

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

Took the People's Army a while to regroup. Get their mojo back.

Now Martin looks at Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

The operation's on again. Streeter called this morning.

MARTIN

I'm out, Russell. I mean it. I'm done.

Russell measures Martin's sincerity.

RUSSELL

You're gonna disappoint the Founding Father. He wants to meet Lincoln Dittmann tomorrow in Nashville.

Conflicted, Martin eyes the father still playing with his baby in the stroller.

EXT. NEW YORK, UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

A post-war brick building. Imposing yet oddly discreet.

SUPER: DEEP COVER OPERATIONS (D.C.O.) TASK FORCE

INT. OUTSIDE YATES' OFFICE - DAY

A placard on the wall reads "Office Of The Director." CRYSTAL ALVAREZ, a stunning Latina, 30s, all-business-and-no-bullshit, strides past the Assistant into --

INT. D.C.O. - YATES'S OFFICE - DAY

Crystal stops dead when she sees Martin sitting there. She turns to TED YATES (50s) who's sitting behind his large desk.

CRYSTAL

What the hell is he doing here?

(then)

Sir.

YATES

Lincoln Dittmann's still in play. They want him. Tomorrow.

CRYSTAL

(bridling)

We have other agents... other ways to infiltrate the People's Army of Virginia.

(CONTINUED)

LEGENDS

START →

1/8

CONTINUED:

YATES

The hornet's nest has been kicked and the hornets are gearing up to attack. Lincoln's the only viable option in the time frame.

CRYSTAL

Sir, the mess in Virginia happened because Martin refused to loop us in --
(now wheeling on Martin)
Nothing from you in four months, not a word. Then I get a call that you crashed an ATF weapons bust and I'm still cleaning up that mess --

MARTIN

You finished?

CRYSTAL

Not even close. Six civilians dead, two agents critically wounded --

MARTIN

Pull the stick out of your ass, Crystal, everybody out there got their wires crossed.

YATES

Martin. Wait outside.

With a look, Martin exits.

CRYSTAL

Sir, I've tried running him for years. It doesn't work.

YATES

You're behaving as if we have a choice in this. We don't.

CRYSTAL

This isn't just about Virginia. Have you read Martin's most recent psych evaluation?

(before Yates can respond)

Three of the four shrinks say he's got some kind of personality disorder. A pathological need to avoid living inside his own skin.

YATES

He's also the most gifted deep cover operative this agency's ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Which Crystal doesn't deny.

YATES (CONT'D)

I'm well aware of the risks involved
in reactivating him. I'm far more
concerned about the risks if we don't.

INT. OUTSIDE YATES' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Martin looks up when Crystal emerges, regards him coolly,
unwilling to give him the satisfaction.

CRYSTAL

We need to get you a provisional
clearance, then we'll brief the team.

She moves past him, he keeps pace --

MARTIN

Look, I don't want to be here any
more than you want me here.

CRYSTAL

I doubt that.

MARTIN

I didn't ask for this, Crystal. I
was actually looking forward to
spending time with my son.

CRYSTAL

Save it for your shrink --

Martin rounds on her, angry.

MARTIN

You don't know me. You do not know
me.

CRYSTAL

Trouble is, neither do you.

Which is when we see it: a flicker of pain in Crystal's eyes.
An unspoken history behind her anger.

~~FOUNDING FATHER (V.O. PRE-LAP)~~

~~Every day, America moves closer to
the brink of collapse...~~

INT. TASK FORCE OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

High tech equipment and work stations surround a central
seating area designed for digital presentations.

(CONTINUED)

///
STOP

3/8

~~INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT~~

MAGGIE

Already did. They checked Russell's apartment and found evidence of a struggle.

QUINN

Stokes is an ex-con. Must have a boat load of enemies.

CRYSTAL

But today? Now? If the Founding Father has him, he took him to double-check on Lincoln, and he knows how to break him.

MAGGIE

Can't we just pull Martin out? I mean shouldn't we?

QUINN

And lose our only chance of stopping this attack? If it were up to Martin, he'd be in there on his own, and we wouldn't be having this conversation.

CRYSTAL

Then we need to at least let him know he may have been compromised.

QUINN

How? He's already under. We have no way to make contact.

INT. STRIP CLUB - EVENING

Dimly lit. TRUCKERS and REDNECKS. Two DANCERS on the poles. Streeter, focused on the BURNER PHONE in his hand.

~~LINCOLN~~

~~Expecting a call?~~

~~STREETER~~

~~Just sit back and enjoy the view.~~

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Which one of you wants to help the economy with a private dance?

Crystal - in lingerie, spiked heels, and cheap make-up.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(to Lincoln)

I'm Star. What's your name, sweetie?

(CONTINUED)

LEGENDS

START →

4/8

CONTINUED:

She extends her hand. Lincoln reluctant to take it. Rand and Streeter trade a look, amused by his awkwardness.

STREETER

His name's Lincoln.

Crystal, an arm around Lincoln, winks at Rand and Streeter.

CRYSTAL

L-Lincoln here looks like he needs a little TLC.

~~INT. OPERATIONS ROOM INTERCUT~~

~~Maggie looks nervous; Singh titillated, Quinn uncomfortable~~

~~QUINN~~

~~What the hell is she doing?~~

~~SINGH~~

~~TLC. Tates, Legs and...~~

~~QUINN~~

~~Dark the mouth, Singh. I kid you not.~~

CRYSTAL (MIC AUDIO)

Don't worry, sweetheart, you just watch, let me do the work.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

Lincoln squirms.

STREETER

Don't insult the lady, Lincoln.

CRYSTAL

One song. Change your life.

She takes Lincoln, by the hand, to a lapdance booth.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

///
STOP

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LAP DANCE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Crystal pulls the curtain behind her. She turns around and is practically in his arms in the tight space.

START →

MARTIN
How did you get in here?

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT [FLASHBACK TEN MINUTES AGO]

QUICK POPS -- Crystal intercepts a REDHEAD leaving her car. Offers her a fat stack of cash...

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACKSTAGE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER [FLASHBACK]

Redhead introduces Crystal to the BOUNCER.

~~REDHEAD
My little girl's sick. My friend
Steve can cover my shift.~~

INT. PRIVATE LAP DANCE BOOTH - RESUME PRESENT

CRYSTAL
I improvised. I had to talk to you --

MARTIN
-- Camera.

Martin's eyes flick past Crystal, who follows his look to the DISC on the ceiling. Martin sits -- an expectant smile.

Crystal's eyes narrow as she straddles his lap and begins to grind down onto him, playing the role.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Did it ever occur to you that Crystal
is a cool stripper's name?

Martin's eyes take in her entire body, appreciating the view.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

~~MARTIN (V.O.)
So this is what I've been missing.~~

Quinn's jaw is clenched tight.

~~SINGH
Now Oh, Quinn?~~

(CONTINUED)

6/8

CONTINUED:

~~What? Yeah.~~ ~~QUINN~~

INT. PRIVATE LAP DANCE BOOTH - SAME

Crystal leans in, whispers into Martin's ear:

CRYSTAL

Russell Stokes is missing. We have to assume the Founding Father has him.

MARTIN

When?

CRYSTAL

Two hours ago. Maybe longer. Your cover could be blown.

MARTIN

Russell won't rat me out. Three years ago the Aryan Brotherhood took out a hit on his 16 year-old brother. I ran interference.

CRYSTAL

You're going to bet your life on that?

MARTIN

I appreciate the warning, but you need to go.

Crystal can't help admiring that. Martin gets up.

CRYSTAL

What are you doing? The camera.

MARTIN

That's just a sprinkler head.

Crystal looks up -- yep, a sprinkler head. Fuck you, Martin. Before she can say anything, the curtain is ripped back by Streeter. Crystal pulls Martin close, as if still dancing.

CRYSTAL

Song's not over yet, sport.

STREETER

We got a schedule. Move your ass, Lincoln.

He grabs Martin/Lincoln out of there, past Crystal. She SEES the GUN tucked into the back of Streeter's waistband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls a WIRE from her bra -- a small radio mic.

CRYSTAL
(into radio mic)
They made him. Legend's blown.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Quinn punches into a different COMM channel:

QUINN
How do you know?

CRYSTAL
I read people. It's what I do. Move
the follow team in now.

QUINN
They're still five minutes out.

CRYSTAL
Too long.

QUINN
That's the response time we agreed
to.

CRYSTAL
Just get it done.

~~EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT~~

~~Lit by the NEON sign, Streeter and Rand march Lincoln across
the gravel to the high weeds and force him to his knees.~~

~~LINCOLN
Wh-what are you doing?~~

~~Streeter takes out a silencer and screws it onto his handgun.~~

~~STREETER
Founding Father's still got some
doubts about you, Lincoln. And Russell
didn't live long enough to put them
to rest.~~

~~Lincoln absorbs the news that Russell is dead.~~

~~LINCOLN
This is b-bull--~~

~~STREETER
We needed to be a hundred percent
sure you're ready to go all the way.
Otherwise, you're just a liability.~~

(CONTINUED)