

THERE IS LIFE

Written by

Mike Wilczynski

Jeremy Loethen
Courageous Artists
jl@courageousartists.com
310.210.6299

EXT. TEMPORARY RECEPTION CENTERS - DAY

SUPER: POLAND-UKRAINE BORDER

On the Polish side, a series of white tents have been set up as temporary reception centers to welcome the refugees from Ukraine. A camera crew, wearing ANN (American News Network) windbreakers, is set up in front of the tents. The camera is on --

JILL LAWRENCE (late 40s), a seasoned journalist whose ambition is matched only by her dedication to the truth.

JILL

Good evening, and welcome to Life with Lawrence. I am here at the Poland-Ukraine border, where conflict has seized the region and has taken a toll not just in terms of geopolitical shifts but on the lives uprooted in its wake. But this is not another report on the devastating effects of the war with Russia...

As Jill speaks, the camera begins to PULL BACK, slowly revealing a wooden bridge...

JILL (CONT'D)

...This report is one of an inspiring individual who, in these darkest of times, has been a beacon of light.

The full view of the BRIDGE OF TOYS now becomes visible -- a kaleidoscope of colorful toys line the guard rails. As Ukrainian families journey across, the children among them pause to grab a toy... and their faces light up with joy.

Next to Jill is PIOTR WOLCZYK, Polish, an average looking man in his 40s.

JILL (CONT'D)

With me is the man who transformed this once ordinary bridge into an extraordinary message of hope. Piotr Wolczyk.

(turning to Piotr)

Piotr-- Tell us. How did this touching initiative come to be?

PIOTR

It started out with bringing food for refugees.

(MORE)

PIOTR (CONT'D)

One day, I see children and these massive suitcases. Some bigger than they are. They were so tired... The next I brought my passport, crossed to the other side and offered to take the luggage across. But many were scared. Some children ran from me. They have seen so much... So I started bringing toys and trading with them, a toy, for a suitcase. And now...

He gestures to the myriad of toys adorning the bridge.

PIOTR (CONT'D)

It's our way of saying, welcome to Poland. You are safe here. And for the children, the toy represents a new beginning.

JILL

That's beautiful. What a difference you are making.

Segueing, she reaches into her bag resting on the ground and pulls out a plushy toy.

JILL (CONT'D)

And now you are allowing me to do the same.

The crew cuts. Jill takes up her toy. Her security guards walk behind her as she sets out across the bridge.

JILL (CONT'D)

(to camera crew)

Get some B roll of me crossing. Then once I have picked out a family just roll and keep rolling until we are all the way across. I want to catch any impromptu, emotional moments the family experiences.

EXT. BRIDGE OF TOYS - CONTINUOUS

On the bank of Ukraine, Jill spots the mother and child she'd like to escort immediately. The MOTHER is worn out, thin, tired, in boots and a tattered coat. Her daughter MARYSKA (6) clutches her suitcase tight to her chest. Maryska's bright blue eyes dart around, taking in her surroundings. She is nervous.

Jill approaches.

JILL
Excuse me. Uh
(trying to remember the
Ukrainian words)
Vybachte. Chy mozhu ya
dopomohty?... May I help you?

She bends down, offers Maryska the toy in exchange for her suitcase. Maryska looks to her mother who nods. The exchange is made. Maryska hugs the plush toy in close. Breathes in the fresh new scent. Jill takes the suitcase and leads the two toward the bridge. They begin their crossing.

The camera crew is capturing every moment without being intrusive.

The mother looks to the far bank, freedom and safety in sight. Soon to have a reprieve from their days of walking.

Jill looks back to the little girl trailing just behind. She gives the girl a heartfelt smile and the little girl hugs the toy tighter.

Turning back to lead the way, Jill raises her chin, a proud sense of accomplishment and love fills her entire being. All of this is captured by the film crew.

POP POP!

SCREAMS break forth. Chaos overtakes the bridge. Jill, the mother and Maryska duck... as more SHOTS are fired in the air.

A group of Russian Soldiers enter the bridge, on the heels of Jill and her group.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Ostanaflivat'sya.

Jill looks to her crew. The mother and Maryska have thrown up their hands in the air. The plush toy falls to the bridge.

Jill moves in front of the family.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Ostanaflivat'sya!

CREW MEMBER
Jill. He's telling you to stop!

Jill is the buffer, standing between the soldiers and the family.

JILL

Tell him. We don't want any trouble. Just let these people cross.

The crew member, sweating bullets, breathing heavily, works hard to translate under pressure.

CREW MEMBER

Pozhaluysta. Davayte peresechemsya.

The soldier points to Jill with his weapon. Another soldier points at the crew with his weapon.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Ty mozhesh' idti. Mat' i rebenok idut so mnoy.

The mother begins to cry.

CREW MEMBER

Christ. He's saying we may go... but those two have to go with him.

JILL

No. Tell him no. They are coming with us.

The soldier knows what she is saying. He steps forward, grabs around Jill, and locks onto the mother's arm. Dragging her to him as she screams and pleads. Maryska runs to her mother and is swept up into her free arm.

JILL (CONT'D)

No. Wait. Please.

Another soldier cuts Jill off with a rifle trained on her.

Jill watches helplessly as the Mother and Maryska are dragged off the bridge and disappear from sight. The soldiers have seized others and are dragging them back to Ukraine.

Jill looks to her crew. They are just as distraught, not knowing what to do.

POP POP! Gun shots ring out from the direction the family was taken. Jill starts to run in that direction, but the soldier pushes her back.

JILL (CONT'D)

You can't do this. Tell him they can't do this.

The crew member shakes his head. Jill backs away slowly. Her foot brushes the plush toy on the bridge. She just stares at it, it has lost all significance.

Then, a sudden movement of clouds overhead -- the sunny day turns gray...

Jill looks up... We follow her gaze into the clouds.. ascending higher and higher until we are consumed by thick dark clouds.

We linger in the darkness for a moment, before a shift in the clouds allows light to peek through... forming three words:

THERE IS LIFE

The TITLE bleeds into the next scene --

EXT. CLOUDY SKY - DAY

And is whisked away by a jet stream. An F-35 fighter jet ZOOMS through the cloudy atmosphere.

SUPER: 22 DAYS LATER

INT/EXT. F-35 COCKPIT/CLOUDY SKY - CONTINUOUS

Navy pilot GRACE "ACE" LINDSAY (30s) navigates through the harsh conditions, her face etched with concentration.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
(into the radio)
Now at 50,000 feet. Visibility
remains at 10 percent, with no sign
of clearing.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Roger that, Lieutenant. Press on.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Roger that.

The Air Force F-35 jet slices through the clouds, as visibility continues to worsen...

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Control. Visibility is nearing zero
percent. Switching to infrared
sensors.

She activates the F-35's infrared technology, painting an eerie picture of her surroundings.

Suddenly, the F-35's Traffic Collision Avoidance System blares a warning in the cockpit.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Lieutenant-- We're picking up some
information from your radar...

A WAVE OF ENERGY CRASHES INTO HER --

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Control...

-- all electronic functions cease as she is WHIPPED SIDEWAYS
and PULLED WITH SHEER FORCE...

INT. NAVAL COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The room filled with monitors and military personnel goes dark with alarm. SERGEANT MOONEY (40s) looks to his operators at the central console --

SERGEANT MOONEY
What just happened?

COMMUNICATION OFFICER works on the control panel, trying to bring radar back up --

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
... we lost her.

SERGEANT MOONEY
What do you mean lost her?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
I don't know. There was an
object...

SERGEANT MOONEY
Did she hit it?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
I can't get radar back...

Sergeant Mooney moves to the radio --

SERGEANT MOONEY
Lieutenant? Lieutenant... Ace...

INT. F-35 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Only the sound of Ace's breathing is heard.

Ace's eyes widen --

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Oh my God.

Following Ace's gaze, we pan to see --

A GIANT LANDMASS emerging from the haze -- suspended by an unseen force and surrounded by white clouds... is an island in the sky, its beauty captivating and surreal.

The jet remains powerless, but some other force allows it to float around the island.

Returning to reality, Ace pulls out her phone and hurriedly snaps a few pictures.

Suddenly, the jet... FALLS. Ace's breathing grows rapid as she frantically tries to power up the engine...

INT/EXT. F-35 COCKPIT/CLOUDY SKY - CONTINUOUS

The nose of her plane peeks through the thick clouds...

EXT. BOAT/ATLANTIC OCEAN - SAME

Standing on the stern of a boat, is a man in a white bucket hat and a long pony tail, enjoying the solitude of a peaceful day of fishing... casting a line out into the sea when --

A LOUD WHISTLE pulls his attention to the sky...

Out of a veil of clouds, he sees a fighter jet PLUMMETING toward the ocean...

INT. NAVAL COMMAND CENTER - SAME

A BLIP on one of the screens...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
-- Wait. I am picking something up
on from our satellite... It's Ace.

But the momentary relief is cut short when --

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)
She's descending rapidly, sir.

-- the grainy feed from a satellite reveals: The F-35 in a free-fall, spiraling uncontrollably towards the ocean...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)
No signs of engine activity.

INT/EXT. F-35 COCKPIT/CLOUDY SKY - CONTINUOUS

In a desperate moment, Lt. Lindsay whispers a prayer.

And miraculously... the power returns. She quickly throttles back, managing to pull up from the deathly descent.

EXT. BOAT - SAME

The man on the boat lets out a sigh of relief to see the jet's wings level.

INT. NAVAL COMMAND CENTER - SAME

As does the control room. The screens have flickered back to life. Sergeant Mooney is back at the radio --

SERGEANT MOONEY
Ace, report your status.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (V.O.)
... I'm here.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Dark, ominous clouds hang low over the nation's capitol. Iconic monuments, government buildings, and the White House... veiled in an eerie shadow. A newscast plays.

ED (V.O.)
Today marks 13 days of complete
cloud coverage across the
country...

A sleek Mercedes-Benz AMG S63 navigates through a sea of traffic.

INT/EXT. JILL'S MERCEDES/PENNSYLVANIA AVE - DAY

Maneuvering behind the wheel with purpose is Jill Lawrence. The ANN news coverage streams from her phone, resonating through the car's speakers via CarPlay.

ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN, Anchor ED ADAMS (63), conservatively dressed with unnaturally dark hair, reports from behind his desk.

ED (V.O.)
 Passenger operations for all major
 airlines are suspended for a second
 consecutive week.

Jill SIGHS, clearly bothered by the inability to travel.

ED (V.O.)
 Meteorologists, our government, and
 physicists everywhere have yet to
 determine the cause of this
 worldwide phenomenon. In World
 News, the escalating conflict in
 Poland claims more lives today...

Jill instinctively switches to the radio.

REPORTER 1 (V.O.)
 ...a convoy of peacekeepers hit by
 an explosion in the capitol of...

She tries another station --

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)
 ...a beach party mass murder in Key
 Largo sends shockwaves through the
 vacation hotspot...

Flipping to yet another station --

REPORTER 3 (V.O.)
 ...the ongoing street violence in
 Chicago leaves four...

JILL
 God. Is there nothing else to
 report on?

Jill tries AM, a POLITICAL ANALYST talks --

POLITICAL ANALYST (V.O.)
 Never have I witnessed an event
 that had such a profound ripple
 effect on this city... and nation.
 40 years ago today...

She knows where this is going.

POLITICAL ANALYST (V.O.)
 ...when Senator Robert Lawrence was
 assassinated, what it symbolized
 was the fraying of a national ideal
 and the dampening of the
 luminescence of hope...

... CLICK. She's had enough. The rest of the drive to work
 will be in silence.

As she passes by the White House, we linger there.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

So many momentous decisions have been made and so many
 fateful events have unfolded here that it seems almost alive
 with the weight of history. PRESIDENT GERALD SCOTT (50s)
 stands behind the resolute desk, gazing out the window.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
 They're dying.

Sitting on one sofa is VICE PRESIDENT JAY RONGSTAD (70), a
 grizzled military veteran with a flat top haircut and horn-
 rimmed glasses. On the other is Speaker of the House STEVE
 RANDALL (50s), handsome, dressed in a sharp blue suit and red
 tie. Next to them, maintaining supreme posture on a separate
 chair, is SENATE LEADER STEPHANIE BOX (60s), a crucifix hangs
 prominently around her neck.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
 Who is dying, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
 The roses...

We see now he is looking out over the immense rose garden of
 the White House.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
 They can't survive without
 sunlight. Nothing can. Our
 scientists have been studying this
 phenomenon for weeks and haven't
 made a lick of progress. How is
 that possible?

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
 I have my theories.

SENATE LEADER BOX
 The Chinese?

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
The Pentagon backs me on this. Some
aerial technology where they can
spy on anyone in the entire world
at any given time.

STEVE
I don't think it's the Chinese.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
Let me guess. Global warming.

STEVE
The patterns seem too organized to
be natural.

Suddenly, the door swings open, and SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
JEFFREY MATTHEWS (50s) enters with a mix of urgency and
disbelief.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS
Mr. President, I apologize for the
interruption, but we have a
breakthrough.

MATILDA, the President's personal secretary, at his heels --

MATILDA
I'm sorry, Mr. President... he
wouldn't wait.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
It's fine.

Matilda exits, closing the door behind her. Secretary
Matthews hands the President a folder. He quickly opens...
eyes a grouping of photographs, then moves onto the report.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
What am I looking at, Matthews?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS
A floating landmass, sir.
(off his confusion)
It seems unbelievable, but our
pilot, Lt. Lindsay, spotted it
about a mile into international
waters off the coast of Virginia.
She narrowly avoided collision.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Are you saying there is an island
in the sky off the coast of
Virginia?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

How is that possible?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

We don't know, sir.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Is it a threat?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

We're still gathering information, but it's unlike anything we've ever seen.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

I want a full briefing as soon as we have more information. And I want our best people on this. If this is a threat, we need to be ready.

Taking up the pictures.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

And I don't know what these are, but I need the pictures your pilot was able to capture.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

Sir?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Matthews, you have given me... One, two, three, four, five pictures of clouds.

Matthews rounds the desk.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

What?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Rongstad, Randall, Box...

The three join him at the presidential desk, each are handed photos.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD

Looks like heavy cloud coverage.

Senate Leader Box nods in agreement. President Scott looks to Steve, who is awestruck.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Steve?

But before Steve can answer, Secretary Matthews pulls the photo away --

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

I'm sorry, Mr. President.
(gathering up the photos)
I don't know what happened here,
but I'm going to find out. I'll get
to the bottom of this.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

See that you do.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

(hurrying out)
Sorry again, sir.

As soon as the door closes behind him --

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD

What the hell was that about?

SENATE LEADER BOX

The lack of sun must be getting to
him.

President Scott presses the intercom --

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Matilda, no more interruptions
please.

MATILDA (O.S.)

Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

(to the room)
Where were we?

As the hypothesis continue, we PUSH IN on Steve, whose mind remains on the photographs.

INT. ANN - MR. BIRCH'S OFFICE - LATER

Framed photographs from ANN's storied past, capturing pivotal moments in journalistic history, cover the walls.

The awards in the trophy case are a testament to the network's commitment to genuine journalism.

Behind an aged oak desk sits GENE BIRCH, the current president of the network. Jill stands across from him. A muted television plays the ANN broadcast behind her. Mid conversation:

JILL

No.

GENE

What do you mean "no"?

JILL

I can't do it, Gene. The show is called Life with Lawrence. How does reporting on a UFO sighting make sense for Life with Lawrence?

GENE

Because you are Lawrence and Life... IT is what you make it.

JILL

It feels like punishment.

GENE

The number one search on the internet right now is "How to prepare for an alien invasion."

She moves towards the window and stares out at the oppressive clouds.

JILL

Ever since I returned from Poland, the network has treated me differently.

GENE

This is a legitimate source, asking for you directly. I've already assigned your cameraman. Danny Batliner...

(off her look)

His energy will do you some good today.

Wheels turning --

JILL

What if I can get the First Lady?

GENE

The first lady hasn't sat down with the media in...

JILL

... three years. But what if I can get her?

GENE

That would be a great get for the network, but I'd still like you to move forward with the UFO piece.

She looks back out the window and takes in the gloom one last time.

JILL

God, I miss the sun.

Then moves to leave.

GENE

Oh, and Jill... I want you to know that we will not be covering the 40th anniversary...

Jill offers a pained, half-hearted smile --

JILL

I appreciate it.

Then proceeds out the door.

INT. ANN - 8TH FLOOR NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A whirlwind of activity engulfs the vast newsroom, where producers and writers navigate the rapid-fire business of shaping headlines. Jill cuts through the somewhat controlled chaos with purpose, her heels not slowing her down in the slightest - as if an extension of her body. Ed's coverage maintains a steady presence across the myriad of televisions throughout the room.

Arriving at the elevator, the doors open to reveal --

Cameraman DANNY BATLINER. We recognize him as the man on the boat from earlier - the pony tail and bucket hat, which he is still wearing, being a dead give away. He is completely out of breath...

JILL

Danny Batliner.

DANNY
I was on the complete opposite side
of town when I got the call...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Jill continues in and punches the 6th-floor button.

JILL
You ran here?

DANNY
Yes. I mean I drove first. Then
ran.

JILL
After the promo, we go straight to
the interview.

DANNY
Great. Great. I'll put in for a
van.

The doors close and the elevator descends. Unable to contain
his excitement --

DANNY (CONT'D)
U.F. freakin' Os, man!

INT. ANN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A typical studio setup. All cameras point at the anchor desk,
where HAIR & MAKEUP personnel tend to Ed during the
commercial break. Danny follows Jill, at her heels --

DANNY
We're gonna be a part of history!

JILL
Danny. I've given up everything to
be a trusted voice for the people,
and I am seconds away from throwing
it all away on a conspiracy...

DANNY
...no, no, UFOs are not a
conspiracy...in fact I was just out
on my boat and...

JILL
...Danny. Danny! Please...

Raising her hand above her head --

JILL (CONT'D)
...you're at an eleven right now,
and I need you down to...

Lowering her hand to her knee --

JILL (CONT'D)
...a three for the rest of the day.

DANNY
A three?

JILL
A three. Can you do that?

DANNY
A three. I can do a three.

JILL
Great.

She plucks the bucket hat off his head, hands it to him.

JILL (CONT'D)
Now secure the van.

DANNY
Didn't know I was still wearing
that. Good looking out.

Danny stops near the control room, Jill continues toward the anchor desk.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Go get 'em, captain.

She takes her seat next to Ed.

ED
Jill.

JILL
Ed.

ED
Gene doesn't want to cover the
anniversary.

JILL
I've heard.

ED
 Unless you do... It's getting
 covered by other networks either
 way.

JILL
 You know my stance.

ED
 It's not glamorizing. It's
 memorializing.

An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR calls out --

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
 On in 2.

As Hair & Makeup put on their finishing touch ups --

ED
 He was your father. You don't want
 to comment?

Jill remains silent.

ED (CONT'D)
 Missed opportunity.

They hustle out of frame and the cameras roll.

ED (CONT'D)
 Jill Lawrence is here to preview
 what to look forward to on *Life*
with Lawrence.

JILL
 Thank you, Ed. On Sunday evening I
 will be diving deep into this
 stratocumulus phenomena. Are the
 clouds the disastrous effects of
 global warming? A part of a foreign
 global surveillance technology? Or
 are UFOs among us? Sunday night at
 7:00PM Eastern. You won't want to
 miss it.

Jill's smile beams brightly but Ed's is less convincing. ANN
 goes to a commercial message.

ED
 (bursting into laughter)
 UFOs! That's what you're
 covering...

Packing up his stack of papers --

ED (CONT'D)
Two years ago you were a finalist
for the Pulitzer? Wow. Talk about a
fall from grace... Have fun with
your UFO deep dive. Nanu Nanu.

Ed walks off.

Danny is there to meet Jill as she exits the stage.

DANNY
That was perfect. You nailed it.

JILL
It was just a tease, Danny.

DANNY
Yes, and you nailed it. You nailed
that tease.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ANN - CONTINUOUS

Jill and Danny walk past a number of ANN Vans.

DANNY
Do you see van 5?

Danny repeatedly presses the key fob...

JILL
You have to press lock for it to
beep.

The van at the end BEEPS.

DANNY
There we go.

Jill opens the back while Danny walks around to the driver
side door...

CRIMINAL (O.S.)
Wallet...Wallet... Now!

Hearing the demand, Jill swings back from the end of the
vehicle to see --

A MASKED CRIMINAL with a Glock pointed to Danny's head.

CRIMINAL (CONT'D)
... do you wanna die?!

Danny has lost the ability to speak. His hands shake so badly he drops the keys and is fumbling to get his hand into his back pocket to retrieve his wallet. Thinking fast --

JILL
My purse is in the back...it's full
of cash.

The criminal now has to decide who has the better take. He goes with Jill, following her to the back of the van. All the while his Glock is trained on her.

CRIMINAL
Nice and slow.

Jill slowly opens the back door. She picks up her purse, zips it open, and retrieves her wallet.

CRIMINAL (CONT'D)
Face me as you take it out.

She pauses.

CRIMINAL (CONT'D)
Are you deaf? Face me!

She turns to face him, cash in hand...

Then suddenly stops.

JILL
No. I can't do this...I can't do
this anymore.

She makes a new decision... throwing her purse deep into the vehicle.

CRIMINAL
What the fuck?

JILL
It has to stop...the
intimidation...it has to stop.
People like you who feel they have
the right to take from anyone they
meet on the street have to be
stopped. I have a choice, I have
say in the world I want to live in.
And this... this is not it. I would
rather die, than allow this to
continue.

CRIMINAL
Have it your way.

The criminal points the gun straight at Jill's head and pulls the trigger -- she closes her eyes...

OVER BLACK we hear the gun FIRE... interrupted by an abrupt HISS... POP!

She opens her eyes to a blinding blue flash and... PFFFT... it's gone. As is the mugger.

Shaking, she grabs her phone. Dials a number by heart --

STEVE (V.O.)
Hey, Sunshine.

The sound of his voice has her hesitating.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steve, flanked by his Secret Service Agent JOSEPH DOOLEY (30s), a strong and stoic African-American officer in a black suit, holds his phone to his ear as he waits for a response.

STEVE
Jill.

The line goes dead with a CLICK.

AGENT DOOLEY
Everything okay, sir?

STEVE
This day just keeps getting stranger.

Steve spots Secretary Matthews down the hall. He heads in his direction --

STEVE (CONT'D)
Secretary Matthews...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ANN - CONTINUOUS

Jill pockets her phone as Danny rushes around the vehicle --

DANNY
Jill. Jill... Oh my God...

Still out of sorts, Jill looks up to the cloudy sky. A single white cloud is above her.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I thought you were dead.

A SECURITY GUARD rushes on the scene --

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
I heard gunfire? Is everyone okay?
Ma'am, are you okay? Ma'am...

The white cloud quickly blows across the gray sky.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Ma'am...

JILL
There was a mugger. He fired...
but... uh... I'm fine.

SECURITY GUARD
Where is he now?

JILL
He's gone.

Security guard turns to Danny.

SECURITY GUARD
What did you see?

DANNY
I saw the man, the gun...then... I
must've blacked out.

SECURITY GUARD
I'll pull the surveillance video.
Both of you are going to need to
file a police report.

JILL
Can it wait? We have an interview
to get to. It's time sensitive.

SECURITY GUARD
Make it a priority when you get
back.

Jill and Danny continue into van.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SECURE HALLWAY - DAY

Steve and Secretary Matthews converse discretely in a less
traveled hallway. Photographs in hand --

STEVE

It's as clear as day. How could the President and the Vice President both not see it?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

I don't know, but I'm not going to argue with the two most powerful men in the country. And it's not just them. I showed these photos to five others. Only one could see what you and I see.

STEVE

Lt. Lindsay. Did she see anything else?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

All she could see is what is in the photographs.

STEVE

And the satellite imagery?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

Looks like storm clouds.

STEVE

None of the other governments have reported anything?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

We're the first.

STEVE

Could it fall?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

If it does, the impact would trigger a tsunami so large... the entire state of Virginia would be underwater.

INT/EXT. NATIONAL MALL - ANN VAN - DAY

Danny pulls the ANN production van into the only open space in the parking lot. Jill is in the passenger seat.

She checks her watch --

JILL

We're surprisingly early.

Danny pulls out a set of green paper squares from his backpack. He begins setting a few out on the dash.

JILL (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

DANNY
I printed these off the Wellness
Society site yesterday.

He reads the first card.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What happened does not define you.
(takes it in)
Woo. I needed that. Back there. Not
one of my proudest moments... All I
remember is hearing the gunshot...
I'm sorry.

JILL
You don't have anything to
apologize for.
(grabbing a card)
Except maybe for these.
(reads one)
When you separate the reality of
what is happening, from your mood
or attitude about it... It lights
you up & it FEELS good.

Danny lights up, looking to her with hope-filled eyes.

JILL (CONT'D)
Yeah... I don't get it.

Her phone chimes. A text message from an unknown caller
reads: *I do not like the world as it is; so I am trying to
make it a little more as I want it.*

Jill looks up disconcerted.

DANNY
Everything okay?

JILL
Another spam text.

DANNY
Ah, those are the worst.

She deletes the text and is in the process of blocking the
caller when her phone rings -- STEVE.

Jill contemplates answering...

DANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She's here.

She looks to see Lt. Lindsay on the lawn. She sends the call to voicemail and exits the van.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - BENCH NEAR THE MLK STATUE - CONTINUOUS

Near the Martin Luther King Jr. statue, a symbol of peace and justice, is Lt. Lindsay. She stands tall in her military uniform, the name 'Ace' proudly displayed on her jacket.

JILL
(shaking her hand)
Lt. Lindsay. Jill Lawrence.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Miss Lawrence, it is an honor. Your work in Afghanistan, Israel, Poland... I value your search for truth.

Jill takes in the compliment, a bit surprised at Ace's candor.

JILL
I cover wars. You're in them.
(signaling Ace to sit)
Please.

They sit. She waves Danny forward. He moves in to mic them both.

JILL (CONT'D)
This is Danny, he will be recording the interview for us today. I understand that you would like your face blurred and voice masked.

A simple nod.

JILL (CONT'D)
Ace, before we begin... I want to make sure you're one hundred percent okay with going through with this. We will do our best to anonymize, but as you know-- the government is fairly good at connecting dots...

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
This is really about time.

JILL
Time?

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
For the truth.

Ace looks around, then discretely pulls out her phone.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (CONT'D)
I presented my findings... But it
seems we've hit a wall. And I am
telling you... this...

She shows Jill the first photo.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (CONT'D)
...demands attention.

JILL
The clouds?

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Uh. Yes and what is hiding inside
them.

Jill looks at the photo again and then back to Ace. Ace
clocks that she can't see anything.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (CONT'D)
You don't see it?

JILL
See what?

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
That... The giant landmass in the
fucking clouds.

Jill raises her eyebrows, now beginning to doubt Ace.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (CONT'D)
You really don't see it...

Ace scrolls through the photos --

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (CONT'D)
What about this one?

Shakes her head.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY (CONT'D)
This?

JILL
They're not gray... they're white.
That's different, I guess. We
haven't seen much of those around
lately.

Ace leans back mystified.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
How are they doing this?

JILL
They?

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
The aliens, or whatever.
(off Jill's look)
You think I'm making this up?! Why
would I lie? Why would I risk my
career... I am up for the Medal of
Honor!

JILL
I'm not sure what you are expecting
of me.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Trust that what I'm telling you is
the truth.

JILL
I don't see what you see.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Can you just air the photos and see
if there are others out there that
see what I see?

Jill hesitates.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
My report is being written up as a
system malfunction. But that's not
what happened. Everything went
dead... And something... something
kept me suspended. Guided me to the
landmass. Like it wanted me to see
it.

JILL
What did it look like?

Ace fights off emotion.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Paradise.

JILL
Send me everything and I'll look
into it.

Jill starts to rise, Ace grabs her hand.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
The typical human response to the
unknown is to destroy... and every
bone in my body is telling me that
is not the correct course of
action.

INT/EXT. ANN VAN/NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

As Jill and Danny head back toward the van, her cell phone
BUZZES with another text message from the unknown caller: *I
do not like the world as it is; so I am trying to make it a
little more as I want it.*

DANNY
I believe her.

JILL
Why doesn't that surprise me?

DANNY
Why would she make it up?

JILL
I don't know. But I need to find
out what the government knows... I
need to talk to Steve.

She texts STEVE -- *Drinks?*

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE - NIGHT

President Scott enters the dining room to find FIRST LADY
ANNA SCOTT, 50, alone with a glass of wine, her quiet
elegance and sharp wit dimmed by solitude and an unspoken
heaviness. A poodle hops off her lap and scurries to greet
him, ignored. He gives Anna a quick, insincere kiss on the
cheek before heading to the opposite end of the long table.

A Naval waiter pulls out his chair. He sits, eyes briefly meeting the perfectly proportioned meal before him, and begins cutting his filet with practiced detachment. Anna, mirroring his motions, follows suit.

ANNA
How was work, dear?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
We picked a hell of a time to be President, Anna.

ANNA
What happened?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
It's not what happened. It's what didn't happen that's the issue. We are nowhere closer than we were three weeks ago. The Chinese, aliens, global warming... Well, Steve Randall is ruling out global warming. Rongstad is convinced whatever it is, it's not good and needs to be dealt with.

ANNA
With force?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
It's the Rongstad way.

ANNA
What do you think?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
I think I need better intelligence. I can't do anything with theories and hearsay, and mysterious clouds. I need something tangible. I need a face.

President Scott watches Anna take a big drink of her wine.

ANNA
You got a face, babe. You just never show it round these parts.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Jesus. You didn't even make it until noon, did you?

ANNA

It was the cereal aisle at the grocery store. The cereal aisle... I couldn't stop staring at those damn fruit loops.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

I don't know why you even still go to the store. If there's something you want that isn't in the house, just ask the Residence staff.

ANNA

You're not getting it.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

I get it. You miss our daughter. I miss our daughter. I miss our daughter! I miss her every second of every day.

(beat)

But what am I supposed to do?

ANNA

Let me in. We used to tell each other everything!

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Back when you didn't find answers in a glass.

ANNA

Maybe if my husband was around once in awhile and not consumed by keeping his job, I wouldn't have to.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

You're goddamn right I'm consumed. These are uncertain times we are living in, Anna. And in uncertain times, who do the people look to for answers? Who do they look to? They look to me. Their leader.

ANNA

You're the president, Gerald. You're not God.

Anna gets up, holding her little dog, and heads toward the door. Without looking back --

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed.

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

The sports bar, nestled in a nondescript strip mall, buzzes with the familiar sounds of a neighborhood hangout. Neon beer signs cast a warm glow through the window. Flat-screen televisions line the walls, each tuned to a different game or sports news channel.

Steve sits in a booth, sipping on a beer. Makes eye contact with Agent Dooley at the bar, who is keeping a close watch on things.

Jill squeezes between two servers and shimmies into the booth, a bit disheveled. Steve takes her in, she's beautiful.

STEVE

Wow. You look great.

JILL

Please. I've been running around like a crazy lady.

Jill catches a glimpse of Danny bellied up to the far end of the bar. Steve follows her gaze. Danny ducks behind his menu.

JILL (CONT'D)

My cameraman. He was supposed to wait in the van.

STEVE

So, it's a work dinner.

She looks around for the waiter. He's a little far but she orders from a distance.

JILL

Excuse me, hi... can I get a Kettle soda?

She turns back to Steve, who is more amused than upset.

JILL (CONT'D)

Sorry about the pocket dial earlier.

STEVE

Is that what that was?

JILL

What did you think it was?

STEVE

You chickened out.

JILL
Chickened out?

STEVE
You woke up today. You looked at the state of the world and thought today... Today I am going to do it. I am finally going to tell Steve how I truly feel about him before it's too late. Then I answer "Hey Sunshine" and the resonant tone of my voice...

JILL
Resonant tone?

STEVE
...it sparked a torrent of emotions from our many love affairs over the years...

JILL
There haven't been that many.

STEVE
...and it all became way too much.

Jill tries to suppress a smile, clearly entertained by his dramatics.

JILL
You got all that from a pocket dial?

STEVE
I did.

Steve smiles and takes a drink of his beer. As the waiter delivers Jill's drink, her gaze inadvertently shifts upward, drawn to the TV above Steve. The one screen not featuring sports cycles through a montage of Senator Lawrence's life - a timeline of his political journey leading to the abrupt, tragic end.

STEVE (CONT'D)
So how are you, Sunshine? How are you handling everything?

JILL
What do you mean?

ON SCREEN is footage of *Red Onion State Prison* where Senator Lawrence's assassin is serving life.

STEVE

Jill.

Her attention returns to Steve.

JILL

I'm fine.

She leans in, her demeanor changing -- back to work.

JILL (CONT'D)

Have you heard anything about a
landmass in the sky?

STEVE

Who have you been talking to? What
does your network know?

JILL

Have you seen it?

He nods.

JILL (CONT'D)

What did you see?

STEVE

Pictures of a landmass. The size of
an island, floating in the sky.

Jill pulls out her phone, shows him a photo that Ace sent
her.

JILL

Was this one of the photos?

Steve nods, confirming. Jill leans back.

STEVE

You can't see it can you?

She lets out a sigh of frustration.

JILL

What is going on?

BUZZ. Text message: *I do not like the world as it is; so I am
trying to make it a little more as I want it.*

STEVE

What is it?

JILL
This is the third time I have
received this today...

Steve takes her phone and has a look, reading --

STEVE
"I do not like the world as it is;
so I am trying to make it a little
more as I want it." That's Helen
Keller.

She pauses, thinks.

JILL
Yeah, you're right... Why does this
number keep sending me this?

Suddenly, all the bar's televisions stutter to static. Patrons call for someone to fix the TV. But before the bartender can react -- a DING sounds from everyone's phones simultaneously.

After a brief moment, they pull out their phones in response...

The screens flicker and shift, capturing the attention of everyone in the bar. An older woman materializes amidst a vivid, multi-colored backdrop. Her image is translucent, yet not transparent, and possesses an ethereal glow.

JILL / STEVE
Helen Keller.

HELEN KELLER speaks clearly, in a calm and sincere voice, while doing American Sign Language.

HELEN (V.O.)
Hello, my human family. Please
forgive this sudden interruption
across your devices. My name is
Helen, and I am honored to share my
voice with you today. I represent
Mother and Life. Before we lay out
the task at hand, let us impart
these ideas to you.

As her message continues, we INTERCUT:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

President Scott, VP Rongstad, and Secretary Matthews look to their phones and back to the television, flabbergasted.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Is it only our airways and phones?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS
I am being told the entire world's,
Mr. President.

HELEN (V.O.)
We are optimistic you will hear our
message and respond with love.

Helen repeats the American Sign Language for Love Everybody.

EXT. NEW YORK - TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

A massive crowd stands transfixed, staring at an outdoor screen. A little girl amongst the crowd imitates the sign language for Love Everybody.

HELEN (V.O.)
Now is the time to increase the
power Mother has given you to see
the best in everything and
everyone, and make that best a part
of your lives.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - NIGHT

A group of tourists and locals gathered around the iconic Christ the Redeemer statue, staring at their phones...

HELEN (V.O.)
(Portuguese)
The world is sown with good.

EXT. JAKARTA, INDONESIA - ISTIQLAL MOSQUE - MORNING

Usually a haven of peace is awash in a restless energy. Worshippers cluster together, eyes on their screens as Helen's message unfolds...

HELEN (V.O.)
(Indonesian)
*But unless we turn our glad
thoughts into practical living and
till our own fields, we cannot reap
a kernel of the good.*

EXT. MUMBAI - GATEWAY OF INDIA - MORNING

A bustling crowd of commuters and street vendors at the Gateway of India come to a standstill as they watch the screens in the area or are on their phones, captivated.

HELEN (V.O.)
(Marathi)
*Thus our optimism is grounded in
two worlds, ourselves and what is
about us.*

INT. TANK - POLAND - EARLY MORNING

A Russian soldier watches the announcement on his satellite device. Bombs and explosives are heard outside of the tank.

HELEN (V.O.)
(Polish)
*Mother demands that the world be
good, and lo, it obeys.*

EXT. JOINT BASE ANACOSTIA-BOLLING - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

The guard at the main gate and Ace Lindsay, in her car mid check in, are locked in on their phones.

HELEN (V.O.)
*Mother proclaims the world good,
and facts range themselves to prove
her proclamation overwhelmingly
true.*

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIRST LADY'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Anna is drawn into a profound connection with the message, her heart open and receptive to every word.

HELEN (V.O.)
*This is what she knows. But what
she has been observing is your
history -- disagreements over land
and religion. Battles over
misunderstandings and greed. You
are failing at the most important
thing - Love Everybody. Mother
expects peace.*

Helen moves her hands in a way that has Anna inching closer to the television, and her fingertips gently tracing the same gesture on the screen.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The President's expression has gone from intrigue to concern...

HELEN (V.O.)
Not in the future. Now. Killers
will not be renewed. Mother
commands all killing weapons to be
destroyed.

And has amplified. Rongstad chuckles --

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
That dog won't hunt, lady.

HELEN (V.O.)
You have twenty-four hours.

INT. LOCAL BAR - SAME

Danny's eyes go wide in disbelief. In a swift, almost reflexive motion, he snatches the cocktail from the patron next to him and chugs it.

GLITCH -- all screens on all devices return to their previous state. Followed by --

The sound of an innumerable amount of incoming text messages and phone calls from loved ones echoing throughout the bar.

Jill and Steve sit for a beat in stunned silence. Then --

JILL
So... what's your take-- AI gone
rogue?

STEVE
That doesn't feel right... There is
the clouds, the island in the sky,
the call for love and peace... No,
this... this feels like...

JILL
What? Aliens?
(off his hesitation)
Say it, Steve. What do you think is
going on?

STEVE
Divine intervention.

Jill laughs, part in disbelief and part as a nervous reaction.

JILL
You think God is giving the world
24 hours to course correct or...
lights out?

Agent Dooley approaches --

AGENT DOOLEY
Mr. Speaker, we have to go.

STEVE
(to Jill)
Come to the White House with me.

JILL
Where in your bible is God referred
to as Mother?

STEVE
God can manifest however God wants.

CRASH! Chaos can be heard from outside. People have already started looting.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Come to the White House. We can
theorize further in the car.
Please.

Considers for a brief moment. Then --

JILL
I have to follow the story.

Jill signals to Danny to round up the camera gear. She gives Steve a quick kiss on the lips, surprising him.

Jill and Danny rush toward the door.

Calling out:

STEVE
Jill...

She turns to him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Have you tried texting the number
back?

Jill raises her eyebrows -- good idea.

INT. ANN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Ed adjusts his seat at the anchor desk.

ED

Good evening everyone, I'm Ed Adams. We have just witnessed an unprecedented event. A woman, or at least a voice, in the likeness of Helen Keller, claims to represent Mother and Life. But what does that mean? Is she claiming there... is... life... beyond our human existence?

INSERT: Photo of Helen from her appearance.

ED (CONT'D)

She has called for the destruction of all killing weapons within 24 hours.

Ed takes a sip of water.

ED (CONT'D)

As you can see behind me, we have started a 24-hour countdown.

The graphic on the screen shows: 23:34:15

ED (CONT'D)

We don't know yet what the ramifications will be if Helen's demands are not met, but I and the entire ANN news team will remain in the studio and on the air for the 23 hours and 33 minutes that remain on Helen's doomsday countdown, bringing you up-to-the-minute updates as we learn more. Later in the program, we'll have discussions with historians, theologians, government officials, and linguistic experts. But first -- we go live to Jill Lawrence.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jill is standing outside of the bar with a microphone in her hand, Danny has a camera trained on her. However, her focus is on her cell phone, eyes on the text messages from the unknown caller.

In the background, police officers arrive on the scene to attempt to contain an unruly crowd. The air is thick with tension, and the fear of the unknown is palpable.

She quickly types: *What do you want from me?*

DANNY

We're rolling.

Ed speaks to Jill from the studio --

ED (V.O.)

Jill... Just a minute everyone. It looks like we may not have sound on Jill yet. Jill?

Jill looks into the camera.

JILL

Hi, Ed... As you can see, minutes after Helen's broadcast -- the atmosphere is charged with anxiety and uncertainty. The escalating lawlessness, a reflection of the collective fear already gripping the city.

ED (V.O.)

Indeed. A clear indicator that people are struggling with the idea of what may happen if Helen's demands are not met.

(segueing)

Jill, our producers tell us you have some exclusive information to share.

JILL

That is correct. I believe this could be connected to the Helen broadcast.

(takes a breath)

Earlier tonight, I received confirmation from government and military sources that there is a giant landmass hovering in the clouds over the Atlantic Ocean.

ED (V.O.)

A landmass in the sky?

JILL

That is correct. Before you show the image that I sent the studio I must preface, it is going to be very controversial. Unlike any image that has ever been shown... Some people will see the image and others will not.

ED (V.O.)

That is peculiar. And why is it that some people can see it and others cannot?

JILL

That remains unknown.

ED (V.O.)

I suppose we should take a look.

INT. ANN STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Ed looks at the image that has taken over the screens. He's puzzled. We can't tell if he can see the island or not. His eyes briefly glance to the right -- producers are in his ear.

ED

Oh my... that is something else.
Wow. Perhaps it could be some type of foreign military base, or...
MOTHER-ship.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jill is not amused by the pun.

JILL

That's right, Ed. I do believe there is a connection between this island in the sky and Helen's mother figure.

DING. Danny gives her a look - *Are you kidding me?!* He silently mouths to her: *Is your phone on?!*

Jill looks to her phone to see a response to her text message: *To change the world.*

Jill pales at the memory of --

EXT. PEACE RALLY - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Demonstrators chant a unified plea, "Give peace a chance."

At the forefront, SENATOR LAWRENCE raises a peace sign, resolute and hopeful. Jill (8), accompanied by her mother, KAREN, waves with youthful enthusiasm among the crowd.

POP! POP! POP!

SCREAMS pierce the air, and chaos ensues as the demonstrators scatter in every direction, desperate to escape the gunfire.

Police officers quickly locate the shooter. They tackle him, wrestle him to the ground, and subdue him.

Senator Lawrence lies in the street, gravely injured. A Christian scapular rests on his bloodstained white shirt. A young aide attempts to tend to his wounds. Jill and her mother push through the panicked crowd to reach her father's side. Jill grasps his hand, and he looks up at her, his smile bittersweet through the pain.

SENATOR LAWRENCE

Promise me, Jill. Promise me you'll
do everything you can... to change
the world.

Jill turns to the shooter, her eyes now filling with fury. The distinct tattoo on his face, that runs from the bridge of his nose up into the ragged edge of his hairline, of an upside-down cross is a symbol she will never forget.

Their eyes lock for a fleeting moment as he is hauled away.

DANNY (PRELAP)

Jill. Jill...

EXT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jill is pulled from her reverie. Still in a bit of daze when a teenager running down the street -- BUMPS into her.

Recovering --

JILL

I will keep the public updated as I
learn more of what could be behind
this global disruption. Over to
you, Ed.

The camera lowers. Danny takes note of her frazzled state, his eyes reflecting a shared concern.

INT. ANN NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Ed can tell Jill is not herself, but keeps it moving.

ED

Thank you, Jill.

(segueing from the awkward
outro)

Now, we turn to a special guest to
provide some historical context on
what we witnessed this evening.
Please welcome Dr. Connie Shanks,
renowned historian and professor at
Columbia University.

The camera pans to DR. CONNIE SHANKS (mid-60s), a
distinguished woman with her silver hair pulled back into a
neat bun. She exudes an air of scholarly authority, her
glasses perched on the bridge of her nose as she sits
confidently next to Ed.

ED (CONT'D)

Dr. Shanks, thank you for joining
us. Can you share any insights on
the implications of this broadcast
and its potential historical
significance?

Dr. Shanks adjusts her glasses and begins to speak, her tone
measured and thoughtful.

DR. SHANKS

Ed, if we consider the possibility
that this event is genuine, we are
certainly facing a moment that
could reshape our understanding of
the world. A communication of this
nature has the potential to
challenge our beliefs, alter our
relationships, and redefine the
very fabric of our society. It's
not unlike other pivotal moments in
history, when religious revelations
or groundbreaking inventions
forever changed the course of
humanity. The implications are
vast, touching not only our
spiritual lives but also our
political and social landscapes. We
very well may be standing on the
precipice of a new way of
perceiving our very existence...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

President Scott's brow furrows as he faces the large wall screen, where 16 international government leaders appear alongside Vice President Rongstad, Senate Leader Box and Secretary Matthews. Steve slips into the background unnoticed.

UN SECRETARY GENERAL (V.O.)

It seems none of our nations are behind this enigma. Does anyone have new information to share?

FRENCH PRESIDENT (V.O.)

France requests assurances that no nation will engage with this phenomenon independently.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

It is clearly a hostile force using visual trickery as a means to instill fear in our citizens.

As he speaks, President Scott notices the French president receiving a note and the Russian president's advisor whispering in his ear. He catches sight of the off-camera ANN broadcast, showing clouds and the banner ISLAND IN THE SKY OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA.

FRENCH PRESIDENT (V.O.)

We must commit to open communication and a unified response.

The Chinese president receives a note.

CHINA REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

China appreciates your views and will comply with the Security Council request.

RUSSIAN REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

Russia pledges to work with our UN partners.

UN SECRETARY GENERAL (V.O.)

President Scott?

President Scott fidgets with his pen, nerves evident.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

I apologize for cutting the meeting short, but I am being called away for a briefing. I will be in touch.

President Scott quickly ends the video meeting.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
What in the hell is going on?

He storms over to the television. Working to turn the volume up.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
An island in the sky? What is this
garbage?

Off the photographs shown on screen --

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
(to Secretary Matthews)
Aren't those the pictures of clouds
you showed me earlier?

ON TV: Ed and Dr. Shanks speak with author and televangelist
REVEREND PERRY PETERS (40s), African-American, connected via
Zoom. A bible is clenched in his right hand.

REV. PETERS (V.O.)
The island is unbelievable. It's
magnificent. I pray by the end of
the twenty-four hours everyone on
Earth will be able to see what
these pictures reveal.

President Scott's jaw drops. He looks around the room at a
few guilty faces.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Who in this room can see this
island?

He turns to Rongstad, he clearly can't.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
I don't know what all these people
are smoking, but there is no
island.

Senate Leader Box shakes her head.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Steve?

STEVE
Yes, Mr. President. It's there.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Matthews?

He reluctantly nods. President Scott turns a shade a red that we haven't seen, as if he is about to combust.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
What is happening?!!

He takes a moment to collect himself.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Not one of you had the balls to
tell me you were seeing something I
wasn't?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS
In all fairness, we didn't know
what we were looking at. An image
that some can see and some can't
has never existed.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Organize a drone launch
immediately. I need to get eyes on
this thing.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
And find out who leaked these
photographs and turn them over to
the Department of Justice
immediately. This is a goddamn
breach of National Security!

President Scott storms out --

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bustling with activity. Anna is there to meet President Scott as soon as he exits the Situation Room.

ANNA
Gerald, we need to talk.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Not now, Anna.

He continues past her, she follows...

ANNA
I saw something in that broadcast.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
I am on it.

ANNA
Helen... did the sign.

President Scott slows.

ANNA (CONT'D)
She did Madelyn's sign.

He turns.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Did you see it?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
So she made the infinity sign. So what? She was signing everything she spoke.

ANNA
Exactly... but she didn't speak it. She just did it...

Anna mimics the sign.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
What are you getting at? That this terrorist knows personal things about our family.

ANNA
This is not the work of a terrorist. She is campaigning for love and peace.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
She is not campaigning. She is demanding. That is terrorism.

ANNA
I think Madelyn is trying to tell us something. I think we need to take these demands seriously. And I think we need to comply.

President Scott pulls her aside to a more discrete location --

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Madelyn is gone. Okay. She is gone... Maybe there is a heaven. Maybe there isn't.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Neither one of us will know until
our time is up... but you have to
stop. You have to let go. And you
have to move on.

ANNA
I know what I saw, Gerald.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD (O.S.)
There you are.

Vice President Rongstad walks up.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD (CONT'D)
Hello, Anna. Do you mind if I steal
the big man for a minute?

ANNA
What if you're wrong about Helen?

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
The President of the United States
is never wrong. That is why he was
elected.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
We have the smartest people in the
world working on this. You don't
need to worry. Now please, go back
upstairs.

The President and VP head off, leaving Anna alone in the
shadowy hallway.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD
Perhaps it wouldn't hurt to
consider Steve for questioning? You
know, he and Jill Lawrence were
quite close, once upon a time.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
I am not cross-examining the
Speaker of the House.

EXT. ANN VAN - NIGHT

Danny and Jill are trapped in a sea of unyielding traffic, an
orchestra of car horns accompanying the glow of red tail
lights.

DANNY
Traffic is fucked.

Danny, unable to resist, adds his own honk to the cacophony.

Jill's attention remains on her cell phone and the text message: *To change the world.*

JILL
Why would she text me this?

DANNY
Who?

JILL
Helen.

DANNY
Helen? The Helen? Who just appeared
on every screen across the world,
Helen... text you?

JILL
I've been receiving Helen Keller
quotes from an unknown caller all
day. Until now. I asked what she
wanted from me and she responded...

Jill shows Danny the text chain.

DANNY
Change the world...

JILL
What's equally as strange... the
day my dad was shot, he said the
same thing. It was his dying wish.

DANNY
(nervous chuckle)
No pressure.

JILL
How should I respond?

DANNY
Well, let's see... If I'm an all-
powerful being and I can contact
anyone in the world at any given
time, why would I choose to
establish contact with Jill
Lawrence? What does Jill Lawrence
do? Jill Lawrence is a journalist.
More specifically, what type of
journalist is Jill Lawrence?

JILL

Please, you don't have to keep
restating my full name like that.

DANNY

Yes, I do. I'm getting somewhere.
Jill Lawrence is a public interest
journalist. Jill Lawrence has a
major platform, is the voice of the
people... and most importantly a
voice they can trust. I believe
Helen, or whatever is behind all of
this, is asking you to be the
conduit.

JILL

Alright. Let's find out.

Jill types a message back to Helen, takes a deep breath, and
hits send. Message: *My interest is piqued. Will Mother agree
to meet for an interview?*

Jill and Danny anxiously await a response...

DING.

Jill checks her phone, nothing.

DING.

DANNY

Ope. That's me.
(reads his phone)
The First Lady wants you to
interview her.

JILL

When does she want to do it?

DANNY

Now.

INT. ANN STUDIO - LATER

Ed and Dr. Shanks continue their conversation with Reverend
Peters.

REV. PETERS

A great deal of what Helen has
spoken aligns with the teachings of
the Holy Bible.

(MORE)

REV. PETERS (CONT'D)

The message of love for one another, the understanding that you reap what you sow, and the belief that killing is a sin, on these points, I stand with her. But now, my friends, we must ask ourselves: Could it be that Helen is a divinely appointed representative sent to us by the Almighty? Is this God's way of warning us in this modern age, by taking control of our devices, speaking directly to our hearts, and giving us one final chance to change our sinful ways...

EXT. BLAIR HOUSE - NIGHT

A wrought iron fence surrounds the property of the President's guest house, ensuring security and privacy. The main entrance is accentuated by an elegant portico, supported by classic white columns.

Jill and Danny pull up to the designated parking, near the entrance. Security personnel is there to meet them as they exit the van.

INT. BLAIR HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room's soft blues, creams, and golds create an atmosphere of tranquil sophistication. Anna waits patiently on the sofa. Her index finger subconsciously tracing the infinity sign on her pant. The door opens to reveal a member of her security detail.

SECURITY DETAIL

Ma'am. Jill Lawrence is here.

ANNA

Please, let her in.

He steps aside and Jill enters followed by Danny lugging the camera equipment.

JILL

First Lady Scott. Thank you for agreeing to this interview.

Danny sets up the camera.

ANNA

Oh no. I didn't agree to your interview proposal. You agreed to mine.

Jill nods and takes a seat across from Anna. Danny gives the rolling signal and Jill jumps in.

JILL

Good evening and welcome to Life with Lawrence. First Lady Anna Scott... It is an absolute honor to sit down with you. You have been out of the media for quite some time.

ANNA

Three years to be precise.

JILL

That's right. And that leads me to my first question. Why today? My network and I have been putting in requests for an interview with you since your husband first took office. What has changed?

Anna shifts, a bit uncomfortable to dive into the topic, but takes the plunge.

ANNA

Mmm. As you know, when my husband first took office, our family suffered a tremendous loss... Our daughter, Madelyn... succumbed to Chordoma, an extremely rare form of cancer for a ten-year-old... It has been a lot to bear... too much to bear really. Uh. And I had no interest in the press, or interviews, or much of anything. Certainly not filling the role of First Lady. I've had nothing to give.

She pauses. Jill waits patiently.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So why today? Well, today I finally heard from God.

Off Jill's questioning eye.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We all did.

Jill cannot hide her skepticism.

JILL

There are many theories circling
the recent events.

ANNA

Ah. I see you're not a believer.
Well, that's why I'm here. Finally
I have something to give. To say.
And if I can reach even one person,
that is good with me.

JILL

And what is your message?

ANNA

Helen is real. Mother is real. I
know this because I have been
praying and praying for a sign that
my Madelyn is still with us.
Spiritually. I said, "God, if you
are real, and my baby girl is safe,
and she is with you, give me a
clear sign." Tonight my sign came.

She draws the infinity sign in the air.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm sure most of you didn't notice
it, because it may not have
significance to you... but that was
the sign my Madelyn would use
instead of waving goodbye... She
knew I hated goodbyes. She knew
that every second we were away from
each other was torture to me... It
was her way of telling me, that she
will always be with me. And now it
is my duty to testify to my fellow
Americans, to step into the First
Lady's shoes and stand up for what
I know now to be true.

JILL

I am sorry to play Devil's
advocate... And believe me, I am
not questioning what you believe
you saw...

ANNA

You don't believe. I know.

JILL

Okay. But I have to ask, if God is real. And this is God speaking to us as Reverend Peters stated earlier on our network... why the delay? Why now? Why let the world get to this point? Why was your daughter taken from you at such an early age? Why were my parents taken from me? Why put us through so much pain...

ANNA

When I read scripture, they are not feel-good bedtime stories. The people in the good book suffered and clung to God. He takes each individual to the brink of what they can bear. To see what they will become.

Turns to face the camera.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm inviting the people of this nation to come and stand outside the White House tonight for a candlelight vigil for peace. We must come together and love everyone.

JILL

Thank you, First Lady, for sharing your heart and your message with us tonight.

The red light on the camera turns off, Danny lowers the camera.

DANNY

Wow. That was... Wow.

Anna stands.

ANNA

I hope I gave America something to stand for.

Before she turns to go --

ANNA (CONT'D)

Jill, just... be careful. I know my husband. He is not going to be thrilled with this interview.

JILL

He probably wasn't thrilled with me breaking the island story either.

ANNA

Probably not.

They shake hands and Anna exits.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The President's most trusted advisors are present, including the National Security Advisor, the CIA Director, Five Star General - GENERAL HERZBERG, Secretary Matthews, Senate Leader Box, and Steve.

President Scott and VP Rongstad join them around the central table. High-res screens display various feeds of intelligence data.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Show me what you got.

Secretary Matthews nods to General Herzberg who pulls up a secure video call to --

The Drone Control Room at HURLBURT FIELD AIR FORCE BASE in Florida, a team of OPERATORS sit at the terminal with a set of specific monitors and controls for piloting the drones.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

On your command, Mr. President.

The President nods, his face stern.

GENERAL HERZBERG

Deploy the drones.

The operators' fingers fly over the keyboard, and a screen switches to a live feed from a high-altitude as the drones ascend into the sky.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Airborne, approaching target altitude.

The drones' cameras show complete cloud coverage... getting thicker the closer it gets to the target... visibility approaching zero...

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Is this the best you can do?

Suddenly, the feed begins to GLITCH, static crackling on the screens. The room fills with a sense of unease.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
We're experiencing some kind of interference, sir.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Push through.

But the static only intensifies.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
What is happening?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Attempting to recalibrate, sir.

The video feed returns... but the point of view is of the ocean and we are approaching FAST!

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm losing connection.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Then re-establish it.

All the screens go DARK.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
What just happened?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
They've hit the ocean, sir.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
All of them?

All the operators nod.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
I still have to address the nation... And I have not a goddamn clue what the hell I am dealing with!!

He grabs a binder and FLINGS it across the room.

He pinches the bridge of his nose as he takes a moment to compose himself. Taking this as a cue to leave, people begin filing out.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Matthews...

Secretary Matthews hangs back.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Bring me Lt. Ace Lindsay.

INT. ANN - 8TH FLOOR NEWSROOM - LATER

Jill and Danny exit the elevator and step into an electric atmosphere. The room buzzes with a frenetic energy as producers scramble to coordinate more interviews and cover stories related to the mysterious Helen broadcast.

The pair head down the path to Jill's office. As they pass by desks fellow employees stop what they are doing and stare.

Jill pays no mind and beelines for her office.

INT. JILL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jill's office is a shrine to journalistic excellence. Each accolade, article and photograph is a testament to her career.

Jill and Danny enter... CRUNCH!

Jill lifts her heel, revealing the shattered framed photograph of her iconic interview with Muhammad Ali. They look around to see --

The room has been turned inside out, papers strewn everywhere, drawers emptied, the computer missing...

GENE (O.S.)
Jill...

Gene stands in the doorway.

JILL
What happened?

GENE
The FBI wanted to know how you
procured the photographs that went
public...

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

I told him we don't reveal our sources... I think I may have ticked them off.

Taking in the full mess that they caused --

GENE (CONT'D)

I'll have everything cleaned up and put back together.

(sighs)

What a day.

Gene leaves just as the Security Guard walks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry to add to your troubles, Ms. Lawrence-- but the police report is a no go. The precinct's a madhouse... and truthfully, I'm not even for sure what they would be able to do.

He hands her a thumb drive.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

But one thing is for sure, someone above must be watching out for you.

JILL

What do you mean, you're not sure what they would be able to do?

SECURITY GUARD

Just look at the footage.

Security Guard heads off.

NEWSROOM

Danny runs to the nearest desk and grabs a laptop from a young man wearing an intern badge.

DANNY

Sorry. We're going to be needing this. Have ANN issue you a new one.

The intern gets up, miffed, but complies. He returns to --

JILL'S OFFICE

Clears off a space on her desk for the laptop, picks up a chair and sits down next to her. She plugs in the thumb drive.

She scans the footage, freezing on the moment the trigger is pulled. Then, rewinding just a few seconds prior. She ZOOMS IN, not on the attacker, but on the sky. A peculiar white cloud appears moments before the trigger is pulled.

Jill pulls up the photograph, comparing it with the image on the screen. The clouds are identical.

JILL
Doesn't this cloud look similar to these?

DANNY
It's a cloud...

As Jill focuses on the photograph, the celestial landmass and otherworldly landscape materializes before her very eyes...

JILL
It is real.

She resumes the video. He pulls the trigger -- A BLAST OF WHITE CONSUMES THE SCREEN! Then suddenly ends.

DANNY
Whoa!! It like... totally evaporated him.

JILL
We're going to the White House.

INT. ANN - 8TH FLOOR NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jill and Danny are on the move when one of the many reports covering the societal response to the Helen broadcast pulls her attention --

A *Breaking News* banner on the screen reads: *Explosion at Red Onion State Prison: Two Dozen Inmates Escape.*

A chill runs down her spine as she watches a reporter in front of a chaotic scene at Red Onion State Prison where emergency efforts are underway.

Note: In the lower third of every television screen is the countdown - 18:53:27

DANNY (O.S.)
Jill... Jill...

Pulled from her reverie -- she looks to see Danny standing inside the elevator holding the doors open, waiting for her.

She takes a brief moment to compose herself then joins Danny in the elevator.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

She gives a less than convincing nod before the elevator doors close.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

President Scott stands by the window, looking out onto Pennsylvania Avenue, where people are gathering beyond the security fence for Anna's candlelight vigil. His introspective silence broken with --

SECRETARY MATTHEWS (O.S.)
Mr. President.

Flanked to his right is Lt. Ace Lindsay.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Lt. Ace Lindsay, sir.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
It's an honor, Mr. President.

Her voice carries respect and a quiet confidence. President Scott's eyes study her for a moment before he speaks.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
Please, sit.

Ace respectfully takes a seat on the plush sofa, her back straight, her gaze steady on the President. Secretary Matthews starts to follow suit when President Scott raises his hand --

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Not you, Matthews. You can go.
Effective immediately, you're
relieved of your duties.

The room grows tense as Matthews stares at the President, in disbelief.

SECRETARY MATTHEWS
I beg your pardon, sir?

PRESIDENT SCOTT
You've been dismissed, General.

Matthews opens his mouth to protest --

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
-- Unless you'd prefer I have you
escorted out?

The finality in his words leaves no room for discussion.
Secretary Matthews leaves, his exit casting a long shadow on
the scene as President Scott turns his attention back to Ace.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Lt. Lindsay... A decorated combat
pilot. An exemplary officer... A
war hero...

Ace remains silent, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
And yet, here we are...

He pauses, letting the gravity of the situation settle.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)
Lieutenant, I know it was you who
leaked those classified photographs
to Jill Lawrence.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Sir...

PRESIDENT SCOTT
...No, no. Let me finish. You and
I, have a lot in common. Both
Annapolis prodigies. Both served
our country with multiple tours
before we could rent a car. Both
nominated for the Medal of Honor,
me standing here as a recipient,
you with your fate still hanging in
the balance...

(beat)

But there is a distinction between
you and me, Lieutenant. And it's a
big one. I for one, would never
compromise the safety of this
country. Not under any
circumstances. Not if God Himself
came down and asked me to. You know
why? Because like you, I swore an
oath. An oath to support and defend
the Constitution against all
enemies, foreign and domestic.

(steely)

(MORE)

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

And when you were faced with the choice between that oath and whatever it is you think you saw, you made your choice. And it wasn't the Constitution.

The weight of his words hang heavy in the air.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY

Mr. President, I'm not trying to justify my actions, and I am ready to face any consequences you find appropriate, but what I encountered up there... given the events that have followed, I stand by the fact that my assessment was not off base.

President Scott goes to the window. Looks out at the candle light vigil, a sea of cellphone lights and electric candles and lighters.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Looking out this window, you know what I see?

Ace walks over and takes a look.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

I see a bunch of wishful thinkers lighting candles to hope their way out of, what you and I both know, is most likely a hostile scenario. We've been to hell on earth. We know that nature is not sweet. Nature is a vicious bitch who will rip out your gullet if hungry enough. So Ace, how hungry do you think this "Mother" will be once our twenty-four hours is up?

Ace doesn't have an answer, but you can tell she is weighing his words heavily.

Matilda pokes her head in.

MATILDA

Sir. They're ready for you.

He nods, just a minute.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

The way I see it, you have two options. Option A.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

You can continue on the path you are on, which will only land you a date in military court for undermining national security. Option B. We chalk this up as a momentary lapse in judgement and offer you a chance at redemption. But let's be clear, this option is only because I recognize, up until today, that you have gone above and beyond the call of duty for this country on more than one occasion. And I trust when called upon you will be that solidier and exhibit that same degree of heroism that has me considering awarding you the Medal of Honor.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SECURE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Steve is on his cell phone, texting with Jill. Agent Dooley walks with him.

He texts: *Do not come here. You will only make it worse.*

He looks up to see Secretary Matthews approaching, visibly upset.

STEVE

Matthews... What's going on?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

I've been dismissed.

STEVE

What? Why?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

He didn't say... but I have an idea why.

STEVE

Because of the photographs?

SECRETARY MATTHEWS

Because I am an obstacle.

Secretary Matthews continues on. Steve turns to Dooley.

STEVE

Do me a favor.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTHWEST HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jill and Danny are among a swarm of badge wearing journalists, buzzing with anticipation, as they make their way to the press room.

DANNY

We are literally throwing ourselves
into the lion's den.

Jill's eyes are on her text exchange with Steve. *Do not come here. You will only make it worse.*

JILL

I am being asked to do something I
have no clue how to do... of if I
am even capable to come anywhere
near achieving it... The only thing
I do know... for the first time in
my life... I believe there is
something greater... and it's time
for me to try to do something about
it.

They pass through a security check point -- show their credentials, pass bags through screening check, and pass through the metal detector.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTHEAST HALLWAY - NIGHT

President Scott, VP Rongstad and their secret service detail follow Matilda to the press room.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD

(in the President's ear)

Jill Lawrence's computer has been
seized and we are working on
gaining access to her cell phone.

Steve approaches from the opposite end of the hall.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Steve... I figured you would've
gone home to be with family like
Senate Leader Box and the rest of
Congress.

STEVE

My constituents are my family, sir.
And I can serve their voices best
right here.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Very well.

The group proceeds into --

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As President Scott enters the room, the atmosphere shifts to tense silence. He takes his place at the podium. A look of satisfaction passes over his face as he spots Jill among the sea of Press.

From the sideline Steve locks eyes with Jill.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Ladies and gentlemen, earlier this evening our airwaves, satellites, and internet were hijacked... The nature of this phenomenon is still unclear... This entity, which has taken on the form of our beloved Helen Keller, who passed away more than half a century ago, spoke without strain... claiming to be a messenger of peace.

(beat)

While we all hope for a peaceful resolution, I want to assure you that the United States and our allies stand ready to take any necessary action to safeguard our people from this potential threat. As such, I am declaring a state of emergency.

The room erupts with questions. Jill raises her hand. He skips over her to another reporter.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

REPORTER #1

What should citizens do during this state of emergency?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Follow instructions from local authorities, stay informed, stay indoors, and above all else -- stay calm. The National Guard has been deployed and is protecting our streets.

REPORTER #1

What happens at the end of the 24 hours if we don't comply?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

The United States of America does not bow to threats. We are the most powerful country on Earth.

REPORTER #2

And what if it isn't from Earth?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

We're prepared to face whatever this is.

President Scott moves on to the next reporter, skipping over Jill for a third time.

REPORTER #3

Mr. President, are you saying the United States is prepared to go to war with Mother?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

I'm saying the United States of America will do whatever it takes to protect its citizens. Last one.

Unable to bear it any longer --

JILL

Mr. President, what is your opinion on the First Lady's interview, where she expressed her belief in the message and urged for peace?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

My wife is a caring and compassionate woman. And while I respect her views, it's important to remember that you, the people of the United States of America, elected me as your President. You have put your trust in me, that I am capable of making the right decisions during challenging times.

JILL

What if I can prove it? What if I can prove that Helen, Mother and Life... is all real and that everything that was said is of genuine nature?

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

And if we just do what she asks...
we will experience heaven on earth.

CLICK CLICK SNAP SNAP... the photographers' lenses have shifted from the President to Jill, immortalizing her in a flurry of flash photography.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Miss Lawrence, do you have
information on this terrorist that
you are withholding?

JILL

What terrorist organization do you
know whose message is of love and
peace?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

With a stipulation that is a direct
attack against our 2nd amendment.

JILL

A manmade amendment that is clearly
flawed.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

You think disarmament means peace?
Violence has existed since the
beginning of man.

JILL

But it doesn't have to. Why not
give peace a chance?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Answer the question.

JILL

Answer my question.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

That is all.

As the President exits, he subtly nods toward Jill -- the head of the Secret Service detail understands the President's intention. As does Jill. She turns to Danny.

JILL

Go, go to the van.

DANNY

You realize you just cost us our
jobs?

JILL
I'm sorry.

DANNY
It was worth it.

Jill whispers something to who Danny hurries off. The Secret Service agent makes his way through the cluster of reporters toward, Jill...

But Steve gets to her first, taking her by the arm, and leading her out through a back exit.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steve guides Jill with calculated precision, knowing exactly where the surveillance camera's intermittent blind spots are in the hallway.

STEVE
So, she finally texted back?

JILL
Steve, I can't tell you how much
you helping me means to me... but
you need it distance yourself. I
don't want you getting into trouble
because of me.

They reach a corner... and Steve immediately halts. He waits for a group of PASSERSBY to draw near, then deftly leads Jill alongside them, using the crowd as a screen from the surveillance camera on the opposite wall.

STEVE
Jill, there's no amount of trouble
I wouldn't get into for you.

Before she can protest further, Steve pushes on an unmarked door and guides her inside with urgency.

INT. WHITE HOUSE MAINTENANCE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Steve leads Jill past cleaning supplies and tools, stopping at a metal rack. He moves it aside. Opens a concealed panel and enters a code on the numeric keypad. A secret door glides open, revealing a hidden passage.

JILL
Is this?

STEVE

It is not "the tunnel." Every administration seems to add a new way of escaping a potential hostile scenario.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SECRET PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jill follows Steve down the narrow clandestine passageway. It's quiet. A lot for both of them to process.

Jill stops --

JILL

A mugger tried to shoot me today.

STEVE

Oh my God, Jill...

JILL

Point blank. On the security footage... there was this light and this white cloud... It consumed him... he vanished.

STEVE

Vanished?

JILL

My life flashed before my eyes...

STEVE

That's why you called and hung up.

JILL

Steve... I just have to say...

STEVE

...not now.

Steve takes her by the hand...

STEVE (CONT'D)

We have to keep moving.

EXT. ELLIPSE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jill and Steve emerge from the Bulfinch Gatehouse. Steve secures the door behind them, just a black SUV pulls up along Constitution Ave NE - Dooley at the wheel.

Steve and Jill run to the vehicle and duck inside.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Jill work to catch their breath as Dooley drives.

JILL
Hey, Dooley.

AGENT DOOLEY
It's good to see you, Jill.

JILL
I apologize if I get you all
arrested.

AGENT DOOLEY
If the world ends tomorrow, it
won't matter all that much.

Jill's phone BUZZES. She looks to her phone, eyes go wide.

JILL
It's her. She responded to my
interview request.

Looking over at Jill's phone --

STEVE
(impressed)
You requested an interview with the
Almighty?

He examines the text: 36.8529° N, 75.0256° W.

STEVE (CONT'D)
These coordinates are on the
water... If we have any hope at of
you making it there we better get
to the Wharf stat.

Love fills Jill's eyes as she looks at Steve.

JILL
(in a soft voice)
You kept it?

DING -- all their phones GLITCH...

INT. ANN STUDIO - SAME

FOOTAGE of President Scott and Jill at the press conference --

JILL
Why not give peace a chance?

Ed is reporting from the ANN anchor desk.

ED

Why not give peace a chance? A slogan that has gone viral and become the mantra for the pro-Mother movement... and the group referring to themselves as Lifers.

DING -- every cell phone within the studio GLITCHES, screens flickering in tandem...

INT. SITUATION ROOM - SAME

President Scott and VP Rongstad are here with the HEAD OF SECURITY, surveillance feed of the White House hallways is on display when...

HEAD OF SECURITY

I've looked everywhere. She's nowhere to be found.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD

Unacceptable.

DING -- screens on their phones GLITCH...

PRESIDENT SCOTT

For fuck's sake.

Anticipating another Helen announcement, but instead are the numbers are 16:09:09... counting down.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

Someone please, tell me-- how this is this peaceful.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Dooley drives, Jill and Steve are in back. Steve looks up from the countdown and turns to Jill.

STEVE

Look...

Steve gestures out the window at the First Lady's rally outside the White House --

Anna's crowd has swelled and is now harmonizing in song. Among the handcrafted signs that includes "Love Everybody," is "Why Not Give Peace a Chance?"

Jill beams, proud.

Anna speaks into a megaphone:

ANNA

Wherever you are, join us. Sing in
the streets. Let the world leaders
know how you feel.

Traffic has come to a complete halt.

AGENT DOOLEY

We're not going anywhere.

STEVE

Find a place to pull over. We'll
walk.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - LATER

A few blocks away from the White House, the scene is much
different -- a mob of looters smash everything in their
path...

With his hand on his holstered firearm, Dooley leads Steve,
and Jill through the mayhem at a hurried pace.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Agent Dooley, Jill and Steve continue to push their way
through the dense crowds. They cross a street with a mosque
on the corner. They hear screams. Crowds are now starting to
run toward them.

Jill turns to a woman, then to a man... both running away in
panic.

JILL

Why is everyone running?

They are all too terrified to stop, or even look back.

JILL (CONT'D)

Sir, what is happening?

AGENT DOOLEY

Jill, keep moving.

Jill is trying to move quickly past the mosque, but a crowd
member pushes her down on the ground.

JILL
(voice strained)
Steve.

Steve turns back for her, but sees Agent Dooley is already rushing to her aid.

As they try to regroup, a man with a bomb strapped to his body appears in front of the mosque. His eyes gleam with a fanatical light.

MAN
(voice raised)
Did you hear Helen? Killers will
not be rewarded.

The man points back towards the mosque, and fear grips their hearts. They know they need to act fast if they're going to get out of this alive.

MAN (CONT'D)
Your church lied to you too. But I
know the truth.

BOOM! The explosion rips through the front of the mosque, hurtling debris in all directions. Those nearest to the blast are violently thrown back. Sporadic fires ignite amidst the crowd.

A RINGING fills Jill's ears. A panorama of chaos: civilians screaming, fleeing, their eyes filled with raw terror. She spots Steve, distanced by about twenty feet... encircled by debris...

That is bizarrely SUSPENDED IN THE AIR... around only the three of them, as if they are protected by an invisible force field.

After a moment, reality reasserts itself as the debris falls to the ground.

No one has words for what they just experienced. They continue on, fighting their way through the crowd.

EXT. MARKET DOCKS AT THE WHARF - LATER

Steve, Jill, and Agent Dooley arrive, the aftermath of a mob's frenzy is evident. Few boats remain and two of those are currently under attack from desperate looters. Dooley steps in front, his weapon drawn and ready.

A flicker of light captures Steve and Jill's attention --

JILL
Sunshine.

Slip #111 is illuminated by the subtle glow of wharf lights, revealing a familiar vessel nestled in its berth.

Steve rushes inside, Jill follows, her hand brushing the wooden railing, fingers trailing over its worn grain. And suddenly, she's somewhere else --

INT. BOAT "SUNSHINE" - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sunlight pours through the clear blue sky as the boat gently rocks on calm waters. Jill pilots the boat, the breeze blowing through her hair. We see her unlike we've ever seen, at ease, smiling, content, free.

She looks around. Noticing there is no one else on deck she leaves the wheel. She heads down the stairs to the cabin below. She hears low voices. She pauses at the cracked door.

BELOW DECKS

Muted voices. The door cracked just enough.

KAREN sits, the oversized sunhat slipping slightly on her fragile frame. She's thin, the kind of thin that comes from years of fighting something bigger than yourself.

Steve sits across from her. The man who always knows what to say, struggling now to find the words.

STEVE
Karen... there's something I'd like
to ask you.

She watches him, waiting.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I would've asked Jill's father,
but...

KAREN
I know.

STEVE
I love her. I love her more than I
know what to do with.

DECK - LATER

Karen, Steve, and Jill share a picnic. Steve pops open a bottle of champagne. Hands Jill a glass. Drops down on one knee.

JILL
Steve... Stop. No. We live in two different worlds. You're a politician, I'm a reporter. You want a church wedding... I... don't want a wedding.

Steve bows his head in disappointment.

A breeze catches Karen's sunhat and sends it sailing overboard along with the beautiful silk scarf that was hiding her hair loss.

KAREN
Oh...

Jill rushes to her, but Karen just watches the hat go, disappearing into the waves.

INT. BOAT "SUNSHINE" - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jill is jolted out of her memory with the stick of splinter in her finger.

JILL
Ouch.

HELM

Steve tears through the navigation station, flipping through charts, yanking open drawers...

STEVE
Where the hell is the marine chart?

JILL
We have GPS.

STEVE
Electronics can fail.

Beyond them, a VHF radio crackles from a boat docked nearby. A voice filters through, hazy, distorted:

VHF RADIO (O.S.)
All you Lifers out there... we're counting on you to get the word out... to make your voices heard... and to spread the love.

Jill listens, something shifting behind her eyes. A thought forming.

She pulls out her phone and sends a text.

BELOW DECKS

Steve is crouched low, cushions tossed aside, digging through a storage compartment. Above him, a shotgun hangs on the wall, swaying slightly with the boat's rhythm.

JILL
You have to stay.

She looks up.

STEVE
What?

She steps closer, not hesitating this time.

JILL
The world can't end like this. I've made too many mistakes... I need time to make it right. I need time to make us right.

Her voice catches, but she pushes through.

JILL (CONT'D)
I never should've said no to you.

Steve searches her face, his usual quick wit failing him.

STEVE
Jill...

JILL
Please, Steve. You have to try. You have to try to talk sense into him.

He exhales.

STEVE
Even if that was possible, which I'm really not sure it is, I would never let you go out there alone.

She meets his eyes, steady now.

JILL
Danny is already on his way.

A beat. His jaw tightens.

STEVE

What if I never see you again?

JILL

It's up to us to make sure that
doesn't happen.

A pause that swallows the air between them. Then...

He kisses her.

It starts as more of a goodbye, but then deepens, grows
heavier, more desperate than either of them expected...

CREAK.

The sound of Danny descending the stairs pulls them out of
the moment. Danny takes off his sailor hat and hides his
face.

DANNY

I can come back.

Off the large paper he is holding --

STEVE

Is that a marine chart?

DANNY

It's not the time to trust
electronics.

STEVE

If anything happens to her...

DANNY

...My dad was a sailor. His dad was
a sailor. His dad's dad was a
sailor...

(beat, then with a grin)
Sunshine is in safe hands.

Steve doesn't move.

STEVE

I'm talking about Jill.

Danny's smirk fades just enough.

DANNY

Oh. Jill too.

Steve softens, turns back to Jill.

STEVE
I will see you soon.

Jill nods, holding onto that hope.

As Steve heads up the stairs, he pauses at the top, one last glance back.

Their eyes meet. A silent promise.

Then he steps out into the night, where Dooley is waiting.

INT. BOAT "SUNSHINE" - HELM - LATER

The engine hums, a low vibration pulsing through the deck. Danny settles into the pilot's seat, hands steady on the controls.

Jill sits to his left, silent, lost in thought.

DANNY
You good?

She lets out a small, hollow laugh.

JILL
Not even close.

Danny nods, understanding. No empty reassurances. No forced optimism.

DANNY
Let's set sail.

He eases the throttle forward. The boat lurches gently, then glides into the dark water, leaving the dock behind.

The glowing lights of the wharf fade, swallowed by the vast, open sea.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

President Scott stands at the window, surveying the enduring spirit of Anna's followers as their song of peace and love persists into the ungodly hours.

A BEEP of the intercom breaks his contemplation.

PERSONAL SECRETARY (V.O.)
The Speaker of the House is here.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Fine.

Steve enters with serious intent.

PRESIDENT SCOTT (CONT'D)

Steve... what brings you here at this hour?

STEVE

I know it defies logic... but you and I both know it is illogical to even try to think logically at this point... But Sir, for the sake of humanity-- please give the Executive Order for immediate disarmament.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Did you help Jill Lawrence escape?

STEVE

Escape? Escape from what?

PRESIDENT SCOTT

The most peculiar thing... I had asked security to bring her in for questioning after her little outburst... But they couldn't find her anywhere... Not even a flicker on our surveillance feeds. It's as if she knew our exact security layout and how to navigate through it without being seen.

STEVE

Jill is not the enemy, Sir. Nor do I think there is an enemy in this equation period. We are being given a second chance here... to do things right. To finally have peace on Earth.

Before the President can respond the windows START TO RATTLE... their glass panes quivering in their frames.

President Scott and Steve hurry to the window to see --

The dark clouds, once high in the sky, rapidly descending onto the city...

Outside, the harmonious chants transform into SCREAMS as Anna's steadfast followers scatter.

For the first time, a glimmer of fear seeps into President Scott's eyes.

STEVE (CONT'D)

This is not the work of terrorists.
These are not hollow threats. This
is an instruction from a higher
power... And I urge you to act now.
Because if you don't... you'll be
to blame for the end of humanity.

And with that, Steve turns on his heel and leaves.

President Scott remains at the window, staring out into the encroaching darkness.

INT/EXT. BOAT "SUNSHINE"/CHESAPEAKE BAY - MORNING

Jill has fallen asleep on the boat deck. Danny guides the boat, steady at the wheel.

Jill stirs, then wakes.

JILL

Sorry I drifted off.

DANNY

I'm glad you're awake... Cause
uh... either I'm seeing things...
or the sky is shrinking.

Jill looks to see the clouds have descended, and the boat is headed into a thick blanket of fog.

JILL

What're we going to do? We can't
even see where we're going.

He pats the wheel.

DANNY

Fear not. This baby has state of
the art navigation. Sunshineth in
darkness.

JILL

I must say, I'm glad you're here,
Danny.

DANNY

You know, I never quite got my head
'round whatever happened with you
and Steve.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

I know there was talk about careers not aligning... but I'm like... Why do you have to pick one or the other. Why not try to make both work?

Jill contemplates this.

JILL

It didn't seem so clear back then.

INT. ANN STUDIO - MORNING

A sleep deprived Ed sits at the anchor desk, looking earnestly into the camera, while overhead monitors display images of the eerily low-hanging clouds.

ED

As you can see, we are right around nine hours left before... what could be... the end. Helen's cell phone takeover, along with the drastic descent of the clouds is being interpreted as a sign that Mother is not pleased with our response to her demands.

The headline below him reads: *Mother's Discontent: Clouds Descend*. Countdown: 09:09:09 is in the lower third.

ED (CONT'D)

The question is: How will President Scott and other world leaders respond to the recent events?

INT/EXT. BOAT "SUNSHINE"/ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Jill and Danny huddle around the navigation console, the coordinates she received glowing on the screen.

DANNY

Okay. So, we have reached our destination. What happens next?

JILL

I have no idea...

Danny looks out to see the cloud cover thickening and visibility dwindling.

DANNY

Well, hopefully something happens fast... because this fog is only getting worse.

The CRACKLE of the radio interrupts -- a voice, frantic, cuts through the static.

VOICE ON RADIO

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday... This is the vessel Blue Gill's Call, Blue Gill's Call, Blue Gill's Call. We're going down... and going down fast...

The transmission cuts off, leaving only the white noise of the radio.

Danny grabs the radio and speaks:

DANNY

Blue Gill's Call, this is Sunshine... Visibility is nonexistent. What are your coordinates?

He releases the talk button and waits for a response... but only silence answers back. Danny tries again.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Blue Gill's Call-- Can you hear me? What are your coordinates?

The silence is deafening. Then, a faint CRACKLE...

VOICE ON RADIO

36.8529° North, 75.0256° West.

Danny and Jill look to each other, taken aback.

JILL

That's here.

He immediately kills the engine. Jill and Danny don their life jackets and head to the bow.

BOW

Floating on the tide. Jill strains to see through the dense fog. Danny calls out:

DANNY

Ahoy! Ahoy! Anyone out there?

His voice seems to be losing the battle against the noisy sea. He tries again, determined --

DANNY (CONT'D)
Ahoy! Is there anyone out there!
Hello!

Another pause. Jill shoots Danny a look - she can't hear a thing. Then, a voice shouts back:

VOICE FROM AFAR
We're over here! Over here!

Danny quickly pulls the cord on their lifeboat -- inflating.

DANNY
Dude... We can't see you. I'm going
to throw you a line.

He casts the line out. Waits a moment then reels it back... Empty.

He throws the line into the fog in the direction of the voice once again.

VOICE FROM AFAR
I got it! I got the line!

Danny pulls the line tight. He attaches a carabiner to the life raft and then to the end of the line.

DANNY
I've attached the life raft to the
line. All you need to do is reel it
in.

He attaches another line to the raft - this end is for him to hang on to.

DANNY (CONT'D)
When you're secure in the raft give
two tugs and I'll pull you in.
Cool?

The scene plays out as Danny instructed. The raft disappears into the fog. The line runs through Danny's hands. The end of the line is near. Then it stops. Jill and Danny wait for the tug. And wait. And wait.

JILL
Do you think they went under?

Calling out:

DANNY

Are you still there? Do you have
the raft?

Nothing. Jill looks to Danny losing faith in their rescue plan. Then - One tug. Beat. A second tug.

Danny begins strong arming the line, reeling it in. It is tough. Jill jumps in behind to help.

Through the clouds the bright orange raft comes into view. Jill can see two figures in the raft, but can't make out their faces.

The raft drifts alongside Sunshine. Danny locks hands with the FIRST MAN and pulls him aboard. The second man extends his hand to Jill. Just as she's about to reach out, recognition freezes her. The unmistakable upside-down cross tattoo. It's her FATHER'S KILLER.

Off her hesitation, Danny steps in and pulls him aboard.

As he comes on board, she distances herself. He looks at her strangely.

FATHER'S KILLER

Man, we thought we were goners for
sure. You two saved our lives.

Danny takes notice of their poorly fitting polo shirts and khaki shorts, a stark contrast to their tattooed bodies and unkempt appearance. The first man, marked by a coiling SERPENT TATTOO around his neck, extends his calloused hand for a handshake.

SERPENT TATTOO

Thank you both. We are eternally
grateful. I'm Johnny and this here
is...

FATHER'S KILLER

Anthony.

DANNY

Anthony, Johnny. Where y'all
headed?

SERPENT TATTOO

Antarctica.

DANNY

Not a bad place to be for when time
expires, but we're not going to
make it there in this rig.

FATHER'S KILLER

No worries. We'll just tag along with you then. Not like we have many options.

DANNY

Great. Let's all head port side.

Father's Killer and Serpent Tattoo head to the wrong side of the boat, but Danny doesn't correct them. He and Jill share a discrete look.

JILL

You guys are probably freezing. Let me get you some blankets.

FATHER'S KILLER

Much obliged.

JILL

I'll meet you there.

She heads down the stairs.

BELOW DECKS

In the belly of the boat, she grabs Steve's shotgun. Double checks it is loaded, foregoes the blankets, and heads upstairs.

DECK

Jill walks starboard, shotgun ready. Danny is showing the guests his wellness cards facing the bow, with their backs toward Jill. Father's Killer, picking up on the tension mirrored in Danny's expression, spins around.

JILL (CONT'D)

Anthony Giannini...

FATHER'S KILLER

Do I know you?

Serpent Tattoo also raises his hands as Danny drops his cards and unearths a flare gun hidden in the bow's seat, his hands shaking.

SERPENT TATTOO

Hey hey hey-- What's ruffled y'all's feathers?

Moving closer to Father's Killer --

JILL
Sentenced to life imprisonment at
Red Onion State Prison without
parole for First Degree Murder.

He attempts to place her face, but cannot recall any memories
associated with her.

JILL (CONT'D)
You don't remember me, do you?
No, I wouldn't imagine you would. I
was just an eight-year-old girl
when our lives intersected.
(beat)
How about the name Senator Robert
Lawrence?

His eyes light up. Now he knows.

FATHER'S KILLER
The daughter.

Serpent Tattoo looks to Father's Killer, then back to Jill.

SERPENT TATTOO
I barely know this dude, we fled
together. That's it.

Jill stays focused on Father's Killer.

JILL
Do you know how long I have dreamt
of this day? The opportunity to
confront the man that killed my
father. Do you know what I dreamt I
would do to you if I were ever
given that opportunity?

FATHER'S KILLER
I have a pretty good idea of what's
played out in that head of yours.

Jill shakes her head.

FATHER'S KILLER (CONT'D)
You know most people believe
they're incapable of murder. Until
circumstances align... And here you
are, pointing a shotgun at my head.

DANNY
Jill. Jill... This is going too
far.

Danny looks as though he is about to faint again. Jill is consumed by painful memories and unresolved grief.

JILL
(vengeful)
Why? Why did you do it?

FATHER'S KILLER
Because the world your father
wanted was a world where the likes
of me couldn't exist... He
threatened my way of life.

JILL
So you took his... destroyed mine,
my mom's... stripped me of my
faith... and any chance at ever
being truly happy!

FATHER'S KILLER
I didn't have a choice. The two
worlds... they can't co-exist.

JILL
Maybe you're right.

Her fingers tighten around the shotgun, pulling it securely against her shoulder.

DANNY
Jill... You kill this man...
justified or not... it makes you a
murderer. That is not who you are.
That is not who you are...

Jill wrestles with her torment... Clenching her teeth, she looks towards the heavens for an answer. Her grip begins to waver as tears begin to blur her vision. Then --

Fueled by revenge, returns to the sightline of the shotgun, with her finger on the trigger...

DANNY (CONT'D)
Oh, God. No.

FATHER'S KILLER
Do it.

A single white cloud appears overhead, pulls her attention... and years of anguish suddenly spill out of her in a raw, PRIMAL CRY.

She lowers the gun. Exhausted. Staggers over to railing...

JILL
Love Everybody.

And tosses the gun overboard.

Father's Killer looks questioningly to her.

JILL (CONT'D)
The burden is no longer mine.

A WHIRLWIND of white clouds begins forming overhead. They spiral down -- wrapping Jill into a thick blanket of fog, and as quickly as they descended, they recede, spiraling upwards into the sky.

Leaving Danny staring at the empty space where Jill once stood.

DANNY
Jill! Jill!

EXT. ISLAND IN THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

Jill appears in a majestic land. Before her lies a pathway, veining through an untamed landscape... the vegetation vibrant and alive. The sky, crystal clear. A land in its purest form, best described as a land before man made its mark.

With her first step upon the path it illuminates -- leading to an ancient castle in the distance.

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Jill enters into a giant colorful and bright television studio, but without equipment or a control room. Just three empty thrones in the center.

Jill momentarily freezes in total awe of...

Helen Keller.

HELEN
Hello, Jill.

JILL
Helen... Where am I?

HELEN
You are in Life.

JILL
I was just on the boat... the
coordinates... they led me to...

She is reliving the scene with her Father's Killer. She
searches Helen for answers.

HELEN
Mother had to see if you would
truly love everybody...

JILL
A test...

HELEN
She believed you would pass.

Jill processes this. She is overwhelmed with the free flow of
emotion that is released through her forgiveness. Tears
stream down her face. Helen gives her the time she needs.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Your interview request has been
approved.

The chair is suddenly filled by: A young MUHAMMAD ALI (22),
and Karol Wojtyla - POPE JOHN PAUL II, both with same
translucent and ethereal glowing appearance as Helen.

JILL
I don't understand. I thought I was
interviewing Mother?

HELEN
Muhammad Ali... Pope John Paul II.
Messengers of the Almighty. And
since men have started nearly every
one of your wars, Mother believed
it fitting that Earth should hear
her through these advocates of
peace. The world is watching.

Helen vanishes as a transcendent transformation ensues -- our
surroundings shift into towering screens, a global, high
resolution look at society through their devices... And as
Jill becomes witness to the world, the world becomes witness
to Jill...

She's on the mega screens of bustling metropolises to the
handheld devices in quiet hamlets - billions are tuned into
the spectacle that is Jill.

The countdown appears in the lower third on every image.

Jill turns to the panel, takes a seat opposite them, takes a deep breath and exhales.

JILL

I haven't had nerves like this
since my first day on the job.

MUHAMMAD ALI

We can't be brave without fear.

(beat)

It's good to see you, Jill. It's
been a long time.

JILL

I don't even know where to begin.

POPE JOHN PAUL II

How about the beginning? Many
believe that the BIG BANG disproves
creation... when it is the exact
opposite. It says it right there in
your Bible. God spoke... and BANG.
So much of scripture has been
misinterpreted. Days and seasons
for example are not days and
seasons as we know them on Earth.
The Almighty's clock is not the
same as yours.

JILL

What about heaven and hell?

POPE JOHN PAUL II

We prefer to think of it as those
who advance into Life and those who
don't... Though I will tell you a
secret... Very few don't advance.
In fact, only the ones who are
incapable of change when faced with
truth... are eliminated.

JILL

You are saying people can change?

POPE JOHN PAUL II

Why do you think you're here? You
are a living testament.

JILL

It's true. Before today... I had
been living a lie. There was a hate
in my heart that I couldn't get
passed...

MUHAMMAD ALI

But you did. And it was beautiful.
There is nothing more inspiring
than transformation.

JILL

But why do we have to even go
there... Why do bad things even
have to exist?

POPE JOHN PAUL II

It's complicated but also simple.
Life, or heaven as you call it, can
exist on Earth. In fact our hope is
that will happen today before the
clock stops... but we need the
people to want that world... we
need to see it. You get to choose
the world you want to live in. It
is your playground for growth.

MUHAMMAD ALI

Violence and hate do not have to
exist. Nor do any of the other bad
things that derive from man.

JILL

What about innocents who die from
cancer or some other rare disease?

POPE JOHN PAUL II

There are very few divine moments
that happen that may be perceived
as bad, because of the chain
reaction to those moments and the
people involved not being privy to
Life's playbook.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The First Lady watches on her phone, full of emotion, making
the infinity symbol in the air.

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Back with Jill, Pope John Paul II and Muhammad Ali.

MUHAMMAD ALI

You see like on Earth, like your
role as a journalist... there are
assignments in Life, as you can see
here.

(MORE)

MUHAMMAD ALI (CONT'D)

And if one's assignment in Life
means one has to return home
sooner... that is Mother's call.

JILL

It is not a coincidence that Mother
chose you as my interviewees is it?

MUHAMMAD ALI

There are no coincidences.

Jill turns to Ali, then the Pope.

JILL

You converted to Islam. You led the
Catholic Church. Which was right?

POPE JOHN PAUL II

Jesus... Muhammad... Buddha... all
people of peace were right. There
is not just one religion that leads
to Life. The only practice that
ensures Life is love... love
everybody.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

President Scott, VP Rongstad, Steve, General Herzberg and his
other trusted advisors watch the Jill live stream.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Give Lindsay the go-ahead.

STEVE

Mr. President, please... you have
to reconsider.

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD

He will do no such thing.

STEVE

I'm telling you, this is not the
answer...

President nods to Herzberg. He picks up the phone, speaks:

GENERAL HERZBERG

Deploy Lt. Lindsay.

STEVE

Jill Lawrence, an American citizen,
is on that island.

Herzberg receives a confirmation over the phone, sets the receiver down and turns to President Scott.

GENERAL HERZBERG
Lindsay is set to strike in
00:09:00 minutes, Sir.

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

The interview seen around the world continues --

JILL
What is Life like?

POPE JOHN PAUL II
The best way for me to describe it
is joy. An abundance of joy. And
time... An endless amount of time
to enjoy with our ancestors.

JILL
My Mom and Dad... are they?

Muhammad Ali and Pope John Paul II look at each other and smile. A fourth throne appears with Jill's parents sitting in it.

ROBERT
Watching over you this entire time?

Jill's parents are holding hands.

KAREN
That horrible mugging --

ROBERT
The mosque explosion --

KAREN AND ROBERT
On the boat.

JILL
The white cloud?

Jill's parents nod. A tear rolls down Jill's cheek, her expression radiant with joy.

JILL (CONT'D)
This is the happiest moment of my
entire life.

KAREN
There could be more.

JILL
What else happens in Life?

KAREN
We've met millions of people from
thousands of galaxies. Mother's
universe is indefinite.

ROBERT
As is her love. The things we've
learned...

JILL
Why doesn't Mother introduce us to
them now?

BEEP BEEP BEEP. An alarm sounds. A red light overhead
flashes, casting an eerie hue on the room. Jill looks around,
what is the cause. She looks back to the panel, their faces
are suddenly downcast.

JILL (CONT'D)
(speaking up over the
alarm)
What is happening?

MUHAMMAD ALI
I'm sorry, Jill.

POPE JOHN PAUL II
Man has failed again.

Their images flicker.

JILL
Wait, no...

ROBERT
There's nothing more for us to do.

KAREN
We love --

They flicker once more and are gone.

JILL
Please, please don't go.

With a sense of growing dread, Jill looks to her phone... and
her heart plummets at --

CLOSE UP of the countdown jumping forward from 07:00:00 to
00:07:00.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WIDEN OUT from the countdown 00:06:59 on another phone's screen to reveal Steve's tense face --

STEVE

Uh, Sir...

PRESIDENT SCOTT

What is it now, Randall?

STEVE

Look at your phone.

President Scott, along with the rest of the room, pull out their phones to see the countdown numbers reading the same as the impending airstrike.

He looks to the TV showing the Jill livestream, where in the lower third in the images on the screen -- Helen's doomsday countdown matches as well.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

My God.

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Jill's face, reflecting her anxiety and the weight of this moment, appears on all the screens --

JILL

Mother, I know you can hear me... I
am begging you... spare us.
Please... We are not all bad...

INSERT shots of people from all over the world, watching her.

JILL (CONT'D)

People of Earth, if you are
listening, lay down your arms.
Wherever you are. If you are at
home, if you are in the streets, if
you are in battle, I beg of you...
Show Mother that we want what she
has to offer!

Then, an idea pops into Jill's head that has her walking over to a screen...

JILL (CONT'D)

Pull up First Lady Anna Scott.

A live video of First Lady Anna Scott now replaces Jill's face. It worked!

PENNSYLVANIA AVE, Anna holds hands with other Lifers staying strong amidst the chaos blanketed in a thick fog.

FIRST LADY SCOTT
Hold strong Lifers. Believe.

A man among the Lifers begins to softly sing "We Are the World", his way of comforting himself and bonding together with the group.

LIFER MAN
There comes a time; When we heed a
certain call; When the world must
come together as one...

Members of the group join in.

LIFER GROUP
There are people dying;
Oh, and it's time to lend a hand to
life; The greatest gift of all...

The scene continues on the screen as Jill steps to another screen with her face on it --

JILL
Pull up Jürgen Grässlin.

On a makeshift stage at Pariser Platz in BERLIN, with the Brandenburg Gate in the background, JÜRGEN GRÄSSLIN looks upon a sea of protestors, their banners waving with slogans "Give Peace a Chance" and "Love Everybody".

JÜRGEN GRÄSSLIN
(German)
*Our fight is not against each
other, but against a system that
has lost sight of its duty. A
system that's forgotten love.
Remember, the most powerful weapon
we have is love. We must love our
country, love our fellow citizens,
love our freedom... And we must
love everybody!*

The crowd CHEERS, united in their quest for change.

Jill picks up the pace, going screen to screen --

JILL
Show me Malala Yousafzai...

MALALA YOUSAFZAI stands in front of MINAR-E-PAKISTAN -
LAHORE, speaking loudly to a massive crowd --

MALALA

(Urdu)

*The power of love outstrips the
love for power. Together we can put
an end to tyranny...*

On to the next screen.

JILL

Let me see Ai Weiwei.

AI WEIWEI speaks to an expansive crowd at 798 ART DISTRICT -
BEIJING --

AI WEIWEI

(Mandarin)

*Paint the world with love. Sculpt a
future of respect for one
another... Share a mission... Love
everybody...*

Screen after screen.

JILL

Pull up the countries laying down
their arms.

The screens light up with images of: France disarming, Turkey
destroying weapons, DRC military throwing weapons in a pile
to be disposed of... and on and on... surprisingly more
countries than she expected fill the screens.

JILL (CONT'D)

Show the world Pitor Wolczyk.

Pitor holds the hands of two children followed by a single
mother crossing the BRIDGE OF TOYS.

JILL (CONT'D)

Mother, you can't tell me that all
of these people are not worth
saving. Humanity at its core is
good. We are capable of change... I
can testify to repenting. I made a
different choice. Mother...

The clock ticks to reveal 00:02:00 remaining.

JILL (CONT'D)

Pull up Steve Randall.

A screen shows Steve in the SITUATION ROOM with President Scott. President Scott's eyes are on Lt. Lindsay's video feed approaching the island in the sky... Steve addresses the president.

STEVE

You see it, don't you?

President Scott clearly does.

STEVE (CONT'D)

There is still time. You can call it off.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Why would I do that?

STEVE

Because now you know it's all real.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

My belief is not in question. I believe. I just don't care. I will not get behind a God that took my daughter from me.

The red phone RINGS. VP Rongstad picks it up...

VICE PRESIDENT RONGSTAD

It's Anna.

President Scott takes the phone... and with a deliberate, measured motion, lowers it back into its cradle.

Then speaks into the radio linked to Lt. Lindsay's headset.

PRESIDENT SCOTT

Lt. Lindsay, fire when ready.

INT/EXT. F-35 COCKPIT/CLOUDY SKY - CONTINUOUS

Ace is locked onto the island, her thumb hovering over the weapon release... She is watching the Jill feed on her phone, seeing directly into the situation room.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY

Mr. President... I'm sorry.

SITUATION ROOM

President Scott doesn't look surprised.

PRESIDENT SCOTT
You disappoint me, Lieutenant.

He nods to General Herzberg, who taps a key on the computer in front of him --

COCKPIT

An OVERRIDE NOTIFICATION flashes on Ace's screen. The F-35's systems have been remotely activated.

LT. 'ACE' LINDSAY
Oh God...

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is clear the report was made public. The clock ticks down. Seconds remain.

STEVE
Gerald... We used to be of the same mindset. Wanting similar things for this country, for this world. Don't do this...

PRESIDENT SCOTT
(to Herzberg)
Release.

CLOUDY SKY

Missiles fire from the F-35... toward the island.

GENERAL HERZBERG (PRELAP)
Twenty seconds until impact.

President Scott takes a gulp of his scotch -- ready for the world to end.

JILL (O.S.)
Steve... Steve.

Steve turns to see his image on the TV screen - a split screen image with Jill.

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Jill speaks from her soul to the TV screen of Steve.

JILL
I'm so sorry for all the time I wasted.
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

If I could go back and do it differently I would. You are the love of my life. Your love for everybody used to seem unfathomable to me... I just couldn't allow myself to see what you see. But I do now... Now I love everybody. But most of all I love you. I love you with every fiber of my being.

The clock ticks to :05. Jill and the rest of the world inhale, bracing for what is to come.

INT/EXT. F-35 COCKPIT/CLOUDY SKY - CONTINUOUS

Ace watches on horrified as the missiles draw closer and closer to the island in the sky. The end is nigh.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

President Scott, VP Rongstad, and General Herzberg anxiously watch the display of the missiles closing in...

Steve's focus is only on Jill --

STEVE

I love you, Jill. And I always will... I will see you again in Life.

W/ JILL

JILL

See you in Life.

:02... :01...

...HISS... POP!! A FLASH OF BLUE...

Steve shields himself from the bright light...

EXT. BORDER OF RUSSIA AND POLAND - NIGHT - SAME

GRAPHIC: Border of Russia and Poland

A small militia of Polish police officers, farmers, construction workers and teenagers, armed with hunting rifles, are heavily outnumbered near the border.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL yells "stay-let". The thunderous roar of tanks and cannons discharge their deadly payloads...

Soldiers and farmers alike duck for cover just as the familiar HISS... POP!! and a FLASH OF BLUE lights up the sky, accompanied by a PFFFT sound.

INT/EXT. F-35 COCKPIT/CLOUDY SKY - SAME

The blinding, ethereal blue light engulfs the F-35. Ace shields her eyes, struggling to maintain control. The display panels flash erratically before settling.

When her senses return, she sees... the island in the sky has vanished.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

When Steve opens his eyes... He is the only one standing in the room. Everyone else has disappeared.

Agent Dooley rushes inside with his gun drawn --

AGENT DOOLEY
You okay, sir?

Steve places his hand on the weapon --

STEVE
We don't need this anymore.

He looks to see the Jill livestream has ended. Replaced by ANN coverage. Ed sits at the anchor desk, rubbing his eyes, confused.

Steve quickly pulls out his phone to dial when *Jill* flashes across the screen.

STEVE (CONT'D)
This better not be a pocket dial.

JILL (V.O.)
It's not a pocket dial.

STEVE
Drop a pin on your location. I'm coming to you.

JILL
I'm already here.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Not a cloud in the sky. Steve runs up to see Jill standing in the center of the garden, bathed in sunlight, surrounded by the now vibrant roses. He slows slightly, caught up in her beauty... his heart skipping a beat with the realization that the moment he so long yearned for is finally here.

The desire to hold her in his arms has him picking up the pace... and when he reaches her, that is exactly what he does -- lifting her up and spinning her around. The two of them have never been so happy, overwhelmed with joy.

The only two words that need to be said at this moment...

JILL

Marry me.

EXT. POLAND BORDER - NIGHT

A Polish military leader arrives at the border. He exits his vehicle to find the farmers dancing for joy. A group of them have their backsides turned toward where the Russian soldiers were, smacking their butts exclaiming --

POLISH FARMERS

Pocałuj mnie w dupę!

INT. ANN NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Ed, front and center at the anchor desk, now addresses the world in the aftermath.

ED

A tenth of our world's population is no longer with us. Lives cut short because they were incapable of envisioning a different path. We may not have understood or agreed with their choices, but that does not absolve us from the responsibility to mourn them. A rare second chance has been granted to us, thanks to Jill Lawrence's unwavering pursuit to change the world. But now that we have been given this opportunity the question is -- are we capable of rising above our differences and forging a future that transcends boundaries and embraces compassion, empathy, and unity?

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

(beat)

I hope so. Because all our lives
are counting on it.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Matilda opens the door for the CHIEF JUSTICE to enter. Steve turns away from the window, looking anxious.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Are you ready, Mr. President?

STEVE

Ready, Mr. Chief Justice.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROSE GARDEN - DAY

An intimate ceremony is underway. The picturesque Rose Garden is adorned with lush florals. Esteemed guests, include Anna and Ed. Steve, looking dashing in his suit, stands at the altar with his best man Agent Dooley.

As the melody of Canon in D Major gently wafts through the air as Jill, wearing a traditional white gown that is elegant but understated with the essence of timeless sophistication, and her escort Danny move with a graceful rhythm down the path to the altar.

Pausing momentarily, Jill lifts her gaze towards the sky, where a luminous white cloud drifts overhead.

JILL

(whispering)

Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. I'm glad you're
here.

As Danny delivers Jill to Steve, she shares a knowing glance with him - a moment of true happiness. The Chief Justice officiates the ceremony.

As the vows are exchanged and they share a long, passionate kiss, the observing white cloud lingers for a brief moment then ZOOMS AWAY into the limitless sky.

EXT. SUNSHINE/POTOMAC RIVER - LATER

A *JUST MARRIED* banner flutters at the stern, next to the freshly painted *SUNSHINE*, as Jill and Steve jointly steer a Sunshine, the setting sun casting a golden path before them.

Their silhouettes, united against the twilight, speak of a shared love that will navigate through all waters.

FADE OUT.

THE END