

The Pursuit of Samuel Drake

by
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Darkness. Somewhere, a light hum.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Yeah. The dream. Again.

INT. HALLWAY

No lights. Only walls, visible in faintest of outlines.
Heading toward something. Walking or floating.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
There's this dark place. I don't
know it.

Then, illumination, not as light but as flame, skirting along
the edges, the outlines.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Then the flame. Following me.

Moving beyond the fire, down the hall. Floating in darkness
between barely perceptible boundaries. An even darker spot,
to the left and ahead.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Then . . .

MENDENSON (V.O.)
The people?

SAMUEL (V.O.)
No, the sparks.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM

Overlapping the hall: an exposed wire. Crackling light.

It disappears, leaving only the hallway. Floating toward the
end. Turning left.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Then the people.

Toward a dark, cavernous room.

With PEOPLE. From the back. Hushed voices.

A tick. Tick. Tick.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

A clock on the pale green wall, ticking, tocking.

Flat fluorescent lights, humming.

As bright but filtered sunlight pushes into the faded room, SAMUEL DRAKE, 28, readjusts in the plush tan chair, staring into the palm of his hand.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I thought it was going away. I
thought that.

He's distant. But he's always distant.

In a less comfortable chair across from Samuel is DR. MENDENSON, a stout, friendly man who could be downright jovial in a different profession.

Behind Mendenson is a desk--computer, scattered papers, cell phone, etc., and a picture of a young boy. His son, probably.

Degrees on the far wall.

MENDENSON

Samuel . . . this is natural. This
is normal. You're still afraid.
Understandably.

SAMUEL

Yeah.

MENDENSON

It'll be a year next Friday. This
won't be an easy week for you.

With a slight half-smile, Samuel looks away, toward the water cooler. The clock ticks and tocks.

SAMUEL

Can I stay home Friday?

MENDENSON

Well, Samuel . . . you know I can't
make you do anything you don't want
to do. But I think you should go to
work. Treat it like any other day.

Samuel looks at him.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
 You'll always be afraid if you
 don't. And you'll always have the
 dreams.

Fluorescent light hums.

Clock ticks.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST REDWOOD STREET -- DAY

The glass and wood door shuts behind Samuel as he steps out past the old gray-brick building, onto the rough, tan sidewalk.

The Baltimore buildings, not too tall but tight, block the summer sunlight, but not its heat.

A car honks. Tires squeal. A pair of lost TOURISTS ask directions of a HOMELESS MAN.

Samuel heads up the road, where the sun grows brighter and the traffic louder.

Roll credits.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

Broader and busier. Samuel's eyes study the architecture, the old limestone, the former storefronts, a hundred businesses in and out of operation over decades.

Further ahead on the left is an especially tall building--far more modern, too, as much glass as brick.

PEOPLE in suits step out into the summer sun.

Moving to the front entrance on

BALTIMORE STREET

Samuel takes a door held open for him and steps in.

Title card: "THE PURSUIT OF SAMUEL DRAKE"

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Bright and wide, with a checkerboard floor and busy people being busy. A logo behind a pine brown desk reads "NorthStar Insurance".

Samuel gives an index-finger salute to the RECEPTIONIST and heads past the windows, past a row of elevators, and past a door to the basement.

In a decent-sized

HALLWAY

Samuel passes a couple doors on the left, a couple on the right, and steps into the

MAILROOM

where two guys, PERCY and SHAWN, late teens and early twenties, sort through letters and packages.

SAMUEL
Gentlemen.

PERCY
Samuel!

SHAWN
Sammy!

SAMUEL
What have we got?

SHAWN
We have got more from the gremlin of the fourteenth floor, we've got that letter Hendricks has been up our butts about, and, apparently, it's International Left-Handers Day.

SAMUEL
They have cards for that?

SHAWN
They do.

SAMUEL
Congratulations, Percy.

Percy waves with his left hand.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- DAY

Huge room, glass walls, cubicle after cubicle filled with AGENT after AGENT explaining to whoever's at the other end of the phone what their policy does not cover.

Samuel wheels a cart full of letters and packages down the aisle. Drops them off on busy desks as he passes by the NorthStar logo and the ticking clock on the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. MAILROOM -- DAY

Samuel sorts letters. Quickly. Efficiently. It passes the time.

And time ticks away sure enough, hour hand clicking away toward eleven o'clock.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Jogging down the steps, Samuel pushes open a cold maroon door into the

BASEMENT

His footsteps echoing between dull gray walls and dull gray floor, Samuel steps around stacks of boxes containing files long since stored away, cavernous passages of crates with functions forgotten.

Reaching the left-hand corner of a long, wide room, Samuel taps his fingers one side of the corner to the other, as if sizing it up.

Then he opens another door, revealing the outside. There are feet at the top of a small set of steps.

Samuel steps out into the

SHIPPING AREA

and runs up the steps, where he finds a DELIVERY GUY standing in the shade.

DELIVERY GUY
Hey, buddy.

SAMUEL
Hey.

The shipping area is little more than an alley between buildings, the sun effectively blocked, but still the summer humidity is immediately overbearing.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Good day?

DELIVERY GUY
Can't complain. Cannot.

The delivery guy, lean and cheerful, holds a small brown package underneath his left arm and a clipboard in his right hand.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
Dotted line, my man.

Removing the pen from its spot clipped at the top of the board, Samuel signs.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
How's the mailing business?

SAMUEL
Letters come in, letters go out.

DELIVERY GUY
Circle of life.

The delivery guy retrieves his clipboard and hands Samuel the package.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
And there we go. Take it easy,
yeah?

SAMUEL
You too.

As the delivery guy walks off, Samuel turns around and heads back down into the

BASEMENT

where he carries the package into the next

ROOM

to the right, a wider space with a massive pile of similar boxes alongside some crates.

There's another door at the end of the room. Samuel heads that way and opens the door, stepping into the

SUPPLY ROOM

Paper. Paper clips. Pens, printer ink, screwdrivers, wrenches, disparate wires and plugs, hand soap, light bulbs.

Samuel tears open the package.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE -- EVENING

Sun shifts over the city, the harbor, the onslaught of rush-hour traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. MAILROOM -- EVENING

The clock winds its way to five o'clock in quiet, muted ticks.

Logging data into his computer, Samuel glances at the clock.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- EVENING

Exiting the building, Samuel steps out onto the sidewalk, the streets filled with angry cars, motors running, in a futile rush to get home.

PEDESTRIANS and BICYCLISTS weave through the traffic and make far better time.

As Samuel walks down the street, he passes by a bus stop, where a WOMAN waits for the 5:09.

The woman waves.

Samuel waves back.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO -- EVENING

Fluorescent light covers the PASSENGERS as the metro sails along the rails.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

In a break in the traffic, Samuel dashes across the street, into the parking lot of the sizeable but squat building.

He heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- EVENING

Outside his door, retrieving his key. Room 404.

He opens the door and steps into his

ROOM

which is narrow. Dark. There's a light switch to the left.

Samuel doesn't flip it.

Streams of light filter in through blinds mostly shut. It trickles onto the carpet. The carpet is clean.

Samuel steps into his

BEDROOM

On the counter, a model of a tower. Standing tall. Stable.

Beside that, a picture--a younger Samuel, college Samuel, with his PARENTS. Samuel in a cap and gown. Holding a diploma.

Samuel stares at the tower and the picture. Then, he moves into the

BATHROOM

where he opens the medicine cabinet and grabs his pills. Fills a cup with water. Downs two.

He returns to the

BEDROOM

and sits down on the side of his bed. Pulls open the drawer of his night stand.

He removes a calendar from atop an old paper, *The Richmond Times-Dispatch*. The headline reads, "HUNDREDS DEAD IN"--the rest is obscured as the drawer is closed.

Samuel flips through the calendar. Every day has a red X through it, throughout January, February, March, all the way to August.

He crosses off today. Friday, August 13.

And he stares very hard at Friday, August 20.

FADE TO:

EXT. SOUTH BROADWAY STREET -- DAY

A sunny day in Fell's Point, planned and planted trees lining the red-brick pavilion dividing the two cobblestone lanes of the street.

RESIDENTS mix with TOURISTS as a seagull, squawking overhead, soars to the harbor at the end of the road, where the sunlight casts a metallic sheen.

At ground level, Samuel walks behind a girl with dirty blonde hair, a pink streak running down and to the right.

Her name is ZELDA.

ZELDA

Birdie.

With a grin, she looks back at Samuel.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
You tired?

SAMUEL
Not a race, Zelda.

ZELDA
'Cause you're loooosing.

She's radiant. A glow in her smile. She's like the sun, and in some ways, every bit as far away.

Samuel moves a little faster, comes up next to her.

Smiling, Zelda taps her head lightly against his.

Then, she pushes him to the left and breaks into a run.

Samuel shuts his eyes tight, then opens them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

Looking out over the water.

Boats sailing around the harbor.

CUT TO:

INT. TOY STORE -- DAY

Zelda, easily entertained by a miniature race track.

Samuel removes a car.

Zelda, laughing, punches him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BROADWAY STREET -- EVENING

Samuel and Zelda walk back up the street as the sun sets.

Zelda squeezes his arm.

Samuel shows no reaction.

Zelda looks up at him, a little sadly.

FADE TO:

EXT. APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

A small, squat structure, a little too bright even in the night, rooms open to the outside.

CUT TO:

INT. ZELDA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Colorful and small. A television, off, at the foot of a roll-out couch.

The bed has been made, then forcefully unmade.

Samuel sits on the side of the bed in his boxer shorts. He scans the room.

There are straw baskets on a counter. Ceramic sculptures in yellows and reds.

Samuel walks toward the bathroom.

ZELDA (O.C.)
(muffled, indistinct)
. . . not as far as I can see . . .

On the phone.

Returning to the bed, Samuel sits down. Finds the remote.

Turns on the TV.

Flipping channels. Flipping. Flipping.

Stops.

Over an anchor's quiet drone, screen shows a tall building collapsing to the ground, smoke rising from beneath.

Text beneath the image: "President will request moment of silence at 11 a.m. Friday, August 20, in remembrance of those lost on Bloody Thursday."

Samuel stares.

Images of FIREFIGHTERS at the building.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
 . . . events perpetrated by
 terrorist outfit Washington's
 Soldiers.

Focus on Samuel. Lost. Volume in imagined crescendo.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
 Widely considered the most costly
 act of domestic terrorism in United
 States history, Bloody Thursday--

ZELDA (O.C.)
 Samuel?

TV is quiet again.

Samuel blinks. Zelda's hand waves in front of his eyes.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
 Still there? Still with us?

SAMUEL
 Yeah . . .

Zelda glances up at the TV screen. She takes the remote from Samuel and turns the TV off.

ZELDA
 You know what we should do?

She sits down beside him.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
 Three-day weekend. Take off Friday.
 Play hooky. Like . . . find some
 middle-of-nowhere town no one ever
 visits and visit the hell out of
 it.

With an exhale and a slight smile, Samuel shakes his head.

SAMUEL
 I've got to go in on Friday. I have
 to.

ZELDA
 No one would blame you--

SAMUEL
 I *have* to.

Bowing her head just a little, Zelda clutches Samuel's fingers.

ZELDA

Where *would* you go? If you had to go somewhere.

Samuel says nothing. Looks away.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

Talk to me. Okay?

Looking up at Zelda, a little guilty, Samuel smiles a half-smile. Then he glances down to the floor.

SAMUEL

There's this place. When I was a kid? Western Maryland. In the mountains. No one knows it's there.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Woods so thick the sun barely makes it through. A car parked at the end of a dirt path.

Samuel, 8, jumping out of the car in a light jacket. His BROTHER, 10, is right behind.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

In the woods.

His parents exit the car. Samuel holds his FATHER'S hand; his brother holds his MOTHER'S.

They walk toward a cabin.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

There was this pond.

By the cabin. Samuel's brother takes off past it. Samuel, laughing, follows.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

It was . . .

CUT TO:

INT. ZELDA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

He trails off. Stares at the TV screen.

His own reflection. His and Zelda's.

Distorted and distant.

Samuel hangs his head.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Samuel in his Taurus, driving home along

695

as headlights cut the night behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Samuel stands before the mirror, pills in hand, cup of water on the counter.

He looks at his reflection. At the pills.

His jaw clenches.

Opening the vial of pills, he dumps the two in his hand back inside and screws on the lid.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Samuel in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

He shuts his eyes.

Zoom out and

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

The dream. A dark hallway, barely identifiable.

Then the fiery outline, illuminating the hallway underneath.

The fire fades. The hallway continues.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM

Exposed wire. Crackling light.

Then the hallway, to the doorway. A cavernous room, people within.

A siren wails.

CUT TO BLACK.

Samuel.

Eyes open in darkness. Blink.

He exhales sharply. Stumbles back. Blinks again.

His feet scrape along . . . pavement?

Pavement . . . what . . .

Exhales. Heart pounding. What--where--

Ahead. A building. *His* building. Lights out, gone. He's on

BALTIMORE STREET

Baltimore Street? What?

Streetlights on. A siren in the distance.

Outside. Light mist on his hair. Drizzle.

What--what the hell, what the hell, what the *hell*--

Coughs. Steps back. Looks left, right, left.

A car idling. He hears it.

Samuel spins around. Almost falls.

A car. A black car. Quickly, it pulls away, wheels squealing.

Samuel steps back, his breathing heavy, broken, staring at the car.

The building.

Tall in the night sky. Windows cold and black as steel.

MENDENSON (V.O.)
(tired)
Yes, hello?

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Dr. Mendenson?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- NIGHT

Move closer to Samuel, pacing by the Charles Center Metro Station, cell phone pressed against his ear.

MENDENSON (O.S.)
(on phone)
Samuel . . ? Samuel, what--

SAMUEL
I'm sorry, it's late, I know it's late, I know it's late and I'd wait if I could but--

MENDENSON (O.S.)
What is it? Where are--

SAMUEL
I was just standing there, I was standing there, it's whatever the fuck in the morning and I'm--

MENDENSON (O.S.)
Samuel. Samuel. Listen to me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MENDENSON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Large and lonely, Mendenson, in boxers and an undershirt, sits on the end of his bed, cell phone clutched in his hand.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)

Calm down. Tell me what happened.

He rubs his eyes.

Samuel, spinning around on the sidewalk, shaking, exhales a sharp, distressed laugh.

SAMUEL

I went to sleep. I was out with
Zelda, I went home, I went to
sleep, and I wake up and I'm
outside NorthStar. Shit.

MENDENSON

Samuel--

SAMUEL

I was asleep. I was asleep.

MENDENSON

Samuel, calm down. Breathe.

SAMUEL

Don't tell me to breathe, I was
asleep!

MENDENSON

Breathe.

Pulling the phone from his ear, Samuel shakes.

And he breathes.

SAMUEL

What am I doing here, Dr.
Mendenson?

MENDENSON

I've read your file many times,
Samuel.

He rubs his temple.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)

When you were young, you would
sleepwalk. Do you remember that?

SAMUEL

That was a long time ago . . .

MENDENSON SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Sleepwalking frequently fades . . . and I walked around the
away over time, but it can be house, not all the way--
triggered . . .

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
 . . . by emotional stress.

Samuel pauses, clutching the phone with one hand, brushing his other against the wall of a building.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
Have you had any cause for stress
lately?

Samuel leans his head into the building.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
The anniversary of Bloody Thursday
is only four days away.

SAMUEL
There was a car. Watching me.

MENDENSON
You were asleep outside your
building. I imagine it was quite a
sight.

Samuel smirks, shaking his head.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
It's never as bad as it seems.

A pause. Samuel glances down the road.

SAMUEL
What should I do?

MENDENSON
Go home. Take your medicine. Get
what sleep you can.

SAMUEL
I'm sorry I called so late.

MENDENSON
Think nothing of it.

Samuel hangs up the phone. He looks down Baltimore Street for his building, but can't make it out in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. MAILROOM -- DAY

The clock ticks, ticks, ticks along the wall.

Samuel collects a pile of mail.

The letters slip through his fingers.

On instinct, Samuel drops to a crouch and catches them before they hit the floor.

Percy glances back.

PERCY
Nice catch, man.

Samuel doesn't respond. He's exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Slipping into an empty passage, Samuel leans his back into the wall.

Leans his head against his fist.

He checks his watch. Ticking toward eleven.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Samuel moves down the steps. Unsteadily. He pushes open the door into the

BASEMENT

which looks dark. Foreign. Mechanical.

He steps toward the door to the outside, eyeing the corner of the room.

He opens the door, and steps out and up into the

SHIPPING AREA

where the delivery guy waits. And smiles.

DELIVERY GUY
Hey, buddy.

SAMUEL
Hey.

Something else he's supposed to say. Delivery guy waits for it. It doesn't come.

DELIVERY GUY
Um, dotted line, my man.

He hands Samuel the clipboard. Samuel signs.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
How's the mailing business?

SAMUEL
Sorry?

DELIVERY GUY
The mailing business. How's the mailing business?

Samuel shakes his head.

SAMUEL
Sorry. I--

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
You all right?

SAMUEL
Um, yeah. Yeah.

He hands the clipboard back.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Just one of those days, you know?

The delivery guy pats him on the shoulder.

DELIVERY GUY
Been there, buddy. I have been there.

He hands Samuel the package.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
Take it easy, okay?

Samuel is left in the alleyway, holding the package.

SAMUEL

Yeah.

Holding the package, Samuel steps back down into the

BASEMENT

He stares at the box in his hand. And he realizes--

HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

Walking into the middle of the room. Staring at the box.

In a flash, he sees the

SUPPLY ROOM

With the package in his hand.

Tearing it open.

BASEMENT

Right?

Samuel sets the box down upon a crate. He flips it over.

There's a name on the package. "Nathan Edgewood." Samuel has no idea who that is.

And there's no address of any sort.

Samuel glances left. Glances right.

Then, he rips open the box. Pulls out the styrofoam, handful by handful, until he reaches something in the middle.

Pulls it out.

It's a piece of metal. A base? With two wires protruding.

Samuel drops it to the ground. It clanks loudly.

He stares at the door. At the package.

Wire and metal on the floor.

The door. The delivery guy.

Samuel pulls open the door and steps up into the

SHIPPING AREA

His breath heavy, Samuel looks around, the summer sun streaming down.

The delivery guy is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Samuel, weighed down, walks toward his apartment building as the sun casts an orange glow on Baltimore.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL -- EVENING

Walking up the steps.

Pausing halfway up. Gripping the rail tight.

The fluorescent light hums.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- EVENING

As he moves down the hall, Samuel reaches into his pocket for his keys.

He sees his door. Room 404.

It's already open.

Samuel approaches cautiously. He nudges the door.

He looks into his

ROOM

where the cushions have been thrown off the couch.

Where his drawers are open, his curtains halfway down.

Where two MEN in dark suits sift through what's left. One drinks a soda from his refrigerator.

Neither acknowledges him.

SAMUEL
Who are you?

They glance up. Briefly. Then they get back to work.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Hey!

He steps toward the first of them, the one rifling through a drawer. Shoves him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Get out of my apartment.

The man stares at him.

Then, he moves to another drawer and begins rifling through it.

MAN (O.C.)
Samuel Drake.

Samuel spins around.

Another MAN. Huge. Stepping out of Samuel's bedroom.

SAMUEL
Get out of my apartment.

The man reaches into his pocket and removes a badge.

MAN
Agent Westin. FBI.

SAMUEL
FBI?

WESTIN hands Samuel the badge. As Samuel studies it, Westin paces around the room, examining the already downed curtains.

WESTIN
I have some questions for you.

SAMUEL
What are they doing?

WESTIN
It'll only take a minute.

SAMUEL
Don't you need a warrant?

WESTIN
Sounds like someone with something
to hide.

Samuel is exhausted. Confused.

SAMUEL
Please just--

WESTIN
I want to talk to you about
Washington's Soldiers.

A pause. Samuel stares at Westin.

SAMUEL
What?

WESTIN
You were there for Bloody Thursday,
right?

SAMUEL
What's this about?

WESTIN
You were there when the building
came down.

Samuel exhales in scattered bursts, equal parts furious and
broken.

SAMUEL
Yes.

WESTIN
Why?

SAMUEL
I was an architect. It was a
construction company. I worked
there.

WESTIN
How long?

SAMUEL
A year, for God's sake--

WESTIN
What's your connection to
Washington's Soldiers?

Aghast, Samuel glares.

SAMUEL

What?

WESTIN

What is your connection to
Washington's Soldiers?

SAMUEL

They--they blew up my building.
They killed my friends.

He clenches his left fist. Unclenches it.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

That's my damn connection.

He storms into his

BEDROOM

where he finds his bed unmade, his dresser drawers open.

The newspaper on his bed.

And the calendar right beside it.

WESTIN (O.C.)

Counting down to something?

He's in the room. Samuel doesn't turn.

SAMUEL

Why are you talking to me?

WESTIN

(of the newspaper)

Keepsake?

SAMUEL

For God's sake, I'm just trying to
live with it. Do you hear me?

He flips the newspaper over.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

They're all dead. I'm just trying
to live with it.

Westin looks at the model building on Samuel's cabinet. He
taps it.

WESTIN
What do you know about Nathan
Edgewood?

SAMUEL
I don't know anything about Nathan
Edgewood.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

As before. Samuel studies the box.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
His--his name was on the package.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

Samuel. Staring at the newspaper.

HUNDREDS DEAD IN TERRORIST STRIKE

Washington's Soldiers Claim Responsibility

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I don't know who he is.

WESTIN
Hm.

Taps the model again. Then, he takes a step toward Samuel and
snatches back his badge.

WESTIN (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mr. Drake.

Heads for the door. Hand on the knob.

WESTIN (CONT'D)
We'll be in touch.

He shuts the door.

Samuel stares at the newspaper.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZELDA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Walking quickly along the sidewalk, Zelda digs through her purse for her keys.

She starts up the stairs to her door.

She looks up.

ZELDA

Samuel?

Sitting against her door. Samuel looks up, only barely.

SAMUEL

There's a woman at the bus stop.
5:09, every day. I wave to her.

ZELDA

Okay . . . ?

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- EVENING

As before, Samuel leaving work.

Waving to the woman at the bus stop.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

I don't have a clue who she is and
I wave to her every day.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZELDA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Samuel glances up toward Zelda.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Why do I do that?

A pause. Zelda steps forward, cautiously.

ZELDA

Strangeness.

SAMUEL

I remember everything about that
day.

(MORE)

SAMUEL(cont'd)

I remember the floor shaking like
an earthquake, the fire, all that .
. . screaming . . .

Samuel stares into the floor.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

But I don't remember my first day
in Baltimore. I remember
Thanksgivings with my family, when
I was a kid, with my cousin and
that damn snake of his, but I don't
remember the last time I called my
brother. Shit.

ZELDA

Samuel--

SAMUEL

I get a package every day and I
don't know what I do with it. When
I open it, I--I don't even *know*
what's inside. And the worst thing
is, I never even thought about it.
Any of it. It's like I'm seeing the
world for the first time and it's a
place I've never been before.

Dropping her purse, Zelda kneels down next to him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I don't know what it means. I don't
know what any of it means. There
are gaps and holes and I don't even
know what's real--

ZELDA

You are Samuel Drake.

She grabs her hand in both of hers.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

You are Samuel Drake. Okay? That's
real. You know everything about
arches and mullions but haven't
heard a new song in two years.

Zelda holds him tighter.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

You tip exactly nineteen percent
and calculate it in your head.

(MORE)

ZELDA(cont'd)

You love stupid sitcoms and close
your eyes at the embarrassing
parts. You're a good person. Okay?

Shutting his eyes, Samuel shakes a little.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

Remember how we met?

Samuel nods.

SAMUEL

Harborplace. I was getting lunch.
You spilled soda on my shoes.

ZELDA

No holes there.

Samuel lets out an embarrassed smirk.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry.

ZELDA

No, Samuel--

SAMUEL

I am. I'm sorry. I'm being
ridiculous.

ZELDA

No you're not.

SAMUEL

I'm freaking out on your doorstep.

ZELDA

A little.

Wiping tears away, Samuel smiles and shakes his head.

SAMUEL

It's the pills. It's the damn
pills. I want to be able to talk to
you, I skip a dose, and next thing
I know I'm--

ZELDA

What pills?

SAMUEL

. . . What did you say?

ZELDA
What pills?

Samuel shifts away from Zelda.

SAMUEL
My pills. The ones Dr. Mendenson
gives me. The ones I take every--

ZELDA
Who's Dr. Mendenson?

SAMUEL
Who--who's Dr. Mendenson? I . . . I
talk about him all the time.

Even as he says it, he's unsure. Zelda says nothing.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
He's my psychiatrist. I see him
four times a week. In the morning.
Before work. I talk about him all
the time, Zelda.

ZELDA
You've never--

SAMUEL
I talk about him *all the time*.

On his feet, quickly, Samuel steps back. Looks down at Zelda.

ZELDA
Not to me.

SAMUEL
Don't tell me that! Don't . . .

Says nothing. Spins away, as Zelda climbs to her feet.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
How do I not tell my girlfriend
about my psychiatrist? How do I not
mention a guy I've seen every other
day for . . .

He trails off.

ZELDA
Samuel?

SAMUEL
I don't remember my first
appointment. I don't remember.

As Zelda reaches for Samuel's shoulder . . .

ZELDA
Samuel . . .

. . . Samuel turns around and steps back!

SAMUEL
Stay away from me.

ZELDA
What?

SAMUEL
You told me I had to talk to you.
That's why I stopped. You *told* me--

ZELDA
I didn't--

SAMUEL
There are people in my room, Zelda,
in my room, asking about Bloody
Thursday, and there's the box and
that woman, and now you're telling
me you've never even *heard* of
someone I've talked to every other
day since before I even *met*--

ZELDA
Samuel--

SAMUEL
Stay away.

ZELDA
For God's sake--

SAMUEL
Stay away!

Zelda does. Looking helpless.

Samuel opens his mouth as if to say something else, but then
. . .

. . . then steps back down the stairs, away from her.

Down the sidewalk and away.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST REDWOOD STREET -- MORNING

In the early morning sunrise, Samuel stares forward, heart pounding.

Dr. Mendenson's building. Across the street. Down the road.

Samuel starts toward it. Stops. Starts again.

At the door. Sign outside. "Dr. Ari Mendenson."

Hand on the handle.

Samuel lets go. Steps back.

Walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

Stone-faced, Samuel walks to work, down the road, past the heavy traffic, the distracted pedestrians.

To his right, a MOTHER holds her SON's hand.

She looks his way. Samuel turns.

A MAN in a suit. Holding a briefcase.

Cold eyes on Samuel as he passes.

A dark car drives by, much like the one from Monday morning.

Tick. Samuel steps. *Tock.* Samuel steps.

CUT TO:

INT. MAILROOM -- DAY

The clock on the wall.

Tick. Tock.

Closer and closer to eleven o'clock.

Samuel sits at a desk. Right leg bouncing, bouncing, bouncing.

His phone buzzes. Samuel looks at the screen.

Zelda calling. He slips the phone back into his pocket.

His leg bounces. He looks at the clock.

Tick. Tock.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Stepping down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Heading for the door.

Opening it.

Stepping into the

SHIPPING AREA

and up the stairs, where the delivery guy waits.

DELIVERY GUY
Hey, buddy.

SAMUEL
Yeah, hey.

DELIVERY GUY
Dotted--

Samuel retrieves the clipboard, then goes for the pen.

It shakes in his hand.

He signs.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
Hey, man, you all right? You don't look so good.

SAMUEL
I'm fine.

DELIVERY GUY
You don't *look* fine.

SAMUEL
I am.

He returns the clipboard.

DELIVERY GUY
Hey, you know what you should do?

He hands Samuel the package. Samuel takes it.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
You should see a psychiatrist.

Samuel freezes.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
I do. Best decision I ever made.

He smiles.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
Take it easy, yeah?

The delivery guy takes off down the alley as Samuel, holding the box, stares.

In his own hands. The box.

The box.

He has to.

Samuel starts forward and into the

ALLEY

The delivery guy isn't there. But Samuel moves down the alley just the same.

He steps out onto the sidewalk on

CALVERT STREET

where the sun is a lot stronger, the foot traffic far busier.

Right. Cars. A MAN dancing in the street.

But left . . . there. Through the crowd. Down the road, on the sidewalk.

The delivery guy.

Samuel takes a breath. Steels himself.

AND FOLLOWS.

Samuel moves in a fast walk, slipping around people, staying close to the brick walls of the buildings to his left.

The delivery guy. No packages. No truck. Just a clipboard, as he turns onto

WEST FAYETTE STREET

He crosses over St. Paul Street.

The crosswalk goes red. Samuel dashes across anyway.

A car honks.

The delivery guy doesn't turn.

But he does cross the street.

Less than a block behind him, so does Samuel.

Cars parked along the side of the road. Samuel slinks closer. Closer.

The delivery guy starts to turn around.

Samuel ducks behind a truck.

Waits. Waits . . .

Peeks around the truck. The delivery guy is on the move. Samuel follows suit.

The crowd grows thicker toward Charles Street. A group of BUSINESSMEN on a long lunch. A bunch of KIDS, oblivious.

Sun beats down.

Delivery guy striding forward.

Samuel close behind.

At Charles Street, the delivery guy makes a right. Disappears from sight.

Crap. Samuel picks up the pace, his shoes pounding the sidewalk, summer sweat dripping down his face.

Tires squeal. Kids laugh.

Samuel turns right onto

CHARLES STREET

and collides with a PEDESTRIAN, dropping to the ground, catching himself with his hands.

A pebble cuts through his right hand. Samuel sucks in air.

But immediately, he looks up, past the legs of whoever he hit, around the crowd, the kids, the men.

Can't see. Can't see him.

Samuel. Scrambling to his feet. Glancing at the person he bumped into.

THE BUS STOP WOMAN STARES BACK AT HIM.

Samuel jumps back. Looks at her.

Her face reveals nothing. Not even recognition.

And the delivery guy has vanished.

Stunned, bleeding, Samuel steps back, bumping into a businessman.

SAMUEL

Sorry.

Looks at the woman.

She does not avert her gaze.

Samuel steps away.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The place is still a complete mess. So is Samuel.

He sits on the end of his bed. Tension barely contained underneath his skin.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST REDWOOD STREET -- MORNING

Samuel stopping at the door to Dr. Mendenson's office.

Skipping his appointment.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Closer on Samuel, deep in thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIPPING AREA -- DAY

The delivery guy.

DELIVERY GUY
You should see a psychiatrist.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Samuel's face darkening. Fists closing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZELDA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Zelda. With Samuel.

ZELDA
What pills?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Samuel leans forward. Almost shaking.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
It's been a rough couple days.

CUT TO:

INT. MENDENSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

The clock ticks on the wall.

Samuel sits and talks.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
And I'm sorry. I'm sorry for waking
you up in the middle of the night.
I'm sorry for skipping my
appointment.

In the chair facing Samuel's, Mendenson sits back. Observes.
His chair leaning into his cluttered desk.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Waking up downtown in the middle of
the night has a way of screwing
with your head. And I just had a
fight with Zelda, and . . .

He taps his temple. Shakes his head.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
But I'm better now. I'm feeling
better now. I'm feeling . . . *awake*
again.

Looks at Mendenson.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
You don't have to worry about me.

MENDENSON
Samuel--you've been through a
trauma, and as much progress as
you've made this year, you will
still have good days and bad days.
But in time, the good *will* outweigh
the bad, that I promise you.

SAMUEL
I know.

MENDENSON
If you keep your appointments. *If*
you let me help you.

SAMUEL
It was a one-time thing. I promise.

MENDENSON
Mm-hm.

Samuel's knee. Bouncing up and down.

Mendenson sees.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
Samuel, have you been taking your
pills?

SAMUEL
I--

MENDENSON
I thought not.

With a light sigh, Mendenson gets up.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
Samuel, Samuel, Samuel . . .

A drawer opens. Mendenson holds a vial of pills. Shakes it.
The pills rattle.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
We mustn't forget.

Door slams shut. The clutter shifts.

The papers. The keyboard. The cell phone.

Mendenson hands Samuel two pills.

SAMUEL
Can I have some water?

MENDENSON
Of course.

Mendenson walks to the water cooler.

Quickly, Samuel reaches into his pocket. Retrieves his cell
phone.

Contacts. "Dr. Mendenson."

Forces the phone into his left pocket . . .

. . . just as Mendenson turns around, cup of water in hand.

Hands the cup to Samuel.

Sits down.

Samuel holds the water. Mendenson watches him.

The pills.

Clock ticks. Clock tocks.

Samuel tosses the pills into his mouth, drinks the water, and swallows.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
How have you been sleeping?

Samuel leans back.

Left hand in his pocket.

Pressing send.

Buzzzzzz. The phone. Mendenson's desk.

Mendenson turns.

Samuel spits the pills into his hand and forces them into his pocket.

SAMUEL
Not well.

Mendenson turns back.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
But I think I'll do better now.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

On a cloudy, gloomy sort of morning, a determined Samuel walks to work.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Bathroom at work, three stalls, unoccupied.

Samuel at the sink, by a mirror.

The pills, half-dissolved, in his hand.

He dumps them into the sink. Turns on the water.

They slip down the drain.

Deep breath. Samuel starts toward the exit.

His phone buzzes. Samuel draws it from his pocket.

Once again, it's Zelda. Grimacing, Samuel stares at the phone.

He pulls it toward his ear. Stops.

Then, exhaling, he sends the call to voice mail.

He exits the bathroom into a

HALLWAY

and walks a few doors up, into the

MAILROOM

where Percy and Shawn are already sorting through letters.

PERCY

Samuel!

SHAWN

How's life?

SAMUEL

Been better.

Samuel sits down and swivels their way.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Would you believe I locked myself
out of my own apartment?

SHAWN

Shit.

Samuel. Straight-faced.

SAMUEL

Either of you know how to pick a
lock?

A distant roll of thunder.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST REDWOOD STREET -- NIGHT

A light but steady rain splashes down onto the pavement of a mostly empty street.

Samuel in the middle of the street. Water collecting on the hood of his jacket.

Ahead: Mendenson's office. Closed for the night.

Samuel stepping forward. His feet splashing in barely formed puddles. His steps echoing down the concrete canyon.

Looking left. Looking right.

No one. Nothing.

To the door, flat against the face of the building. The rain dripping down.

Thin rumbling of thunder.

Samuel reaches into his pocket.

A credit card. A screwdriver.

He works the lock. Strains.

The rain beats down upon him.

Adjusts his wrists. Pushes the credit card between the frame and the door. Angles it.

Grunts.

The rain picks up.

Louder peal of thunder.

And the lock gives. Samuel steps back.

He pulls the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. MENDENSON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Casting a flashlight around the office, Samuel shuts the door to the office. He turns the knob as he closes.

It shuts silently.

He moves to the desk first. The papers. The computer. A stapler, bent staple hanging out.

Papers reveal nothing. Samuel moves to the drawers. Pushes Mendenson's chair out of the way.

A flash of lightning illuminates the room, but only briefly.

Samuel pulls a drawer open.

Thunder.

Pens. Paper. Nothing.

Next drawer. Bills. Paid invoices. Damn it.

On the left. Opens the drawer. Something rattles.

Flashlight in.

Keys. Three keys on a key ring.

Samuel grabs them. They jingle.

Keys. For what?

Shines the flashlight around. The desk drawers have no locks.

Wall. Window. Water.

A closet. In the back.

Samuel hurries toward it.

The clock on the wall ticks, but the pouring rain outside screws up the rhythm.

Lightning. Thunder.

Samuel opens the closet.

A file cabinet. LOCKED.

Samuel tries the first key. Doesn't fit.

The second one does. Samuel turns the key.

Opens the drawer.

Patient files. *Abramson. Castle. Corman.*

Drake, Samuel.

Samuel pulls out his file. Hurries it back to the desk.

Lightning flashes. Thunder booms.

Samuel shines the flashlight down.

Opens the file.

The door. Rattling.

The knob turning.

Samuel. Frozen.

The door opens.

Dr. Mendenson steps in. He flips the light on.

Mendenson looks at Samuel. Samuel at Mendenson.

MENDENSON

What is it that you think you're
doing?

SAMUEL

I--

MENDENSON

Samuel--

SAMUEL

You shouldn't be here. You
shouldn't know I'm here.

MENDENSON

You *called* me, Samuel.

From his pocket, he removes his cell phone.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)

During our appointment. You called
me and spit out the pills. I'm not
a fool.

Returning the phone to his pocket, he steps forward.

SAMUEL

Get back. It doesn't matter. Okay?
I know.

MENDENSON

What do you know?

SAMUEL

I never talk about you. I skip an appointment and the delivery guy says I need a psychiatrist. It all comes back to you. To *this*.

He taps the file.

MENDENSON

The delivery guy?

SAMUEL

It all comes back to you!

MENDENSON

Samuel--

SAMUEL

Get away! Get back. You don't just sleepwalk to the foot of your building. You don't get a package every day and never think about it.

MENDENSON

Samuel--

SAMUEL

You don't see a damn psychiatrist four times a week and *never tell anyone!*

MENDENSON

Read the file!

A pause. Rain patters down on the windowsill.

SAMUEL

What?

MENDENSON

Read the damn file.

Thunder rolls across the night sky.

Samuel opens the file. Skims its pages.

His name. Background. Patient history--the word "sleepwalking" stands out.

Mendenson's impressions. Handwritten. "Troubled."

Newspaper clippings related to Bloody Thursday.

Samuel turns the page. Again. Again.

SAMUEL

There's nothing here.

MENDENSON

Everything's there. What did you expect to find?

SAMUEL

I . . . I know it's you! I know it's . . .

MENDENSON

Samuel.

SAMUEL

. . . Our first appointment was September 28. It says right here.

MENDENSON

Yes.

SAMUEL

I don't remember that.

MENDENSON

The pills can have that effect. You knew that when you agreed to take them.

SAMUEL

I agreed . . . ?

Samuel is deflated. Wide-eyed. Deeply confused.

He lets the folder slip out of his hand. A few papers fall onto the floor.

MENDENSON

You were having a terrible time dealing with Bloody Thursday. A terrible time. You couldn't sleep. You could barely eat. It had only been five weeks.

In a daze, Samuel sits on the couch by the window.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)

You'd moved to Baltimore to get away from the memory, but it didn't work. You needed help. You asked for medicine that would help you forget.

He walks to the couch and sits beside Samuel. Looks him in the eyes.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)

I can't make you do anything you don't want to do.

SAMUEL

I was sure. I was so sure.

MENDENSON

I know.

Samuel bows his head. Shuts his eyes.

SAMUEL

I broke into your office.

MENDENSON

Tell me what's going on, Samuel.

SAMUEL

They were in my apartment. That's not--that's not me being paranoid. They were there. And the packages are real, Dr. Mendenson. They're in the basement at NorthStar. They don't have an address but they always make it. Eleven o'clock. Every day. The packages have . . . metal, and wires, circuits . . .

Clasps his hands. Looks at Mendenson.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

The same guy delivers them every day. He's connected with the woman at the bus stop. I know that. They're watching me. Maybe Zelda, too, I don't know. It's not in my head. It's not.

MENDENSON

You're sure?

SAMUEL

I'm sure.

Silence. Lightning from outside. Thunder.

MENDENSON

Tomorrow, I'll stop by your office.
We'll look at those packages
together. Okay?

SAMUEL

Yeah. Yes.

Mendenson puts his arm on Samuel's shoulder.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. MENDENSON'S LOBBY -- NIGHT

Carpet, chairs, a desk. All empty, of course, save for Samuel
and Mendenson, standing by the open door.

Rain plummets loudly outside.

MENDENSON

Can you make it home safely?

SAMUEL

Yeah.

MENDENSON

Do you need an umbrella?

SAMUEL

No.

MENDENSON

I'll see you tomorrow.

Samuel nods. He flips his hood up over his head and, as
Mendenson walks back toward his office, steps

OUTSIDE

into the heavy rain.

It's a warm downpour, a light steam collecting by the street
and sidewalk.

Samuel walks forward, contemplative. The sound of a car comes from nearby, but Samuel can't tell from where.

Thunder peals. Samuel's footsteps splash in the rain.

MAN (O.C.)

Mr. Drake.

Samuel spins around.

It's Agent Westin. With the same two dark-suited men from Samuel's apartment.

WESTIN (CONT'D)

Please come with us.

SAMUEL

Leave me alone.

Westin pulls out his badge.

WESTIN

Mr. Drake--

SAMUEL

You're not FBI.

He's not sure. It's almost a question.

Westin pauses. He tucks the badge back into his pocket.

WESTIN

Fair enough.

He steps toward Samuel. Samuel steps back.

WESTIN (CONT'D)

Come with us.

SAMUEL

I'm not going anywhere with you.

Westin cocks his head toward Samuel.

Quickly, the man to his right pushes forward, faster than Samuel can walk back, GRABBING HIS ARM.

MENDENSON (O.C.)

Leave him alone.

Mendenson. By his door. Without an umbrella.

WESTIN
(without turning)
This doesn't concern you, Doctor.

MENDENSON
I'll call the police.

Westin. Rolling his head back.

The man to Westin's left turns around, takes a step toward Mendenson, and BACKHANDS HIM ACROSS THE FACE!

Mendenson COLLAPSES INTO A PUDDLE.

The rain plummets down upon him.

Samuel. Running toward Mendenson.

The dark-suited man. Holding him back.

Samuel twisting. Turning.

DRIVING HIS FIST INTO THE MAN'S SKULL.

The man reels. He lets go.

Westin steps toward Samuel. Punching forward.

Samuel dodges left. Grabs Westin's arm.

THROWS WESTIN INTO THE WALL!

Then he KICKS HIM IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK, catching, from the corner of his eye--

The other man. Already lunging.

Samuel drives his elbow left. Into the man's nose.

THE NOSE CRACKS!

Samuel makes his way to Mendenson.

It hasn't even been ten seconds.

Samuel looks at his own hands, wet from rain, stained with blood, suddenly alien to him.

SAMUEL
How did I do that?

The first man starts forward. Westin turns around.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I can't do that. I can't do that.

MENDENSON
Samuel. Run.

Mendenson. On his side. Working his way to his feet.

Westin and the man approach with caution. The one with the bloody nose is still dazed.

SAMUEL
I can't just--

MENDENSON
They're not after me.

Too late. Westin punches toward Samuel's face.

He grazes the chin. Samuel falls back.

Westin charges him, but Samuel SPINS AROUND and THROWS HIS ARM INTO WESTIN'S STOMACH!

But the other two are coming. They keep coming.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
RUN!!!

Samuel steps back, back, then turns, pounding his legs against the pavement of East Redwood Street.

The rain drops down upon his head and back like bullets, but he doesn't care. Doesn't stop.

Water splashes with every step.

The dark-suited men follow close behind.

Past a parking lot, Samuel runs, RUNS.

A COUPLE jumps out of the way. Samuel nearly collides with them.

He veers right onto

LIGHT STREET

where a car passes quickly, where the lampposts catch the raindrops as they fall, but where the pedestrians have left for the dry indoors.

Not Samuel. He charges down the road as thunder rolls, lightning cracks, and feet slam against sidewalk.

His right foot comes down awkwardly in a puddle. He pulls it out.

Keeps going. All the way up to

BALTIMORE STREET

where Westin appears on the right and PUNCHES SAMUEL IN THE SIDE!

Samuel reels, stumbles left into the street.

Westin charges again, but Samuel dodges the first punch, blocks the second.

Kicks Westin in the shin. Punches him in the chest.

Separation. Move. MOVE!!!

Darting left down Baltimore Street, Samuel makes it to the metro, the breath tight and sharp in his throat.

Down into

CHARLES CENTER STATION

Down the steps. It's almost empty this time of night.

But a metro car is there, on the rails, waiting. Samuel hurries.

Doors start to close.

Samuel LUNGES . . .

METRO CAR

. . . and makes it onto the train!

The doors shut. The metro car pulls away.

Through the windows, Samuel sees Westin and the men. Watching.

Samuel breathes. Coughs aggressively.

ZELDA (V.O.)
You know what we should do? Three-
day weekend.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Cautiously, carefully, Samuel approaches his building. His parking lot.

It's quiet. Traffic is light.

Samuel moves fast, darting across the street, into the lot.

ZELDA (V.O.)
Find some middle-of-nowhere town no
one ever visits and visit the hell
out of it.

He looks up at his apartment building.

He can't go back. He knows that.

He reaches into his pocket. Finds his keys.

And his car. The Taurus.

ZELDA (V.O.)
Where *would* you go? If you had to
go somewhere.

He gets into the

CAR

Shuts the door. Turns the engine on.

Checks the mirror.

There. Dead center.

THE BUS STOP WOMAN.

Quickly, Samuel shifts the car into reverse.

OUTSIDE

the car squeals out of the parking lot and veers left.

CAR

Samuel shifts into drive and

OUTSIDE

the car zooms forward, out into the street, the apartment building fading in the distance.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
There's this place. When I was a
kid?

FADE TO:

EXT. 695 -- NIGHT

Traffic is sparse this time of night. The Taurus zooms down the road.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Western Maryland.

Sign ahead indicates exit for 795.

FADE TO:

EXT. I-70 -- NIGHT

The Taurus soars along the highway. In the

CAR

Samuel, determined, certain, grips the wheel.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
In the mountains.

FADE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- NIGHT

It's late now, and this road is downright desolate. Trees to the left, trees to the right, winding up a hill.

The rain has stopped now. In its place is the chirping of crickets and the hum of the motor.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
No one knows it's there.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Years ago. Woods so thick the sun barely makes it through. A car parked at the end of a dirt path.

Eight-year-old Samuel, holding his father's hand. His ten-year-old brother holds his mother's.

They walk toward a cabin.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Now. Samuel's car parked at the end of the same dirt path.

Samuel walking into the forest.

THERE IS NO CABIN. There are trees where the cabin should be.

Surrounded by trees now, Samuel glances to his right.

SAMUEL
(quiet)
There was a pond . . .

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Years ago. A pond. Samuel's brother runs toward it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

But now there are trees. How can there be trees where there used to be a pond?

No cabin, no light--no sign of *anything*.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
There was a pond.

In the darkness, the crickets chirp.

Twigs break.

And shadows move.

To his left. To his right.

They draw closer. Silently.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Who's there?

His body tense. His breathing heavy.

Someone taps his shoulder.

Samuel spins around--!

Someone dressed in black looks at him. Smiles.

DELIVERY GUY
Hey, buddy.

THE DELIVERY GUY PUNCHES HIM IN THE HEAD.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY

Faded, as if through a filter. Heavy footsteps. PEOPLE left, right.

It's familiar.

It fades in and out.

The light bends. It hums, crescendo, decrescendo, mute and loud, high and low.

Samuel. Dragged?

People. In black. Jumpsuits? With guns, maybe.

Dark, then light again.

The hallway is endless.

One side. Man in dark suit. Westin. Bruised.

On the other side: the bus stop woman.

Door on the right. Samuel enters a

ROOM

It's small. The walls move like waves.

Scraping. Footsteps. Lamp descends from the ceiling.

Chair dragged out from a table.

They sit Samuel down. The chair wobbles.

Five? One? Three?

People leave. A door shuts.

One person is still there. Man? Yes.

Leans down to meet Samuel's eyes.

DELIVERY GUY

What really bothers me is this in-between stuff. Really, man, make up your mind.

Coming into focus. The walls stiffen.

The chair still wobbles.

Samuel coughs. Looks up.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

Hi.

SAMUEL

(weakly)

Who are you?

Sniffs. His nose feels obstructed. It throbs.

DELIVERY GUY

Man, we talk every day and you don't even know my name? That hurts. That hurts me *here*.

He points to his heart.

Then he pulls out the chair at the other end of the table.
Sits down.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
We're the heroes. We're
Washington's Soldiers.

He extends his hand.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
I'm Trevor.

Samuel looks at TREVOR's hand. But he doesn't shake it.

SAMUEL
What do you want?

TREVOR
What does any hero want? We want to
make the world a better place.

SAMUEL
With me.

With a half-smile, Trevor pushes his chair back.

TREVOR
We want you to help us out.

Leans forward.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
See, suppose you want to do some
damage. You know. For the good of
the country. Take down the big bad
businesses fucking things up for
the rest of us. A bank. A
construction firm infested with
lobbyists. *An insurance company.*

Samuel. Suddenly a lot more alert.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Sure, you can drop a bomb in the
lobby, you can blow up a car on the
street, but, shit, it's so
imprecise. A little rubble? A
little panic? Maybe you knock off
ten, maybe a hundred, but the
building's still standing. What are
you trying to say?

Excited, Trevor sits up, his arms bouncing.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

But suppose you had an inside man.
Someone who could do the job and do
it *right*. Someone so far *inside* he
doesn't even know it. How could
anyone in this damned country trust
anyone ever again?

Smiles.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

He was just an ordinary guy.
Sorting the mail.

SAMUEL

I won't do it.

Tries to sit up. His head hurts.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You bastards. You fucking--

TREVOR

Ouch, man.

SAMUEL

You blew up my building! You killed
my friends. You destroyed my *life*.

Trevor cracks up.

Samuel stares. Doesn't find it quite as funny.

TREVOR

Come on, you're smarter than that.
Think. Eleven months. A package
every day.

The bottom drops out from Samuel's stomach as Trevor leans
in.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What exactly have you been doing?

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM -- DAY

Samuel. Tearing open a package.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Frozen, Samuel stares at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You really think Monday was the
first time you ended up at your
building at 2 a.m.?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Samuel, cross-legged on the floor. Empty boxes at his side,
"Nathan Edgewood" scrawled on all of them.

TREVOR (V.O.)
No, man.

Surrounded by metal. Screwing a couple pieces together.

Wires protruding.

TREVOR (V.O.)
It's just the first time you woke
up.

A BOMB.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Trevor leans back. Arms open.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Oh, Samuel. Buddy. We've been
keeping an eye on you.

SAMUEL
You--

TREVOR
You're our number one guy.

SAMUEL
It's impossible. It's--

He sniffs. Exhales.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I'd remember. You can't make
someone do something like that. You
can't.

TREVOR
You think?

Smiling, Trevor stands up. Looks down at Samuel.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
With a little drugs and a little
therapy, and a little gun to the
head of the good doctor . . .

Samuel. Eyes wide. Heart drops.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
. . . it's amazing what an ordinary
guy named Samuel Drake will do.

The door opens, and two of the dark-clad men, armed, step
into the room.

They walk past Trevor and grab Samuel's arms.

SAMUEL
Zel--Zelda.

He's breathing even faster than his heart is pounding. Can
barely speak.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Zelda too?

Trevor smiles.

TREVOR
Zelda too.

Samuel doesn't resist as the men force him up. He can barely
stand.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Hey, get some rest, okay? You've
got some work to do before Friday.

The men drag Samuel toward the door.

SAMUEL
Who--who's Nathan Edgewood?

Trevor grins.

TREVOR
Nathan Edgewood is all of us.

Samuel disappears through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

The dream. A dark hallway, barely identifiable.
Then the fiery outline, illuminating the hallway underneath.
The fire fades. The hallway continues.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM

Exposed wire. Crackling light.
Drawing closer. The image becoming clearer.
A figure by the wires.
Samuel. Building.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

Samuel wakes up in a small, cramped room. A cell with a solid steel door.

A camera, obvious in the corner, keeps an eye on Samuel, who sits on a bench. Back to the wall.

The air is stiflingly hot and stale.

Time is interminable.

Samuel beats his head against the wall behind him.

Again. Again.

Somewhere, a bead of water drips. Sometimes footsteps shuffle past outside.

A fly crawls along the wall, herky-jerky.

It crawls into a crevice.

Then: a click at the door. Samuel's head jolts left.

The door opens.

A MAN. Indistinct.

And Dr. Mendenson. With a black eye. Beaten.

The man THROWS DR. MENDENSON INTO THE CELL!

Samuel, quick to his feet, catches Mendenson as he stumbles.

SAMUEL
(to the man)
Hey--!

But the door shuts.

And Mendenson crumples. Samuel holds him up.

Helps him to the bench.

Sits him down.

Mendenson, bloody, looks at Samuel. Dazed. Battered.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

A distant concern with a razor edge.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Are you hurt? Did they hurt you?

Mendenson. Shaking.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Did they hurt you because I figured
out something was wrong? Did they
hurt you because you didn't do your
job?

MENDENSON
Samuel--

SAMUEL
What did you do to me?

MENDENSON
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I--

SAMUEL
What did you do to me??!!

MENDENSON
I'm so sorry, Samuel, I'm so sorry,
I'm so sorry . . .

He's cowering. Crying.

Samuel turns and taps his fist into the cell door.

SAMUEL
Damn it.

The silence is filled by Samuel's breathing. By Mendenson's sobs.

Samuel pushes his head against his fist.

MENDENSON
It was the pills.

Samuel turns.

Mendenson stares into the floor as he speaks.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
The pills were supposed to help.
They were supposed to help you
forget. But then *they* came.

He rocks back and forth.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
A combination of the right dose.
And the right hypnotherapy. Setting
up walls and--

SAMUEL
You said you couldn't make me do
anything I don't want to do.

MENDENSON
They were simple things. Simple
tasks you wouldn't object to.
Receiving a package. Waving to a--

SAMUEL
I wouldn't help them. I wouldn't
build a bomb.

A pause.

MENDENSON
You would if you never knew what
you were building.

Samuel shakes.

SAMUEL
Why, huh? Why me? Why you? Why
would you do this to me?

MENDENSON
I'm so sorry.

SAMUEL
Don't tell me you're sorry! Answer
me!

MENDENSON
I'm so sorry.

Samuel GRABS MENDENSON'S SHIRT and PUSHES HIM BACK AGAINST
THE WALL!

SAMUEL
Answer me!!!

MENDENSON
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I--

SAMUEL
Damn it!!!

MENDENSON
They took my son!

Samuel freezes. Lets him go.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
They took my son, I'm so sorry,
they took my son.

Samuel spins around and pounds on the door again.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
They never wanted you to know. They
wanted you to do it all over again.

SAMUEL
Again?

He turns to Mendenson.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
What do you mean, *again*?

MENDENSON
I'm so sorry.

SAMUEL
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AGAIN?!!!

Mendenson says nothing. Only stares.

And Samuel's eyes go wide.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Bloody Thursday?

He steps back. Almost falls.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Bloody Thursday?

MENDENSON
You wanted to forget.

Samuel almost falls back onto the bench. Face in his hands.

SAMUEL
(quiet)
Damn it.

He hits his hands against his head.

Water drips. Drops.

Mendenson clears his throat.

MENDENSON
You can *still* forget.

Samuel looks up.

Mendenson holds the vial. The pills.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
I wish I could forget. I wish I
could forget what they made me do.
But you can. I can do that for you.
I can do one thing right.

Samuel. His shut eyes toward the ceiling. Light reflecting
off the barest squeezed-out tears.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
It can be like it was before.

SAMUEL
All those people . . .

Mendenson stands up.

MENDENSON
It can be like it was before.

SAMUEL
God . . .

Mendenson sits down beside Samuel.

MENDENSON
You had your fears and anxieties,
but, Samuel, you were *happy*.

He holds up the pills.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
I can do that for you, Samuel.

Samuel. Shaking. He wipes his eyes.

SAMUEL
I'd still do it. Whatever they want
me to do.

MENDENSON
But you'd never know. Everything
would be like it was before Monday.
And you could be with Zelda.

SAMUEL
Zelda?

MENDENSON
They promised me that, Samuel.
Everything will be just as it was
before.

He hands Samuel the vial.

Samuel grasps it. Stares.

SAMUEL
All those people.

MENDENSON
Just take the pills.

SAMUEL

Shit.

MENDENSON

Take the pills, Samuel.

Samuel blinks. He turns to Mendenson.

SAMUEL

Why did they put you in this cell
with me?

No answer. Mendenson stares.

Samuel stands.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Why . . . did they put you in this
cell with me?

Mendenson stares. Samuel looks at the vial in his hand.

He throws it to the side.

His face distorted, tears and regret instantly gone,
Mendenson reaches for his pocket.

DRAWS A GUN.

Samuel GRABS HIS WRIST and KNOCKS MENDENSON'S HEAD AGAINST
THE WALL!

The gun drops to the ground.

Mendenson right behind it.

Samuel drops down, grabs the gun, and stands above Mendenson,
holding it tight.

He breathes. He breathes.

Mendenson doesn't stir.

Clutching the gun so tightly his knuckles turn white, Samuel
SPINS AROUND, ROARS, and POUNDS ON THE DOOR!

LOUDER! LOUDER!!!

He freezes.

The camera. In the corner.

Footsteps outside. Samuel steps back.

A click. A whir. The door unlocks . . .

. . . and Samuel CHARGES THROUGH INTO THE

HALLWAY

and JABS THE GUN INTO THE FOREHEAD of the man on the other side . . .

. . . only to feel another gun pointed at the back of his own head.

WESTIN

Drop it.

Samuel shuts his eyes tight.

SAMUEL

Fuck you.

His gun goes limp on his finger. The first man takes it from him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Let me go.

WESTIN

No.

Westin GRABS HIS ARM and TURNS HIM AROUND. The other man takes his left arm; Westin still holds the right.

Another man and a woman emerge from down the hall, both dressed in dark jumpsuits. More Washington's Soldiers.

Westin and the other man push Samuel down the hall. The other two follow.

SAMUEL

Where are we going?

No answer.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I won't help you. I don't give a damn what you do. I won't help you.

Again: no answer. Westin grips his arm tighter.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You've already taken everything. It
doesn't matter what you do to me, I
will never--

As the hallway dead-ends into another, Westin PUSHES SAMUEL
FORWARD and SLAMS HIM INTO THE WALL!

He pulls him back and SLAMS HIM AGAIN!

AGAIN!!!

Then Westin PULLS SAMUEL BACK and TOSSES HIM ONTO THE FLOOR!

Samuel. His nose bleeding. His forehead cut.

Westin places a foot on his throat. He glances toward the
woman on his right.

It's hazy. Samuel's vision blurs. The woman becomes two,
reaching into their pockets. One pocket. Many.

Removing something long. Sharp. Shiny.

Attached to a vial. A clear liquid.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

What . . . what . . .

Westin leans down, over Samuel.

WESTIN

Plan B.

The woman kneels. Removes the cap from the syringe.

Westin pushes on Samuel's throat. Samuel chokes.

The syringe. Drawing closer. Reflecting the fluorescent
light.

Closer. CLOSER . . .

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

The woman turns and falls back and to the floor, the vial
slipping out of her hand.

Westin jerks left.

Samuel doesn't think, doesn't look--just acts. He GRABS
WESTIN'S LEG and THROWS HIM OFF!

He SWEEPS HIS LEG under another of the men, KNOCKING HIM TO THE GROUND!

The one still standing draws his gun, first toward Samuel, rolling to his feet.

Then down the hall.

Samuel SPRINGS HIS WAY, KNOCKING HIM INTO THE WALL!

He grabs the gun. Wheels around and CRACKS IT AGAINST THE SKULL OF WESTIN, who was working his way to his feet.

Aiming the gun at all of them, still and groaning, Samuel steps back. Turns around, toward whoever it was that saved him. Whoever fired the shot.

She stands alone, gun at her side. Pink streak in her hair.

SAMUEL
Zelda?

ZELDA
Samuel . . .

With a grunt, Westin starts to his feet.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
We've got to go.

SAMUEL
Zelda--

ZELDA
Come on!

She spins around and runs down the hall, Samuel following behind.

There's no other path.

Zelda leads him right, then left. Identical hallways, blank doorways, labyrinthine and indistinct.

Behind them, footsteps and shouts as the Soldiers draw near.

Another couple turns, revealing a break in the pattern.

A stairway. Climbing directly into the ceiling.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
Up there! Go!

Zelda turns around as Samuel runs back. Fires some shots down the hallway.

Samuel runs up the steps. Opens a panel above his head.

He finds himself in a

CABIN

Tiny. Little more than a shed. Samuel pushes his way up, then takes Zelda's hand.

He drops the panel down.

They charge for the door and

OUTSIDE

It's still night. Crickets chirp.

Yelling and pounding beneath the floor.

Zelda runs into the woods, Samuel right behind, dodging twigs and branches, around bushes and trees.

Behind them: cries. Commands. Disembodied voices.

SAMUEL

Zelda--

ZELDA

Keep running.

And so they do, into the darkness, the muted footsteps of Washington's Soldiers filling the air behind them.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST -- DAWN

The sun just barely begins to emerge over the trees, a pink hue overtaking a dark blue sky. Birds tweet. A breeze blows.

And Samuel and Zelda still run, their breathing heavy, hearts pounding, guns still in hand.

Zelda is in the lead, bounding over rocks, hand grazing a tree, as Samuel follows behind.

Glaring.

SAMUEL
Who are you?

ZELDA
We have to keep moving.

But Samuel stops.

SAMUEL
You *shot* someone, Zelda. You.

Zelda stops, too.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
They said you were one of them.

Exhaling, Zelda turns around.

ZELDA
I'm not who they said I was.

SAMUEL
Yeah? Well, you're sure as hell not
who you said you were.

ZELDA
We don't have time for this.

SAMUEL
There's a damn fucking good shot we
won't live through the morning.
Seems like the right time to me.

ZELDA
It's not important right now. We
need to get out of here.

Stiff and tense, Samuel turns around, then back toward Zelda.

SAMUEL
To what? Zelda. There's nothing
left. Everything I've *done* and
thought and *said* in the last year
is a lie. And the things they've
made me do? They took my past. They
took my present. They took my
future. There's *nothing left*,
Zelda. Everything--*everything*--is a
lie. Every--

Breaks off. Shaking, he points to her.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Not you too, okay? Not now.

With a sigh, Zelda slips her gun into her pocket.
She looks toward Samuel. But dodges his eyes.

ZELDA
I'm FBI.

SAMUEL
Yeah, I've heard that one.

ZELDA
It was Bloody Thursday.

Samuel looks right at Zelda as Zelda looks away.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
There was evidence you might have
been involved somehow. Credit cards
or--

SAMUEL
Credit cards?

ZELDA
It was flimsy. But they wanted
someone to keep an eye on you.

SAMUEL
So the day we met. You spilled your
soda on purpose.

Bitter half-smile.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Damn it, Zelda.

ZELDA
It's--it's not important right now.
It's--they're planning something.
Washington's Soldiers. Do you know
what it is? Did they tell you
anything?

Samuel shuts his eyes.

SAMUEL
No.

Spins around, opening his eyes, as everything comes together.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
They didn't have to.

He turns to Zelda.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I have a lot of work to do before
Friday. Mendenson said I had to go
to work on *Friday*. The packages
come every day at 11, Bloody
Thursday happened at 11--

ZELDA
Samuel--

SAMUEL
They're going to destroy NorthStar.
I'm going to destroy NorthStar. I
built it. I--

Breaks off. Fists clenched.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I even kept the calendar. Dr.
Mendenson told me to keep the
fucking calendar.

Birds chirp. Leaves rustle in the trees. It's bizarrely
serene.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I won't let it happen again.

Directly to Zelda.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
You need to call someone. You need
to tell them what they're--

ZELDA
There's no reception out here. We
need to find a phone.

Samuel. Peering through the forest. Rising sun in his eyes.

SAMUEL
Then let's go.

Eyes away from Zelda, Samuel starts down the path again.

After a moment, Zelda follows.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

It's been hours. The summer sun is out in full force, cutting through the trees like a buzz saw.

Samuel and Zelda don't run anymore. They can't. The best they can manage is a half jog as the sweat pours down their shirts.

The trees have been endless, tall and thick, but now, as the sun breaks through, they see . . .

. . . an opening. A clearing.

A road. A small road, but a road just the same.

And beside it, a building, more a house in shape, small and simple. A sign in the window says "CLOSED".

Zelda starts toward it, Samuel behind.

A resigned silence between them.

They exit the forest into the

CLEARING

The road ahead is dirt. The building is out of the way, but out here it's the closest thing to civilization. More woods behind the building.

They move through the grass, sloping downward toward the road. They cross that to the

BUILDING

The door has no knob. Zelda pushes it lightly.

It's unlocked.

She pushes it the rest of the way and steps

INSIDE

where she and Samuel find a small bar. A local place, chairs sitting upside-down on tables.

The bar is to the left. An OLD MAN with a white beard cleans it. A LITTLE GIRL, probably his granddaughter, watches Zelda and Samuel.

ZELDA
Hi. Water. Please. Can we please
have some water?

The old man scrubs some spot on the bar.

OLD MAN
Sure thing.

He glances at the girl, who reaches up to grab a couple mugs.

SAMUEL
Phone.

He points. There's a pay phone on the wall.

Zelda nods.

The girl places the mugs on the bar. Samuel and Zelda take them, drinking in long gulps.

Samuel pulls a chair off the table in the far right, by the window. Zelda places her mug on the table, then digs in her pocket for change.

Finds it. Starts to the phone.

She looks back. At Samuel. Who sips his water.

He's deep in thought. Focused and lost, all at once.

Clutching the change, she walks back to the table, pulls down a chair, and sits across from Samuel.

ZELDA
I don't really get to be normal.

Samuel looks at her. Confused.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
Middle of an office, middle of
nowhere, overworked, undercover . .
. I can't stay in one place. I
can't *know* people.

Looks out the window. Clinks the change in her hand.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

It was an assignment when I met you, the first time I talked to you, but when you asked me out, it was real. It felt real. And I closed my eyes and pretended it was.

SAMUEL

Zelda--

ZELDA

I wanted more than anything to be-- to be goofball Zelda. You know? Whose life isn't all about secrets and lies. I wanted so much to be who you thought I was, so maybe--so maybe it wouldn't end so soon.

Samuel says nothing. He just looks at her. She looks away.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

I know you probably hate me. I know you have no reason to believe me. I know that.

She turns to Samuel.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

But the way I felt--the way I *feel* about you--that is not a lie.

She looks at him. He looks at her. But Samuel says nothing.

Squeezing the change in her hand, Zelda stands up and walks toward the phone.

Samuel stares into the wall. He takes a sip.

Zelda picks up the phone. Deposits the change.

Then Samuel glances to his left.

The old man and the girl are gone.

Zelda starts to dial.

With a loud crack, a BULLET BLASTS THROUGH HER HAND AND INTO THE PHONE.

The phone breaks. Zelda FALLS BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

In an instant, Samuel is on his feet, twisting around, gun drawn.

By the door stand Trevor, Westin, and the bus stop woman. Trevor's gun is still pointed toward Zelda.

TREVOR
FBI. Why didn't we know that?

Zelda. Her hand bleeding. Shaking.

SAMUEL
Let her go.

Targeting Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Come on, Samuel. Chain reaction.

He points from Samuel to himself.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Bang.

From the bus stop woman to Zelda.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Bang.

From Westin to Samuel.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Bang.

Samuel's arm is stiff. His finger lies precariously on the trigger.

But his elbow bends. Trevor walks to Samuel and takes the gun away. Studies it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(to Westin)
He snatch this one from Steve?

WESTIN
Yeah.

TREVOR
He'd lose his head. If.

Eyes on the gun.

Then, he BACKSLAPS IT ACROSS SAMUEL'S FACE, then THROWS SAMUEL THROUGH THE WINDOW!

OUTSIDE

As glass shatters, Samuel falls on his side, bleeding. He looks up.

Trevor steps through the broken window. A sliver of glass cuts his finger.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ow.

Shakes his hand as Samuels scoots backwards.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You're really fucking things up,
you know that?

He jumps forward and KICKS SAMUEL IN THE SIDE!

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Why fuck up something you've worked
so hard for, huh?

SAMUEL

Just let her go.

A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE BAR.

Frantic, Samuel twists toward the window. He can't see inside. Did they . . . did they--

TREVOR

Huh. I don't think she'd get very
far.

All the fury and agony of the past few days shoots through Samuel's veins like a drug. In a rage, he CRACKS HIS FIST INTO TREVOR'S KNEE!

Trevor kneels, and Samuel rolls to his hands and knees and LUNGES ONTO TREVOR!

He PUNCHES! PUMMELS! DRIVES TREVOR'S HEAD INTO THE GROUND!

SAMUEL

I won't help you! You can't make me
do this! You can't make me--

With a grunt, Trevor blocks Samuel's fist, twists him to the side, and KNEES HIM IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS.

TREVOR

Make you?

Coughing, he climbs to his feet as Samuel cringes on the ground.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hate to break it to you, buddy, but I told you a little white lie before. You were supposed to follow the *plan*!

He KICKS Samuel. Samuel coughs. Chokes.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Where did you learn to fight? Did the doctor teach you? Did he tell you what your dreams were all about?

He kneels down beside Samuel.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Or, how about this one: Why did you run to a vacation spot that never existed . . . where we just happened to be waiting?

Samuel's eyes are wide. He's in agony.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You were supposed to take the pills, man. Then you'd finish the job on time. The way we planned. *You and me.*

SAMUEL

I'll--I'll stop--

TREVOR

Starting to get it now?

Unzipping a pocket, he removes a needle. A vial. Just like the one the woman had.

SAMUEL

What--

TREVOR

Oh, this? Just a little drug to get the synapses going. Break down all those walls we built up. All the vacations that never happened. All the people who never existed. If you're not going to forget, you're going to have to *remember*.

He KICKS SAMUEL AGAIN. Samuel falls onto his back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

See, buddy, we never made Samuel Drake into a terrorist. *We made a terrorist into Samuel Drake.*

Samuel hyperventilates. Horrified. Beyond words.

Trevor pats Samuel on his cheek.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

A guy by the name of Nathan Edgewood. Remember him? You will.

Pulls the lid off the needle. Holds it above Samuel's neck.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

This is your wake-up call.

TREVOR PLUNGES THE NEEDLE INTO SAMUEL'S NECK.

Samuel SCREAMS!

He THROWS HIS ARM INTO THE NEEDLE AND KNOCKS IT AWAY!

SLAMS HIS OTHER FIST INTO TREVOR'S SIDE!

CLIMBS TO HIS FEET AND DASHES INTO THE WOODS!!!

Trevor rubs his neck. He watches.

He does not follow.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY

A cloudy, miserable day. A puddle of mud at the end of a little playground outside a school.

CHILDREN, laughing, at eight-year-old Samuel, crouched in the mud. On his hands and knees. Dirty and wet.

Crying.

SAMUEL
Stop it!

But they laugh even louder.

Samuel gets up, whips around.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
STOP IT!!!

They don't. And Samuel, dripping wet, steps back. Back.

He turns around and runs, cold tears battering his cheeks.

He runs into the surrounding

FIELD

over grass and rocks and more mud.

His little legs pounding. His throat ragged and raw.

FADE TO:

EXT. HILL -- DAY

The hills border the woods, and Samuel sits on the peak, crying. A chilly breeze blowing into his face.

He sniffs.

BOY (O.C.)
What's wrong?

Samuel turns.

The boy is older. Maybe 14. Skinny.

SAMUEL
Nothing.

BOY
Maybe I can help.

He sits down next to Samuel. Samuel wipes his tears with the back of his hand.

SAMUEL
They pushed me.

The boy nods, glancing at an ant crawling over his shoe.

BOY
Always someone pushing you.

Gently, he lifts the ant, shutting an eye and drawing it toward the other.

BOY (CONT'D)
The big guys are always pushing the
little guys. Unless you do
something about it.

Then he squeezes the ant between his fingers. Squishing it.
He brushes the gunk away.

BOY (CONT'D)
I'm Trevor.

Wiping his eyes, Samuel looks Trevor's way.

SAMUEL
I'm Nathan.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Samuel! Dinner!

Samuel, or NATHAN, stands up and turns, finding himself

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

where the whole FAMILY is gathered around the Thanksgiving
table, sliced turkey in the center.

Samuel's father holds the carving knife. His mother smiles as
he walks in.

A COUSIN holds a pet snake.

GRANDPARENTS greet him. AUNTS and UNCLES beam as Samuel takes
a seat by his big brother.

BROTHER
Snot-head.

SAMUEL
Monster.

Brother sticks his tongue out.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Be nice!

Samuel looks at his plate. Clutches his fork.

But it's not a fork. It's a screwdriver.

And he's

INT. ROOM

In the bunker. He's a teenager now, concentrating hard, putting together the disparate pieces of a bomb.

Wires spark. They illuminate an instruction manual.

TREVOR (O.C.)

Ever see the sun come down on a
fresh pile of rubble?

Trevor, 20ish, appears beside him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Beautiful thing.

Nathan doesn't turn.

On the table by the bomb, Trevor places a cup of water . . .
. . . and two small, white pills.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Two.

As Trevor walks away, Nathan turns around.

He sees not Trevor, but a brown-haired GIRL, in her early twenties, smiling.

LIBRARY

An architecture book on Samuel's desk. Notes scribbled on index cards neatly stacked to his right.

But the girl has his attention.

Standing up, Samuel walks toward her.

But then there's hand on his shoulder. It spins him around .
. . .

. . . and PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE!

He's in another

ROOM

in the bunker, reeling from Trevor's blow, as other Washington's Soldiers look on.

Some smile. Some cheer. Nathan staggers.

Trevor smiles. Gestures his way. Bring it on.

Nathan charges, throwing a punch!

Blocking the blow, Trevor grabs Nathan's arm, drags it down, and PUNCHES BACK!

With a quick crouch, Nathan dodges, sweeping Trevor's legs!

Trevor stumbles, letting go of Nathan's arm.

Washington's Soldiers cheer. Westin is there. The bus stop woman, too.

Trevor grins. Nathan helps him up.

Trevor pats him on the back.

But when Nathan turns, he finds himself outside a

BUILDING

Day. Richmond. Heading back to work.

He's with his COWORKERS. Six in all. Heading back from lunch.

Someone tells a joke. Samuel laughs.

The sun shines down. It's a beautiful day.

From a nearby

STREET

Trevor watches.

With Nathan. Observing himself.

TREVOR
It's your time.

Nathan. Pensive.

As he turns around, the ground shakes, and he falls to his feet in the

OFFICE

where fire emerges from the floor, bright and hot, and people scatter, crowding the stairway, gasping, panicking.

Samuel on the floor. Fingers scratching against the carpet.

He looks up and finds himself in a

HALLWAY

Long and endless, dark and cold, scattered voices swimming and merging together.

Nathan climbs to his feet, his footsteps echoing off the floor.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Then the carpet. Samuel in the burning office, walking toward the fire.

Nathan in the hallway, walking toward the voices.

Walking separately, together and apart, toward the dark room on the left.

Flames lick the corners of the hallway, fluorescent light filling the gaps in the abandoned office building.

Cheers intermingle with screams, applause with footsteps in the stairwell nearby.

The room on the left. The room on the left.

Nathan and Samuel step into the

ROOM

where figures in dark uniforms, sitting in a dark room, watch a bright television.

The building in Richmond, flames bursting from the windows, collapsing to the ground.

Washington's Soldiers applaud. Trevor whistles.

He smiles broadly. He truly loves this.

Nathan and Samuel. Apart and together. Gazing into the screen. The fire and sound and darkness of smoke and ash.

They watch and stumble. Watch and crumble.

Together as one, turning away from the horror they've unleashed.

They find themselves in a

BATHROOM

Small, gray, basic, a cracked mirror on the wall.

They stare at themselves in the mirror. Pale and broken.

A vial of pills stands on the counter. Nathan, or Samuel, or both grab it. And squeeze.

Squeeze so hard their hand shakes.

Squeeze so hard it hurts, hurts, HURTS . . .

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Samuel sits up in bed, clutching at his skull, choking on the end of an anguished scream.

He sees white. He sees pain. He breathes, and chokes, and breathes.

Shaking. Squeezing his fingers, shutting his eyes. Acid slicing through his veins.

Cries out. More quietly now. Sweat dripping off his face, his hair soaked.

Coughs. Breathes.

It passes out of him, like a fog rising off the street.

And he opens his eyes. He looks around.

He's home.

He's in his

BEDROOM -- MORNING

A small blade of sunlight filters in through the blinds.

The distant sound of traffic joins it.

Samuel. Sitting up in bed. Breathing as he takes it in.

The pain dissolves away.

Leaving only acceptance.

He gets up, the bedsprings creaking beneath him. He glances toward the model on the counter. That tower still stands.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Samuel studies himself in the mirror.

The bent, bruised nose. The cut forehead. The damage done.

He runs his finger along the cut.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Samuel gets dressed. Quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Shutting the bedroom door behind him, Samuel starts toward the front door.

MENDENSON (O.C.)
How are you feeling?

Samuel pauses. And turns.

Mendenson sits on Samuel's couch, hands folded. Face and head bruised.

SAMUEL
Odd. Like I've been asleep a very long time.

MENDENSON
That's normal. You've been . . .
subdued for quite a while. May I
check your eyes?

After a moment, Samuel takes a seat on the table in front of Mendenson.

Mendenson removes an ophthalmoscope from his jacket. Shines it into Samuel's eyes.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
A little dilation. That's normal.

SAMUEL
How did I get here?

MENDENSON
We drove you. You still have work to do.

SAMUEL
What day is it?

MENDENSON
What did Washington do?

A pause. Samuel looks askance at Mendenson.

SAMUEL
Washington destroyed his country in order to save it.

A test. Mendenson smiles: the right answer.

MENDENSON
Hello, Nathan.

NATHAN smiles back.

NATHAN
Hello, Doctor.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- MORNING

Nathan and Mendenson, stepping out onto the sidewalk.
Traffic in the street, seagulls and pigeons in the air.
In the distance, the Baltimore skyline.

MENDENSON
I have enjoyed this city.

A car pulls out of the parking lot behind them.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
What time do the bombs go off?

NATHAN
Eleven o'clock.

MENDENSON
How many?

NATHAN
Five.

MENDENSON
Arranged how?

NATHAN
Circular. Around the basement.
Knock out the supports, bring the
whole thing in on itself.

MENDENSON
Trevor wants you there. You're the
only one who knows the placement.
You were in a mugging yesterday.
You went to the ER. Hence the cuts.

Nathan looks off to the left at the sun, peeking through the
clouds. Shows a half-smile.

NATHAN
Baltimore *is* dangerous at night.

Mendenson pats Nathan on the back.

MENDENSON (CONT'D)
You mustn't be late.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE CENTER METRO STATION -- MORNING

As Mendenson watches, Nathan descends the stairs and

INSIDE

where he slides his pass into the turnstile. Walks through.

Down the stairs. By the people. Men in suits. Kids playing hooky.

The metro car pulling in.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO CAR -- MORNING

Nathan, stepping into the crowded car. He checks his watch.

It's just after ten o'clock.

Nathan glances right.

The bus stop woman is there. Watching him.

She looks at him, and he at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES CENTER STATION -- DAY

A crowd of pedestrians emerges from the stairwell beneath the sidewalk.

Nathan is one of them. He follows a group down onto

BALTIMORE STREET

where he finds himself followed by Westin.

The NorthStar building is up ahead.

Nathan approaches.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Nathan steps through the door. He nods to the receptionist.

The bruises and cuts draw some attention, but not too much. Nathan heads down the lobby, past the desk.

To the door to the basement.

He stops outside it. Hand hovering by the knob.

Then Nathan turns, pulls, and steps into the

STAIRWELL

and downward, his footsteps echoing loudly through the corridor.

He opens the door, and the moment he takes one step into the

BASEMENT

a gun clicks.

TREVOR

What did I tell you? The morning
before Bloody Thursday.

He sits cross-legged on a crate, holding his gun on Nathan.

The basement is quiet, air swirling from the vents nearly muted by the breathing of Nathan and Trevor.

NATHAN

Cut it out, Trevor.

TREVOR

What did I tell you?

NATHAN

What's that?

Something in the dimly-lit corner, beneath a flickering fluorescent bulb, by a pile of large boxes.

Someone on the ground. Nathan approaches.

TREVOR
Oh, that's Timmy.

Nathan steps closer as Trevor, sticking the gun into his pants, hops off the crate.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Timmy wanted some envelopes.

Nathan looks down at the body.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Timmy didn't know the password.

It's Shawn. Shot in the chest. Killed.

NATHAN
Chain reactions.

He turns to Trevor.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
It's all chain reactions.

TREVOR
Who killed him?

NATHAN
NorthStar. By making a profit off of misery and death. By giving life to the highest bidder. By forcing us.

TREVOR
To do what?

NATHAN
What you have to do when they put a gun to your head.
(looking to Shawn)
Turn it around and pull the fucking trigger.

A small grin crosses Trevor's face.

TREVOR
Welcome back, Nathan.

NATHAN
I'm sorry. I lost my head.

TREVOR
It's not your fault.

NATHAN
I want to finish my job.

TREVOR
You will.

Motioning right, Trevor leads Nathan through the basement, past the door to the shipping area, where Nathan has been so many times before.

The boxes Samuel had left on the crates by the door are gone.

But a completed bomb sits in the corner near the door.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I'm having a little trouble with
the placement.

Nathan follows Trevor into the

ROOM

where the empty boxes of past deliveries sit in a pile on the corner.

Where another completed bomb, red light glowing, sits on a small crate.

AND WHERE TIED TO A CHAIR, BOUND AND GAGGED, IS ZELDA.

On Nathan: a flash of wide-eyed shock, gone in an instant.

Trevor grabs the bomb.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Do I stick it in the corner?

NATHAN
What's the girl doing here?

Nathan stares at Zelda. Zelda, confused, stares at Nathan.

TREVOR
Or does that clash with the whole
discarded boxes theme you've got
going on--

NATHAN
I thought she was dead.

Trevor smiles. He places the bomb in the corner. Frames it with his fingers.

TREVOR
Beautiful.

NATHAN
Trevor--

TREVOR
She's here for you, buddy.

He walks over to Nathan, places the gun in his hand, and closes Nathan's fingers around it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Welcome home.

Nathan looks at Zelda. He looks at the gun in his hand.

Zelda is horrified.

NATHAN
You want me to kill her?

TREVOR
I meant it when I said it wasn't your fault. It's hers. She fucked with your head. She almost fucked up everything.

Smirking, Nathan shakes his head.

NATHAN
You could have killed her at the old man's place. Hell, she'll die when the bombs go off.

TREVOR
After everything she's done to you? Where's the fun in that?

Nathan looks at Zelda. At the gun.

NATHAN
Well . . .

He shrugs. Points the gun toward Zelda.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Can't argue with that.

The barrel, aimed at Zelda.

Zelda, helpless, cringing.

Nathan's finger, on the trigger, pulling . . .

. . . PULLING . . .

. . . then Nathan SPINS AROUND AND FIRES THE GUN AT TREVOR!!!

Click.

The gun: UNLOADED. Samuel--not Nathan, but SAMUEL--stares.

And Trevor DRAWS ANOTHER GUN FROM HIS PANTS AND FIRES!!!

BAM!!!

The bullet DRIVES INTO SAMUEL'S SHOULDER, the force HURLING HIM ONTO THE FLOOR!

The unloaded gun spins out of his hand.

Blood drips from his shoulder.

Footsteps. Trevor, stepping toward Samuel. Trevor sighs.

TREVOR

That's why I didn't kill her at the bar.

He takes a seat by Samuel's head, which lays against the cold cement.

Zelda watches, heart pounding, arms pulling at the ropes that hold her back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

So. You wake up. You realize you're being watched. You pose as Nathan, make your way here, catch me unawares, and save the day. Is that right?

He speaks with an eerie calm, suppressed rage beneath the surface.

Samuel struggles to move.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Here's what really happens. The bombs go off at eleven. The building collapses in on itself. That's how you set them up. A few months from now, when they're all done digging, they find some corpse in the basement.

(MORE)

TREVOR(cont'd)

And, hey, stroke of luck--he's got ID. But--what was he doing in the basement? With all those bombs?

Zelda struggles. Samuel groans.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

So it all comes out. Samuel Drake worked at NorthStar for eleven months. Samuel Drake was with Washington's Soldiers. Everyone he worked with, everyone he delivered mail to--no one had a clue. And this whole godforsaken nation realizes that anyone--anyone--could be one of us.

Taps his gun into his palm.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Trust dies. Security dies. By your hand.

SAMUEL

(pushing forward)

You--

TREVOR

Stop that.

His gun against Samuel's head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You're like my brother. Do you know that? I found you. I took you in. I protected you. My brother. Fuck.

The gun shakes as the fury crawls to the surface.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

When we needed someone in Richmond, I picked you. You. Nathan. My brother. You studied architecture. You found out exactly where to put the bombs. And when we needed someone here, you volunteered. This is everything you worked for. This is everything you--

SAMUEL

You drugged me from the start!

He coughs as he says it. Eyes glassy.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I remember everything. You drugged me from the start, you bastard. You couldn't make me do what I didn't want to do. So you changed what I--

TREVOR

I *taught* you what you wanted.

SAMUEL

You won't kill these people.

A very slight half-smile from Trevor.

TREVOR

Now you're just being naive.

The trigger starts back.

Samuel winces.

And Zelda's chair . . . scrapes. Once. Loudly, as she jerks her chair forward . . .

. . . and Trevor glances, even as his finger pulls . . .

. . . Samuel shifts right and pushes the gun away . . .

. . . as the gun goes off . . .

. . . and MISSES. The bullet driving into the next room.

Grunting, Trevor HAMMERS HIS FIST ONTO SAMUEL'S INJURED SHOULDER!

Samuel lets go.

Trevor jumps back to his feet, but Samuel moves fast, twisting and SWEEPING HIS LEGS UNDER TREVOR'S!

As Trevor hits the ground, the gun slips out of his hand, sliding toward Zelda's chair.

Samuel. On his feet. Kicking the gun out of the way.

He throws a punch. Trevor blocks it.

Another. Trevor GRABS THE FIST and THROWS SAMUEL ASIDE!

Trevor in a crouch, then on his feet, CHARGING TOWARD SAMUEL!

They move fast, fists into arms and elbows and knees, Trevor and Samuel alike operating on fury.

But Samuel's been shot. His shoulder pounds as he throws a punch.

Trevor dodges the blow. KNEES SAMUEL IN THE SIDE and FORCES HIM TO THE GROUND!

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You think you can stop me? I *taught*
you! I taught you, you little shit!

He DRIVES HIS FOOT INTO SAMUEL'S SIDE!

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Does that register in that fucked-
up little brain of yours?

Trevor kicks again, but . . .

But Zelda. Facing away from them.

Eyes on her right foot.

The gun beside it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
There is *nothing* for you to go to,
Nathan. *Nothing*. There is no
Samuel. We made him up. Poof!
You're fighting for a fucking
daydream!

HE KICKS HIM AGAIN!!!

SAMUEL
(gasping)
Not me.

For just a moment, before he loses his balance, he points up toward the floors above him. The people above him.

TREVOR
They're as much a lie as Samuel
Drake.

The gun. By Zelda's feet.

As Samuel, on his hands and knees, coughs.

SAMUEL

Did you ever think that maybe . . .
maybe I wanted to be Samuel Drake
because I couldn't stand another
day looking in the mirror at Nathan
Edgewood?

His shoulder bleeds. His head spins.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Maybe *Samuel Drake* is the man I
would have been if I'd never met
you.

Trevor's nails dig into his palm. His fists clench.

He steps toward Samuel, bloody and furious.

With a grunt, Zelda KICKS THE GUN TOWARD SAMUEL.

It doesn't go far, but it's far enough.

Trevor's leg raised, coming down on Samuel.

The gun in Samuel's hand. Aimed.

FIRED!

The bullet cuts through Trevor's side. He staggers back. Hits
the wall.

Samuel jumps to his feet. Staggers toward Trevor.

PUNCHES HIM TO THE GROUND.

Trevor coughs, head on the floor.

TREVOR

Nathan, Nathan, Nathan--

SAMUEL

Shut up.

Samuel stands above Trevor, aiming the gun.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

This isn't happening again. I won't
be responsible for it again.

TREVOR

You don't even know what's
happening. You never did.

He spits out some blood.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Today is so much bigger than you
and me.

SAMUEL
What are you talking about?

TREVOR
Oh, Nathan.

He turns and smiles, his mouth bloody.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You can't see the forest for the
trees. You never--

Samuel KICKS HIM IN THE HEAD!

Silence. Trevor, unconscious.

Quickly, Samuel moves to Zelda, removing the gag from her
mouth, then quickly untying the ropes.

ZELDA
Samuel--

SAMUEL
Are you okay?

ZELDA
Are you?

No answer. Samuel works on the ropes.

ZELDA (CONT'D)
What was he talking about, Samuel?

SAMUEL
I don't know. I don't know. It
doesn't matter now.

The moment the ropes go loose, the moment Zelda stands up,
Samuel pulls the ropes toward Trevor. Starts tying him up.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
You need to get up there. Tell the
receptionist there's a bomb. Get
everybody out.

ZELDA
Samuel--

SAMUEL
They're set for 11. It's 10:45.

ZELDA
We'll go--

SAMUEL
It's not going to happen again.

The words break. He secures Trevor.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Someone might not make it out.
There could be someone on the
street. Either way he wins. Either
way I--

He stands up. Over Trevor.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Go upstairs. Tell them about the
bombs.

ZELDA
What about you?

Samuel turns to the bomb in the corner. The little red light
aglow.

SAMUEL
They can't say a thing if they
don't go off.

Zelda looks at Samuel. Samuel at her.

A gulf between them now.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
GO!

Zelda does, dashing out of the room.

Samuel picks the bomb off the floor and places it onto the
crate.

He checks his watch. It's 10:46 now.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Zelda dashes up the steps, footsteps pounding through the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM -- DAY

Samuel searches frantically. A screwdriver. Wire cutters.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Through the basement door, Zelda emerges.

She's a mess. Bloody. There's a hole in her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- DAY

Samuel drops a toolbox on the crate. It lands with a loud clang.

The bomb. He remembers another

ROOM

in another time. A young Nathan, building a bomb.

A manual by his side.

But now, in the

BASEMENT ROOM

Samuel pops a panel off the side of the bomb and gets to work.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Zelda at the desk, yelling. Pointing to the basement.

The receptionist, making a phone call.

The clock on the wall behind her ticks. And tocks.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- DAY

Wires cut. Screws loose.

Samuel removes a piece of metal from the bomb.

He holds his breath. He cuts a wire.

The red light goes off.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

A SECURITY GUARD talks to Zelda.

Zelda, frantic.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- DAY

Westin stands outside the NorthStar building.

Through the glass, he sees into the lobby.

The FBI girl. Free. Security present.

Westin watches.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Samuel runs into the room. To the corner, by the door to the shipping area.

The next bomb. Armed.

He drops down. Starts unscrewing.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

On a far wall, the fire alarm sounds in an obnoxious buzz.

An exit sign glows from the stairwell.

Insurance agents on their feet. Heading for the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. MAILROOM -- DAY

Percy, standing at the doorway.

Watching people walk by, quickly. Evacuating.

He turns to Shawn's desk.

Where Shawn is not.

The clock on the wall says 10:52.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

The bomb. Panel open.

Samuel sifts. Shifts.

Cuts.

The red light goes off.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Zelda yells into a phone.

The security guard gestures toward the door.

A crowd of people exit the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- DAY

A crowd of people flows out of the building.

Westin watches.

Far down the street, a hint of police sirens.

He cocks his head. Puts his hands in his pockets.

Casually, he walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

A part of the basement we haven't seen. Pipes run along the walls.

Samuel, sweating, works on another bomb.

Puts the screwdriver into a screw. Badly.

The screwdriver pops out of his hand and onto the floor.

Samuel picks it up. Tries again.

Hurries.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Percy, slipping out into the hallway, into the flow of traffic.

He follows it into the

LOBBY

where he sees the basement door.

Percy, starting to open it.

A security guard, stopping him.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

The bomb: light going off.

Samuel's watch: 10:55.

He grabs the toolbox. He hurries.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Percy is part of the traffic, heading toward the exit.

As he goes, his eye is caught by the bedraggled woman on the phone.

The flow of the crowd pushes him away.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Another bomb. Another light.

Samuel cuts a wire.

The light goes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

A crowd of people moves fast down Calvert, beckoned back by POLICE OFFICERS.

In the distance, from the entrance of the NorthStar building, Zelda emerges, running back.

Staring at the building.

A tower of glass, waiting to shatter.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Between a pair of crates, Shawn lies still.

Samuel stands over him.

Then, he reaches down and drags Shawn's body out of the way.

There: the last bomb. Behind him.

Samuel retrieves it and gets to work as

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

Zelda starts back toward the building.

A police officer grabs her and forces her away.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

The panel coming off the bomb.

Samuel tosses a screw aside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

Zelda pulls away, but the police officer grabs her hand.

The open wound.

Zelda screams.

Somewhere, a clock ticks.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Maybe it's in Samuel's head, as the clock ticks down, down, down.

He cuts wires. He doesn't see as the time on his watch changes.

From 10:58 to 10:59.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

Thrown back into the crowd, Zelda turns back to the building.
Spinning around. Nothing she can do.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Tick.

Samuel, sweating, the wire cutter almost slipping from his grasp.

Tock.

He holds on. Maneuvers some wires away.

Tick.

Wraps the cutter around a wire. CUTS.

Tock.

THE WATCH TURNS FROM 10:59 to 11:00 . . .

. . . and the red light goes off.

The bomb does not.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

Zelda looks at the NorthStar building.

Standing still.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

Samuel, on his knees, exhales deeply, dropping the wire cutter to the floor.

His breath comes out in scattered bursts. He rests his hand on the box beside him.

And then, behind him . . .

. . . a footstep.

Samuel spins around.

It's Trevor. Free from the rope. Bleeding from the side.

Holding a gun.

TREVOR

They won't like this. They won't--

As he cuts off, Samuel jumps to his feet. Backs up.

Trevor trains the gun. His arm unsteady.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Damn it, Nathan. Damn it. They
won't like this!

Takes a shaky step toward Samuel.

Then stops in his tracks.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Damn it.

In a quick motion, he draws the gun to his own head.

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Click.

Again: *click.*

Trevor stares at the gun. The unloaded one he'd given to Samuel.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

His arm drops.

The rest of Trevor follows, collapsing to the ground beside Shawn, coughing blood.

The life flows out of him.

Samuel staggers, holding onto the box.

He shuts his eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Unsteady, Samuel staggers to the door. He pushes open the door and steps out onto

BALTIMORE STREET

He scans the crowd. On

CALVERT STREET

he sees Zelda. And Zelda sees him.

BALTIMORE STREET

But at that moment, a MAN in a dark suit roughly FORCES SAMUEL ONTO THE GROUND!

On the street, cameras turn. MEDIA, local and national.

All on Samuel, as the man, the agent, pushes Samuel flat.

Tugs his arms behind him.

On

CALVERT STREET

Zelda starts forward.

Another dark-suited man holds her back.

BALTIMORE STREET

The first man PUSHES SAMUEL'S HEAD INTO THE GROUND AGAIN.

Handcuffs him tightly.

Samuel does not resist.

His cut and bloody head against the ground, Samuel sees a smaller, but growing, crowd of people on

CALVERT STREET

They stand by an electronics storefront.

A TV is on.

TREVOR (V.O.)
They won't like this.

An image on the screen. Zoom toward it.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- DAY

As earlier: Trevor on the ground. Head on the floor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You don't know what's happening.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALVERT STREET -- DAY

On the TV screen is the hollow frame of a building.

Smoke pouring out of it.

TREVOR (V.O.)
You never did.

The caption reads: "Los Angeles, California."

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- DAY

Trevor spits out blood.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Today is so much bigger . . .

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- DAY

The man pulls Samuel to his feet, but he hardly pays attention.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 . . . than you . . .

Instead he focuses on the crowd.

CALVERT STREET

The television.

Another image. Another building, falling to the ground.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 . . . and me.

Another caption: "Chicago, Illinois."

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

A blank place. White walls. Fluorescent light.

Samuel sits at a table, arms folded. Head down.

SAMUEL
 None of us knew.

MAN (O.C.)
 None of you?

SAMUEL
 No.

He glances upward at an unseen party.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 We heard about other groups. We
 knew there were attacks we weren't
 responsible for. But we didn't know
 . . . I didn't know.

The light hums. Samuel clenches his fist, shutting his eyes.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 I stopped him. I thought I stopped
 him. It was the one decent thing I
 did with my life. It didn't happen
 again. Not in my . . .

He moves to slam his fist into the table, but pulls it to a
 stop just before impact.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Fuck.

For a moment, silence, save for the humming of the light.

MAN (O.C.)
Could you help us find them, Mr.
Edgewood?

SAMUEL
Drake.

MAN (O.C.)
Mr. Drake?

His jaw clenched, Samuel opens his tired eyes. Looks up.

SAMUEL
Just give me a chance.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Blank and basic. A very intentional sort of nondescript.

Samuel walks down the hall, alone. He takes a few sips from a water fountain.

Then he enters a door and steps into a

BEDROOM

Very basic. A sink. A mirror. A cot.

Sitting on the cot is Zelda.

He looks at her. She looks at him.

Slowly, Samuel walks over toward her and sits down next to her.

They look toward the wall. Beside one another.

Samuel leans his head on her shoulder.

FADE TO:

EXT. DETROIT -- DAY

Cloudy. A gust of wind blows through the city streets, rattling the multicolored leaves of what few trees there are.

On a

STREET

the fall chill nudges a can of soda into a grate.

By the grate, past the sidewalk, is a bar.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- DAY

It's an old place, one window dirty, the other boarded. A thin stream of light passed through toward a few MEN in the corner. Big biker types.

A Detroit Lions banner hangs loosely above the windows.

At the bar, a SKINNY MAN munching on some peanuts removes a slip of paper from his pocket.

He slides it to the MAN sitting next to him.

That man is out of place. He's chubby more than bulky, a pleasant-looking man in an unpleasant place.

He sips a diet Coke.

He grabs the piece of paper, but doesn't look at the skinny man.

The skinny man gets up and heads out the door.

The remaining man pockets the paper. He sips his soda.

His face reflects in the mirror above the bar.

It's Dr. Mendenson.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR -- EVENING

Later, Mendenson steps out into the street, coughing on the cold air. He pulls his jacket tight.

He crushes the rolling can as he steps out on the street, crossing it to his car. A Honda, red, used.

Inside the

CAR

he slips his key into the ignition. Turns it.

Then he feels a gun against his head.

He freezes.

MAN (O.C.)

Dr. Mendenson.

Mendenson looks up at the rearview mirror.

In the backseat, gripping the pistol, is Samuel Drake.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I've been having these dreams.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.