

SLIPSTREAM

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**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - TEST LAB - DAY**

A cavernous space lined with large TESLA COILS that POP with electricity as they arc up toward a vaulted ceiling.

On the lab floor, SCIENTISTS scurry around a CENTRIFUGE and large metallic SPHERE; completely smooth but for an entry hatch and small circular window.

Next to the centrifuge, a MEDICAL TABLE with straps for the arms and legs sits surrounded in clear plexiglass.

At a CONTROL PANEL, more Scientists work keyboards and instrument panels. A MONITOR above displays a cross section of a DIGITAL CYLINDER sliced into hundreds of THIN CIRCLES.

DIRECTOR TUCKER (50s), government issue suit, greying, looks around the room impatiently, then turns to one of the Scientists.

TUCKER

How long?

SCIENTIST

Moments, Sir.

Tucker glances to a large piece of reinforced glass, behind which three SHADOWY MEN in dark suits look on.

He turns his eyes back to the floor.

TUCKER

(Loudly)

Bring in the tests.

A DOOR at the far end of the lab opens, and several more SCIENTISTS, these ones wearing hazmat suits, wheel in a covered GURNEY.

They cross to the medical table surrounded by glass. A few taps on the control panel and the glass slides away.

The sheet is pulled off the gurney to reveal a MALE CORPSE (30s), completely naked, lips blue. His skin cut and bruised, the victim of some prior accident.

The Scientists carefully lift The Corpse onto the table, strap his dead limbs in, and attach a series of WIRES and SENSORS to his body.

More taps on the control panel and the glass slides back into place.

Before Director Tucker, a SECOND MONITOR lights up to display energy levels from the Corpse. On the original monitor, TWO SLICES on opposite ends of the digital cylinder light up RED.

SCIENTIST

Locked.

Tucker nods, cool as can be.

A second set of DOUBLE DOORS opens, and a live TEST SUBJECT (20s) is led inside by a small woman with a severe face and tight ponytail, SPECIAL AGENT SCANDELLA (30s).

The Test Subject is walked to the large metal sphere in the middle of the lab, where more SCIENTISTS stand in wait next to the open hatch.

Scandella nods at the Test Subject, who wordlessly climbs inside the sphere. The hatch is closed and sealed. Scandella moves to Director Tucker at the control panel.

The majority of The Scientists exit the lab. Tucker, Scandella and a Scientist man the panel.

Tucker nods to the Scientist next to him, whose hands go to work. A clock on the monitor counts down from TWO MINUTES.

01:59, 01:58, 01:57...

Above them all, the Tesla Coils buzz louder, a great ball of ELECTRICITY forms in the cavernous ceiling.

Scandella and Tucker share a hopeful look. On the first monitor, a red slice on the cylinder isolates. More LIGHTNING high above CRACKS and POPS.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Ten seconds.

A RUMBLE from down in the ground, the lightning above becomes more violent and consistent. On the table, the Corpse thrashes; electricity passes through his lifeless veins.

SCANDELLA

(Under her breath)

Come on come on.

SCIENTIST

Five... Four... Three... Two...

CRACK! A massive BOLT OF LIGHTNING fires down from the ceiling and strikes the metal ball in the center. The walls and floor shake violently. Then silence.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Contact. Subject is in transit.

We see the sphere is empty; The Test Subject vanished.

On the SECOND MONITOR, the energy level drops dangerously low. On the FIRST MONITOR, one of the isolated red slices starts to fade back to blue.

TUCKER

Stay on him!

SCIENTIST

I'm trying!

The slice continues to fade, it's red color bleeds into the blue slices on either side.

TUCKER

You're losing him!

Tucker looks desperate, Scandella resigned.

On the screen, the last of the red drains from the second slice of the cylinder. A warning flashes: *TRACKING FAILED*.

Tucker, Scandella and The Scientist all stare at the warning, defeated.

Tucker glances to Scandella, she looks off behind him. He follows her gaze to the observation room - empty.

Tucker slams his hands on the control panel in frustration, adjusts his tie and storms out of the test lab.

The Scientist looks up to Scandella.

SCIENTIST

There's not enough energy. We need one alive, or...

Scandella studies the lab, face hard.

SCANDELLA

Get this cleaned up.

The Scientist nods. Scandella crosses the floor and leaves the lab.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

IAN O'CONNOR (Mid 20s), two black eyes, a broken nose, and one arm of his black suit in a sling, stares down into a casket, containing the body of --

KATIE O'CONNOR (19), his younger sister. Dressed in her best, she sleeps peacefully. Except, she isn't sleeping.

Ian stares down at her body, lost in thought.

Behind him, the VISITORS - A silent sea of suits, ties, black dresses, and sad faces.

One of the Visitors approaches Ian from behind.

VISITOR

She was so beautiful. I'm terribly sorry.

(beat)

We're all real grateful, for your service.

Ian says nothing. The Visitor pats him on the shoulder and departs back to the aisles of cheap folding chairs.

Michael looks back and locks eyes with two pale faces, his mother and father. --

CHERYL O'CONNOR (50s). Clearly hasn't slept in days. Her black dress accentuates her pale white face.

MIKE O'CONNOR (50s). Loving husband and grieving father. Staring in to space, lost without his baby girl.

They both pointedly avoid eye contact with Ian. He looks back to his sister's body, then away in disgust.

**EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

Ian hauls on a cigarette as another VISITOR approaches. His friend and fellow soldier --

JAMIE (30s), gruff, war torn, sympathetic.

JAMIE

Hey, buddy.

Ian nods in acknowledgment.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Mind if I bum one off ya?

Ian reaches into his jacket and produces a smoke. Jamie lights up and they stand there a moment in silence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

IAN

You didn't kill her.

JAMIE

Neither did you.

Ian's jaw trembles.

IAN

I was only home a month.

JAMIE

It wasn't your fault.

IAN

Yeah. Thanks.

They stand in silence another moment.

JAMIE

So what are you gonna do?

IAN

Dunno. Get a job I guess.

JAMIE

How are your parents?

Ian gives him a look.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

A car BEEPS its horn from the parking lot. Jamie looks over his shoulder.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I gotta go. You've got my number so call me if you need anything. Anything at all.

IAN

Thanks for coming.

Jamie turns and heads to the car. Ian's eyes wander to his Mom and Dad heading to their own car.

**INT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ian steps into the front hall, where a picture of Katie's smiling face greets him immediately.

He heads down the hall past THE LIVING ROOM, where his Dad sits on the couch, watching a nature documentary.

He just looks at Ian, as if he weren't really there, then wordlessly returns his eyes to the television.

**INT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY**

Ian sits on the guest bed and cries.

**INT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ian passes Katie's room and stops. He pushes the door open and looks inside. Untouched, as if she'd never left.

He stares a while before his mother comes and closes the door.

She wordlessly continues down the hall and into her bedroom.

Ian sighs and heads to the guest room.

**INT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY**

Ian sits on the bed, fixated on his reenlistment papers.

He falls asleep with the papers on his chest.

BLACKNESS.

GUNFIRE, loud and fast.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER  
Returning fire! Second story  
window! Two o'clock!

More GUNFIRE, then an EXPLOSION.

SPEC OPS SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Medic! Medic!

Even more GUNFIRE, then, a distant FEMALE VOICE.

FEMALE VOICE  
Ian! Look out!

CRUNCHING METAL and BUSTING GLASS.

Ian opens his eyes and stares up at the moonlit ceiling of the guest room.

He gets up, crosses the room and opens up the window to have a smoke.

To his surprise, his Mom smokes a cigarette on the porch down below.

Ian puts his smoke out and gets to his feet.

**EXT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Ian opens the sliding glass door and steps out onto the patio. His Mom glances behind her, then looks back out over the yard.

IAN  
You don't smoke.

CHERYL  
You don't know anything about me.

Silence.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
Every day you were over there. I hoped and prayed you'd come home safe. Every night I cried imagining you dead in the desert somewhere.  
(beat)  
Now. I wish more than anything you'd died over there.

She puts out her cigarette and heads inside, leaving Ian alone on the porch.

**INT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Ian stands shirtless before the mirror. He examines every scar and burn on his body. An impressive collection of agony.

He cuts his cast from his arm to reveal fresh stitches and bruises. Ian winces as he flexes his hand.

**INT. O'CONNOR HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY**

Ian walks down the hall, two bags slung over his shoulder packed.



As he passes the living room he looks in on his parents, seated in front of the television. They don't even look up.

Ian opens his mouth to speak, then closes it again and heads out the door.

**INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Ian sits amongst a dozen or so other people spread out waiting for their flights. Outside the large window, planes taxi to and fro across the runway.

Ian stares down at a manilla folder open on his lap. Inside, a *United States Marine Corp* reenlistment contract.

Ian sighs, closes the envelope and stuffs it back in his duffle. He looks around, his eyes land on a sign: *The Sky Lounge*.

**INT. AIRPORT - SKY LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Ian enters the Sky Lounge, a typical airport bar decorated to feel nicer than it is, and quiet tonight.

Ian takes a seat at the far end of the empty bar. He does not notice the purse and empty glass set three seats away.

The BARTENDER (30s) approaches.

IAN

Rye, or whatever you've got.

The bartender nods and pours Ian a glass, which Ian downs straight away. He gestures for another.

BARTENDER

Not a good flyer?

Ian nods dismissively, The Bartender takes the hint and heads back down the bar. Ian reaches around in his pockets and produces his cellphone.

THE BACKGROUND: Ian and Katie, both a few years younger, both wearing goofy smiles.

Ian does not notice The Bartender replace an empty glass with a full one three seats down.

He taps through to the contacts menu and scrolls until he reaches KATIE.

He dials the number and holds the phone to his ear.

The voicemail picks up right away.

KATIE'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached Katie! Leave a message, or don't, it's a free country after all! Bye!!

Ian does not wait for the beep, he hangs up the phone and immediately repeats the call.

KATIE'S VOICEMAIL (CONT'D)

Hi, you've reached Katie! Leave a message, or don't, it's a free country after all! Bye!!

Again, Ian leaves no message. He stares at the phone for a moment before scrolling through the contacts once again, this time stopping on MOM AND DAD.

His finger hovers over their number a few moments. Ian puts down his phone, hesitates, and picks it back up again.

He sets the phone down, rubs the back of his neck and takes another long drink.

Three seats down, a BLONDE WOMAN (40s), well dressed, returns to her place at the bar.

She takes a long sip of her drink, then eyes Ian.

The Bartender returns and refreshes Ian's drink.

BLONDE WOMAN

That one's on me.

The Bartender nods, no questions asked.

IAN

You don't have to do that.

BLONDE WOMAN

I don't have to do anything. Some things I do anyways.

She tips her glass to Ian and drinks. He does the same.

IAN

Thanks.

BLONDE WOMAN

Don't mention it.

Another drink, and then.

BLONDE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Where were you deployed?

Ian shakes his head, almost laughs.

BLONDE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You're not foolin' anyone.  
(beat)  
Least of all me.

IAN  
Iraq.

The Bartender once again replaces her empty glass.

BLONDE WOMAN  
That one'll never end. Where ya  
headed?

IAN  
I don't know.

BLONDE WOMAN  
That makes two of us.

The Blonde Woman studies him.

BLONDE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I lost people too.

IAN  
Oh yeah?

The Blonde Woman nods, her eyes sad.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Probably more accurate to say they  
lost me.

IAN  
How'd you deal with it?

The Blonde Woman takes a long drink and gestures to her glass. Ian gets the picture.

BLONDE WOMAN  
You remind me of him. He was in the  
air force. Passed for a civilian a  
lot better than you do.

Ian smiles, checks his phone.

IAN  
Shit, I've gotta go.

The Blonde Woman smiles sadly while Ian collects his belongings. He goes for his wallet.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Don't, I've got it.

IAN  
That's--

BLONDE WOMAN  
--Really not necessary, I know.  
Like I said, you remind me of  
someone.

Ian returns his wallet to his pocket and nods in thanks.

BLONDE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Who was it?

IAN  
My sister.

BLONDE WOMAN  
I'm sorry.

IAN  
Thanks.

The Blonde Woman extends her hand.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Natalie.

IAN  
Ian.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Have a safe flight, Ian.

Ian nods and makes his way out of the bar. The Blonde Woman looks down into her drink, searching for something.

**EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT**

The seven-eighty-seven taxis onto the runway.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Toronto tower, American Airlines  
one-three-five ready for takeoff  
IFR, runway two-niner.

TORONTO TOWER

American Airlines one three five,  
winds two-five-zero at twelve,  
cleared for takeoff.

(beat)

Clear for takeoff American Airlines  
one-three-five.

The plane climbs into the sky.

PILOT (V.O.)

Departure, American Airlines one-  
three-five, one thousand climbing  
six thousand.

(beat)

Radar contact.

Higher and higher.

**INT. FLIGHT ONE THREE FIVE TO NEW YORK - NIGHT**

The inside of the plane is eerily quiet; everybody either  
asleep or watching a movie. Ian stares at his phone.

Katie's Instagram. He scrolls through the photos: Katie  
playing soccer, Katie at a party, Katie and Ian at a cottage.

Now and again, a flash of LIGHTNING turns the cabin bright  
blue.

Ian closes his phone and rubs his eyes. He glances at the MAN  
(40s) fast asleep next to him. His little plastic cup sits  
empty. Ian eyes it with envy.

He looks around, a STEWARDESS (20s) approaches. Ian gets her  
attention with a smile.

STEWARDESS

Yes?

IAN

Would I be able to get a drink?  
Rye?

STEWARDESS

I'm sorry, The pilot's just told me  
we'll be entering some turbulence,  
we've had to put the cart away.

With a sympathetic smile she makes her way back down the  
aisle. Ian tilts he head and closes his eyes.

SOME TIME LATER, Ian awakes to a heavy jolt.

The plane lurches hard. Somewhere behind him, a woman screams.

Ian looks out the window, LIGHTNING. Another lurch, harder this time.

Masks drop from the upper compartment.

The nose of the plane tilts down hard and forces Ian back into his seat.

More screams, crying too, growing louder, loud as the engines. Ian grips his armrest.

One last look outside. Lightning illuminates the trees below.

*FLASH!* closer, and...

The plane hits in a sickening cacophony of twisting metal and dying jet engines.

Blackness.

**EXT. FAMRER'S FIELD - MORNING**

SUPER: OUTSIDE CLEVELAND, OH.

A sprawling field, but instead of hay bales, dozens of small SATELLITES.

**INT. FARM HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY.**

Multiple tables strewn with discarded TECH, works in progress. The walls covered in WIRES.

A half dozen MONITORS flash with maps, flight trajectories, strings of code. One of the monitors BEEPS intermittently.

The only wall not covered in wires is lined with NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, mostly about large superstorms and plane crashes.

Also, PHOTOGRAPHS of about a dozen people. Some military, some civilian, no obvious connection between them.

IN THE CELLAR, GREG DANIELS (50s), on his knees, fiddles with a large homemade SWITCHBOARD. Wires dangle from the low ceiling; through a speaker, the sound of RADIO FREQUENCIES.

Greg listens, his hand resting on what looks like a MORSE CODE machine. He taps a message and waits patiently for a response. Nothing but more radio frequency.

SKYLAR (O.S.)

Dad?

(No response)

Dad?

Greg turns around at the sound of his daughter's voice. He stands with a groan and rubs his face.

Skylar enters with a plate of food. On one of the monitors, a CNN NEWS FEED is mid report.

CNN NEWS FEED

...Twenty nautical miles off the coast of Newfoundland. The Pentagon has failed to comment, though Canadian officials agreed with NASA's suggestion that the event could have been a large meteor breaking up in...

SKYLAR

Dad?

Out of Skylar's view, the cellar door opens and Greg steps into the basement, closing the door and locking it behind him. Greg then pulls a BOOKCASE over, concealing the whole thing.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Dad?

Greg appears from around a corner smiling. Skylar puts on her best smile in return and makes her way to the monitors.

She finds the only free space on the cluttered computer desk and sets the food down.

Greg pulls up a chair while Skylar goes to the other side of the room, glancing at the recently moved bookcase.

GREG

What time is it?

SKYLAR (O.S.)

Noon.

Greg turns to see his daughter organizing papers near his hidden door. He rises.

GREG

Oh, hey don't--

Skylar closes her eyes. She knows the routine. Her father is already behind her. He takes the papers from her hands.

GREG (CONT'D)  
They're all in, I've got them all  
in order.

SKYLAR  
Dad.

Greg places the files into a folder.

GREG  
What?

Skylar considers her response.

SKYLAR  
Your lunch is getting cold.

Greg calms down, returns to his senses.

GREG  
Oh, yeah of course.

He makes his way back towards the computer desk. Skylar looks  
around at the mess.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What'd my master chef make us  
today?

A smile in spite of herself.

SKYLAR  
Beef bourguignon. I found it one of  
Mom's old books.

GREG  
Smells amazing.

Greg savors a bite in his mouth.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Incredible. Seriously.

Silence, Skylar bites her lip. Now's her chance.

SKYLAR  
So, Dad. I was wondering when we  
could talk again about school?

This wasn't what Greg was hoping for. A look back to the  
screens.



GREG

Oh, Sky, I'm pretty tired, and I'm just not sure I'm one hundred percent yet.

SKYLAR

But it's almost August and I don't know if they'll let me defer for--

GREG

--Sky, I'm really tired. We'll talk about it later.

Skylar turns and heads back for the stairs.

GREG (CONT'D)

Thanks for lunch honey.

Skylar stops in the doorframe.

SKYLAR

No problem Dad.

She exits the blue light of the basement, and leaves Greg to his lunch. Another bite, and a sigh. It's *really* good.

He tilts his head - 'Where's that BEEPING coming from?'

Greg looks down the line of monitors and screws his face up.

On his own screen, a list of numbers highlights red. Greg rubs his eyes.

GREG

What the--

He wheels his chair down the long desk towards the flashing monitor, sending his plate of food crashing to the floor.

GREG (CONT'D)

Shit, shit.

No time to clean it up. The monitor displays some sort of pirate NORAD radar.

Hundreds of tiny 8-bit planes zigzag across North America, numbers and coordinates flash across the screen.

About twenty Nautical Miles off the coast of Newfoundland, Canada. At the very edge of the radar's range, one of the tiny planes flickers on and off the screen.

Greg rubs his eyes once more and looks closer. Again, the little plane flickers.

He clicks on a tab titled *Identify*.

A moment to process, and then, blank. No identification number, no IFR, no point of origin or destination.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, holy shit.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY - CONTINUOUS.**

DIRECTOR TUCKER'S OFFICE is small and sparsely decorated; a computer and a photograph of Tucker and YOUNG BOY (11).

Tucker himself stands behind his desk in the middle of a phone call.

TUCKER  
...I don't... That's not fair Ange,  
no that's not fucking fair... We  
agreed, no ultimatums... I was  
always up front... No, I told you  
how important this was to me...  
Ange we are so close here...

Special Agent Scandella appears in the doorframe. Tucker looks up. Motions to wait a second. Scandella hold position.

TUCKER (CONT'D)  
...Look, I have to go... I have to.  
Put Jamie on... Yeah, bullshit...  
Ange... Ange?

Tucker hangs up his cell. He rubs his face, collects himself, and motions for Scandella to enter.

TUCKER (CONT'D)  
What is it?

SCANDELLA  
There's something you need to see.

THE HALLWAY buzzes with low level AGENTS and INTERNS who part ways for Tucker and Scandella as they walk.

TUCKER  
How long?

SCANDELLA  
Ten minutes ago. We've already been  
in contact with the Canadians.

TUCKER  
And?

SCANDELLA

Nothing. Same with The Chinese. The Russians are being quiet but I don't think they know anything either.

They pass a pair of security guards, and push through a heavy door into THE DATACENTER, where dozens of ANALYSTS work away diligently.

A large SCREEN in the center of the room cycles through airports on a digitized map of Europe.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

We've been backtracking through NORAD data and CIA imaging over the last twenty-four hours, trying to piece together a trajectory, but...

Scandella isn't used to not having the answers.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

...there isn't one.

Even Tucker is confused.

TUCKER

Missile?

SCANDELLA

No sir. There's about two dozen early warning systems it would have triggered.

TUCKER

You're saying this thing fell from the sky?

Scandella looks at her boss.

SCANDELLA

We have to get out there.

Tucker considers what this means. He nods.

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY.**

Ian's head emerges amidst a choppy sea of fire and wreckage. He coughs and chokes. The sun shines high above.

A gash across his head bleeds into his eyes. Through the blood and the salt he can hardly see.

He clings to a large piece of the fuselage and tries to pull himself up with the last of his strength.

All around him, clothing, luggage, fire. He closes his eyes.

HOURS LATER... Or minutes, or days? The sound of VOICES.

VOICE ONE

Holy shit! There's one over here!

VOICE TWO

Watch the oil Charlie, don't get too close.

A diesel engine BUBBLES closer from somewhere. Ian squints through the smoke.

Soaking wet and bloody, Ian is hoisted up onto THE DECK.

**EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

From where he lies, Ian sees three sets of rubber boots, fishing nets and lobster traps.

THE FISHERMEN (30s - 50s) look down on the sole survivor, stunned.

FISHERMAN 1

Give him space.

FISHERMAN 2

Get us out of the oil Charlie!

The engine ROARS to life. Ian groans.

FISHERMAN 1

Let's get him inside.

The boots move closer. Ian closes his eyes.

Inside THE CABIN, the Fisherman lay Ian down on a cot in the corner.

FISHERMAN 1 (CONT'D)

What's your name bud?

Ian blinks.

IAN

Ian.

FISHERMAN 1

Hey Ian, I'm Charlie.

IAN  
Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Where you from, Ian?

IAN  
Near Niagara falls.

CHARLIE  
You remember what happened?

Ian blinks. Katie... The Blonde Woman in the bar...  
Lightning... The screaming engines... The screaming *people*.

He closes his eyes tight.

FISHERMAN 2  
Give him some space Charlie.

IAN  
There was a storm. Last night.

The pair of fisherman look at one another. Even the CAPTAIN  
glances back, confused.

CHARLIE  
Get some rest bud, we've got some  
food on for ya. We'll be in St.  
John's in eight hours or so.

Ian nods, and closes his eyes again.

**INT. FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A car door SLAMS outside.

Skylar opens her eyes, the TELEVISION plays a commercial. She  
blinks, sits up and checks her phone. 3:17PM

Skylar walks to the WINDOW, outside, her father loads his  
1966 VOLKSWAGEN TYPE 2.

**EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

Skylar pushes out the screen door.

Greg comes around the front the van to see his daughter  
staring from the porch.

GREG  
Oh, awesome, you're up!

SKYLAR  
What's going on?

GREG  
I uh, thought a lot about what you  
said earlier. Well, here.

Greg goes back around to the front seat of his van and  
retrieves a folder. Skylar approaches tentatively.

GREG (CONT'D)  
I thought we could do a little road  
trip.

Greg hands Skylar the folder. Inside are printed webpages,  
booklets and even application forms.

The headers read: *Ohio State, Harvard, Massachusetts  
Institute of Technology, New York University, University of  
Toronto, Etc.*

GREG (CONT'D)  
Thought we could drive around and,  
you pick the one you like best?

Skylar looks up to see her father smiling nervously.

SKYLAR  
Is everything okay?

GREG  
Yup, yup. Just uh, it's gonna be  
hard. But I know it's for the best.  
What your Mom woulda wanted, you  
know.

Skylar looks back down at the forms.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Well, let's get a move on. Got a  
lot of driving to do.

Skylar hands her father the folder, beaming.

SKYLAR  
Okay, okay! Uh, let me just, pack  
some clothes!

She bounds back up the steps to the house. Greg looks on,  
folder in his hands. He looks down at the Harvard page,  
sighs, and goes back to readying the van.

**EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY**

Charlie steps off the trawler onto the dock, followed by Ian, wearing ill fitting sweats.

An envoy of emergency vehicles waits at the end of the dock. FIRST RESPONDERS come out to meet them.

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - DAY**

Ian, blue gown, is half reclined in a hospital bed. A NURSE (30s), finishes connecting his IV's.

IAN

Ouch.

The nurse smiles.

NURSE

After what you've been through, I think you'll be fine.

The nurse turns to leave.

IAN

Hey,

She looks back.

IAN (CONT'D)

Do my parents know?

NURSE

I think the police are handling that.

IAN

Okay.

Another smile and Ian is alone in the room. He closes his eyes.

**INT. GREG'S VAN - DAY**

Greg and Skylar drive down the highway, her nose buried in the *MIT* pamphlet.

Greg fiddles with what looks like a modified CB RADIO, scrolling through channels.

SKYLAR

Whatcha doin'?

GREG

Oh, just an old CB I've been  
messing with, think I finally fixed  
it.

Skylar nods, eyes back on the road.

SKYLAR

Shouldn't we be heading east?

GREG

Oh, we're doing Harvard last. Not  
easy to book a tour with them, let  
me tell you. Gonna hit it on the  
way back. Is that okay?

SKYLAR

Oh, yeah, of course.

(beat)

What about UCLA, are we--

GREG

--Flying? No. I thought it'd be fun  
to do a road trip. We've never done  
one of those.

SKYLAR

Dad--

GREG

--Hey, are ya hungry?

SKYLAR

Starving!

GREG

Me too, I think there's a few  
places at the next exit up here.

Greg smiles and returns his eyes to the road, happy to have  
the subject changed.

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - DAY**

Boots on the ground. Director Tucker and Agent Scandella lead  
a team of AGENTS down the hall.

They approach reception desk and The RECEPTIONIST (40s) looks  
up.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?



TUCKER

My name is Special Agent Winters,  
this is Special Agent Martin.

Tucker flashes his fake ID. Scandella doesn't miss a beat,  
she does the same.

RECEPTIONIST

CIA?

TUCKER

We're looking for the victim of a  
plane crash. Brought in today.

RECEPTIONIST

I, uh, are you allowed to--

SCANDELLA

--We are investigating a potential  
terrorist incident. It is of the  
utmost importance we speak with the  
survivor immediately.

The Receptionist studies the entourage.

**INT. IAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Muffled voices, footsteps getting closer.

TUCKER

Ian O'Connor?

Ian opens his eyes. At the foot of his bed, A Man and Woman  
he does not recognize.

IAN

Hey.

TUCKER

Hello Son. My name is Special Agent  
Winters, this is my colleague  
Special Agent Martin.

IAN

Hey.

Scandella nods, a look of intrigue on her face.

TUCKER

We're investigating the nature of  
your plane crash.

SCANDELLA

We were wondering if you could answer a few questions for us.

IAN

Sure, yeah. But I don't think it was--

TUCKER

--In due time son, we are making arrangements to move you to a more secure facility.

Scandella gestures to the Agents at the door. They dismantle Ian's equipment. One pushes a wheelchair next to the bed.

IAN

Secure?

TUCKER

You've got nothing to worry about.

IAN

When can I see my family? Do they know I'm alive?

SCANDELLA

Let's focus on getting you out of here.

Two of the men, both wearing rubber gloves, help Ian into the wheelchair, careful not to disturb the IV's.

Ian is wheeled out the door and into THE HALLWAY. The Nurse makes her way towards the scene.

NURSE

Where are you taking him?

AGENT

Step back.

NURSE

Who are you? You can't just--

A hard shove from one of The Agents sends The Nurse back against the wall.

IAN

Hey man, relax!

The envoy pushes past, to the end of the hall and into the elevator.

One last look as the door shuts. This isn't over for The Nurse. She heads to the reception desk.

NURSE  
Give me the phone.

The receptionist looks up, confused.

**INT. GREG'S VAN - DUSK**

Greg rubs his eyes, he's been driving for a while.

The CB radio crackles to life.

TUCKER (O.S.)  
Package is secure. ETA to Gothic  
six hours.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Confirmed.

Greg stares at the CB in disbelief. He glances over to see Skylar do the same.

SKYLAR  
Who was that?

GREG  
I don't know.

SKYLAR  
ETA to Gothic? What does that--

GREG  
--Gothic...

His mind races.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Gothic!

SKYLAR  
Dad what the hell?

GREG  
Honey, use your phone and find us  
the quickest way to New York.

SKYLAR  
New York?? Dad what's going on,  
who's 'the package?'

GREG  
Just do it!

Skylar huffs, but brings up the map function on her phone.

SKYLAR  
Why wouldn't we just--

GREG  
--It's not a big deal, we'll do New York first.

SKYLAR  
Dad that doesn't make any sense!

GREG  
Skylar, please.

Skylar studies her father, then the CB radio.

SKYLAR  
Whose voice was that?

GREG  
I said I don't know.

SKYLAR  
You're lying.

GREG  
--We'll do NYU first is all, not a big deal right?

SKYLAR  
This doesn't have anything to do with school, does it?

Greg doesn't answer.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Fine.

Eyes on the road once again.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Do we at least have anything to eat?

GREG  
There's some chips and stuff in the back.

Skylar thinks for a moment, undoes her seatbelt, and crawls through the small door into the van's LIVING AREA.

She looks around for the snacks with the light on her phone.

The living area cluttered with tech and disorganized.  
Finally, in the corner, a plastic bag.

She tugs on it, and a folder, similar to the one containing her school booklets, falls the floor of the van. Skylar picks it up and opens it.

Inside, newspaper clippings: *Plane Crash Kills All on Board. Freak Thunderstorm Downs Southwest Airliner. Search Continues For Missing commuter Jet.*

Another file marked *CLASSIFIED - N.T.*

She is about to open it when...

GREG (CONT'D)

Sky?

She jumps.

GREG (CONT'D)

Find everything okay?

SKYLAR

Yep, coming.

She tucks the file back where she found it and crawls with the bag of snacks back into the FRONT SEAT.

GREG

Ahh, give me some of them pretzels.

Skylar retrieves the pretzels from the bag.

GREG (CONT'D)

I love these things.

He smiles at Skylar, who tries her best to return it. Another awkward silence, finally,

SKYLAR

Dad, why are we really doing this?

GREG

Sky--

SKYLAR

--Don't. Just be honest. You owe me that.

Greg sighs, eyes on the road.

GREG

After your Mom went missing...

Skylar locks her jaw, but says nothing.

GREG (CONT'D)

For a long time... I couldn't... I went away for a while, you remember... I needed help.

(sighs)

You know, it's been ten years and... Well, they helped me a lot last time and I think I need their help again.

SKYLAR

Help?

GREG

It hasn't gotten any easier. I'm sure you've noticed, lately...

SKYLAR

Yeah.

GREG

Well, I thought since I had to make the drive anyways, that, we could, like I said, go and see some schools.

SKYLAR

Why didn't you just tell me?

GREG

It's hard for me to talk about. I'm supposed to be the one taking care of you.

He smiles weakly. Skylar returns it in earnest. Eyes back on the road, silence but for the crunching of pretzels.

Skylar cannot see the pained look on her father's face.

**INT. GOVERNMENT SUV - DUSK**

Ian sits next to Scandella. Tucker rides shotgun next to the DRIVER.

TUCKER

Left up here.

Ian notices they are headed out of the city.

IAN  
Where are we going?

No answer. Scandella turns away. Ian notes the gun in her belt.

IAN (CONT'D)  
So, who do you guys work for again?

Again, silence, then...

TUCKER  
Hold here.

Up ahead, Ian sees a POLICE ROADBLOCK. The SUV comes to a stop just short.

TUCKER (CONT'D)  
Keep him down.

Scandella nods, Tucker exits the vehicle.

Ian watches from the back seat as Tucker and three AGENTS approach the police.

#### **INT. GREG'S VAN - DUSK**

Greg rubs his eyes, the light of the setting sun starting to irritate him.

In the passenger seat, Skylar sleeps soundly.

He drops down the sun visor revealing a PHOTO of himself, Skylar and a woman with blonde hair. All much younger, all smiling. The woman is familiar to us.

The CB radio CRACKLES, just static. Greg eyes it.

Skylar stirs and Greg quickly hides the photo back up in the sun visor.

SKYLAR  
How far?

GREG  
Not long, a few hours.

Skylar stretches.

SKYLAR  
What is gothic?

GREG

It's a mountain. It's where the hospital is.

Skylar nods.

**INT/EXT. HIGHWAY/GOVERNMENT SUV - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

Tucker and his agents approach the police blockade where three OFFICERS (30s, 40s) stand at the ready.

TUCKER

Evening officers.

OFFICER ONE

We've received a report that a patient was illegally removed from a hospital.

Tucker flashes his fake badge. *Special Agent Winters, CIA.*

TUCKER

This is a United States Federal Investigation regarding a terrorist incident. We are escorting a key witness back to the United States for questioning.

INSIDE THE GOVERNMENT SUV, Ian watches the conversation, unable to make out what they're saying.

ON THE HIGHWAY, the standoff continues.

OFFICER ONE

Sounds a lot like something that would need to go through the proper channels. And this,  
(gesturing to the agents and the vehicles)  
This doesn't look one bit to me like the proper channels.

TUCKER

Well that's because *this* is above your pay grade. Now I suggest you and your men stand down, that's an order, *Officer.*

OFFICER ONE

Well, *Special Agent.* It just so happens that I take orders from *my* superiors. Y'know, the ones in *my* government.

(MORE)



OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Let me see that identification  
again.

The Officer steps toward Tucker, who calmly pulls his pistol and unloads the clip. The two Agents to his rear do the same.

The Officers fall to the pavement. Behind Tucker, smoke rises from the barrels of The Agent's guns.

INSIDE THE GOVERNMENT SUV Ian watches as Tucker gestures for his agents to move the cars.

SCANDELLA

(To herself)

God damnit.

IAN

What the fuck?! What the fuck did  
you do?

He moves for the handle, pulling with all his might. No use.

Scandella attempts to subdue him.

SCANDELLA

Relax, relax--

IAN

--No, no where are you taking me?  
Where--

The syringe is in his leg before he even sees Scandella move.

IAN (CONT'D)

Where are you, where are my.. my  
sister...

Blackout.

#### **INT. GREG'S VAN - NIGHT**

Greg continues to drive. Eyes heavy.

The lines in the road are getting blurry. It wouldn't hurt to sleep for a...

Greg is no longer driving, but flying a PLANE, a small one, a Cessna two seater. He points to something out the window, laughing.

A beautiful woman laughs next to him. The Blonde Woman from the photo.

The sun shines on the water, on her blonde hair.

SKYLAR

DAD!

Greg swerves just in time to avoid the semi.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Dad are you okay?

GREG

Yeah I'm, sorry.

SKYLAR

Pull over.

GREG

We're not far--

SKYLAR

--Dad, seriously. I'm driving now.

Greg pulls the van off to the side of the road and opens his door, Skylar does the same.

#### **INT. GREG'S VAN - NIGHT**

Skylar drives, Greg snores loudly in the passenger seat.

She eyes the CB radio suspiciously, glances to her sleeping father, then finally returns her eyes to the road.

#### **INT. GOVERNMENT PRISON CELL - MORNING**

Ian blinks through heavy eyes up at a concrete ceiling.

He turns his head to the side. More concrete, stainless steel. A toilet-sink combo sits in the far corner. Opposite, a heavy door. Nothing else.

Ian sits up, looks around. A SECURITY CAMERA looks back. Ian stares at the camera. The Camera stares back.

#### **INT. GOVERNMENT OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING**

FROM THE OBSERVATION ROOM, Tucker stares into the MONITOR intently. Ian stares back from his position on the bed.

IN HIS CELL, Ian stands.

IAN  
Hey! Let me out!

He knows someone can hear him.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Where am I? I know you're fucking  
there! Let me out!!

He slams on the door hard as he can. No answer.

FROM THE OBSERVATION ROOM, Tucker looks on, unfazed.

He watches Ian on a small monitor, next to which a half dozen screens of various sizes display Ian's heart rate, breathing, and temperature.

A knock, Scandella stands in the doorway.

SCANDELLA  
Almost nine, Sir.

TUCKER  
Thanks.

SCANDELLA  
How is he?

TUCKER  
He's fine.

Scandella glances at the monitor.

SCANDELLA  
Do you really think...?

TUCKER  
I don't know.

SCANDELLA  
We should run another test.

TUCKER  
Until we get the report from  
engineering it's too risky.

SCANDELLA  
But, the board--

TUCKER  
--The board listens to me. We can't  
risk the structural integrity of  
the complex.

Another moment of silence, neither removing their eyes from the screen.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I'd better go.

Scandella nods and takes over watching the monitor, Tucker exits.

The door closes leaving Scandella alone in observation room. She leans in, curious.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - MORNING**

Tucker walks down the hallway of the facility. Agents and Interns step to the side for him to pass.

The look on his face, is Tucker, nervous?

Tucker stands in front of two large double doors.

A glance at his watch. 8:59am. A deep breath and...

**INT. GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING.**

Director Tucker pushes through the doors into a small conference room.

One large oak table, three leather chairs, three black suits.

The Men from the test lab: The balding DIRECTOR BANE (60s), stone-jawed GENERAL BALDWIN (60s) and MR. RAWLS. (40s), a small man with round glasses.

Tucker takes a seat opposite the men, and waits.

DIRECTOR BANE

Director Tucker. It is our understanding you have some news.

TUCKER

Yes Sir.

The suit nods.

DIRECTOR TUCKER

Yesterday at zero-seven-hundred, my department tracked an anomaly just outside the NORAD dead zone. NSA Intel picked up chatter that a body was pulled from the impact area, alive.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR TUCKER (CONT'D)

At seventeen-hundred my team made contact with the survivor. He had sustained minor injuries but was in a suitable condition to be moved, so we extracted him to a secure location.

GENERAL BALDWIN

Extracted. But not before being intercepted by Canadian authorities.

TUCKER

That was an unfortunate incident, but we could not risk--

DIRECTOR BANE

--Do you have any idea the shit storm this will cause if this should somehow be traced back to us?

MR. RAWLS

Sloppy.

Tucker clears his throat.

TUCKER

Myself and my team took all necessary precautions to ensure total secrecy, I--

GENERAL BALDWIN

--What is the subject's condition?

TUCKER

Stable, adapting normally. We are commencing the interview process this afternoon.

The three men share a look before returning their gaze to Tucker.

DIRECTOR BANE

Physically fit enough to run a test?

TUCKER

He is, but I would refrain from running another test until--

MR. RAWLS

--We are running short on patience, Tucker!

TUCKER

Gentlemen, like I said, I am certain a live subject, this subject, will be the key to our success, but to run a second test so soon could severely damage the device.

The Suits confer amongst themselves. Quiet whispers, Tucker can only wait, until finally...

GENERAL BALDWIN

Director Tucker. I needn't remind of what is at stake here. You've been given great deal of time, resources.

MR. RAWLS

Financial and otherwise! You came to us, remember. You promised contact.

TUCKER

I'm certain he is the key to a sustained bridge.

DIRECTOR BANE

What use is that bridge if you can't use it to bring someone back?

MR. RAWLS

Bring them back? He can't even keep track of them.

(To Tucker)

These cheap disappearing acts you've been performing will no longer be tolerated.

DIRECTOR BANE

What Mr. Rawls is saying is, if you are unable to recreate the anomaly as promised, somebody else more suitable will be chosen.

TUCKER

Yes Sir.

SUIT ONE

That will be all Director.

Tucker nods, stands, and turns for the door.

**INT. GREG'S VAN - DAY**

*SLAM!*

Greg awakes with a start to see two coffees in the cup holder. Beside him, Skylar pulls breakfast sandwiches from a brown bag. Greg rubs his eyes.

GREG  
Where are we?

SKYLAR  
I dunno. Close, I think.

GREG  
Jesus. How fast do you drive?

Skylar gives her father a coy smile.

SKYLAR  
You want the bacon or the sausage?

GREG  
You have whichever.

Skylar hands him the sausage. They're both hungrier than either of them thought.

Skylar takes a sip off coffee, it's now or never.

SKYLAR  
Dad. Why were they talking about Gothic on the CB?

Greg sighs. He squints out into the parking lot.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
It isn't a hospital, is it?

GREG  
--Sky, please.

SKYLAR  
Please what? Why are we here? Where are we going?

GREG  
It's a mountain. There's a military instillation there.

SKYLAR  
A... Unbelievable. How do you even know--

GREG  
--I've been there before.

SKYLAR  
When you were in the Air Force?

Greg shakes his head, another long look out the window.

GREG  
When your mother went missing--

SKYLAR  
--Died--

GREG  
--Just let me explain--

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
--Explain? You already lied to me, twice! Printed off all these stupid pamphlets. "I need help again." God I'm so stupid.

GREG  
Stop it.

SKYLAR  
We're going back.

GREG  
No.

SKYLAR  
What are you looking for? Ever since the accident you've been...  
(beat)  
You're not okay.

GREG  
I know. I know. But Skylar, I think I'm figuring it out. I don't know what it all of this means yet but I know I have to go.

SKYLAR  
To a military base in New York, because why? You think they have the answers?

GREG  
I don't quite know yet. But Skylar, believe me, I know it all connects back to your Mom.

SKYLAR  
Mom died, Dad. In a plane crash.



Greg shuts his eyes, the memory too powerful to bear.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
The two of you were on a flight, in  
your plane, and---

GREG  
--Stop! Stop it!

Skylar looks at her father, his eyes shining with tears.

SKYLAR  
Dad, you're sick.

Skylar's eyes well too.

GREG  
I'm not--

SKYLAR  
--You are, Dad, you are. The  
satellites, weather patterns,  
hijacking radar - you spend all  
your time in the basement.

Greg bows his head in shame.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Mom's gone, Dad. She's not missing,  
she's dead. And you have to move  
on. We *all* have to move on.

Greg wordlessly opens the door and gets out of the van.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Dad, Dad wait I'm sorry--

He shuts the door.

Skylar can only watch him walk aimlessly towards a park  
across the street.

She wipes the tears from her eyes, thinks for a moment, then  
crawls into the back of the van.

#### **INT. GOVERNMENT PRISON CELL - DAY**

Ian sits on the same bed in his small concrete cell. He runs  
his fingers through his hair, thinking hard. The camera  
watches silently from above.

Outside the door, footsteps, getting closer. *Click*. The door  
opens.

Two ARMED GUARDS wearing gloves and breathing masks. Ian eyes them with confusion.

**INT. GOVERNMENT PRISON - DAY**

The Guards lead Ian down a sterile, grey concrete hallway. High ceilings, nondescript doors. None of which he can see through the bag over his head.

A BUZZING emanates from somewhere deep in the building.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

The Guards sit Ian at a table. Handcuff his hands to the chair. The bag is pulled off. The Guards exit.

Ian sits alone at a plain metal table. Across from him, two empty chairs.

The door opens once again. Tucker and Scandella enter. Ian eyes them suspiciously.

TUCKER

Hello again.

The pair take their seats.

IAN

Where am I?

TUCKER

You are in a secure facility--

IAN

--No, fuck that. Why am I being held?

TUCKER

You were in a plane crash.

IAN

I know that.

TUCKER

Where did the plane depart from?

IAN

Shouldn't you know that? Look. I know this is illegal. I want a lawyer. I know I have rights.

Tucker smiles at this.

TUCKER

You do indeed, Son. But nobody's accusing you of anything. We're just trying to understand what happened is all.

(beat)

The quicker we get through with this, the quicker you can be on your way. Will you cooperate?

Ian considers his options, then nods, yes. On cue, Scandella stands and places a box on the table.

She opens it. Full of wires and sensors. A small computer.

Scandella stands and begins to apply the sensors to Ian's hands, arms, temples, chest.

IAN

What the Hell is this?

TUCKER

All standard procedure, just lets us know you're alright.

IAN

I'm pretty fucking far from alright.

Again, Tucker smiles.

TUCKER

I like you Son, quick on your feet.

Ian's face says he doesn't care.

Scandella is all set, she sits back down and turns the monitor towards herself and Tucker.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

(beat)

Your name is Ian O'Connor.

Ian nods.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

If I could just get you to confirm, vocally.

Ian gives Tucker an icy look.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

The sooner you cooperate, the sooner we can get you home to see your family.

Ian eyes his interrogators.

IAN

Yes. My name is Ian O'Connor.

TUCKER

Very good. And where are you from?

IAN

Small town, just north of the falls parents moved across the border when I was sixteen.

TUCKER

The--

IAN

--Canadian border. Mom was American, Dad was Canadian.

TUCKER

And that is...  
(Looking down at his papers)  
Linda and Mark?

IAN

Yes.

TUCKER

And the address you gave the hospital...  
(Another glance down)  
17 McCaul Street, Welland, ON. That is your current address?

IAN

I guess so. Yes.

TUCKER

Any siblings?

Ian's eyes narrow.

IAN

Does a dead sister count?

Tucker and Scandella share a glance.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Greg sits on a bench looking out at the small park when Skylar walks over, coffee in hand.

SKYLAR  
It's still warm.

Greg takes the coffee and drinks deep. When he looks up again, Skylar holds out the confidential envelope from the back of the van.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Make me understand.

Greg looks at his daughter for a long moment, then nods.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

The interrogation continues.

IAN  
There was no explosion, I saw lightning, and the plane crashed.

TUCKER  
And it was nighttime, when the plane crashed.

IAN  
Yeah.

SCANDELLA  
And when you woke up, it was daytime.

IAN  
What?

SCANDELLA  
When you were rescued, it was light out?

Ian thinks for a moment.

IAN  
Yeah, I guess. I was knocked out.

TUCKER  
But you swam to the surface, so you were conscious.

IAN

Yes.

TUCKER

When did you join The Marines?

IAN

When I was nineteen.

TUCKER

And how long did you spend in Iraq?

IAN

Six months

TUCKER

But all your documents were lost in the crash.

IAN

I guess so. I'm sure it's all on record somewhere.

TUCKER

Well, you see, we looked into that.

Scandella removes another manilla envelope from beneath the table.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

There is record of your service

Tucker opens the folder and turns it around for Ian to read.

Ian's eyes flick over the words we cannot see, his eyes go wide. His face twists in confusion.

IAN

What kind of twisted shit is this? Look, I don't know what any of this has to do with terrorism, or what kind of interrogation technique this is, but I'm done talking. I want to see my family. No, I want a fucking human rights lawyer.

He looks to both his interrogators. They look to each other.

TUCKER

No, that's fine. We have everything we need for now.

They both stand. Tucker moves for the door, Scandella clicks her pen and approaches Ian.

She begins to remove the sensors one by one while Ian struggles against his restraints.

IAN  
No, where are you going? You can't  
keep me here!

Ian pulls with all his might, blood drips from his wrist.

He thrashes against his chair, knocking himself and Scandella to the floor. One of Ian's restraints comes free, he wraps an arm around Scandella.

TUCKER  
God damnit be careful with him!

Scandella wrestles free and stands, pulling herself together. Her and Tucker right the chair.

Scandella hastily finishes putting everything back in the box.

IAN  
God damnit let me out!

Tucker and Scandella exit, the Armed Guards enter. The black bag is put back over Ian's head. Once again, darkness.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY**

Tucker and Scandella stand a few feet from a pair of glass doors.

Tucker hauls away on a cigarette. Scandella seems on a high.

SCANDELLA  
Fascinating.

TUCKER  
How's that?

SCANDELLA  
The way he talks, the way he acts,  
the war... That address he gave  
*exists* here, his parents, his  
*sister*... Everything about him,  
where he comes from, He's just--

TUCKER  
--Like us.

Scandella nods, almost shaking with excitement.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

That was always the hypothesis,  
"minute differences; micro, not  
macro."

SCANDELLA

I know, it's just, he's alive.  
Being so close, was, exhilarating.  
We're right on the edge here.

Tucker finishes his cigarette.

TUCKER

Keep yourself in check. We won't  
know anything until we perform a  
test.

SCANDELLA

No, of course.  
(beat)  
What did the board say?

Tucker eyes Scandella suspiciously.

TUCKER

They agreed it's too early to  
perform another test.

SCANDELLA

And what do we do until then?

TUCKER

Whatever I say we do.

Scandella gets the picture. Tucker nods towards the doors and  
the pair head inside.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Tucker and Scandella make their way through a SECURITY  
CHECKPOINT and into an ELEVATOR.

SCANDELLA

Do you think it was risky, showing  
him the combat report?

TUCKER

Hard to say. He thought it was  
fake. Couldn't wrap his mind around  
it.

SCANDELLA

Do we tell him about his sister?



TUCKER

In time, use it as a reward for cooperation.

They consider this. Scandella seems to be tapping her pockets, in search of something.

SCANDELLA

So what now?

The elevator doors open. Tucker exits, Scandella remains.

TUCKER

Keep monitoring him, extracting intel about his world. I know we're right about the map theory... We may not get another shot like this in our lifetimes.

SCANDELLA

And if the energy dissipates over time?

TUCKER

We pray that it doesn't.

Scandella nods, the elevator doors close.

**INT. GOVERNMENT PRISON CELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The cell door opens and Ian is escorted inside. The first ARMED GUARD stands next to Ian. The second reaches down to unlock Ian's hands.

*Click.*

Next he bends down to unlock Ian's ankle shackles.

Ian doesn't hesitate. In one swift motion, he jams the pen into the throat Guard standing next to him.

The second Armed Guard looks up. Ian knees him in his nose. Broken cartilage and blood.

Before he can scream, Ian is on top of him, hands over his mouth.

Ian grabs the man's tie. Jamming it deep into his throat. He covers the man's nose, pushing down with all his might.

Hands claw at Ian's face. The man kicks and bucks with all his strength. Fear in his eyes, then silence, emptiness.

Ian falls off the body, panting hard.

On his feet now. He drags the first Guard away from the cell door and closes it.

Ian strides down THE HALLWAY, dressed in the Armed Guard's uniform.

Footsteps; two more GUARDS approaching Ian from down the hall. Ian does his best to look as though he belongs.

Closer, closer, until...

The two Guards pass without a second look. Success. He puts his head down and keeps walking.

An elevator at the end of the hall. He pushes the button. Nothing.

Beside the elevator, a scanner of sorts. Ian searches his stolen uniform for a keycard.

Nothing. But out of the corner of his eye, at the end of the hall, an EXIT SIGN.

Ian pushes through into THE STAIRWAY. A sign reads *B-Five*. Ian starts up the stairs.

He's two flights up when, *AN ALARM!* Loud and piercing.

Ian quickens his pace. *B-Three, B-One, L*. He collects himself and pushes through the door, into...

THE LOBBY. Red lights flash, Armed Guards rush across the floor.

Ian keeps his head down and makes for the main door. Despite the chaos, two GUARDS stand on duty.

GUARD ONE

Hold up.

Ian stops. With all his courage he maintains eye contact.

GUARD ONE (CONT'D)

Nobody leaves. Those are the orders.

He only has a moment.

IAN

What the fuck are the two of you doing?

GUARD TWO

Excuse me?

IAN

Are you fucking stupid? There's been an escape. Director Tucker called for all hands in the parking garage.

The two Guards stare for a moment.

IAN (CONT'D)

Well what the fuck are you waiting for, let's go!

Ian rushes past the two stunned Guards and out into THE FACILITY PARKING LOT.

He is already through the doors by the time the Guards move to follow.

**EXT. FACILITY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

The guards step out into the night and...

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

Bleeding from their busted knees, they drop to the ground.

Ian steps out from behind a corner, pistol trained low.

He retrieves one of their dropped weapons and carries on into the dark PARKING LOT.

*SMASH!*

The drivers side window breaks easily under the butt of the gun.

The ALARM blares.

**INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT.**

Ian breaks off the bottom piece of the console. A few wires together...

IAN

Come on.

The engine ROARS to life.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, aha yes!

Transmission into reverse. Gun on his lap.

**EXT. FACILITY PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

A car engine. The BOOTH OPERATOR (20s) looks up.

Bright headlights blind him instantly.

He presses the button for the barrier, too late, the car is through. He picks up the phone, hands shaking.

**INT. GREG'S VAN - NIGHT**

Greg drives now, Skylar stares out at the night sky. The CB is still silent.

Skylar retrieves a photograph from her pocket, the one Greg had been looking at earlier.

She looks at it longingly. Greg glances over and notices.

SKYLAR  
Found it while I was driving.

GREG  
It's a nice picture, isn't it?

SKYLAR  
It is. She's beautiful.

GREG  
You remember when that was?

Skylar thinks for a moment. She shakes her head.

GREG (CONT'D)  
That was your first day of grade eight.

He laughs.

GREG (CONT'D)  
You thought it was the dumbest thing in the world, taking a picture for that.

SKYLAR  
I did not!

GREG

You did, you always hated photos of yourself.

(beat)

She loved 'em though.

Skylar looks at the picture again.

SKYLAR

I'm sorry Dad.

GREG

No, I'm sorry Sky. For school, lying to you, for how I've been. For your Mom, for everything.

SKYLAR

Dad it's not your fault.

Greg swallows hard.

GREG

I promise when this is over, you can do whatever you want, go, wherever you want. You won't have to take care of me anymore.

SKYLAR

You really believe you can get her back?

Greg goes back to concentrating on the road, afraid of the answer.

The CB blares to life.

SCANDELLA (O.S.)

All units in N.Y / P.A area, be on the lookout for a white male, twenty years of age. Suspect is wearing grey sweats, possibly driving a stolen federal vehicle.

They stare at the CB in disbelief as dozens of calls echo out among the various agencies: Highway Patrol, State Police, DEA, FBI, CIA. The radio alive with CHATTER.

SKYLAR

Dad what the Hell?

Greg puts his foot on the gas and swerves into the fast lane.

GREG

I think we're already too late.

Greg's eyes are still focused intently on the road, he swerves to avoid a vehicle.

**INT. GOVERNMENT PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

Tucker watches as the two bloodied Armed Guards are zipped into body bags.

Scandella enters.

SCANDELLA

The notice is out at all levels. He won't get far.

Tucker is still watching the cleanup.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Director?

TUCKER

He gave an address, to the hospital.

Scandella understands.

SCANDELLA

I'll have them fuel a chopper.

Tucker nods, Scandella exits.

**INT/EXT. GREG'S VAN/HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Greg's van pulls over onto the side of the highway. Next to them a dense line of trees, high, barbed wire fence and a SIGN:

*'United States Military Property. ABSOLUTELY NO TRESPASSING. Use of lethal Force Authorized beyond this point.'*

A line of police cars passes in the opposite direction, lights and SIRENS blaring.

IN THE VAN, Greg and Skylar consider their options.

SKYLAR

What now?

GREG

I don't know, let me think.

Skylar tilts her head.

SKYLAR

Dad?

GREG

Hang on, hang on, I'm--

SKYLAR

--No, Dad. Listen.

Skylar puts her window down. HELICOPTER BLADES, getting louder.

Not far from where they parked, three black military helicopters rise up into the night from behind the tree line.

They head off into the darkness.

GREG

No tags?

Greg climbs over the center console and into the back of the van.

He returns to the front seat with a small notepad, which he jacks into his CB radio on the dash.

Greg opens a program on the laptop, the pirate NORAD radar appears on the screen. He taps away on the keyboard.

The screen zooms in, isolating a small section of North America.

Another zoom, and then, three small choppers can be seen moving North across the screen. Holding pattern.

GREG (CONT'D)

Found you.

More taps on the keyboard. Skylar watches her father work, something like pride on her face.

The screen reveals information on the lead chopper.

*ID: N/A ORIGIN: N/A DEST: N/A FREQUENCY: 18.5mhz*

Exactly what he was looking for, Greg turns to the CB and dials in the frequency.

GREG (CONT'D)

Come on, come on.

He waits for a long moment, and then...

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)  
--Raven One, maintain heading zero-  
nine-thousand--

A few more clicks and taps on the keyboard. The digital NORAD map zooms out and in again. A small town, just over the Canadian border appears before them.

Greg looks defeated.

SKYLAR  
Welland?

GREG  
We'd never make it in time.

Skylar looks around. Outside her window, the high fence looms out of the darkness.

The sign still visible: *'Lethal force authorized beyond this point.'*

Skylar bites her lip, opens her door and jumps out of the van.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What--

Skylar walks around to the rear of the van and opens the back. She finds a duffle bag and dumps it out.

From the front seat, Greg turns around.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SKYLAR  
Do you have another one of these?

GREG  
Yeah, right there, but--

SKYLAR  
--Can you fit everything you need  
in this?

She tosses a bag towards her Dad.

GREG  
I think so.

SKYLAR  
Good, do you have bolt cutters?



Greg nods.

**EXT. EMPTY PARK - NIGHT**

The park is quiet, deserted.

Ian tucks one of the stolen pistols in his pants. The other, he carries at the ready.

He runs into the shadows, leaving his stolen car in the park.

Ian crouches in the bushes, looking out over a public PARKING LOT. A glance to the WATCHMAN, fast asleep.

Ian crouches between vehicles, staying low, pulling on each door handle he passes.

Finally, a hit. The door of a red sedan pops open.

Ian crawls inside.

**INT. THE RED SEDAN - NIGHT**

Ian repeats the process from the parking lot earlier.

He shocks himself on the wire.

IAN

Shit.

One more time. The engine fires up. Ian drives the car out of the lot.

**EXT. THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Greg and Skylar creep along the fence line until reaching sufficient cover. Skylar retrieves the bolt cutters from her bag.

A few hard cuts, and Skylar kicks a small hole through the fence. It's Greg's turn to be impressed.

The sound of sirens. Greg looks back the way they came to see several police cars parked around their van.

SKYLAR

We have to go.

Through the fence, and into the woods.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY AIRFIELD - NIGHT**

Greg and Skylar stay low, moving through the brush until finally.

THE AIRFIELD sprawls out before them.

Greg suddenly looks very anxious.

GREG

No.

SKYLAR

We have to.

GREG

Skylar, I haven't flown since... I don't even know if--

SKYLAR

--Dad, listen to me. I believe you. I believe you and this is the only way.

Even in the moonlight, Skylar can make out her father's pained expression

GREG

I can't.

He slumps back against a tree.

GREG (CONT'D)

I don't know what I was thinking. This is all a massive mistake. You're right Skylar, I am crazy. I do need help.

SKYLAR

No, Dad. We've come this far, we can't go back now. I *won't* go back now.

Skylar looks up at his daughter.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

I trust you Dad.

(beat)

But we have to go now.

Greg nods, slowly. Skylar smiles.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Good. Now which one?

Towards the far end of the airfield, a chopper sits fueling up.

GREG

That one.

**INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

The PILOT sits texting on his phone, waiting for orders. Outside the cockpit, the AIRMEN refueling the plane finish up.

They exchange a quick wave. Ready to go. The Airmen turn their backs.

The cockpit door opens. The pilot looks up.

*Crunch!* Greg bashes him in the face with the bolt cutter handle.

Skylar comes through the other door, and pulls the pilot out.

GREG

Let's go!

They close the doors.

Outside the cockpit, one of the MEN turns.

MAN

Hey! Hey!

Greg sits stunned. He can't move. He closes his eyes.

Somewhere far off, a woman SCREAMS his name.

SKYLAR

Dad... DAD!!

*Bang! Bang! PING!*

Bullets whiz by. Sparks as a few bounce off the steel chopper. Greg snaps back to the moment.

GREG

Get down!

Greg's hands are all over the cockpit: pushing buttons, hitting switches.

The rotors spin to life. A smile flashes on Greg's face; just like riding a bike.

The chopper lifts off into the air and disappears into the night.

SKYLAR

Yes! Dad yes! That was so cool!

Greg lets out the biggest possible sigh of relief.

**EXT. MINI MART - NIGHT**

Ian walks through the parking lot toward the mini mart, casual as possible.

In the distance, SIRENS. He quickens his pace.

**INT. MINI MART - MOMENTS LATER**

A BELL rings as Ian enters. The CASHIER looks up, then back down to his phone.

Ian makes his way to the fridges. Bottled water has never looked so good.

A TELEVISION SET catches Ian's eye. A NEWSCASTER speaks to the camera.

NEWSCASTER

--Though investigators on the scene would not comment on an ongoing investigation, the public is warned not to approach the prisoner, as he is considered armed and extremely dangerous--

Time slows down. Ian can't believe what he's hearing.

A glance towards the man at the register.

He's looking at directly at Ian.

CASHIER

Hey.

Ian is a deer in the headlights.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

You gonna buy something or what?

Ian holds up the water bottle.

IAN

Just a second.

He grabs a bag of chips and warily approaches the register.

A quick glance back into the parking lot. Ian goes white. Two POLICE OFFICERS refuel their car at one of the pumps.

He continues towards the register. The Cashier eyes him equally warily.

CASHIER

Three-fifty.

Ian instinctively goes for his back pocket. Nothing. The Cashier rolls his eyes, he's seen this before.

IAN

I don't have... I forgot my wallet.

CASHIER

Uh-huh.

The television behind the cashier displays the same Newscaster as before. Ian's eyes dart to it in spite of himself.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

No money, no sale.

IAN

Please, I'm so thirsty.

The Cashier shakes his head. One more look at the TV.

This time, The Cashier notices. He turns around to look at the report. It only takes a moment for him to realize.

When he turns back around, Ian has a gun in his face.

IAN (CONT'D)

Give me the water.

(beat)

And one of those prepaid phones.

The Cashier freezes. Ian glances out at the Police, still chatting by the pump.

IAN (CONT'D)

Now!

The Cashier scrambles to do as he's asked. Ian jams his 'purchase' into his sweats and starts to walk backwards.

IAN (CONT'D)

Sorry man, really.

Back to the door now, he lowers his gun and with a deep breath, heads back outside.

**EXT. MINI MART - NIGHT**

Ian makes his way towards where his red sedan is parked across the street.

He's almost past them when...

POLICE OFFICER

Hey, you.

Ian doesn't wait. He turns around, gun drawn. Both officers put their hands in the air.

Ian fires off three rounds. The Officers duck back behind their car.

By the time they draw their guns, Ian is gone. The back left tire of their squad car flat.

**INT. GOVERNMENT HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

Scandella and Tucker sit across from one another in the chopper. Scandella hangs up a phone.

SCANDELLA

--He just fired at two police officers about twenty miles south of the falls.

Tucker nods.

TUCKER

We'll continue onto the L.Z. and head him off there.

SCANDELLA

If we engage him on the bridge we risk endangering him. We know where he's going.

TUCKER

Every second he is out there he endangers himself. We need him now.

The CHOPPER PILOT turns around from the cockpit.

CHOPPER PILOT

Crossing into Canadian Airspace now sir.

Tucker nods and looks to Scandella.

SCANDELLA

Sir--

TUCKER

--Get in contact with Border  
Patrol. Tell them we're on our way.  
Tell them to let him through the  
first point.

SCANDELLA

Sir if he feels cornered he could--

TUCKER

--Make the call. That's an order.

Tucker turns his gaze out the window. Scandella nods, begins to dial.

CHOPPER PILOT

Raven one-seven, Raven one-nine.  
Descend to zero-one-thousand,  
maintain heading, going dark.

He hits a switch. The lights in the chopper go out, replaced by the green glow of the instruments.

**INT. THE RED SEDAN - NIGHT.**

Ian drives down the highway, fast as possible without arousing suspicion.

He dials the stolen cell phone frantically and puts it to his ear.

It RINGS, and RINGS...

IAN

Come on!

Finally, a WOMAN's voice.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello?

IAN

Mom? Mom? Hello?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello? Who is this?

Ian's eyes well.

IAN

Oh my God, Mom! Mom! It's me, Ian!  
I'm alive, I don't know what--

WOMAN (O.S.)

--Is this some kind of sick joke?

IAN

Mom, Mom no it's Ian! I'm coming--

MAN (O.S.)

--Listen here you piece of shit,  
don't ever call here agin.

*Click.* The phone goes dead. Ian stares at it in disbelief.

IAN

What the... fuck!

He slams his hand on the steering wheel. Tears in his eyes,  
he speeds past a sign.

*'CANADIAN BORDER - NEXT EXIT'*

He pushes the sedan forward.

**EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - NIGHT.**

Tucker, Scandella and a dozen AGENTS exit the three choppers  
and make their way to three black Government SUVs.

Scandella, on her cellphone, covers one ear to hear the call.

**EXT. THE BORDER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

ON THE AMERICAN SIDE, a BORDER AGENT (50s), everyman, hair  
greying, looks down from his booth at an ELDERLY COUPLE  
(70s) in their mini-van.

He hands back their passports.

BORDER AGENT

Alright folks, enjoy your trip.

The couple smile. He presses the button and allows them  
through.

The Border Agent turns to his screen. Next to it, a PICTURE  
of two young kids.

Back to greet the next in line.



It's Ian. Eyes red with old tears. Gun pointed discretely up at him.

IAN  
Open the gate.

The Border Agent reaches for the button beneath his desk.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Don't. Don't do that. Please, I'm  
just trying to get home.

He looks the Agent in the eyes.

IAN (CONT'D)  
You can do whatever I want when I  
drive away. Whatever your job is,  
do it. Just open the gate. Let me  
through.

They stare at one another. Behind Ian, a car honks.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Please.

The Man eyes Ian, then the gun, then nods. The gate opens.

Ian drives forward, slowly, then faster and faster towards the Canadian side of the bridge.

IN THE BOOTH, The Border Agent breathes a huge SIGHS of relief, and quickly slams on the alarm.

Several black SUVs follow Ian onto the bridge before the barricade is closed.

ON THE CANADIAN SIDE, Scandella and Tucker stand with a dozen of their own Agents, as well as two-dozen BORDER SECURITY PERSONNEL.

They wait, guns drawn, behind a barrier of concrete and SUVs.

IN THE RED SEDAN, Ian drives fast as he can over the bridge. In the rearview, three black SUVs are gaining.

Up ahead, Red lights and sirens, another blockade. Another glance in the rearview. Seconds to spare.

ON Ian firing his pistol out the front windshield.

ON Scandella, Tucker and The Agents ducking for cover.

ON Ian again, he wrenches the wheel right.

INSIDE THE RED SEDAN as it roars up the median, flies over the guardrail and plunges down to the RIVER below.

ON THE BRIDGE Tucker freezes, Scandella runs to the edge.

SCANDELLA

No!!

IN THE RED SEDAN, time slows down for Ian as he braces for impact.

*SMASH!*

The sedan slams into the river. Water instantly pours through the shattered window. Ian struggles to free himself as the car disappears under the water.

ON THE BRIDGE, a flurry of activity. Tucker stands staring over the edge. He pays no mind to Scandella and a SUITED AGENT (30s), speaking with one another not far away.

ON Scandella and the Suited Agent.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

A helicopter?

The Suited Agent nods.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

The one that was stolen? Here?

SUITED AGENT

Just outside town. Found it during the sweep.

Scandella considers this.

SCANDELLA

Okay, here's what you're going to do.

ON Tucker. He cannot hear the conversation. Scandella finishes up, and makes her way over. She too looks over the edge.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

If we lose him--

TUCKER

--I Know.

Tucker storms off, Scandella takes one last look over and follows.

SCANDELLA  
You should go back.

TUCKER  
Back?

SCANDELLA  
Talk to the board, put their minds  
at ease.

TUCKER  
But--

SCANDELLA  
--They'll listen to you. I'll take  
the men to the house, wait for him  
there.

Tucker thinks hard, finally, he nods, okay.

**INT/EXT. GOVERNMENT SUV/FARMER'S FIELD - DAWN**

The SUVs pull up to the choppers. Tucker nods to Scandella  
and exits the SUV.

The chopper blades whir to life as Tucker approaches, a face  
of sheer determination.

Scandella watches as Tucker climbs aboard and the chopper  
takes off. She then removes her cellphone, and dials.

**EXT. ANOTHER FIELD - DAWN**

Greg and Skylar trek through the woods.

Up ahead, the sun is just starting to set on the small town  
of Welland.

Greg has his small notebook out.

SKYLAR  
How do we know where we're going?

GREG  
Well, judging by where they landed.  
This is the only place.

SKYLAR  
How do we find them? They could be--

GREG  
--Skylar, I know. We'll find them.

They continue on through the woods towards the town.

**EXT. THE NIAGARA RIVER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

ON THE BRIDGE, Federal Agents, Local Police and Border Patrol, crane their necks from where Ian's Sedan went over.

ON THE WATER, Black boats with armed POLICE trawl the area.

Two DIVERS drop backwards into the choppy water.

DOWN THE RIVER, away from the commotion, nothing, and then...

Ian's head breaks through the water. He inhales deeply, choking and gasping for breath.

He swims to shore, and lays there for a moment, chest heaving.

IAN

Get up. Get up.

With all his strength, he rises and carries himself into the underbrush.

**EXT. WELLAND, ON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.**

Ian makes his way down darkened SIDE STREET. He moves casual as possible, head down, with a purpose.

ON Greg and Skylar, walking down MAIN STREET, the town is quiet but for very distant sirens..

They wander aimlessly, lost, until...

SKYLAR

Dad!

Skylar points to an intersection up ahead.

Beneath a dim streetlight, a shadowy figure limps across the empty street, visible for only a moment before disappearing around the corner.

ON Ian, the shadowy figure, now on MCAUL ST, lined with quaint, semi-detached houses. He quickens his pace, wincing through the pain.

Closer and closer to IAN'S HOUSE.

HEADLIGHTS turning onto the street behind Ian cause him to dive behind a neighbor's car. Just in time.

Ian watches the BLUE BEETLE pull up to his house and park on the street. Ian's eyes go wide as his sister, KATIE (21), dressed casual, big smile, exits the car.

Ian watches Katie disappear into the front door of his house. Fresh tears in his eyes. He steps out from the shadows and approaches the car.

INSIDE IAN'S HOUSE, Katie enters the front foyer.

KATIE

Mom, Dad, I'm home!

She sets her keys on the table next to the door, sets her bag down and heads for the stairs, passing a half dozen FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall: Katie's soccer games, Katie's graduation, a few family photos: Happy parents, with a young boy and girl.

She stops in front of one PHOTO in particular, taking a moment to look longingly at it, before she continues down the hall.

It is not until she is gone that we see: Ian wearing his deep blue Marine Dress uniform. Beneath the photograph, a triangular box, containing a folded American Flag.

Near the end of the hall, a silhouette emerges from a dark corner and wraps themselves around Katie, hand tight over her mouth.

OUTSIDE IAN'S HOUSE, Ian touches the blue paint gently, unable to believe what he sees. He looks through the window; gym clothes, soccer cleats and a uniform on the back seat.

Ian turns toward his house and a hand wraps around his mouth, strong and tight. Another around his waste. Ian kicks and squirms.

He tries to scream. Nothing. Ian's writhing body is pulled into the darkness beside the house.

Skylar's face appears before him. She gestures for quiet, and whispers...

SKYLAR

It's okay. It's okay, we're not going to hurt you. You have to be quiet.

The panic in Ian's eyes begins to subside.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Do you promise?

Ian nods through Greg's strong grip.

Skylar nods at her father. The hands slowly release.

IAN  
Who are you?

SKYLAR  
My name is Skylar. This is my Dad,  
Greg.

Ian turns his neck enough to see Greg's face right behind him.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
We can explain more to you later  
but we have to leave right now.

IAN  
Leave? No! My sister! What the fuck  
is going on?

SKYLAR  
Shh! Shh!

Ian lowers his voice, a harsh whisper.

IAN  
That's my house. Right over there.  
I have to, to see her.

SKYLAR  
The people, who are hunting you,  
who you escaped from. They're in  
there right now.

IAN  
What? No! My sister--

GREG  
--Listen to me! It isn't your  
house.

Ian wrinkles his face.

SCANDELLA (O.C.)  
Ian!!

Everyone turns. On the front lawn, Scandella stands next to Katie, held tight by one of her agents.

Ian goes to stand, but Greg holds him down. He stares in disbelief at his sister.

IAN

What are you doing?! She has Katie!

GREG

But she needs you.

SCANDELLA

I know you're there, Ian. You can end this all right now.

(beat)

There's no need for her to get hurt. Just come with me now and I let her go.

Ian looks to Greg and Skylar, distressed.

GREG

They can't be trusted.

On the lawn, Scandella looks out into the darkened neighborhood.

Her Agent gestures back to the house, where an upstairs light has turned on.

SCANDELLA

Very well. You know where to find us!

A black SUV screeches up to the scene. The Agent thrusts Katie in the back. With one last look around, Scandella enters as well and the SUV speeds away.

GREG

The people who live there; your parents your sister, those aren't really them, the ones you know anyways.

Ian looks at Skylar and Greg in turn. In the dim light, their faces are stoic, sincere.

IAN

What the fuck is going on?

GREG

I have a plan.

SKYLAR

Please, just come with us.

Ian doesn't move. He turns his head to try and see his house.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Trust me.

One last look, Ian's eyes well. But he nods. The trio rise and peer out from beside the house. All clear.

GREG

Okay, stay low.

They head back the way Ian came. He stops to look back at his house.

**INT. GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Director Tucker sits once again before the board of Suits.

He looks small. Nervously, he sips from a glass of water. Mr Rawls' face is red behind his round glasses.

GENERAL DAWSON

Will your device work without a live subject or not?

TUCKER

We cannot rule out that the subject is still--

DIRECTOR BANE

--Answer the question Director.

TUCKER

I, I am positive I can make it work.

MR. RAWLS

Do not lie to us. Special Agent Scandella has informed us a live subject is the only solution.

Silence from the Suits. General Dawson grinds his teeth.

TUCKER

Special Agent...? There is a team on the ground right now, our very best. I'm certain he will be found. As soon as he is--

DIRECTOR BANE

--He has been found.

Tucker tilts his head.



TUCKER

I'm sorry?

DIRECTOR BANE

Special Agent Scandella has assured us the subject is alive, and will be in custody within the hour.

Tucker is lost for words.

TUCKER

Even if he is alive, there's no way to--

GENERAL DAWSON

--You must understand the last twenty-four hours have been a complete and total failure on your part.

MR. RAWLS

An embarrassment!

Tucker clears his throat. He reaches again for the water.

DIRECTOR BANE

Director, I'm afraid we have no choice but to ask for your resignation.

Tucker hears the words, his face wrinkles with pain.

TUCKER

You can't--

DIRECTOR BANE

--Special Agent Scandella will be stepping into your position as head of this project. She has demonstrated an exceptional capability and passion for its success. We thank you for your service.

TUCKER

Sir, my life's work, everything I've sacrificed. I need to see this through.

Again, silence from the board. Their eyes appraise Tucker with no sympathy. Tucker stands, fists clenched.

GENERAL DAWSON

Do not make this more difficult.

Tucker locks his jaw, and turns for the door.

**INT. DINER - NIGHT.**

Ian sits across from Skylar and Greg in the very back corner of a dimly lit diner. The overnight crowd is minimal, good for privacy.

IAN  
How do you know about the plane  
crash?

GREG  
I... for last three years, I've  
been, looking, for these types of  
things.

IAN  
Plane crashes?

Skylar looks at her Father, he clears his throat uncomfortably.

GREG  
Well, yes. Severe storms, freak  
electrical occurrences...

Greg breathes deeply.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Openings.

IAN  
Openings. In...

Greg leans in and lowers his voice.

IAN (CONT'D)  
In our dimensions. Well, between  
them, at least.

Ian looks at the two of them incredulously.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Them?

Greg hesitates.

SKYLAR  
Tell him.

Greg takes a deep breath.

GREG

When I was in the Air Force. Iraq. We would primarily run night raids, run and guns on Insurgent outposts. Pilots would trade stories, things they'd seen at night.

Ian and Skylar listen intently.

GREG (CONT'D)

Most times it was artillery, small arms fire, Hell even fireworks. The rest were officially written off as pilot fatigue. But once in a while, we'd just lose a bird outta nowhere - poof. No distress call, no radio, no wreckage.

Greg hesitates for a moment.

GREG (CONT'D)

Those ones were harder to write off, explain away. The pilots and personnel were always categorized as KIA, and the family got an empty casket.

IAN

But, I don't understand--

GREG

Yes, you do. You understood the moment you saw your sister.

(a deep breath)

You see. I believe... I'm certain, there are multiple versions of our reality. Stacked on top of each other, beside each other, I don't know. But sometimes they overlap, I think. And I think what happened to you has been happening for a long time, forever maybe.

The table goes silent once again. Greg looks around nervously before returning his gaze to Ian.

GREG (CONT'D)

The people looking for you. Who took your sister. Did they ever tell you who they were working for?

Ian thinks...

IAN

The government; CIA, FBI, I don't know.

GREG

Exactly. Ian. I think they know what I know, probably more. I think they're trying to find a way through, and they think you can get them there.

Ian is white as a ghost. He doesn't want to believe it, but...

IAN

How do you know all this? How do I know you're not crazy?

Skylar looks at her father. He hesitates a long moment.

GREG

Because... Because I think the same thing that happened to you, what happened to those missing pilots, happened to my wife. Ten years ago.

Ian looks at Greg and Skylar in silence.

GREG (CONT'D)

The place they took you to. They took me there too, after it happened... They did, they used me. But when it became evident I was no use to them, they sent me away, without any answers.

(beat)

What did you see, where you were being held?

IAN

No much, a long hallway, lots of doors.

GREG

Did they give you any indication they'd found a way, you know, through?

Ian shakes his head, Greg hides his disappointment valiantly.

GREG (CONT'D)

They still hadn't when I was there.

SKYLAR

What did they want with you?

GREG

The same thing they want with him.

(beat)

To show them the way through.

IAN

But, I don't--

GREG

--I know. I didn't either. Their thinking was, since I'd experienced the event before--

IAN

--That you could help them get through again. But how?

Skylar and Ian look at Greg expectantly.

GREG

I have no idea. But if there is a way through, it's back at that facility.

(beat)

What was the security like?

IAN

Tight. I mean, I escaped.

A hint of a smile on Greg's face. Skylar looks to Ian, then her father.

SKYLAR

You're not, we're not going back.

Greg looks at Skylar, his face says they are.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

No! You are crazy! They tried to kill us, and you want to go back? Why? Because you think you'll find Mom?

Ian sits back, unsure how to handle this.

GREG

Sky, sweetheart--

SKYLAR

--If they haven't figured it out,  
we're breaking in for nothing, and  
they'll kill us.

GREG

I'd never let anything happen to--

SKYLAR

--And what if they have figured it  
out? What if they have an... an  
opening or whatever you call it?  
You're just gonna what? Walk  
through? And what about me?

Greg doesn't have an answer.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You're all I have.

Greg thinks for a long moment.

GREG

Do you remember what you said,  
before we got here?

Skylar bites her lip.

SKYLAR

I trust you.

GREG

I will not let anything happen to  
you. I will not leave you.

Skylar stares hard at her Father, his eyes are sincere. She  
nods, okay.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

IN TUCKER'S OFFICE, Director Tucker packs up the framed photo  
of himself and his wife and child into a box. He looks around  
one last time.

IN THE HALLWAY, Low level Agents step to the side as Tucker  
approaches, looking as a death row inmate on his way to the  
chair.

AT THE SECURITY KIOSK, Director Tucker, carrying the box  
under one arm, places his identification card and side arm on  
the table.

IN THE ELEVATOR, The doors close. Going down.

IN THE PARKING GARAGE, Tucker approaches his car, a sleek black sedan. He opens the drivers side door, throws his belongings in the passenger seat and gets in.

INSIDE TUCKER'S CAR, he takes a moment, sighs heavily. He inserts the key into the ignition.

All at once the engine roars to life and a piano wire wraps tightly around Tucker's neck. He reaches for it, clawing at the metal, digging in.

He looks into the rearview, eyes bulging, a MASKED MAN pulls the wire tighter and tighter. Tucker reaches back for his head, no use.

His other hand claws for the seat recline button. His fingers stretch, so close, and then, *Click*.

Tucker slams his seat back, the angle takes the pressure off long enough for him to free himself. He gasps for breath.

Close quarters combat, The Masked Man pulls a knife and swings down at Tucker, who blocks the blade millimeters from his face.

They stay locked like that for a long time, and then *WHAM*, Tucker head-butts the man, shattering his nose beneath his mask. Tucker bends the Man's arm, pointing his own knife back toward him.

Tucker applies all his bodyweight to the knife, inching it closer and closer to the Man's neck. Terror in his eyes as the point of the knife breaks skin.

One last push from Tucker and it's over. The man slumps onto the back seat, blood pouring from his neck. Tucker rolls out of his car into,

THE PARKING GARAGE, and gets up panting. He looks around, prepared for more attackers. But there are none.

He opens the back door, reaches inside and searches the dead Attacker's pockets. He finds an empty wallet and a cellphone.

It's a burner; no personal information, no customization. The only contact a PRIVATE NUMBER.

TEXT TO PRIVATE NUMBER

Job is done.

Tucker pockets the phone, moves away from his car and heads back to the elevator.

**EXT. THE WOODS - DAWN.**

Ian, Skylar and Greg move quietly through the woods. Ian on alert. He looks up at the morning light just starting to touch the treetops.

When he looks down again, combat boots in the sand, digital camouflage pants. We see Ian in full U.S. Marine Corp combat garb.

Skylar and Greg are replaced by three other MARINES (20s). They move together through a field toward a small hut. In front of them, a drainage ditch runs the length of the field.

A few feet ahead of Ian, one Marine - The Point Man - drops to his knees, a fist in the air. Ian and the other Marines do the same.

They listen, silence but for the wind. Then, a twig breaking somewhere not far. Ian readies his rifle.

GREG (O.S.)

What was that?

Ian blinks and he is back in the woods, Skylar and Greg stand in front of him, completely still.

Another branch breaks, larger this time. Ian looks around for movement. Nothing, and then...

A man moves behind a tree about twenty feet away. Ian's pistol is already drawn.

IAN

GO! NOW!

A GUNSHOT from somewhere in the woods.

Greg and Skylar duck just in time. The bullet hits a tree above their heads.

Ian returns fire and they're off. They run through the woods and out into the clearing.

Through the trees, the chopper. They crash through the underbrush, out into the CLEARING. Where almost a dozen AGENTS are waiting, rifles at the ready.

In the center, Scandella, a smile on her face.

Nowhere to go, the Agents close in. Ian resists, they rough him up.



SCANDELLA  
Careful God damnit.

Skylar and Greg are cuffed. Greg groans, blood beginning to soak his shirt.

SKYLAR  
Dad!

SUITED AGENT  
This one's been shot.

SCANDELLA  
Keep an eye on him. Load em' up.

They are thrown into the back of separate Government SUVs. Skylar kicking and screaming.

SKYLAR  
Let me go, god damnit, Dad! Dad!

Her escort punches her hard, and throws her into the back. All loaded up. The SUV's drive out of the field.

**INT. GOVERNMENT HELICOPTER - DUSK**

Scandella finishes up reading a TEXT and puts away her phone.

PILOT  
Thirty-minutes Ma'am.

She nods, and returns to the view. A smile forming on her face.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Greg is restrained to a chair, which is bolted to the floor. Before him, the same sterile table Ian faced.

The door opens, Scandella enters carrying a black duffle.

SCANDELLA  
You've been a busy man, Greg.

Scandella sits opposite him.

GREG  
Where is my daughter?

SCANDELLA  
Stealing Government helicopters,  
aiding and abetting a fugitive...

She holds up Greg's notepad.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
Pirating NORAD? That one I found  
really impressive.

GREG  
Where the fuck is my daughter you  
piece of shit?

SCANDELLA  
You know, when my men came to me  
with all this, I was just confused,  
to be honest; what would an ex-Navy  
pilot, DFS recipient, be doing out  
here, meddling in my shit.

Greg stares coldly at Scandella.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
And then, the more I looked at you,  
the more times I heard your name,  
it just hit me.

Scandella retrieves a manilla envelope stamped *TOP SECRET*  
*N.T.* She opens it and looks over the images.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
It isn't usually like me to forget.  
But as you can imagine, we've had a  
lot going on here recently. We  
found this in your van, you don't  
mind me using your copy do you?

Scandella flips the folder around.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
Again, super impressed you got  
ahold of this. A lot of people are  
looking at the unemployment line  
because of you.

Greg looks down, then away almost instantly. The folder  
contains a report as well as several PHOTOGRAPHS. As each  
photograph is laid out, Greg relives the event in real time.

THE FIRST PHOTO: A small Cessna broken apart on the ground.

Greg does everything in his power to keep the plane's nose  
up. Rain pelts the window. Zero visibility.

THE SECOND PHOTO: A young Woman, blonde. The woman we  
recognize.

A flash of lightning. The woman is no longer screaming. Silence but for the engine.

THE THIRD PHOTO: Greg's face much younger.

Greg looks to the passenger seat, shocked and horrified.

Greg looks across the table at Scandella, the same look of horror on his face.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

You were one of the first. That we noticed anyways. That was the early days.

GREG

You people told me you could help me. That you could bring her back.

SCANDELLA

You think that isn't what we wanted? To have succeeded would have meant... Well, you know.

Greg looks down at the report, the photo of the Blonde Woman.

GREG

I'm not saying anything until I can see my daughter.

Scandella looks down at the envelope.

SCANDELLA

It was your experience that fueled our funding for the first six months.

She looks across at Greg with something like admiration.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Come back and work with us again.

Greg looks disgusted.

GREG

Work with you? You people strapped me to a table, you tortured me.

SCANDELLA

Like I said, those were early days. Before my time. But things will be different now.

GREG  
I won't do it.

SCANDELLA  
Yes you will.

GREG  
Fuck you.

SCANDELLA  
You will. You will because I have  
men combing through your house  
right now, but I already know what  
they'll find.

(beat)  
You've dedicated the last ten years  
to finding your wife. I am closer  
than ever to making that a  
possibility. Help me complete my  
work. See her again.

Greg just looks away.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
Greg, listen. I don't *need* your  
help. I'm offering you mine. The  
subject will provide an opening,  
I'm just looking for somebody to  
walk through it. And Greg, Greg  
look at me,

Greg looks up.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
If you won't, your daughter will.  
(beat)  
Think about it.

Scandella smiles and stands.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)  
Or maybe we'll send you both  
through. One after the other, just  
to see if we can hit the mark  
twice. Getting harder and harder to  
find volunteers these days.

She exits the interrogation room, leaving Greg alone with the  
photos.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - TEST LAB - NIGHT**

The lab teams with life as The Guards lead Ian through the doors.

He locks eyes with Katie, strapped to a chair near the control panels. They both look equally shocked to see each other in the flesh.

The Scientists in white coats scurry about. The large Tesla Coils buzz and crack with electricity.

Behind the pane of reinforced glass, General Baldwin, Director Bane and Mr. Rawls look on expectantly.

In the center of the room, Ian sees the centrifuge surrounding the large metallic sphere; perfectly smooth but for a hatch and a small round window.

Scandella stands next to it, observing the room's majesty.

She turns around as The Guards bring Ian forward.

SCANDELLA

It's magnificent, isn't it?

Ian looks at Scandella defiantly.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

For years I watched as my predecessor failed. So much time wasted chasing corpses. But I knew there wasn't enough energy, I knew we needed a survivor. And here you are, in the flesh. I was not letting him screw this up for me.

Scandella approaches Ian.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

I don't know what it's like, where you come from. But I will soon.

(beat)

God, I hope they're not all as tough as you are.

She laughs and gives Ian a congratulatory slap on the arm.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

You've been a pain in my ass. Yes you have.

(beat)

(MORE)

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

But in a way, I guess I should be  
thanking you! Without you, I never  
would have had...

Ian headbutts Scandella and sends her reeling. Hands still  
tied behind his back, he wrestles himself free from his  
escorts.

Without missing a beat, Scandella removes her pistol from her  
coat and points it at Katie's chair.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Ah, ah, ah.

Ian stops dead. The Agents are once again upon him, holding  
him tight.

Scandella wipes a bit of blood from her nose.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Good boy. Wouldn't want your  
biggest fan to miss the show, would  
we?

She holsters her weapon and turns and once again admires the  
room.

A deep breath. She collects herself and looks to one of the  
Scientists.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Are we ready?

SCIENTIST

Yes Director.

Scandella gestures and The Guards lead Ian to the medical  
table next to the centrifuge. He tries to resist but is  
forced down, hands and feet strapped in tight.

KATIE

Ian! Don't! Don't leave me again!

Katie wrestles with her bonds.

**INT. THE GOVERNMENT FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Greg is still strapped into the chair, struggling against his  
bonds when he hears footsteps approaching the door.

*Click*, the door swings open revealing Director Tucker. Greg  
looks up.

GREG

You.

A moment later, Tucker is behind Greg's chair, undoing his bonds.

GREG (CONT'D)

Where is my daughter?

TUCKER

She wasn't in any of the holding cells.

Tucker undoes the final strap, Greg stands.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I know where they'll have her,  
there isn't much time.

Tucker peers out into the hall, no signs of life. He and Greg move quietly out of the interrogation room.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - TEST LAB - NIGHT**

The Scientists swarm around Ian, applying scanners and wires and instruments to his body.

Next, a large glass tube is slid over top of him. On the first monitor, Ian's ENERGY LEVELS are displayed: much higher than The Corpse.

The Scientist calls over to Scandella.

SCIENTIST

Levels are good.

Scandella nods

SCANDELLA

(Loudly)

Bring in the test.

Across the lab, another door opens and Skylar is led in by two GUARDS. Ian watches as they walk Skylar toward the centrifuge.

IAN

Skylar!

She looks to Ian sadly, then to the centrifuge. Scandella glances quickly to the pane of glass, growing impatient.

SCANDELLA

Let's go!

The Guards hustle Skylar to the large metal SPHERE in the middle of the centrifuge, where they are joined by Scandella and a host of Scientists.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Ready to make history?

Skylar stares Scandella down defiantly.

SKYLAR

Where's my Dad?

SCANDELLA

Don't worry, he's safe. Remember our deal?

Scandella sets her hand on Skylar's shoulder.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Hey, don't look so sad. If everything goes well here today, you'll see him soon anyways.

She gives Skylar a smile which is not returned.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

Get her inside.

The Scientists open a hatch on the sphere. Skylar resists as she is placed inside. She bangs against the small window as the hatch is closed

IAN

No!

He wrestles against his restraints. Scandella can barely contain her excitement as she crosses to the CONTROL PANEL.

The BUZZING increases two-fold. High above, Ian can see a great ball of electricity forming.

On the SECOND MONITOR, the same digital blue cylinder is displayed, cut into one thousand slices: the first red slice in the same location as before.

Scandella and The Scientist watch as a second slice on the cylinder is isolated and highlighted red.

SCIENTIST

Locked.



Scandella shoots a quick glance to The Men in the observation room, then looks back to the monitor.

SCANDELLA

Do it.

The Scientist nods and hits a few keys. A clock on the monitor counts down from two minutes.

01:59, 01:58, 01:57...

Scandella nods at The Scientist, who turns and ushers all the Scientists out the door.

FROM JUST OUTSIDE THE LAB, Tucker and Greg look in through a crack in the door.

TUCKER

She's already started the  
countdown.

They watch from afar as Scandella approaches the sphere.

INSIDE THE SPHERE, Skylar sees Scandella's smiling face.

SCANDELLA

You and me are going to make  
history together! Commerce,  
culture, power! The world will  
honor me as the woman who changed  
it all forever. And not just our  
world, every conceivable dimension  
will know my name. And I will see  
to it they remember your bravery.

OUTSIDE THE LAB, Greg eyes Tucker's gun in his hands.

GREG

Got another one of those?

Tucker nods, hands Greg his piece and removes a second from his holster. Greg nods, a deep breath.

IN THE LAB, Scandella is still gloating.

SCANDELLA

You will be remembered as the first  
brave soul--

GREG (O.S.)

--Let her go!

Scandella turns to see Greg across the lab, she doesn't even seem surprised.

SCANDELLA

Damn you are impressive. But you're too late Greg, she's going through.

Greg walks toward her, pistol raised.

GREG

Cancel it!

SCANDELLA

I don't see what you're so concerned about, you can go next.

GREG

Fuck you, let her out.

*Click. Click.* Two Guards stand behind Greg, guns trained at his back.

SCANDELLA

Enough Greg. Drop the weapon.

GREG

I'll kill you.

Scandella gestures to The Guards. *BANG! BANG BANG!* Greg wheels around to see both Guards slump to the ground. Tucker stands in the doorway, gun raised.

SCANDELLA

You!

TUCKER

Surprised I'm still alive?

ON THE MONITOR: 00:37... 00:36... 00:34...

IN THE LAB, the standoff continues.

SCANDELLA

You'd destroy our life's work? For these people?

Tucker and Greg, guns trained on Scandella, walk toward the centrifuge. Tucker reaches into his pocket, removes a the BURNER PHONE and dials. A moment of stillness, then

Scandella reaches for her pocket. Tucker throws the phone to the floor at her feet.

TUCKER

I trusted you.

SCANDELLA

Please James, don't take it so personal. Your time was done, if I hadn't--

*BANG!* Scandella falls back against the sphere, grabbing her abdomen.

SCANDELLA (CONT'D)

What the..

Tucker advances, smoke rising from the barrel of his pistol.

Scandella reaches into her coat. *BANG! BANG!* Tucker puts two more in her chest, she slumps motionless against the sphere.

Greg throws his weapon to the side and goes for the hatch, he pulls and pulls with all his might, slowly it begins to turn.

Tucker goes for the glass tube around Ian, where inside he has begun to writhe in pain; electricity coursing through his veins.

ON THE MONITOR: 00:10... 00:09... 00:08...

Tucker taps a passcode into the kiosk. Password denied.

TUCKER

God damnit.  
(beat)  
Close your eyes!

Tucker raises his pistol and fires two shots at glass case, shattering it. There is a RUMBLING from deep in the earth.

With one last turn, the hatch opens. Greg reaches inside and pulls Skylar out. He throws her with all his force away from the sphere just as...

*CRACK!*

A massive bolt of blue LIGHTNING shoots down from the ceiling and strikes the sphere with Greg standing a foot from it. Everybody in the room shields their eyes.

A long moment of eerie silence follows.

Skylar is the first to open her eyes again. She looks to the sphere, her father and Scandella's body no longer there. The low rumbling sound continues deep below.

On the table, Ian groans and opens his eyes. Tucker gets up from his knees and begins to undo Ian's bonds.

SKYLAR

Dad...?

Skylar slowly gets to her feet and approaches the sphere. She looks inside, empty. Frantically, she walks around it, nothing.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Dad?!

Ian sits up and starts removing the sensors from his body while Tucker goes over to the control panel.

Ian rushes to Katie's chair and removes the straps.

KATIE

Oh my god. Ian! Ian you're alive!  
How?

IAN

It's complicated.

On the monitors, the two slices of the blue cylinder remain highlighted bright red.

A line of text reads '*TRACKING SUCCESSFUL.*'

TUCKER

Oh my... God.

Ian removes the last of the wires from his body and looks up to see Skylar walking toward Tucker, pistol in hand.

IAN

Skylar don't!

Tucker looks up from the monitor to see Skylar feet from him, gun pointed right at him. Tucker slowly raises his arms.

SKYLAR

Where is he?! What did you do to  
him?

TUCKER

He made it through.

SKYLAR

Through?! Through where?! Where did  
you send him?

TUCKER

I, I can show you. Just...

He gestures for Skylar to approach the control panel. Tentatively, she does.

Tucker points to the first red slice of the cylinder.

TUCKER (CONT'D)  
You see here, that's us.

Skylar clearly doesn't understand. Tucker points to the second highlighted slice further down.

TUCKER (CONT'D)  
And that, that's where your Dad is.

SKYLAR  
What? What even is *that*?

Tucker looks at Ian.

TUCKER  
It's where he comes from.

Skylar looks from Tucker to Ian in disbelief. Then back to Tucker.

SKYLAR  
I, but, bring him back!

The walls have started to vibrate, high above one of the Tesla Coils works itself loose from the wall. It falls to the floor with a huge CRASH.

TUCKER  
I can't. The purpose of this test was to see... We don't have a way to...

SKYLAR  
Then, then send me there. Where you sent him!

TUCKER  
The structure is failing.

SKYLAR  
Failing?!

TUCKER  
I told them it was too soon, the entire complex--

Over the growing cacophony, the sound of a door opening. The trio look up to see a dozen GUARDS streaming into the lab, armed with fully automatic weapons.

IAN

Down!

Ian football tackles Skylar and Katie behind the control panel just as The Guards unload. Tucker takes cover and returns fire with his pistol.

TUCKER

We have to go!

Bullets continue to riddle the control panel. The walls shaking violently.

IAN

We're pinned.

Tucker looks to the nearest door across the lab floor, then to the 'CHARGE' lever on the panel.

TUCKER

Okay, go when I say.

Tucker and Skylar nod. Tucker slams the lever forward, high above the Tesla Coils BUZZ and CRACK, another falls from the ceiling, then another.

The Guards scatter to avoid a third Coil as it crashes to the floor.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Go!

They scramble from behind the control panel, Tucker drops two Guards as they make for the door. All around them the complex falls apart.

Ian, Skylar and Katie bust through the double doors into the HALLWAY, Tucker right behind, so close...

Bullets rip into Tucker's back and legs. He falls just short of the door. The trio turns, Tucker looks up at them from the lab floor.

He slides his pistol across the shaking floor and into the hallway. Next, a full clip. Ian picks up both and loads the pistol.

They share a look of understanding and... *CRASH!* A Tesla Coil slams down right on top of Tucker, blocking the doorway. The three survivors take off down the hall.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER - CONTINUOUS**

Ian, Skylar and Katie limp through the HALLWAYS of the darkened facility. A shrill FIRE ALARM wails away. The sprinklers cover everything with water.

Two AGENTS round the corner in front of them. Ian raises his pistol and kills them both. The pair continue on until reaching a four way.

KATIE

Oh my god!

IAN

This way!

They head left, running until reaching a door. They burst through into the STAIRWELL, red emergency lights. Only one way to go, up.

They take the stairs two at a time, about three landings up, two GUARDS. *BANG BANG!* They drop like empty clothes.

Two more landings and then, the EXIT. They burst out into the LOBBY where People are already evacuating.

Katie notices a SMALL DOOR at the far side of the lobby.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - NIGHT.**

Out the front door. Firetrucks, ambulances and evacuating workers; total chaos.

Around the corner, Ian and Skylar open a side door and peer out. All clear.

They escape into the woods as a EXPLOSION rocks the facility from somewhere deep within.

FADE TO BLACK.

**EXT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY**

A PROFESSOR (40s) watches over a packed lecture hall. The room is silent but for the scratching of pens. Skylar sits in the front row. Her EXAM: *complicated string theory, algebra.*

PROFESSOR

Thirty-minutes remaining.

Skylar takes a moment to think, then writes an answer on her page.

**EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**SUPER: OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY - THREE MONTHS LATER

Skylar walks down the steps into the bright sunshine of the campus. She checks her phone.

Her lock screen is the photograph of herself, her Mom and Dad, ready for the first day of grade eight.

Skylar walks through the PARKING LOT until she comes upon an '86 FORD RANGER.

**EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

The Ranger makes its way up the long dirt driveway to the house. In the fields on either side are dozens of makeshift satellite dishes.

Skylar parks in front of the house and makes her way inside.

**INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

The FOYER is clean and bright. Skylar sets her keys on the table, drops her bag and heads down the hall to,

THE BASEMENT, different than it was: The monitors which once display Greg's pirated NORAD data are all switched off. The clutter has been organized.

Light emanates from an open cellar door next to a bookcase. Skylar enters the CELLAR and sits before the large switchboard.

She taps away on a small keyboard, plays with some dials, and looks at a monitor in front of her, displaying multiple frequency channels.

**EXT. SOCCER STADIUM / FIELD - DAY - CONTINUOUS**SUPER: TORONTO

The day is bright and warm, not a cloud in the sky. ON THE FIELD, A women's college game is underway.

We pan over THE BLEACHERS; The Crowd a sea of blue and white, waving 'University of Toronto' signs and banners.

Ian is seated between an empty seat and his mother, Cheryl. They both sport identical blue and white U of T ball caps.



The scoreboard reads: *NYU 2 UOFT 2. 82:00*

The Crowd reacts to a huge save by the Toronto KEEPER.

WOMAN

I can barely watch.

Ian laughs as his father, Mike, squeezes down the aisle with nachos and drinks, settling in the open seat beside Ian.

CHERYL

There you are. Who goes for snacks  
in a tie game??

MIKE

A guy with a hungry son!

Mike beams as he sets a tray of nachos down on Ian's lap and takes his seat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Isn't that right boy!

Mike slaps Ian's back. Ian smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So, what'd I miss?

Cheryl rolls her eyes.

ON Katie in a blue and white jersey; she settles a pass expertly with her chest and drops it to her feet.

ON Ian, Cheryl and Mike rising, excited.

IAN

Yes!

CHERYL

Go Katie, Go!

ON Katie, she streaks down the field to the Ohio's goal. She passes the first defender, winds up and... SCORES! The crowd goes wild!

ON Ian, overcome with excitement, standing, cheering.

MIKE

She did it! Oh my God!

IAN

Fuckin eh Katie!!

CHERYL  
Hey, language!

Ian smiles, celebrating with the rest of the crowd.

ON Katie, running from the goal, triumphant. She looks up, Ian is in the crowd between her parents, smiling right back at her.

Then, her TEAMMATES are upon her, swarming around, congratulating her. Katie is swallowed up in the celebrating mass.

**EXT. THE STADIUM - DUSK**

Ian, his Mom and his Dad wait beside two cars in the mostly empty parking lot when Katie approaches, dressed in sweats, hair up.

She bounds toward Ian and jumps into his arms.

IAN  
You were amazing!

Ian lets go but Katie doesn't.

KATIE  
I just still can't believe it.

Their parents look on, misty-eyed. Finally, Katie releases her brother, moving onto Mom and Dad.

CHERYL  
You were incredible.

MIKE  
So proud of you sweetheart.

KATIE  
Thanks Mom, thanks Dad.

She turns to Ian.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
You're not actually leaving are you?

Ian rubs the back of his neck. Katie looks mad.

IAN  
It's not for long. I'll be right back.

KATIE  
Wait, you're not...

IAN  
Flying? Are you kidding me?

Katie and Ian laugh.

MIKE  
They say it's safer than driving.

A collective eye roll at his Dad joke.

CHERYL  
I don't get why she doesn't just  
come stay with us. She knows we'd  
be happy to have her.

IAN  
Yes, she knows.  
(beat)  
I think she likes it out there.  
Plus school...

MIKE  
Independent girl...

He slaps Ian on the shoulder.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
That's why I married your Mother.

Ian smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Alright, we better go if we're  
gonna make your train.

Ian nods and hugs his Mom.

CHERYL  
Don't be too long, okay?

IAN  
I won't, Mom.

She releases him, misty eyed again. Ian moves to Katie.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back.

KATIE  
You'd better.

They smile and hug once again, then Ian and his Father are getting into one of the cars.

Ian watches his Mom and Sister disappear in the rearview.

**INT/EXT. DAD'S CAR/UNION STATION - NIGHT**

Mike parks the car in front of Toronto's Union Station and turns the keys, killing the engine. Ian reaches for the handle.

MIKE

Wait.

Ian looks at his Father.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I, I still don't understand what happened, but. I'm glad you're home.

He starts to weep, they embrace for a long moment before his Dad collects himself.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You'd better go, you'll miss your train.

Ian nods, maybe even wipes a tear of his own, and gets out of the car. His Dad watches Ian disappear into the crowded train station.

**INT. THE TRAIN - NIGHT**

Ian stares out the window, deep in thought. His phone BUZZES in his pocket.

He removes it and taps the screen.

TEXT FROM SKYLAR

How much longer?

Ian just smiles and shakes his head.

**INT/EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING**

Ian makes his way through the train station. A sign reads 'Welcome to Cleveland'

He steps out the door into the parking garage. There, amongst all the cabs, Skylar's Ranger. Ian walks to it, throws his bag in the back and hops in the passenger seat.

Skylar wakes up as Ian shuts his door.

IAN

Tell me you didn't sleep here.

SKYLAR

No, I mean, only a little.

Ian laughs.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Cut me some slack, I've had exams all week!

IAN

Alright alright, so what's so important you couldn't just text me? You think it was easy convincing them to let me go anywhere?

SKYLAR

I mean, you did come back from the dead.

Ian smiles, but then looks down.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

What?

IAN

It's just, in a way, it feels like they did. All of them.

Skylar squeezes Ian's shoulder and turns the keys. The truck RUMBLES to life.

IAN (CONT'D)

So...?

SKYLAR

You'll see.

The truck pulls out of the parking garage and into the morning sunlight.

**EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

The old Ranger once again makes its way up the long dirt driveway to the house. Ian eyes the fields full of makeshift satellite dishes.

IAN  
You maintain this stuff?

SKYLAR  
Mhmm.

The truck pulls up to the house and Skylar exits without even turning it off. Ian is still at the truck when Skylar reaches the front door and turns.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Hurry!

IAN  
You forgot the keys!

SKYLAR  
Just stash 'em in the sun visor!  
Come On!

Skylar disappears into the house. Ian shakes his head and turns off the truck, removing the keys from the ignition.

He drops the sun visor only to have an old photograph flutter down onto the driver's seat.

Ian picks it up and studies it; a photograph of Skylar, Greg, and a Blonde Woman he instantly recognizes.

Ian goes pale.

**INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

Ian enters THE BASEMENT at a run.

IAN  
Skylar!

Ian moves to THE CELLAR. Skylar sits on the floor in front of the large switchboard. Papers with scribbles are tacked to the walls, a book on morse code sits open next to her.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Skylar--

SKYLAR  
--Shh! Listen!

IAN  
No, really--

SKYLAR  
--Shut up!

Ian bites his tongue while she taps away proficiently at the machine then waits, a smile on her face.

Sure enough, through the static, a message is returned, short quiet TONES. Skylar scribbles on a new sheet of paper.

IAN  
That's not...

Skylar nods, yes, she looks so happy.

IAN (CONT'D)  
What did he--

She hands him the piece of paper. Ian reads.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Is this real?

Again, Skylar nods, yes.

SKYLAR  
So he's... Right now?

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
The first messages started coming in the other night, but I didn't get them until I got back from school.

She hands Ian more of the papers, which he reads one at a time: *Skylar, Dad, Alive. Alive, not hurt, safe. Please respond.*

Skylar turns to Ian, tears in her eyes.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
I bet he's trying to find a way back! And if he's alive, maybe Mom is too!... Somewhere.

Ian hands Skylar the old photograph.

IAN  
Her?

SKYLAR  
Yeah, why?

IAN  
Skylar I know this woman. I met  
her, before I got on the plane.

SKYLAR  
She was on the--

IAN  
--No, no. She wasn't on my flight,  
she, she was at the airort.

SKYLAR  
What? Are you sure?

IAN  
Positive.  
(beat)  
Tucker said he sent your Dad where  
I was from.

Skylar understands.

SKYLAR  
So he's... they're...?

IAN  
They must be.

Skylar hugs Ian with such force he almost falls over. A  
second later, she's back in front of the control panel.

SKYLAR  
I, I have to tell him.

She begins tapping away, no need for the open book next to  
her. She finishes the message and removes her hand from the  
control panel.

Finally, a message starts to come through. Skylar picks up a  
sheet of paper with shaking hands and begins to translate.

When she's finished, Ian leans in over Skylar's shoulder and  
they read together.

TEXT  
Thanks. Will find, bring back. Love  
you Sky.

Skylar and Ian look at one another, tears in their eyes. They  
embrace once again in the blue light of the monitor.

**THE END.**