

"THE CIVIL SERVANT"

Jennifer Weber

"THE CIVIL SERVANT"

FADE IN: INT. MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

The loud hiss of a respirator fills the room. AGENT STEWART, early fifties, clean-cut, dour and uncompromising, stands at a fifth floor window over-looking the lights of a small town. His crisp dress shirt, tie and suit, with an American flag pin on his lapel, stand out from the drab surroundings, betraying his status as a visitor. A gun holster is glimpsed under his jacket.

Several feet away, a skinny, gaunt FIRST NURSE, late-forties, sits hunched over the side of a large hospital bed, where a patient, only partially seen, lies hooked up to every conceivable tube and wire. The nurse wears latex gloves as she holds the patient's frail arm. Leaning over she uses custom podiatrist nail clippers, which make a sharp snapping noise. Agent Stewart glances back in irritation. The nurse drops an object into the trash.

CLOSE ON: The three medical machines nearest the bed, an I.V. monitor, a patient monitor and respirator, are all encased in cabinets made of thick lucite marked with deep cracks that fan out from random points.

The entry door is made of reinforced steel with a built-in intercom system.

A small red light comes on and the door opens. ALICE WHITLEY, head nurse, early sixties, hard-looking and weary, with a noticeable limp and a pallor that comes from being inside too long, enters the room holding a clipboard.

Spotting Agent Stewart at the window, it's crystal clear she loathes him.

NURSE WHITLEY  
Agent Stewart...

He walks toward her, averting his eyes a moment toward the hospital bed.

NURSE WHITLEY  
(continuing)  
Hello. Nice to see-

AGENT STEWART  
I'd like to wrap this up as quickly  
as possible.

NURSE WHITLEY  
 Certainly. We haven't seen you in  
 here for awhile.

Agent Stewart leans in and traces his finger along a crack in  
 one of the lucite cases.

AGENT STEWART  
 Yeah, a month. Still smells the same.  
 Like fucking death and disinfectant.

The first nurse shoots him a disapproving look. Agent Stewart  
 taps on the lucite case with his finger. Nurse Whitley flips  
 a page on the clipboard.

NURSE WHITLEY  
 She turned forty last week. A  
 complete blood work was done and her  
 vitals checked. But... Sir, a third  
 procedure isn't recommended. Even for  
 a healthy young woman it can be-

AGENT STEWART  
 I know that. We'll have a trauma unit  
 on standby.

He thoroughly wipes his hands with sanitizer and looks toward  
 the patient, glancing a moment at the feet of the bed.

CLOSE ON: They are bolted to the floor with steel plates.

AGENT STEWART  
 (continuing)  
 That's the new bed?

Nurse Whitley turns away, exchanging a look with the first  
 nurse as she walks over.

NURSE WHITLEY  
 Every fifteen minutes it self-adjusts.

She stops next to the first nurse, who stands and steps back.  
 Nurse Whitley speaks over the loud respirator.

NURSE WHITLEY  
 (continuing)  
 Her bedsores have healed considerably.

Nurse Whitley presses a button on the remote.

CLOSE ON: The thick yellowed fingernails on the patients  
 right hand have been cut. The Bed tilts 30 degrees to the  
 left revealing a skeletal like arm with tubes attached to it,  
 and an I.V. with a festering sore around the needle.

The woman's fingernails on her left hand are yellow and grown so long they're gnarled and grotesquely curled under. The bed self-corrects itself and is level again. The respirator hisses and gasps.

An extremely loud crash is heard outside from a short distance away, followed by the sound of something large hitting the street. The room shakes a moment from the force.

Agent Stewart appears oddly unconcerned. He walks to the window, where a fire with thick black smoke can be seen a block away near the practically empty main street.

NURSE WHITLEY  
(continuing)  
Good Lord, what was that?

AGENT STEWART  
Something's on fire.

The heart monitor beeps wildly. A large crack develops in the lucite case covering it. Agent Stewart's very concerned.

NURSE WHITLEY  
Don't worry. The equipment's protec-

The first nurse shrieks in pain and gasps for breath.

NURSE WHITLEY  
(continuing)  
Sondra!

The first nurse drops the clippers and shrieks in pain again, falling forward and hitting the floor face-first with a sickening thud. Blood gushes from her nose. Her eyes are open. Nurse Whitley frantically checks her wrist pulse.

NURSE WHITLEY  
(continuing)  
Oh, no, no.  
(Checks neck pulse)  
Oh, God. Her pacemakers been  
affected. She's... she's gone.

AGENT STEWART  
What the fuck was she doing in here?  
Only personnel cleared for-

NURSE WHITLEY  
We're understaffed! There hasn't been  
an incident in seven months. I didn't-  
... Jesus, hold her head up, please.

Police cars, lights and sirens blaring, can be heard screeching around the corner. Another large crack develops in the respirator case.

Agent Stewart kneels down, and with disgust lifts her face off the floor. Nurse Whitley scrambles up and rushes over to a switch on the wall and flips it. A metal shutter lowers from the top of the window. Agent Stewart dials his cell.

AGENT STEWART

This is Agent Stewart. Send someone up here.

The shutter stops flush with the floor, drowning out any outside noise. Agent Stewart directs his gaze back to the patient.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF AMARILLO - DAY - SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER

The campus bustles with activity.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

A young tattooed employee with "Tyler" on his name tag pushes a cart down an aisle. Students mill about and use computers.

KIM RALEIGH, 19, a natural beauty, with a seriousness in her eyes, hinting of experience well beyond her years, stands behind the check-out desk of the library as if she owns it.

Manila folders containing paperwork fill a shelf behind Kim.

Two tattered boxes, one empty and one so full it's ready to burst its seams, is packed with additional overstuffed folders. Duct tape holds one corner of the box together.

Kim tugs mightily on several folders, finally dislodging them. She barcodes one, placing it on the shelf behind her.

ERIK WHITTAKER, 19, tall and scruffy, bursts through the library entrance like a ball of good-natured energy, wearing a thread bare Betty Page t-shirt, and sporting a big punk style Mohawk hairdo.

Seeing Kim with her back turned, Erik stops near a row of books and yanks an old Sherlock Holmes type pipe from his t-shirt pocket. He sticks it in the side of his mouth, then opens his notebook and pretends to read.

Kim turns, seeing Erik. She can't help but smile. Tucking the pipe in his pocket, he hurries up to the counter pleasantly surprised and plops down his notebook and car keys.

ERIK

Thought you were off.

CLOSE ON: Erik's notebook is covered with elaborate doodles. His key ring is a plastic Marijuana leaf. Erik taps his fingers on the counter and glances at the box of folders.

KIM

I am. Mrs. Hines had to go to a meeting.

(Eyeballs Erik's notebook)

What's up with the pipe? Are you like, smoking Ritalin now?

ERIK

Found it at a thrift store. I can smoke pot and look debonair.

KIM

And it was just in your mouth?

ERIK

For a sec. It's so cool, huh?

(Puts it close to her face)

The handle's made of real mother-of-pearl, see.

Leaning back, Kim feigns excitement.

KIM

Wow. Did you have it authenticated at T.J Maxx?

(Sighs, motions to box)

Erik, as you can see, I still have like, hours of menial labor left.

She pulls out several files from the ragged box.

ERIK

Shit, when did they force you to dumpster-dive like a can picker?

Kim turns and makes room on a second shelf.

KIM

You take a journalism class and you haven't heard about them?

Erik leans in, checking the various subject matter printed along the tab of each folder.

CLOSE ON: "U.S Policy in Guatemala", "Watergate", "Ruby Ridge", "Desert Storm" and "Tet Offensive".

KIM

(continuing)

... The boring articles still in the university newspaper. "Dear Uncle Sam. Thanks for the crappy donation".

Pulling two folders up from the thick stack, Erik uses his finger to move back the cover.

INSERT: The revealed page has stamped lettering in the corner, which states: "Approved For Public Release. Historical Collections Division HR-17-60".

Nearly all of the paragraphs are blacked out.

ERIK

Oh, hell, yeah. Is it declassified shit? Anything about UFOs or anal probes? They don't use lube, so they fricken hurt, lemme tell ya'.

Kim smiles and spies her boss, MRS. HINES, 60+, tall, stout and serious looking come off the elevator and gets stopped by a maintenance man.

CLOSE ON: Erik peeks in the second file, which contains a dozen or so pages of uncensored paperwork. Kim turns and pushes the two folders back into the box.

ERIK

(continuing)

Lemme have one.

KIM

Nope. Only poly-sci can check 'em out. Did you get an oil change? I don't wanna drive to Cal if...

The maintenance worker leaves.

KIM

(continuing)

Hold up.

Kim goes around the counter and walks up to Mrs. Hines.

KIM  
 (continuing)  
 Hi. The laser printer upstairs needs  
 magenta ink, but everything's fine.  
 Tyler's gonna do it after lunch.

Another employee stops Mrs. Hines and Kim makes her escape  
 and goes back around the counter. MATTHEW, 20, short, skinny,  
 bleached hair, Eminem wannabe, swings open the library doors  
 and calls out to Erik.

MATTHEW  
 Dawg, let's roll.

Erik scoops up his notebook and puffs on the pipe.

ERIK  
 Holla at me.

KIM  
 Don't forget to take your van in.

Erik leaves the library with Matthew. A male STUDENT  
 balancing several books sets them on the counter.

KIM  
 (continuing)  
 Hi.

The student crouches down on the floor. Kim peers over the  
 counter. He stands holding an older Polaroid photograph that  
 apparently fell out of Erik's notebook. He hands it to Kim.

STUDENT  
 Think your friend dropped this.

CLOSE ON: A smiling auburn-haired girl in her late-teens  
 wearing a torn t-shirt hanging off one shoulder and tight peg-  
 legged jeans, stands next to an early 90s blue Camaro.

EXT. AMARILLO CAMPUS - NIGHT - LATER

Kim and her roommate, SHARON, African American, 19, tall,  
 athletic, run up to the corner wearing their backpacks. Heavy  
 traffic rushes by and the city bus is across the street

SHARON  
 (Groans)  
 One of us seriously needs to get a  
 car.



INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Sharon texts on her cell by a window seat. Kim talks on her cell phone as she examines the Polaroid.

KIM

Are you secretly in love with one of the Go Go's? She's like, old enough to be your mother now... I've called like, three times. Where are you? Did you slip on oil at Jiffy Lube? Call me back butt-head.

INT. ERIK AND MATTHEW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A dozen or so photos of Erik and Kim with various friends are taped to the wall near a poster of Pensacola Florida.

A blank DVD in an open case is amongst official government paperwork spread out across Erik's desk.

CLOSE ON: The top sheet of paper has a U.S Government seal with "EYES ONLY: CONFIDENTIAL" printed in bold letters.

On a separate piece of notebook paper with doodles drawn on the side, Erik has hand copied six names and phone numbers from another sheet of typed paperwork with the heading "MAYFAIR ADOPTION AGENCY" that contains twelve names, addresses and phone numbers with 702 and 775 area codes. The first two names are circled.

The partially open bathroom door reveals Erik leaning over the sink, washing out his Mohawk hairstyle. Nearby, an open duffel bag is filled with clothes.

The window unit air-conditioner rumbles on blowing an old newspaper clipping off Erik's desk.

CLOSE ON: The date reads: November 8, 2000. A by-line below this states: Langley Virginia: "Rollover claims life of local honor student and unborn infant."

An accompanying photo shows the early 90s blue Camaro on its side with the roof caved in.

Erik turns off the water and walks out of the bathroom. Scooping up the newspaper article, he puts it in the folder with the EYES ONLY paperwork and tucks it between his mattress.

He pauses, then pulls the folder back out and removes the EYES ONLY page. He folds it and sticks it in a book, then pushes the folder and paperwork back under the mattress.

Grabbing his car keys, Erik stuffs the notebook paper in his pocket and eyes the blank DVD. With a Sharpie, Erik writes "90's Dance Videos" on the front, closes the case and sticks it in his pocket.

EXT. AMARILLO MINI MART - NIGHT - LATER

Two beat-up graffiti covered pay phones are in the parking lot. Erik holds the sheet of notebook paper as he speaks to someone on a pay phone.

EXT. CITY BUS - SUNRISE

The street is empty. Kim exits the bus across from the university and walks toward a nearby 24-hour coffee shop/Internet cafe. Looking to her right, she notices a government issue sedan turn into the University.

Traveling a short distance, the sedan turns into a parking lot with a large sign stating: "RESERVED: AMARILLO UNIVERSITY FACULTY AND STAFF ONLY".

The sedan parks next to eight additional government sedans with no one in them and the headlights go off. Two men get out wearing suits and walk away into the campus grounds. Kim takes out her cell and dials.

KIM  
Matthew?

MATTHEW (V.O.)  
Uh huh. What's up?

KIM  
Is Erik sleeping?

MATTHEW (V.O.)  
Think he went to Denny's. He's not here.

Kim watches another government sedan pull into the university.

KIM  
He's not? Do some industrious chem students have a Meth lab set-up somewhere? 'Cause something's up. We have visitors and they took all the good parking- Hold on, I got a call... Erik?

MRS. HINES (V.O.)

Kim, it's Mrs. Hines. I'm here at the library. The dean called. Said I had to open early. I've been asked to call all of the library employees.

(Beat)

There... are some people here who would like to speak with everyone.

EXT. CAMPUS - SUNRISE

Kim walks briskly, cutting across a large expanse of lawn. In the semi-darkness sixty feet away, she spies two agents wearing U.S Marshall jackets.

Each man carries two boxes filled with the declassified files from the library.

Stopping near a tree, Kim watches the two men stop at a sedan. An agent pops the trunk and the boxes are placed inside. The men remove their U.S Marshall jackets, revealing suit coats and place the jackets in the trunk. They get in the sedan and drive away.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

Kim and Mrs. Hines, who looks like she rolled out of bed and threw some clothes on, sit side-by-side in a large room. The door is closed. Both women strain to hear muffled men's voices as they pass outside the door.

The voices trail off and Mrs. Hine's speaks in a nervous hushed tone.

MRS. HINES

Anyway, they... he-

(Groans in frustration)

"They" said something about a fired government employee. That he's a malicious hacker. They think he planned to put the information on Wikileaks but something happened and he hid the actual file in one of the donations.

KIM

And they think it ended up in the lot that was sent here? That's so cool. What is it?

MRS. HINES  
 (Whispers)  
 People in the Witness Protection  
 Program. He wanted to expose them.  
 What in the world for, I don't know,  
 but I'm sure the mafia would've had  
 a field day.

Kim tries not to smile. The door opens and a third agent just looks at the two women with a blank expression.

MRS. HINES  
 (continuing)  
 You go first.  
 (To third agent)  
 She has class in an hour. Is that all  
 right?

The agent nods and steps back to let Kim go by. She stands in the hallway and sees another agent escort, Tyler, the tattooed library worker into another room.

INT. LIBRARY OFFICE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Kim sits rigidly in a chair looking up at the agent, who stands before her. He speaks never taking his eyes off Kim as he studies her reaction.

U.S MARSHALL  
 The program is common knowledge.  
 We're just concerned, of course,  
 about the welfare of the many people  
 who could be at risk.

He grabs a chair and sits directly in front of Kim.

U.S MARSHALL  
 (continuing)  
 I'm told you barcoded all of the  
 files, correct?

KIM  
 Yeah, no. I mean, most of them I did,  
 but no one checked any of 'em out.  
 You can't read them. They're all  
 redacted.

U.S MARSHALL  
 Oh... You're familiar with the term?

KIM  
 I didn't win my "full scholarship" in  
 a raffle.

U.S MARSHALL  
 Touche. Well, you are a bright young  
 woman, I must say.

The agent stands hovering closely over her. Kim looks at him  
 stone faced, not wanting him to think he's intimidating her.

KIM  
 Look, the box sat out in the open for  
 like, three days before I got to  
 them, so anyone could've-

U.S MARSHALL  
 Are there cameras in the check-out  
 area?

KIM  
 (Shakes head)  
 No. I know there's not. Can I just  
 take the polygraph now? I didn't find  
 the file. But I have to get to class.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

Several students stand outside the still closed library.  
 Sharon is among them. The library security guard unlocks and  
 opens the door for Kim, who steps out and sees Sharon.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Sharon and Kim walk toward the dorms.

SHARON  
 Did you see the warrant? 'Cause if it  
 was issued under the Patriot Act,  
 their asses can do what ever they  
 want.

Kim stops and looks around, obviously dismayed.

SHARON  
 (continuing)  
 What?

KIM  
 Erik's van isn't here.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - SAME DAY - LATER

A large window in the plush office affords a view of the  
 Washington Monument.

Three additional agents stand in the room. Agent Stewart comes around his desk.

AGENT STEWART  
Only the one family was contacted?

A THIRD AGENT holds paperwork.

THIRD AGENT  
Yes, sir. From a pay phone in  
Amarillo Texas. Last night.  
(Checks paper)  
9:37 P.M.

AGENT STEWART  
Rules out a Human Rights Watch group.  
They wouldn't bother to call. We'd be  
watching the breaking story on CNN  
right now.

Agent Stewart looks up as the door to the office opens. AGENT BEAUBRIAND, a tall hulking muscular man in his late twenties, walks inside.

He has terrible burn scars on one hand that obviously extend up his torso and cover his neck and part of his face, where a jagged scar zig zags across the bridge of his nose stopping at his left eye, which is also damaged.

AGENT STEWART  
(continuing; To third  
agent)  
Excuse me... Agent Beaubriand, I  
understand you've been thoroughly  
briefed on the program?

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
Yes, sir. Potentially ground breaking  
work.

AGENT STEWART  
It already is.  
(Back to third agent)  
Any change in her condition?

THIRD AGENT  
None, sir. But they advise postponing  
the procedure until-

AGENT STEWART  
No one's postponing anything. Have a  
jet put on standby. You tell them  
I'll be back first thing tomorrow.  
(more)

AGENT STEWART (CONT'D)  
 Beaubriand, are you ready for a  
 little desert air?

INT. ERIK AND MATTHEW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Kim stands in front of Matthew, who wears pants so baggy he has to hold them up with his free hand. Kim looks into the packed duffel.

KIM  
 I know he can wander off without  
 proper supervision, but it's been two  
 days, now. Where'd he go?

MATTHEW  
 Dawg hasn't even called you?

Kim shakes her head, then notices Erik's cell phone on its charger. She hurries over and picks it up.

KIM  
 Does he ever just leave his phone?

MATTHEW  
 Just to charge it. Dude, I don't know  
 his password.

Kim shoots him a look.

KIM  
 I do. And he knows mine.

CLOSE ON: Kim turns away from Matthew and puts in Erik's password. He has five voice mails. She hits voice mail and places the phone firmly against her ear.

KIM (V.O.)  
 Are you secretly in Love with one of  
 the Go-Go's? She's like, old enough-

Kim skips to the second voice mail. Erik speaks excitedly.

ERIK (V.O.)  
 Shit. I really hope this is you. I  
 had to leave my phone behind.  
 (Beat)  
 You're gonna kick my ass, but I took  
 a file. Said "Tet Offensive", but  
 it's totally not about whatever that  
 was. I'm in Nevada. Some place  
 totally off the radar.  
 (more)

ERIK (CONT'D; V.O.)  
 "Overton", but I'm not there. I'm in  
 like, Bum Fuck Utah using a payphone,  
 just in case. You hella need to come  
 here, now. I'm totally sorry about  
 Cal. I'll make it up to you...

She stops the voice mail and turns to Matthew.

KIM  
 Can you leave the premises? I have to  
 call Erik back. He's fine, but it's  
 personal.

MATTHEW  
 Oh, shit. Yo, you finally hookin' up?

KIM  
 No, I'm letting him have it. He  
 dissed me and went fishing with his  
 dad in Pensacola. Gimme five minutes.

Matthew makes a peace out motion and leaves the room. Kim  
 sits at Erik's desk and puts the phone on speaker. She skips  
 the second voice mail and goes to the third.

ERIK (V.O.)  
 ... I was headin' back to campus on  
 Thursday and saw the men in black.  
 They're here, too. The "C-I-A". I  
 shit you not. I filmed a bunch of 'em  
 going in and out of this veteran's  
 hospital. Like, every five minutes.  
 I think that- Shit, I got so much to  
 tell you. Anyway, I turned around and  
 left Amarillo. Drove here with the  
 clothes on my back.

Kim hurries over and locks the door.

ERIK (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 I got a DVD on me, but there's a  
 bunch of pages under my mattress. I  
 know how crazy this is gonna sound,  
 but I totally think they pretended to  
 kill one of their own. I'm serious as  
 a crack-induced heart attack.

Pushing up Erik's top mattress slightly, she feels around  
 blindly. Straining to lift the mattress higher, she finds a  
 manila folder with paperwork inside. Kim stops the voicemail  
 and turns over the folder.



CLOSE ON: "Tet Offensive" is printed on the tab. Kim sets it aside, picks up the paperwork and quickly leafs through it, coming across a lengthy budget report. The initials C.G.C are at the top. Kim leafs through the rest revealing letters and several memos from the "HAZELWOOD V.A HOSPITAL" in addition to a page headed by "MAYFAIR ADOPTIONS" with the list of twelve names.

The names "LOGAN GIBSON" D.O.B: 11/7/2002 and "TREVOR GIBSON" D.O.B: 9/22/2020 are circled at the top of the list. "ACCEPTED INTO HONORS PROGRAM" is next to Trevor's name.

Looking quizzically through the paperwork, Kim comes across a Progress Report and looks closely at a paragraph.

Insert: "Miss Carver had remarkable abilities and was a willing participant with a keen interest in areas of espionage and had begun special ops training at a CIA facility."

Kim examines the yellowed newspaper clipping involving the pregnant student's death in a car wreck. There's a rapid knock on the door.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Sorry. I gotta pee.

Kim quickly stands and stuffs the folder and paperwork into her big purse. Heading for the door, she stops abruptly and hurries to Erik's desk and grabs his cell phone and charger and stuffs them into her purse.

MATTHEW

I'm gonna need a Depends. C'mon!

Spying a note pad with writing on it, she picks it up.

CLOSE ON: Erik has written the same initials "C.G.C" with three question marks next to it.

Matthew knocks loudly on the door again. Kim stuffs the note pad in her purse and opens the door, rushing past Matthew without a word.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT - LATER

Kim is at the community mailbox using her shoulder to hold Erik's cell to her ear as she tears up the manila folder and stuffs it into the trash can used for junk mail.

ERIK (V.O.)

The bus ticket's prepaid. I'll drive us back to Amarillo in my van, but we'll have to dine on the dollar menu when you get here. I got us a room at this dive-ass place called the Sagebrush, but we totally have to watch ourselves. Can't even use our cellies. We gotta roll old school...

Kim retrieves a power bill and credit card offer from her mailbox and walks away. Turning the corner, she abruptly stops the voicemail.

A hundred feet away three government sedans are parked in front of her apartment building. Several neighbors watch and talk amongst themselves.

Quickly ripping open the credit card offer, Kim slips the government paperwork inside and tucks it into a nearby shrub along with Erik's phone.

Mustering her nerve, she walks toward her apartment where Sharon stands at the bottom of the stairs with her wrists handcuffed to the railing.

A very gruff-looking female agent stands near Sharon, who smiles and waves at Kim with her fingers, not at all concerned she's cuffed.

SHARON

Hi. They're up there right now sniffing our panties.

KIM

Oh, my God. Are you under arrest?

Sharon glances at the gruff agent.

SHARON

Just in the way. Cujo's gettin' a Milk Bone for guarding me. Go on up and watch 'em.

Kim heads up the stairs.

SHARON

(continuing)

Make sure they don't plant anything. I'm serious. I caught 'em digging through my Tampon box like there were free Mary J. Blige tickets inside.

Kim nervously stops at the open front door. Three agents are coming and going out of the kitchen, living room and bedrooms. The whole apartment is in disarray.

An agent kneels in front of the end table, where the 1990s Polaroid is propped up against the lamp. He opens the small drawer, searches inside, then looks up and scrutinizes the photo as Kim watches uneasily.

Just as quickly he looks away unconcerned, closes the drawer and goes back into the kitchen.

INT. KIM AND SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Sharon picks up a couch cushion from the floor as she surveys the mess in the living room. Kim puts plates back inside a cabinet as she looks down at her cell and reads a text.

KIM

Oh, crap. Po Po's still searching Mrs. Hine's place... Wait, she's typing. "FBI just left my place and terrified my cat..."

The girls chuckle and Kim looks back at her phone and reads a moment more.

KIM

(continuing)  
Cool. Guess she's totally agreeable when she's scared shitless.

SHARON

You got the time off?

KIM

(Holds up phone)  
Two extra days. I'm taking the bus to Neva... I mean, Pensacola in the morning. But I don't get it. We were cleared or what ever you call it.

Sharon tosses the cushion on the couch.

SHARON

Girl, please. They get boners doing shit like this. It's better than Viagra.

Kim smiles as she picks up the Polaroid and slips it into her pocket.

EXT. KIM'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT - LATER

Looking around the empty complex, Kim walks over to the cluster of shrubbery where she hid the file and Erik's phone. She retrieves them and walks back to her apartment.

INT. AMARILLO MINI-MART - SUNRISE - LATER

The clerk walks up to the window and observes a phone company truck and two men in work overalls wearing gloves. The pay phone Erik previously used has been completely wrapped in a protective covering and is being removed stand and all and placed in the truck.

The two men get in and drive away with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NEXT DAY

Kim sits at a window seat with no one next to her as she sorts through the twenty or so pages of the government document.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

Kim sleeps with her head against the window.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT - LATER

A 24-hour cafe can be seen outside the window. Various passengers are outside smoking. The bus is empty except for Kim, who has on the overhead light.

CLOSE ON: Kim sets down the note pad paper with the initials C.G.C and brings up Google on her phone. She types in C.G.C and hits enter.

"No Results" comes up on the screen.

Seeming a bit surprised by this she sets down her phone and concentrates on the list of names from the government paperwork on her lap. An atlas next to Kim is open to the state of Nevada.

CLOSE ON: Kim has circled ten small Nevada towns.

Kim checks the Mayfair adoption list, then looks back at the atlas finding "ELY NEVADA". She circles it and looks up as an older female passenger smiles and sits across from her.

Kim slides the list of names and the rest of the paperwork into the atlas and closes it.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

The bus passes the "Welcome To Arizona" sign and drives across Hoover Dam.

INT. BUS - NIGHT - LATER

Kim gazes out the window seeing the lights from small town Overton a mile in the distance. Red and blue lights from what appear to be several emergency vehicles, flicker from the center of town.

The bus exits the interstate and stops in front of the Greyhound station.

INT. BUS STATION

The ticket counter appears closed and the waiting room is empty. Kim checks her watch and spies the men's room door. She knocks.

KIM  
Erik... Erik.

The counter clerk comes out from a back room.

CLERK  
Sorry. Can I help you?

KIM  
Oh, no, no. Just waiting on my ride.

CLOSE ON: Grabbing the thin Overton phone book near a pay phones, Kim finds the number for the Sagebrush Motel and starts to dial the number with Erik's cell phone until she realizes what she's doing.

KIM  
(continuing)  
Shit.

She stops dialing and exits the building. The emergency vehicles are still in the center of town.

EXT. OVERTON MAIN STREET -NIGHT

The wind has picked up. Kim walks along the tree-lined street. American flags wave from various mom and pop businesses. Two churches are near an ROTC Recruiting Center.

A block up, a crowd of people stand on the sidewalk and in the street amongst the emergency vehicles. Smoke billows over the tree tops and the Sagebrush Motel sign.

Kim picks up her pace. The crowd blocks the source of the smoke, but she can't help but notice a light pole laying across someone's front yard. Hurrying through the crowd, she stops near an Overton police car and squeezes through only to stop and stare in shock at something several yards ahead of her.

A fire Marshall looks inside Erik's charred van, which is on the sidewalk with the front crashed in from hitting and knocking over the light pole. Black sooty water runs down the gutter. Kim can't believe her eyes. Looking around panic stricken, she doesn't see Erik anywhere.

KIM  
(Whispers)  
Oh, God... Erik...

OVERTON OFFICER (O.S.)  
Move aside, please. Move aside...

A loud horn beeps and she whips her head around, seeing several people move out of the way of a coroner's van, which drives off at a fairly high-rate of speed. Kim is distraught.

KIM  
Oh, no, no, no. Erik...

Twenty feet ahead of Kim, LOGAN GIBSON, 22, tall, clean-cut very handsome in a quintessential all-American way, comes up the street holding the hand of his blonde four-year-old son, TREVOR.

Making his way through the crowd, a look of recognition crosses Logan's face. A surge of gawkers causes him to lose his grip on Trevor's hand. Trevor darts ahead of him straight for Kim, who stops an officer.

KIM  
(continuing)  
Can you please tell me what happened?  
I know the driver. He's-

LOGAN  
Trevor, get back here!

Kim turns, hearing the name. The officer continues on. Trevor stops and looks up at Kim.

TREVOR

Erik showed us pictures of you last night.

KIM

What?

Logan hurries over and stops short seeing the smouldering van. He shields Trevor's face and looks at Kim intently. Tears roll down her face. She can barely speak.

KIM

(continuing)

Oh, God. You're... You're Logan, right? I saw your name on... That's Erik's van. That's his van.

TREVOR

Daddy, what happened?

LOGAN

Jesus, he just called. We were all gonna meet you at the station.

Kim catches another glimpse of Erik's van. She gasps and quickly looks away.

KIM

Can we get out of here?

Logan starts to speak.

KIM

(continuing)

Please!

Logan guides Trevor and Kim through the crowd a short distance up the street to his late-model Lincoln SUV. They get in and Logan makes a u-turn, slowly passing the accident and the crowd.

INT. LOGAN'S SUV

Kim sits in the front seat shaking like a leaf and fighting back tears. Trevor has his face against the passenger side window. He idly watches a man in a dark suit walk away from Erik's van holding something.

CLOSE ON: Erik's camcorder is sealed in an evidence bag the man clutches.

Trevor watches the man get into an unmarked sedan. Logan turns the corner.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

His modest mid-century ranch is located on a dark road in a fairly rural area just outside Overton. His SUV is parked in the driveway. Other ranch style homes dot the area.

The front door is open. Kim stands on the porch speaking on a cordless phone.

INT. LOGAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A family photo is on a nearby shelf of Logan, his pretty wife and Trevor.

CLOSE ON: A slightly tattered children's book "James and The Giant Peach" is on the kitchen table, as is the government file, which is neatly stacked next to it. The Polaroid of the young woman is nearby.

The newspaper clipping of the car wreck is on top of the paperwork. A somber Logan is at the table reading a page from the file.

He picks up the "MAYFAIR ADOPTIONS" page and stares uneasily at his and Trevor's circled names, personnel information and the statement: "ACCEPTED INTO HONORS PROGRAM."

Logan traces his finger down the page reading the names and information of the eight additional adopted children with small town Nevada addresses and phone numbers. Three of them have also been accepted into the Honors Program.

Picking up the Polaroid, Logan stares at it curiously. Kim walks back inside holding the cordless phone.

LOGAN

This girl. Whoever she is. Her phone was tapped for months. There's transcripts.

(Glances down)

Uh... Here... She, she's telling her mother she filed a restraining order against her married boss. And he knows the president. Who are these people?

A shaken, Kim, nods and lowers herself into a chair.



KIM  
They... The police... they think Erik  
might've had a seizure and lost  
control of his van.

Kim sets the phone on the table with trembling hands. Logan quickly gets up and pours a cup of tea for Kim and sets it in front of her.

KIM  
(continuing)  
Do you have a valium or something? I  
haven't slept at all

The question seems alien to him.

LOGAN  
Sorry, I've never taken one. Do you  
know his father's number? We better  
call.

Kim shakes her head and stares a moment at a separate framed photo of Logan's wife with a Remembrance Card in front of it. An electronic candle softly illuminates the photo.

She looks away, noticing Trevor intently watching her. Logan picks up the cordless phone.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
What about somebody else?

Kim just shakes her head, straining not to cry.

INT. LOGAN'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Kim sleeps on the couch covered in a blanket. The digital clock reads: 2:38 A.M. The house creaks from the howling wind outside.

Light shines out from the bottom of Trevor's bedroom door in the nearby hallway.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM

Trevor sits in front of his laptop computer wearing headphones as he Skypes with someone. On the computer screen, a man is seen casually dressed, but wearing a tie.

He stands in an office facing the camera on his end and mouths out: "Very good, very good. Be right back". The man walks out of frame.

Trevor brings up a minimized document from the toolbar and yanks off his headphones.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kim opens her eyes hearing something and watches Trevor quietly walk through the dark living room and grab a small digital camera off Logan's desk.

She glances at the time on the digital clock. Trevor goes back into his bedroom and Kim sits up from the couch. Hesitating a moment, she walks over to the desk and notices Eriks doodle-filled handwritten list of names poking out of the file. She gazes at it sadly, then slips it out and puts it in her pocket.

Kim walks over and stops at Trevor's bedroom door, putting her ear to it. The light goes off in Trevor's room and Kim gently knocks on his door.

KIM  
You okay? Trevor...

Kim opens the door a crack. Trevor is seated at his desk wearing the headphones. The man in the tie is back, seated now as he continues Skyping with Trevor, who nods in response to something he says.

Kim quietly pulls the door shut and turns seeing Logan walk out of his bedroom in sweats and a t-shirt. He smooths down his rumpled hair, stifling a yawn as he's just awakened.

LOGAN  
Everything okay? I heard talking.

KIM  
I don't wanna sound like a narc, but  
I think your son's chatting online  
with someone.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT SHORT TIME LATER

The laptop screen displays a Disney wallpaper background. Logan's digital camera is near the mouse.

LOGAN  
I just looked in on you. There was  
someone onscreen, Trevor. They saw me  
and logged off. What were you doing?

TREVOR  
Nothing.

LOGAN

C'mon, now. I mean it. Tell me what you're doing. Who was that?

Trevor hesitates and let's out a plaintive sigh.

TREVOR

School work. I take lot's of tests. My teacher was helping me.

LOGAN

I'm a teacher. We don't teach class at three in the morning. This person is lying to you.

TREVOR

It's day time there.

LOGAN

What? They're in another country?

(Trevor nods)

Do what ever you did to contact them. I want to speak to them, now.

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR

They went away. You saw. They didn't want me to tell you about this till I got better grades, so it would be a surprise.

LOGAN

Why do you have my camera, Trevor? Did he tell you to take pictures of yourself?

TREVOR

I took pictures of a test. He said I made a perfect score on it, so I took a picture of it before he came back.

LOGAN

Shit.

Logan scoops up his digital camera, takes out the chip and inserts it into the laptop. A dozen or so family photos come up. Logan finds the most recent slightly blurred photo of the test. He enlarges it for a better look.

INSERT: There are dozens of answered multiple choice questions that are in another language. Diagrams and symbols near the bottom have answered question boxes.

In bold letterhead at the top of the page it reads:  
 CENTERLANE INSTITUTE: PUPIL TREVOR GIBSON: REMOTE VIEWING  
 TEST 47 A.

LOGAN  
 (continuing; To Kim)  
 What the... is... is any of this  
 mentioned in the file?

Kim examines the unusual text.

KIM  
 No, nothing. I've read it a few  
 times. Trevor, is this Arabic or  
 something?

Trevor nods, looking back and forth to Kim and Logan.

TREVOR  
 Farsi.

LOGAN  
 Farsi? You understand it well enough  
 not to take the test in English?

Trevor nods matter-of-factly. Logan looks at Kim.

LOGAN  
 (continuing)  
 Think I know where he learned it.  
 Trev, how long have you been doing  
 this?

TREVOR  
 Friday nights.

LOGAN  
 Wow. Right under my nose.

Logan grabs the mouse, shuts off the laptop and wraps the  
 cord around it.

LOGAN  
 (continuing)  
 (To Trevor)  
 I'm sorry. You can use my computer  
 for the time being. Go to bed.

INT. LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Logan sits in front of his computer. The atlas is open to  
 Nevada revealing the towns Kim circled. The file is nearby.

Kim is seated next to Logan, who shakes the mouse bringing the computer out of slumber.

CLOSE ON: Logan Googles "REMOTE VIEWING".

Scrolling down, Logan sees dozens of articles and sites regarding this subject. Various article headings state:

"New age movement practices Remote Viewing and Meditation".

"Remote viewing integral part of "PROJECT CENTERLANE".

LOGAN

"Centerlane?" What the hell.

One article near the bottom states "Video". Logan clicks on the result and a web-site comes up for "KEY TOPICS" a former daytime cable access show. Highlighted blue letters state:

March 1996: Episode 11. Host Steve Hastings interviews former CIA Analyst Dr. Henry Blustrom regarding "PROJECT CENTERLANE".

A link for a YouTube video clip from the episode is below the highlighted words. Logan clicks "play".

The slightly grainy clip begins. The HOST Steve Hastings and DR. BLUSTROM sit in chairs on a generic set.

HOST

One of the more costly, "government boondoggles" as you call it, was a covert program under the umbrella code name "Centerlane".

DR. BLUSTROM

Yes, this now defunct program was started in part by the CIA in '72 during the height of the Cold War. "Remote Viewing" was just one of many tests concocted by the agency to reveal if a person had so-called "abilities". The Soviet Union was testing subjects in extrasensory research and not to be outdone, we began our own program, ultimately investing more than twenty-five million dollars.

HOST

Of tax payer money, I assume?

DR. BLUSTROM

(Nodding)

The CIA, like any rogue bureaucracy, gets away with extreme expenditures by the very fact it's cloaked in secrecy. The final nail in the coffin came when the Clinton Administration shut down the project for good in 1995, ending the government's pipe dream of alternative intelligence gathering.

The video abruptly ends as if it were hastily edited. Logan stares blankly at the computer screen deep in thought.

KIM

So, that's what happened to the Psychic Friend's Network.

LOGAN

Huh?

Noticing Logan's concern, she changes her tone.

KIM

Sorry. I was just gonna say, I wonder how many more times he was gonna repeat the program was shut down and didn't work.

Logan turns in his chair, grabs a pen and writes down the name "Henry Blustrom".

LOGAN

Yeah, I noticed.

CLOSE ON: Unbeknownst to Logan and Kim the LED indicator

CLOSE ON: He types in Dr. Henry Blustrom and hits enter. Kim looks quizzically at the screen. "No Results" has come up.

KIM

He didn't even rate a Wiki page?

(Beat)

What did Erik show you? He didn't have time to get the file, but he said you have-

LOGAN

A DVD, yeah. It's still in the drive.

A distracted Logan, almost mechanically grabs the mouse and clicks on the DVD drive.

The screen of Logan's computer fills the frame. Onscreen there is very grainy footage with no audio of the young woman in the Poloroid photograph.

INSERT: A time stamp at the bottom of the footage reads: DECEMBER 15th, 2000. 0800 Hours: Stanford Research Center: Behavioral Sciences Bldg. Neurobiology Studies. Session 8. Subject: "PATRICIA CARVER" Age 18.

PATRICIA sits at a metal table in a large room. Several men in suits stand to the side of the table. 30-year-old Agent Stewart stands away from everyone else with crossed arms, watching Patricia.

An older man in a suit stands in front of the table with his back to her reading something to himself from a paper he holds.

Behind him, Patricia speaks as the man reads. The man with the paper lowers it and turns to Agent Stewart with an awed expression. He says something to the others in the room and they appear excited and in awe too. Patricia smiles and sits there with a matter-of-fact expression.

Agent Stewart leaves the room.

There is a moment of static onscreen and new footage appears. Patricia, visibly pregnant, wears a woman's suit with upswept hair as she and other agents stand in a large room holding up their right hands as they repeat an oath of allegiance to the agency.

30-year-old Agent Stewart watches the proceedings, staring icily at Patricia, who sees him and averts her eyes, obviously disturbed by his presence. The video ends.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
That's it.

Logan sits a moment, pensive and deep in thought. The fierce wind outside shakes the house. Kim watches him a moment and retrieves a page from the file.

KIM  
I... I don't know if you saw this,  
but it's a memo from the Department  
of Defense.

LOGAN  
What? Department of Defense? Why  
would they...

KIM

No, I know. It's about congressional funding for research they're doing at Hazelwood. A sixty-thousand dollar bed was just delivered to the 5th floor for a long-term coma patient...

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM

Trevor stands in front of the door in his dark bedroom listening. Kim and Logan's conversation has caused him distress.

A long crack forms in the ceiling above him. Trevor sees another crack appear in the glass of his aquarium.

TREVOR

(Whispers)

Mmm,mmm, no.

KIM (O.S.)

... Erik thinks- "thought" it's the girl in the video.

Trevor turns away and closes his eyes tightly as if he's intently concentrating and trying to redirect some type of energy or force triggered by his emotional state.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Logan gets up from his chair, increasingly agitated.

LOGAN

She died in a wreck.

(Beat)

Now I have wonder if they've been to Trev's preschool.

KIM

Why's that?

LOGAN

They... They said Trevor's I.Q. tested through the roof and insisted he take DVD courses until he's matched with a private tutor. Courtesy of Uncle Sam... Or Centerlane.

A loud muffled pop is heard from the kitchen, startling Kim and Logan, who hurries into the kitchen and looks around.



He opens the refrigerator door and milk gushes out onto the floor. Logan rears back.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
Shit. What the...

Kim walks up and she and Logan see a new plastic gallon jug of milk is split apart as if it suddenly burst. The cap is intact. Logan takes it out and holds it up, looking mystified. Kim reaches for the paper towels.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
Leave it. I'll get to it later.

He throws the carton into the sink and rushes over to his desk and grabs up the paperwork. Carefully weighing his words, Logan wants to be firm but hold onto his nice guy demeanor.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
I'd like you to leave all this with me... I can't lie. I was intrigued. Your friend shows up. Says he's a journalism student and knows I'm adopted. I mean...  
(Sighs)  
Look... All I know is someone's keeping tabs on my child. And I'm finding out for sure this Monday who it is. You can stay the night, but tomorrow you have to leave.

Kim nods, taken aback.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
I really wish we'd met under different circumstances.

Logan leaves the room.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM

Trevor lies on his bed curled up in a ball, clutching a stuffed animal as he stares at the cracks on the wall and aquarium.

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Trevor stands next to Kim looking up at her. Logan pulls some money out of his wallet and Kim watches in surprise as he hands her three one-hundred-dollar bills.

KIM

That's way too generous. You're a teacher. It would take me forever to pay it back.

LOGAN

No need to. My parents left me with a pretty sizeable trust fund. I teach because I love it.

KIM

Thank you.

Kim suddenly leans over and gives Logan a quick hug. As she pulls away she and Logan stare at one another. It's awkward, but there's something undeniable between them.

KIM

(continuing)

I'm sorry about all this. Take care.

LOGAN

You too. You have my number in your phone. Shoot me a text. Lemme know you made it back safe.

Kim nods. Logan takes Trevor's hand and walks away. Trevor looks back and waves forlornly at Kim. They get in the SUV and with mixed emotions, Logan watches Kim go into the bus station.

INT. BUS STATION

Kim walks up to the ticket CLERK. She takes out a hundred and checks the time on her cell.

KIM

Can you break this?

INT. HAZELWOOD - DAY

An agitated Agent Stewart is on his cell walking briskly down a long hallway with Agent Beaubriand. Various offices are on either side of the hallway.

AGENT STEWART

Yeah, called a hot number from a pay phone three miles from his dorm.

(Coughs)

Left fingerprints all over the goddamn thing. I wanted to interrogate him. Declare him a fucking enemy combatant if I had to.

(Abruptly stops)

No... No. It's-

(Beat)

Listen, believe me when I tell you, nothing has been jeopardized. We'll find the leak. Fuck, whistleblowers come with the territory...

Agent Stewart takes a few steps and stops outside his open office door, clearly annoyed. Three boxes are on his desk. He shoots Agent Beaubriand a look.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

Sir, my personal effects were delivered today.

AGENT STEWART

Get that shit off my desk. Sort it out.

Agent Stewart turns and continues down the hall. Agent Beaubriand idly glances at five interconnected flat screen monitors on the wall, which reveal various filmed locations in Hazelwood: A medical supply room, hallways, elevators and a plush waiting room.

The fifth monitor is off.

Beaubriand picks up a box and Agent Stewart rushes back into the office, still on the phone.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)

Yes, keep me apprised. All right.

(To Beaubriand)

Fuck me, it's Deja Vu.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

What's that sir?

AGENT STEWART

Someone right here in fucking Hooterville has contacted two families in Elko and Winnemucca.

(more)

AGENT STEWART (CONT'D)  
Little prick must have driven his van  
around Amarillo handing out flyers  
with directions. Christ.

Agent Stewart's desk phone rings. An older woman in a suit  
Leans into the office.

OFFICE WOMAN  
Sir, she's being surveilled.

AGENT STEWART  
She?

EXT. OVERTON CITY PARK - DAY - LATER

Kim stands at a payphone with the receiver to her ear.  
Several quarters are stacked next to the phone.

CLOSE ON: With her free hand, Kim holds Erik's handwritten  
list with the names and phone numbers of the eleven  
additional families who adopted children. She speaks a few  
moments with someone and hangs up.

Pausing a moment, Kim reaches for the phone again and  
instead, scoops up the quarters and puts them in her pocket.

EXT. HAZELWOOD V.A HOSPITAL - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

A white utility van double parks in front of the HAZELWOOD  
V.A HOSPITAL, an older five-story building with late-sixties  
architecture and some ill-conceived modern upgrades to the  
exterior. The van driver puts on the flashers.

INT. HAZELWOOD

Kim walks around an open area with outdated furniture.  
Several elderly war vets watch TV. A few are in wheelchairs.  
Some are amputees.

Kim notices the driver of the utility van enter Hazelwood  
holding a clipboard as he pushes a dolly carrying two large  
white metallic cylinders with writing on them. He stops at  
the elevator and checks his watch.

The elevator opens and a buffed armed security guard steps  
out and greets the delivery man. The guard signs something on  
the clipboard and takes the dolly and cylinders from the  
delivery man, who leaves Hazelwood.

In the elevator, the armed guard presses a number on the panel. From this angle, partial writing on the containers is glimpsed.

CLOSE ON: "C.G.C" Caution: Keep away from... The elevator doors close blocking the remaining words.

Kim walks up to the elevator, noticing it stops on the 5th floor. She examines the nearby Hazelwood directory.

1st Floor. Patient Services

2nd Floor. Physical Therapy

3d Floor. Veteran's Affairs

4th Floor. Human Resources

She looks idly at the 5th Floor heading, which states: "Administrative Offices." Giving the place a final glance, Kim heads for the exit.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

P.O.V of telephoto lens. Kim walks out of Hazelwood and several photos are taken of her.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - LATER

Kim walks up the rural road with her pink duffel as she approaches Logan's home. She enters the large yard. Trevor, who plays outside, jumps up and runs to her smiling. He hugs her tightly and looks up.

TREVOR

I knew you'd come back. Salaam, tora dust midaram.

KIM

What's that?

TREVOR

I said "Hello, I'm glad to see you"... In Farsi, remember? I know some Spanish, too.

She looks up as the front door opens. Logan walks out holding the keys to his SUV. He doesn't look disturbed seeing Kim, just very curious and cautiously pleased.

KIM

Hi. I only spent twelve dollars of your money.

LOGAN

You walked two miles from town? Why didn't you-

Kim is quiet a moment.

KIM

I... I called some of the families myself. Said I was interested in adopting and wanted to know how their experience was with Mayfair.

Logan steps off the porch.

KIM

(continuing)

The two people who didn't demand to know how I got their number and hang up in my face... told me the same thing. Besides high I.Qs, their adopted kid has a trust fund and they're home schooled by a private tutor. Paid for by good 'ol Uncle Sam.

Logan processes what he's just heard. Kim takes a step back.

KIM

(continuing)

There's another bus tonight. I'm sorry I came back, but I thought you should know.

He's more than intrigued and Kim is beautiful.

LOGAN

I actually was just heading out to check my birth records. You're... welcome to come along.

Trevor takes Kim's duffel from her and hops into Logan's S.U.V. Kim and Logan can't help but smile. Trevor places her duffel behind him in the hatchback area.

INT. LOGAN'S SUV - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Trevor sits in the backseat playing a video game on Logan's phone. Kim is turned in her seat facing Logan with a seriousness in her eyes.

KIM

One of the "proud moms" told me her adopted fifteen-year-old son attends a U.S run military school in the Middle East... and speaks fluent Arabic. That's sort of like Farsi, isn't it?

LOGAN

Yeah. Same region at least.

Trevor pauses and looks up from his game and listens intently.

KIM

Why would Trevor need to learn Farsi?

LOGAN

No idea. Maybe it's a diversity thing or something. I don't know.

Trevor is dismayed about the discussion. He looks away and half-heartedly goes back to his game.

EXT. STREET

A silver Ford behind Logan's SUV, turns the opposite direction. The male passenger stares at Logan and takes out his cell phone.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Stewart sits in front of the row of monitors. On the third monitor he observes Nurse Whitley hold up a bottle of pills in front of an open cabinet filled with meds.

She can barely hide her impatience as she reads the label to Agent Stewart.

NURSE WHITLEY

"Levetiracetam". It's an anti-convulsant.

(Looks up at the camera)

They've discontinued most of her meds. And right now, for all practical purposes this room is functioning as a hospice.

AGENT STEWART

A third procedure will be completed. She's come close to dying before and her body pulled through. This is too important.

NURSE WHITLEY

(Closes cabinet)

I've been instructed by the attending physician not to proceed. You have enough "inventory" as you call it, from the previous-

AGENT STEWART

It's a little late for self-righteous indignation. Feel free to resign. Just remember, you signed an N.D.A. I'll revoke your fucking pension and you can mop floors with your arthritic knees.

NURSE WHITLEY

I know better than anyone this is blood money. And I know better than anyone its time to let her go.

INT. OVERTON CITY HALL - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Trevor sits behind Logan and Kim on a wooden bench. They face a plump red haired EMPLOYEE, early fifties, with a pencil behind her ear.

CLOSE ON: Logan's birth certificate is on the counter. "Los Angeles Community Hospital" is printed along the top. The woman hangs onto his every word.

LOGAN

I know I was born in L.A, but I'd like to contact the adoption agency. I'm hoping the records were transferred here or my adoptive parents filed something.

EMPLOYEE

Oh, sure. They would've had to, hon. Did you ask them if-

LOGAN

They were in their fifties when they adopted me. They're both gone.

She nods, puts on reading glasses and picks up the birth certificate.



Glancing at it, she turns back to the computer and types in information.

EMPLOYEE

Hmm. Nothing comes up with your name.  
Hold on...

She walks over to a large cabinet with alphabetized drawer fronts and opens one, digging through it.

EMPLOYEE

(continuing)  
We haven't digitized everything, but we keep hard copies of all the records just in case... Oh, here we go.

The employee takes out a single yellowed index card and looks at it curiously.

EMPLOYEE

(continuing)  
Huh. This is it? There's no copy of your birth certificate, even. Hon, did you order the copy you have now?

LOGAN

No, I've had it since I can remember.

EMPLOYEE

Well, some one wasn't doing their job back then.

(Looks at index card)  
Didn't even bother to put down your date of birth. Just your name and an address. 2700 6th Street.

INT LOGAN'S SUV - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Logan's car slowly drives up the street. Trevor glances up at the street sign, which reads "6th street".

Logan continues a short distance, then abruptly brakes along side the Hazelwood V.A Hospital. Logan glances at Kim. They both stare, taken aback at the address above the entrance to Hazelwood.

In large black metal letters it reads: "2700".

KIM

I was just here.

LOGAN  
What the hell is going on? I... I was  
told I was born in Los...

Logan looks down as if something weighs heavily on him.

KIM  
Logan...

LOGAN  
My wife... She... She died inside  
this place. We were sent a letter  
from a V.A administrator informing us  
since my adopted parents were  
veterans, she could give birth in  
Hazelwood at no cost.

(Beat)  
There were complications. She... she  
bled out.

KIM  
God, I'm so sorry Logan.

Trevor has stopped playing his game and stares straight  
ahead. He leans forward and looks up at Logan.

TREVOR  
Daddy, what about Tony?

LOGAN  
(Let's out Sigh)  
Trevor had a twin. He didn't make it.  
I... I can't talk about it.

Logan stares at Hazelwood pensively. He turns to Kim.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
I have to go to a parent teacher  
conference at the church. Would you  
mind watching Trevor awhile?

Trevor looks pleased to hear this. Kim nods and studies Logan.

KIM  
You all right?

Logan just nods and drives off. Trevor quickly sits up from  
the backseat and stares at Hazelwood. A curious, concerned  
expression crosses his face.

INT. LOGAN'S HOME - DAY - LATER

The screen of Logan's computer fills the frame.

The "Mayfair Adoption Agency" website is in view. It's motto "A place for new beginnings" is written in cursive font below the heading.

Kim scrolls down to "Make an appointment" and clicks on "Please Download Appointment Form".

CLOSE ON: Unbeknownst to Kim, the indicator light blinks on Logan's web-cam.

Across the room, Trevor is on the couch with the book "James And The Giant Peach" on his lap. It's obvious he wants to be read to. He watches Kim, who looks very engrossed as she reads something onscreen.

Trevor gets up and walks dejectedly into his room.

CLOSE ON: The built in web-cam on Logan's computer is seen in extreme close-up. Someone has remotely accessed Logan's computer and watches Kim from their end.

INT. LOGAN'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

The computer screen is dark. The TV set is on low. Kim is on the couch listening to one of Erik's voice mails. Tears well in her eyes.

A pillow is on her lap and Trevor sleeps deeply with his head on it.

ERIK (V.O.)

Man, I cannot wait till you get here.  
There is not one friggin' thing to do  
in this podunk town. I'm pretty sure  
they just legalized dancing.

Hearing Logan's car pull up outside, Kim quickly composes herself. Logan walks in and they stare at one another. Logan gazes at Trevor, then at Kim, who breaks the ice.

KIM

Did they leave an apple on your desk?

LOGAN

Huh? Oh, not today. Sorry. He's like  
a puppy. Thinks he can sleep anywhere.

Kim strokes Trevor's hair.

KIM  
I don't mind.

Logan gently takes Trevor from Kim's lap and notices the message light blinking on his answering machine.

KIM  
(continuing)  
Oh... It's the Vegas police. They called, like an hour ago. I heard the message, but I didn't pick up.  
(Looks up at Logan)  
Erik's body was transferred to the coroner's office there. They want me to pick up his things tomorrow.

LOGAN  
That's fine. You can stay.

KIM  
(Gets up)  
Oh, well. I was gonna stay at the motel a couple days. It's closer.

LOGAN  
To what?

KIM  
I made an online appointment at Hazelwood tomorrow afternoon. I mean, the Mayfair adoption place. Their website said they opened an office in Hazelwood.

LOGAN  
In a V.A hospital? Why would you make an appointment, anyway?

KIM  
Because they've only adopted out nine kids in twenty-two years. And you all live within a few hundred miles of each other. Don't you think that's-

LOGAN  
Yeah, I do. While you're at it, ask them why they lied all these years about where I was born. You really think this is a good idea?

KIM  
Well... I... I already know what I'm gonna say. I just wanna go inside. See what...

Logan let's out his breath and is quiet a moment.

LOGAN

All right. I'll drive you to the motel... wait... I'll take you to the appointment. Stay here. Let's get your stuff.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOME

The SUV's hatchback is open. Kim and Logan stare into the back of the vehicle. Kim's duffel is gone.

KIM

Everything's in there. Even my student I.D.

LOGAN

Shit. It's my fault. I didn't lock it. You don't have to here.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stewart sits hunched over his desk. Kim's pink duffel is on his desk.

CLOSE ON: A small recording device set to rewind sits in front of him. The tape stops. He presses play and listens to one of the calls Kim made on the payphone earlier.

KIM (V.O.)

They didn't charge a lot of different fees, did they?

WOMAN (V.O.)

No more than the other agencies. But then we adopted our daughter five-years-ago. Fees might've increased since then. Anyway, I'd get a lawyer first to write up the paperwork for an adoption. We did.

CLOSE ON: An agency report sits next to the recording device on Stewart's desk. The name "Kim Raleigh" is typed in bold letters at the top followed by other personal information such as D.O.B and her address.

Agent Stewart shuts off the recorder and picks up Kim's student I.D from the University of Amarillo and studies her photo. Setting it down, he turns to the five video monitors.

Clicking on the fifth monitor reveals active footage from Logan's web-cam, which affords a partial view of Logan's television and a living room wall.

Stewart reaches to shut it off, then Logan enters the frame holding a Dr. Pepper. He walks past his own web-cam and goes out of frame. Stewart sighs a bit wearily as his scope of spying is limited to only one web-cam position in Logan's home.

EXT. LOGAN'S PORCH - NIGHT

Kim sits on the porch holding a cup of tea, gazing up at the star-filled sky. Logan walks onto the porch holding the soda.

KIM  
He fall asleep?

Logan just nods and stands there stiffly. Kim looks at him and smiles slyly.

KIM  
(continuing)  
Unwed people can sit next to one another in this town, right? It's not a sin or anything?

Logan manages a smile.

LOGAN  
That was all cleared up at the last town hall meeting.

KIM  
Good.

She scoots over and Logan sits next to her. He takes a sip and looks at her with a crooked smile. The wheels are turning.

LOGAN  
So... Where are your folks? Shit. Maybe it's none of my business.

KIM  
It's okay. My mom and dad are alive and kicking.  
(Beat)  
I... I was taken from them when I was fourteen and put in foster care.

LOGAN  
You're kidding?

KIM  
Yeah, no. They're like, big tweakers.

LOGAN  
Oh, uh... That's a person who does  
methamphetamines, correct?

KIM  
Yes, Mr. Rogers, it is.

LOGAN  
God, I'm sorry. I always assumed  
everyone had a life like mine. I was  
lucky.

KIM  
Don't be. I had some okay foster  
parents for the most part. None of  
'em chained me to a radiator.

LOGAN  
I like the way you think. You're  
beautiful, too. You really are.

She looks at Logan and they're quiet a moment. He leans in to  
kiss her.

KIM  
Thank you...

Their lips touch and he pulls back a bit surprised.

LOGAN  
For the kiss?

KIM  
For taking me in. You didn't even  
know me... and I'm not so sure you  
really want to. I'm sorry that-

Logan leans over finishing the kiss. Kim rests her head on  
his shoulder. They hold one another losing themselves in the  
moment. Kim looks up and they kiss again.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Logan sleeps on his side next to Kim, who sits up naked under  
the covers softly stroking Logan's hair. Looking to her left,  
she spots some books on the night stand. Two are educational  
books. Another book peeks out from under the pile.

Kim takes out "James And The Giant Peach." She turns on the  
small lamp beside her and begins reading to herself.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Trevor sits on the floor of his dark bedroom with the door cracked open, looking as if he's concentrating intently on something. Trevor smiles to himself and stifles a giggle.

Kim is heard coughing a moment. Trevor frowns, then a page is heard turning. He begins concentrating intently again a few more seconds, then frowns.

TREVOR

No... Keep reading. I like this part.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM

Kim closes the book. She turns off the light and snuggles up to Logan.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sun shines in the room. Logan sits on the edge of the bed in his boxers holding Kim around the waist as they kiss. She gently pulls away and reaches back for Logan's jeans.

KIM

You might need these at the family oriented softball game.

LOGAN

Oh, yeah.

Logan stands and pulls on his jeans. Kim zips up his fly, then kisses him and strokes his hair.

KIM

I appreciate you letting me use your car. I promise not to rob a convenience store after we drop you off.

LOGAN

Might as well. My own kid deserted me.

Logan leans over and scoops up his car keys and places them in Kim's hand.

LOGAN

(continuing)

The Interstate's quicker, but the scenic route is amazing.



EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - LATER

Kim drives through a desolate area surrounded by spectacular red and orange rock formations that are part of the Valley of Fire National park. She passes a sign stating: "Las Vegas 27 Miles".

INT. LOGAN'S CAR

Trevor is asleep in the front seat with his head against the passenger door. Behind them, a late model red Ford speeds up and gets right on their tail. Two men are in the front seat dressed in regular clothes.

Kim looks in the rear view mirror and the car quickly passes her and drives on at a high rate of speed, disappearing around a bend in the two lane road.

Trevor sits up alert. Kim goes around the bend and the Ford that passed them is parked on the shoulder. It screeches back onto the road and gains speed rapidly. The Ford slows down behind them, then speeds up, violently hitting the back of Logan's SUV.

KIM

Oh, God!

Trevor screams out and looks back, panic-stricken. The car slams into the back of Logan's car again. Kim almost over-corrects. The Ford eases up and Kim gains distance. She scrambles in her purse for Erik's cell, drops it and frantically feels around on the floor board. Grabbing it up she fumbles to dial 911.

The driver of the Ford suddenly guns it and the powerful V8 engine rumbles ominously as the car rapidly approaches.

CLOSE ON: "Service Unavailable" appears on the cell phone screen. Kim can only look helplessly in the rear view. She braces herself for impact and screams out.

KIM

(continuing)

Trevor, stay back against the seat.  
Hold on!

Trevor cries out, nearly hyperventilating.

The car hits them again. Kim valiantly holds the wheel trying not to lose control. Trevor turns and raises up, looking out the back window as the car approaches again.

Just a few yards from impact, Logan's back window explodes outward and the Ford suddenly flips backward, slamming violently to the ground and rolling several times before it comes to a rest right side up, half in the road. Kim screeches to a halt on the shoulder.

KIM  
(continuing)  
You okay? My, God.

A panicked Trevor, nods. Kim turns in her seat and looks back at the Ford, seeing both men slumped over dead. Every window of the car has imploded as if targeting the drivers.

CLOSE ON: Kim checks out the NEVADA license plate and notices "AVIS CAR RENTALS" around the plate holder. She throws Logan's SUV into drive, makes a U-Turn and heads back in the direction of Overton.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - LATER

The road is cordoned off several hundred feet in each direction. Barriers are set up to block each lane of the road. Two agents stand next to their government sedans, motioning for occupants in passenger cars to turn back around.

Agent Beaubriand stands on the other side of the barrier next to his sedan.

Agent Stewart and a second man, AGENT MONTOYA, tall, heavy late fifties, examine the wrecked car containing the two dead agents.

A very agitated Agent Stewart points at the dented red front bumper of the Ford, which has streaks of white paint on it from making contact with Logan's SUV.

AGENT STEWART  
There's paint transfer extending all the way... They made contact with his vehicle multiple times. How the hell did she evade them?

AGENT MONTOYA  
This girl a fucking stunt driver or something?

Agent Stewart turns away and gazes inside the wrecked car at the two dead agents. Their entire heads, faces, hands, arms and torsos are imbedded with windshield glass. Agent Stewart looks strangely at the ground noticing there's very little glass on the road.

Taking out his satellite cell phone, he peers into the car and takes several photos of each man, then motions in the direction of Agent Beaubriand, who pulls a barrier aside to let a white van drive through.

Agent Montoya glances in Beaubriand's direction, smirking.

AGENT MONTOYA  
(continuing)  
How's the new crossing guard working out? What does he know?

The white van parks adjacent to the wrecked Ford.

AGENT STEWART  
Enough. His knowledge is limited to our patient only. I intend to keep it that way.

AGENT MONTOYA  
He was vetted.

AGENT STEWART  
Yes, he was. But there's no room for moral ambiguity in this program. Not quite sure he has a grasp on that.

The van's side door opens and two men exit holding tall metal stands and a large black tarp, which they unravel and attach to the stands to block the view of the wrecked car.

Beaubriand drives up. Agent Stewart receives a Facetime call and answers. A MIDDLE AGED FEMALE AGENT comes onscreen. He answers tersely.

AGENT STEWART  
(continuing)  
Yes?

MIDDLE AGED FEMALE AGENT  
Sir, I was just notified the vehicle was seen in town... The boy is with her.

AGENT STEWART  
What the fuck are you babbling about? How could he-  
(Incredulous)  
He was in the car with her? They weren't rear-ended at the one goddamn stop sign in that shit-hole town.  
(more)

AGENT STEWART (CONT'D)  
 (Let's out labored  
 breath)  
 How did this fucking happen? His  
 protection is a priority. All of the  
 children accepted into the program...  
 Jesus.

Agent Stewart glances at Agent Montoya, shaking his head in  
 disgust. He walks up to his sedan and snaps his finger at  
 Beaubriand.

AGENT STEWART  
 (continuing)  
 Other side.

Beaubriand gets in the passenger side. Agent Stewart receives  
 an incoming call and switches over to a regular call.

AGENT STEWART  
 (continuing)  
 Yeah?  
 (Beat)  
 Jesus Christ, she's monitored twenty-  
 four seven. How did that happen?

Agent Stewart gets in the car and turns to Beaubriand.

AGENT STEWART  
 (continuing)  
 It's Hazelwood. She's had a massive  
 stroke...  
 (Back to caller)  
 Keep her alive.  
 (Beat)  
 I don't care what you think. She's  
 already brain dead. What does that  
 fucking matter? You keep her body  
 viable and finish-  
 (Beat)  
 Again. I'll over ride the order, so  
 don't waste your time.

Stewart hangs up and sits a moment. A look of realization  
 comes over his face. Beaubriand watches him curiously.

AGENT STEWART  
 (continuing)  
 Get out.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
 What?

AGENT STEWART

Get out.

Not bothering to ask, Beaubriand opens the door and gets out just as Stewart puts the sedan in gear and takes off. Beaubriand walks over to Agent Montoya, who watches the two men from the van remove the dead agents.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Agent Stewart speaks on his cell phone as he stares at the monitor displaying Patricia's room. He has Kim's driver's license in his hand.

AGENT STEWART

I've already sent the paperwork through. Now if-

(Beat)

Yes, if she shows up, which I highly doubt. But by all means let her keep the appointment. If she's a no-show, I'll think of something.

(Stares at Kim's photo)

If they were still alive, I'd personally thank the dumb fucks for not killing her, now.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan stands at the back of his SUV examining the damage with Kim.

LOGAN

Our names shouldn't be on a list. I'll give you that. But you said they were in a rental, dressed like tourists. Why would-

KIM

What about my duffel?

LOGAN

(Not so sure)

A thief took it... Look, those men. They saw a woman alone in a car. They... Don't go there tomorrow. Don't even call and cancel the appointment.

(Beat)

You're wrong. You have to be wrong.

## INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM

An empty children's DVD is on the nightstand. Trevor removes his headphones and goes to the window and watches Logan and Kim talk. A soothing voice speaking in Farsi comes from the headphones. On the small TV screen, two cartoon characters speak to one another.

FIRST CHARACTER

Hello. I'm from the United States. I am your friend. I hope we get to know one another.

## INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kim is asleep. The phone rings and she opens her eyes and looks at the digital clock, which reads: 8:47 A.M. The answering machine picks up.

Logan walks into the bedroom, dressed, holding a cup of coffee. The machine beeps and a woman with a cloying, overly cheerful tone, speaks.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Yes, hi. I'm calling from Mayfair Adoptions for Kim Raleigh. I'm just confirming your ten A.M appointment with Mrs. Fowler. We'd like you to show up fifteen minutes before your scheduled appointment to complete your paperwork. If you have any further questions you can reach us at 772-6657, extension 4. Thanks so much. We look forward to meeting you at ten A.M.

Kim and Logan look at one another with apprehension. Despite the woman's cheery tone, the phone call has sounded more like a veiled order.

LOGAN

You gave them my number?

KIM

No. They must have caller I.D.

From the look on their faces it's a forgone conclusion. Logan hands Kim her blouse.

KIM  
(continuing)  
Look, after it's over... I'll take  
off. Leave, I mean. I'm sorry I came  
here, Logan.

LOGAN  
(Softly)  
Don't be.

He leaves the room.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Logan parks across the street from Hazelwood. Kim sits in the passenger seat. Trevor is in the back looking up at Hazelwood. Logan stares straight ahead, obviously troubled. Tension fills the car.

KIM  
I don't know how long I'll be. Why  
don't you come inside.

LOGAN  
I'll wait.

EXT. HAZELWOOD V.A HOSPITAL - DAY

A TALL WOMAN in a business suit wearing an I.D badge, stands behind the double glass doors at the entrance of Hazelwood. A look of recognition comes across her face and she opens the glass doors for Kim, who notices a sign several yards down the hallway reading "DELIVERIES".

INT. HAZELWOOD - SECOND FLOOR

The women step out of the elevator.

TALL WOMAN  
This way, please.

Kim looks around noticing three long hallways.

The tall woman turns and walks down an adjoining hallway with various offices on either side. They stop at the end of the hallway at a door with no name on it. The tall woman opens it wide for Kim to get by.

TALL WOMAN  
(continuing)  
Have a seat right there and be sure  
to sign in. She'll be with you  
shortly.

Kim smiles and nods. The tall woman leaves and the door closes on its own.

Kim looks around the large room, which compared to the rest of Hazelwood, is decorated in a sleek contemporary way with expensive furniture. She glances up at a surveillance camera in the corner of the room. A large mahogany door is on the other side of the room.

Kim sits in a plush chair and picks up a sign-in clipboard with several sheets of paper attached.

CLOSE ON: On the first page, several names, with Sergeant and Doctor in front of them are written down, as is the time they checked in.

Kim flips over to the next page and notices the second page has been torn out. Kim stares at the third page and softly gasps.

CLOSE ON: All along the left side of the paper are pen impressions of lavish doodles, similar to Erik's. Kim touches the impressions and fights back tears.

The mahogany door opens. MRS. FOWLER, late forties, dressed impeccably, stands in the doorway sizing up Kim.

MRS. FOWLER  
Miss Raleigh?

INT. OFFICE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Mrs. Fowler sits at a large desk across from Kim, who looks around the room taking everything in. A bottled water is in front of her.

CLOSE ON: A tiny surveillance camera is behind Kim in the corner of the ceiling.

MRS. FOWLER  
I'm a bit confused. You aren't here  
about the advertisement in USA Today?

KIM  
Oh, no. I... I wasn't aware. What is  
it?



MRS. FOWLER

We recently received a grant from congress, allowing us to continue adoptions from this particular facility... In addition to a new surrogate program for infertile veteran couples.

KIM

Oh. I totally missed that.

MRS. FOWLER

Well, we have a strict policy of only providing surrogate services to veteran's. Same with adoptions.

KIM

Surrogate? You mean eggs, right? I mean, like harvesting or...

MRS. FOWLER

Yes, yes, exactly. Since acquiring the grant we want as many infertile veteran couples to be aware of the program. Hence the advertisement. If a young woman agrees and there's a successful implantation from the donor, the grant covers all expenses, housing, food and medical appointments during the pregnancy.

(Beat)

You'd actually be a perfect candidate for this. It's a very noble endeavor.

INT. OFFICE - HAZELWOOD

Agent Stewart is seated at his desk watching intently as the interview continues. An open manila folder on his desk reveals several photographs of Kim taken with a telephoto lens a couple of days earlier.

KIM

Oh... well... I... I don't need money or assistance. I have a trust fund. That's why I wanted to adopt a child.

INT. OFFICE

Kim shifts in her seat.

KIM

Let's say I agreed to carry a baby for a couple. Is it possible I could see the maternity ward? I've seen stuff on the news. You know, about how some V.A hospitals are in really bad shape.

Kim takes a sip of water. Mrs. Fowler hesitates a moment, then nods.

MRS. FOWLER

Certainly. I can understand your concerns.

Kim scoots her chair back and picks up her bottled water.

MRS. FOWLER

(continuing)

Leave it. I'll get you a fresh one.

INT. FAST FOOD PLACE - DAY

Logan and Trevor eat at a window table across from Hazelwood. Logan stares at the entrance, then gazes up at the fifth floor, where every window is covered with a mirror-like film preventing anyone in buildings across the street from seeing inside.

A cluster of several large trees, some as high as the roof of Hazelwood, sway from the wind on the side of the building. Catching a glimpse of something on the side wall of the fifth floor, Logan strains to see through the treetops.

He gets up from the table, not taking his eyes off the side of the building.

LOGAN

(To Trevor)

Stay at the table, okay? I'll just be outside.

Logan hurries out to the sidewalk, then crosses the street and looks up at the side of Hazelwood, where a fire escape extends from the first floor to the fourth floor.

Through the trees, Logan notices the fifth floor fire escape has been removed. Only a faded outline remains on the brick wall. The fire escape door has been painted the same color as the wall and the door handle removed.

Three iron plates are welded to the door, further insuring, despite the height, any attempt at entering would be futile.

Logan casts his eyes down to the first floor fire escape door, where a sign states:

ALARM WILL SOUND: TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. CITY ORDINANCE 6743.

Looking uneasy, Logan crosses the street. Trevor watches his father take out his cell phone and dial a number.

INT. HAZELWOOD ELEVATOR

Mrs. Fowler and Kim stand silently as the elevator doors close. Mrs. Fowler presses the third floor button. Kim idly glances at the number panel.

CLOSE ON: A circular lock is next to the fifth floor button.

INT. STEWART'S OFFICE - HAZELWOOD

AGENT STEWART'S P.O.V - IMAGE IN VIDEO MONITOR

Agent Stewart watches the third floor elevator doors. They open and Mrs. Fowler and Kim walk down a long hallway.

He glances at the next monitor, which covers Mrs. Fowler's office.

CLOSE ON: Kim's bottled water remains on the desk.

A male RED-HAIRED AGENT walks inside and being careful not to touch the rim, places the bottled water inside a plastic bag. He seals it and leaves the room.

Stewart looks back at Mrs. Fowler and Kim, who looks around taking everything in. This doesn't escape Agent Stewart, who intently watches Kim.

Mrs. Fowler glances up and looks directly into the surveillance camera as if to signal Agent Stewart. He observes Mrs. Fowler stop in front of another office and motion to Kim.

INT. HAZELWOOD MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

The red-haired agent hands the sealed water bottle to a tech.

RED HAIRED AGENT  
He needs a full medical and tox  
screen on her. ASAP...

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - HAZELWOOD

Kim peers through a glass window, where inside, ten new baby bassinets covered in clear plastic, are in view. She glances around the room, where office furniture is pushed against a wall. She looks up at the door where a placard reads:  
"RECORDS"

KIM

Where's the old maternity ward?

MRS. FOWLER

Las Vegas. That is until we transfer our base of operations to Hazelwood. I do hope this has put your mind at ease. All V.A hospitals are strictly regulated now. This one more so than others.

Kim just nods and looks around again.

KIM

If you don't mind, I have, like fifteen minutes to kill. Is there a waiting room up here?

MRS. FOWLER

Sorry, no. We have a dozen or so long term veteran patients on this floor. Let me walk you down.

The two women walk in silence toward the elevator. Kim notices the fifth floor light is on above the elevator doors. Mrs. Fowler stops and presses the call button, then realizes the elevator is coming from the fifth floor. There's nothing she can do.

The doors open and the same buffed armed security guard stands inside holding a thermos. His eyes meet Mrs. Fowler's and he looks away as they step inside. Kim eyes the panel.

CLOSE ON: A key is now in the circular lock next to the fifth floor call button.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Agent Stewart watches the monitor revealing the main foyer of Hazelwood. The guard walks out and heads toward the cafeteria. Mrs. Fowler shakes Kim's hand and she goes back into the elevator.

Kim walks toward the entrance of Hazelwood.

Agent Stewart hears his office door being opened. He turns off the monitor and Agent Beaubriand walks inside catching a glimpse of the photographs of Kim before Agent Stewart closes the folder.

INT. HAZELWOOD FOYER

An old man sits in a motorized wheel chair gazing out the double entrance doors. He looks like he's living through a particular kind of hell. His body is hunched over and seems frozen in a position that only a contortionist could manage.

One arm is missing and a catheter tube trails out from under a blanket on his lap to a urine bag clipped to the side of his chair.

Kim smiles warmly and reaches for the door handle to push it open. The man's low gravelly voice almost sounds emphysemic.

MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR

Are you a social worker?

Kim is immediately deferential to the man.

KIM

I'm sorry. What did you say?

MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR

You a social worker or something?  
Kinda hoping you were. Lot's of code violations here.

KIM

Sorry, I'm not.

She holds the door open a few inches, looking out to see where Logan is. The old man glances up at the ceiling.

MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR

Never see anyone go up there, 'less they got a gun and are wearin' a cheap suit.

KIM

(Lets door close)  
What do you mean?

MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR

You're the second "civilian" I seen go up there this week.

Kim's interest is more than piqued.

MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR

(continuing)

I hate loud noises.

(Points at his head)

Post-traumatic-stress-disorder. Vi-et-nam. I know what a bomb sounds like. Thought I was back in the jungle the other night... Read the newspaper in the morning. Van hit a light pole.

(Shakes head )

No way.

Kim sees Logan slowly drive by as he waits for her to come out. She has to make a quick decision.

KIM

Can... Can I talk to you later? Is there a way...

He stares at her intently, then looks around. He hesitates a moment before shaking his head affirmatively and glances back up at the ceiling.

MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR

They all leave by seven. I'll be in the TV room... I won't take my pill tonight. They want us all to sleep so we don't see nothin'.

Logan drives back down the opposite direction.

KIM

I'll be here. Uh... Seven thirty, all right?

The man nods and Kim quickly exits Hazelwood. Logan pulls up and Kim takes a look up at the fifth floor before getting in the SUV.

The man in the wheel chair watches Logan's SUV drive off.

He flips a switch on the wheel chair, turns and heads straight for the elevator. He presses the call button. The doors open and he drives in.

He unhooks the false tube to the catheter bag. As the doors begin to close he straightens his upper body, gets up from the wheel chair and presses the third floor button. He remains standing as the doors close.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Logan drives in traffic. Trevor sleeps in the back. Kim is turned in her seat looking a bit surprised.

KIM

What? Logan... you don't have to leave town. I'll stay at the motel. I just told you Erik was there. The man in the wheelchair saw him, too. We... I... I can expose them now.

Logan pulls over.

LOGAN

For what? I don't know what the hell's going on. I don't even know my actual birth date. Listen to me. I booked a flight for the "three" of us. We're leaving tonight. I really hope you come with.

INT. HAZELWOOD FIFTH FLOOR - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Agent Stewart and Beaubriand walk down the long hallway behind the glass doors where the guard sits. They stop at the steel door and agent Stewart swipes his card. The door opens and immediately the loud hiss of the respirator is heard.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

Agent Stewart stands behind Agent Beaubriand, who is several feet from the bed staring at Patricia.

From his expression, it's obvious Agent Beaubriand is very disturbed by her condition. He looks strangely at the cracked lucite cases around the medical equipment, then at her thin shriveled arms.

AGENT STEWART

That's what happens with long-term coma. Despite extraordinary measures to keep her body viable, nothing more can be done.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

My, God. How long has she been here?

Agent Stewart watches Beaubriand's grave reaction to Patricia with unease and concern.

AGENT STEWART

I was a young man myself when she first came to my attention. I spearheaded the Program. After testing thousands of student volunteers, she came to us, already aware of her abilities. They were, to say the least... awe inspiring. I'd never seen anything like it. She trained for over a year, then...

(Beat)

Became vehemently opposed to her participation in the program... We had no choice.

Agent Beaubriand looks back at Patricia lying helplessly in the hospital bed.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)

Some of her offspring have shown considerable promise. Their abilities vary, but-

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

"Offspring"? How many?

AGENT STEWART

A few are training as cadets. But until they were born she was an evolutionary anomaly. The only known human with legitimate telepathic abilities. Her children may allow us to fight a clandestine war from the inside. No troops needed. Information obtained just by sitting in a room with the enemy, knowing what he'll do as the thought forms in his mind. That's what she could do... fluently, in five different languages.

(Walks over to heart monitor)

Her accident proved to be fortuitous, so we took advantage of it. We can't let the program die with her. And now it won't.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

Sir?



AGENT STEWART

It will continue on as before. A surplus of viable eggs were harvested from previous procedures.

(Glances at Patricia)

The United States of America no longer requires her services.

Agent Stewart faces Beaubriand with a steely gaze.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)

In her own way, she was a true patriot Agent Beaubriand. I expect nothing less from anyone serving this country.

Stewart turns to exit. Agent Beaubriand takes a grim final look at Patricia and follows Stewart out.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mrs. Fowler is seated at Agent Stewart's desk with her ear to the 5th monitor straining to hear faint voices coming from inside Logan's home. Stewart stands beside her looking intently at the web-cam footage streaming from Logan's living room.

AGENT STEWART

Anything?

Mrs. Fowler turns to Stewart shaking her head.

MRS. FOWLER

You should've bugged the whole house. They could be arguing or fucking. They're in another room. What do you expect?

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Logan packs a suitcase on his bed. Kim tries to keep her emotions in check.

KIM

We can't run away from this. Not now. I can make it back in plenty of time. We have three hours till the flight.

LOGAN

This is crazy. You can't go back there. Jesus, give me one good reason why you-

KIM

I'm doing this for Erik, too. Don't forget that.

LOGAN

I think Erik would rather you not know the truth and be safe. But I have to protect my son... And you. I care about you more than you realize. Please, just get your things together.

Kim shakes her head and steps back. Logan raises his voice.

LOGAN

(continuing)

What can you possibly be thinking?

TREVOR (O.S.)

Stop fighting!

Trevor appears in the doorway. Kim and Logan take in the hurt on his face. Kim heads into the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kim grabs the phone book and picks up Logan's cordless phone.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Mrs. Fowler stands with crossed arms, looking intently at the web-cam footage from Logan's home. She glances at Agent Stewart, who speaks on his cell phone.

AGENT STEWART

She's on her way. Just called a cab.

(Beat)

Good. Contact me when she's secure.

He loudly snaps his finger at Mrs. Fowler.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)

Assemble a team. Go!

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Logan stands in front of Trevor's closet. He stares blankly into it looking pained. Trevor speaks in a wavering brittle voice.

TREVOR  
Daddy, I don't wanna go.

Logan turns, seeing Trevor quietly shaking and crying. He sits on the bed and holds him.

LOGAN  
I don't either. It won't be for long.  
Just until... Want me to read to you  
a minute? I'll get your book.

INT. LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM

Kim checks the video camera function on Erik's cell phone. She films a moment, then shuts it off. Noticing Logan entering Trevor's bedroom, Kim tucks the cell phone into her pocket, then quietly slips out the front door.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Logan is seated on the bed holding "James and the Giant Peach". He takes out the bookmark and opens it.

LOGAN  
"My dear young fellow", the old green  
grasshopper said gently...

TREVOR  
No... It's the third page from the  
one you're on. Start reading there.

Logan checks his watch, straining to keep his patience.

LOGAN  
We left off here. I marked the page.

Trevor looks intently at Logan and shakes his head. Logan turns three pages ahead and clears his throat. Headlights flash into the room. Trevor scrambles across the bed over to the window.

TREVOR  
Daddy! Kim's leaving!

Logan looks out the window just in time to see Kim getting into an Overton cab.

LOGAN  
Shit... Trev, I can't stop her.  
She'll be back.

TREVOR  
(Adamant)  
No. Please, go there! We can give her  
a ride back home.

Logan sighs, then shakes his head.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The cab travels up the dark road. Logan's home is a mile back. As it reaches the corner, a black Hummer suddenly cuts off the cab, blocking its way. Two agents jump out with guns drawn.

FIRST AGENT  
Driver, get out of the vehicle. Get  
out of the vehicle!

The terrified cabbie gets out with his arms in the air.

FIRST AGENT  
(continuing)  
Get on the ground now! Spread eagle.

The cabbie obliges and the first agent rushes up and opens the back door pointing the gun at an equally terrified, Kim. The second agent runs over and violently pulls her out of the cab. Kim screams and almost falls to the ground.

KIM  
Stop!  
(Screams)  
Help! help!

The second agent tucks his gun into the holster and grabs Kim in a tight bear hug lifting her off her feet. Struggling mightily, she screams and kicks at him with her feet. The first agent opens the back door of the Hummer and the second agent pushes Kim toward the backseat as she kicks out with her legs against the Hummer.

SECOND AGENT  
Goddamnit!

He yanks her away from the door and throws her into the backseat.

SECOND AGENT  
(continuing)  
Get the fuck in there!

Kim lets out another scream and he slams the door in her face.

INT. HUMMER

Kim tries to open the door. Both agents jump into the Hummer. The first agent starts it and the second agent leans over the seat and forces Kim's wrist against the inside door handle, cuffing her wrist to it. The driver speeds off sending up plumes of dust.

INT. LOGAN'S SUV - NIGHT

Logan's SUV speeds up the dark road. He abruptly brakes, seeing the dazed cabbie on his cell phone. Logan spies the Hummer's tail lights two miles ahead and stomps on the gas. He dials 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

LOGAN  
Yes, I need to report a kidnapping.  
My name's Logan Gibson 7398 Ranch  
Road.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Sir, is it parental?

LOGAN  
No, no. She's nineteen. It's... her  
husband. He's driving a late model  
black Hummer. I don't have the plate,  
but I'm following them up Route 4  
going east. They're two miles ahead.  
Hurry, please. He's very violent...

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Kim tries to pull her cuffed wrist away from the handle. She looks back seeing headlights two miles back in the darkness.

CLOSE ON: A built in navigation map is on the dashboard. The driver presses in coordinates. The second agent dials his cell.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alone in the room, Agent Stewart stands by a fax machine as he reads a sheet of paper. In a moment, he sets it down.

CLOSE ON: It's the expedited medical report on Kim.

SALIVARY ESTROGEN/ESTRODIAL LEVELS: NORMAL

INSULIN LEVELS: NORMAL

DHEA LEVELS: NORMAL

DIABETES: NONE

Human Papillomavirus: NONE

Agent Stewart's cell phone rings.

AGENT STEWART

Yes.

SECOND AGENT (V.O.)

Sir, we have her.

AGENT STEWART

Good. Take her to the clinic in Las Vegas and have her prepped before she's transferred here. Wait until the morning. I should have the paper work shortly.

SECOND AGENT (V.O.)

Yes, sir. Our E.T.A should be half an hour.

Agent Stewart ends the call. He grabs his silencer and leaves the room.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

The Hummer comes around a bend in the road and a spectacular view of Las Vegas is several miles in the distance. The second agent checks the GPS map.

SECOND AGENT

(To first agent)

There's an onramp coming up.

Erik's cell rings. Kim struggles to reach around and take it out of her pocket.

SECOND AGENT  
(continuing)

Fuck!

He lunges over the seat, yanking the cell phone from her. He answers the phone.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Kim, Kim! You there? I called 9-1-1.  
They'll pull you over and we can  
explain-

The agent throws the cell phone out the window.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Several sedans are parked out front. Two men dressed in black fatigues smash in the front door with a battering ram.

EXT. HUMMER

The speeding Hummer enters the freeway onramp.

EXT. HAZELWOOD - NIGHT

Agent Beaubriand is stopped at a nearby red light. He watches Agent Stewart's sedan speed out of Hazelwood's underground garage. The light turns green and Agent Beaubriand pulls into the Hazelwood lot.

EXT. FREEWAY OVER-PASS - NIGHT

A new Cadillac traveling at a high rate of speed is cut off by a Buick, forcing it to careen into another lane. The Cadillac's male driver and passenger a middle aged, BLONDE WOMAN, not wearing her seat belt, brace themselves as they smash broadside into a pick-up truck.

Over-correcting, the Cadillac's driver turns sharply to the left, careening into the guard rail. A car behind them rams into the back of the Cadillac sending it over the top of the guard rail where it lurches forward, then abruptly stops as the undercarriage becomes wedged in the guard rails twisted metal.

The Cadillac hangs precariously over the edge of the over-pass teetering back and fourth.

## INT. CADILLAC

The panicked blonde woman slides sideways against the passenger door, which pops open causing her to fall out. She screams and grabs onto the inside door grip, hanging out of the Cadillac as cars on the freeway just twenty-feet below her speed by at 70 and 80 miles an hour.

The wind whips her hair about as she looks down at the sea of speeding vehicles.

BLONDE STUDENT  
Help me! Oh, God, help me!

The seat belted driver reaches for her in vain.

Above, on the over-pass, cars screech to a halt. People scramble out of their cars and run over to the Cadillac. Two men hop onto the back of the Cadillac and three other people hold onto the back bumper trying to stop the car from toppling over onto the freeway below. The car jerks violently.

The woman screams madly holding on with all her might.

## INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

The driver and second agent look up the freeway. A mass of cars are ahead of them and on either side. The driver looks ahead trying to make out something a mile in the distance, where the blonde woman can be seen hanging from the over pass. Cars up ahead are already swerving.

FIRST AGENT  
What the fuck... What is that?

SECOND AGENT  
Someone jump off the overpass?  
(A car cuts them off)  
Shit, watch it! Get in the other lane!

## EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Losing her grip, the blonde woman falls screaming onto the hood and windshield of a speeding car below her. The car swerves into another car and the woman's body flies into another vehicle before hitting the pavement.



INT. HUMMER

The agents watch as several cars up ahead swerve to avoid her and crash into other cars. The Hummer swerves to avoid three cars.

KIM

Oh, God...

Kim grabs the seat belt with her free arm and tries to pull it across her and connect it, but can't.

The Hummer swerves crazily. Kim screams and braces herself. The second agent's head hits the passenger window.

EXT. FREEWAY

A terrible chain-reaction ensues. An eighteen wheeler semi-truck slams on its brakes and skids sideways sending speeding cars hurtling into the concrete walls of the over-pass.

The semi-truck begins to jack knife. A car swerves and clips the Hummer.

The Hummer spins wildly several times before coming to an abrupt halt as it crashes sideways into another wrecked car.

INT. HUMMER

The driver looks up and the entire cab of the semi-truck violently slams into the front of the Hummer completely crushing it, leaving only part of the backseat intact.

EXT. FREEWAY

There is a deathly calm on the wreckage strewn freeway. For several miles back all six lanes of traffic are at a stand still. Logan's SUV has been run into, but he and Trevor are uninjured. They get out, seeing smoke and flames up ahead.

Logan grabs up Trevor and runs toward the carnage weaving through stopped cars.

EXT. FREEWAY

The semi-truck lies on its side. The back tires still spinning.

The dazed TRUCKER climbs up and out through the passenger door.

Looking down from the top of the truck, he sees the crushed Hummer under the cab.

Two people help the trucker down onto the pavement. He looks around in awe at the carnage. Dead bodies, fire and wrecked cars.

Logan runs up to the scene and sees the flattened Hummer.

LOGAN  
Oh, God. No... No!

Trevor cries out.

TREVOR  
Daddy! Where's Kim, where's Kim!

The trucker and the two people hurry around the front of the truck toward the mangled Hummer. Logan quickly sets down Trevor.

LOGAN  
Stay here. Don't move. Don't move  
from this spot.

TREVOR  
Kim, Kim!

Logan joins the others and runs up to the Hummer. Trevor cries very hard and stares at the small intact area at the back of the Hummer where Kim is trapped. There is silence, then a soft murmur is heard from inside the vehicle.

TRUCKER  
Jesus, someone's alive!

Kim is seen through a small opening, wedged between the mangled back door, which is only inches now from the tractor trailer's front bumper.

LOGAN  
Kim, are you all right. Hold on.  
Help's coming!

TRUCKER  
Grab that part of the door frame.

Logan, the trucker and three other people yank and pull with all their might to pry the door away. Dozens of people in the crowd film with their cell phones.

KIM  
Oh, God. Help me, please. I smell gas!

PERSON

We can't get to her. The door has to  
be cut away.

Suddenly, there's a loud screeching sound of metal scraping against pavement. Everyone gasps and jumps back. Trevor stands several feet away staring transfixed at the semi-truck. His entire body trembles.

A loud lurching sound is heard.

PERSON

(continuing)

What the hell...

The trucker looks under the cab of the truck.

TRUCKER

We have to do something. She's gonna  
be crushed.

Logan and the others try desperately to pry the door open again when they feel the weight of the Hummer shift.

Logan watches incredulously as the bed of the semi-truck actually rises at a slight angle several inches off the ground, then fall back onto the pavement.

EXT. FREEWAY ON RAMP - NIGHT

Agent Stewart's car is boxed in by cars backed up from the accident. He has his cell phone to his ear. It's ringing incessantly. Nothing.

AGENT STEWART

Where are you fucker?

(Dials again)

Shit.

Spying an opening, he cranks the wheel sharply and drives the sedan onto the shoulder parking it askew. Stewart pushes open the door and heads toward the scene of the accident.

EXT. ACCIDENT SCENE

Logan looks back at Trevor. His body is rigid. His tiny fists are clenched. The truck lurches and moves again.

Trevor screams. Windshields blow out of cars in every direction. An unseen force similar to a concussion blast caves in car doors and fenders. The horrified crowd rears back, everyone panicked and confused.

LOGAN

Trevor!

Agent Stewart races through what seems like an endless line of backed up cars until the accident scene comes into view. The sound of scraping metal cuts through the night air just 50 yards ahead.

Stewart slows to a stop and watches the scene unfold.

Trevor stares transfixed at the massive semi-truck. He hears Kim cry out.

The truck begins to rise at an angle again ever so slowly. The entire 53 foot truck lurches and hovers at an angle four-feet from the ground.

Trevor falls to his knees.

All of the tires on the right side explode from the weight exerted against them. The stunned crowd moves back and the massive truck rises a foot more, then wavers a moment before completely righting itself back on all eighteen tires.

The mangled windshield falls to the ground only inches from where Kim is trapped inside the Hummer. Several flattened cars are revealed.

Logan stares in awe at Trevor.

Ten yards from the scene, Agent Stewart slowly moves closer. His awe struck expression gradually shifts into a smile.

AGENT STEWART

Fucking, Christ... Unbelievable.

The trucker and three additional people rush to the Hummer. Logan joins them and helps to free Kim. Her mouth and head are bleeding. The handcuff keeps her wrist bound to the inside door handle. The trucker shoots Logan a look.

LOGAN

Just help her, please.

Logan and the trucker pry off the inner door panel and slip the cuff off of it, freeing Kim. Logan wraps his arms around her and pulls her to her feet. Kim crumples against him, exhausted. She stares at the up-righted semi truck.

KIM

What happened? How did...

Logan can only shake his head. Trevor slumps to the ground, so weak he can barely move. He and Kim rush over and Logan scoops him up.

TREVOR  
Daddy...

LOGAN  
I'm here. You're okay.

TRUCKER  
Get the hell out of here. Go!

The three of them take off. The trucker watches them run through the tangle of stopped cars.

Logan, Trevor and Kim reach Logan's SUV and get in. Logan backs away from another car that previously ran into his. Facing the opposite direction of the traffic, he guns it, driving back toward the on-ramp in the safety lane, swerving to avoid wrecked cars.

Logan's speeding SUV passes Stewart's sedan and drives up on the grassy hill that runs along the freeway. He has to slow down and weave through another set of stuck cars.

EXT. FREEWAY

Making his way back through the sea of cars, a strangely calm Agent Stewart is on his cell phone watching until he loses sight of Logan's car.

AGENT STEWART  
Yes, yes. The power must lie dormant  
in all of them...

INT. HAZELWOOD CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Agent Beaubriand dumps food wrappers into the trash.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Beaubriand enters the dark office. The only lights are the small green power buttons on the fax machine and a paper shredder placed directly under the fax. Turning on the lights, Agent Beaubriand goes to his desk, then spies the top drawer of Agent's Stewart's desk isn't fully closed.

Beaubriand opens it and rummages through it. He partially lifts a black leather appointment book and spies an object under it. He picks it up.

CLOSE ON: The object is Erik's Marijuana leaf shaped key chain. It's half melted and covered in soot. Beaubriand picks up the leather book revealing Kim's Student I.D card. He examines it curiously and the fax machine rumbles on.

CLOSE ON: A new fax is incoming.

Beaubriand quickly turns and waits for the document. It slides out of the feeder and Agent Beaubriand snatches it out and reads it.

INSERT: "KIMBERLY RALEIGH AGE 19: DALLAS UNIT. SPECIAL OPERATION FORCES, IRAQ" is typed in a box. Further down the paragraph it states:

"SNIPER FIRE", then "HEAD TRAUMA". "NO EMERGENCY CONTACT. TRANSFER TO HAZELWOOD V.A HOSPITAL.

"CRITICAL CARE WARD. 5TH FLOOR."

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

Jesus.

Agent Beaubriand sets the paperwork on the desk and goes over to the monitors. He switches camera 5 to reveal the interior of Patricia's hospital room and softly gasps.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

(continuing)

What the fuck...

Lowering himself into the chair, Agent Beaubriand stares grimly at the screen. Several medical personnel are in the room, including Nurse Whitley. A doctor lifts one of Patricia's emaciated legs and places her foot in a metal stirrup in preparation for a procedure to harvest her eggs.

INT. LOGAN'S SUV - NIGHT

Kim holds an extremely weakened, Trevor. Logan comes to an impasse and slams on the brakes. Both on-ramp lanes are filled with stopped cars stuck in the traffic jam that extends all the way to the wrecked semi.

LOGAN

Oh, shit. We may have to run for it.

Logan opens his door, then stops. A dozen feet ahead of him, two cars and a van slowly rise several feet in the air and hover. Kim gasps loudly, covering her mouth, not able to comprehend what she's now seeing.

Trevor grips the dashboard, straining as he stares at the cars.

Seeing a clearing, Logan steps on the gas and drives under them. One car crashes to the ground beside them and the tires of the van scrape the roof of Logan's SUV as they pass under. Kim looks back just as the two remaining vehicles fall back to the ground.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Looking in the direction of the thoroughfare, Agent Stewart stands next to his sedan. He opens the car door, gets in and starts it.

INT. LOGAN'S SUV - NIGHT

Gripping the wheel, Logan turns down a dark street traveling at a high rate of speed. Kim looks back seeing only darkness. Logan glances down at Trevor.

LOGAN

Is he okay?

KIM

Yeah, yeah. I think. He's barely conscious, but his hearts pounding. Whatever he... did back there must be... Logan, how is that possible?

Logan stares at the speedometer. He's going 100 miles an hour. He lets up on the gas. His voice is blank.

LOGAN

I... I don't know. I have no idea.

Logan pulls over in a dark tree-lined area and grips the steering wheel.

LOGAN

(continuing)

I don't have much cash. I'm pretty sure at this point my debit card is worthless. They can track us. I... I don't know what we're gonna do.

Trevor looks up and meekly speaks.

TREVOR

I want to see her.

LOGAN  
What? Who?

KIM  
Trev, try and sleep.

Trevor quickly crawls over Kim and opens the door to get out. Logan grabs for him as does Kim.

LOGAN  
Trevor!

Trevor pushes Kim away and scrambles out. Logan rushes out of the SUV.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
Get back in the car. Trevor!

Tears roll down Trevor's cheeks. Kim gets out of the SUV.

TREVOR  
She's there... She's there. At that place... I wanna see her.

KIM  
Hazelwood?

Trevor turns and walks away. Logan rushes up and grabs Trevor who struggles mightily.

TREVOR  
She's there!

LOGAN  
Calm down! Who are you talking...  
Trevor, we have to get out of here.  
Get in the car. We're not safe.

A passenger window explodes out of Logan's SUV. Trevor sobs through heaving breaths.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
Trevor!

TREVOR  
We have to go back. We have to, Daddy!

Logan hugs Trevor tightly and his eyes meet Kim's.

KIM  
I... I think I know a way in.



INT. AGENT STEWART'S SEDAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Agent Stewart drives up a Las Vegas street looking around as he holds his cell to his ear. A woman answers.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Onstar Navigation Center. How may I help you?

AGENT STEWART

Yes, this is Special Agent Jackson Stewart with the Central Intelligence Agency. I.D number 4L772. I need a vehicles whereabouts tracked. 2023 Lincoln Navigator. Registration and license number...

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Agent Stewart's sedan pulls into the parking lot of a gas station. He holds his cell phone to his ear with a slightly mystified look on his face.

AGENT STEWART

What's that coordinate again?

(Beat)

Overton? You're sure about that?

Stewart guns the sedan out of the parking lot.

EXT. HAZELWOOD - NIGHT - LATER

Logan's car is parked in a dark area in the back of Hazelwood near the double doors, which read: "Deliveries" on either side.

Kim sits in the front seat and rubs the side of her head, wincing in pain. She gasps hearing a loud shrill fire alarm pierce the night air.

A moment later a loud voice comes over an indoor/outdoor intercom system.

VOICE (V.O.)

Please take patients to the designated exits in an orderly fashion.

Kim scrambles out of the car looking around anxiously. She stares at the delivery doors.

INT. PATRICIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nurse Whitley stands at the intercom listening to a male voice.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
It's a false alarm. Think a patient  
might have...

The voice trails off from their side of the intercom.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
What's that?  
(Back to Nurse Whitley)  
Sit tight. We should have the all  
clear within minutes.

INT. HAZELWOOD MEN'S ROOM STALL

Logan cradles Trevor in a bathroom stall. Trevor winces from the loud fire alarm. Anxious voices and footsteps can be heard passing the bathroom.

EXT. HAZELWOOD

A sea of patients, nurses, orderlies, doctors and passerby, stand across the street from Hazelwood. Fire trucks pull up. The last few people quickly exit Hazelwood. A nurse pushes a wheelchair-bound older man.

Agent Beaubriand stands near the Hazelwood entrance and looks toward the street, watching with interest as Agent Stewart drives past, makes a u-turn and parks a good distance down the street from Hazelwood.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S SEDAN

Agent Stewart shuts off the car. As he stares up at the fifth floor of Hazelwood he opens the car door and slips out. Noticing the back end of Logan's SUV in the alley, he smirks.

AGENT STEWART  
Never knew you were such a  
resourceful motherfucker.

EXT. BACK OF HAZELWOOD

Kim stands outside the delivery doors. Seeing Logan and Trevor come around the corner, she dashes inside to meet them.

INT. HAZELWOOD - FIRST FLOOR

They hurry down the hall. A lethargic Trevor rests his head against Logan's shoulder. Stopping at the open elevator, Kim peeks inside.

CLOSE ON: The 5th floor elevator key isn't in the lock.

KIM

It's gone. There was a key. I don't know if...

She hurries inside repeatedly pressing number 5 on the panel, then the "Door Close" button. Nothing happens. She rushes back out.

KIM

(continuing)

Let's try the stairs.

The fire alarm stops.

INT. HAZELWOOD FIRST FLOOR

Kim and Logan rush up to the stairwell door.

CLOSE ON: A sign states: "In case of fire this door to remain unlocked". A panel next to the door has an electronic time set and a small red and green light.

The green light glows and the panel clock counts down with 47 seconds and counting left before the doors lock again. Logan yanks it open and Kim dashes in front of him and bounds up the stairs toward the 5th floor. Logan follows clutching Trevor tightly against him.

The panel clock reads 35 seconds as the door closes on its own.

INT. STAIRWELL

The three of them run as fast as they can up the stairwell passing the second floor stairwell door. Kim takes three steps at a time, almost losing her balance in her haste to make it in time to the 5th floor. She passes 4, then bounds up the stairs and bursts through the 5th floor stairwell door.

CLOSE ON: The panel clock reads 7 seconds.

KIM

Hurry, hurry. It's gonna lock!

Logan's thudding footsteps are heard as he runs up the stairs and out of the 5th floor stairwell clutching Trevor in his arms. They hurry down a hallway.

Behind them, the panel light glows red and a screeching door alarm sounds. Logan runs back to the stairwell door pulling it closed and silencing the alarm.

INT. HAZELWOOD FIFTH FLOOR

Kim and Logan make their way down the long hallway. Trevor lies against Logan's shoulder with his eyes closed.

Dozens of hospital rooms line each side of the hallway, but all the doors are removed and the rooms are empty. Kim looks up and down adjoining hallways and stops suddenly spying two glass doors at the end of a hallway with a desk and chair out front.

KIM

That must be it.

They head toward the desk. Kim tries the glass door. It's unlocked. She opens it and they look down the hallway before entering. Making their way down the hall, they pass several additional empty rooms with missing doors.

Logan stares down the end of the hall where a steel door is located. He walks toward it with a strange expression on his face. Kim follows.

Stopping at the door, they notice a room next to it filled with medical supplies and an industrial washer and drier.

INT. AGENT STEWART'S OFFICE

Agent Stewart walks inside and heads straight for a security cabinet. Unlocking and opening it reveals several large rifles. Agent Stewart grabs a smaller black metallic dart rifle and opens a box filled with long slender shells that narrow into a sharp point at one end.

He shoves several shells into his coat pocket and attaches a shoulder strap to the butt of the rifle.

Tucking the rifle under his left arm, he opens his office door, scanning the hallway from both directions before stepping out.

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Agent Stewart stands outside the elevator, noticing the elevator car is on the 5th floor. He's not at all concerned. A small smile escapes his lips and he walks away stopping at the stairwell door, where he takes out his keys, opens it and heads down the stairs.

INT. HAZELWOOD - FIFTH FLOOR

Logan examines the steel door. There are two means of entering. One is a key pad entry and one requires a person to swipe a card. The doors appears impenetrable.

Trevor, looking weak as a sparrow, opens his eyes.

Kim puts her ear to the door, then there's a loud grinding noise and a ping, as if something broke inside the door. It pops open and the loud hiss of the respirator is heard.

LOGAN

Trev...

TREVOR

It's open.

Logan pushes against the door. They enter and stop. Logan stares in shock at something farther in the room. His mouth is open in a grimace.

A loud gasp and a panicked female voice punctuate the quiet.

THIRD NURSE (O.S.)

How did you get in here!

The THIRD NURSE, African American, late 50s, holds a soapy sponge in her hand. Patricia's hospital gown is rolled up just beneath her breasts, revealing her emaciated torso and a deep purplish red scar three inches below her navel, from numerous C-sections.

NURSE WHITLEY (O.S.)

Get out! This is a restricted area!

The third nurse yanks down the gown covering Patricia's torso. Logan continues staring in horrified awe.

LOGAN

Oh, God.

Kim covers her mouth. The bathroom door inside the room flies open and whacks against the wall. The buffed security guard has his gun drawn.

He starts to lunge out the door, only to groan loudly in pain and have the door fly back violently against him and knock him back into the bathroom.

The door buckles inward trapping the guard inside. The nurses look at Patricia.

NURSE WHITLEY  
How many CC's did you give her?

THIRD NURSE  
I... The same, like always.

The guard pounds on the door from inside.

LOGAN  
What have you done? What have you  
done to her? Who is she?

Logan's voice falters as he scopes out the room noticing an incubator is in the corner of the room. He audibly moans as he comes to a sudden realization.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
Oh, God... Oh, God... No... No...

Patricia's face is seen. She is little more than a human skeleton. Her eyes are half open and most of her hair has fallen out.

Her bottom teeth jut out and are deep yellow. If there ever had been muscle on her limbs, it has almost disappeared entirely. What remains is a thin layer of translucent skin over bone.

The hissing respirator is the only tenuous grip she has on life. Trevor stares intently at Patricia.

NURSE WHITLEY  
You need to leave, now.

LOGAN  
Shut up!

Trevor turns and stares at Nurse Whitley a moment, shaking his head. She is unnerved by this. Kim looks up at the I.V bag, then notices the feet of the bed are bolted to the floor.

Logan steps closer to the bed.

LOGAN  
 (continuing)  
 You're wrong. From what I'm seeing,  
 I have every reason in the world to  
 be in here.

Trevor won't take his eyes off Patricia. Nurse Whitley gives Logan an icy stare.

LOGAN  
 (continuing)  
 Was I... Was I born in this room?

NURSE WHITLEY  
 No one was born in this room. Does  
 she look like she can give-

Nurse Whitley suddenly holds her nose. Blood rushes out dripping through her fingers.

NURSE WHITLEY  
 (continuing)  
 Give her another injection. Hurry!

THIRD NURSE  
 (Incredulous)  
 It's not her. I... I don't think it's  
 her!

LOGAN  
 Was I born in this room? Goddamn it,  
 tell me the truth!

THIRD NURSE  
 You're killing her. Make it stop!

LOGAN  
 Was I-

Nurse Whitley holds her bleeding nose and nods.

NURSE WHITLEY  
 They all were.  
 (Looks at bloody hands)  
 Oh, God.

LOGAN  
 Stop, stop! Trevor!

Trevor looks at Nurse Whitley and her nose bleeds down to a trickle, then stops. She stares incredulously at Trevor, who is unmoved. He looks over at Patricia and won't take his eyes off her.

Kim spies a silver freezer against the wall with raised metallic initials stating: C.G.C. She rushes up to it and turns to nurse Whitley.

KIM  
What's this? What do the initials mean?

NURSE WHITLEY  
We... we have a contract with them...

LOGAN  
For what? What is it?

NURSE WHITLEY  
Cryo... genetics corpor... It's...  
It's a sperm bank. Once a year they artificially inseminate-

LOGAN  
(Wincing)  
Oh, God. Shut up, shut up! Jesus...  
(To Kim)  
The list. Those are her other children.

Kim hurries over to Logan. Trevor struggles to be let down and walks up to Patricia's bed.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
Trevor...

Trevor reaches up and lightly touches Patricia's withered arm, causing a strange expression to come over his face. He places his hand over her wrist and Patricia turns her skeletal hand up and grasps Trevor's tiny hand. The heart monitor beeps loudly.

Trevor breathes rapidly and his pupils drain of color and fade until only the whites of his eyes show. Trevor stares transfixed at Patricia.

Everything becomes diffused and hazy, as if a long suppressed memory has flickered back into existence within Patricia's mind and Trevor can see it.

Distant frantic voices are heard. They get closer. A slightly blurred image appears, then bright fluorescent overhead lights. A man in a suit holds down a struggling young woman, who lets out a guttural scream. Another hand grips her arm and twists it around.

A syringe is plunged into the vein.



The young woman is glimpsed. It's a very pregnant and heavily drugged, 18-year-old Patricia. Spittle covers her chin. Disoriented and terrified she scratches 30-year-old Agent Stewart's face.

38-year-old Nurse Whitley tries to steady the syringe.

NURSE WHITLEY  
Hold her still. Hold her still!

AGENT STEWART  
What the fuck. She was out cold!

NURSE WHITLEY  
Hold her arm.

Patricia kicks at Agent Stewart's face. He rears back.

AGENT STEWART  
Don't kill her.

Patricia jerks violently and the syringe breaks off leaving the needle sticking out of her arm.

AGENT STEWART  
(continuing)  
Fuck. Did she get enough?

NURSE WHITLEY  
Yes, I think. I-

Agent Stewart watches in amazement as the bed suddenly moves and slams against the wall.

AGENT STEWART  
Grab another syringe. Hurry!

He yanks out the needle. Blood spurts onto his clothes and he jumps back

AGENT STEWART  
(continuing)  
Shit.

Amniotic fluid gushes onto his feet.

AGENT STEWART  
(continuing)  
Ahhh, fuck!

NURSE WHITLEY  
Jesus, her water broke. It's too late!

Logan's faint voice is heard.

LOGAN (O.S.)  
Trevor...

AGENT STEWART  
Don't let the baby die!

Patricia goes limp. Her head lolls to the side as she breaths heavily. Nurse Whitley spreads her legs apart. Agent Stewart yanks out his walkie-talkie.

AGENT STEWART  
(continuing)  
She is never to leave this room again. Push the fucking paperwork through, now. Tonight. We can keep her here indefinitely.  
(Beat)  
Inform her parents she died earlier tonight...

LOGAN (O.S.)  
Trevor!

The vision is gone. Trevor grips Patricia's wrist as her body convulses a moment, then goes still. Logan yanks Trevor away from the bed. His eye color returns and the fluorescent ceiling lights are exploding in the room, raining glass on everyone. A loud metallic groan and crackling noise is heard.

The bolts holding the bed down pop off. The floor is cracking. The crack zig zags toward the wall and extends upward and across the ceiling.

LOGAN  
Trevor, Trevor. Calm down. It's all right!

Trevor quickly turns his head and stares trance-like at Nurse Whitley a moment, then looks up at Logan, who scoops him up and holds him close. Logan walks over to the bed. The two nurses watch his every move.

He stops in front of the respirator and shuts it off.

Logan stares at his mother, tears rolling down his cheeks. He pulls the sheet up and covers her face. Turning to the two nurses, Logan lowers his voice.

LOGAN  
(continuing)  
You're fucking sick. All of you.

With this, Logan walks across the room and takes Kim's hand. She spies the elevator key hanging from a hook near the bathroom and scoops it up as the three of them leave the hospital room.

EXT. HAZELWOOD - NIGHT

Agent Beaubriand stands near the Hazelwood entrance amongst other Hazelwood staff and patients, who mingle and talk amongst themselves waiting for the all clear.

To Beaubriand's surprise, through the glass doors, he sees Logan, Kim and Trevor hurry out of the elevator and leave through the rear exit.

Agent Beaubriand runs through the crowd to the side of Hazelwood and notices Agent Stewart cross the street and stop next to his sedan. Beaubriand hurries over.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

Sir, what's going on?

Stewart tosses the rifle into the backseat while keeping his eyes fixed on the area behind Hazelwood. Seconds later, Logan's SUV backs out of the alley. Agent Stewart finally acknowledges Beaubriand's presence.

AGENT STEWART

Where the hell have you been? You missed the show. Get in.

Beaubriand looks at him quizzically and gets in the sedan just as Logan's SUV screeches around the corner. Agent Stewart guns the sedan and follows Logan.

EXT. LAKE MEAD MOTEL - NIGHT - LATER

Logan's battered SUV is parked in front of room 19. The small motel is located in a dark rural area near the Lake. The Wind has really picked up. A huge tree sways nearby.

INT. ROOM 19 - NIGHT

Kim, Logan and a still very weakened, Trevor, sit on the bed watching the TV intently. The news is on.

CLOSE ON: On-screen, a by-line reads: "Breaking News: Las Vegas". An ANCHOR WOMAN stands near the wrecked semi-truck holding her mike. It is chaos all around her.

ANCHOR WOMAN

Now you will be asked to take an alternative route. I-15 is closed...

KIM

There... there were hundreds of people filming. There's no footage of anything. Maybe the government banned news stations from airing it? Even YouTube. You think?

Logan just shakes his head and turns down the TV. He stares at the floor deep in thought. A pained look is on his face. Trevor watches him curiously and tears well up in his eyes. Trevor speaks in a weak, strained voice.

TREVOR

We're going to be okay. You don't know that, Daddy.

Logan quickly looks up and stares at Trevor.

LOGAN

What? Did... Did I say that out-

KIM

Huh?

LOGAN

I was just now thinking to myself... We might not make it.

TREVOR

I heard what you said... Inside your mind.

LOGAN

What?

TREVOR

(To Kim)

When you were taking a nap with Daddy I wanted you to keep reading James and The Giant Peach.

Kim softly gasps.

LOGAN

My God. Sometimes he would stare at you like he knew what you were thinking, but I... I never...

Logan gets up and paces a moment.

LOGAN

(continuing)

They wasted their time with me. It must have skipped a generation. I can't do anything. When I was in school they were always testing me for no reason. Even took my blood.

TREVOR

When I took tests I could hear their minds, Daddy. I wouldn't do all the stuff they wanted.

Logan sits on the bed and holds Trevor.

LOGAN

Everything I know is a lie, isn't it?

(To Kim)

Who named me, the government?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Agent Stewart parks on the shoulder near the Lake Mead motel. He opens the car door glancing at Agent Beaubriand.

AGENT STEWART

Wait for my signal then move across the lot and position yourself along the northern parameter. I'll approach from the other side.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

Sir?... I'm not sure what you mean, sir. What's the objective?

AGENT STEWART

What do you mean, what's the objective? Do you know what that fucken kid can do? What this means? Vindication for years of-

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

I'm not sure I do, sir.

AGENT STEWART

I don't have time for this. All the proof we need is sitting right there in that motel room like a prize.

Agent Stewart scans the area around the car. It's deadly quiet.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
I still don't...

AGENT STEWAT  
Enough! Do as I say and wait for my  
signal! That's an order.

Agent Stewart retrieves the rifle from the back seat and exits the car, making his way down the embankment with the rifle slung over his shoulder.

The strong wind blows open his suit jacket revealing the silencer tucked into the waist of his slacks. He disappears into the trees.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Stewart stops near the office door, the wind blowing up his lapel. Only five cars are in the parking lot. Agent Stewart takes out his silencer and opens the office door. An older clerk reading behind the counter sets down his book. He smiles and stands.

CLERK  
Can I hel-

Agent Stewart shoots him between the eyes with the silencer. The clerk collapses behind the counter. Hurrying over, Agent Stewart goes through the man's pockets finding a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, which he slips into his pocket.

Agent Stewart quickly leaves the office, walks a few feet and stops as a motel room door opens. The TV inside blares. A young female TOURIST walks out with an ice bucket, stopping abruptly in front of Agent Stewart, who holds his gun.

She looks back at her friend.

TOURIST  
(Panicked)  
Jack...

He calmly shoots her twice causing her to fall backwards into the room. A young man barely lets out a gasp before Agent Stewart shoots him dead and enters the room.

INT. ROOM

Agent Stewart sets the rifle against the wall and yanks the woman away from the doorway and pulls the door closed. The dead young man hangs over the bed. Agent Stewart shuts off the TV.

Waiting with his hand on the door knob, he peeks out the side of the drapes and spies Agent Beaubriand walking toward the room, his gun to his side.

Agent Stewart pushes open the door and gestures to Agent Beaubriand.

AGENT STEWART

I told you to wait! Get over here.

Agent Beaubriand fixes his gaze on Agent Stewart and slowly moves toward him.

CLOSE ON: Beaubriand's grip is ever so slightly tightened around his gun.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

I'm sorry, sir. I can't let you do this.

Agent Beaubriand shifts his glance slightly to assess the position of Agent Stewart's firearm. It's the opening Stewart is waiting for.

He fires several times at Agent Beaubriand, who twists and falls face first onto the ground.

EXT. ROOM

Agent Stewart hurries out gripping his rifle in one hand, and with the other, scoops up Beaubriand's gun and throws it on the roof. He watches a motionless Agent Beaubriand a moment, then slings the rifle over his shoulder and goes behind the office finding the electrical meter.

Opening the box, Agent Stewart shuts off all the power to the motel and makes his way through almost total darkness toward Logan's motel room.

CLOSE ON: Agent Beaubriand's clenched hand moves. A soft moan is heard.

Agent Stewart walks slowly with his gun drawn toward Logan's room. He scans the lot.

An old station wagon with an advertisement on the driver's side door for the motel and houseboat rentals, is parked one spot away from Logan's room.

INT. ROOM 19

The room is very dark. Kim holds Trevor as Logan tries a switch on the wall.

LOGAN

The whole place is out.

Trevor stares intently at the door as Logan gropes in the darkness toward it.

EXT. ROOM 19

Agent Stewart puts his ear against the door.

INT. ROOM 19

Trevor pulls away from Kim and hurries up to the motel door. He closes his eyes tightly and the motel door slowly cracks down the middle, then bulges out, splintering from top to bottom. A loud moan is heard outside the door.

EXT. ROOM 19

Agent Stewart staggers back gasping in pain and drops his gun, which falls partially under Logan's SUV. He gropes around on the ground a moment unaware of where it landed as blood fills his eyes. He staggers back and waits for his vision to clear.

Agent Stewart looks behind him. For at least two hundred feet everything is destroyed to various degrees. The large tree is partially uprooted and the old station wagon appears to be subtly twisted in two different directions. The front tires are several inches off the ground.

A nearby street sign is bent completely in half. The hood of Logan's SUV is buckled and the windshield now lays across the dashboard. The front seats lay back flat and the steering wheel is bent.

Agent Stewart hastily takes 6 of the long narrow shells out of his pocket and slips them into the loading mechanism of the rifle before slowly moving toward room 18, where he uses his elbow to smash out a corner of the window.

Pulling out the clerks lighter, Agent Stewart carefully reaches inside and sets the drapes on fire. He retreats to the end of the parking lot and stops where he has an unobstructed view of room 19.



Crouching down he takes a stance with the gun pointed right at the door.

The shriek of smoke alarms pierces the night air as black smoke and wind whipped flames move quickly toward room 19.

INT. ROOM 19

Smoke pours into the dark room through an air conditioning vent. Kim, panic stricken, grabs onto Logan's arm as she holds Trevor.

KIM

Logan...

LOGAN

We need to find another way out of here.

Logan scoops up Trevor while Kim rushes into the bathroom and scans the room until her eyes rest on the only window. It's too small. Back in the main room, the smoke is thicker. She looks at Logan and shakes her head.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

Agent Stewart remains in place with the gun pointed at the door. He looks pained and has difficulty keeping his balance. His hand shakes.

The door to room 19 flies open and the three of them hurry out. POP, then a second and third loud pop. A dart grazes Logan's neck, breaking the skin as it passes by. Logan grabs his neck and looks down. The third dart whizzes past Kim.

CLOSE ON: Trevor has a dart deeply imbedded in his shoulder.

Logan wavers, gripping Trevor tightly. Enough of the sleep agent has entered Logan's system. He fights with all his might to remain standing, but succumbs and crumples to the ground holding an unconscious, Trevor. Logan takes deep labored breathes.

Kim falls to her knees and braces herself. Agent Stewart throws down the tranquilizer gun and rushes past Kim and over to Logan's car, where he spots his gun.

Just as Kim pulls herself to her feet, Agent Stewart viciously back hands her across the face knocking her to the ground. He grabs his gun and points it at her.

AGENT STEWART

Give me a reason to shoot you fucking  
dead!

Stewart scoops up Trevor and holds his tiny limp body under his free arm and yanks Kim over to the mangled station wagon. He sets Trevor on the ground nearby and pushes Kim down next to him.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)  
Don't fucken move!

Agent Stewart moves sideways a few feet and lowers himself next to Logan. With his free hand, Stewart takes Logan's jaw and turns his head.

He seems fascinated as he carefully observes Logan's facial features.

Stewart eyes Kim a moment, then lifts Logan's hand and compares it to his own while Kim watches curiously.

Stewart gingerly sets down Logan's hand, then stands, wavering a moment as if he's losing his balance.

A look of grim realization comes over Kim's face. Stewart gives her a sarcastic smile.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)  
He's a chip off the old block, huh?  
Too bad he's a dud.

KIM

Please, don't tell him.

AGENT STEWART

Shut the fuck up.

He snatches Kim up by the front of her hair until she's on her knees. She cries out in pain and Stewart gets right in her face.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)  
You're 'bout to become a Civil  
Servant. Work for the United States  
government.

(more)

AGENT STEWART (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Just know before you report for duty,  
your friend suffered unimaginably  
from a slow-acting neurotoxin before  
he crashed that piece of shit van he  
drove. Did he live in it, too?

Stewart shoves Kim to the ground and with difficulty, yanks open the old station wagon's door and falls onto the seat, winded and in considerable pain. He has black eyes forming.

Taking out his cell, he sits up and dials a number keeping his eye on Kim. Sweat drips from his forehead. Someone answers the call. Agent Stewart let's out a relieved breath.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)

This is Agent Jackson Stewart. I'm at  
the Lake Mead Motel outside Overton.  
There's an agent down. Repeat, an  
agent is down. I need back-up  
immediately and medical assistance.

Across the lot, Agent Beaubriand moves slightly, his face contorted in agony. He looks over at the two motel rooms, which are fully engulfed in flames. Several bullet holes are in his suit, but no blood.

Beaubriand removes a small revolver from an ankle holster and cocks the gun.

Agent Stewart, still on the phone, wipes sweat from his forehead as he sits in the station wagon.

AGENT STEWART

(continuing)

Yes, yes. I have the suspects in  
custody. They're armed and...

Leaves crunch.

Agent Stewart averts his eyes. Another crunch of leaves. Stewart looks up to find Trevor standing directly in front of him. The dart is gone from his shoulder and he holds it in his hand.

Trevor drops the dart and takes a step closer.

Stewart quickly looks around. There's no place to go. Trevor takes another step closer.

TREVOR

I know you... You look old now

Agent Stewart rears back and points the gun at Trevor. The seat suddenly lurches forward dislodging the gun from Stewart's grip. He quickly turns toward the passenger door and the seat shoots forward quickly pressing him against the steering wheel.

AGENT STEWART

Stop, Christ!

(seat moves)

No, no. I'm the only one who can help you and your father. Stop!

Stewart winces in pain and is pressed further into the steering wheel. Gasping for breath, his face turns red. The seat continues moving forward. Agent Stewart desperately pushes against the steering wheel in a futile attempt to get air, but the seat groans forward and he is thrust further into the steering wheel as his face turns purple.

Kim manages to get to her feet. Logan pulls himself up from the ground. He sees Trevor's small frame and makes his way toward him, but suddenly stops when he catches sight of the gruesome scene unfolding in front of him.

LOGAN

Trevor... No... Trevor!

Inside the car, Agent Stewart moans, then screams out in agonizing pain as his ribs and breast plate break. The steering wheel snaps driving jagged pieces into his chest. The dash buckles and begins breaking from the force. The windshield shatters.

The center of the steering wheel impales Agent Stewart, who takes a last gasping breath, his face wedged into the dash with his mouth open in a grimace.

Trevor watches dispassionately, then turns to Logan, who stares momentarily at Stewart's mangled body before lifting Trevor into his arms. He grabs Kim's hand.

LOGAN

(continuing)

You all right?

KIM

Yes.

Logan looks queasy and wavers. Kim grips his arm to steady him.

KIM

(continuing)

Logan...

She suddenly gasps, noticing Agent Beaubriand lying in the dirt near the office with his arm folded under him.

KIM

(continuing)

We have to get out of here. They're coming.

Agent Beaubriand lifts his head and watches the three of them take off into the desert. He forces himself up from the ground and sits a moment.

Taking deep painful breaths, he yanks off his suit coat and pulls off a bullet hole ridden white dress shirt, revealing a kevlar vest with several slugs imbedded in it.

He pulls off the vest dropping it on the ground and untucks his t-shirt. Forcing himself to his feet, he staggers off through the trees.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Agent Beaubriand scans either side of the road with a spotlight as he sweeps the surrounding desert. Hazard lights from a broken down vehicle are ahead. Agent Beaubriand passes a white SUV, where an OLD MAN holding a jack examines a flat tire. Luggage and boxes are strapped to the roof.

Continuing a short distance, Beaubriand makes a u-turn and passes the old man again.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

Logan, Kim and Trevor run along a gully beside the road, dirty, ragged, and emotionally and physically exhausted.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Agent Beaubriand notices something. He stops and hobbles out of the car, stopping beside the road. He spots Logan, Kim and Trevor crouched down in the gully and shines a flashlight on them.

Trevor panics and the passenger windows blow out of the sedan.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

No, no. Wait, stop! I'm here to help you, I swear. You don't have much time.

(more)

AGENT BEAUBRIAND (CONT'D)  
 (Looks up highway)  
 You have to come with me, now. Get in  
 the car. You have to trust me!

Kim and Logan exchange uneasy glances. He grips her hand and the three of them scramble up the embankment. Agent Beaubriand opens the back door and they pile in.

He looks up the dark road nervously, then gets in his side and takes off in the opposite direction.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Agent Beaubriand looks into the rear-view at Kim and Trevor.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
 They want both of you. They'll do  
 everything they can and then some.  
 Believe me.

KIM  
 We know about everything. They killed  
 my friend.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
 Not everything.

Agent Beaubriand slows down. Kim notices the older white SUV parked on the shoulder with its hazard lights on. The old man hoists a flat tire up to put in the back of his SUV. Agent Beaubriand slams on the brakes.

The startled old man looks back, still holding the tire. Beaubriand turns to Kim and Logan.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
 (continuing)  
 You need to do as I say. You have no  
 idea what they're capable of.

Agent Beaubriand hobbles out of the car wincing in pain and hurries up to the old man.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
 (continuing)  
 You don't have room for that.

He takes the damaged tire from the man and tosses it into the desert.

OLD MAN  
 Hey, what are you-

Agent Beaubriand flashes his badge.

INT. SEDAN

Kim cradles Trevor as she and Logan watch Agent Beaubriand take out money and hand it to the old man, who strains to see who's in the government sedan. The old man hurries over and opens the hatchback of his SUV.

Motioning for them to get out of the sedan, Beaubriand opens the back door. Logan scrambles out, followed by Kim and Trevor. Agent Beaubriand grabs Trevor out of Kim's arms and looks at her.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

You're not going. You can't. You have to separate. I'm sorry. It's the only safe-

KIM

No, no!

Trevor cries out and reaches for Kim.

KIM

(continuing)

Logan...

LOGAN

I'm not going without her!

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

She can't. We don't have time. They'll see us.

(to Kim)

Get back in the car!

LOGAN

She's coming with or we're not going.

Logan sees the faint glow of dozens of approaching headlights a few miles in the distance.

LOGAN

(continuing)

Jesus...

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

Goddamnit, I'm putting my life on the line here, too. You have to separate. They will find you if you're together. Come on.

Logan rushes up and embraces Kim tightly. She can't hold back her tears. This realization is too much for her.

KIM

Go. We have to do what he says.

(Cries out)

Logan... Go!

Kim's eyes shift to Trevor who cries and reaches out for her. The windshield of the sedan cracks. The passenger door buckles in. Kim reaches over and Trevor hugs her tightly around the neck. Agent Beaubriand pulls him away from her and Trevor grabs onto a section of her hair, then let's go.

Beaubriand quickly hands him to Logan and hustles them over to the S.U.V.

Logan looks back at Kim.

LOGAN

We'll find each other again. Somehow,  
we will. I promise.

TREVOR

Kim, don't go!

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

If you care about her, get in!

As they scramble into the backseat of the SUV, Agent Beaubriand calls out to the older man.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

(continuing)

Drive. Go, go!

The old man jumps in his vehicle and throws it into gear. Trevor and Logan watch from the backseat as the SUV speeds off.

Kim stands almost motionless as she watches the S.U.V recede in the distance. Letting out an anguished moan, she's not able to fight back tears a moment more. She breaks down and cries very hard in racking helpless sobs.

Beaubriand runs up to her wincing in pain.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

(continuing)

I'm sorry. We have to get you out of  
here.

He takes her around to the passenger side, helps her in, then jumps in the drivers seat and guns it.



AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
(continuing)  
What the hell...

A mass of headlights are getting closer. The lights from two helicopters are in the sky a mile away. A rest area is coming up. He speeds off the road and into the rest area pulling in between two idling semi-trucks.

Agent Beaubriand and Kim look back, watching mesmerized as dozens of government sedans, SUV's and a black armored vehicle speed past on their way to the Lake Mead motel. The helicopters fly over, following the mass of government vehicles.

They stare at the tail lights of the vehicles until they disappear into the darkness. Kim sits a moment in silence, then gently sobs, completely defeated and worn out.

KIM  
Where's he taking them?

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
I don't know that. I wouldn't let him tell me.

Agent Beaubriand takes a painful breath and digs out his keys. Kim looks concerned.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
(continuing)  
I'm fine. I was wearing a vest, but a rib's cracked... We better get those off.

He unlocks the cuff from Kim's wrist. The light from the rest area gives off a harsh glow accentuating the burn scars covering Agent Beaubriand.

KIM  
(Softly)  
What happened to you?

AGENT BEAUBRIAND  
Roadside bomb. Eight years ago I was in Kabul on my last tour of duty... I was the only survivor.

KIM  
Why are you doing this? I don't understand.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

I was used to saving people in  
Afghanistan. I didn't sign up for  
what they wanted me to do.

(Beat)

What they wanted me to participate in.

KIM

What do you mean?

Agent Beaubriand looks up the highway with concern.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

It's not important you know. It's  
only important you remain safe. I'll  
give you a number to call me on a  
secure line. Get you money when I  
can. The expenses on the fifth floor  
are out of control. If it continues  
in some capacity, which I'm sure it  
will, I can safely siphon off money  
for you.

(Beat)

They owe you that much.

KIM

What about Logan and Trevor?

The big rig to their left backs out and drives off.

AGENT BEAUBRIAND

They're... on their own. They'll have  
to live off the grid for awhile, so  
will you until I can get you a new  
I.D. We need to get you a ride. I  
have to get back to the motel. Try to  
do some damage control.

INT. AGENT BEAUBRIAND'S SEDAN - SUNRISE - SHORT TIME LATER

Agent Beaubriand, by himself now, pulls his sedan onto the  
shoulder outside the rest area. Looking in his rear-view, he  
watches a semi-truck driven by an older woman, turn right  
onto the highway.

Kim is glimpsed sitting in the passenger seat. Agent  
Baubriand watches as it goes over the horizon. He puts his  
car in drive and enters the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEVADA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY - SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

"TONAPAH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL" is above the entrance.

A sweet looking 8-year-old blonde girl, REBECCA, sits by herself under a tree, while nearby several children climb all over a Jungle Gym.

The doors at the entrance of the school open and an older grey-haired woman points out the children to Mrs. Fowler, who walks out of the building impeccably dressed, and heads in the direction of the Jungle Gym. She stops and watches Rebecca with a duplicitous smile.

MRS. FOWLER

Rebecca Sanderson? Rebecca?

Mrs. Fowler motions for Rebecca to come over. Rebecca gets up and stops in front of Mrs. Fowler with a curious expression.

REBECCA

I'm Rebecca... Am I in trouble?

MRS. FOWLER

Oh, no, no, sweetie, no. On the contrary. I have something very nice to tell you.

REBECCA

What?

MRS. FOWLER

Because you have such good grades and perfect attendance, you've been accepted into a special program. Isn't that nice? There's a new teacher I'd like you to meet... He's brought along another student.

Rebecca gives Mrs. Fowler an almost shrewd look as if she's seen through her forced niceness. Mrs. Fowler can't help but notice. Forcing a smile, she puts her arm around Rebecca's shoulders as she gently guides her along.

A MAN, early fifties, tailored suit and glasses, steps out of the glass fronted building with a smile on his face. Walking up to Rebecca, he shakes her tiny hand.

MAN

Hello, Rebecca.

(Kneels to her level)

So nice to finally meet you.

Still holding her hand, the man looks back and motions to someone inside. A second younger man, also dressed in a suit, goes around the corner a moment, then comes back around holding the hand of a small child, who's obscured by the glare of harsh sunlight on the glass.

They step outside and stop. Wearing a uniform from a private school, the little boy lowers his hand from blocking the sun.

It's Trevor's identical twin, TONY.

Rebecca and Tony stare intently at one another for several seconds and smile tentatively. Rebecca looks up at Mrs. Fowler.

REBECCA

You want us to find his brother,  
Trevor, don't you?

A bit taken aback, Mrs. Fowler exchanges a curious glance with the men. Tony let's go of the younger man's hand and he and Rebecca hurry off past the jungle gym and sit under the tree facing one another as if bound by a sudden kinship. FADE OUT:

THE END