

**"HACK"**

Written by

Mike Schneider

Based on actual reports

Lee Stobby Entertainment  
[lee@stobbyent.com](mailto:lee@stobbyent.com)  
323|546-9290

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, DAY

A fast-moving luxury yacht off the coast of Cyprus. On the deck, a strange mixture of women in swimsuits and men with laptops. Everybody on board is white.

SUPER: "July 2015: 16 Months Until the Election"

A man with headphones around his neck (THE DJ) emerges from the cabin smoking a cigarette. As he coolly passes a BLONDE MODEL lazing in a lounge chair --

BLONDE MODEL  
(in Russian)  
You promised us blow.

THE DJ  
(in Russian)  
After the music.

The DJ walks to a table with Serato and a sound system and plays Bieber of all people, "What Do You Mean?"

Gradually, the men leave their laptops and begin to drink and dance with the women. We hear chatter without subtitles over the music. Everybody is speaking Russian.

Then, suddenly, as the party finds its rhythm --

Speedboats swarm the yacht.

The revelers don't realize what's happening until it's too late. Then, panic and screaming as armed personnel board the yacht, storm the deck. Assault rifles pointed everywhere.

No joke. This is a military grade operation. But these aren't soldiers. They aren't wearing fatigues. They're spooks.

And wait -- *they're speaking Russian too.*

The women are divided from the men. All of the laptops are seized.

A trio of personnel storm the cabin --

INSIDE THE CABIN

It looks like a hotel suite with a kitchen and a wet bar. Lots more technology, screens hosting huge databases of credit card numbers, a couple prostitutes, and a short, stocky man with supreme confidence. We'll call him DMITRY.

The armed men rush in, shouting. The women yell, put their hands up. Dmitry does nothing, stays seated on the bed, bites his lip. As if he always knew a day like this would come.

DMITRY  
(in Russian)  
Who are you, FSB? I won't go to prison.

The POINT MAN responds without moving his rifle.

POINT MAN  
(in Russian)  
No. You'll work for us.

EXT. FBI NORTHERN VIRGINIA RESIDENCE AGENCY, DAY

A fenced facility with sprawling green space. The main office building consists of two five-story wings joined by a central service core. It resembles a hotel overlooking the ocean.

SUPER: "September 2015: 14 Months Until the Election"

INT. FBI OFFICE, DAY

Special Agent ADRIAN HAWKINS, a desk jockey with the physique to match, picks up the phone and dials a number off the computer.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Democratic National Committee. How may I direct your call?

HAWKINS  
Yeah, can I speak to someone in the tech department?

The call is transferred.

EXT. DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE HQ, DAY

A beige office building with steps leading up to the entrance, split by white handrails. The address "430 South Capitol Street" is stamped beneath the words "Democratic National Headquarters" on the overhang.

INT. DNC HELP DESK, DAY

A mini version of a call center. Small cubbies, little privacy. The phone rings at the desk of YARED TAMENE, 40. He looks younger than his age and has extremely good posture.

TAMENE  
DNC help desk. Yared Tamene  
speaking.

His voice is skeptical but academic. From here we INTERCUT between Tamene and Hawkins.

HAWKINS  
Is this tech?

TAMENE  
It's the help desk. How can I help you?

HAWKINS  
Hi, Yared. This is Special Agent Adrian Hawkins at the FBI. I'm not sure if I was transferred to the right place or not-

TAMENE  
You said you're from the FBI?

HAWKINS  
That's correct. Who deals with cybersecurity?

TAMENE  
If someone gets a virus they call us.

HAWKINS  
I'm talking about system issues.

TAMENE  
Why don't you just tell me what's going on?

Hawkins's frustration shows.

HAWKINS  
I have information that at least one of your systems has been compromised by hackers from a cyber-espionage team that we call 'the Dukes.'  
(beat)  
(MORE)

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Is that something I should be  
talking to you about or someone  
else?

TAMENE  
How can you reassure me that you're  
actually from the FBI?

HAWKINS  
I gave you my name. I can give you  
my phone number. 703-686-6674.

TAMENE  
What about emailing me a picture of  
your badge?

HAWKINS  
An email could alert the hackers  
that we know they're inside. Then  
they could take steps to secure  
themselves before we could lock  
them out. You should know this.

TAMENE  
But you could be impersonating  
someone. This could be a prank  
phone call.

HAWKINS  
I promise you, Mr. Tamene, this is  
not a prank.

TAMENE  
Well, thank you for letting me  
know.

Tamene hangs up.

We stay with Hawkins. He hangs up as well, scratches his head. After a moment, he gets up and walks down the hall to a larger office with the door open.

His SUPERIOR is inside, behind a desk, reading paperwork. On the wall, there's a framed photograph of him with Rudy Giuliani at Ground Zero, shortly after 9/11.

HAWKINS  
I made the call.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
What was the result?

HAWKINS  
They're looking into it.

When his boss doesn't respond, Hawkins asks --

HAWKINS  
Is there anything else we should do?

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
They're big boys. Just follow up.  
Stay on them.

INT. DNC HELP DESK, DAY

Back with Tamene, looking at a notepad next to his computer, where he wrote a few things down from the call.

He proceeds to Google "the Dukes malware".

He finds a link to a white paper with the following brief:

"We believe that the Dukes are a well-resourced, highly dedicated, and organized cyber-espionage group that has been working for the Russian government"

His expression strikes a worrisome chord.

He then opens a software application that allows him to search the DNC computer systems logs for signs of a breach.

His demeanor improves.

TAMENE  
Looks clear to me.

His phone rings.

TAMENE  
Help desk. Yared Tamene speaking.  
(listens)  
Have you tried restarting your computer yet?  
(listens)  
Okay, why don't you do that first?  
I'll stay right here with you until it reboots...

Tamene closes the systems logs window on his screen.

EXT. FUSION GPS, MORNING

A man with dark, bushy hair, glasses and a tight, graying goatee aggressively jaywalks through traffic in Washington D.C.

to reach a nondescript office building, the home of Fusion GPS, a company that provides "research, strategic intelligence, and due diligence services to corporations, law firms, and investors worldwide" (you can Google them).

This is GLENN SIMPSON, early 40s.

INT. FUSION GPS, MORNING

Simpson walks into a conference room where a middle-aged woman in a motorized wheelchair waits. Let's call her DENISE.

SIMPSON

Denise, usually nobody's as prompt  
as me.

They shake hands.

DENISE

The chair's new. I'm still figuring  
things out.

He sits.

SIMPSON

I'm sorry. What happened?

DENISE

When you have to push people around  
all day, eventually you get tired  
of pushing yourself around too.

SIMPSON

I wouldn't know the feeling.

DENISE

Of course you wouldn't.

SIMPSON

No, not that. Of being tired.

DENISE

We'll see if you can still say that  
after this election.

SIMPSON

What's the name of the super PAC  
you work for?

DENISE

Does it matter?

SIMPSON  
We have to bill someone.

DENISE  
I'll leave you with the information  
for my holding company.

SIMPSON  
So you want it on Trump? What's the  
problem? His tweets aren't enough?

DENISE  
I've been led to believe you can  
give us better opposition research  
than a few monkeys banging out  
search terms on Twitter.

SIMPSON  
You've been talking to my former  
colleagues at the *Journal*.

DENISE  
What makes you say that?

SIMPSON  
You're Republican aren't you?

DENISE  
I'd prefer you stop trying to  
decode me and start giving us  
ammunition to take down the Donald.

She drives the wheelchair towards the door.

INT. DNC CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Technology director ANDREW BROWN (37) leads a meeting amongst staffers. CEO AMY DACEY (45) and Chairperson DEBBIE WASSERMAN SCHULTZ (50) are in the room.

Brown discusses a Power Point presentation on "Cybersecurity During the Election Cycle". His eyes are sunken. The work is overwhelming.

BROWN  
The reality is every corporation,  
big or small, has to deal with  
these threats on a daily basis. And  
they do. With budgets that are  
astronomically higher than ours.

Dacey weighs in. Her brown hair is in bangs. She has a big smile when she wants to use it -- which isn't right now.

DACEY

We're a nonprofit, Andrew.

BROWN

Right. With highly sensitive data.  
We're not selling Girl Scout  
cookies here.

DACEY

Though we might be if a Republican  
ends up in the White House.

Laughs.

Wasserman Schultz -- a fiery, frank, curly-haired Floridian --  
speaks next.

WASSERMAN SCHULTZ

So what's the point of this  
presentation? To let us know we're  
screwed?

BROWN

Well, we're not screwed until  
something happens. In the meantime,  
we have software.

DACEY

That does what?

BROWN

Filters email to block phishing  
attacks and malware. And our techs  
can monitor the system for evidence  
of compromises, intruders...

WASSERMAN SCHULTZ

How good's the software?

BROWN

Mediocre at best.

DACEY

How much more should we have in the  
budget?

BROWN

It's not even worth saying.

WASSERMAN SCHULTZ

What? Why?

BROWN

We'd have to be Facebook.

INT. FBI OFFICE, DAY

About time to go home. Hawkins goes over a to-do list.

SUPER: "November 2015: 12 Months Until the Election"

He picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Democratic National Committee. How  
may I direct your call?

HAWKINS  
Yared Tamene, please.

The call is transferred. It rings through to voicemail.

TAMENE (V.O.)  
Hello, you've reached the desk of  
Yared Tamene.

The machine beeps. Hawkins is irked.

HAWKINS  
Yared, this is Special Agent  
Hawkins again, following up on our  
conversation from September 15th.  
This is my third call. We're  
worried the intrusion has  
escalated. Please call me.

He hangs up.

Hawkins stews in his chair, chewing on his pen. In time a  
good looking FBI AGENT walks by --

FBI AGENT  
Happy hour at El Torito?

Hawkins flips his pen onto the desk and gets up.

INT. DNC HELP DESK, DAY

Tamene stares at the blinking red light on his desk phone.  
The systems logs are up on his computer screen, showing a  
swath of green that suggests everything is okay. After a  
moment, he keys into his voicemail.

HAWKINS (V.O.)  
Yared, this is Special Agent  
Hawkins again-

Tamene hits delete.

EXT. USS YORKTOWN, DAY

Republican Presidential candidate, DONALD J. TRUMP, stands in front of a dais at a campaign rally aboard a WWII aircraft carrier, berthed near Charleston, South Carolina. Every time there's a clip like this, we should use the actual footage. This is a transcript:

TRUMP  
Should I read you the statement?

There are cheers.

TRUMP  
Donald J. Trump is calling for a total and complete shutdown of Muslims entering the United States until our country's representatives can figure out what the hell is going on. We have no choice. We have no choice. Mr. Trump stated, 'Without looking at the polling data, it's obvious to anybody the hatred is beyond comprehension of such a big portion.' We have to figure it out. We can't live like this. You're gonna have more World Trade Centers. We can be politically correct or we can be stupid, but it's gonna get worse and worse.

EXT. BERNIE SANDERS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, MORNING

A brick corner building in the town square of Burlington, Vermont. "Feel the Bern" posters line the windows.

SUPER: "December 2015: 11 Months Until the Election"

INT. SANDERS CAMPAIGN HQ, MORNING

An open floor plan. Lots of young people, loads of enthusiasm.

We focus in on a pair of twenty-somethings at computers, a man and a woman. If they didn't believe deeply in Bernie's message you'd expect to see them on Haight Street with a Hacky Sack, sharing a "j." Instead, they're here, poring over voter data. One is JOSH URETSKY, the campaign's national data director. Let's call the other SAM.

JOSH

Huh. That's weird.

SAM

What is it?

JOSH

I can access the Clinton campaign's version of the master voter list, with all their extra data tacked on.

SAM

Let me see.

Sam leans over and looks at his laptop then back to hers, where she sees the same link.

SAM

Do you think the DNC opened it up to us for some reason? Or is it a glitch?

JOSH

I haven't heard anything.

SAM

Are you gonna click it?

JOSH

We need to try to understand if there's been a security breach, right?

SAM

Fuck that lying bitch.

Josh downloads the data.

INT. NGP VAN, DAY

A software as a service company in Washington DC. A MANAGER comes by to check on a pompous SOFTWARE ENGINEER.

MANAGER

Is the patch done installing?

SOFTWARE ENGINEER

Let me just check... yep, all good.

MANAGER

How's it look?

SOFTWARE ENGINEER

Um, patched?

MANAGER

Do me a favor. Take a break from  
whatever masterpiece you're coding  
and go through the logs.

The Engineer rolls his eyes but follows the order. Suddenly,  
his demeanor shifts.

MANAGER

What?

SOFTWARE ENGINEER

Shit. The patch took the firewall  
between campaigns down.

INT. DNC HELP DESK, DAY

Tamene and the other help desk employees are busy at work  
when the big boss, technical director Andrew Brown, walks in.

BROWN

Everybody, I just heard from NGP  
VAN. There's been a breach.

Tamene rockets to attention. His stomach bottoms out.

BROWN

The Sanders campaign has accessed  
proprietary data from the Clinton  
campaign.

Tamene releases a deep breath. And all of his tension.

EXT. FBI NORTHERN VIRGINIA RESIDENCE AGENCY, MORNING

Hawkins sits outside on a bench, reading the news on his  
phone, on Twitter. He opens a link from *The Washington Post*.

The headline:

“DNC penalizes Sanders campaign for improper access of  
Clinton voter data”

Hawkins finishes the article. He looks troubled.

INT. FBI OFFICE, MORNING

Hawkins knocks on his boss's door.

HAWKINS

Did you read about this episode at  
the DNC with Bernie getting into  
Hillary's data?

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

I saw the headline.

He answers without looking up.

HAWKINS

The way the *Post* tells it, the DNC  
is in a panic over this. And yet I  
don't hear anything back when I  
warn them about the Dukes.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

They'd rather war with each other.

HAWKINS

It doesn't make any sense.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

We're a week from Christmas. Give  
it until the new year.

INT. FUSION GPS, MORNING

Simpson eats a bagel with too much cream cheese while  
watching MSNBC in his office. There are documents everywhere.  
White boards and bulletin boards on the walls are covered.

On TV is *Morning Joe*. Affable MIKA BRZEZINSKI and middle-aged  
prep schooler JOE SCARBOROUGH are interviewing Trump over the  
phone.

This is an actual transcript:

BRZEZINSKI

Do you like Vladimir Putin's  
comments about you?

TRUMP (V.O.)

Sure. When people call you  
brilliant it's always good.  
Especially when the person heads up  
Russia.

Brzezinski has been laughing.

BRZEZINSKI

Yeah.

SCARBOROUGH

Well, I mean, also is a person who kills journalists, political opponents and...

Co-anchor WILLIE GEIST is off-screen.

GEIST (O.S.)

Invades countries.

SCARBOROUGH

...and invades countries. Obviously, that would be a concern would it not?

TRUMP (V.O.)

He's running his country, and at least he's a leader, you know, unlike what we have in this country.

SCARBOROUGH

Yeah. But, again, he kills journalists that don't agree with him.

TRUMP (V.O.)

Well, I think our country does plenty of killing also, Joe.

Simpson nearly shouts at the screen.

SIMPSON

This guy is fucking unbelievable.

He notices a staffer, KIMMY, lean, indefatigable, 30, pass by his office.

SIMPSON

Hey! Kimmy!

KIMMY

Glenn...

SIMPSON

Pause from watching all those Apprentice episodes. Let's start looking for connections to Russia. Business, personal-

KIMMY

The Miss Universe pageant.

SIMPSON  
Yes. Exactly. That kinda stuff.

EXT. DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE HQ, DAY

Hawkins walks up the steps.

SUPER: "January 2016: 10 Months Until the Election"

INT. DNC HQ, DAY

Security looms at a station in front of reception. Hawkins peeks at the receptionist who undoubtedly has been transferring his calls to Tamene for weeks now then approaches the stereotypically large, uniformed SECURITY GUARD.

HAWKINS  
I want to see Yared Tamene.

SECURITY GUARD  
Do you have an appointment?

Hawkins shows him his badge. The Security Guard looks over his shoulder then puts a sign-in clipboard in front of him.

INT. DNC CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Hawkins sits across from Tamene, who's flanked by two male associates from the tech department, both younger looking than him. Let's give them the names DEV and KAMAL.

HAWKINS  
Why wouldn't you return my calls?

TAMENE  
Could I look at your badge, please?

Hawkins slides his badge across the table. Tamene not only looks at it, he picks it up and inspects it, and then passes it over to Dev and Kamal. The latter writes the badge number down on a notepad.

TAMENE  
What about a business card?

Perturbed, Hawkins goes into his wallet and takes out a beaten up business card, hands it to Tamene. Tamene holds it up to the light, turns it over between his fingers, as if he's trying to decode a magic trick.

HAWKINS  
For Christ's sake, keep it.

Tamene hands the business card to Dev, who pockets it.

TAMENE  
I didn't call you back because I  
had nothing to report.

HAWKINS  
Have you escalated this to your  
superiors?

TAMENE  
Our systems scans show no evidence  
of a hack.

HAWKINS  
Is that correct?

Dev and Kamal nod in agreement.

HAWKINS  
You two have looked at the logs  
too? Independent of him?

DEV  
Yared showed me his computer.

KAMAL  
Same.

HAWKINS  
Using what software?

Kamal starts to say but Yared stops him.

TAMENE  
We sign confidentiality agreements  
that cover our internal processes.

HAWKINS  
Because what I see shows that you  
have software calling 'home,' with  
'home' in this case being Russia.  
Does that alarm you?

TAMENE  
I don't see any proof of that.

HAWKINS  
You don't see any proof... okay. Do  
you think that maybe the goddamn  
FBI has better tools than the DNC?

Tamene looks at Dev and Kamal before saying --

TAMENE  
It's conceivable.

HAWKINS  
We're talking about behavior that's consistent with a state-sponsored attack. Do you think that maybe, just maybe, the hackers could hide what they're doing from whatever fucking rinky-dink operation you're running?

TAMENE  
I take offense to that.

HAWKINS  
You have software sending information to Moscow. I don't know what else I can say.

Tamene stands up, inviting the close of the meeting.

EXT. DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE HQ, DAY

Hawkins walks out, pissed, sees a female SMOKER on the steps.

HAWKINS  
Could I bum one?

She passes him a cigarette, lights it. He takes a giant hit.

SMOKER  
Just visiting?

HAWKINS  
Yeah, I came here instead of watching *Titanic*.

The woman doesn't get it. But we do.

INT. DNC HQ, DAY

Tamene walks through the halls in a haze until he reaches Andrew Brown's office. The door is closed. BROWN'S ASSISTANT, stern, matronly, even at 23, is at a desk out front.

TAMENE  
Is Andrew available?

BROWN'S ASSISTANT  
He's swamped.

TAMENE  
What about later today?

BROWN'S ASSISTANT  
He has back to back meetings and  
calls with the campaigns on this  
master voter list breach.

TAMENE  
Still?

BROWN'S ASSISTANT  
Can you imagine anything worse?

TAMENE  
Is he around tomorrow?

BROWN'S ASSISTANT  
He's going over proposals all day  
on replacing NGP VAN.

TAMENE  
Okay, um just try to have him come  
see me. I don't think it's  
anything, but I've gotten some  
calls from the FBI.

BROWN'S ASSISTANT  
I'll let him know.

Tamene lingers before buggering off.

EXT. THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE, DAY

A flat fronted building about ten stories tall, rectangular,  
with large evergreen trees inside the fence.

A Senior Russian diplomat in his 40s exits, underdressed for  
the weather but unbothered by the late winter/early spring  
cold. We'll say his name is MIKHAIL POPOV.

He gets into a waiting car.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC, DAY

The black sedan travels around the city until it picks up a  
fat 25-year-old kid and an ELDERLY MAN with a walker, waiting  
outside a nursing home. The kid is his GRANDSON.

INT. BLACK SEDAN, DAY

The car continues to drive. Popov hands the old man an envelope that looks like it contains a check.

ELDERLY MAN

(in Russian)

Has the price of oil gotten so low  
that it's cheaper to drive than use  
a stamp?

POPOV

(in Russian)

Who wants to give money to this  
government? Open it up.

The elderly man opens the envelope. His eyes go wide when he sees the number on the check.

ELDERLY MAN

(in Russian)

This isn't a pension, it's a  
ransom.

POPOV

(in Russian)

You remember your normal  
disbursement? Double that number.  
The rest you should hold as cash.  
Three men will visit you  
separately. Not all will speak  
Russian. They'll probably look  
something like your grandson here.  
Distribute the cash evenly amongst  
them.

ELDERLY MAN

(in Russian)

Why?

POPOV

(in Russian)

They're good with computers.

INT. DNC CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Tamene finally gets his meeting with Brown, who appears to be in a hurry. No time to sit down.

TAMENE

The FBI thinks we have at least one compromised computer on our network, but that's not consistent with what I've seen.

BROWN

Which is what?

He has his laptop with him. He shows Brown emails that have been captured by the DNC's phishing filter.

TAMENE

But they're getting picked up by our filters. And I don't see any other evidence of a compromise.

BROWN

Who at the FBI?

TAMENE

Special Agent Adrian Hawkins.

BROWN

That place is full of fucking Republicans.

(beat)

I have a little wiggle room in the budget. Let me see if we can get some improved monitoring tools.

Brown exits with a hand on Tamene's shoulder. He feels good, like he did the right thing.

INT. FBI OFFICE, DAY

Hawkins goes to see his boss.

HAWKINS

I met with the DNC again this morning. They're stepping up their efforts.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

Is that so?

HAWKINS

Uh huh. Better software.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

Then it looks like your work is done.

Hawkins's Superior hasn't even made eye contact with him. Hawkins stares at the photo on his desk of him and Rudy Giuliani at Ground Zero after 9/11.

HAWKINS  
I've never asked... how well do you  
know the Mayor?

His Superior gets up and walks over with the photo.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
We have good memories from when he  
was a prosecutor. This was a  
special moment.

HAWKINS  
The other day he said he was  
probably going to endorse Trump.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
Ah, New Yorkers. We're tribal  
creatures.

He takes back the framed photo and returns to his desk.

EXT. HAWAII, NIGHT

An upscale hotel in the dark, early morning hours.

SUPER: "March 2016: 8 Months Until the Election"

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

An iPhone alarm goes off, waking up a man, BILLY RINEHART, who's been asleep in a T-shirt with the Hillary Clinton campaign logo on it.

Bleary-eyed and sore, Rinehart gets a hold of the phone, shuts off the alarm and checks his email.

His eyes are drawn to a message from Google with the subject: "Someone has your password".

His heart rate picks up. He opens the email. It says that someone located in Ukraine tried to sign in to his account but was stopped by Google. An IP address is included.

There's also advice to change his password immediately with a link.

Hurriedly, he clicks the link -- which asks him to sign in to his account before providing a new password.

After finishing, Rinehart breathes then replies to a couple emails before resetting his alarm and going back to sleep.

EXT. CLINTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, MORNING

At One Pierrepont Plaza, a brownstone skyscraper in Brooklyn Heights.

INT. CLINTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, MORNING

A youthful, Silicon Valley vibe. A delegate tracking wall uses little Post-Its to show the progress of the Democratic primaries. More blue Post-Its for Clinton than pink for Sanders.

A young ASSISTANT, hair pulled back, wearing jeans and Converse, moves through the office, chasing the sound of a ringing phone.

She gets to her desk and answers the call with a headset.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
John Podesta's office.

We don't hear the other end of the call. Instead we see that she's simultaneously checking her boss's email.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
He's in with Hillary at the moment.  
We'll call back.

She disconnects.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
Hey, Sara. Can you come here?

Podesta's Chief Of Staff, SARA LATHAM, late 30s, glasses, a little nerdy walks over.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
Look at this.

She points to an email on her computer screen -- the same exact email that Rinehart received in Hawaii except addressed to "John". Latham reads.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
What do you think?

LATHAM  
I'll call the help desk and then forward it over.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
Good idea.

Latham goes to her phone.

INT. CLINTON CAMPAIGN HELP DESK, MORNING

In another wing of the same offices, Hillary For America help desk technician CHARLES DELAVAN reviews the Podesta email while drinking his fourth cup of coffee of the morning (the empties are still on his desk).

Delavan quickly types a response. He has no doubt:

"This is a legitimate email. John needs to change his password immediately, and ensure that two-factor authentication is turned on his account.

"He can go to this link:

<https://myaccount.google.com/security> to do both.

"It is absolutely imperative that this is done ASAP."

Delavan presses send.

INT. CLINTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, MORNING

Latham reads Delavan's response on her phone, but she only gets as far as "This is a legitimate email." before sitting down at Podesta's Assistant's desk, opening the original email that was sent to John and clicking the link, unwittingly falling for the phishing attack.

INT. FUSION GPS, NIGHT

Simpson, Kimmy, and a third researcher, FRANK -- an old man in a young man's body, befitting his name -- eat Chinese takeout in a conference room. They're on their phones.

KIMMY  
Frank, are you gonna see *Batman Versus Superman* on Friday?

FRANK  
How are the reviews?

Simpson interrupts.

SIMPSON

Hey, who wants to listen to Trump's interview with the *Post* editorial board?

He doesn't wait for an answer. He hits play on a video (still images plus audio) on *The Washington Post* website then puts his phone in a cup, expanding the volume.

The interview starts. This is from an actual transcript:

TRUMP (V.O.)  
New building.

He's talking to FREDERICK RYAN JR., Publisher of the *Post*.

RYAN JR. (V.O.)  
Been here all of a month.

TRUMP (V.O.)  
Good luck with it.

RYAN JR. (V.O.)  
(nervous chuckle)  
Thank you. Uhm, it's been agreed  
this is an on the record meeting...

Kimmy talks over the next section.

KIMMY  
God, this is worthless. Can't you  
ever just take a break, Glenn?

SIMPSON  
Quiet.

The interview continues:

RYAN JR. (V.O.)  
...even perhaps we heard you might  
be announcing your foreign policy  
advisory team soon if there's  
anything you can share on that?

TRUMP (V.O.)  
I wouldn't mind. Doug, do you have  
that list? I'll be a little more  
accurate with it.

We hear shuffling while someone presumably comes forward with a sheet of paper. Frank says:

FRANK  
He has no idea.

Trump gets the list.

TRUMP (V.O.)  
Okay, you ready?

The people in the room at the Post laugh like tourists in the room with a celebrity. Simpson rolls his eyes.

TRUMP (V.O.)  
Walid Phares, who you probably know, PhD, adviser to the House of Representatives Caucus and is a counterterrorism expert. Carter Page, PhD. George Papadopoulos, he's an oil and energy consultant, excellent guy. And I have quite a few more. But that's a group of some of the people that we are dealing with.

The interview continues, but Frank has already moved on.

FRANK  
These reviews aren't good.

KIMMY  
Yeah, but who cares about critics?

SIMPSON  
Wait. Hang on. Who the fuck is Carter Page?

Nobody knows.

INT. DNC HELP DESK, EVENING

Tamene packs up his belongings for the day. His buddies Dev and Kamal say goodbye.

SUPER: "April 2016: 7 Months Until the Election"

Tamene starts to head out, when suddenly his phone buzzes. He turns around, goes to his computer, and opens an application that's new to our eyes, one of the robust monitoring tools that was mentioned by Brown.

He starts to shake.

EXT. TAMENE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

A well-mannered colonial in the Maryland suburbs. Tamene's silhouette is visible in the window on the first floor.

INT. TAMENE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Tamene sits on the arm of a chair in the living room, holding his phone. A puppy runs around the house. A little boy can be heard playing video games in the other room. TAMENE'S WIFE walks by holding a little girl and a book.

TAMENE'S WIFE  
Time for bed, baby girl.

She can tell that something is bothering her husband.

TAMENE'S WIFE  
You've been glum all night.

TAMENE  
I'll be fine.

She doesn't believe him, but she has to put their daughter to bed.

He looks down at his phone. He texted his boss, Andrew Brown, at 6:08pm. No response.

He opens his contacts, finds the name "Amy Dacey" and reluctantly presses the call button.

INT. AMY DACEY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Amy Dacey, CEO of the DNC, whom we remember from the meeting where Brown made his presentation on cybersecurity, hurriedly does her makeup in a cocktail dress. Her HUSBAND says --

DACEY'S HUSBAND  
Uber's here.

DACEY  
Just a second.

DACEY'S HUSBAND  
The Correspondents' Dinner waits  
for no man... or woman.

DACEY  
No, but the pre-parties do.

DACEY'S HUSBAND  
I'll stall him.

He exits. We hear the front door open and close -- and then Dacey's phone rings. It's on the bathroom counter next to her. She looks down, sees Tamene's name, and picks up.

DACEY  
Yared, what's going on?

EXT. AMY DACEY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Dacey comes outside. The Uber's gone. Her husband is standing in the driveway alone.

DACEY'S HUSBAND  
I failed.

DACEY  
We have bigger problems.

EXT. PERKINS COIE LLP, NIGHT

A multi-story office building the length of a city block.

INT. PERKINS COIE CONFERENCE ROOM, NIGHT

Brown, Dacey, Wasserman Schultz and lawyer MICHAEL SUSSMANN (52) -- tanned, sloped chin, looks like he could be an NFL official -- convene in secret. A lot of tension in the room. Sussmann, a former cybercrimes prosecutor at the DOJ, now a partner in the Privacy and Data Security Practice, runs the show.

SUSSMANN  
Let me just repeat that, Andrew, so  
the gravity of it can sink in.  
(beat)  
An unauthorized person with admin-  
level security status has gained  
access to the DNC's computers. This  
means password theft, data breach,  
everything you can imagine. Okay?

The others nod, gravely.

SUSSMANN  
Now, combine this with the fact  
that the FBI warned you *seven*  
*months* ago about a state-sponsored  
attack, and you should have a  
pretty sound idea of why I'm not  
planning us a trip to Disney World.

WASSERMAN SCHULTZ  
I was unaware of any of this until  
last night.

DACEY

So was I.

BROWN

To be fair, the information from the FBI really only came into focus in January. At that point we upgraded our software, which enabled us to catch this.

SUSSMANN

Catching it isn't preventing it.

BROWN

I'll have our Director of IT write a memo explaining the timeline.

SUSSMANN

We'll need that. In the meantime- and I mean starting now- we need to answer three questions. What data was accessed? How was it done? How do we stop it? Say it with me.

The group repeats the three questions in concert.

SUSSMANN

Let's bring in an outside firm. I'm going to recommend CrowdStrike.

BROWN

We don't have the budget for them.

(looks at Dacey)

Do we?

Sussmann doesn't give her room to respond.

SUSSMANN

Move Heaven and Earth. And don't say any of this on DNC email. We only have one chance to raise the drawbridge.

INT. DNC HQ, DAY

Employees from the DNC form a line, handing in laptops to Andrew Brown.

BROWN

Just a systems upgrade. Company phones and emails will be shut off for the weekend as well.

Tamene reaches the front of the line, hands Brown his laptop.

BROWN  
Thank you, Yared.

His voice implies he doesn't really mean it.

INT. DNC HQ, NIGHT

Technicians from CrowdStrike Services cybersecurity firm replace the computer systems. Email is turned off. Hard drives are wiped.

INT. DNC HELP DESK, MORNING

Tamene arrives at the crack of dawn. CrowdStrike technicians are still finishing up. He sits at his work station.

TAMENE  
Can I turn this on yet?

A TECH who, if you had to guess, you'd bet supported Bernie Sanders responds --

CROWDSTRIKE TECH  
Couple more hours. Maybe by 8:30?

The tech saunters off. Tamene digs in his drawer for a legal pad and a pen, forced to start a memo to Wasserman Schultz, Dacey, Brown, and Sussmann by hand.

We hear Yared's voice. Excerpts from the actual memo:

TAMENE (V.O.)  
On September 15, 2015, a call was transferred from the main DNC switchboard to the Help Desk; I had no way of differentiating the call. I just received from a prank; I did not return his calls, as I had nothing to report.

It sounds fucking horrible, and Tamene knows it. But he keeps writing because it's the truth, and he believed at the time that what he did was right. It's almost admirable. Almost.

INT. FANCY DC RESTAURANT, DAY

Simpson sits across from a white male INVESTMENT BANKER. Sushi on the table that Simpson can't be bothered with. The Banker, on the other hand, is gluttonous.

INVESTMENT BANKER

I'm not going to say something then see it show up in the *Wall Street Journal* in three months or anything like that, right?

SIMPSON

I left the *Journal*. I told you that like six times.

INVESTMENT BANKER

But you're doing the same thing, you know, you're acting the same way. I don't get it.

SIMPSON

If I said I'm doing investigative reporting, but it's being funded by private entities that use it for their benefit instead of publishing it in a newspaper- still no comprende?

INVESTMENT BANKER

Whatever, man. As long as I can still call you for gossip about Goldman, I'm good.

Simpson can barely hide his disdain for this guy.

SIMPSON

You worked at the office in Russia?

INVESTMENT BANKER

For Merrill, yeah. 2005, 2006.

SIMPSON

Did you know Carter Page?

INVESTMENT BANKER

Who?

SIMPSON

Bald guy in his 40s who runs an energy fund called- this is hard to believe- Global Energy Capital now. Trump mentioned him to the Post.

INVESTMENT BANKER

Oh, that guy. I've gotten a bunch of emails from my buddies on that piece of shit. 'Hey, who's Carter Page? Did you guys fuck?' Idiot frat boys...

SIMPSON

You operate on a higher plane.

INVESTMENT BANKER

Sushi not steak. Carter Page is neither. He's at the kids' table begging for mac and cheese.

SIMPSON

What'd he do at Merrill?

INVESTMENT BANKER

Made copies? I don't know. We hardly did anything in Russia. When it came to the big shit, say like something with Gazprom, those deals closed at the CEO level. I mean Putin had to sign off.

SIMPSON

His bio says he was part of slicing up RAO UES.

INVESTMENT BANKER

(laughs)

Yeah. He was around for that. The Russians called him stranichkin.

SIMPSON

What's that?

INVESTMENT BANKER

"Little page."

SIMPSON

So if Trump is listening to him on foreign policy involving Russia...

INVESTMENT BANKER

Then Trump is even dumber than he seems. Why talk to Carter fucking Page when Paul Manafort is running your campaign? That guy may as well have a hammer and sickle tattooed on his ass.

He inhales another piece of sushi as Simpson looks on, trying to connect the puzzle pieces in his head.

## EXT. FBI NORTHERN VIRGINIA RESIDENCE AGENCY, DAY

Hawkins comes back from lunch, walking up to the entrance as the special committee from the DNC exits, Wasserman Schultz, Dacey, Brown and Sussmann.

Hawkins immediately recognizes Wasserman Schultz from her TV appearances. Brown nods at him, none the wiser to his identity or involvement in discovering the hack.

Somewhat stunned, Hawkins watches the group leave the property and we

CUT TO:

## A MONTAGE OF ACTUAL ONLINE MEDIA &amp; VIDEO CLIPS

SUPER: "June 2016: 5 Months Until the Election"

The lead is a headline in *The Washington Post*: "Russian government hackers penetrated DNC"

Then, DAVID MUIR on ABC News:

MUIR

We're also learning more at this hour about an alleged Russian hack attack on the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee...

Next, pull quotes from *The WaPo* article: "The firm identified two separate hacker groups, both working for the Russian government..."

Followed by JAKE TAPPER on CNN:

TAPPER

...and what information did they apparently zero in on? Well, the opposition research file on one Mr. Donald J. Trump.

"One group, which CrowdStrike had dubbed Cozy Bear... the other, which the firm had named Fancy Bear, broke into the network in late April..."

Next, RENÉ MARSH on CNN:

MARSH

Now the researchers were roaming around the network for about a year but were removed this weekend.

(MORE)

MARSH (CONT'D)

The DNC Chairwoman Debbie Wasserman Schultz saying in a statement, quote, 'When we uncovered the intrusion we treated this like the serious incident it is and reached out to CrowdStrike immediately.'

One last quote from WaPo: "CrowdStrike is less sure of whom Cozy Bear works for but thinks it might be the Federal Security Service, or FSB, the country's powerful security agency, which was once headed by Putin."

And finally José Díaz-Balart interviewing HILLARY CLINTON on Telemundo in split-screen:

CLINTON

...this seems like another example where they're trying to vacuum up information. Now, why? We don't know yet. So far as we know, my campaign has not been hacked into and we're obviously looking hard at that. But cyber security will be an issue that I will be absolutely focused on as president.

INT. FUSION GPS, MORNING

We find ourselves staring at a computer screen, a web browser open to a page with a large baby blue header that reads:

"GUCCIFER 2.0"

Underneath:

"GUCCIFER 2.0 DNC'S SERVERS HACKED BY A LONE HACKER"

The page starts to scroll down. It's a crude WordPress site with a taunting tone. Most important, we see that several documents have been embedded on the page for download --

DNC opposition research on Trump; DNC donor ledgers; a "secret" promises and proposals paper on foreign policy.

The scroller hits the bottom of the site. We linger on a block of text:

"The main part of the papers, thousands of files and mails, I gave to WikiLeaks. They will publish them soon."

After a moment, our view reverses to show Simpson and Kimmy hovering over the screen.

SIMPSON

So the DNC reveals the hack to the Post yesterday and now-

KIMMY

This gets sent to Gawker. CrowdStrike is standing by their statements. They say the lone hacker thing is bullshit.

SIMPSON

Has our boy the Donald said anything yet?

Frank hears Simpson from outside the conference room, bobs his head in.

FRANK

There's a statement.

SIMPSON

I prefer his tweets and unhinged, off the cuff remarks but go ahead, read it.

FRANK

'We believe it was the DNC that did the 'hacking' as a way to distract from the many issues facing their deeply flawed candidate and failed party leader. Too bad the DNC doesn't hack Hillary Clinton's 33,000 missing emails.'

Kimmy laughs.

KIMMY

He would say that.

FRANK

(skimming the statement)  
And here he's talking about the DNC's opposition research report on him. Quote, 'This is all information that has been out there for many years. Much of it is false and/or entirely inaccurate.'

SIMPSON

Download that report from this site and see how much of it overlaps with what we've done. In the meantime, I'm going to prepare to differentiate.

KIMMY

How?

SIMPSON

Depends on what I can get the client to pay for.

EXT. ORBIS BUSINESS INTELLIGENCE, DAY

An old stone building in the Belgravia neighborhood of London. Pillared arches extend out over the steps up to the front doors. Home of Orbis Business Intelligence (you can Google them too).

INT. ORBIS, DAY

An organized no frills space but posh, and classic, with none of the posturing associated with American interior decorating.

CHRIS BURROWS (50s), one of the two co-founders, silently sips tea in his office, deep in thought. He's debonair, with a full head of gray hair styled and combed to the side. Not everyone at the company has to, but he wears a suit to work.

A copy of *The Daily Mirror* is on his desk. The front page contains a photo of a boy in British flag face paint, looking resigned, with the headline: "WE'RE OUT" -- and the subheads: "Britain votes to quit the EU" >> "Pound goes into freefall"

Even the abrupt ringing of his phone doesn't break his concentration. He answers just before it reaches voicemail.

BURROWS

Burrows.

INTERCUT: SIMPSON

On his cell phone, leaning against the wall in the corner of his office.

SIMPSON

Mr. Burrows... Glenn Simpson. How's the void look from where you're standing?

BURROWS

Sitting. At the moment it looks very much like the bottom of my tea cup. How does it appear to you?

SIMPSON  
Distant but encroaching.

BURROWS  
Stay vigilant.

SIMPSON  
That's why I'm calling. How  
available is the other Chris?

EXT. CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL, DAY

A soft dirt surface near the water, crowded with joggers -- and Simpson and Denise, the motorized wheelchair bound representative from Fusion's unidentified client.

DENISE  
Were you ever a runner?

SIMPSON  
You say that like you can tell that  
I'm not one now.

Denise looks him up and down.

SIMPSON  
Did this use to be your spot?

DENISE  
These people are a lot like  
politicians, you know.

SIMPSON  
We're in DC. Most of them are  
politicians.

DENISE  
They run the same route. Every day.  
Every other day. Like politicians  
and the election cycle, every four  
years, six years... 'the race for  
the White House.' But no one's  
actually running.

SIMPSON  
And these people aren't actually  
racing. I don't see your point.

DENISE  
What's your proposal, Glenn?

SIMPSON

I want to go deeper on his ties to Russia. Hire someone with intelligence experience in the country. But it's going to cost.

DENISE

He's the presumptive nominee at this point.

SIMPSON

But there's a chance for a brokered convention. And I know he said he could stand in the middle of Fifth Avenue and shoot somebody and he wouldn't lose any voters, but there's an above average chance we could dig something up that would force him to drop out.

DENISE

That's why we're still paying you. But to increase your budget?

Simpson watches a father and son jog past, the son keeping his pace slow to stay with his dad.

SIMPSON

I think I get your analogy. These people run until they can't run anymore. Then new runners come along, replace them. But the whole time the route still stands. The system perpetuates. It lives on.

(beat)

I have a feeling our 'runner' is different.

DENISE

How so?

SIMPSON

He's actually laying down mines.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC, DAY

Simpson hurries to the Metro, on his cell phone.

SIMPSON

I think they'll say yes, but my contact wants to meet him. Will he come to the US?

INTERCUT: BURROWS

At his desk, as before. Not a lot of variety in his routine.

BURROWS

Christ, Glenn. An in-person that he  
has to travel to another continent  
for?

SIMPSON

I know, but she's in a wheelchair.

BURROWS

Fortunately, the aeroplane was  
invented in 1903.

SIMPSON

C'mon, it's for the good of the  
world. He's the best there is.

BURROWS

This heathen, Trump, can't possibly  
win, can he?

SIMPSON

Do you know what I said to my ex-  
wife in the spring?

BURROWS

Please, remove the veil from your  
failed marriage for me.

SIMPSON

The Brits can't possibly vote to  
leave the EU, can they?

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT, DAY

A suave, somewhat aloof British man walks through the crowds  
towards a departure gate, wearing headphones, listening to  
classical music (which we hear).

This is CHRIS STEELE, 52, co-founder of Orbis Business  
Intelligence, former agent for MI-6.

He takes a seat at the gate and starts eating from a bag of  
Jelly Babies candies.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, DAY

To establish. An on-site Marriott is prominently framed  
because that's where we're headed.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT MARRIOTT, CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Denise is in her wheelchair. Steele has chosen to sit on the edge of the conference room table at the other side of the room.

DENISE

I didn't bother to read your résumé.

STEELE

More of an audiobooks person, are you?

DENISE

People can put anything in a document.

STEELE

I wouldn't disagree. Did Glenn vouch for me or did he think it'd be prudent to waste your time?

DENISE

He said you were a spy in Moscow.

STEELE

Please. To be precise I was a diplomat.

DENISE

And you knew Litvinenko before he was poisoned.

STEELE

Well, not after he was poisoned, that's for certain.

Denise frowns. She doesn't like his attitude.

STEELE

Alexander needed help exposing Putin's crimes in Chechnya. Not to say I lent a hand, but I was raised to be a Good Samaritan. And I was very upset when he was murdered.

DENISE

I also heard that you don't like soccer.

Steele laughs.

STEELE

I was proud of the FBI, but unsurprised, when they were able to remove the corrupt head of power at FIFA.

DENISE

You're very expensive. Why are you worth it?

STEELE

Justice is inevitable, I believe, but costly.

DENISE

How does that explain what Putin did to Litvinenko?

STEELE

Novels have more than one chapter.

DENISE

Glenn thinks Trump and Putin are up to something. Or Putin is up to something with Trump. I don't know if I believe him either way. But he'll be the nominee, officially, in a month and then he'll be Hillary's problem.

(beat)

We'll pay you until then.

STEELE

I should have flown first class.

DENISE

Talk to Glenn from now on. I don't want to see you again.

She leaves.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NIGHT

Steele is in the line for security. He's on the phone.

STEELE

A little rough that one isn't she?

INTERCUT: SIMPSON

At a bar reading a copy of the DNC oppo report on Trump.

SIMPSON

What'd she say?

STEELE

We have until the RNC.

SIMPSON

Terrific, terrific. Great news. I think you should start with-

STEELE

Business interests. Real estate. The godforsaken Miss Universe pageant.

SIMPSON

Interface with me.

STEELE

I wouldn't have it any other way.

He clicks off.

An overweight carry-on belonging to a college student who left it standing without support so she could give all of her attention to her phone falls over.

STEELE

Here, let me help you with that.

Steele reaches down to pick it up, turning on the charm.

EXT. NURSING HOME, DAY

A COMPUTER WHIZ -- mid 20s, looks 17, Latino, has bad posture -- approaches the building in a *Force Awakens* T-shirt even though it's too cold to not be wearing a coat.

INT. NURSING HOME, DAY

The Computer Whiz moves through the lobby and references the top of a manila envelope in his hand. The number "115" is scrawled on top.

He finds room 115 and knocks on the door.

Briefly, the Elderly Man who had the exchange in the black sedan with Russian diplomat Mikhail Popov answers.

COMPUTER WHIZ

Hey dude.

He shows him the envelope. The Elderly Man seems to be trying to find his bearings.

COMPUTER WHIZ  
It's for you. We're supposed to  
trade.

The Elderly Man finally takes the envelope and retreats into his small room, leaving the door open. The Whiz follows him.

ELDERLY MAN  
(in broken English)  
Do I open?

The Whiz shrugs his shoulders.

COMPUTER WHIZ  
Just do you, man.

The Elderly Man rummages in a dresser drawer. He comes away with a rubber banded stack of bills that he hands to the Whiz, who tries to no avail to fit them in the front pocket of his skinny jeans.

COMPUTER WHIZ  
Do you have an envelope? Like  
something to put this in?

The Elderly Man reads the Whiz's body language. He takes the envelope, opens it, removes a stack of documents then hands the envelope back to the kid.

COMPUTER WHIZ  
(laughs)  
Awesome, dude.

The Whiz transfers the money to the envelope then goes.

The Elderly Man returns to the documents, lying on a plush chair. As he sifts through them, we see that they appear to contain reams of hacked information on Russian oligarchs living in the U.S. and then, mercurially, at the bottom -- an image of the Christian Bale Batman wearing a "Make America Great Again" hat.

EXT. EMBASSY OF RUSSIA, LONDON, MORNING

A fenced property, estate-like, with a Russian flag flying out front.

Chris Steele is across the street, searching for garbage with a full-on trash picker.

A pale man, thick like a bear, emerges from the Embassy. Let's call him IVAN. He bee-lines for Steele, speaks with a gruff Russian accent.

IVAN  
Hey! What are you doing here?!

Steele looks up, bemused.

IVAN  
The real garbage is at the Diana Playground. It's overrun with it!  
Fucking numbskull.

He turns back into the Embassy.

EXT. DIANA MEMORIAL PLAYGROUND, MORNING

Inside Kensington Gardens. A huge wooden pirate ship is the centerpiece of the playground, which also includes teepees, toys, and play sculptures. Children run all over the place while parents and guardians mill about.

Steele checks his watch. It's 9:55am.

Ivan walks into the playground. He comes next to Steele.

IVAN  
Were you amused?

He's being funny, but he doesn't really show it. Doesn't have that mode.

STEELE  
I don't particularly care for playgrounds.

IVAN  
(re: the pirate ship)  
I admire the pirates very much.

STEELE  
How about Donald Trump?

IVAN  
His wife. His daughter...

STEELE  
His hair.

IVAN  
Is that what this is about?

STEELE

Yes, I intend to determine once and for all whether or not his hair is authentic.

IVAN

Good luck.

Ivan almost starts to go.

STEELE

Does he have business in your homeland?

Ivan rocks his head back and forth.

IVAN

He's had opportunities.

STEELE

Real estate, I presume?

IVAN

Around the World Cup in 2018.

STEELE

You said 'had'...

IVAN

He chose not to accept.

Steele waits for Ivan to say more, but it's like pulling teeth with this guy. He rarely goes more than one sentence.

STEELE

He doesn't strike me as a man who turns down much. Am I wrong?

IVAN

How should I know? He's not my comrade.

STEELE

He must be someone's in order to see proposals.

IVAN

The relationship is reciprocal.

Cryptic. Steele ruminates.

STEELE

Does his name begin with a 'V'?

IVAN  
This shouldn't be a mystery.

A serene PLAYGROUND MONITOR approaches.

PLAYGROUND MONITOR  
Gentlemen, I apologize.  
Unaccompanied adults are only  
allowed on the grounds between 9:30  
and 10:00.

IVAN  
I'm leaving.

He goes. Steele, who hasn't moved, calls after him.

STEELE  
How long?

Ivan puts up his hand as if he's waving goodbye then counts his fingers, one, two, three, four, five.

IVAN  
At least.

EXT. THE RITZ LONDON, NIGHT

A luxury hotel in the West End (as if it needs to be said). A woman, dressed professionally, walks down the street. Heads turn. If she was never a runway model, she could've been. Let's call her KATE (30s).

She heads into the hotel.

Steele, wearing a suit, enters the frame from the opposite side of the street and follows her in.

INT. THE RITZ LONDON, NIGHT

Kate waves to the bellboys, says hello to a server delivering drinks to a guest in the lobby. She puts a name tag on her blouse. She works here.

As she's walking, Steele comes up to her from behind, taps her on the shoulder.

STEELE  
Do you have a moment?

KATE  
I'm on my way to the concierge desk.

She might look Russian, but she has a British accent.

STEELE  
Five minutes won't kill them.

KATE  
Fifteen will.

STEELE  
I promise.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

They're inside a room that isn't occupied. Kate sits on the bed. Steele hands her cash.

KATE  
For this time?

STEELE  
For last time.

KATE  
Then what might this be?

STEELE  
A favor for a friend.

KATE  
Who's the friend?

STEELE  
A rather handsome man.

He sits on the bed next to her.

STEELE  
Would any of your regular Russian guests be interested in discussing a certain candidate for President of the United States?

KATE  
Perhaps. But that seems quite pointless.

STEELE  
Why?

KATE  
Because I know far more about him than them. But it won't come for free.

EXT. THE RITZ LONDON, NIGHT

Steele comes out of the hotel with a cramped expression on his face. His phone rings.

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
Are you calling from Moscow?

A QUIET WOMAN is on the other end of the line.

QUIET WOMAN (V.O.)  
(in Russian)  
I'd rather not say.

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
But you know Kate?

QUIET WOMAN (V.O.)  
(in Russian)  
Oh yes. My good friend. We see her every time we see the orange man.

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
He's fond of her, so she arranges his trips to Russia. Is that your understanding?

QUIET WOMAN (V.O.)  
(in Russian)  
This is above my pay grade. I don't know. But there is money that will come for me?

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
Yes. Kate will take care of it.  
Now, what did you see?

QUIET WOMAN (V.O.)  
(in Russian)  
I had just changed the linens in the suite where the black American President and his wife like to stay. Several women of the night were called in...

As Steele listens, his jaw slowly descends.

INT. NIGHT CLUB, NIGHT

Steele works his way through the sweaty, drug-addled crowd to the dance floor, where Ivan is literally standing, not dancing, ogling women in every direction.

They have to shout to be heard.

STEELE  
Is there kompromat on Trump?

IVAN  
On Clinton?

A subtle admission on Ivan's part. Steele gets it.

STEELE  
But not on Trump?

IVAN  
He's traveled to Moscow. What would you guess?

STEELE  
Is there a tape?

IVAN  
A what?

He couldn't hear.

STEELE  
Is there a tape of women pissing on each other in front of him?

Ivan grins.

IVAN  
The Kremlin is one of the last places on Earth to still use a VCR.

STEELE  
What do they want from him?

IVAN  
To be a knife.

STEELE  
Go somewhere posh next time.

He leaves the dance floor.

INT. ORBIS, DAY

Seated at his desk, Burrows finishes reading a memo. He looks up. Steele is in the room, standing.

STEELE  
Your thoughts?

BURROWS  
Besides the fact that we're all gobsmacked?

STEELE  
Besides that.

BURROWS  
Go ahead. Send it to Glenn.

INT. FUSION GPS, MORNING

Simpson has finished reading the memo. Frank and Kimmy are sharing his copy now. She reads faster than him.

KIMMY  
He's in their pocket. He's basically-

FRANK  
Let me finish.

Reluctantly, she does. Frank sits down at the conference table. Kimmy picks back up --

KIMMY  
He's basically a tool for Putin.

Simpson grabs the memo and reads. What we hear is an actual passage from the memo, dated June 20:

SIMPSON  
Specifically, the 'Russian regime has been cultivating, supporting and assisting Trump for at least five years. Aim, endorsed by Putin, has been to encourage splits and division in western alliance.'

KIMMY  
That's exactly what I said.

FRANK

And he can't do anything about it  
because they have a tape of him  
watching golden showers?!

KIMMY

Gross! Don't repeat that.

SIMPSON

Why would he want to?

(reads)

Trump 'and his inner circle have  
accepted a regular flow of  
intelligence from the Kremlin,  
including on his Democratic and  
other rivals.'

KIMMY

The hack?

SIMPSON

Quite possibly.

INT. FBI PRESS BRIEFING, DAY

FBI DIRECTOR JAMES B. COMEY stands in front of a U.S. flag in between two FBI flags, looking like a high school guidance counselor, with the charisma of a church lector.

SUPER: "July 2016: 4 Months Until the Election"

These are his actual remarks. Clip one:

COMEY

Good morning. I'm here to give you  
an update on the FBI's  
investigation of Secretary  
Clinton's use of a personal email  
system during her time as Secretary  
of State.

Clip two:

COMEY

Although we did not find clear  
evidence that Secretary Clinton or  
her colleagues intended to violate  
laws governing the handling of  
classified information, there is  
evidence that they were extremely  
careless in their handling of very  
sensitive, highly classified  
information.

Clip three:

COMEY

Although there is evidence of potential violations of the statutes regarding the handling of classified information, our judgment is that no reasonable prosecutor would bring such a case.

INT. NEW ECONOMIC SCHOOL, MOSCOW, DAY

A 44-year-old American, bald, with light black hair on the sides, looks something like a mortician, speaks at a podium in front of an audience.

We'll soon find out that this is CARTER PAGE, Trump's foreign policy advisor. These are his actual words:

PAGE

Yet, ironically, Washington and other Western powers have impeded potential progress through their often hypocritical focus on ideas such as democratization, inequality, corruption and regime change.

The audience is captive. We focus on a pair of distinctive looking Russian men at the front, both with escorts on their arms. We'll call them LIAISON 1 and LIAISON 2.

LATER

Page has finished his speech. He's receiving well wishers on stage. The Liaisons and their guests approach while he's in the middle of talking to someone else.

LIAISON 1  
Carter! Carter Page.

They butt in.

LIAISON 1  
Not every day you get to see a famous American economist with the ear of Donald Trump in the flesh.

Liaison 1 offers his hand. Nervously, Page takes it. A fallen leaf in front of a brash gust of wind.

PAGE

I'm flattered, but I'm here in a  
private capacity. I'm firmly an  
energy investor.

Liaison 2 is more casual.

LIAISON 2

Either way, important speech.

He and Page shake hands.

PAGE

Have we met? You look familiar.

LIAISON 1

You know Rosneft.

Page perks up.

PAGE

I've been expecting you.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL, DAY

Simpson waits at the large brown sign in Georgetown that  
marks the start of the towpath. A rail THIN MAN, taller than  
Glenn, of indeterminate age, suddenly engages him.

THIN MAN

Mr. Simpson...

Simpson, taken aback, looks the man up and down.

SIMPSON

Who are you?

THIN MAN

Denise had an accident involving  
her chair. She asked that I speak  
to you about the memo. Shall we  
walk?

SIMPSON

We can stand right here.

Two women in burkas pass between them onto the path. The Thin  
Man waits until they're gone.

THIN MAN

She has her doubts about the  
material. The sources are  
anonymous.

(MORE)

THIN MAN (CONT'D)  
The information is 'hearsay' to use  
one word, 'gossip' to use another.

SIMPSON  
We have two, three sources all  
saying the same thing. That's  
called reporting.

THIN MAN  
Let me see if I have this correct.  
Yes. Her first words after reading  
the memo were, 'When was Glenn  
going to tell me I'm funding *The  
National Enquirer*?'

SIMPSON  
*The Enquirer* killed John Edwards.

A soldier in uniform walks out of the path with her  
boyfriend, a civilian. Simpson and the Thin Man wait. Then --

THIN MAN  
To be actionable, we need hard  
evidence. To leak to the media, to  
show to donors, other Republicans.

SIMPSON  
Fuck you. If he were a Democrat  
this would be in the hands of every  
media outlet under the sun.

The Thin Man doesn't respond.

SIMPSON  
Did she send you here to tell me  
that she's done?

THIN MAN  
Business ends with a phone call,  
Glenn, not a meeting.

INT. GATED HOME IN SURREY, NIGHT

A 1.5 million-pound mansion. This is where Chris Steele  
lives. He's currently home, playing with his three cats. His  
phone rings.

INTERCUT: SIMPSON

On the other end of the line, also at home. A condo. Not  
modest. But messy. The home of a creative type. Books on the  
sofa and a joint burning in the ash tray.

SIMPSON

I know it's Saturday night there.  
Are you married? Sorry if you're at  
dinner with your wife.

STEELE

I have time.

Steele moves through the house as the conversation continues.

SIMPSON

I think I know the answer to this,  
but what are the chances you can  
get the tape?

STEELE

I set myself up for that, didn't I?

Steele goes to the window, looks outside. Something raises  
his eyebrows.

SIMPSON

Do you believe it exists?

STEELE

My sources indicate-

SIMPSON

What's in your gut?

STEELE

I'll ring you back.

He hangs up, opens the front door and walks

OUTSIDE

Where he finds the gate to his home wide open, swinging in  
the dark.

EXT. LONDON BUS STOP, DAY

Ivan, Steele's contact at the Russian Embassy, waits amidst a  
small group of people.

Steele meanders into the crowd, next to Ivan, and looks up  
something on his phone. The page he wants won't load -- or at  
least that's what he pretends is happening.

STEELE

Goddamn mobile service... never  
works when you need it. Am I right?

He turns to Ivan as if he's a total stranger.

STEELE

I was trying to look at what's playing at the cinema in the West End. You wouldn't happen to know, would you? Have you seen anything recently that you've liked?

IVAN

You should find another hobby.

STEELE

I wouldn't say that. I heard about a film just the other day that was set in a hotel...

A NOSY BYSTANDER interrupts --

NOSY BYSTANDER

*Grand Budapest Hotel*, that's it.

STEELE

Hmm. I'm not sure that's the one. This was a Russian film, I believe.

Ivan is silent.

STEELE

It may not be in theatres now that I think of it. It may be available to watch at home. That's what I'm trying to find out. Can I watch this Russian film set in a hotel in the comfort of my own home?

He surveys the crowd for answers. They look at him like he's out of his mind. Ivan eventually weighs in.

IVAN

Forget the cinema. Go to the British Library for Russian literature.

The bus arrives. The crowd lines up.

IVAN

But get there by 4:00 or there won't be any books left.

As the passengers board, Ivan and Steele ignore the bus and go their separate ways.

EXT. THE BRITISH LIBRARY, DAY

From outside it looks more like a compound than a library. Steele checks his watch. A couple minutes to four.

He walks towards the entrance.

INT. THE BRITISH LIBRARY, DAY

Steele wanders into a section with cubbies surrounded by all consuming stacks of books. Almost no one is here... except a droll-looking man with a fat face and dark hair that's probably a toupee. Copies of *The Brothers Karamozov*, *War & Peace*, and *Anna Karenina* are piled up at his side.

Steele sits down next to him.

STEELE

May I ask what you're reading?

The man closes the book in front of him and shows Steele the cover. *Crime & Punishment*.

STEELE

Ah, Ivan's my favorite character.

The man, whom we'll call THE STORYTELLER, takes off his reading glasses. He speaks with a Russian accent.

THE STORYTELLER

Would you like to hear a tale about  
a no name foreign policy adviser  
who met with an oil company on  
behalf of the reality TV star who  
made him a public figure?

STEELE

Go on...

THE STORYTELLER

Let's say this company is in peril  
because of sanctions against its  
home country. Can you imagine it  
offering nineteen percent of its  
equity to the reality star in  
exchange for those sanctions being  
lifted?

STEELE

Through his adviser...

THE STORYTELLER

As a proxy so irrelevant he could  
slip through the cracks,  
unmolested.

STEELE

Is this true?

THE STORYTELLER

Wait. There's an epilogue. Let's  
finally imagine this stranichkin  
meets with Igor Divyekin and learns  
that the Kremlin has kompromat on  
his boss. And that this should  
always be kept in mind.

(beat)

Do you see the pieces of a puzzle  
fitting together?

STEELE

Who are you?

THE STORYTELLER

Rosneft has a President. That man  
has associates.

STEELE

Why do you want me to know this?

The Storyteller puts his reading glasses back on and returns  
to his book.

INT. CAFE, DAY

The streets of Washington DC are visible through the glass  
front. Simpson sits at a table in the back with a briefcase.  
He's moved the chair opposite him out of the way to make room  
for Denise's wheelchair.

But then the Thin Man walks in. Simpson swears under his  
breath. The Thin Man repositions the chair and sits.

SIMPSON

Tell her I know that she's blowing  
me off.

THIN MAN

Do you really?

Simpson removes a two-page document from his briefcase. He  
reads, out loud, actual excerpts from Steele's memo.

SIMPSON

'Trump senior advisor Carter Page holds secret meetings in Moscow with Sechin and senior Kremlin Internal Affairs official, Divyekin.'

(beat)

'Substance included offer of large stake in Rosneft in return for lifting sanctions on Russia over Ukraine. Page confirms this is Trump's intention.'

(beat)

'Divyekin... hints at Kremlin possession of kompromat on Trump.'

(beat)

Those are the highlights.

He passes the document to the Thin Man, who skims through it then stands up.

SIMPSON

That's it? You're not going to say anything?

THIN MAN

I have a flight to Cleveland.

He leaves.

EXT. CLEVELAND, DAY

Archival footage of the city during the week of the Republican National Convention. We see protesters, Republicans, police and an eerily deserted landscape as big business chose not to attend and those working in and around the city were told to stay home.

Denise motors through the crowd outside the Q arena, where the events of the Convention itself are being held. No bandages, cast, bruises; no sign of an accident.

INT. LONDON RESTAURANT, NIGHT

Steele walks in, ignoring the Maitre D', and heads for the dining area, where he spots Ivan having dinner with a large contingent.

They make eye contact.

Steele heads to the restroom.

INT. RESTROOM, NIGHT

He enters a stall and leaves the door partially open. Moments later someone else walks into the restroom and enters the stall next to him. The voice tells us it's Ivan.

IVAN (O.S.)  
My dessert's on the way.

STEELE  
Is it coming out with the tape?

IVAN (O.S.)  
Don't be absurd.

STEELE  
You've already compromised him.

IVAN (O.S.)  
To a degree.

STEELE  
What do you want to accomplish?

IVAN (O.S.)  
Not everyone-

They hear something. The door opens. The sink runs. Then the hand dryer. The door opens again.

IVAN (O.S.)  
Not everyone approves of the  
scheme. Dissent is healthy.

Steele laughs.

STEELE  
Yes, I'm sure Putin has that quote  
hanging above his bed.

IVAN (O.S.)  
Why does it matter? Who's paying  
you? Is the money drying up? Or are  
you still angry about your friend,  
Litvinenko?

Steele comes out of his stall and barges into Ivan's, knocking into him. But Ivan holds his ground, doesn't flinch.

IVAN  
You know how this works. I talk to  
you. You talk to me. Money is  
passed around. We don't really do  
anything. Nothing changes.  
(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)  
We eat good steak. Sleep with  
beautiful women. Drive fast cars.  
It's all a game. Golf, not rugby.

Ivan pushes past Steele, heads for the door.

Steele watches him go then glances at the sink. There's a streak of blood in the basin.

INT. REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, NIGHT

The arena where the Cleveland Cavaliers play basketball has been turned into a shrine to the Republican party. Revelers on the floor and in the seats. "Make America Great Again" signs everywhere...

IVANKA TRUMP, in a pink sleeveless dress, on stage.

This is from the actual speech:

IVANKA  
I've loved and respected him my entire life. And I could not be more proud tonight to present to you, and to all of America, my father and our next President, Donald J. Trump!

Trump, in a dark suit and red tie, walks out to bombastic orchestral music and languorous applause. He kisses Ivanka on both cheeks, comes close to patting her on the ass, then makes his way to the podium, clapping, waving, giving a dual thumbs up. We see exuberant faces in the crowd as the applause grows louder.

TRUMP  
Thank you, thank you. Thank you.  
Thank you very much. Friends,  
delegates, and fellow Americans. I  
humbly and gratefully accept your  
nomination for the Presidency of  
the United States.

The crowd erupts. A "U.S.A." chant starts. Trump picks it up.

TRUMP  
U.S.A., U.S.A., U.S.A.  
(returns to his speech)  
(MORE)

TRUMP (CONT'D)

Who would have believed that when we started this journey on June 16 last year, we- and I say we because we are a team- would have received almost 14 million votes, the most in the history of the Republican party, and that the Republican Party would have gotten sixty percent more votes than it received eight years ago? Who would have believed this?

INT. DIVE BAR, NIGHT

Simpson, Kimmy, and Frank watch the close of Trump's speech amongst a group of hardcore drinkers who are some combination of shocked and amused. Simpson and company are more dour.

His phone rings.

INTERCUT: DENISE

On the other end of the line, watching from inside the Ritz-Carlton in Cleveland.

SIMPSON

I've been expecting this call.

DENISE

It's over, Glenn. We'll pay out for last week and then that's it. He's our candidate now.

SIMPSON

Yours? Or the Russians'?

DENISE

I believe in the Republican Party.

SIMPSON

Party over country, that's what they always say...

DENISE

Goodbye, Glenn. You did good work. It just didn't make a difference.

She hangs up. Simpson sets his phone down on the bar.

KIMMY

Was that it?

He nods. She slaps the bar. Frank curses. Smiling, cheering people fill the TV screens.

INT. ORBIS, DAY

Burrows walks down the hall and peeks into an office. Steele, inside, throwing darts at a dartboard.

BURROWS

Chris.

They make eye contact. Burrows makes the throat slash gesture.

STEELE

I'll close my door.

BURROWS

No, not the darts. The reality star.

STEELE

Life goes on.

He throws another dart.

INT. DARK ROOM, NIGHT

Low light. Someone burning the midnight oil. We see hands typing at a keyboard. On the computer screen, a bar tracks the progress of an upload. A very large file. It shoots through to the finish.

A few mouse clicks, a couple keyboard taps, and then a webpage publishes, taking over the screen --

<https://wikileaks.org/dnc-emails>

The header reads:

"Search the DNC email database"

Below that, a passage that reads in part:

"Starting on Friday 22 July 2016 at 10:30am EDT, WikiLeaks released over 2 publications 44,053 emails and 17,761 attachments from the top of the US Democratic National Committee -- part one of our new Hillary Leaks series."

CUT TO:

## A MONTAGE OF EMAILS

From the DNC hack, including those that suggest the committee actively undermined the Sanders campaign in favor of Clinton. The montage ends with an email about Sanders from Debbie Wasserman Schultz:

"He isn't going to be president."

Followed by --

## A CLIP FROM FOX NEWS

BRETT BAIER interviews Michigan Congresswoman DEBBIE DINGELL on one side of the screen. The other half has footage up of TIM KAINE, who has just been announced as Clinton's running mate. This is an actual transcript:

BAIER

Congresswomen, I know that you say it's unity, and I know Bernie Sanders has endorsed Hillary Clinton. But, you know, there are these emails- thousands of them now out, that WikiLeaks put out, from the DNC emails- that show there was clearly some effort to edge out Bernie Sanders. And that the concern that the Sanders people, including Senator Sanders, had about Debbie Wasserman Schultz may have been justified.

INT. DNC HQ, DAY

With the help of interns, Wasserman Schultz packs up the items in her office.

LATER

A shot of Wasserman Schultz in the empty office all alone. She's out. She resigned.

LATER STILL

CEO Amy Dacey walks between two members of security. One is at her side. The other pushes a cart loaded with boxes that have her name written on them. No one in the office wants to look at her.

Tamene walks by.

He stops, turns, and watches her leave the building... before proceeding into the help desk area and turning on his computer.

INT. FBI NORTHERN VIRGINIA RESIDENCE AGENCY, DAY

Special Agent Hawkins looks at Twitter, sees an (actual) tweet from @realdonaldtrump:

"The new joke in town is that Russia leaked the disastrous D.N.C. e-mails, which should never have been written (stupid), because Putin likes me."

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE, DAY

Trump stands at a podium with his name and Pence's name and "Miami, Florida" on it. Behind him, a blue curtain, the American flag and the flag for the state of Florida. This is an actual transcript.

A MALE REPORTER asks:

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)  
When you say, 'Let's get tough,'  
why not get tough on Putin and say,  
'Stay out'-

TRUMP  
What do I have to get involved with Putin for? I have nothing to do with Putin. I've never spoken to Putin. I know nothing about him other than he will respect me. He doesn't respect our President. And if it is Russia- and it's probably not- nobody knows who it is. But if it is Russia it's really bad for a different reason. Because it shows how little respect they have for our country when they would hack into a major party and get everything. But it would be interesting to see- I will tell you this-

(looks directly into the camera)

Russia, if you're listening, I hope you're able to find the thirty thousand emails that are missing.

(MORE)

TRUMP (CONT'D)  
I think you will probably be  
rewarded mightily by our press.

INT. SOUTHERN ESTATE, DAY

The Thin Man stands next to Denise in a lavish living room. They're watching the press conference from Miami on C-SPAN. Neither looks very comfortable.

TRUMP  
No, no. Excuse me. In the back.

GERMAN FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)  
I would like to know, if you became  
President, would you recognize the  
annexed (inaudible) Crimea as  
Russian territory? And also if the  
US would lift sanctions that are  
(inaudible)?

TRUMP  
We'll be looking at that, yeah.  
We'll be looking.  
(points)  
Go ahead.

As the next reporter asks a question, Denise mutes the TV with the remote.

THIN MAN  
That was predicted in the memo from  
Fusion.

DENISE  
Yes it was.

She stews. Then --

DENISE  
We have a list of donors on the  
opposing team...

THIN MAN  
We do.

DENISE  
Pick a pit bull. Put them in touch  
with Glenn.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, MORNING

A plane takes off.

SUPER: "August 2016: 3 Months Until the Election"

INT. PLANE, DAY

Simpson is in first class, in the window seat, looking out over Los Angeles as the plane continues its descent.

I/E. HOUSE IN MALIBU, DAY

Simpson walks through a gorgeous interior, out to the back, where there's a pool, even though the house overlooks the ocean.

A tall, blonde-haired man in his mid-20s, with a hairless chest and a model's physique skims the pool for debris. We'll call him DAVID.

SIMPSON

Where's David?

DAVID

I'm David.

He puts the net down, greets Simpson.

DAVID

You thought I was the pool boy.

SIMPSON

I expected someone older, shorter,  
wearing a shirt.

DAVID

You stereotypical old, white man.

SIMPSON

Are you the guy? Or do you  
represent the guy?

DAVID

Your skin looks truly vampiric.  
Let's get you some trunks.

MOMENTS LATER

Simpson, in newly outfitted swim trunks, sits across the pool from David. They dangle their legs in the water. It's killing Simpson to be this relaxed.

DAVID

Are you sure you don't want to lose  
the shirt? I've got lotion.

SIMPSON

What are we doing here?

DAVID

We're dancing.

SIMPSON

There's no time for that. Did my  
previous client slip you the memos?

David smiles.

SIMPSON

Does that mean you want us to slip  
you the memos?

David dives into the pool, swims towards Simpson, but stops  
in the middle of the pool.

DAVID

I heard there's a tape.

SIMPSON

We don't know if it exists.

DAVID

That'd be something if it did.

SIMPSON

What do you need from me to help  
you make a decision?

DAVID

Oh, it's not up to me.

SIMPSON

Then who's it up to?

David swims over, hops out of the water, gets two Coronas  
from a fridge and sits down next to Simpson. He passes him a  
beer.

DAVID

Just keep the number under six  
figures. Unless you get the tape.  
Then...

He shrugs. They cheers, drink. Not everything Simpson could  
have hoped for but something.

EXT. LONDON, NIGHT

Steele walks the dark, lonely streets on his own. We see no one else, but we hear their footsteps.

He turns down an alley. At the other end he sees --

The Russian Embassy, off in the distance.

A taxi pulls up in front of it, stops. A woman gets out. She walks towards Steele, covered by darkness.

It's Kate, his contact from the Ritz.

STEELE

I wouldn't have chosen this spot.

KATE

I'm here every Tuesday. It'd be stranger if I weren't.

She walks past Steele, to their actual destination, a drinking lounge behind a cozy little wooden door.

STEELE

Wait. You don't know what I need, and I'm not sure you can find out.

KATE

Try me.

STEELE

Are your ties to the campaign or to the company?

She looks at the door. Not the ideal conversation to have in public.

KATE

I'll say it like this. He DM's me on Twitter.

STEELE

You can't get this from him. I mean you could, assuming he's not the least knowledgeable person on the campaign, but you shouldn't.

KATE

Thankfully I'm very social.

STEELE

Careful. I have a docket of questions for you.

KATE  
Do you have funds?

STEELE  
Would I expect you to speak to me  
if I didn't?

She opens the wooden door and holds it there, asking him to come inside with her.

STEELE  
I don't like the smell of borscht.

He goes.

INT. LOUNGE, NIGHT

The place is packed with people of Russian descent. The chatter is loud, the music is louder. Kate sits in a booth, part of a large group, lots of drinks to go around.

She receives a text message that says, "Uber for flowers."

Quickly, she says goodbye to her friends and leaves. Walking out, she passes Ivan, having drinks with a woman. Neither seems to know the other. But now we understand why Steele didn't want to come in with her.

EXT. LOUNGE, NIGHT

Indeed an Uber is waiting for Kate outside. She gets in.

INT. UBER, NIGHT

The DRIVER is Pakistani.

DRIVER  
You're Christopher?

KATE  
My boyfriend.

DRIVER  
You're going to 20B Waterloo in  
Maplethorpe?

KATE  
That sounds as right as anything.

EXT. LOUNGE, CONTINUOUS

As the Uber pulls away, Steele reappears and enters the lounge.

EXT. LONDON, NIGHT

The Uber drops Kate in a desolate area. No one wants to be here. The car pulls away, leaving Kate stranded.

Someone waits in the shadows, holding a box of flowers.

KATE

Are those for me?

The individual comes forward, speaks up. It's Burrows.

BURROWS

I can't say I see anyone here who deserves them more than you.

He hands her the box and walks away.

She opens it. Inside, a dozen roses, wrapped in tissue paper. Underneath, several questions have been handwritten on the bottom of the box.

INT. LOUNGE, NIGHT

Steele sits at the bar, sipping a martini. Ivan walks up to order a drink. They act like they don't know each other.

STEELE

Crowded for a Tuesday isn't it?

IVAN

Crowded in general.

STEELE

I prefer the library, actually. Would you believe that? I meet the most fascinating people there. For instance, just the other day I met a man who was a champion of Russian literature. He told me a story about a little boy, for all intents and purposes, who was sent to a foreign land to negotiate on behalf of a wannabe king. You're Russian. Do you know this story?

IVAN  
I don't like fairy tales.

The bartender reaches Ivan.

IVAN  
Another vodka.

STEELE  
I would tend to agree. But then, a few days later, I saw the wannabe king himself, in front of the American media, confirm pieces of the negotiation. And I thought, I need to meet this man again, to hear more unbelievable stories that magically come to life.

The bartender delivers Ivan's drink.

IVAN  
Oleg is underpaid.

He puts cash down on the bar to pay for his vodka, holds it there, looks at Steele... then leaves it, turns away, and returns to his table.

EXT. THE RITZ LONDON, DAY

Steele, in disguise -- wig, fake glasses, a beard -- approaches the hotel.

INT. THE RITZ LONDON, DAY

Steele heads to guest check-in, greets a female HOTELIER.

STEELE  
Checking in.

HOTELIER  
Last name?

STEELE  
Stalin.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, DAY

Steele enters the room using a keycard. He flips over the pillows on the bed, finds a manila envelope tucked under the comforter, and takes it.

From his coat, he pulls out a bundle of pound notes, then slips the pillowcase off a pillow, stuffs the money inside, and redresses the pillow.

LATER

Kate walks in and retrieves the money from the pillowcase.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM, DAY

Steele strips off his disguise in a stall, packages it into a briefcase and exits.

INT. MERCEDES, DAY

Parked on a street off the beaten path. Steele sits in the driver's seat, reading the material that Kate put together, borderline shocked.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC, MORNING

Simpson walks from getting coffee towards the Metro station. His phone buzzes in his breast pocket.

SIMPSON  
I'm about to go underground.

INTERCUT: STEELE

In the Mercedes on his cell.

STEELE  
No, you want to hear what I found immediately.

SIMPSON  
Who's the source?

STEELE  
An ethnic Russian, close associate of Trump. The same source who first told me about the tape.

Simpson reaches the Metro station. It's rush hour. He attempts to post up out of the way, but it's impossible. People are just going to have to deal with him.

STEELE  
Glenn-

SIMPSON

Sorry, it's a mess here.

STEELE

More than you realize. We're looking at a full blown conspiracy between the Trump campaign and the Kremlin.

SIMPSON

What?

STEELE

The Carter Page detail opened all of this up for me. Manafort, the campaign manager, is fielding it. But Trump is aware. They're using WikiLeaks for the sake of plausible deniability.

SIMPSON

Who is? The Russians?

STEELE

Yes, but the campaign has hackers as well. They're co-funding the operation through a scheme with the Russian pension disbursement system. And the Trump hackers are getting information on Russian oligarchs and their families inside the US and passing it back to the Kremlin.

SIMPSON

A Putin obsession...

STEELE

Absolutely.

SIMPSON

Write the memo.

He hangs up, trapped in a throng of people, tries to find his footing. What the hell is going on?

EXT. THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE, DAY

As we saw earlier, senior Russian diplomat Popov exits then gets into a waiting car.

EXT. NURSING HOME, DAY

Only the grandson waits outside. The Elderly Man is nowhere to be seen. The black sedan pulls up. The door opens.

INT. BLACK SEDAN, CONTINUOUS

The grandson leans inside, arm extended, holding a folder. Popov takes it.

POPOV  
(in Russian)  
Where's your grandfather?

GRANDSON  
Uh, what's that?

POPOV  
You don't speak Russian?

GRANDSON  
I did Spanish in high school.

Popov is disgusted.

POPOV  
Is your grandpa sick?

GRANDSON  
I made him stay inside because of  
the temperature. Hottest year on  
record, man.

Popov can't close the door fast enough. As the car pulls away, he goes through the contents of the folder. More information on Russian oligarchs and their families...

And an image of the Ben Affleck Batman with a "Make America Great Again" sign hanging between the bat ears on his mask.

Popov chuckles, finds a pen, scribbles out "America" and writes the word "Russia".

INT. HOUSE IN MALIBU, NIGHT

An ongoing black tie affair. Clinton campaign propaganda decorates the home. It's a fundraiser -- which honestly looks a lot more like a party than a gathering of people who see their candidate facing a serious threat.

David moves through the crowd. He seems to know everybody.

His phone buzzes. He checks it.

A new email from Glenn Simpson.

The subject: "Company Intelligence Report"

In the body, text from Steele's actual memo: "Russia/US Presidential Election: Further Indications Of Extensive Conspiracy Between Trump's Campaign Team and the Kremlin"

A PDF is attached. The memo.

David appears disappointed that that's all there is. He writes back: "Maybe it's because I'm a Millennial but video >>>>> text"

He sends the message then returns to the party.

INT. ORBIS, DAY

Steele's office. He's eating Jelly Babies again. An assistant walks in, drops a package on his desk. As she leaves, Burrows enters.

BURROWS

Glenn called me. The client is pressuring him to deliver the tape.

Steele is slow to respond. He's looking at the package curiously.

STEELE

There's one other maneuver I can try, but it'll cost us.

BURROWS

Will it fit the budget?

STEELE

No.

He starts to open the package.

BURROWS

Perhaps we have a moral obligation.

STEELE

Do we?

Neither of them knows for sure.

BURROWS

You'll make the proper decision.

He leaves.

Steele finishes opening the package. Inside, there are photos of Alexander Litvinenko on his death bed, hairless, dying from polonium poisoning.

Steele drops the images on his desk.

EXT. RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTRY, DAY

Some Russian children play with sidewalk chalk outside the fence.

Steele walks up, bends down to the level of a LITTLE GIRL with a blue piece of chalk.

STEELE

Do you know how to spell 'River Thames'?

Excitedly, she nods.

STEELE

Let's see it then.

She writes both words but incorrectly spells 'Thames', forgetting the 'h.'

STEELE

That's wonderful.

He walks away.

Moments later, Ivan emerges from the Ministry and discovers the 'River Tames' scrawl.

LITTLE GIRL

Look what a man asked me to write,  
Daddy!

Ivan checks in every direction.

EXT. THE RIVER THAMES, NIGHT

Steele waits at the edge of the river. Several dead swans lie along this stretch. They've been shot through with bullets. He's troubled.

Ivan shows up.

STEELE

Someone killed these swans.

Ivan glances at them, doesn't really look like he cares.

IVAN  
What do you want?

STEELE  
From you, nothing.

He hands a thick envelope to Ivan, who looks inside.

STEELE  
You said Oleg was underpaid.

Ivan smiles.

STEELE  
Why did you give me his name?

IVAN  
I'll be in touch.

He starts to go.

STEELE  
I want to know what I'm purchasing.

IVAN  
That's up to Oleg.

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
It could be up to you.

Ivan stops.

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
Aren't you also underpaid?

IVAN  
(in Russian)  
Aren't we all?

STEELE  
(in Russian)  
You could keep it for yourself. If  
you traded me the tape.

Ivan walks.

STEELE  
I didn't appreciate the photos by  
the way.

But Ivan is gone. Nothing but darkness.

INT. FUSION GPS, NIGHT

It's a Sunday. The crew is working late. Frank and Kimmy are in the conference room, eating pizza, writing memos, keeping one eye on Twitter.

A new story hits Kimmy's feed. A tweet from the *New York Times*.

KIMMY

Did you see this? Look.

She clicks, swivels her laptop towards Frank. He reads the headline:

FRANK

'Secret ledger in Ukraine lists  
cash for Donald Trump's Campaign  
Chief.' Holy shit.

Frank pulls the article up on his computer while Kimmy hurriedly carries her laptop out of the conference room.

KIMMY

Glenn!

She bursts into Simpson's office. He's stoic. A bottle of whiskey on his desk.

KIMMY

The *Times* got Manafort.

SIMPSON

Did they?

Frank yells from the conference room:

FRANK (O.S.)

He was being handed kickbacks from  
Yanukovych.

KIMMY

Is that the former President of  
Ukraine?

SIMPSON

Putin loyalist.

KIMMY

You don't look surprised. Have you been feeding them stuff? Did you know this was coming?

SIMPSON

But I am surprised. I'm surprised the *Times* published a story that didn't have shit to do with email.

Frank comes in with his laptop, reading.

FRANK

'In addition, criminal prosecutors are investigating a group of offshore shell companies that helped members of Mr. Yanukovych's inner circle finance their lavish lifestyles... among the hundreds of murky transactions these companies engaged in was an \$18 million deal to sell Ukrainian cable television assets to a partnership put together by Mr. Manafort and a Russian oligarch, Oleg Deripaska, a close ally of President Vladimir V. Putin.'

KIMMY

No way he survives this. Not with the heat Trump's been getting about Russia.

SIMPSON

Plus, I heard they wanted to bring someone in above Manafort anyway.

KIMMY

Are there names?

SIMPSON

Yeah. Steve Bannon.

FRANK

The *Breitbart* guy?

SIMPSON

Ringmaster of the fucking alt-right. We go from a dishonest traitor to a maniac.

FRANK

But if it breaks the link to Russia are we better off?

SIMPSON  
Those links are like redwoods. Get  
back to work.

INT. CNN, DAY

Host BRIANNA KEILAR interviews Trump organization executive/Donald's personal lawyer, MICHAEL COHEN in split-screen. Cohen is pompous, tanned, douchey, wearing a pink tie.

A headline at the bottom of the screen reads: "Trump Overhauls Campaign In Dramatic Shakeup". There's also a countdown timer to the Green Party Presidential Town Hall. This is an actual transcript of a clip that went viral:

KEILAR  
You say it's not a breakup, but you  
guys are down. And it makes sense  
that-

COHEN  
Says who?

KEILAR  
Polls.

COHEN  
Says who?

Keilar is incredulous. Cohen talks over her.

KEILAR  
Most of them. All of them?

Cohen is silent for several seconds. Then:

COHEN  
Says who?

KEILAR  
Polls. I just told you. I answered  
your question.

COHEN  
Okay. Which polls?

KEILAR  
All of them.

COHEN  
Okay. And your question is?

INT. FOX NEWS, MORNING

ERIC TRUMP, gelled, pale and vampiric, is interviewed at a 3/4 angle on *Sunday Morning Futures*. This is from an actual transcript:

ERIC TRUMP

...I think my father didn't want to be distracted by, you know, whatever things, you know, Paul was dealing with. And Paul was amazing. He helped us get through the primary process. He helped us get through the convention. He did a great job with the delegates. Now you look at Kellyanne and some of the other people that we're bringing in, and they're absolutely fantastic. I think they're gonna be the ones that bring us all the way through November 8th and ultimately get us the victory.

EXT. STEELE'S HOME, NIGHT

The gate opens.

SUPER: "September 2016: 2 Months Until the Election"

Steele pulls in in his Mercedes but has to stop prematurely. Something's lying in the driveway.

A nylon sack.

He gets out, cautious, letting the car idle. He investigates the sack, opening it.

Inside, a host of library books. Bios on Stalin, Lenin. Nonfiction on the Soviet Union. Last but not least, a book on Soviet gulags.

He opens the cover. A Post-It has been stuck on top of the register of when the book was checked out and needs to be returned. It says: "TOMORROW 3PM"

INT. THE BRITISH LIBRARY, DAY

Steele carries the sack to the return bin then drops off the books. He proceeds into the section of the library with high stacks and cubbies, where he previously met the Storyteller aka Oleg.

No one is here besides an OLD LIBRARIAN, re-stacking the shelves, gray hair up in a bun.

Steele approaches her.

STEELE

Excuse me, ma'am, you don't happen to have seen a man with dark hair, short but shaggy? Russian. He most likely would have been reading Dostoevsky...

She stops her work, looks concerned.

OLD LIBRARIAN

You're not bringing in more trouble, are you?

STEELE

What do you mean?

OLD LIBRARIAN

There was a bit of a tiff half an hour ago. More than a tiff, really. Two bobbies came in. There was a shouting match with this man. Who sounds like your man. Well, that turned into a fisticuffs. He had to be escorted out.

STEELE

What were they arguing about?

OLD LIBRARIAN

I couldn't say. The whole tit-for-tat was in Russian, I believe. Imagine that. A couple British police officers informed of a Communist language.

Steele breaks for the doors.

EXT. LONDON, NIGHT

It's raining. Ivan, a woman who appears to be his WIFE, and their little girl exit a restaurant together.

WIFE

(in Russian)

I don't have my umbrella.

IVAN  
(in Russian)  
If you told me, I would've valeted.

Bearing the downpour, Ivan hurries down the street towards their car, a BMW. He hits the remote keyless entry. The lights flash. He gets in.

INT. BMW, CONTINUOUS

Closes the door, reaches for the push button starter -- when the passenger door opens.

Steele.

He occupies the passenger seat, slams the door.

IVAN  
While I'm out with my family-

STEELE  
Where is he?

IVAN  
Do I look like his shadow?

STEELE  
Men dressed like bobbies took him before I arrived.

IVAN  
Then take a tour of police stations.

STEELE  
They spoke Russian.

IVAN  
Many citizens of London are bilingual.

STEELE  
I gave you money. I want him back.

IVAN  
Do you? Or would you rather have the tape?

STEELE  
He better not be harmed.

Steele exits.

INT. BURROWS'S HOME, NIGHT

Elegant, arguably pretentious decor that radiates status. Steele, dampened from the rain, sits across from Burrows, who's wearing a monogrammed robe. They're circled by a poodle and a cat, engaged in a kind of hunt for one another.

STEELE

My concept was to put the money in Source A's hands, hoping that would compel him to take my bribe for the tape.

BURROWS

Absent that?

STEELE

He'd pass the money on to Source C, in exchange to meet with me again. I left it up to him.

BURROWS

You thought Source C could also provide the tape?

STEELE

I wasn't sure. Either way, I believed he could give me additional information that I could use to apply pressure on Source A to ultimately give up the tape.

BURROWS

That was a heavy gamble.

STEELE

You said I'd make the proper choice.

Steele isn't himself. He's weary, lacking confidence.

BURROWS

What do you suspect happened to Source C?

STEELE

My fear is a repeat of the Litvinenko disaster.

BURROWS

In which case we'd be out the money. And the tape.

STEELE

Another life would be lost.

BURROWS

Yes, that too. Would we be in the red on the contract?

Steele nods.

BURROWS

I'd say drum something up, whatever that might be. Ask Glenn for more money. We've had a fantastic year otherwise. We can stomach a hit.

The cat finally catches the poodle. There's a ruckus.

BURROWS

Stop!

They separate.

BURROWS

They're not used to being up this late. I really must get to bed.

He stands up. So does Steele.

EXT. THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, NIGHT

Simpson is walking. He's seen the memorial a thousand times, but he still gazes up at it as he goes.

He gets a call, stops.

SIMPSON

Jesus, how late is it there?

INTERCUT: STEELE

At home, sitting on the edge of his bed. The only illumination is the moonlight coming in through the windows.

STEELE

Late enough to not be sure if it's the night or the morning. Can you talk?

SIMPSON

I've been drinking. The polls are narrowing. This piece of shit is almost in the lead.

STEELE  
I'll make it brief. We need to  
raise our rate.

Simpson bursts with excitement.

SIMPSON  
You have the tape...

STEELE  
Not exactly, we-

SIMPSON  
Chris.

STEELE  
Glenn, I'm trying-

SIMPSON  
You seriously called to ask for a  
raise at the same time you're  
telling me that you failed. Do you  
want to get fired?

STEELE  
I'm in a predicament.

SIMPSON  
Is that right? You know who else is  
in a predicament? Hillary fucking  
Clinton. The Democratic Party.  
Muslim Americans. Gays. Immigrants.  
Should I go on?

There's a long pause.

STEELE  
Source C may be in danger. I need  
to tighten the screws on Source A.

SIMPSON  
I'm not going to tell you how to do  
your job.

STEELE  
What has the client done with our  
reports?

SIMPSON  
Not enough, as far as I'm  
concerned.

STEELE  
I have contacts at the FBI.

SIMPSON

The client won't want that.

STEELE

Do we care?

It almost surprises Steele to hear himself say this.

SIMPSON

I'm looking up at the Lincoln Memorial right now because the Uber I called couldn't figure out how to get to a pin. It's glorious, really. But when I look at Lincoln's face all I can think about is that goddamn remake of *Planet Of the Apes*.

STEELE

Can you forget I asked about the raise?

SIMPSON

I have no idea what you're talking about.

STEELE

Get home safe, Glenn.

They hang up.

INT. ORBIS, MORNING

The RECEPTIONIST straightens her desk then begins making coffee. Steele walks in, the only other person in the office. She's surprised to see him.

ORBIS RECEPTIONIST

You're here early, Mr. Steele.

STEELE

Could you bring me some coffee once it's ready, please?

INT. STEELE'S OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER

Steele works at his desk, copying and pasting all of his memos on the Russia-Trump Campaign conspiracy into a single document.

The Receptionist drops off his coffee. He thanks her and sips, holding the mug to his lips. Then he watches the clock.

LATER

The time turns to noon. Steele picks up his phone and dials.

EXT. FBI NORTHERN VIRGINIA RESIDENCE AGENCY, MORNING

To re-establish. We hear the sound of a phone ringing as the camera tracks closer and closer.

INT. FBI OFFICE, DAY

Now we're looking at the phone that's ringing. It's sitting on a desk. Something about the setup looks familiar. The camera pulls back... is that a photo of Rudy Giuliani on the desk? Then a hand picks up the receiver, and the camera continues to retreat, showing the face of the man who's answering the call.

Hawkins's Superior. For the sake of this conversation, let's call him "Henry Rouse."

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
Rouse.

INTERCUT: STEELE

At his desk, on the other end of the line.

STEELE  
Henry, it's Chris Steele.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
Chris! You're calling me early.

STEELE  
I remembered how hard you worked.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
How long's it been? When was FIFA?

STEELE  
Almost a year and a half now.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
I'm sure you look the same. You always looked great. I remember seeing how they flocked to you.

STEELE  
There's something rather serious that we should discuss.  
(MORE)

STEELE (CONT'D)  
Something grave, in fact. I want to  
send you a dossier...

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

A team of agents fills a small room. SA Hawkins is included. They have printed out copies of Steele's memos aka the dossier. This is not a happy time.

Hawkins's Superior walks into the room, closes the door.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
I trust you've all had time to  
review the dossier.

Sounds of acknowledgment.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
John, what do you think?

FBI AGENT JOHN, 50s, strong, serious, responds.

FBI AGENT JOHN  
Frankly, I'm shocked.

FBI AGENT RACHEL, 40s, brash, intimidating, weighs in.

FBI AGENT RACHEL  
Add horrified.

Hawkins interjects.

HAWKINS  
I don't know if this is all true,  
but if it were, would anyone be  
surprised?

A beat. This sinks in. They wouldn't.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
I'll tell Chris to keep sending the  
memos, if there's more.

FBI AGENT JOHN  
How should we proceed in the  
meantime, sir?

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
Obviously, we're buried working  
with State on the emails Hillary  
failed to turn over. How many are  
there?

FBI AGENT RACHEL  
Over 15,000. Some portion are  
personal. Some will be duplicates.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
Prioritize getting those processed  
before the election. But keep your  
eyes open, ears to the ground.

He adjourns the meeting.

INT. CLINTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, DAY

Staffers move and chatter at a breakneck pace. Election day  
is right around the corner.

SUPER: "October 7, 2016: 32 Days Until the Election"

Podesta's Assistant chases down Sara Latham, his Chief Of  
Staff. We met both of them before, when they dealt with the  
phishing attack on their boss's email.

PODESTA'S ASSISTANT  
The Post has a tape.

Off Latham's expectant look we

CUT TO:

THE ACCESS HOLLYWOOD TAPE

A bus arrives outside the set of *Days Of Our Lives*. Neither  
Trump nor Access Hollywood host BILLY BUSH can be seen, but  
there's audio. This is from an actual transcript.

Clip one:

TRUMP (V.O.)  
I moved on her actually. You know  
she was down on Palm Beach. I moved  
on her, and I failed. I'll admit  
it.

Audible sounds of pleasant surprise. Laughs.

TRUMP (V.O.)  
I did try and fuck her. She was  
married.

BUSH (V.O.)  
That's huge news there!

## Clip two:

The bus has parked. We're looking at the door. The crew has gotten off, but we still can't see Bush and Trump. We hear someone opening a case of mints.

TRUMP (V.O.)

I better use some Tic Tacs just in case I start kissing her. You know I'm automatically attracted to beautiful- I just start kissing them. It's like a magnet.

Bush laughs uncontrollably. The camera has turned to show the side of the bus, a canted angle.

TRUMP (V.O.)

Just kiss. I don't even wait. And when you're a star they let you do it. You can do anything.

BUSH (V.O.)

Whatever you want.

TRUMP (V.O.)

Grab 'em by the pussy. You can do anything.

## Clip three:

Trump and Bush get off the bus and greet ARIANNE ZUCKER, the woman in the purple dress referenced earlier.

BUSH

How about a little hug for the Donald? He just got off the bus.

ZUCKER

Would you like a little hug, darling?

They embrace.

TRUMP

Absolutely. Melania said this was okay.

INT. CLINTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, DAY

A group of female staffers, including Latham and Podesta's Chief Of Staff, finish watching the tape. A mixture of anger, disgust, sadness, fear; the behavior causing them to relive so many awful past experiences.

INT. DARK ROOM, NIGHT

We've been here before. This time someone is listening to music, "We Don't Talk Anymore" by Charlie Puth with Selena Gomez. We see fingers working a trackpad, using Photoshop to edit an image of JOHN PODESTA, buzzed gray hair, late 60s, glasses. His mouth is open, eyes clenched, as if caught in the middle of an argument. To his left, an American flag.

SUPER: "That Same Day"

The graphic is given sepia tones. Text is added: "The Podesta Emails". The user drags and drops it into a webpage that's all set to go, just needs to be published.

They click post. The finished product goes live --

<https://wikileaks.org/podesta-emails>

A passage reads in part:

"WikiLeaks series on deals involving Hillary Clinton campaign Chairman John Podesta. Mr Podesta is a long-term associate of the Clintons and was President Bill Clinton's Chief of Staff from 1998 until 2001."

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF EMAILS

Showing that Donna Brazile, CNN contributor/former Vice-Chair of the DNC, leaked debate questions to the campaign; a strangely innocuous message about Democratic Party supporter and fundraiser James Alefantis, owner of Comet Ping Pong, a pizza restaurant in Washington; and several emails from Clinton's own staff and supporters, questioning her tactics, including Podesta himself referring to "terrible decisions made pre-campaign".

One from Neera Tanden, president of the Center for American Progress, takes center stage. In it, she writes:

"Hillary. God. Her instincts are suboptimal."

Out of this, we burst into --

THE CLINTON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

It's now an absolute mess, not only because of the leaks but because this has been an insane day, and the election was already so close.

Latham races through the office, all the way to the help desk, where she seeks out --

Charles Delavan, the Clinton Campaign tech who responded to the phishing attack on Podesta's email. He's already white-faced, this is only going to make it worse.

LATHAM

Charles!

DELAVAN

Sara, how did this-

LATHAM

You said it was 'legitimate'!

She has the email prepped on her phone, shows it to him. He's reminded that he wrote: "This is a legitimate email. John needs to change his password immediately".

DELAVAN

'Legitimate.' I meant to write  
'illegitimate.' It was a typo.

He wipes his hand over his eyes, nose, and mouth.

LATHAM

You fucked us.

DELAVAN

But I put the right link to change  
his password in the message. Did  
you click the link in the phishing  
attack? You had to. Otherwise they  
never could've gotten access.

LATHAM

I don't remember.

She doesn't. But they both know.

INT. FUSION GPS, DAY

An email hits the inbox of Simpson's desktop computer. He opens it then uses his cell to make a call on speaker.

INTERCUT: DAVID

At home, in bed. Legs entangled with those of another, older man, whose face we'll never see.

SIMPSON

Are you awake or still bathing in  
pills from last night?

DAVID

Ugh. Are you opposed to texting?

SIMPSON

Big day today. I have other news a  
couple hours early, thought you'd  
like to hear.

DAVID

Probably not. But okay.

SIMPSON

'Joint Statement from the  
Department Of Homeland Security and  
Office of the Director of National  
Intelligence on election security.  
Release date: October 7, 2016.'

Yes, the *Access Hollywood* tape, the Podesta dump, and this statement all happened on the same day.

DAVID

Oh, wonderful. A press release.

SIMPSON

I'll summarize for your Snapchat  
brain. They believe Russia's  
'senior-most officials' authorized  
the hacks, with the express purpose  
of interfering in our election.

DAVID

So, like, do you want a cookie?  
You're already getting paid.

SIMPSON

May be time to get confident enough  
with what we're giving you to  
actually do something with the  
research.

DAVID

It's being used as background. And,  
not my call.

SIMPSON

Then whose is it? Let me talk to  
them.

DAVID

Oof. Pleading is so gross. Did you see the *Access Hollywood* video? We're going to win.

SIMPSON

I've been around too long.

DAVID

Look, I'm sad too that I'll never get to see this golden showers tape, but life goes on. I guess.

SIMPSON

We haven't given up.

DAVID

No, you should.

(beat)

I think we've done enough.

SIMPSON

Do you truly believe that?

DAVID

Fun doing business with you, Glenn. Next time you're in LA, text me.

He hangs up.

INT. STEELE'S HOME, NIGHT

Steele cleans his cats' litter boxes with Burrows on speakerphone.

BURROWS (V.O.)

I had a phone call from Glenn. He said he emailed you.

STEELE

I haven't checked.

BURROWS (V.O.)

The client is no longer inclined to contract us. They think the race is over.

STEELE

How does Glenn feel?

BURROWS (V.O.)

Grumpy. Skeptical. Cynical about Hillary's momentum.

STEELE  
Sounds like him.

BURROWS (V.O.)  
At any rate, I wish we'd avoided a  
loss, but I suppose we did our  
part.

LATER

Steele looks at his email on his phone before going to bed.  
He reads the message from Simpson. One piece stands out:

"I'm not satisfied we did everything we could."

MORNING

Steele wakes up, checks his phone. Something intrigues him.

EXT. THE RITZ LONDON, MORNING

Steele crosses the street to the hotel.

INT. THE RITZ LONDON, DAY

He approaches the concierge desk. Kate is working.

STEELE  
I'm sorry to bother you. I lost my  
key. I wasn't certain. Should I ask  
the front desk...

KATE  
I can help with that.

She types on her computer, probably for show, and then passes  
him a key card.

STEELE  
I'm trying to remember. I'm in 506,  
aren't I?

KATE  
718.

He goes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, DAY

Steele watches BBC News.

The door to the room opens. Kate walks in.

KATE  
I have information.

STEELE  
I can't pay you.

KATE  
At no cost.

STEELE  
What's gotten into you?

She sits on the bed. BBC News is playing Trump's statement on the *Access Hollywood* tape.

KATE  
Shut this bloody thing off.

Steele kills it with the remote then sits on the bed next to her, puts a hand on her thigh.

KATE  
Don't touch me.

STEELE  
I'm sorry.

KATE  
Sometime during the first week of September, there was a meeting in Prague at the offices of a Russian NGO, Rossotrudnichestvo.

STEELE  
Between whom?

KATE  
Donald's private attorney, Michael Cohen and officials from the Kremlin. Plus, Konstantin Kosachev. Do you know him?

STEELE  
Yes. From Duma. He's the Head of the Foreign Relations Committee. But I haven't heard Cohen's name mentioned before.

KATE

Has a Russian wife. He took over the operation from Manafort. In fact, that's what the meeting was about. To clean up the rubble and find a way to move forward without being exposed.

STEELE

I'm listening...

EXT. HIGH RISE LONDON APARTMENT BUILDING, NIGHT

A car drops Ivan off with a Russian woman who could be a model. She's taller than him. He's handsy with her. He opens the door --

Steele comes into frame.

IVAN

(in Russian, to the woman)

Go upstairs.

Although agitated, she listens, enters the building.

Ivan keeps his distance from Steele.

STEELE

I hear your government is preparing for him to lose.

IVAN

You should take a vacation.

STEELE

I'm short on funds at the moment. I made an investment that hasn't delivered.

IVAN

Be patient.

STEELE

When?

IVAN

There's infighting. We're in damage control.

STEELE

What does that mean?

IVAN  
You've won. A woman will be  
president.

He enters the building.

INT. STEELE'S HOME, NIGHT

Steele works from his sofa, typing on a laptop.

LATER

He makes a call.

INTERCUT: SIMPSON

At the Fusion offices. He picks up.

SIMPSON  
You know you can't bill me for this  
call.

STEELE  
I know.

SIMPSON  
What do you want? Stock tips?

STEELE  
I'm sending you and the FBI a new  
memo.

INT. FBI OFFICE, DAY

Hawkins's Superior receives an email at his computer from Chris Steele. He opens it. Then forwards the email without reading the memo.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Hawkins, Rachel, John, and the other agents who previously gathered here are back together, reading the latest memo for the first time.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR  
Hit me with the highlights.

Hawkins starts. These are excerpts from the actual dossier:

HAWKINS

'Agenda included how to process  
deniable cash payments to  
operatives; contingency plans for  
covering up operations; and action  
in the event of a Clinton election  
victory.'

FBI AGENT JOHN

'The overall objective had been to,  
quote, sweep it all under the  
carpet and make sure no connections  
between Trump and Russia could be  
fully established or proven.'

FBI AGENT RACHEL

And they felt suited to give this  
mission to the prick from the 'says  
who?' video that went viral.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

Allegedly.

He goes to the door.

HAWKINS'S SUPERIOR

All we can do is investigate.

EXT. THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE, NIGHT

The middle of the night. Diplomat Popov rushes out, stuffing  
clothes into a duffel bag. He sets the bag down and gets in  
as the driver puts it in the trunk.

INT. BLACK SEDAN, NIGHT

Popov is in the back. The driver takes the wheel.

POPOV

(in Russian)

They order me home in the middle of  
the night, like we have some chance  
of being caught. I scoff at this.  
Drive slow. I might never see these  
sites again.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS, NIGHT

The third and final Presidential debate. As seen on TV.  
Clinton is in a white pantsuit that makes her look like a  
combination of an angel and a soldier.

Trump is in a dark suit and red tie. Their hair colors are complementary. CHRIS WALLACE is the moderator. The mood is nasty.

SUPER: "October 20, 2016: 19 Days Until the Election"

This is from the actual debate:

WALLACE

Secretary Clinton, I want to clear up your position on this issue because in a speech you gave to a Brazilian bank for which you were paid \$225,000, we've learned from WikiLeaks, that you said this. And I want to quote. 'My dream is a hemispheric common market with open trade and open borders.'

CLINTON

If you went on to read the rest of the sentence, I was talking about energy. But you are very clearly quoting from WikiLeaks. What is really important about WikiLeaks is that the Russian government has engaged in espionage against Americans. So I actually think the most important question of this evening, Chris, is finally, will Donald Trump admit and condemn that the Russians are doing this, and make it clear that he will not have the help of Putin in this election.

Wild noise from the crowd.

TRUMP

That was a great pivot off the fact that she wants open borders. Okay? How did we get on to Putin?

WALLACE

Hold on, folks. Because this is going to end up getting out of control. Let's try to keep it quiet. For the candidates and for the American people.

TRUMP

I don't know Putin. He said nice things about me. If we got along well, that would be good.

(MORE)

TRUMP (CONT'D)

If Russia and the United States got along well and went after ISIS, that would be good. He has no respect for her. He has no respect for our president.

CLINTON

Wait.

TRUMP

Putin from everything I see has no respect for this person.

CLINTON

Well, that's because he would rather have a puppet as president of the United States.

TRUMP

No puppet. You're the puppet.

INT. BAR, NIGHT

Simpson, Kimmy, and Frank watch the debate with a raucous crowd of Clinton supporters. People cheer Hillary's every point, but Simpson is disinclined.

KIMMY

She's killing him.

FRANK

Oh yeah. Big time.

KIMMY

(turns to Simpson)

Right?

His arms are crossed. His jaw is clenched. He looks mean.

SIMPSON

He speaks to the gut. She goes for the head. You know how people vote.

Kimmy and Frank turn their attention back to the TVs, their moods totally dampened.

EXT. FBI NORTHERN VIRGINIA RESIDENCE AGENCY, NIGHT

An establishing shot. The first time we've seen the building at night. Hawkins, looking unsettled, leaves work late.

SUPER: "October 28, 2016: 11 Days Until the Election"

We hear the voice of FBI Director Comey. This is taken from his actual statement:

COMEY (V.O.)

Dear Messrs Chairmen: In previous congressional testimony, I referred to the fact that the FBI had completed its investigation of former Secretary Clinton's personal email server. Due to recent developments, I am writing to supplement my previous testimony.

EXT. TRUMP TOWER, NIGHT

New York City. At Columbus Circle. A low angle view that captures the statue of Christopher Columbus and Trump's flagship property.

COMEY (V.O.)

In connection with an unrelated case, the FBI has learned of the existence of emails that appear to be pertinent to the investigation.

INT. STEELE'S HOME, NIGHT

Steele appears rattled. We're seeing his reaction to the Comey letter.

COMEY (V.O.)

Although the FBI cannot yet assess whether or not this material may be significant, I believe it is important to update your Committees about our efforts in light of my previous testimony.

Sincerely yours, James B. Comey,  
Director.

INT. FUSION GPS, DAY

Simpson hurls a full cup of coffee across his office. The liquid sprays, the mug shatters.

SIMPSON

Fuck!

Kimmy pops her head in the door.

KIMMY  
Is everything okay?

He just stares at her.

KIMMY  
I'll get you some paper towels.

He goes to pick up the pieces of the mug when his phone rings.

INTERCUT: STEELE

At home, in the middle of getting ready to go out, putting on a suit. But he keeps going back and forth to the closet, unable to decide on a shirt or a tie.

STEELE  
Have you seen this shite?

SIMPSON  
What the fuck is he doing? What are his agents doing?

STEELE  
I've spoken with several of them. Besides sending the memos. There's an intelligence briefing scheduled this weekend.

SIMPSON  
In Congress?

STEELE  
For the gang of eight.

SIMPSON  
It won't be made public.

STEELE  
I know. This letter throws everything into disarray.

SIMPSON  
Let me think of something... would you come to New York?

STEELE  
Sure. Yes.

SIMPSON  
I might know someone.

Simpson hangs up.

Steele gives up on trying to pick a shirt and tie, bails on the whole endeavor, decides to stay in for the night.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, DAY

In Brooklyn. A MEXICAN WOMAN -- hair just done, whip smart, you can tell she's fuming mad -- rings the bell. Charles Delavan, the Clinton Campaign help desk tech, answers.

MEXICAN WOMAN  
Are you Charles Delavan?

DELAVAN  
Uh, yeah.

MEXICAN WOMAN  
I read your email to Podesta online. How could you not tell he was being phished?!

DELAVAN  
No, I mistyped-

MEXICAN WOMAN  
You are going to make us lose the election.

She storms away. All Delavan can do is stare into the street, stone-faced, contemplating a nightmare that will haunt him for the rest of his life.

INT. JFK, MORNING

Steele walks through the concourse towards baggage claim. A reminder of when he walked through Dulles, listening to classical music, eating candy. Not this time. Now he listens to a goddamn political podcast in his headphones and bites his nails.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE, DAY

Steele has coffee with the Washington editor of *Mother Jones*, DAVID CORN, 57, nearly white hair, gregarious, liberal AF.

CORN  
I wasn't expecting to have this rush of feeling, but I did. It's very stirring, compelling work.

STEELE  
Unfortunately, I'd say.

CORN

Why?

STEELE

Given the situation, and the candidate, I'd prefer something docile. Worthy of a beach read.

CORN

I believed every word.

STEELE

I didn't come here seeking your approval.

CORN

I'm getting to my point. The weight and... the obligation that comes with my calling, this civic duty of being a journalist, necessitates that I hold to a specific code before I write anything. I'd need to confirm these reports with multiple sources. And they can't just be people you point me to. I need to work the story, you see. That takes time.

STEELE

How long?

CORN

Weeks, months, years. Who can say? I'm playing a different game than Glenn.

STEELE

Perhaps there's a reason he left it.

CORN

Yes. Money.

STEELE

What if you redacted names and leaked the actual dossier online?

CORN

What if you did?

INT. FUSION GPS, DAY

Simpson has a new coffee mug. He also has a bottle of whiskey. His phone rings.

INTERCUT: CORN

Walking on the streets of Manhattan. He has a notepad in one hand.

CORN

He's impressive.

SIMPSON

You don't have to tell me that.

CORN

I spoke to someone in the administration. Their quote:  
(references the notepad)  
'He is a credible source who has provided information to the US government for a long time, which senior officials have found to be highly credible.'

SIMPSON

I wouldn't have used credible twice in a single sentence.

CORN

Thank you for the introduction.  
I'll publish something.

INT. PLANE, NIGHT

Steele reads on an iPad, connected to the in-flight wifi. An article, published at 6:52pm on Halloween night, is up on *Mother Jones*:

"A Veteran Spy Has Given the FBI Information Alleging a Russian Operation to Cultivate Donald Trump"

With the subhead: "Has the bureau investigated this material?"

It's a longish article. Steele gets into it, pleasantly surprised by the depth...

INT. FUSION GPS, NIGHT

Simpson, Frank, and Kimmy are in Halloween costumes, watching TV in the conference room. Steele has the remote. He's flipping back and forth between cable news networks.

No one's talking about the *Mother Jones* story. The face of ANTHONY WIENER is on every channel.

KIMMY

The emails were on *his* computer?

FRANK

It must be on MSNBC at least.

It's not.

SIMPSON

This sleazebag on every fucking channel.

Simpson increases the rate he's changing the channels, virtually turning the TV screen into a collage before shutting it off altogether.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT, DAWN

A plane lands.

EXT. STEELE'S HOME, MORNING

Steele's Mercedes pulls up to the gate. He slows. A red balloon, filled with helium, has been tied to the mailbox.

He gets out.

There's a little square of paper inside the balloon. The word "Tames" [sic] has been written on it.

INT. STEELE'S HOME, MORNING

Steele makes a call while unpacking.

INTERCUT: SIMPSON

In bed, groggy. The phone ringing woke him up. But true to form, he still has the wherewithal to be on top of it. Also, cantankerous.

SIMPSON

I'm so pissed off, Chris. We drop this on the media and- I shouldn't be surprised- they'd rather gossip about sexting all day. What the hell time is it?

STEELE

Glenn, hold on. Source A wants to meet.

Simpson sits up in bed.

SIMPSON

What do you think?

STEELE

It must be the tape. Or something from the source on Page and Rosneft, Source C.

SIMPSON

Call me as soon as you know.

EXT. THE RIVER THAMES, NIGHT

Steele returns to the spot on the river bed where he previously met with Ivan.

A woman appears. She pads along the dirt. Comes to Steele and hands him a familiar envelope before continuing on.

Steele examines the envelope. It's the same one he gave to Ivan, at this same location, with the bribe inside.

He opens it.

It's his money, not the tape. They gave it back.

He calls out to the woman --

STEELE

Where's Oleg? What did you do to him?

But she's gone, disappeared into the darkness.

INT. ORBIS, DAY

Steele walks into Burrow's office with the envelope, sets it on his desk. Burrows peaks inside.

BURROWS  
Is this the money?

STEELE  
They returned it.

Burrows smiles.

BURROWS  
We're in the black!  
(beat)  
You don't look pleased.

STEELE  
It's Source C. I'd assured myself  
Litvinenko was the last one. There  
couldn't be any more ghosts.

BURROWS  
The world doesn't always work how  
it should, Chris.

STEELE  
I'd tried to forget.

INT. FUSION GPS, DAY

Simpson's phone vibrates on his desk. A text message from Steele:

"It was unrelated"

We stay with Simpson, as dour resignation overtakes him, and then we

CUT TO:

ABC NEWS ELECTION NIGHT COVERAGE

A stage is set up at Times Square. A crowd is gathered in front. Video boards line the background. Still images of Clinton and Trump. A "Your Voice, Your Vote 2016" graphic in the left corner of the screen. A symphonic, hard charging version of the program's theme song plays.

Then we're inside a studio with a multicultural cast of anchors, seated on a dais in living room furniture. AMNA NAWAZ speaks. This is an actual transcript:

NAWAZ  
Hey everybody, it's Tuesday  
November the 8th, 2016.  
(MORE)

NAWAZ (CONT'D)  
Election day turns into election  
night. What's up America? Let's  
pick a president y'all?

## NBC NEWS ELECTION COVERAGE

LESTER HOLT stands across from CHUCK TODD, in front of a video board showing the electoral map. Todd points at Florida. This is from an actual transcript:

TODD  
This is no longer- If he sweeps those two and Ohio. And then suddenly we could be sitting on Michigan, we could be sitting on Colorado. It's gonna be a long night. If you're a junky it's gonna be a fun night. We are dividing up this maps in ways that we haven't seen. 269 269 is in play. This feels a lot like 2000, Brokaw.

## INT. REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT, NIGHT

Simpson treads through the concourse, passing men, women, and children of all different ages and ethnicities. He stays glued to his phone until he reaches an open area with restaurants and a wall-sized TV screen. People standing and watching everywhere. A dead, zombie-like feeling.

Wisconsin has just gone to Trump.

Simpson knew it was possible, but he still can't believe it. An eerie silence takes over the concourse. Only the noise coming from the TV... Until a tall TRUMP SUPPORTER in his late 20s -- white, messy hair, a backpack -- can't hold it in any longer.

TRUMP SUPPORTER  
What is wrong with everyone?! We.  
Are. Witnessing. History!

He bounds through the concourse. Simpson rocks back and forth, fist over his mouth.

## INT. BALLROOM, NIGHT

A Republican victory party. Everyone in suits and dresses. Trump/Pence signs dominate the frame. A crush of pure joy and excitement.

In the crowd, we find Denise, in her wheelchair, next to the Thin Man. She's deeply reserved. He's stoic as always.

DENISE

Who did you put in touch with Glenn?

THIN MAN

David.

DENISE

Which David?

THIN MAN

Not the one you're thinking of.

DENISE

You gave him a terrier not a pit bull.

THIN MAN

They're liberals. Aren't they all one breed?

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE, MORNING

It's raining.

SUPER: "November 9, 2016: Donald Trump Is President-elect"

INT. NORTH CAROLINA HOME, MORNING

MADDISON WELCH, 28, with shaggy brown hair and a thick beard, wearing construction boots in the house, investigates a thread on reddit about the Podesta emails. Specifically, "PizzaGate," a conspiracy theory involving Comet Ping Pong Pizza being the headquarters of a child sex slave operation.

MOMENTS LATER

Welch walks into the living room, where his wife is playing with two small daughters. He kisses the girls on the head.

WELCH

I got some things to do.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA HOME, MORNING

Welch puts an assault rifle and a shotgun in his pickup truck. There's a pistol already on him.

EXT. HIGHWAY, DAY

Welch drives from North Carolina to Washington DC.

EXT. COMET PING PONG PIZZA, DAY

A green building, part of a row of shops on a quaint street. An in your face sign above the door says "COMET".

Welch walks in with an assault rifle.

INT. COMET PING PONG PIZZA, DAY

High ceilings. Picnic table style seating. Reclaimed wood. Ping pong tables. It's packed with families.

Welch enters, eyes probing, stalking ahead. His presence gradually becomes known. People scream then flee.

Welch points his rifle at an employee. The rush to get out turns into a mad dash. He barges into the kitchen --

WELCH

Where are the tunnels?! Where you  
hiding the children?!

When no one will respond, he fires a shot into the floor. The kitchen clears out. Welch frantically searches the space for some kind of hidden compartment or trap door, but he can't find anything.

EXT. COMET PING PONG PIZZA, DAY

Police surround the building, guns drawn...

Welch walks outside and surrenders.

INT. STEELE'S HOME, NIGHT

Steele sits on the sofa. The cats want to play, but he can't muster the mirth tonight. A call comes in.

INTERCUT: SIMPSON

Standing on a street corner in Los Angeles across from McDonald's.

SIMPSON

Would you rather have Trump or  
Theresa May?

STEELE  
I'll take Churchill.

SIMPSON  
Touché. You ever been to  
McDonald's, Chris?

STEELE  
Have I ever been to McDonald's? Of  
course I've been to McDonald's.  
What do you mean?

SIMPSON  
I'm standing outside one in Los  
Angeles right now.

STEELE  
What are you doing there?

SIMPSON  
I came to see about a woman. I  
don't think it's going to work out.

STEELE  
At least you made the effort.  
Things tend to work out for the  
best.

SIMPSON  
Come on. You don't really believe  
that.

STEELE  
I used to.

SIMPSON  
They're flying a flag outside this  
McDonald's, all the way up on a  
flagpole. But it's not the stars  
and stripes. It's the golden  
arches.

STEELE  
I've never noticed that.

SIMPSON  
The golden arches. Can you believe  
it? Maybe that's all that'll be  
left in the end.

STEELE  
The tape wouldn't have made a  
difference.

SIMPSON

No. No matter what we did. He was right. He could've shot somebody on Fifth Avenue, and all the forces would've aligned in his favor.

STEELE

For all we know, he did.

SIMPSON

Good luck with Brexit.

STEELE

Sure.

They hang up.

EXT. MOSCOW, DAY

A Lexus is parked on the street. Someone is slumped in the back. We move inside the vehicle.

It's Oleg, the Storyteller from the British Library.

He's dead.

INT. ORBIS, DAY

Steele sits at his desk. An article from the *Telegraph* is up on his computer. He reads:

"Oleg Erovinkin, a former general in the KGB and its successor the FSB, was found dead in the back of his car in Moscow on Boxing Day in mysterious circumstances.

"Erovinkin was a key aide to Igor Sechin, a former deputy prime minister and now head of Rosneft, the state-owned oil company."

STEELE

Oleg... that's why he gave me his name.

A knock at the door, which was already open. It's Burrows.

BURROWS

We have a problem.

INT. FUSION GPS, DAY

Kimmy walks in to Simpson's office.

KIMMY  
*Buzzfeed* published the dossier.

She sets an iPad on his desk. He looks it over.

SIMPSON  
Shit. It's only a matter of time  
until somebody prints his name.

INT. STEELE'S HOME, DAY

Harried, Steele packs a suitcase.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING, DAY

Flags hang from every precipice. People line the steps and the balconies. Orchestral music plays.

The stage is set for the inauguration of President Trump.

EXT. STEELE'S HOME, DAY

Steele rushes across the front yard and outside the gate, towards his neighbor's house.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING, DAY

Trumpets play. Drummers drum. A deep voiced ANNOUNCER declares:

ANNOUNCER  
Ladies and gentlemen, the President-elect of the United States, Donald John Trump.

Trump walks through an open hallway, stops to give a thumbs up, then emerges onto the balcony to subdued cheers. He raises a fist.

EXT. STEELE'S NEIGHBOR'S HOME, DAY

Steele rings the doorbell. An older man answers the door. Just by looking at Steele's face he can tell something is wrong.

STEELE  
Hi, Harold. Would you mind looking  
after my cats? I hope just for a  
few days.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING, DAY

Trump walks down the balcony on a red and blue carpet, kisses his wife on the cheek then does the same to MICHELLE OBAMA before shaking hands with BARACK OBAMA and JOE BIDEN.

EXT. STEELE'S HOME, DAY

Steele speeds away in his Mercedes.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING, DAY

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the United States Marine Band perform "America the Beautiful".

INT. SAFE HOUSE, NIGHT

Steele enters what amounts to a one-room home. Nondescript, old furniture, dark. He sets down his suitcase but doesn't know where to go.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING, DAY

At the podium, Senator ROY BLUNT announces:

BLUNT

Ladies and gentlemen, it's an honor to introduce the Chief Justice of the United States John G. Roberts, Jr., who will administer the Presidential Oath Of Office. Everyone please stand.

Trump and his family migrate from their seats to the edge of the balcony. Melania is holding the Bible. JUSTICE ROBERTS stands opposite them, at least ten feet away.

JUSTICE ROBERTS

Please raise-

Trump puts his hand on the Bible and we

CUT TO BLACK.