

A L I A S

"Wool and Water"

A spec script by Amanda Mason

SAMPLE SCENE

INT. MEDICAL SERVICES -- NIGHT

Sydney sits up in her bed, physically--and emotionally--exhausted. Despite the DARK CIRCLES beneath her eyes, she scrutinizes the FILE in her lap, as if the answer to all that has transpired is hiding in between the lines of text.

SUDDENLY, there's a KNOCK on the door. She looks up, startled. Vaughn peeks his head in.

VAUGHN
(almost nervous)
Hey. Can I come in?

Sydney nods, but doesn't look at him. If she does, she doesn't know what will happen. The last thing she needs is a repeat of Hong Kong. She closes the file as Vaughn pulls a chair up to her bedside.

SYDNEY
(a tinge of unintended
bitterness)
What are you doing here?

VAUGHN
(ouch)
I'm catching my plane back to Virginia
in about an hour...just wanted to
bring this by before I go.

He pulls an ENVELOPE from his inside jacket pocket, handing it to her.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
It's a few newspaper clippings. Not
exactly classified information, but
I thought it might help you a little
bit. To...understand.

She takes the envelope, placing it unopened on top of the file on her lap.

SYDNEY
Thanks.

And suddenly there's nothing left to say. There's an elephant in the room, around his finger. Could this *get* any more awkward? They're like two twelve-year-olds who have finally worked up the nerve to talk to one another. A far cry from what they used to be. They both realize this.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
What's her name?

Where did *that* come from?

VAUGHN
What?

SYDNEY
Your wife. What's her name?

VAUGHN
Oh. It's, um, Edie.

SYDNEY
Edie.

VAUGHN
Yeah--

SYDNEY
--It's cute--

Vaughn *really* doesn't want to get into this. Or ever, for that matter. He didn't come here to chat about his wife with the love of his life. Time for a change of subject.

VAUGHN
--How're you feeling?

Sydney nods, sighs.

SYDNEY
They've done a lot of tests.
Barnett's been here a couple of times.
She cut her hair.

VAUGHN
Yeah. That's been recent.
(a beat)
Will tells me that you're going to
be staying with him a while?

Sydney nods her head, still avoiding eye-contact with him.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)
(cautiously)
Have you remembered anything?

Sydney shakes her head 'no.' There's that awkward silence again.

SYDNEY
How'd you meet?

And there's that question again. God, will she *give it up*?

VAUGHN
What?

SYDNEY
You and Edie...How?

VAUGHN
Syd. Another time--

SYDNEY

--I'm okay. I wanna know.

VAUGHN

(a deep breath, and
then)

On a plane. I was on my way back
from a seminar at Langley.

SYDNEY

When?

Vaughn swallows, looks down. There's really no right answer
to this, is there?

VAUGHN

That must've been March of last year.
I had just gotten my promotion.

SYDNEY

Congratulations--

About the promotion? Or about the wife?

VAUGHN

--Look, Syd--

SYDNEY

(getting testy)

--I said I was okay.

VAUGHN

No. I need to say this...

Sydney continues to avoid eye contact, instead focusing on a
spot on her blanket.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

When you...disappeared...that was
the hardest thing I've ever... I
could not--would not--accept it.
Every lead, every sighting, I
responded to. Even if I had to go at
it alone. London, Texas, Copenhagen,
Tokyo...

(beat)

Whenever I'd go out somewhere, I'd
sit and watch the door the entire
time.

(chuckles to himself)

Maybe that's why nobody ever went
anywhere with me. I guess I expected
you to come walking back into my
life the same way you disappeared--
with no explanation.

(MORE)

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Then one night--I don't remember where I was--something hit me. You wouldn't just disappear. If you were alive, you'd find a way to let me know. And I realized that...You wouldn't want me to spend the rest of my life watching the door.

Vaughn looks up at Sydney, hopeful. As if everything is magically going to be alright. Sydney doesn't react at first. Without showing any emotion whatsoever, she moves her right hand from her lap and grasps Vaughn's on the bed. Almost like the pier in "A Broken Heart."

For the first time since Hong Kong, she looks him in the eye. Attempts a smile.

SYDNEY

Vaughn.

(beat)

Go home. Please.

Sydney withdraws her hand, and her eye contact. Vaughn stands up. He knows he probably shouldn't do this, but he does...he leans down and gently kisses her on the forehead before walking out of the room.

Sydney looks at the empty chair, as if just now realizing that she truly is alone in the world. We HOLD ON Sydney's face as it registers this and then breaks down into sobs. We want to cry, too. MUSIC MOURNS along with us as we FADE OUT.