HAVANA SYNDROME - EPISODE TEN: JET LAG

FADE IN:

- The ‘cicada-like’ Havana Syndrome sound clip

CUT TO: INTRO MUSIC

HAVANA SYNDROME. EPISODE TEN: JET LAG

FADE IN: INT. AEROPUERTO INTERNACIONAL BENITO JUÁREZ

DEE is sending a voice note to JUNI. He is calling from inside the airport terminal, in a quiet corner in the early morning. There are a few murmurs of conversation in Spanish in the background. DEE is trying to keep it quick—he had told the others he was going to the bathroom but diverted into an empty gate to send the voice note.

DEE

What is going on with you, Juni? First you want us to find you, you want your family to find you…and now the whole world is on your case. Mariano thought one of us leaked the podcast feed to the forum, but it was posted while we were driving to the airport. We’ve had our phones turned off the whole time.

Freddie managed to calm him, I think he was about to shake Nat down—and I don’t care how Dad knows him, or what he went to prison for…Lupe and I were about to step in. I’m kinda glad it didn’t come to that. Mariano doesn’t seem to be the kind of person who is queasy around violence, you know? I wonder how he knows Dad. I mean, if he’s been to prison…that doesn’t sound like someone our tight laced father associates with, right?

We’re not going to be able to make it to Cuba. Every intelligence agency in the world will be on high alert for *anyone* heading to and from Cuba. Mariano thinks that there’s going to be a no-fly zone

implemented over the island, and the coasts are going to be locked down.

So what is it we were supposed to do? Is this what you wanted, the truth to come out? In literally the most chaotic way possible, but okay.

None of us have gotten that much sleep. And you know me and my sleep. I am…not happy about it. We—Lupe and I—are heading back to Vancouver to regroup. There's a nonstop flight leaving this morning. Nat is going back to Boston. Freddie and Mariano are…well, they didn't tell us where they were going. They dropped us off after the news broke. They didn't go through security with us.

I suspect they are going to follow us somehow.

I've been thinking about giving up on this whole thing. This is so over our heads, Juni. And you haven't really given us anything to go on, except what you gave the whole ass internet.

I should go back to Orlando instead of to Vancouver with Lupe. I have an interview on Monday that I never asked to cancel. Well. It might be canceled anyway, seeing as our phones are all blowing up with requests for comment from news reporters and conspiracy theorists…and from our lawyers.

Can you give us a sign? Like before, when you deleted the voice note. If things are all going to plan, delete this one. If things aren't…don't.

Or, you know, you could respond back.

Love you Juni. I hope things are okay with you. Wherever you are.

DEE ends voice note.

FADE IN: INSIDE OF A PASSENGER PLANE, EN ROUTE TO VANCOUVER, CANADA

LUPE and DEE are sitting next to each other in a window row. There is occasional turbulence while they speak.

LUPE
Hey. Hey. Dee.

DEE
[snappish] What?

LUPE
Grumpy.

DEE
I've been up for twenty-four hours. Our sister is officially part of an international incident. And I have never been able to sleep on a plane. Especially one with this much turbulence. So. Yeah. I'm a little grumpy.

LUPE
I had a thought. About all of this. Juni didn't respond to your voice note, did she?

DEE
If she did, my phone is in airplane mode so I wouldn't know.

LUPE
Well, if she didn't delete the voice note—could it be a signal that Mariano was right? That Juni wasn't the one who sent us to Mexico City?

DEE
She used her code name to buy the tickets, though.

LUPE

If the tickets were bought with a company card though, couldn't anyone at the C…the *Company* have access? She said in that one episode that they were truthful to each other internally.

DEE
Why would anyone else want us to go to Mexico City and find the podcast feed? Especially if they already knew where it was?

LUPE
I don't know. That's where I'm stuck. What would be the motive for getting us involved specifically, and not just broadcast the feed on your own? Or use your own people to play this game?

DEE
Hmm.

LUPE
[groans] Mariano was right. Spycraft is mind spinning.

DEE
No, I think you're onto something. The only people that Juni has had contact with has been us, her family. And me, with the disappearing voice note. It's not direct contact, or clear contact, but it is contact. What if this was set up to stir Juni into action somehow? Smoke her out by putting us up as patsies or something?

LUPE
Yeah…yeah. And didn't they let Dad go right when we were starting to put the pieces together?

A speaker DINGS as the FLIGHT ATTENDANT turns on the intercom.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Good morning, passengers. I want to apologize for the turbulence. I wanted to give you an update on our journey to Vancouver, Canada. The city is currently experiencing harsher wind and sleet than we expected. We will be diverting our flight to Seattle, Washington.

Other passengers begin muttering and complaining. A speaker DINGS as the FLIGHT ATTENDANT turns off the intercom.

DEE
Seattle?

LUPE
Yeah. That’s not a coincidence at all.

DEE
Should we tell Nat?

LUPE
Are you connected to the wifi?

DEE
No, I didn’t think it was a good idea. Mariano’s whole thing around digital security.

LUPE
Good point. Let’s message her on SIGINT when we land.

LUPE wakes up her phone.

DEE
What are you doing?

LUPE
Gonna listen to that Seattle episode again.

DEE
The, uh, dry cleaning metaphor one?

LUPE
No, the first one. Well, probably both. We might as well cover all

of her tracks if we're visiting Seattle.

DEE
Do you really think she called a hit on someone? Our Juni?

LUPE
I don't think that's useful to think about right now. What's past is past.

DEE
What's past is probably *murder*, though.

LUPE
Let me focus, okay?

LUPE puts on her headphones and the world gets muffled.

FADE IN: JUDY CARPENTER PODCAST: EPISODE THREE

"JUDY"
I'm sorry, it's been way too long. I had hoped to make this a regular kind of update, but I suppose while traveling, you have to get sick every once in a while. Nothing major, just a long running migraine I've had for a while acting up again.

I appreciate the well wishes of my listeners. While it's been, what, over a year now? I am back in action! And I've actually got my first real job!

I'm in Seattle working at a, you guessed it, start-up. I know there's a whole thing about start ups, but honestly I really like working here. It's been a really interesting adjustment. I have family near here, but I haven't lived on the West coast since I was like, three, so I guess this is as much of a culture shock as anything else. Like, I have spent

most of my U.S. life on the east coast, which is pretty flat, and I have to really hustle to get around these hills!

The U.S. really is just fifty countries in a trench coat. That said, I'm really lucky in that my job actually keeps me traveling. Technology is relevant everywhere right?

This has been a dream of mine since I was a little girl, actually. Traveling for work! Granted, it usually is a little different, right, when you have to stay in stuffy conference rooms or office buildings instead of being out on the street, meeting new people and trying new foods.

So, even here, I've been making a point in getting up early and exploring this new city. Of course I've already hit up the basic tourist spots. The Space Needle, Pike Place, the Fremont Troll. Haven't gotten to Mount Rainier yet. Well, Tahoma to the local Salish people.

But actually my favorite place, which has ended up being a repeat attraction to me in the early morning before work, is the Ballard Locks. Weird, I know, but the Botanical Garden is open to stroll at 7AM, and it's so quiet during the weekdays. And there are concerts during the summer, so now is a great time to bring friends. I hope to bring a few this weekend!

The dawn redwood is particularly beautiful this time of year. Metasequoia glyptostroboides, [laughs] sounds like some lake monster out of *The X-Files*, but I have a sibling who loves them. I should take some photos to share.

Well, that’s my mini travel update for now. Even though this will be home for now. In any case, talk soon y’all!

FADE IN: INT. STARBUCKS, SEATTLE. PIKE PLACE.

AGENT CELIA WHITTIKER is waiting for THE SUPERVISOR, in a loud cafe. At least she won’t have to worry about him smoking in here. But she is nervous, thinking that she is going to be reassigned. The SUPERVISOR, however, has more important things to attend to.

The SUPERVISOR slides into the chair across from her. There is a SNICK of him flicking his lighter open and closed. It will be progressively irritating to CELIA.

SUPERVISOR
Good morning, Agent. I’m sorry for keeping you waiting. I had a long flight.

CELIA
And how is Mexico this time of year?

SUPERVISOR
I was hoping I could get a little insight into what inspired you to trot around Seattle instead of monitoring Mr. Guadalupe Menendez.

CELIA
I mean, considering what just happened on the news, don’t we have more pressing things to talk about? Like what the hell happened in Mexico City?

SUPERVISOR
We are well aware of the siblings’ movements, Agent Whittiker. What we needed from you was an eye on their periphery.

CELIA
No offense, sir, but that doesn’t make any sense. We shouldn’t be allowing civilians to interfere with this case. It’s dangerous. Does the rest of the team know

that they are wandering around Mexico, sparking car chases?

SUPERVISOR
This is a team effort. I'm not getting many cooperative vibes from you. What is that about?

CELIA
My priority is to be effective at *finding Juniper*. If you'd just let me do my job-

SUPERVISOR
Your job is to know your place in this operation. I don't think I need to remind you of the stakes here. I've discussed the matter with Agent Foreman. And no, I didn't tattle. Don't worry. I simply told him that your talents would be better directed in Miami, watching the parents.

CELIA
I really think I should be allowed to-

SUPERVISOR
I already have your ticket booked. You have a couple hours until your flight, weather pending. Your goose chase is done here.

CELIA
It *isn't*. There's a link here to why Juniper defected, we need to know why she left in order to know where she's heading.

SUPERVISOR
That's enough, Celia. I know you are already on wobbly footing with the FBI, considering your…well, *criminal* history. I don't think you want me to expose this little field trip to your superiors at Quantico. Trust is a hard thing to build, I'm told.

The SUPERVISOR clicks the lighter, and CELIA doesn't respond. He sighs and stands, pushing the chair behind him.

SUPERVISOR
Enjoy the warmer weather, Agent Whittiker. And keep up the good work.

The SUPERVISOR walks away and CELIA scoffs when he is out of earshot.

CELIA
Tch. Miami. Right.

CELIA pulls out her phone and dials her RCMP buddy.

MOUNTIE
Hey Agent! I've been trying to get in touch with you! What is happening? Have you seen the news? They are swarming the house now, but only the husband is there. I'm not sure what we should be doing.

CELIA
Just stay on watch. The siblings are flying back. I'm heading back to you now, too.

MOUNTIE
I thought you were going to be sent back to home office?

CELIA
Change of plans. This situation just got out of hand. Just let me know if the siblings arrive before I do.

MOUNTIE
What's the plan after that?

CELIA
I'm going to bring them in for questioning.

FADE IN: EXT. BALLARD LOCKS, BOTANICAL GARDEN. AFTERNOON.

We open with the crunch of a light dusting of snow and sleet under LUPE and DEE's shoes. They had not packed appropriately, and their toes are definitely cold. DEE is able to forget this though, because despite the winter months leaving the garden dormant, there are still

evergreen plants he can enjoy. LUPE, on the other hand, is not as fond of the snow.

There is a crumpling of paper as DEE reads a visitor's map.

DEE
Okay, the map says the dawn redwood should be near the restrooms. That's straight down the pathway here.

LUPE
Good, cuz I need to stick my shoes under the hand dryer. It's freezing.

DEE
I guess this means you would rather I not take a detour to check out the evergreens by the nursery?

LUPE
I'd chuck you into the bay. [shivers] Ugh. Let's just check this out and then go to Pike Place. Even if there is some kind of hit man there, at least it'll be mostly inside.

DEE
Just be glad it's not the Cold War. Or else we'd probably be traipsing through Siberia after our darling sister.

LUPE
Gross.

DEE
Why the hell did you move to Vancouver? You hate the cold.

LUPE
Mark's family, mostly. And I thought it would be good for me to live out here for a little bit. Something new, right?

DEE

So when are you going to convince Mark it's time to move back to Florida?

LUPE
Well, technically, next on the list is San Diego.

DEE
Are you ever gonna settle down anywhere?

LUPE
What's the fun in that? There, is that it?

DEE
No, that's a chestnut tree of some kind. It's further to the left.

LUPE
Ugh, why did Juni have to meet her asset outside by some random tree?

DEE
Technically it was summer then. And it's not just some random tree. I told you. The dawn redwood was considered extinct by Westerners. All we had were fossils. That was until a few people found out they were growing just fine in China. They brought back a handful of seeds, and Carl S. English was one of the few who got one of those seeds. If Juni's asset was a Chinese national, then this would be a—

LUPE
—a perfect code. Yeah, I got it. Couldn't she have met this person at, like, a Chinese restaurant instead?

DEE
Seems a little on the nose. Here we are.

DEE and LUPE come to a stop in front of the dawn redwood. As it is winter, it is bare of leaves.

LUPE
Great. You look around. I'm going to dry off my shoes.

DEE
Lupe! You're not gonna help?

LUPE
My toes are freezing! It'll just take me a second. I'll be right back.

LUPE walks off and DEE huffs in frustration. DEE pulls out his phone.

DEE
Hey Siri. Send voice note to Nat on SIGINT.

SIRI
GO AHEAD.

DEE
We're here. I'm currently at the tree, looking around. I…don't see anything in the branches. They're bare, seeing as it's winter. Well, you'd know that. Let me know if you have any ideas of where to look.

SIRI
READY TO SEND?

DEE
Yes.

DEE's phone rings, and he answers. It is a video call from NAT.

DEE
Hey! I just sent you a voice note. Are you home yet?

NAT
Just arrived. Any tails?

DEE
Not that we have seen so far. As you can see…there isn't anyone at the garden, either. Too cold and wet, I guess. Which makes it

easier to see if anyone is following us.

NAT
Good. Same here. I still can't believe no one has picked you up. I mean, did any of the airport people give you problems? They didn't for me. Aren't your phones blowing up?

DEE
Yeah. It's kinda eerie. Maybe Mariano is doing something to keep the wolves at bay? I don't know.

NAT
Where's Lupe?

DEE
The bathroom. She doesn't handle the cold very well.

NAT
She lives in Vancouver.

DEE
I know. She and Mark normally spend the winter months in Costa Rica or Florida or whatever.

Anyway. I don't know how good your connection is, but do you see anything? Because I don't. And while I love getting my hands into soil, I'm not looking forward to digging around an endangered species.

NAT
Wait. You said she's in the bathroom? Is there one nearby?

DEE
Yeah, actually. Right there, that building over my shoulder. See?

NAT
Dee. The last clue we found was in a bathroom.

DEE

Oh. OH.

DEE starts jogging towards the bathrooms, which are just a few dozen feet from the dawn redwood.

NAT
Wow. You really already forgot?

DEE
Jetlag is a bitch okay? I'm not running at full capacity right now. Lupe! Hey, Lupe!

NAT
You're going to—

DEE
Lupe!

DEE opens the door to the restroom, and almost bangs into LUPE rushing out. They ALL overlap excitedly.

DEE
You need to check the bathroom, remember that thing Nat found, it was taped under the, the uh…

NAT
Tank lid. It was under the tank lid.

LUPE
Dee! Look what I found, I can't believe I didn't think of it earlier. Just like how Nat found the last one, it was taped under the tank lid!

DEE closed the door behind him.

DEE
So, what is it?

LUPE
Another piece of paper, but this time it's not a QR code. It's a set of Chinese characters. See?

Characters in question: 墨欣怡

NAT

Dee, hold your phone still, let me see if I can look it up.

LUPE
Oh, and it was taped with another one of those seeds. Here, keep it with the other one. You still have it, right?

DEE
Yeah. Weird. I wonder what kind of seed it is. I know it's a fruit seed, but…

NAT
Mò Xīnyí.

DEE
What?

NAT
The characters. That's what they say: Mò Xīnyí. I'm pretty sure it's a name.

DEE
Great! That must be Juni's asset. We can find them, then!

NAT
Not so fast. I've tried a quick search for the name and anyone living in Seattle, and Google is, let's say, less than friendly about dealing with Mandarin, Cantonese, or any Chinese language search queries. Plus, it's most likely a cover name, or maybe the asset uses a Romanized name in anything we could possibly find online. Especially if they work in the U.S. If they still work in the U.S. And none of us speak Mandarin, or Cantonese, or any other Chinese dialect. Right?

LUPE
So what next, then?

NAT
I'll keep digging on my end. You try your hand, too. I don't know

how long you'd want to stay in Seattle, though. Know anyone who has an in with Chinese expats in the Pacific Northwest?

LUPE
Actually…yeah.

DEE
[surprised] Yeah?

LUPE
I know you're jetlagged, baby bro. But we've got one more trip to take. It's a short one, though. Promise.

CUT TO: INT. LUPE AND MARK'S HOUSE, VANCOUVER. EVENING.

DEE and LUPE unlock and enter into the house, dragging their luggage behind them with rolling bumps over the threshold. Lupe drops her keys into a bowl by the door.

LUPE
Honey, we're home!

MARK enters from the back of the house. He pulls LUPE into a hug and a kiss, then pulls back.

MARK
Welcome back.

LUPE
See? Told you it'd be a piece of cake.

MARK
Yeah, you didn't have to fend off the CBC for the last few days.

LUPE
Seriously? What did they want?

MARK
A comment or two on your sister, obviously.

DEE
How did you fend them off?

MARK

I didn’t. They just packed up and left when you texted me to say you had safely crossed the border. Weirdest thing. I thought they may have intercepted you at the bus depot.

LUPE
Nope. We didn’t have any reporters come up to us when we disembarked.

DEE
That is weird.

MARK
Anyway, how was Mexico City? Do you want to talk downstairs? I haven’t seen that van again, but can’t be too careful.

LUPE
Yeah, probably. Plus, there’s someone I need you to reach out to for us.

MARK
Who?

LUPE
Your sister.

MARK
Yasmin? Why?

LUPE
She’s still working on international mergers and acquisitions, isn’t she?

MARK
Yeah. She just got back from Hong Kong, actually. I can ring her now.

LUPE
Any chance she worked on cases with Chinese clients in Seattle in the last year or so?

MARK
Very likely. Not sure how much she’d be willing to tell us,

though. You know she hates talking about work.

LUPE
I just need to know if she knows a name. Call it a shot in the dark.

MARK
Alright. You two get settled in. I'll text her. We don't have to do this now, do we? I'm sure you're exhausted.

DEE
Yeah. We are.

LUPE
Dee!

DEE
No. No. I am putting my foot down. I have been dragged all over Turtle Island under less than a cumulative of 12 hours of sleep in three days. No more spycrafting for at least…at least twelve more hours.

I can't think straight, Lupe. And no. I'm *not* drinking any more espresso.

DEE makes his way with his luggage towards the basement door.

I am going to bed, and I'm sleeping in the guest room so you can't do any super secret spy calls there either.

DEE opens the door.

Good night.

LUPE
It's six in the evening!

DEE
Good evening, then!

DEE closes the door behind him.

MARK
He’s right. You should go to bed, too, Lupe. I’ll text Yasmin and see if she’s available for a chat in the morning.

LUPE
We have a lead, though!

MARK
And you’ll follow it to the end. I believe in you. But I’d believe in you a little more if you didn’t look like you are running on pure adrenaline. It’s not healthy.

You’re home now. Get some rest. C’mon. I’ll tuck you in.

LUPE
Oh you will, will you?

DEE
[from downstairs] GROSS! DO NOT!

LUPE
[yells back] GO TO SLEEP DEE DEE!

MARK chuckles.

FADE IN: INT. LUPE AND MARK’S GUEST ROOM, 7AM

Notification pings on DEE’s phone. He yawns, groans, and settles back to sleep. The phone pings again and he grunts, rolls over, and picks up the phone. There’s a sharp inhale of breath.

DEE sends a voice note to JUNI.

DEE
Juni? You got this? I don’t see anything you sent me. How did you ping my phone? All you did was delete the last voice note…Well. Still. That took you a while. So does that mean the whole Mexico City was your plan, or that the plan is starting to go as expected, with some hiccups? Ugh, this doesn’t make sense. I should just go back to sleep…I slept maybe…okay, thirteen hours. Is

there something you need to tell me?

Okay. Delete this in the next, like fifteen seconds after it is sent. Or I'm going back to sleep.

DEE ends voice note. He quietly counts down from 15.

Then…a strange sound comes from his phone, a little like the Havana Syndrome clip, like a cicada.

DEE
What the f—

DEE is interrupted by a ringing call. It is from his MOM.

DEE
Hey, Mom.

DAD
Dee. It's Dad. I'm calling from your mother's phone. Are you in Lupe's basement?

DEE
Um. Yeah. What is it? Is something wrong?

DAD
Good. I need you to bring your sister downstairs. You both have the feds headed your way. You and your sister need to be prepared to be taken in for questioning. Call your lawyers.

DEE is interrupted by a muffled, but sharp knock on the front door, coming from upstairs. There's a pause. And then another knock. There's footsteps upstairs as MARK and LUPE get out of bed.

DEE
Dad, I'll call you back when I can. I think they're already here.

DAD
Wait, Dee!

DEE hangs up the phone. There's muffled dialogue in the hallway outside of the basement door as DEE gets out of

bed, opens the guest room door and begins climbing up the basement steps.

MARK (upstairs)
Were you expecting someone?

LUPE (upstairs)
No, I thought maybe it was Yasmin.

MARK (upstairs)
She hasn't responded yet about when I could call, so I don't know. Maybe it's just another reporter. Want me to deal with it?

LUPE (upstairs)
I'll go check it out. I'm pretty good with the no comment thing.

DEE opens the basement door and steps out.

DEE
Dad just called, it's probably the feds.

LUPE
Oh. Great. [breathes in] I knew our luck had to run out sometime. Well, Mark, go back to the bedroom. You know what to do.

MARK
Call the lawyer. Obviously. In any case, check the window first.

DEE and LUPE head towards the front door. LUPE peeks through the blinds, breathes in sharply, and then turns to DEE.

DEE
So? Who is it?

FADE IN:

- End with the 'cicada-like' Havana Syndrome sound clip

FADE OUT: Outro

Havana Syndrome is written by Lisette Alvarez.

Dimitri Menendez: Ralph Ruiz
Guadalupe Menendez: Adriene Arce
Natalie "Nat" Johnson: Natalie Campos
The Flight Attendant: Lydia Winebrenner

The Supervisor: Scott Welnosky
Special Agent Celia Whittiker: Whitney Johnson
The Mountie: Tyler Hyrchuk
Mark Williams: Nic Folson
Peter Menendez: Andrew Dos Santos
Juniper Menendez: Lisette Alvarez

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