

A L I A S

"The Contact"

A spec script by Amanda Mason

SAMPLE

ALIAS

"The Contact"

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. PARIS NIGHTCLUB - SERVICE CORRIDORS -- MOMENTS LATER

-- as Sydney stares down her victim -- shock and confusion the only things keeping her from reacting. Lauren starts to come to...

Anger and adrenaline fueling her, Sydney gives Lauren one last BLOW TO THE HEAD -- uncurling Lauren's fingers and retrieving the MATCHBOOK. And with one last look -- as if trying to make sure one last time that it actually *is* Lauren -- she steps over Lauren's unconscious body. Leaving her for the French authorities to deal with, she exits to --

EXT. PARIS NIGHTCLUB - LOADING DOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Sydney exits, the fire from moments ago seemingly checked at the door -- now more sublimated as she reels at what has just happened. So much to process here -- interrupted as the the CIA'S BLACK VAN pulls up next to her, Vaughn opening the PASSENGER DOOR for her from the inside.

Oh GOD. VAUGHN.

INT. BLACK VAN - BEHIND PARIS NIGHTCLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Sydney climbs in just as Vaughn peels out. She can't look him in the eye -- not until she can get a grasp on the situation herself. Oblivious for the moment, Vaughn gives her a second to get situated, and then --

VAUGHN

Did you get the chip?

She holds out her hand to him, drops the matchbook in his open palm.

SYDNEY

Lisenker?

VAUGHN

(solemn)

Dead. In the back.

Pained, Sydney looks down at her hands, preparing for the inevitable question...

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Did you get a look at the shooter?

And there it is. How can she even begin to answer this?

SYDNEY

No.

Vaughn glances at her, as if expecting elaboration. He gets none, turns his eyes back to the road. After a moment of silence --

VAUGHN

You okay?

Sydney doesn't answer, just stares out the window into the passing darkness. Vaughn looks over at her, concerned -- hurt that she's hurting -- and gives her a reassuring shoulder rub. Sydney doesn't acknowledge it, yet it doesn't go unnoticed. And somehow this reassuring gesture unsettles her even more.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

When I saw Vaughn that night, I realized for the first time what it must have been like for you...

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Jack and Sydney sit side-by-side at an L.A. park, taking a breather before debrief. Sharing a bag of peanuts.

SYDNEY

...knowing what Mom did and being faced with having to tell me.

(beat)

In our line of work, I've seen things, heard things...things that I would never want to know. But this...

JACK

And you're certain it was her?

Sydney nods, looks off at some playing CHILDREN.

SYDNEY

How do you tell someone you love that they're married to a monster?

Jack knows that his daughter's not going to like his answer.

JACK

You don't. At least not until you have more proof.

SYDNEY

-- Proof? --

He was right. She doesn't like it.

JACK
 -- What? You were expecting to take only your word to the CIA? --
 -- The only person who saw her is dead. You neglected to share this information with your partner --
 -- Sensitivity?! --

SYDNEY
 -- I'm an officer of the Central Intelligence Agency. I think that stands for something --
 -- What, you mean Lauren's husband? I was trying to exercise a little sensitivity --
 -- Stupid, I know! Look, if you're asking me to keep this from the CIA, from Vaughn, then I'm sorry --

JACK
 -- That's not what I'm asking you to do. I'm just asking you to wait. Let me help you get concrete proof.

SYDNEY
 Vaughn is at risk every time he goes home to that woman! I have been sick with worry ever since we got back from Paris --

JACK
 And he will still be going home to her, whether you say something today or not.
 (off Sydney's disbelief)
 Or did you expect them to cuff her and ship her off to Camp Harris on the spot?

SYDNEY
 (bitterly)
 Why not? They did it to me.

JACK
 The NSC had photographic evidence. All the CIA has is one eyewitness.

SYDNEY
 Me.

JACK
 Yes. You.

SYDNEY
 -- What's that supposed to mean? --

JACK
 -- The wife of the man you love, working for a terrorist organization, prosecuted, likely given the death penalty... How convenient that would be for you. --

SYDNEY

-- Convenient?! --

JACK

-- The CIA -- Dixon -- they're all aware of your...past...with Vaughn. You and Lauren haven't exactly kept your distaste for one another a secret.

(beat)

And do you honestly think Vaughn is going to believe you? He'd be no more willing to believe his wife's a killer than you were when he was under investigation for treason.

SYDNEY

I don't care.

JACK

Sydney --

SYDNEY

No! I don't care. No more secrets! That's exactly what got us into this situation in the first place --

JACK

And if Lauren knows she's being investigated, she's got nothing to lose. Which puts Vaughn at an even greater risk. Is that what you want?

SYDNEY

Of course not, but...

(a beat, and softer
now)

Wouldn't you have wanted to know about Mom sooner?

Jack just looks at his daughter. She said the 'M' word.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

He deserves to know, Dad.

(long beat)

I've got to go. Debrief's in ten.

She stands and starts to walk off, hating leaving things with her father like that.

JACK

Sydney...

She stops, turns to him. He looks to the crook of her arm, at the BAND-AID.

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

SYDNEY

Oh. It's nothing. Just donated
some blood.

He seems to accept the answer, and then in that move that
parents have perfected for generations -- especially game
theorists -- Jack pulls out the reverse psychology.

JACK

About Vaughn... Just do what you
think is best.

And Sydney continues her walk back to work. She'd never
tell her dad this, but she's conflicted. Even she doesn't
really know what she's going to do...

INT. FLINKMAN HOME - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Sydney sits on a LOVE SEAT, holding little MITCHELL FLINKMAN,
understandably enraptured by the infant. Carrie and Marshall
sit across from her on the SOFA.

SYDNEY

He's beautiful.

CARRIE

We think so.

SYDNEY

How much does he weigh now?

CARRIE

Nine pounds, three ounces.

MARSHALL

And a half.

CARRIE

Yes, and a half.

SYDNEY

Getting to be a big boy...and sleepy.

MARSHALL

Yeah, he's been doing that a lot.
Do you think we should ask the
pediatrician about that?

CARRIE

Marshall, he's a month old. That's
normal.

MARSHALL

I just want to be sure. And then
there's the eating thing and...

Carrie clears her throat.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

So, Sydney, how was Paris? All your stuff work okay? Because that descrambler had been giving me problems all week, and I wanted to give you the other one, but I broke it -- which you know -- and I was kind of worried --

SYDNEY

You shouldn't have been worried. Everything went fine --

The conversation is interrupted by the DOORBELL, which Marshall responds to. It's Vaughn. Followed closely by LAUREN -- obviously not in CIA custody -- carrying a GIFT, which she hands to Carrie. Vaughn and Sydney steal a glance at one another, share a friendly smile.

LAUREN

Congratulations, you two!

CARRIE AND MARSHALL

Thank you.

LAUREN

Now where's this baby?

She walks over to Sydney, obviously expecting Sydney to pass the baby to her. Sydney just looks at her for a second, obviously not wanting to do it. In fact, at this point, there are about a billion other things she'd rather do. A long pause, and then she stands, kisses the baby, and hands him to Lauren.

Lauren sits down on the love seat, Vaughn smiling over her shoulder at the baby. She watches the scene from across the room, uncomfortable. Disgusted at what she's seeing: A dingo holding a baby. Not only that, but *this could be Vaughn and Lauren in a couple of years*. And considering she's been there -- she's *been* that baby -- the discomfort has now become too much for her.

SYDNEY

Well, I'm gonna head out. I've got an early morning.

She hugs Marshall, then Carrie.

CARRIE

Thank you for so much for stopping by.

SYDNEY

If you need anything, you call me, okay?

Carrie nods. Marshall reaches for a BLUE CIGAR BOX on the end table.

MARSHALL

Sydney, do you, uh, want a cigar?
Oh, yeah, you don't smoke, so you
wouldn't want one. Agent Vaughn?

He nods his head 'no.' Sydney reaches into the box and takes one.

SYDNEY

I'll take one to Dad.
(beat)
Have a good night.

She takes her JACKET from the back of the couch and leaves.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREET OUTSIDE FLINKMAN HOME -- LATER

Vaughn and Lauren walk side by side down the street to their cars. Both are smiling. Newborns are infectious that way.

LAUREN

He's just precious.

VAUGHN

Yeah, he is.

LAUREN

So tell me.

VAUGHN

Hmm?

LAUREN

When do we get to have one?

Oh God. That's the last thing Vaughn wants to hear right now.

VAUGHN

What do you mean?

LAUREN

(quit teasing me)
What do you mean what do I mean?

VAUGHN

Lauren --

He's interrupted by his CELL PHONE RINGING. Hallelujah. He picks it up.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Vaughn.

SYDNEY (O.S.)
 Joey's Pizza?

Vaughn doesn't quite believe what he's just heard. And then, remembering where he is --

VAUGHN
 I'll be right there.

He hangs up, turns to Lauren.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
 That was work. I have to go in.

LAUREN
 Will you be home later?

VAUGHN
 I'll call you.

A light kiss and then he's hot-footing it to his own car. Lauren just stands there, keys in hand, watching him suspiciously as he goes.

INT. SELF STORAGE WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Sydney leans on a box inside the cage, her little piece of information wreaking havoc on her. Her train of thought is interrupted by the sound of FOOTSTEPS.

It's Vaughn. At this point, he's got no clue why she's called him here. Is this a social visit? Did something happen at work? Did something happen to *her*?

She looks up, making eye contact with him and giving him his answer. It's been three years since they were last here, yet he can *still* tell when something's the matter.

VAUGHN
 Hey.

SYDNEY
 Hey.

VAUGHN
 Are you okay?

SYDNEY
 Yeah.

Sydney doesn't know what to say.

VAUGHN
 I have to admit...this is kinda weird.

SYDNEY
 Yeah.

They share a small smile, marveling at the deja-vu of being in the warehouse again.

VAUGHN
So what's going on?

SYDNEY
I lied to the CIA today.

VAUGHN
(oh, is that so?)
When?

SYDNEY
In debrief.... When they asked if I could identify the shooter --

VAUGHN
-- You said you couldn't --

SYDNEY
-- But I did --

VAUGHN
-- I don't understand. Why would you do that? --

The moment of ultimate truth has arrived. She has to tell him now, and it's already tearing her up inside.

SYDNEY
-- I really didn't want to be the one tell you this, Vaughn --

VAUGHN
-- Tell me what? --

SYDNEY
-- I'm so sorry --

VAUGHN
-- For what?

She turns her back to him. This will be easier to say without looking him in the eye.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
Sydney?

SYDNEY
It was Lauren, Vaughn.

She turns back to him, eyes still not meeting his.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
It was Lauren.

Finally, she looks up at him cautiously -- eyes heavy with tears -- familiar with what he must be feeling. A long beat as he seems to take it all in, and then, looking her straight in the eyes, emotionless --

VAUGHN

I know.

And then off Sydney's face -- a myriad of emotions -- dominated by the confusion we're *all* feeling, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE