

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - DAY

A grinning TOURIST (young 20s, extraordinarily vibrant and exuberant looking) wanders around the beautiful campus.

But there's also something just a little off about him...

The way he smiles... ear to ear, like the Cheshire cat now in human form.

The way he stares at everything just a tad bit too long... as if seeing the world for the very first time.

The way he's dressed... immaculate hand-sewn clothing made of the softest materials (white button down shirt, wool pants, and supple leather shoes).

CHYRON: Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

We continue following this strange man as he crosses the quad on this beautiful fall day, staring at all the buildings, students, flowers, trees... everything.

Then, something catches his attention.

A BACKPACK.

Many backpacks.

Almost every student on this campus is wearing one...

But he's not. And for some reason, this makes him sad.

Smile abruptly fading, the Tourist stops walking --

Spins around...

As if looking for something.

Finally, he spies a POPULAR FRESHMAN dropping his backpack beneath a tree as he joins an impromptu game of Ultimate Frisbee on the quad.

Moving quickly so as not to be seen, the Tourist shoulders the backpack and strides away.

INT. M.I.T. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Two SECURITY GUARDS man a bank of monitors. On a bulletin board, a fax from the "Department of Homeland Security" reads:

IMMINENT ALERT
"BOMB THREAT"
ALL BOSTON COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY CAMPUSES

HEAVYSET GUARD
 Just saw a backpack exchange go down.
 Think this could be our guy?

He's talking about our Tourist who fills his nearest monitor.
 The second guard puts down his sandwich and rolls over in
 his chair.

WHITE HAIREd GUARD
 Keep eyes on him.

EXT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

The Tourist, still wandering around with that strange grin
 on his face, watches as a large group of laughing STUDENTS
 enters a nearby dining hall.

He follows...

We TILT UP to a security camera that now tracks his every
 move.

INT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

Students eating. Socializing. Studying.

And then there's our Tourist... standing stock-still in the
 middle of the cafeteria, clearly out-of-place.

INT. M.I.T. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

We see the same image on the guards' monitor bank.

HEAVYSET GUARD
 What the hell's he just standing
 there for?

WHITE HAIREd GUARD
 Call it in.

The older guard pushes a button on his keyboard and the
 monitor zooms in closer on the Tourist who is still just
 standing there.

WHITE HAIREd GUARD (CONT'D)
 Hurry.

A fancy camera trick takes us through his monitor into the
 cafeteria itself, where --

INT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

A closer look reveals that our Tourist is not staring off
 into space, but is instead fixated on a ginger complexioned
 young loner named DOUGLAS SCHWEITZER (19) --

Still eyeing Doug, the Tourist slowly lowers his backpack and lays it on the floor.

GUARD #1
GET DOWN! NOW!

The Tourist is slammed to the ground by two SECURITY GUARDS. It's a brutal hit. The Tourist just lays there, stunned and vaguely confused looking, as the second guard rifles through his backpack...

The guard removes two books on quantum computing, a box of pens and a small leather-bound journal.

GUARD #2
(more embarrassed
than apologetic)
He's clean.

Meanwhile students have begun to gather, cell phones out, recording the incident. The first guard helps the Tourist to his feet.

GUARD #1
Sorry about that. But we're still
going to need to see some school ID.

The Tourist just shrugs and smiles.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
You speak English?
(off the Tourist's
blank smile)
Habla Espanol?

More shrugs from the Tourist.

GUARD #2
Hey, pal. Where you from?

Seemingly unable to understand them, the Tourist continues smiling and shrugging as the nearby students quickly lose interest and close their cell phones.

DOUG (O.S.)
Don't put down those phones!

It's Doug Schweitzer, the pale red-head that the Tourist was staring at earlier, and who is now speaking loud enough that the entire cafeteria can hear.

Everyone turns at his voice, including the Tourist and we see that Doug has opened his jacket. Inside is a vest filled with C4 explosives.

DOUG (CONT'D)

The only thing keeping everyone alive
right now are those camera phones...
So lift 'em up and focus them on me.

EXT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

As expected, the place is now surrounded by cops. The local Cambridge PD is running the show until the FBI sweeps in, parting the statesies like Moses crossing the Red Sea.

Leading the group of fierce blue windbreakers is SPECIAL AGENT JULIA DEACON (30s, dark hair, intelligent eyes).

Julia is the lead of this show: ferociously competent and rigid in her professional life yet barely holding it together in her personal life... a virtual time bomb of untreated and undealt with neuroses.

But we'll discover all that later -- right now, Julia just looks pissed as she takes in the handful of curious students hovering around the edge of the yellow-taped perimeter.

JULIA

Why wasn't campus evacuated the moment
the threat was authenticated?

When no one answers --

JULIA (CONT'D)

Well? Get it done.

The agent to her left (name's CONWAY), quickly scurries off to do her bidding. Meanwhile, back inside --

INT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

Everyone now has their cell phones out and focused on the would-be bomber... save for two people --

The first is our Tourist, who continues staring at Doug...

The second is TYLER BECKNELL (late 20s).

TYLER

(quiet, light southern
accent)

Hell no... Not today.

If he weren't brilliant, like off-the-charts smart, Tyler would just be another good ol' boy from Alabama with a lifted truck and a collection of Winchesters...

But he is brilliant and that's why he's at M.I.T. getting a graduate degree in advanced mathematics instead of back in Tuscaloosa roping steers with everyone he grew up with.

Tyler is also ex-military, which, in this tense environment filled with petrified students, makes him a shark amongst guppies.

As Tyler continues whispering to his girlfriend HEATHER (20s), we see the bulge of a gun sticking out of the back of his jacket.

HEATHER

Ty. Let the cops handle this.

They're interrupted by a nearby CELL PHONE abruptly ringing (which causes a handful of the more skittish students to scream in terror).

It's Doug's phone. Before answering, Doug checks a tablet device at his side. Whatever he sees makes him smile.

DOUG

(into phone)

'Bout time.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

Where a frowning Julia talks on her cell while glancing around the parking lot for cameras.

JULIA

You were waiting for us?

DOUG

First come the cops, then comes the cameras. Can't have a media event without cameras.

Julia doesn't like where this is going. As Doug talks, she scrawls notes onto her open pad: **Got eyes on us?**

JULIA

Why do you care who sees this?

Doug just laughs bitterly. Julia adds another note: **Looking for fame? Something else?**

JULIA (CONT'D)

Did somebody hurt you? Because we might be able to help you with that.

DOUG
 Lady, you don't know a thing about
 me.
 (then, cold)
 Let those media vans in.

Julia glances around and notices that her men were blocking
 the media from entering the cordoned off area. She writes:
At least one ext. cam.

JULIA
 There are 125 innocent people in
 that cafeteria. Why don't you let a
 few of them go first?

DOUG
 Why would I do that?

JULIA
 You give me something, I give you
 something. That's how these things
 work.

DOUG
 129.

JULIA
 What?

DOUG
 There are 129 people in here. 85
 more than the last largest school
 massacre.

Keeping her voice light, Julia waves over Agent Conway.

JULIA
 So this is about fame? Because you're
 a few years late for that. The media
 barely reports on these things
 anymore.

As Julia talks, she scribbles more notes on her pad and shows
 them to Conway: **Check 4 cams and prepare team. He plans on
 killing everyone.**

DOUG
 They'll report on this.

EXT. HOWARD DINING HALL - DAY

Now off the phone, a determined Julia strides over to the
 SWAT Captain, MAC KOONTZ (40s), who's just gearing up with
 the rest of his guys.

JULIA
Kickoff's in three minutes.

KOONTZ
I need ten. My team's still setting
up.

Koontz points to the tops of three nearby buildings where
Julia can just make out snipers taking their positions --

JULIA
The moment he spots your snipers,
he's detonating that bomb.

KOONTZ
My guys are pros. They won't be seen.

His emphasis on *guys* and the way he starts to turn away from
her now makes Julia realize what this is -- a dick measuring
contest.

JULIA
We're in a no win situation here.

KOONTZ
I'm not rushing into this.

JULIA
Let me finish. As far as I can tell,
he's got eyes on this parking lot
and all exterior entrances. But we
found an old service tunnel that
leads into the kitchen. We can hit
him from there.

KOONTZ
How do you know he doesn't have a
camera on that tunnel as well?

JULIA
I don't.

KOONTZ
Then fuck you, Deacon. I'm not risking
the lives of my men on what amounts
to a hunch.

JULIA
Then 129 people are going to die.
And it's going to be on you.

Koontz doesn't say anything, just glares at her.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Prepare your five best men. We're
 going in.

MONTAGE OF SHIT GOING DOWN --

Julia, now in SWAT gear, leads a heavily armed TEAM OF FIVE (including Koontz) into the service tunnel.

Doug, sensing something is up, stares at his tablet... but the front and back doors remain clear.

Julia's team quietly enters the cafeteria through a hatch in the kitchen floor. Once they're all clear, Julia silently counts to three before pushing through the door that separates them from the bomber and his hostages...

As soon as they enter --

BAM!

A number of things happen almost simultaneously --

Julia and the SWAT team burst through the kitchen door and immediately converge on Doug, BULLETS FLYING, SHOOTING TO KILL --

Doug PUSHES THE DETONATOR --

From slightly behind (and still unnoticed), Tyler TAKES HIS SHOT AS WELL --

But the BULLETS HAVE BARELY LEFT ANY OF THEIR GUNS.

And Doug's FINGER IS STILL ON THE DETONATOR,

When --

TIME... SLOWS.... TO..... A..... STOP.

And despite nobody else being able to move, we see the TOURIST stand up, still smiling that same strange, off-kilter smile.

Somehow, although it's not obvious how, he's the one controlling the time crawl.

Walking past the mass of unmoving, petrified students, the Tourist gets in-between the still very frozen Doug and the equally frozen SWAT team --

He then points one way... And the BOMBS FUCKING DISAPPEAR.

He points another... And the BULLETS FUCKING DISAPPEAR.

As do ALL THE FUCKING GUNS.

Panning around, we see that over a hundred cell phones are still recording every (frozen) second of this craziness.

Then, just as fast as it stopped --

TIME RESUMES AGAIN

And instead of multiple gunshots, all you hear now is the sound of a SINGLE BULLET leaving the chamber --

It was Tyler...

The Tourist didn't notice him and he still got a shot off.

But now, inexplicably, at least to everyone else in the room, our Tourist is somehow standing in-front of the bomber.

Right in the path of the single remaining bullet.

And he gets hit. Spins around 180 degrees before crashing to the floor.

There are screams of raw fear as the students think that bang was the sound of the bomb going off. The screams turn into confusion...

As there's not a single person in the room who didn't see the guns and bombs seemingly disappear...

Nor a single cell phone camera that didn't record all of this for posterity.

Julia's confused as well... but she'll take what seems like a gift from God and use it to her advantage.

She charges Doug and slams him to the ground.

The rest of the SWAT team quickly follows, handcuffing the would-be-terrorist, as Julia then peels off to give CPR to our now unconscious and bleeding Tourist.

Blood pulses out of the Tourist's upper chest as Julia works to stabilize him.

JULIA

I need a fucking medic!

And what do the hundreds of students do when they realize they're still alive and a fucking miracle went down in this place?

They post to social media.

Off this becoming the viral video of all viral videos.

EXT. BOSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Julia pulls up to the hospital in her personal car -- a lifted Jeep Wrangler better suited for the Sahara than the streets of Boston. But it somehow fits her.

CHYRON: Boston General Hospital. 3 days later.

Using a side door, Julia avoids a throng of reporters and heads inside.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

As she enters the hospital, Julia is immediately greeted by the Deputy Director of the CIA, MICHELLE DODDS (late 50s, a soft grandmotherly exterior belying insides of steel).

MICHELLE

Thanks for coming on such short notice.

JULIA

Since when did Langley start dealing with domestic terrorism?

MICHELLE

I think you just answered your own question.

As Michelle talks, she leads Julia down the hospital corridors...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What have you heard about the case so far?

JULIA

You mean, ever since getting pulled off two days ago like some low level schmuck?

Michelle nods, not taking the bait.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Just what's being reported on the news.

MICHELLE

That he's some sort of superman or miracle maker?

JULIA

Something like that.

MICHELLE

You believe the reports?

JULIA

Of course not. But that doesn't mean I have any idea how he did the things he did. And I was there.

MICHELLE

There's still a lot left unanswered. But this is what we know for sure...

Julia nods, she's listening --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

The man we're calling John Doe has BP consistent with gunshot trauma. His bloodwork, EEGs and EKGs came out normal, and a battery of MRIs, PET scans and CAT scans revealed zero signs of any biological or physiological enhancements.

JULIA

So not a cyborg or an alien. Got it.

It's hard to tell if Julia is being sarcastic or not. They turn a corner and pass a handful of SUITED CIA AGENTS posted in the hallway.

MICHELLE

This is where things gets weird -- John Doe's DNA and fingerprints don't match anyone in our database. We also tried to speak to him in over a dozen different languages. He doesn't seem to understand any of them.

JULIA

That's where things gets weird?

MICHELLE

Relatively speaking.

They approach the door to the Tourist's room. It's guarded by two more BURLY SPOOKS IN SUITS.

JULIA

You still haven't told me what you want from me.

MICHELLE

He asked for you.

JULIA
You said he can't talk.

MICHELLE
He might not speak, but that doesn't
mean he can't communicate.
(to clarify)
He saw you on TV and pointed.

Michelle then reaches into her jacket pocket and passes Julia a small leather bound journal.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Oh. And he had this on him when he
was brought in.

Julia flips through the journal -- it's filled with seemingly nonsensical symbols, numbers and a strange, unrecognizable writing, both similar to cursive and altogether different.

JULIA
What language is this?

MICHELLE
We don't know yet. But if he starts
talking while you're with him, maybe
you can find out more than we did.

JULIA
You think he's lying about not being
able to speak?

MICHELLE
I think he's lying about everything.

Nodding, Julia enters the Tourist's hospital room.

INT. TOURIST'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

When the Tourist (now bandaged and sitting up in bed) sees Julia enter, he immediately mutes the TV and waves her closer.

She's apprehensive, of course, especially after everything she's seen him do.

JULIA
Hello. I'm Special Agent Julia Deacon.
You wanted to see me?

The Tourist just smiles at her blankly.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I heard you don't talk. That true?

More blank smiles.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Well, let's start with thank you.
For saving everyone's life. For saving
my life.

And that's when the Tourist reaches out his hand like he
wants her to take it. Julia pauses.

Should she touch him?

Not touch him?

She stares at the cuffs which lead from his hands to the
metal bed supports.

Fuck it, she'll touch him.

She reaches over her hand and the moment they make contact --

Images start FLASHING through Julia's brain and presumably
the Tourist's brain as well:

Julia's childhood (first time riding a bike).

*Her abusive father (hitting her mother in the kitchen and
then her mother serving him dinner later).*

*Her drug addicted sixteen-year-old sister (stoned on a
toilet).*

Julia's first day of college (thrilled to be free).

*Julia's graduation from the FBI Academy (best day of her
life).*

*Her recent separation from her husband (Julia throwing her
ring at Sean).*

Julia yanks her hand away from the Tourist as... whatever
that just was... was both extremely cathartic yet also deeply
disturbing, as Julia was unexpectedly forced to deal with
memories, many of which she had kept boxed up for years...

JULIA (CONT'D)

What the hell did you just do to me?

She is turning to go when the Tourist speaks for the first
time. He speaks slowly, mechanically, not unlike a male
version of Siri.

TOURIST

Ju. Lia.

Bewildered, Julia returns to the bed --

JULIA
You can talk?

TOURIST
Touch helped. Data unclear how.

She seems genuinely thrown as the Tourist continues to speak slowly, haltingly, as if each word is a new and exciting experience.

JULIA
That's impossible.

TOURIST
Impossible. Yes. What happened. Yes.

Julia takes out her notebook.

JULIA
If you can talk, then I want to ask you some questions. You okay with that?
(off his nod)
Where do you come from?

TOURIST
M... I... T...

JULIA
Before M.I.T.?

The Tourist takes a moment to really think about her question. He then shakes his head.

TOURIST
Data. Unclear.

JULIA
Data? Don't you mean memories?

TOURIST
Memories.

Julia fixes a long look on the Tourist trying to figure out a tactful way to phrase what she wants to ask next. Finally she just goes for it.

JULIA
How can you do the things you can do?

TOURIST
Don't know.

JULIA

You don't know how you made the guns
and bombs disappear? Or you don't
know how you traveled fifty feet
across a packed cafeteria filled
with students and tables in less
than the blink of an eye?

The Tourist attempts to fill in more of the blanks, but
clearly he's struggling to figure out what happened as well.

TOURIST

Saw man. Dangerous. Then wake up
here. Data memories unclear how.

The Tourist smiles warmly at Julia (and now the smile does
reach his eyes... like his soul is waking up from some long
slumber):

TOURIST (CONT'D)

Sorry Julia so sad.

A chill runs down Julia's spine. And suddenly she wants to
be anywhere but here. But she also knows she has more
questions to ask first.

JULIA

Why did you ask for me?

TOURIST

Because friend Julia help friend
Franklin.

JULIA

Your name's Franklin?

The Tourist (now called Franklin) nods and smiles.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You want me to help you do what?

Franklin glances towards the half-open hospital door and
then lowers his voice --

FRANKLIN

Franklin no want die.

JULIA

Die? You're in one of the best
hospitals in the country.

FRANKLIN

Not hospital people. Bad people. BAD
PEOPLE WANT FRANKLIN KILL.

There's now a note of raw desperation in Franklin's voice.

JULIA

What bad people are you talking about?

FRANKLIN

Intelligence agency. Bad people.
Michelle Dodds. Bad people. U.S.
government. Bad people.

Off Julia. *WTF?*

EXT. TOURIST'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Through the partially open door, Michelle watches Julia speak with the man they only know as John Doe. But she can't hear what they're saying. She then turns to the nearby SPOOK standing guard --

MICHELLE

We getting all that?

SPOOK AT DOOR

Yep.

INT. TOURIST'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Julia continues staring at Franklin, who now seems genuinely scared of... something.

JULIA

Franklin, the U.S. government isn't in the business of killing those under their protection. Nor is Deputy Director Dodds. But she is worried about you. Worried about the things you can seemingly do.

FRANKLIN

Not worried. Scared.

JULIA

How do you know this?

FRANKLIN

Michelle Dodds accidentally brush Franklin. Saw data memories.

JULIA

So when you touch people, you see things?

FRANKLIN

Only through hand touch.

JULIA

If touching people helps you learn how to communicate, then how come you didn't speak after Deputy Director Dodds touched you?

FRANKLIN

Memory data bad. Connection bad.

Julia stares at Franklin. In all her years of law enforcement, she's never seen anything like this... *like him*.

JULIA

Well I don't know what you think you saw, but I can promise you this -- the CIA has no intention of killing you.

Franklin shakes his head adamantly.

FRANKLIN

Must leave hospital. More touch clarify.

Franklin reaches out his hand again, but Julia doesn't take it this time.

JULIA

My job is to keep you safe and I *will* keep you safe. But for now, that means keeping you in here until we figure out what's going on.

Franklin lowers his hand and glances toward the door of his room, clearly frightened of the people on the other side.

FRANKLIN

Franklin no want kill. Franklin want live.

Julia takes another long look at this strange -- man? -- lying in bed in front of her.

JULIA

And Franklin will live. I promise.

Remembering the strange journal that Michelle gave her, Julia takes it out of her pocket --

JULIA (CONT'D)

Is this yours?

Relief washes over Franklin's face as he sees the journal --

FRANKLIN

Yes.

JULIA
 What is it? I've never seen writing
 quite like this --

FRANKLIN
 Please. Keep. If bad people. Get.
 Over.

JULIA
 What's over?

Franklin gestures all around him. *Everything.*

JULIA (CONT'D)
 You asking me to hide this for you?

FRANKLIN
 Hide. Keep secret. Make others not
 see.

JULIA
 I'm a federal agent. And this is a
 key piece of evidence.

FRANKLIN
 Then. Give me.

He reaches out his hand again --

JULIA
 I'm sorry. You'll have to take that
 up with the officers outside.

She clocks his look of disappointment as she re-pockets the
 journal.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Franklin -- there's a serious federal
 investigation going on right now.
 Both about the attempted bombing and
 about the things that most of the
 world saw you do. You understand
 that, right?

Franklin shakes his head "no".

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Then I suggest you get a lawyer.

And with that, Julia turns on her heel and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Michelle approaches Julia the moment she leaves his room.

MICHELLE
You were in there awhile.

JULIA
Your John Doe has a name. It's
Franklin.

Michelle doesn't seem surprised.

MICHELLE
He can speak.

JULIA
Haltingly. English doesn't seem to
be his first language.

MICHELLE
Any theories on why he wasn't speaking
before?

JULIA
He's convinced the CIA plans on
hurting him.

When Michelle doesn't say anything --

JULIA (CONT'D)
That's not true, right?

MICHELLE
Of course not. Did he say anything
else?

JULIA
Just that he's frightened...

Julia pauses for a moment, deciding how much more she wants
to reveal. Finally --

JULIA (CONT'D)
And that he didn't want me to give
you this back.

She takes out Franklin's journal and tries to pass it to
Michelle. But Michelle doesn't take it.

MICHELLE
Take that to your codebreakers at
the bureau. Try to figure out what's
inside.

JULIA
Does that mean I'm officially re-
assigned to the case?

MICHELLE

We're going inter-agency on this. We need all the help we can get.

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Broken glass in the parking lot. Graffiti on the walls.

INT. TYLER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tyler is pacing around his one room apartment mid-argument with his girlfriend Heather.

Tyler's eyes are bloodshot but unusually bright, the look of somebody who hasn't slept for awhile and is now being fueled solely by manic energy.

TYLER

How was I supposed to know a man was magically going to appear between my bullet and the bomber?

HEATHER

Tyler, we've been going around in circles about this same thing for hours. I'm not mad you shot him... I'm mad because I asked you to leave it to the police and you didn't listen.

TYLER

The whole reason I carry a gun is to deal with situations like that.

HEATHER

And look how much good it did.

Heather seems more exhausted than angry at this point.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Let's just go to bed. We can continue fighting about this in the morning. Or not. I'm just so tired right now.

TYLER

You go to bed. I want to stay up for a bit longer.

HEATHER

Tyler. Ty...
(voice softening)
Come on, babe, I haven't seen you close your eyes since the shooting.

TYLER

I don't need as much sleep as you.

HEATHER

But you *do* need to sleep...

TYLER

What I need is to review more of that Amazing John Doe footage to try and figure out what really happened.

Tyler's talking too fast, his eyes burning too brightly. Heather seems defeated... by everything. She crosses the small apartment and grabs her purse --

TYLER (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HEATHER

I've seen you do this to yourself too many times. I can't go through it again tonight. I'm too exhausted.

With that, Heather exits the apartment, slamming the door behind her. Tyler shrugs and then continues pacing around his living room like a restless tiger stuck in too small a cage.

As he paces, his phone suddenly receives a text -- a long string of what looks like random symbols and numbers.

Even more strange, the number the text came from is like 30 digits long and made up of all ones and zeros.

0010010011011011111100000110010101010101

Thinking something is up with his phone, he reboots it --

But the moment it turns back on, he gets another text. And another.

All covered in the same seemingly nonsensical symbols.

What the hell?

EXT. CAMBRIDGE SQUARE - NIGHT

The square is filled with college students and various academics and professional types eating at the sidewalk cafes, talking in the street, some throwbacks still cluster together smoking cigarettes.

Even though the popular hang-out location is filled with uniquely dressed people, heads still turn when a man and

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Excuse me, Friend. Have you seen
this young man?

He takes out the same device that Triad Jordana called a
Syntac and shows a digital image of Franklin/the Tourist.

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT

Cool tech. That the new iPhone?

When Abraham doesn't answer, the attendant takes a longer
look at the device.

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Wait. *That's* the guy you're looking
for?

TRIAD ABRAHAM

You've seen him?

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT

Dude...

TRIAD ABRAHAM

His name is Isaiah. He's my son.

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT

(wide grin)

Fuck you, Man. Stop bullshitting me.

TRIAD JORDANA

Please. If you've seen him. Tell us
where. Isaiah is very sick and
shouldn't be by himself.

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT

Holy shit. You really don't know.

The attendant then picks up the remote and turns on the TV
and starts flipping through the channels -- Franklin is on
every one of them.

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Your son is like the most famous
person in the world right now.

Triad Abraham and Triad Jordana exchange worried glances.

TRIAD ABRAHAM

I see. I appreciate your help.

Triad Abraham reaches out his hand, seemingly wanting to
shake the attendant's hand. After a moment's hesitation, the
attendant takes it --

And just like what happened between Franklin and Julia, Abraham's touch has an immediate and overwhelming affect on the attendant.

Unlike Franklin, however, whose touch was somewhat cathartic, Abraham's touch terrifies the man. It also seems to cause him tremendous pain.

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT

Dude. What the fuck? Ow... OW!!!

Tears stream down from the attendant's face as he tries to pull away, but Triad Abraham's grip is too strong. Abraham finally lets go and the man stumbles backwards into a rack of sunglasses, knocking them over.

The attendant then tries to say something, but the only thing that comes out of his mouth is seemingly incoherent gibberish --

LONG-HAIRED ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Def. Dotwrite. Ast. Inf. Nodename.
Label.

Eyes rolling, petrified, the attendant rushes into the back as Triad Abraham turns to Jordana --

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Handle the cameras.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Blue collar. Plumbers, nurses, teachers live here. We watch as Julia pulls into a parking spot near her building.

INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spare but nicely decorated apartment (save for some recently missing photographs that have left faded squares in the paint).

Exhausted and more than a little shook up from her experience with Franklin, Julia enters her apartment to find that her estranged husband SEAN DEACON (30s, career law enforcement type) is sitting on her couch. Judging from Julia's expression, Sean's the last person she wants to see right now.

JULIA

Seriously?

Sean jumps off the couch and crosses over to her --

SEAN

The door was open and we need to talk.

JULIA

That doesn't mean you can barge right in. If this is about the papers...

SEAN

This isn't about the damn divorce papers... I just bumped into Mac Koontz at Hoolihans and he told me how you ran a suicide play with his men at M.I.T. Why didn't you wait for the snipers?

JULIA

(scowling)

Koontz doesn't know where his asshole ends and his brain begins.

She brushes by Sean to get a glass of water from the kitchen.

JULIA (CONT'D)

And you know what our lawyers think about us talking directly...

SEAN

Screw the lawyers. It's not like you to run all commando-like into a dangerous situation without having run all the numbers first.

Julia spins on Sean, eyes flashing.

JULIA

Did you ever consider that I ran the numbers? More than once? And they didn't add up to anything good?

Ouch. Sean steps back, stung. He then glances around the apartment as if he hasn't been there in awhile.

SEAN

You took down all our photographs.

JULIA

They're in a box if you want them.

SEAN

Jesus, I don't want them. I just didn't expect you to take them down so quickly.

Julia's voice softens. She doesn't want to cause him pain, she just wants him gone.

JULIA

Sean... why are you really here?

SEAN

They want me to go back undercover.
Some narco stint in Brockton.

JULIA

And..?

SEAN

I just wanted to...

Say I love you. See what you think. Tell you I miss you. See if there's any chance.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I thought you should know that's
all.

JULIA

You taking it?

SEAN

Don't know yet. Things kind of went
to hell last time. For both of us.
Not sure I'm ready for all that again.
What do you think?

There's a lot that Julia seems to want to say here as well...
but she holds it all in.

JULIA

I think you need to leave.

Sean's done playing nice --

SEAN

You can be a cold-hearted bitch
sometimes... you know that, right?

JULIA

Occupational hazard. Now get out of
here.

Pushing past him, Julia strides towards her bedroom and locks
the door.

INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia stands by her night table and for a moment she lets
the audience in and you can see how much this day has affected
her.

Franklin's touch.

Sean's unexpected visit.

Everything.

Gripping the edge of the night table, literally steadying herself, Julia takes a number of deep breaths.

She then reaches into the top drawer of her nightstand and removes a small plastic bag containing a few joints and a lighter --

Lighting one of the joints, she inhales deeply, as all the stress from her day visibly pours out of her.

Once she feels in control again, Julia examines Franklin's notebook..

The book resembles one of those illuminated manuscripts that monks used to devote their lives to transcribing -- except the words and symbols in this book are virtually indecipherable.

As she flips slowly through the pages, Julia runs her finger over a particularly strange image of what looks like drawings of a half-human, half-machine hybrid giving birth to what looks like a normal human child.

Off Julia, *what the hell is she looking at?*

INT. TYLER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tyler now sits on the floor of his apartment surrounded by dozens of print-outs.

It's the same symbols that were texted to his phone --

Working feverishly, he circles some symbols while crossing out others.

Tyler clearly sees something in this gibberish, it's just hard to tell what.

Dozens more printouts are now taped to the wall... on these pages, the symbols are also crossed out and replaced by long strings of ones and zeros. It looks and feels very "Beautiful Mind" up in here right now.

Tyler is still working when the apartment door opens and Heather comes back inside and sees what he's been doing --

HEATHER

(crushed)

Oh, baby...

Tyler stands up, clearly excited about something and wanting to share.

TYLER

At first I thought my phone was messin' up. But then I realized it was a triple cypher. Symbols to letters to numbers. But not just any numbers, binary code!

HEATHER

Tyler. Please...

TYLER

You don't understand. Somebody is trying to send me a message.

Thinking he's having a manic break, not the first one by the look and sound of things, Heather's voice is filled with sadness and compassion.

HEATHER

Just give me a few minutes to pack my bag and then we'll go to the hospital.

TYLER

No. I mean. Yes. I need to go. But not to be sedated. To go see him.

HEATHER

See who?

TYLER

The man I shot. The Amazing John Doe. He's the key to everything.

He thrusts a piece of paper in Heather's face --

TYLER (CONT'D)

See? These coordinates? That's Boston General Hospital. And that's his name, right here.

HEATHER

(eyes welling up)

Tyler, baby, you need to rest --

TYLER

I DON'T NEED TO REST. I NEED TO TALK TO HIM. WHY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? WHY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ANYTHING?

Intentionally ignoring the hurt look on her face, Tyler blows by Heather and out the door of his apartment.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle Dodds enters Franklin's hospital room.

MICHELLE
Franklin, this is Dr. Avery Young.

DR. YOUNG walks in behind her pushing a cart containing a state-of-the-art polygraph machine.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Do you consent to taking a polygraph test so we can figure out the truth about what's going on?

FRANKLIN
Truth is important. For everyone.

Michelle takes that as a yes as Dr. Young pushes the device next to the bed and begins to hook Franklin up --

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Franklin is now fully connected to the polygraph machine.

DR. YOUNG
We're going to start off with some easy questions. State your full name for the record.

FRANKLIN
Franklin.

DR. YOUNG
Last name?

FRANKLIN
... Just Franklin.

Dr. Young checks the feedback monitor and frowns.

DR. YOUNG
Do you know what city you're in?

FRANKLIN
Boston.

Again Dr. Young checks the read-out and again he frowns. The feedback lines are all over the place.

DR. YOUNG
Tell me, Franklin, is it day or night right now?

Franklin glances out the window. It's definitely night.

FRANKLIN

Night.

The feedback lines are now going crazy, they trace up and down, up and down, basically coating the entire page in ink. Dr. Young stands up.

DR. YOUNG

This machine is malfunctioning. I have another one downstairs. I'll be right back.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EVEN LATER

Dr. Young is back with another machine and Franklin is again hooked up as Michelle watches from the side of the room.

DR. YOUNG

Alright, sorry about that. Let's get to another easy question before we start in on the harder ones. What's my name?

Dr. Young taps his lab coat which has his name embroidered onto the chest.

FRANKLIN

Dr. Avery Young.

Dr. Young turns to the feedback printer and this one is absolutely going crazy as well. The needles jump up and down before one of them snaps off from the machine altogether.

Off Michelle, not liking any of this.

EXT. BOSTON'S SHRINER'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Triad Abraham and Triad Jordana walk up to a small cluster of journalists and paparazzi congregated outside of Boston Shriners' Hospital.

With matching creepy smiles plastered on their faces, they approach a JOURNALIST eating a muffin on the far side of the group --

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Pardon me. Is the man they call John Doe inside that hospital?

JOURNALIST

Your guess's as good as mine.

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Then why are you here?

JOURNALIST

Buzz off, buddy. I only got five minutes to eat.

Triad Abraham spies a trio of cops keeping an eye on the media. He tries again --

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Certainly *they* know where he's been taken.

JOURNALIST

If they do, they're not talking.

Triad Abraham exchanges a glance with his daughter before abruptly heading off again. The journalist follows them with his eyes before going back to his food.

INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still smoking her joint, Julia studies the mysterious notebook that Franklin gave her.

As she closely examines the symbols and images, we get a better look as well.

The notebook has a weird "uncanny valley" feel to it; meaning, the images and the letters look almost human, but there's just something a little off about almost everything.

Julia then flips back to the first page and sees something carefully drawn on the otherwise blank inside cover --

It's three interlocking triangles intentionally designed to make a larger triangle... and inside each triangle is a carefully drawn symbol that Julia has no trouble recognizing.

The topmost triangle contains the Greek symbol "mu".

The second triangle contains the letters S.I.S. written in an ornate script.

And the third triangle contains the black outline of a hummingbird.

Frowning, Julia runs her finger over the pyramid-shaped logo and then, more specifically, over the drawing of the bird...

Almost like something about the outline of the bird sparks a distant memory.

As the mystery of what's in the notebook deepens, Julia picks up her phone and dials a number --

JULIA
 (into phone)
 Caleb? I know it's late but I really
 need to see you.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOSPITAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Michelle has taken over a nondescript office in the hospital. She logs into her laptop computer and opens up an email titled:

"John Doe Daily Log."

She then clicks on an imbedded link which immediately takes her to time-coded video footage (four separate angles) of Julia talking to Franklin in his hospital room. She fast forwards to 13.46.00.

JULIA (ON SCREEN)
Why did you ask me to come here?

FRANKLIN (ON SCREEN)
Because friend Julia help friend Franklin.

JULIA (ON SCREEN)
Your name's Franklin?
(off his nod)
You want me to help you do what?

Michelle leans in waiting for Franklin's answer when the screen suddenly fritzes and all four feeds cut to static.

Losing one camera feed might be a coincidence but all of them?

Michelle then fast forwards and the rest of the footage is just static as well. She picks up her phone and dials.

MICHELLE
 (into phone)
 Patch me through to Dr. Kenneth Chin.

As she waits to be connected, Michelle then rewinds the footage and watches Julia enter Franklin's hospital room again. But this time she pays particular attention to the moment where Julia takes Franklin's hand.

Off Julia's clearly shocked expression filling the screen,
 WE --

EXT. M.I.T. APPLIED BIOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

Michelle stands outside an unassuming red brick building that has a small sign that reads: "Laboratory of Applied

Biology." The door to the building abruptly opens and a nervous-looking scientist KENNETH CHIN (40s) crosses over to her.

KENNETH CHIN

Deputy Director. Can't say that I'm surprised you're here.

MICHELLE

I need a full briefing on the Silas Project.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kenneth and Michelle sit at a bank of monitors as he logs into one of the computers.

KENNETH CHIN

Sixteen billion dollars and all we've managed so far is two inches.

MICHELLE

I'm not following.

KENNETH CHIN

You'll see.

As he talks, a VIDEO FEED pops up on the screen of a young woman sitting at a conference table attached to a slew of sensors. Michelle watches as, seemingly on its own, a small penny moves two inches across the table.

KENNETH CHIN (CONT'D)

Cynthia is our most powerful TK. We've also had some early successes in telepathy and pyrokenesis.

He then types in more commands and video footage of Franklin/John Doe appears on the monitor...

Kenneth and Michelle watch the now famous footage of Franklin seemingly disappearing and then reappearing across the room while somehow, inexplicably, making all the guns and bombs vanish.

KENNETH CHIN (CONT'D)

We were actually pretty damn proud of those two inches until we saw this. I mean, shit, hyperstimming the thyroid gland was just a theory until late last year.

MICHELLE

What are you thinking?

KENNETH CHIN

Another country got the drop on us.
And now they want to know where we're
at with things...

Kenneth points at Franklin on the screen --

KENNETH CHIN (CONT'D)

Why else would a man with his skills
be wandering around the M.I.T. campus
so close to where we are now?

MICHELLE

You think he was looking for
information about our program?

KENNETH CHIN

Or he already found it.

Off Michelle, taking that all in.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Triad Jordana and Triad Abraham are standing in a dark
alleyway when they see a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN walk by --

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Now.

With perfect accuracy, Jordana throws a rock through the
upstairs window of the old building. Hearing the sound of
breaking glass, the cop takes out his night stick and heads
in Jordana's direction --

BEAT COP

Hands where I can see them!

Before he can say anything else, Triad Abraham steps out of
the shadows holding the strange black device they call a
Syntak.

TRIAD ABRAHAM

Sorry about this...

The cop goes for his gun as Abraham pushes a button on the
Syntak and the cop immediately freezes. You can see the cop
is trying to scream, but he can't move his mouth. Involuntary
paralysis.

TRIAD ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

But I need to know where my son is.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tyler is at the door to Franklin's room, but the pair of SPOOKS guarding it won't let him in.

TYLER

I'm the guy who shot him. I just want to say I'm sorry.

SPOOK AT DOOR

No visitors.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

It's alright. I got this.

Tyler turns and sees Michelle walking towards him, freshly back from her visit to M.I.T.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Mr. Becknell, right?

(off Tyler's nod)

You were released on your own recognizance two days ago, so what brings you here now?

Knowing that he'll sound like a crazy person if he tells the full truth, Tyler keeps it simple.

TYLER

I haven't been able to sleep since the... incident. I thought seeing him would help me, help both of us.

MICHELLE

At almost eleven o'clock at night?

TYLER

Like I said, I couldn't sleep.

Michelle suspects Tyler has other reasons for being there but she keeps it casual. Tyler senses that Michelle is suspicious, but also keeps it casual.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I can come back tomorrow if you want.

Michelle answers by nodding at the nearest of the two guards who pats Tyler down --

SPOOK AT DOOR

He's clean.

MICHELLE
 Anything said in that room is a matter
 of national security. I'll expect a
 full report when you come out.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler enters Franklin's hospital room. When he sees Tyler,
 Franklin's face breaks into a broad smile.

FRANKLIN
 You came.

Tyler just stares at Franklin, clearly a bit unnerved by
 him.

TYLER
 I was right. You did send me that
 message.
 (off Franklin's nod)
 How?

Franklin just shrugs.

FRANKLIN
 Need talk Tyler and Tyler come.

TYLER
 So you sent a secure triple cypher
 to my phone using an untraceable
 relay?

Franklin shrugs again.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Why didn't you just call?

FRANKLIN
 Communication. Difficult. For
 Franklin.

TYLER
 You're Franklin?

Franklin nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Talk to me about what?

The image suddenly becomes much more LOW-FI as we cut to a
 HIGH ANGLE --

INT. MICHELLE'S HOSPITAL OFFICE - NIGHT

And realize Michelle has replaced the hidden cameras and is watching this exchange live from the computer in her office. As the scene continues, we INTERCUT from her angle to Franklin and Tyler in the hospital room --

FRANKLIN

Need favor.

TYLER

What kind of favor?

Still watching from her office, Michelle waits for Franklin to answer but all he says is --

FRANKLIN

Language hard. Touch easier.

Franklin reaches out his hand and after a moment's hesitation, Tyler clasps it in his own.

And just like with Julia, when Franklin takes Tyler's hand, Tyler sees FLASHES of painful memories from his past.

Tyler, age 9, walking in on his trashy mother fucking some young muscle-bound guy, clearly not his father.

Tyler, age 13, beating the shit out of another, smaller kid. Then, Tyler, same age, sitting behind the school crying and feeling like shit.

Tyler, 17, looking strung out and begging for food outside a shoe store. A shady-looking man pulls up and waves him towards his car.

Tyler is now in a high-school classroom (the man is his teacher) filling a blackboard with an advanced mathematical equation. This is genius level shit.

Tyler, 25, wearing military fatigues working frantically to break a code.

Tyler now at a military funeral with eight caskets. He looks miserable, as if what happened was his fault.

When Franklin lets go, Tyler stumbles backwards --

TYLER

What the fuck did you just do to me?

It's at this moment that Michelle's feed cuts to static for a second time. Determined to get to the bottom of this, she stands up and strides out of her office.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michelle is about to charge into Franklin's hospital room when Tyler unexpectedly exits.

MICHELLE
Mr. Becknell. What did the two of you talk about?

TYLER
Screw that guy.

He turns to go when Michelle stops him --

MICHELLE
You need to tell me what he said.

TYLER
He asked for my help.

Nothing in Michelle's look betrays that she was watching them on a secret feed --

MICHELLE
Help doing what?

Tyler doesn't even hesitate --

TYLER
Breaking him out of here. He seems to think the CIA is going to kill him.

MICHELLE
And what did you say?

TYLER
I told him to fuck off.

MICHELLE
That it?

TYLER
(turns to go)
Dude's a freak. Whatever you decide to do with him is good with me.

INT. CALEB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Julia and CALEB HICKS (40s, FBI analyst) are in a very modern office filled with computers and some high-end lab equipment.

Julia watches as Caleb stares at a page of Franklin's notebook under UV light. He seems surprised by something --

JULIA

What is it?

CALEB

If I had a more time I'd love to confirm this with Carbon 14 dating, Raman spectroscopy, X-ray fluorescence...

JULIA

Come on, Caleb. Spit it out.

CALEB

Shining a UV light on a manuscript is a down and dirty way of estimating its age, as it helps us determine what kind of ink was used.

JULIA

Why does the ink matter?

CALEB

Mineral pigments were used exclusively from the beginning of written history until about mid-1800s when analine dyes became more prevalent. Mineral pigments reflect UV light. Analine dyes absorbs it. And this book lights up like a Christmas tree.

JULIA

Meaning?

CALEB

Meaning, there's a good chance this artifact is over 200 years old. The vellum definitely looks that old. I would need to run more tests to make sure, of course. As for the language, it resembles ancient Cyrillic, but with some key differences --

JULIA

Could you forge something like this? Make it look old but it's really a lot newer than it looks?

CALEB

Sure. But why would somebody go through the trouble? It's not like the original is sitting in a museum somewhere.

Julia masks her troubled expression with a smile.

JULIA
Just trying to get the complete
picture.

Caleb takes a long look at Julia. She looks exhausted.

CALEB
You okay, Jules? I heard what's going
on with --

JULIA
I'm fine.

CALEB
Well fuck him anyway.

This gets a small smile out of Julia. She looks at him gratefully --

JULIA
Thanks, Caleb. I always know I can
rely on you in a pinch.

CALEB
You never told me where you got this
notebook.

JULIA
Just a case I'm working on.

CALEB
It's not the Amazing John Doe, is
it?

He suddenly sounds cagey.

JULIA
Yes.

Caleb's demeanor abruptly changes.

CALEB
Jesus, Julia. You should have told
me that from the jump.

JULIA
Why? What's going on?

CALEB
You're on the case. You must know.

JULIA
They took me off his case two days
ago when your CIA brethren swooped
in and shrouded everything in secrecy.

CALEB

Then how did you get in to see him?

JULIA

I was reinstated a few hours ago.

CALEB

(softening)

If you're back on, then I'm sure you'll hear this yourself... As of late this afternoon, your John Doe was classified as a Red File case.

JULIA

WHAT? You know this for sure? Why?

Judging from the horrified look on Julia's face, a Red File case is apparently pretty awful.

CALEB

You feds ever hear of something called the Silas Project?

EXT. BOSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Julia's Jeep comes to a screeching halt outside the hospital. As she exits her car, Tyler approaches from the darkness.

TYLER

Agent Deacon? You don't know me, but my name is --

JULIA

Tyler Becknell.

Not wanting to engage him in conversation, she walks right by him. Tyler trots to keep up.

TYLER

Your plan won't work.

JULIA

What plan?

TYLER

Whatever plan you've come up with to get Franklin out of there... six more spooks just entered the hospital and went up to his room. I think they're transferring him.

Julia abruptly stops walking.

JULIA
Slow down. How did you know I'm here
to help him?

TYLER
You won't believe me if I tell you.

JULIA
Try me.

TYLER
I'm not even sure I can explain.
This whole damn thing is crazy.

JULIA
Did you touch him?

Tyler nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)
And then did he ask you to break him
out?

TYLER
He said I'd have help. You. And here
you are.

This seems to annoy Julia but all she says is --

JULIA
I see.

She turns and heads towards the entrance again.

TYLER
Hey. I just told you breaking him
out is impossible.

JULIA
I heard you the first time.

Without any further explanation of what her plan might be,
Julia then turns and enters the front door of the hospital
with Tyler right on her heels.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Julia and Tyler stride down the hallway towards Franklin's
room when Michelle steps out from her office, blocking them --

MICHELLE
Agent Deacon. Mr. Becknell.

JULIA

How long has the agency been dabbling
in Transhumanism?

MICHELLE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

Julia removes Franklin's notebook from her purse and waves
it at Michelle --

JULIA

The symbols and numbers in this
notebook are actually a code --
translated, it talks about some secret
CIA program to make advanced humans.

(then)

Franklin is not a cyborg. He's not a
superhero. He's a spy.

(pointed)

But you already knew that, didn't
you?

Tyler stares at Julia incredulously, but doesn't say anything.
Michelle also stares at Julia, face unreadable.

MICHELLE

If this is true, and I'm not saying
it is, then you just shared one of
the country's most important secrets
with a civilian.

Tyler takes offense at this.

TYLER

I'm a lieutenant in the the U.S.
Army.

MICHELLE

Ex-lieutenant.

JULIA

He's the one who cracked the code.

Tyler is now truly lost, but he doesn't say anything --

JULIA (CONT'D)

We need to talk to Franklin.

MICHELLE

He's about to be transferred.

Julia glances towards the door of Franklin's room, clocks
the heightened presence of SUITED CIA AGENTS.

JULIA
Don't you want to know which country
is behind this?

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin looks up, excited, as he sees Julia and Tyler enter his room... But his excitement visibly fades as Michelle walk in as well, followed closely by two of the SUITED GOONS from the hall.

FRANKLIN
Julia, you came back.

Franklin's cadence has improved so much that at this point, he basically speaks like everyone else. If Julia notices, however, she doesn't say anything, just marches right up to the bed.

JULIA
Why did you lie to me?

FRANKLIN
Lie?

JULIA
Did you really think we wouldn't
find out?

TYLER
Agent Deacon, I'm not sure...

Ignoring him, Julia turns back to Franklin and opens the notebook to the first page.

JULIA
These symbols. It's a variation of
Cyrillic isn't it? The ancient writing
from central Russia?

Franklin stares at Julia, puzzled.

FRANKLIN
I don't understand.

JULIA
I think you understand perfectly.
You came to the United States to
steal information about one of our
most classified programs.

Franklin seems truly distraught --

FRANKLIN

I don't know what you're talking about.

JULIA

Glad you finally decided to drop that broken English act...

FRANKLIN

It wasn't an act. The more data I receive, the better I understand your language.

JULIA

I'm done with your lies.

Julia takes out her gun and puts it to Franklin's head.

TYLER

Jesus.

MICHELLE

Agent Deacon!

Julia ignores them both.

JULIA

You have three seconds to tell us the truth. It's the Russians, isn't it?

Franklin's eyes go wide as the tip of Julia's handgun pushes against his forehead.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Three... Two...

GOON #1

Put down the damn gun!

The Agency Goons guarding the door have their guns out and are pointing them at Julia.

MICHELLE

Agent Deacon. Julia. Lower your gun.

JULIA

Too late. One.

Like earlier, on "one", a number of things happen simultaneously --

There's the sound of GUNSHOTS as both goons takes a shot at Julia.

At exactly the same time, Julia intentionally drops her non-pistol holding hand onto Franklin's hand...

As they touch, Franklin's eyes go wide and then there's a FLASH OF WHITE as he presumably looks into her mind --

But this time we don't get to see what he sees.

Instead, Franklin, Julia and Tyler simply disappear.

As do both bullets.

And the notebook.

Leaving Michelle (and the two goons) standing there gap-mouthed and furious as --

The only sign that they were even there is Franklin's now-empty handcuffs, which clank against the metal supports of the hospital bed before sliding uselessly to the floor.

EXT. BOSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

As if from thin air, Julia, Franklin, Tyler abruptly re-appear on the darkened back side of the hospital, next to a dumpster used to dispose hazardous waste.

TYLER

What the fuck just happened?

Suddenly feeling sick, Tyler then pukes into the open dumpster. Julia glances at him and then over to Franklin, who is clutching the side of the same dumpster looking pale.

JULIA

Franklin? You okay?

FRANKLIN

I'm not a spy.

JULIA

I know.

A look of sheer panic crosses Franklin's face as he stares at something off in the darkness --

FRANKLIN

They're coming. THEY'RE COMING.

Julia turns to look, but doesn't see anything.

JULIA

Who's coming? The bad people?

He doesn't answer. Instead, Franklin lurches forward as if in a dead faint. Moving fast, Julia catches him before he falls face first onto the concrete. As she gently lowers him to the ground, she turns to Tyler --

JULIA (CONT'D)
Get your car. NOW.

EXT. BOSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Triad Jordana and Triad Abraham walk up to the hospital just as Tyler's Subaru races by with Tyler at the wheel, Julia sitting shotgun and an unconscious Franklin strapped into the back seat.

The strange duo stares right into the car as they pass, but Tyler is driving too fast to notice them (nor would he recognize them anyway).

TRIAD JORDANA
He found her.

TRIAD ABRAHAM
(nodding gravely)
It was only a matter of time.

Without knowing what the Triads mean by that, WE --

INT./EXT. TYLER'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Tyler drives as Julia directs him from the passenger seat. Franklin, still unconscious, lies slumped over in the back seat.

JULIA
We need to get off these main roads
as quickly as possible.

Tyler still seems rattled.

TYLER
How did you know that would happen?

JULIA
I didn't.

TYLER
So you pulled your gun on what? A
hunch?

JULIA
No.

TYLER
Then what was it? How did you know
Franklin would...

Tyler pales as he thinks back upon what just happened --

TYLER (CONT'D)
...do whatever the hell he just did.

JULIA
Let's talk about this when we're safe.
As long as we still have our phones on
us, we can be tracked. Turn here.

Tyler turns off the highway onto a smaller, country road. He then grips the steering wheel, exhausted.

TYLER
You never told me where we're going.

JULIA
New Hampshire. To a cabin my family
owns.

TYLER
Isn't that kind of obvious?

JULIA
The cabin is in a blind trust. Even
my soon to be ex-husband doesn't
know about it, as I haven't been
there...
(distant look)
For a really long time.

TYLER
Why?

JULIA
It's where my father died.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Tyler's car pulls into a busy truck stop and both Tyler and Julia get out...

Deliberately standing in the darkness to avoid being seen by surveillance cameras, Tyler passes Julia his cell phone and we watch as she carefully places both of their phones into the bumper of an idling semi. Job done, they get back into the car and Julia, now driving, heads off down the road.

INT. TYLER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Heather is sound asleep in the bed she normally shares with Tyler (who is obviously not there) when a noise wakes her. As her eyes adjust to the darkness, she frantically pulls the comforter over her skimpy nightgown.

HEATHER
(petrified)
WHO ARE YOU?

REVERSING, we see Triad Abraham and Triad Jordana standing at the foot of her bed.

Jordana doesn't say anything, just approaches Heather with her arms stretched out. Off Heather's screams --

INT./EXT. TYLER'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Julia drives as Tyler, now sitting in the passenger seat, flips through the pages of Franklin's notebook.

TYLER
This just gets weirder and weirder.

JULIA
You recognize anything?

TYLER
Am I supposed to?

JULIA
Check the back of the front cover.

Tyler flips back to the beginning and immediately spies the three interconnected triangles containing the outline of the hummingbird, the letters S.I.S. written in an ornate font, and the Greek symbol "mu".

TYLER
Bullshit.

Tyler is staring incredulously at the S.I.S. symbol.

TYLER (CONT'D)
How did you know I'd recognize it?

JULIA
What does it mean?

Tyler rolls up the sleeve of his shirt. On his upper arm is a tattoo of the exact same S.I.S. symbol that's in the notebook. Even the cursive script is the same.

TYLER

S.I.S. stands for Signals Intelligence Service. It was the name of the Army's first team of cryptanalysts way back in 1933.

Tyler suddenly realizes where Julia is going with all this.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You recognize one of those symbols too, don't you?

There's a MEMORY POP as we see Julia tracing her finger over the outline of the hummingbird.

JULIA

The hummingbird.

TYLER

Do you have it tattooed on you as well?

Julia's unexpected laughter makes Tyler laugh as well.

JULIA

No.

They share a moment. Like two people just realizing they've embarking on some surreal rollercoaster ride together.

TYLER

So what happened back there? Why did you go back to the hospital? And how did you know any of that would happen?

Julia thinks about his questions for a moment. *Because she made him a promise he wouldn't get hurt? Because he touched her? Because she's going through some sort of mid-life crisis?* But all she says is --

JULIA

It felt like the right thing to do.

When Tyler doesn't answer --

JULIA (CONT'D)

Let me clarify, it felt like the only thing to do.

Judging from her eyes, that answer seems to haunt her a bit. Tyler, on the other hand, seems excited.

TYLER

For me too.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

Deep down I knew breaking him out was crazy, if not downright impossible, but I just... needed to try.

Julia swerves into the left lane to pass a slow pickup truck.

JULIA

There's also one other reason I came back.

TYLER

What?

JULIA

His notebook.

Tyler waits for her to explain more but all she says is --

JULIA (CONT'D)

I think there are answers hidden in those pages.

TYLER

Answers to what?

Julia just shrugs. There is silence for a few moments as the enormity of their undertaking hits both of them. Then --

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm mentally ill.

JULIA

I'm a cold-hearted bitch.

TYLER

Well, thank God Franklin is normal.

That gets another small laugh out of Julia. As they continue driving, we begin...

INTERCUTTING WITH:

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle now stands in front of a joint task force of uniformed cops, FBI and Homeland Security agents and also a handful of spooks wearing suits. They all look tired as it's almost two in the morning.

MICHELLE

On top of Franklin's powerful and disturbing abilities, Special Agent
(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Julia Deacon was one of the FBI's best operatives.

Julia, Tyler and Franklin are now driving up a windy road leading to New Hampshire's White Mountains.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

They're also traveling with Lieutenant Tyler Becknell, an ex-code breaker for the Army Rangers, who, reportedly, had one of the top ten minds in the military.

VOICE FROM BACK

What's the bad news?

There's some tittering from the tired officers as Michelle gestures towards a tall stack of xeroxed pages sitting on the desk beside her.

MICHELLE

On the table next to me is a copy of Franklin's journal. I suspect that whatever is in those pages is what made Julia and Tyler turn traitor.

Tyler's Subaru stops in front of a ramshackle cabin high up in the mountains. Julia and Tyler help carry/drag Franklin out of the car and towards the door of the cabin.

Michelle leaves her podium to begin passing out the packets.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Look these over. If need be, talk to specialists in your respective agencies.

Using an old set of keys, Julia opens the cabin door. Then, together with Tyler, she helps an unconscious Franklin into the house...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

My gut says there's something in that notebook that will lead us right to them. If not, our facial recognition software, 1100 satellites or --

Michelle stops talking as the door open and a frazzled-looking fed enters. It's Sean. Julia's estranged husband.

SEAN

Sorry I'm late.

MICHELLE

Agent Deacon. You sure you're up to being on the task force?

SEAN

I want to find her too. Maybe more than anyone.

MICHELLE

(nodding)

Then we're glad to have you on the team.

We CUT BACK TO Julia, now alone in her childhood bedroom. Glancing around to make sure nobody is watching, Julia removes a wooden box hidden beneath the floor --

Burnt into the top of the box is the same hummingbird symbol from Franklin's notebook. She stares at it for a moment and then opens the box. Before we see what's inside, we're BACK ON --

Michelle, who is just returning to her podium.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

We don't yet know who Franklin is or why he's so powerful... We do have reason to suspect, however, that he's working for the Kremlin. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that locating him has become the U.S. government's top priority...

(beat)

Any questions?

INT. CABIN - JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still holding the box, Julia removes a cell phone-sized black object from inside --

It's a SYNTAK (the same futuristic device the Triads were holding). Except this one looks at least 20 years old. It's also covered in dried blood.

Using a cloth, she wipes away some of the ancient blood, revealing --

An intersecting triple triangle embossed on the device's spaced-age metallic surface.

It's the same symbol from inside Franklin's notebook.

She then takes out Franklin's notebook just to make sure.

They're identical.

WTF?

What does it mean?

Where did she get that thing?

Why is the device so old?

Has she come across Franklin or the Triads before?

But we don't get any answers; instead, Julia continues staring at the two identical symbols as if she can't quite believe any of this is happening. Off that, WE --

SMASH TO BLACK