look, and starts to lead Lukas out-

Nathaniel bursts into the room, shirt wet with blood.

He looks to Sophie, then Sarah and Lukas. Nathaniel starts to back up.

LUKAS

Mum, who's that?

SARAH
(concerned)
I don't know...

NATHANIEL
(struggling for breath)
Wait... you're Sarah Evans. Your
son... Emma said you were hostages. We
came to...

Nathaniel shoots out an arm to steady himself in the door. He
stumbles to the floor, clutching his wound.

Sarah rushes over, spinning an urgent look to Sophie.

SARAH
Help!

Sophie hesitates, but gives in and rushes to Sarah's side.

Sarah checks the wound - not too deep, starting to congeal.

SARAH
He's been shot! Christ. We need to put
some pressure on it. The bullet's not
far in, I can see it. Lukas, get some
water please!

Lukas hurries to a sink in a small cleaning area and fills a
large jug.

Sarah and Sophie lead Nathaniel onto the bed.

SARAH
Scissors? Or something long and sharp.

Sophie gets surgical forceps from a draw.

SOPHIE
Let me. Not the first bullet I've
pulled.

They glance each other over the body: Sarah holding
Nathaniel's shirt up, Sophie spreading the wound.

The look is something of acknowledgement; mutual respect.

Lukas appears with the water,

LUKAS
Mum--

SOPHIE

(to Sarah)

Clean the wound, I think I can see it.

Sarah pours the cool water on, both startling and soothing the groaning Nathaniel. Sophie goes in with the forceps.

A sharp wince from Nathaniel as it digs in his flesh.

SOPHIE

There. It's just in the muscle.
Would've been his heart.

She pulls the bullet casing and drops it in on a steel tray, then pulls some small shards of glass.

SOPHIE

There's glass in here too... There.
I've got what I can. Wash it again and
we'll cover it. He needs a hospital.

NATHANIEL

I'm fine... Emma...

Sarah looks down, avoiding his gaze, and pours more water. Sophie sticks an adhesive dressing down over the wound.

SARAH

I doubt she'll help you now. She's got
the implant. They have the Patriot
code. Vikram will run the update any
moment.

NATHANIEL

We can't leave her. Ewan--

Sophie looks to Nathaniel: rising, wincing at his chest.

SOPHIE

They'll have them both. It's not our
rules now. It's... The Prime
Minister's made the call. He's got his
people with him.

Sophie's changed her attitude: softer now, and empathetic.

NATHANIEL

You have Lukas, he's safe. Now we need
to stop this.

Sarah looks to Lukas, then to Sophie. Sophie takes off her

lanyard.

SOPHIE

If I go with you I'm court-marshalled,
or shot. But this'll get you out.

Sophie hands the lanyard with her pass to Sarah.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry about your son, Sarah. It's
not what any of us wanted.

Sarah takes the pass. Holds a look. She can't forgive her,
but she's thankful of the help.

SARAH

Say bye Lukas.

LUKAS

Okay. To who?

SARAH

Both of them. We're going home.

37 INT. DEVS, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

37

Sarah speeds through dead corridors, pulling Lukas along by
his hand. Nathaniel jogs after, painfully wincing each step.

NATHANIEL

Wait! Sarah!

Sarah stops by an exit door and taps the card. It opens into
the cool night, breeze lightly tousling Lukas' hair.

Nathaniel stands behind, as Sarah looks out into the night.

NATHANIEL

You're not going to help?

SARAH

And do what? They had my son! All this
was for him, Synapse, Tobias, Vikram!
The hoops I jumped through to make
things easier for him - and they took
him from me. I'm not losing him again.

Lukas hugs Sarah's arm, stressed by the intensity but
controlling it. Sarah offers Nathaniel the pass.

SARAH

Take it. Save your friends. But- the implant, it can't be stopped. The code I wrote them is based of Lukas' implant. It balances hormones automatically, it'd take months trace all the combinations they could use to manipulate people.

LUKAS

Why don't you turn it off?

Sarah and Nathaniel look round to Lukas. He shrinks a little with the attention but manages it, again.

LUKAS

I mean, if it's like my implant and it's not being helpful... you can just turn it off.

NATHANIEL

I don't think it's that simple--

A thought washes over Sarah's face; cogs turning.

SARAH

No, he's right. It is... I wanted Lukas to be able to choose if he used the implant or not, to let him experience his brain unregulated. There's a single line of code that alternates 'always on' or 'always off'.

Sarah turns to Nathaniel now, focused and enthused.

SARAH

With Synapse, Tobias thought it'd lose margins, so there's no control for it. But, if the Patriot update uses Lukas' template, it would still be baked in the code... With it off, the app still runs, but it won't regulate anything.

NATHANIEL

Like a placebo. Can we change it? How long would that take?

SARAH

From the lab, minutes.

Sarah hesitates. She looks into the dark night.

NATHANIEL

Go then! We stashed a car, I can take
Lukas...

Sarah turns back to him, mournful.

SARAH

It would affect all the Synapse
implants. Everything I worked for...

Nathaniel nods to Lukas: he's calm, reunited with Sarah.

NATHANIEL

Not everything.

Sarah comes down to Lukas' level, holding his shoulders.

SARAH

Lukas, something's gone wrong at work.
It could hurt a lot of people, and I
think your brilliant brain has worked
out how to fix it.

Sarah strokes his cheek. Lukas smiles with pride.

SARAH

Now, I need you to help me - but, to
do that you need to go somewhere safe.
I'll come back soon, I promise. This
is Emma's friend, he's going with you.

Lukas nods bravely. Sarah rises to Nathaniel.

SARAH

Don't-- just, for God's sake. Keep him
safe. That bullet would've killed you.

Nathaniel nods, sincere. Sarah hurries back into the
facility.

Lukas watches her leave. Nathaniel smiles to him, and leads
him out into the night. The door slides closed behind them.

38 INT. VIKRAM'S OFFICE, ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

38

Emma sits in the centre of the room, expressionless.
Sebastian, Vikram and a Faceless Man stand around.

SEBASTIAN

Do you know who I am?

Emma speaks in a flat, dazed tone.

EMMA

The authority, Prime Minister.

Sebastian looks to Vikram with a grim smile, then nods to the Faceless Man.

SEBASTIAN

Bring him in.

The Faceless Man steps out the room, returning with Ewan: beaten up and tired. He's flanked by a line of Guards.

Ewan looks up through tired, defeated eyes.

EWAN

Emma...

She doesn't respond. Vikram marvels, taking a step back.

SEBASTIAN

Good. Now, who is this?

Emma focuses, trying to fight behind her eyes, but gives in.

EMMA

En... Enemy.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you, guardsmen. We're quite safe here. You can go back to perimeter, lock everything down.

They exit, leaving Ewan on his knees, facing Emma. Vikram stands by the control desk.

Sebastian takes the Faceless Man's pistol, checks it and hands it to Emma. Vikram jolts-

VIKRAM

What are you doing? Prime Minister-

SEBASTIAN

She could be faking. I need a complete test.

Emma takes the gun, staring into Ewan's eyes.