

THE TRANSLATION

by

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FADE IN:

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

Autumn sunlight drifts through the open windows of the two-story, German colonial designed cottage, spilling across the strong and controlled face of

WILLIAM MONROE

in his thirties, as a hopeful light burns in his eyes.

A REALTOR (40s), shadows Monroe through the rooms.

REALTOR

What do you think?

MONROE

It's exactly how I remember it.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, BACKYARD - DAY

Constructed of field stone, the cottage sits on the shore of SHAW BAY. Monroe steps out into the expansive backyard and takes in the picturesque view.

He glances towards the front of the house and notices a worn path sweeping through a lush grove of trees bursting with glorious autumn leaves. Beyond which, sits a BOATHOUSE and a DOCK.

REALTOR

It's even better in person.

MONROE

It most certainly is.

REALTOR

When might you and your wife be free to take a quick trip up there?

MONROE

It won't be necessary.

REALTOR

That certain she'll love it?

A light breeze picks up and sweeps across Monroe's face. He closes his eyes and takes it in.

MONROE

Absolutely.

The Realtor clicks a button on her watch.

SUDDENLY, everything in sight DISAPPEARS, revealing Monroe and the Realtor are standing in a

GLOWING WHITE ROOM

as they remove trendy VIRTUAL REALITY HEADSETS that cover their eyes and ears.

REALTOR

I'll get the paperwork started today. You won't regret it.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY

From a grey sky, snow falls across dozens of SKYSCRAPERS in various states of construction, each flanked by AUTOMATED CRANES doing all manner of work.

The skyline would be easy to confuse for that of Dubai if not for the ANCIENT MONUMENTS the buildings tower above.

The landmarks are impossible to mistake and place us in the only city to ever house them...

SUPERIMPOSE: WASHINGTON D.C., 2054 A.D.

EXT. D.C. STREETS - DAY

At first glance the streets resemble a crumbling Eastern European country.

Filth and ruin cake a market.

A BREADLINE stretches around the block as the snow continues to fall.

EXT. OUTSIDE A WAREHOUSE - DAY

DESPERATE MEN and WOMEN beg for work while a FOREMAN scans the crowd and selects his CREW for the day.

UPLIFTING MUSIC begins to swell as those not selected shuffle away from the warehouse...

DISSOLVE TO:

A TELEVISION COMMERCIAL

FOUR CONSTRUCTION WORKERS walk across the metal frame of one of the massive skyscrapers.

150 stories up, the city splashes out beneath them as the sun bursts across the horizon.

They pat each other on the back as smiles spread across their faces.

A COMPANY LOGO APPEARS:

THE STALLWORTH CORPORATION  
Helping America on the Road to Recovery

INT. UNDERGROUND METRO STATION - DAY

Monroe watches the commercial on paper-thin, WALL-MOUNTED TELEVISIONS as he rides the escalator down into the depths of the station.

As he shuffles past the hordes of COMMUTERS, his path is quickly blocked by TWO LINES that form up ahead.

On the right: WELL-DRESSED PROFESSIONALS move steadily through their line. The SIGN above them reads: BIOC.

The line on the left, which is moving at a snail's pace, consists of PLAIN LOOKING LOWER-CLASS CITIZENS. The sign above them reads: CLONOS.

A closer look at the Clonos side reveals the SAME GREY MARKINGS sprouting from behind everyone's ears. Each pattern is unique. Some are smaller, barely stretching around the neck. Others reach past the jaw line.

Each identifies them unmistakably as different.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe stares outside as a constant chatter radiates from the PASSENGERS in the overcrowded car.

He glances outside as the train comes up out of the tunnel. The Yuri Hotel, a thirty-five floor luxury palace eases into view.

He finds his mobile phone and dials. After a moment a YOUNG WOMAN answers.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Hey, where are you? I already checked in. You should see this room, it's prodigious.

MONROE

I can see the hotel. I have a surprise for you.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

A surprise? What is it?

MONROE

You'll see.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

You're mean. I'll meet you in the lobby. Love you.

MONROE

Love you too.

As he hangs up a smile spreads across his face. Everything is how it should be. Nothing could ruin --

IN A FLASH the side of the hotel EXPLODES -- a FIREBALL rockets into the sky -- GASPS erupt from the passengers -- the nearby buildings violently shake --

A split-second later the deafening sound of the EXPLOSION STRIKES the car -- the WINDOWS DISINTEGRATE -- GLASS SLICES into the passengers.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train is RIPPED off balance -- starts to OVERTURN -- and CRASHES ONTO ITS SIDE --

SPARKS EXPLODE as the ENGINE WAILS. The train finally comes to a brutal halt.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Shafts of light fight through thick smoke as BLOODIED PASSENGERS struggle for their senses.

Bloodied and bruised, Monroe reaches for a seat with his right arm. Screams out in agony as he clutches the limb.

Through the pain, he grabs a seat with his one good arm and pulls himself to his feet.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe emerges from the smoldering wreckage helping a WOUNDED WOMAN to safety.

MONROE

Get to the other side of the street. Wait for help.

Through the haze he spots the hotel, now only a block away, engulfed in VIOLENT FLAMES and THICK BLACK SMOKE.

WOUNDED WOMAN

What about you..?

IN THE STREET

PEDESTRIANS stare in horror at the chaos.

Struggling to comprehend the massive carnage, Monroe limps around the ONLOOKERS.

They glimpse his wounded face.

ONLOOKER

Hey, you okay?

In a daze, Monroe SPRINTS for the hotel.

EXT. YURI HOTEL - DAY

Monroe slides to a stop at the intersection leading to the hotel. Fire and smoke burn like a furnace.

He recoils at the heat. Fights through the pain. Sucks in a deep breath, and CHARGES into the hell...

DISSOLVE TO BLINDING WHITE:

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. PRIVATE AIR FIELD - DAY

Thick snow rains down as a sleek modernized GULF STREAM JET taxis in from its landing.

Two Suburbans slide to a stop as the jet comes to a rest.

Slowly, a ramp descends from the plane.

SIX UNITED NATIONS DELEGATES shuffle down the stairs and climb into the first Suburban.

A moment, then ROBERT GOODMAN steps out. From poor to Oxford to House of Commons to United Nations Special Envoy by thirty-five. He pays little attention to the cold wind gusting across the tarmac.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - DAY

Goodman climbs in. Finds his AIDE waiting. A DRIVER at the wheel. An armed BODYGUARD in the passenger seat.

The Aide hands him a large envelope.

Goodman opens it. Finds a PHOTOGRAPH inside of a YOUNG WOMAN, mid-20s, with intelligent, striking eyes.

EXT. GEORGETOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The snow continues to flutter across the ancient houses that line the affluent street.

Monroe strolls towards the corner, taking in the neighborhood. Twisted, burnt flesh runs from underneath his collar, up his neck and across his jaw.

Whatever light may have been in his eyes is long gone, replaced now with a weary look, the result of having witnessed the daily suffering of a crumbling society.

He removes the slim PDA from his coat pocket. Flips it on. A GREEN DOT BLINKS on the small screen.

Monroe glances towards a quaint two-story home. The blinking is coming from inside that house. He pockets the device and starts across the street.

INT. QUAIN T HOUSE - DAY

The door slow opens. Monroe eases into the house and carefully moves through the empty downstairs rooms.

INT. QUAIN T HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Monroe notices one room in particular at the end of the hall. A FINGER-PAINTING is tacked to the door.

He pushes the door open to find a DISHEVELED MAN in his 40s, sitting in the corner. His eyes are lost in a haze.

MONROE

How did you come to this place?

The man's desperate voice spills across the room.

DISHEVELED MAN

I'm not... I started walking, that much I know. I walked, and then, I found myself here. Where is here? What is this place? Who am I?

MONROE

You know what you are.

DISHEVELED MAN

But who was I? Someone important?

MONROE

It doesn't matter. You know you're not suppose to be here. I should bust your head open, drag you back to where you belong.

DISHEVELED MAN

No, let me stay, please. I was someone, right? I was someone?

MONROE

It doesn't matter who you were,  
you're nobody now.

Monroe yanks the man to his feet.

DISHEVELED MAN

No! Her name was Emily. Yes? What  
happened to her? Who am I?

The man rips free -- LUNGES -- SLAMS into Monroe --  
KNOCKING him to the floor.

The man's weight CRUSHES Monroe's fragile shoulder.

Monroe screams in pain. Manages to get his hand free --  
BURIES it into the man's rib cage -- again and again --  
until the man finally rolls off -- his ribs broken --

Monroe forces the man's hands behind his back, then digs  
into his own pocket and removes an ELECTRONIC WAND the  
size of a small flashlight.

He runs the wand over the man's exposed neck, just under  
his right ear. GREY, SPIDERY VEINS suddenly appear.

Monroe pulls the wand away and the marks instantly  
disappear.

DISHEVELED MAN (CONT'D)

You look at me, what do you see?

MONROE

Nothing. I see nothing.

EXT. GHETTO - DAY

Monroe's car slides to a stop outside FOUR CITY BLOCKS  
enclosed behind a ten foot CEMENT WALL.

Squalor spills out through the cracks.

He pulls the disheveled man out of the car. Both men  
stagger; still shaken from their fight.

Monroe leads the man across the street towards a gated  
entrance to the ghetto.

A YOUNG GUARD perks up.

YOUNG GUARD

Detective Monroe.

Monroe hands the disheveled man over. There's no ceremony  
to it. No paperwork. Just a simple, silent exchange.

He watches as the Young Guard escorts the man through to the other side.

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - DAY

Monroe climbs back into his car. His right hand rests on a BROWN BOX sitting in the passenger seat. His fingers gently run across the polished surface.

ALDRIDGE (PRE-LAP)

I know this wasn't easy for you.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SENATOR ALAN ALDRIDGE, silver-haired and stately at sixty, his tie pull loose, holds the brown box in his lap like it were a priceless artifact.

Monroe sits in a plush leather chair across from him.

ALDRIDGE

I know the things in here -- I'm sure they meant more to you than I'll ever know. I just wish you had agreed to be part of it, Will.

MONROE

You know why I couldn't.

Aldridge hides his pained frustration.

ALDRIDGE

She was only four when her mother died... And after that... I survived because of her. She was everything good left in this world. I need her.

A KNOCK brings their attention to the door. ALDRIDGE'S AIDE eases into the room. Hands Aldridge a FOLDED NOTE and quickly disappears back into the lobby.

Aldridge scans the note. Hides it in his pocket.

MONROE

What's with all the secrecy?

ALDRIDGE

Just a note.

MONROE

Back when I used to work patrol, pushes would use paper notes because they didn't want a data trail leading back to them.

Aldridge smirks. Hesitates before going further.

ALDRIDGE

A United Nations delegation  
arrived this morning.

MONROE

President Tierney sent for them?

ALDRIDGE

Of course not. They're here at my  
request.

MONROE

Is that even legal?

ALDRIDGE

Why, you gonna turn me in?

MONROE

No, it's just --

ALDRIDGE

For the last ten years I've lead  
the delegation that has tried to  
remove these sanctions and each  
year this President has done all  
he can to destroy any progress  
that was made. Legal or not, it's  
what needs to be done.

(off Monroe's look)

You don't approve?

MONROE

I didn't come here to do this.

ALDRIDGE

A million deaths during the war,  
all civilians. An entire  
generation lost. The world blames  
us for what was done and has made  
us suffer under these sanctions  
because of it.

MONROE

No, they're sanctioning us because  
we made translations legal. It's  
as simple as that.

ALDRIDGE

Things are never that simple.

MONROE

The only way to get the sanctions  
lifted is for the translations to  
be outlawed.

ALDRIDGE

And what, round them up?

MONROE

Yes.

ALDRIDGE

And do what, exactly?

MONROE

They're twigs, it wouldn't matter what we did to get rid of them.

ALDRIDGE

Bullshit. You don't believe that. You forget that I've known you for too long.

MONROE

I'd do whatever was needed to get those sanctions lifted.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Thick snow swirls. ROYCE (40s), rail-thin from too many coffee-fueled nights with no sleep, nervously approaches the entrance of the ancient building.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

A mysterious WOMAN with a slender, athletic build, stands in the shadows, dressed in a long winter coat, her hair pulled back in a ponytail. This is TOWE (30s).

She watches as Royce lumbers through the entrance.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Aldridge paces the room. Monroe stands at the window looking out at the night sky.

ALDRIDGE

He's our only way forward.

Monroe turns to Aldridge.

MONROE

Who? The envoy?

ALDRIDGE

His name is Goodman.

MONROE

And you trust him?

ALDRIDGE  
 With the future of this country?  
 Absolutely.

Monroe sets his glass on the desk. Starts for the door.

ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)  
 Have you ever met one?

MONROE  
 Met who?

ALDRIDGE  
 A translation.

MONROE  
 Yes.

ALDRIDGE  
 No, you've hunted them. Have you  
 ever talked to one on a human  
 level?

MONROE  
 They're not human, Alan.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Monroe pulls his collar up to block the severe wind as he  
 disappears into the night.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Royce waits anxiously in the small room as light spills  
 in from a window. Aldridge finally appears.

ROYCE  
 I think I was followed.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Towe listens to Aldridge and Royce through her earpiece.

ALDRIDGE (OVER DEVICE)  
 The only thing that matters now is  
 that everything is in place.

STATIC screams through the earpiece. Cuts off her signal.

TOWE  
 I lost audio, confirm targets.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING, ANOTHER CORRIDOR - LATER

Royce emerges from the anteroom. Slinks down the hallway.

A moment, then Aldridge emerges as well. He turns the corner and is gone.

Once they're out of sight, PUCKETT (40s), a brick-wall of a man who knows how to kill, steps out of the shadows.

PUCKETT

Confirmation on contact. Target-  
One is moving towards you.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

Towe drifts in the darkness. Spots Royce as he hurries down the stairs. She speaks quickly into a wireless mic.

TOWE

Target-One spotted. Adjust  
mission, proceed with Target-Two.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S SEDAN - NIGHT

With a distant, almost lost look on his face, Aldridge drives home. He glances to his right as he passes a gated street.

ALDRIDGE'S FOOT

as he jams on the brake.

EXT. AFFLUENT STREET - THAT MOMENT

Aldridge's sedan SKIDS to a violent stop.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S SEDAN - THAT MOMENT

Aldridge glances at the street sign. He mutters to himself, embarrassed he missed his turn.

ALDRIDGE

Damn it.

INT. TOWE'S SUV - NIGHT

In silence, Towe watches a large, three-story house. Puckett sits in the passenger seat with a permanent frown on his face.

PUCKETT

He get lost or what?

Headlights splash against the windshield as Aldridge drives past them, and turns quickly into his driveway.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Large and immaculate, nothing is out of place, down to the creases in the blankets.

Aldridge pulls off his jacket. Finds TWO EMPTY HANGERS in the closet.

A beat, as he ponders why there are two empty hangers.

Finally, he goes with the one on the right.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

With a SILENCED PISTOL at her side, Towe silently stalks towards the staircase.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aldridge painfully removes his socks and tosses them aside. He struggles with his dress shirt.

In a blur, Towe bursts into the room, the silenced pistol raised. Aldridge barely has time to register the intruder before she PULLS THE TRIGGER --

The bullet SMASHES into Aldridge's head. His body TUMBLES off the bed, hitting the floor with a THUD.

EXT. ALDRIDGE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Puckett stands in the shadows, keeping a look out.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Towe ransacks the room, clearly searching for something important --

THE DRESSER DRAWERS

are thrown open. CLOTHES scooped out. Tossed aside.

TOWE

scans the room. Whatever she was looking for wasn't there.

AT THE BEDSIDE TABLE

she finds a FRAMED PHOTO of Aldridge and YOUNG WOMAN on her graduation day.

The same woman in the photograph Goodman was given.

Towe ignores it and continues.

INT. YMCA - NIGHT

Dark. Musty. Decaying. Sickly yellow light spills onto the blue water of the swimming pool. Not a soul in sight.

Except, in the deep end -- A BODY -- anchored to the bottom of the pool, twelve feet below the surface.

UNDER WATER

Monroe sits at the bottom of the pool, a breathing mask held firmly over his mouth and nose. A heavy piece of HARDWARE has been attached to his shoulder and upper arm.

His eyes are closed, his body at ease.

POOL SIDE - LATER

Sitting on the edge of the pool, his legs dangling in the water, Monroe pulls the equipment off his shoulder. He rotates his joints. Flexes his muscle. Winces.

INT. YMCA FRONT DESK - LATER

Monroe hands the hardware to KALI, a young, adorable physical therapist in her twenties.

KALI

How's that feel?

MONROE

Better.

KALI

Told you it'd work.

MONROE

That you did.

Kali watches as Monroe disappears out the entrance.

EXT. ALDRIDGE'S HOUSE - DAY

Snow blankets the street as Monroe arrives to find the street lined with SQUAD CARS, UNMARKED SEDANS, and EMERGENCY VEHICLES.

He climbs from the car and ducks under POLICE TAPE as he makes his way towards the house.

SERGEANT CARRION (40s), steps through the door.

SERGEANT CARRION

You ready for this?

Monroe can only muster a nod.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is suddenly cramped as CRIME SCENE TECHS go through the scene.

At the door, Monroe stands in shock as he gazes down at Aldridge's lifeless body.

SERGEANT CARRION  
GPS has him arriving home around  
midnight.

Monroe can't take his eyes off of the body.

SERGEANT CARRION (CONT'D)  
Oh, and there's a message on the  
machine. The Turner Institute. You  
know why they'd be calling?

Monroe eases into the room. Notices the closet. Makes note of the one hanger, but disregards it.

MONROE  
His daughter.

SERGEANT CARRION  
Then they'll be expecting you.

Monroe steps in close. Whispering --

MONROE  
Can you send someone else?

SERGEANT CARRION  
I've got a dead United States  
Senator. Everyone here is a little  
busy.

MONROE  
Do this for me, yeah? You've gotta  
have someone who can go up there.

SERGEANT CARRION  
Hey, you wanted this job, this is  
part of it.

EXT. TURNER INSTITUTE - DAY

Monroe walks across the empty plaza towards one of the many skyscrapers that dot the skyline. Enclosed in glass, it reflects the ash-colored sky.

INT. TURNER INSTITUTE - DAY

As Monroe waits, a company advertisement plays behind him. He does his best to ignore it.

ON TV: HEROIC IMAGES of SOLDIERS caught in the haze of battle. STILL PHOTOS of those who didn't come home. VIDEO FOOTAGE of VETS embracing LOVED ONE. MUSIC SWELLS.

The familiar COMPANY LOGO appears:

THE STALLWORTH CORPORATION  
Giving Our Heroes a Second Chance at Life

ROYCE

bounds from the elevator. Finds Monroe waiting. He looks calm. At ease. All at once a stark contrast to his behavior the night before.

ROYCE

Detective, I'm Dr. Richard Royce.  
Alyssa is on the seventh floor, if  
you'll come with me.

Monroe follows him towards the elevators.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

We were prepping the third stage  
of the procedure when we were  
notified about what happened. It  
was a lot to scrub.

INT. TURNER INSTITUTE, SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors open. Royce leads Monroe down the long hallway.

ROYCE

I should warn you, she doesn't  
have any of the venation behind  
her ears that translations  
normally have. But the veins will  
turn in a day or two.

MONROE

Look, doctor --

ROYCE

Royce.

MONROE

I don't care about any of that. My  
job is to take her home.

ROYCE

I thought because of who she is.

MONROE

You have no idea who she is. Now,  
let's get this over with.

INT. STERILE WHITE ROOM - DAY

A young woman sits at a metal table. The SAME YOUNG WOMAN in the GRADUATION PHOTO from Aldridge's house. The SAME YOUNG WOMAN in the PHOTOGRAPH Goodman was given.

Her name is ALYSSA, in her 20s with curious eyes that take in every detail of the room. She regards the NURSE, sitting across from her, with quiet fascination.

The nurse slides a MEDICAL MASK towards her.

NURSE

You'll wear this. Don't take it off for twelve hours. After that your lungs will have adjusted to the outside air. If you take it off you'll have five minutes...

ALYSSA

Until what?

NURSE

After five minutes you'll die.

The door opens. Monroe follows Royce into the room.

Monroe finds Alyssa staring back at him. The sight of her nearly floors him. He takes a breath. Composes himself. For an instant he thinks he sees recognition behind her eyes.

The nurse shuffles out of the room. Royce remains.

ROYCE

Alyssa, this is Detective William Monroe. He's going to be taking you to your new home.

INT. TURNER INSTITUTE, ELEVATOR - DAY

The glass elevator has a panoramic view of the city. Alyssa takes in the skyline as it sprawls out, stretching across the horizon. Massive in scale. Bigger than anything she has ever seen.

The mask hangs heavy from her hand.

Standing behind her, Monroe studies her.

ALYSSA

Are you taking me to Beacon Point?

MONROE

What did you say?

ALYSSA

Is Beacon Point my new home?

MONROE

Where did you hear that?

ALYSSA

My father took me there as a little girl. I spent all my summers up there. It's a little place he owned on a lake. I can remember the water on my face.

(hopeful)

Is that where you're taking me?

MONROE

...no...

ALYSSA

Why not?

A beat.

MONROE

Because of what you are.

ALYSSA

What am I?

MONROE

A twig.

ALYSSA

What does that mean?

MONROE

You're a translation. A clone. A replacement designed to help people get over the death of a family member.

ALYSSA

Who did I replace...?

MONROE

Alyssa Aldridge.

ALYSSA

But that's me.

MONROE

No, it's not.

ALYSSA

But I'm --

MONROE

Alyssa Aldridge died, two years ago. Her father had her translated. That's you. Her memories were suppose to be transferred into your mind.

ALYSSA

Why can't I remember any of it?

MONROE

The memories were erased.

ALYSSA

Why would they take my memories?

MONROE

Because they were never your memories. You're not her.

EXT. GHETTO - DAY

Monroe pulls to the gate as the YOUNG GUARD waves him through.

INT. MONROE'S CAR - DAY

Alyssa stares in horror at the squalor that passes them by outside the window. Desperate, she glances towards Monroe.

ALYSSA

What is this place?

MONROE

Your new home. Your new life.

ALYSSA

What kind of life is this?

MONROE

Should be grateful. Not long ago they would have simply disposed of you.

ALYSSA

Grateful for this?

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT - DAY

Monroe leads Alyssa into the empty, filthy, rundown apartment. She stares in awe at squalor.

ALYSSA

This can't be my home. My parents,  
they were important. They were  
someone. I'm someone. Aren't I?

Monroe glances at her. She's still not getting it.

MONROE

No, you're a translation.

Alyssa floats through the cramped place.

ALYSSA

I won't live here.

MONROE

You don't have a choice.

ALYSSA

What about Beacon Point? I could  
take a bus. Drop me off and I'll  
just disappear.

MONROE

You can't.

ALYSSA

Why not?

MONROE

Aldridge never owned a cabin near  
any lake.

ALYSSA

Then why do I remember it.

MONROE

There is no Beacon Point, do you  
understand? It doesn't exist. This  
is your home now.

EXT. GHETTO APARTMENT - DAY

Monroe marches from the building. Struggles to keep his  
eyes on his car. Ignores the way of life surrounding him.

EXT. YURI HOTEL - DAY

Rebuilt from the ashes of the bombing. VALETS usher  
expensive cars to an underground garage. SOCIALITES hurry  
into the lobby to escape the cold.

INT. YURI HOTEL, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Goodman stands at the window looking out at the skyline. The heavy door starts to open. A nervous, yet hopeful smile appears on his face -- but falls as

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

sweeps into the room.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Mr. Goodman, Special Envoy to the United Nations. It's been too long since your last visit, don't you think?

GOODMAN

Mr. President.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

I wish you would have told me you were coming, we could have had this meeting at my house. Could have invited the press. Had our pictures taken as a sign of progress.

GOODMAN

It's not an official visit. I'm just here to see friends.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Of course, because any official business would have to be coordinated by my people.

GOODMAN

Like I said, Mr. President, I'm just meeting with --

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Friends, so you said. Anyone I'd know?

GOODMAN

I'm sorry?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

I'm asking, these friends you're meeting with, would I know any of them?

GOODMAN

I wouldn't presume to know, Sir.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

And these friends, you say it as there might be more than one, but that's not true. You're not here meeting with friends. You're here to meet with one person.

GOODMAN

I have several friends I plan on visiting with while I'm here.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

But the first on the list is Aldridge. In fact, you're meeting with him this morning.

A beat.

GOODMAN

That's right.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Then you haven't heard the unfortunate news...

Goodman hesitates, instantly concerned.

GOODMAN

Heard what?

The President seeps with false sorrow.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

I'm afraid that when Aldridge came home last night he walked in on a robbery in progress. He surprised the thieves, but sadly they shot him. He was already dead when the ambulance arrived. I'm very sorry.

Goodman staggers.

GOODMAN

He's dead?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

He will of course receive a burial fit for a king. A public servant like that deserves nothing less. I'm hoping you might stay for the funeral...

Goodman steadies himself against the chair. President Tierney starts for the door.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY (CONT'D)

I'll have my people call your people and we'll coordinate the plans.

INT. ALDRIDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Monroe eases through the front door. The silence of the house only intensifies the tragedy that occurred, as if the house itself were mourning.

Monroe drifts through the dark rooms and disappears into

INT. ALDRIDGE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Curious, Monroe sits at the computer. Starts it up to the desktop. Finds the single folder marked: PROJECT BENNU.

He clicks the folder open.

A series of SUB-FOLDERS appear. He scans their names.

He clicks the folder marked BUDGETS, revealing FORTY FILES, each marked by a year.

He double-clicks a file and a large ELECTRONIC DOCUMENT opens. He finds a bookmarked page.

SECTION 12; SUB-SECTION 78.

Various PROJECT NAMES are displayed with their CORRESPONDING BUDGET.

One in particular has been highlighted: PROJECT BENNU.

He opens another file. And another bookmarked page appears. Again PROJECT BENNU appears highlighted.

SUDDENLY, his PHONE RINGS. Breaking the uneasy silence.

MONROE

Monroe. Yeah, I'll be right there.

EXT. OHIO DRIVE - NIGHT

Monroe climbs from his car. Makes his way towards an OFFICER. He flashes his badge and is waved through. He steps off the road and plods across the grassy field.

Sergeant Carrion, hunched over a body, spots him motioning to the FLOOD LIGHTS that have been set up around the perimeter.

MONROE

Someone kill a twig?

SERGEANT CARRION

A translator.

MONROE

A translator killed a --

SERGEANT CARRION

No, the victim is a translator,  
and he was tortured.

Sergeant Carrion steps away revealing the body of

ROYCE

lying in mud, his face bloated from a painful death.

MONROE

studies the gruesome scene.

SERGEANT CARRION (CONT'D)

You know him?

MONROE

I've met him, today in fact.

SERGEANT CARRION

Good, then he's your problem now.

MONROE

Sergeant, this is the translator  
you sent me to earlier today.

SERGEANT CARRION

No kidding? Hmm... That's  
something. Good luck with that.

Monroe's phone rings.

MONROE

Detective Monroe.

(then)

Hang on, you said she left? When?  
I said, when did she -- yeah, no  
I'll be right there.

EXT. GHETTO - NIGHT

Monroe pulls up the gate that leads into the ghetto. The  
Young Guard quickly hurries to his window.

MONROE

How long?

YOUNG GUARD

Couple hours, maybe.

MONROE

And nobody saw her walk out?

YOUNG GUARD

No, Sir.

MONROE

Okay, you have her trace number?

YOUNG GUARD

She doesn't have one.

MONROE

What?

YOUNG GUARD

I was processing her and her trace ID came back without a result. She was never encoded.

MONROE

Great. Just perfect.

EXT. RUN DOWN STREET - NIGHT

Monroe drives through the battered streets.

INT. MONROE'S CAR - NIGHT

Monroe's eyes are on the lookout for any sign of Alyssa.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Monroe comes to a stop at a red light. The street is empty of any other traffic.

INT. MONROE'S CAR - NIGHT

Monroe scans the street. Which way to go? He considers his options, then he suddenly realizes --

MONROE

Sonuvabitch.

EXT. BUS STATION - MORNING

Monroe hurries around a corner, pushing past COMMUTERS, DERELICTS, and CITIZENS struggling to get by.

He finds a LINE OF BUSES, each waiting to depart. Then he spots Alyssa, sitting on a bench, her arms folded tight against her body for warmth.

MONROE

takes in the sight of her for a long moment. He studies her every feature.

ALYSSA

turns towards him. Catches him watching her. Instinctively she smiles, then recoils at the thought of being watched.

He slowly approaches.

ALYSSA

What are you doing here?

MONROE

You can't leave like that.

ALYSSA

I dunno, it wasn't that hard.

MONROE

It's illegal.

ALYSSA

What do you care?

MONROE

I care because it's my job to round you up if you run off.

ALYSSA

Some job.

MONROE

I don't have time for this.

ALYSSA

So leave. I am.

MONROE

Where are you going?

ALYSSA

Beacon Point.

MONROE

There is no such place as Beacon Point. It's nothing but a dream.

ALYSSA

No, it's more than a dream.

MONROE

Do you even know what it feels like to have a dream? Huh? Have you had one yet?

ALYSSA

I've had dreams.

MONROE

I'm not talking about those trances they put you in while you're at the Turner Institute. I'm talking about a real dream that comes from your own memories.

ALYSSA

I know what I feel, and I know what I dream and it's Beacon Point.

He looks into her eyes. Those eyes. She's resolved.

MONROE

How are you going to get there? What would you tell the cashier? To take you to Beacon Point? She'd ask where it was, because they wouldn't know. And what would you tell her?

ALYSSA

They create the tickets, they know where every place is.

MONROE

They wouldn't know how to get there. And even if they did, how would you get the ticket? Do you have money?

ALYSSA

I don't need money.

MONROE

Then how would you get the ticket?

ALYSSA

I'd ask.

MONROE

You'd ask?

ALYSSA

I'd tell them my name was Alyssa Aldridge and that I wanted to go to Beacon Point.

Monroe regards her innocence.

MONROE

That's not how the world works.

ALYSSA

No, I could just ask.

MONROE

I'm sorry, but that's just not so.

ALYSSA

Then you go and ask her. You tell her you're picking up a ticket for Alyssa Aldridge. See what happens.

MONROE

This is just silly. She's not going to have a ticket for you. You're acting childish. Now please, I have to take you home.

Her eyes glisten as he stands. She looks up at him and finally climbs to her feet.

ALYSSA

I'll go if you do something for me first.

MONROE

What?

ALYSSA

Ask the cashier for my ticket.

MONROE

Why?

ALYSSA

I want to know that these things inside my mind are real.

A beat.

MONROE

Okay, I'll ask. Just, wait here.

AT THE TICKET WINDOW

Monroe finds a overworked CASHIER.

CASHIER

How can I help you tonight, Sir?

MONROE

Uh, this is gonna sound silly, but I need to see if there's a ticket for my friend.

CASHIER

What's your friend's name?

MONROE

Alyssa Aldridge.

The cashier punches Alyssa's name into the computer.

CASHIER

And when was this reservation made?

MONROE

To tell you the truth I'm not even sure it has been made.

The cashier hits the enter key.

CASHIER

Oh, here it is.

Monroe stares, dumbfounded.

MONROE

Excuse me?

CASHIER

Alyssa Aldridge.

He hesitates.

MONROE

What's the destination?

CASHIER

Um, Beacon Point.

He can't believe it.

MONROE

How much does the ticket cost?

CASHIER

It looks like it's already been paid for, Sir.

She hits another keystroke and an electron TICKET slides out near his hand.

MONROE

Do you know who paid for it?

CASHIER

It doesn't.

MONROE

What about when it was purchased?

CASHIER

Three days ago.

Monroe stares at the ticket by his hand. Gingerly, he picks up the ticket and slides it into his coat pocket.

He takes a breath and then turns back towards Alyssa.

She's standing exactly where he left her.

He starts her way. She meets him.

ALYSSA

So, was it there?

A beat.

MONROE

No, I'm sorry, there wasn't a ticket.

ALYSSA

What about Beacon Point?

MONROE

She had never heard of it.

ALYSSA

Maybe someone else has...

MONROE

Alyssa, I'm sorry, but it's not real. There is no Beacon Point. Now, please, I need to take you back home.

Crushed, she manages a simple nod.

As they start back for his car, his phone rings.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Detective Monroe.

(listening)

What do you mean something is happening to the body? Yeah, no, I'm on my way. When? Right now.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

HIGH-TECH COMPUTERS line the wall. MONITORS of all sizes display various readouts.

At the MAIN CONSOLE sits a high-strung, MIT graduate named WOLCOTT, eager to be more than the analyst he is.

Towe bounds through the door.

TOWE

Where are we on the footage?

WOLCOTT

The information is coming online now. Look at this --

Wolcott punches in a set of commands.

ON A MONITOR: Footage of Royce sitting across from Alyssa in a small room at the Turner Institute.

ROYCE (OVER MONITOR)

What do you remember?

ALYSSA (OVER MONITOR)

It's a haze.

ROYCE (OVER MONITOR)

That will pass.

TOWE

watches the footage. Looks to Wolcott. He knows --

WOLCOTT

-- I'll go through it, let you know if I find anything.

Puckett enters.

PUCKETT

The detective dropped her off at the ghetto yesterday. You want the warbirds in the air?

TOWE

No, this is you and me.

WOLCOTT

watches them hurry out the door. He turns towards back to the screen.

ON A MONITOR: Royce slides Alyssa a small PLASTIC CARD the size of a stick of gum.

ROYCE (OVER MONITOR)  
If you feel alone, this will help.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

Monroe and Alyssa move down the long corridor. He stops at a heavy door, motions towards an empty bench.

MONROE  
Wait here.

ALYSSA  
Or what?

MONROE  
Just wait here.

She itches the skin under her mask. Starts to fumble with it. He watches her a moment then quickly helps her.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
This will only take a second.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Monroe pushes through the door, finding the CORONER, a beefy man in his 50s, standing over Royce's body.

MONROE  
What's wrong?

MONROE

goes quiet as the coroner steps aside.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
Is that what I think it is?

REVEAL

GREY LINES SPROUTING FROM BEHIND ROYCE'S RIGHT EAR. Exactly like all the other translations we've seen.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

Alyssa sits quietly in the empty hallway. Suddenly, a COMMOTION breaks out in a closed BACKROOM.

The doors swing open as a SECURITY GUARD drags a REPORTER out of the room.

SECURITY GUARD  
This area is closed off to all  
press, scumbag.

REPORTER

I have a right to see the  
Senator's body --

SECURITY GUARD

Rights? There are no rights down  
here.

Alyssa stares in stunned silence as the guard rips the reporter into the elevator to escort him out.

A beat, then she process what the reporter just said.

She looks to the backroom. Slowly stands and floats towards the door. Her fingers press against the cold metal as she pushes the door open.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The far wall is lined with METAL DRAWERS. Alyssa notices one has been pulled slightly ajar.

She notices a data pad on the drawer displaying medical records and a name: ALDRIDGE, ALAN.

She stares at the name for a long, tense moment. Then, slowly, reaches for the drawer and slides out a metal table with a BODY BAG inside.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - DAY

Monroe eases back into the hallway. Immediately notices that Alyssa isn't there.

He notices the backroom door hanging open.

MONROE

Alyssa...?

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, BACKROOM

Monroe eases through the door to find Alyssa standing over Aldridge's cold body.

He moves around to the other side, so he's facing her.

Alyssa's eyes well with tears as she stares at the body.

ALYSSA

I remember being little. In the summer Mom and Dad would take us to Beacon Point. I remember it like it was yesterday. There was a lake, it was crystal clear... And I remember how the sun felt against my face.

(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I can remember his hugs and my  
mother's kisses good night, but  
they're not my memories, are they?

MONROE

No.

ALYSSA

It's a cruel joke.

Monroe regards her. Then slowly leans over the body to  
zip the bag back up.

Alyssa notices something... Their eyes meet...

MONROE

What's wrong?

She points to his jacket pocket, which is causing  
DISCOLORATION to Aldridge's neck.

Monroe leans back. Sticks his hand in his pocket. Removes  
the wand he used earlier to distinguish translations...

He runs the device over Aldridge's neck...

In the wand's wake, GREY VEINS SUDDENLY APPEAR.

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - DAY

Monroe speeds through the city as Alyssa stares at him.

ALYSSA

I don't understand --

MONROE

He was a translation.

ALYSSA

The grey lines, that was how you  
tell, right?

MONROE

Yeah.

ALYSSA

What are they?

MONROE

The only way the mind can handle  
transferred memories is if three  
nodes are implanted inside your  
head.

ALYSSA

Nodes?

MONROE

They're like micro-sized hard drives. They store information. But to get it all working, a fourth node has to be implanted just under the right ear.

ALYSSA

Where do the grey lines come from?

MONROE

Over time the node pollutes the blood stream.

ALYSSA

(appalled)  
Is it toxic?

MONROE

No, no, no, it's not toxic, but it does turn the veins grey. They tried to fix this, but then they realized it was the perfect way to tell who was a translation.

ALYSSA

But people hide the veins?

MONROE

It's illegal, but yeah.

EXT. M STREET - DAY

Monroe's car moves through an intersection. Behind him, Towe keeps pace.

INT. TOWE'S SUV - DAY

Puckett slams a clip into a SUB-MACHINE GUN as Towe hits the gas, charging into battle --

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - DAY

Alyssa glances towards Monroe.

ALYSSA

Did you know he was a translation?

MONROE

Aldridge? No. And that's what doesn't make any sense...

ALYSSA

What doesn't...?

He looks over to see

PUCKETT

aiming the sub-machine gun at them --

MONROE

instantly yanks the wheel, RAMMING into Towe's SUV --

EXT. M STREET - THAT MOMENT

Knocked off balance, Puckett fires wildly --

MONROE'S WINDOW explodes from the blast.

Monroe swerves again -- through TWO LANES OF TRAFFIC --

Towe fights to regain control of the SUV -- the sub-machine falls from Puckett's grip, into the street --

INT. TOWE'S SUV - DAY

Puckett reaches for a case in the back seat as Towe speeds around traffic --

TOWE

He has a government issued car.  
You can't take control of it.

PUCKETT

Yeah, I know.

Puckett yanks the case into his lap. Removes a pair of OVER-SIZED GLASSES with translucent lenses and pulls them on. Finally, he pulls on a PAIR OF NYLON GLOVES --

PUCKETT'S POV - HEADS UP DISPLAY

The glasses and gloves are actually a VIRTUAL REALITY APPARATUS. On the left side of the screen is an OVERHEAD SATELLITE IMAGE of the area.

The cars are clearly marked with their own number.

Monroe's car is clearly marked by a BLUE TINT.

PUCKETT (CONT'D)

Bringing two, four, and seven  
online.

On the right side of the screen THREE VIDEO FEEDS appear. The images are from INSIDE THREE DIFFERENT CARS --

EXT. M STREET - DAY

Monroe starts to swerve around a LEXUS.

INT. TOWE'S SUV - THAT MOMENT

Towe steadies her grip on the wheel.

TOWE

Hurry.

PUCKETT

There, got it.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

The LEXUS DRIVER notices Monroe moving up quickly on his left. He signals towards the right lane --

The WHEEL GOES STIFF. The driver LOSES CONTROL --

LEXUS DRIVER

What in the hell...?

The Lexus veers left -- STRAIGHT INTO MONROE'S PATH --

LEXUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ohmygod!

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - THAT MOMENT

Monroe banks left as the Lexus darts in front of him.

Alyssa screams as ONCOMING TRAFFIC swarms their way.

He taps the brakes. Throws the wheel right and darts back into the flow of traffic as -- WHOOSH! -- a an ONCOMING CAR zips past.

CRUNCH! The side mirrors SMACK against each other and violently TEAR from the cars --

He looks to Alyssa.

MONROE

That was close.

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVE. - DAY

Six lanes. A straight away for half a mile.

Monroe slings past a slow moving station wagon -- the DRIVER panics -- swerves -- SMASHES into ANOTHER CAR -- a chain reaction -- ONE -- TWO -- THREE CARS RAM into each other --

Towe darts around the chaos -- a small compact car cuts in front of her at a ninety degree angle -- she's going to TORPEDO the car -- then, at the last moment -- she banks left, barely skimming past --

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE - DAY

Monroe rockets towards the crowded roundabout.

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - THAT MOMENT

Monroe wrenches back on the emergency brake -- THROWS THE WHEEL -- Alyssa grabs for something to hold onto -- finds the door handle -- it'll do -- as the ass end of the car SKIDS -- Monroe fights gravity -- yanking the car around the turn --

INT. TOWE'S SUV - DAY

Towe -- still on Connecticut Ave. -- watches in astonishment as Monroe makes the impossible turn at Dupont Circle.

She takes a breath -- steadies herself for the turn -- OUT OF NOWHERE -- TWO POLICE CARS pull into the middle of the street just ahead of her, BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE --

She's going to SMASH INTO THEM --

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVE. - THAT MOMENT

Towe throws the wheel right -- RATTLES over the center line as CONNECTICUT AVENUE CONTINUES UNDER DUPONT CIRCLE.

INT. TOWE'S SUV - THAT MOMENT

Towe struggles to keep track of Monroe's car, which is now on the street ABOVE HER. She loses sight -- then -- there -- above her -- on her left -- Monroe's car --

TOWE

Take him out!

PUCKETT

I lost the signal. It'll take a second to re-configure --

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - THAT MOMENT

Alyssa spots Towe's SUV below them.

ALYSSA

There!

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVE./UPPER LEVEL - DAY

The upper street merges with the lower road at the intersection --

Monroe races for the intersection -- Towe's SUV emerges from the lower road, crisscrossing --

Towe pulls even with Monroe as

Puckett sticks an AUTOMATIC WEAPON out the window --  
squeezes the trigger -- bullets erupt --

Monroe swerves hard right -- traffic SCATTERS -- hot lead  
RIPS apart the hood -- past Alyssa's face, and into the  
passenger side window --

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - DAY

Glass explodes into Alyssa face --

Monroe jerks the car left -- INTO THE SUV --

Alyssa slams against the door -- her MASK COMES LOOSE --  
she fumbles for it -- too late -- IT SAILS OUT THE  
WINDOW -- hits the street -- and is CRUSHED by a car --

And in that instant she starts to SUFFOCATE.

Monroe aims his pistol out the window at the SUV -- FIRES  
A BURST -- bullets RIP into the SUV's front tires.

INT. TOWE'S SUV - THAT MOMENT

Towe loses control of the vehicle. It LURCHES left. SLAMS  
into a row of parked cars.

Puckett's face SMASHES against the dash.

Towe's airbag deploys as the SUV comes to a violent stop.

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - THAT MOMENT

Monroe doesn't slow down.

ALYSSA

Will!

He turns towards her -- realizes the mask is gone -- that  
she's dying in front of him --

He rips the car down a narrow street as

ALYSSA

grasps for air --

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

-- can't breathe --

MONROE

runs through his options -- only one thing he can do --

MONROE

Hang on!

He pounds his foot into the gas pedal.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Fishtailing, the car SMASHES into the PARKED CARS. Side panels crumple. He guns the engine as he forces the car back into the street.

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - DAY

Blaring the horn, Monroe rockets down the street.

Alyssa fights to stay conscious. She reaches out and grabs Monroe's knee.

He feels her hand. Glances over to her. She's slipping away. He brings his eyes to the street as an intersection approaches.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Monroe doesn't have the light. Cars cross from both directions.

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - THAT MOMENT

Monroe SLAMS his fist into the horn as he looks for his path through the obstacles.

EXT. INTERSECTION - THAT MOMENT

Monroe BLASTS through an opening. PANICKED DRIVERS slam on their brakes as he BURSTS through to the other side.

EXT. YMCA - DAY

Monroe skids to a stop. Jumps out of the car and races around to Alyssa. He pulls her out. Carries her inside.

INT. YMCA - DAY

Monroe rushes past the front desk with Alyssa in his arms.

IN THE EQUIPMENT ROOM

Monroe backs through the door. Carefully sets Alyssa down on a long bench. Scans the cages with all the EQUIPMENT. Yanks on a door. It's locked --

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN

Monroe spins. His gun drawn. Kali, the adorable physical therapist screams in fright.

MONROE

I need a breathing mask!

Kali takes in the scene: Alyssa; the gun; Monroe's panicked eyes --

KALI

She's a translation?!

MONROE

She's dying --

Kali snaps to it. Hurries to a cage. Unlocks the door and pulls out a BREATHING MASK --

He yanks it out of her hands. Lunges for Alyssa. Holds the mask over her nose and mouth --

Monroe watches as the air starts to flow into Alyssa's lungs, but she doesn't move...

Kali stands motionless...

Monroe holds the mask... waiting... terrified... watching this woman in so much pain...

Alyssa's eyes start to flutter -- she gasps -- grabs the mask -- presses it tight -- and slowly her eyes open...

Monroe sighs. Kali starts to cry. They saved her life.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Deep breaths.

Tears run down her face. Monroe fights his emotions.

KALI

I'll get some water.

She starts for the door --

MONROE

Kali?

KALI

Yeah...?

MONROE

Thank you.

She nods.

KALI

You're welcome, Will.

As she exits, Monroe inches closer to Alyssa. Brushes sweat-soaked hair from her face.

MONROE

Are you okay?

ALYSSA

Considering...

He can't help but smile.

MONROE

We have to go.

She nods. He wraps her arm around his shoulder and helps her back to her feet.

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVE. - DAY

Towe's SUV smolders next to an AMBULANCE and FIRE TRUCK. Broken glass litters the pavement. A MEDIC applies a bandage to Puckett's bloodied face.

With her phone to her ear, Towe paces.

TOWE

Just tell me what you've got.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Wolcott goes over a computer readout.

WOLCOTT

His name is Detective William Monroe. Been rounding up translations for two years.

TOWE

Run his background for anyone who might be able to help him. Flag any translators he might know.

WOLCOTT

On it.

Wolcott punches through the electronic file. Notices something in Monroe's file --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa... You're not going to believe this...

INT. MONROE'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Monroe watches the road as Alyssa leans against the open window; the wind blowing against her face.

She adjusts her new mask.

ALYSSA

This stinks like sweat.

MONROE

You've only got a few more hours,  
then you can take it off for good.

She nods.

ALYSSA

Who were those people back there?

MONROE

I don't know. But what do you say  
we find out?

She glances up at him.

ALYSSA

We?

INT. YURI HOTEL, BALCONY - NIGHT

Goodman leans against the railing, looking out over the cramped district. He watches the automated cranes working on a new skyscraper.

Goodman's Aide steps out onto the balcony.

In the distance, CHANTS OF PROTEST can be heard.

GOODMAN

There used to be laws.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

Sir?

GOODMAN

Against building anything larger  
than the White House. Another  
time, I suppose.

The Aide studies Goodman.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

With Senator Aldridge dead, should  
we still be here.

GOODMAN

I promised him two days.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

It's not safe. The people here,  
they hate us. Think it's our fault  
they've had to suffer.

GOODMAN

Two days. I owe him that much.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Monroe pulls his car into the abandoned lot. The ancient building was been left for dead long ago.

He climbs out, hurries across the street towards another rundown warehouse.

INT. ANOTHER RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Monroe climbs to the second floor. Finds Alyssa sitting next to a window that overlooks the abandoned parking lot where he just left his car.

She unravels a SLEEPING BAG. From the looks of it, she'll be the only one expected to sleep.

Monroe finds a spot near the window with a clear view down onto the parking lot.

He notices her fiddling with her mask.

ALYSSA

How much longer?

MONROE

Should be okay.

ALYSSA

You're sure?

MONROE

It's been four hours since it fell off. Your lungs might still hurt.

She slowly wraps her fingers around the breathing mask. Carefully pulls it off. Holds her breath out of instinct. She finally exhales. Then takes a deep breath.

Relief washes over her face. She can breathe.

MONROE (CONT'D)

How do your lungs feel?

ALYSSA

They sting. And my head hurts a little too.

MONROE

It should feel better in the morning.

She shivers. He hands her his coat. She nods a thank you, then gently pulls it on.

They regard each other.

ALYSSA

Why do you hate me?

MONROE

I don't hate you.

ALYSSA

Sure you do. I can see it in your eyes. The way you look at me.

He studies her.

MONROE

I don't hate you.

She watches her breath in the cold air.

ALYSSA

Liar.

He almost smiles.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

If we're so hated, why are there so many of us?

MONROE

It takes two years for a translation to be completed. People go into it with a lot of pain and grief, but during those two years, some find a way to cope with the loss.

ALYSSA

And those translations are abandoned and made to live in the ghetto? If that's the case, then why do it at all?

MONROE

Pain can blind you for a long time.

(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)

And then you wake up one day  
realizing the pain has caused you  
to do certain things you never  
thought yourself capable of.  
Things you can't take back.

ALYSSA

Have you ever felt that kind of  
pain?

As he starts to answer, HEADLIGHTS sweep through the  
window. They both look to see ANOTHER CAR pulling down  
the long alley leading to the warehouses.

MONROE

He's here.

EXT. ANOTHER RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

On alert, Monroe eases out of the warehouse as the car  
comes rolls towards him.

He grabs the BAY DOOR and swings it open.

As the car drives past, and into the dark open space,  
Monroe closes the door behind them.

INT. ANOTHER RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Sergeant Carrion steps from the car as Monroe approaches.

MONROE

Sergeant.

SERGEANT CARRION

Detective. Seems you caused a bit  
of a shitstorm today.

MONROE

Couldn't be helped.

SERGEANT CARRION

What do you need from me?

MONROE

Make the call.

SERGEANT CARRION

You're sure this'll work?

MONROE

Yeah. Why, don't you?

Sergeant Carrion flashes a shit-eating grin.

SERGEANT CARRION

It's your plan.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Towe, on the phone, pacing, a general knee-deep in a bloody battle. Alyssa and Monroe's PICTURES are on a LARGE MONITOR.

TOWE

557 East Rutherford.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PUCKETT'S SEDAN - MORNING

Puckett, at the wheel, takes down the address.

PUCKETT

What is it?

TOWE

Warehouse district. A patrol found the car. Check it out, we'll meet up at 08:00.

PUCKETT

On it.

INT. ANOTHER RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE, LOWER LEVEL - MORNING

With his right foot hanging out the window, Sergeant Carrion lies in the front seat, fast asleep.

INT. ANOTHER RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

Morning light cascades onto Alyssa's sleeping face. After a moment she opens her eyes. Takes a breath of fresh air and smiles.

Sitting up, she wipes the sleep from her face. Finds Monroe staring at his car in the parking lot.

She stretches like her life depended on it.

ALYSSA

I love stretching in the morning. Might be my favorite thing.

MONROE

You were dreaming.

ALYSSA

About Beacon Point. The idea of the place is so clear to me. I can feel it.

MONROE

It might be a latent memory. When a translation has their memory scrubbed sometimes small pieces of that moment are left behind. Maybe your body is grasping for whatever bits you have left and enhancing them to feel even more real.

The sound of an APPROACHING SUV brings their attention back to the street.

Monroe eases against the wall to make sure he's out of sight, then looks to Alyssa as anxiety washes over her.

Their eyes meet.

He winks.

She doesn't know how to respond, then slowly manages a reassuring smile.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT

Puckett's sedan pulls onto the lot.

INT. PUCKETT'S SEDAN - DAY

Puckett eases to a stop. Scans surrounding area for any sign of life. Finds the abandoned car.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

Puckett slides out of the car, drawing his semi-auto pistol and eases towards the abandoned car. On alert, like a well-oiled machine.

He peers inside. Finds it empty.

INT. ANOTHER RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

Monroe watches from his perch as Puckett climbs back into his car.

MONROE

Come on.

Monroe and Alyssa hurry towards the steps. She pulls on his jacket to keep warm.

LOWER LEVEL

Monroe and Alyssa bound down the stairs as Sergeant Carrion continues to snore.

Monroe slaps the car and Sergeant Carrion snaps awake.

SERGEANT CARRION

What?

MONROE

He's on the move.

As the Sergeant Carrion struggles to wipe the sleep from his face, Monroe moves him over and takes the wheel.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Monroe eases out into the alley, speeds towards the main street.

Up ahead, Puckett pulls left onto Anacostia Freeway.

INT. CARRION'S CAR - DAY

Monroe spots the Suburban. Finds the speed he needs to keep pace with him.

EXT. L'ENFANT PROMENADE - DAY

The Suburban races through a green light. Monroe follows.

INT. CARRION'S CAR - DAY

Monroe keeps his distance.

SERGEANT CARRION

You're too far away.

MONROE

No, any closer and he'll spot us.

EXT. L'ENFANT PROMENADE - DAY

Passing under L'ENFANT PLAZA, Puckett makes a left turn at the corner. Monroe follows him onto

INDEPENDENCE AVENUE

Quickly passes several cars, Puckett turns north onto

17TH STREET

where he finds a parking spot along the street across from CONSTITUTION GARDENS.

INT. CARRION'S CAR - DAY

Monroe pulls over across the street from the NATIONAL WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL.

MONROE'S POV

spots Puckett exiting the SUV.

SERGEANT CARRION

Where is he going?

Monroe checks to make sure his gun is loaded.

MONROE

Sarge, stay by the car. Alyssa,  
you stay in the car.

ALYSSA

No -- no way, I'm coming with you.

Before he can answer she's climbing out the door.

EXT. 17TH STREET - DAY

Monroe bounds after Alyssa as she crosses the street towards the monument. TOURISTS all around them go about their day.

EXT. NATIONAL WORLD WAR II MONUMENT - DAY

Monroe and Alyssa find cover behind a stone pillar.

Looking out towards the Constitution Pool, he's lost sight of Puckett --

MONROE'S POV

across the water, through the cluster of tourists, he finds Towe and Puckett exchanging updates.

ALYSSA

shivers, then shoves her hands into the pockets of Monroe's coat for warmth. She feels something inside.

Curious, she pulls out the object. Flips it over and discovers it's the BUS TICKET TO BEACON POINT.

ALYSSA

What's this...?

MONROE

turns to her. Notices the ticket in her hand.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You lied to me.

She starts to back away.

MONROE

Alyssa, wait.

ALYSSA

No, you made me think -- Beacon  
Point is real. It's real and you  
made me think I was --

MONROE

No, listen --

He looks back towards the Constitution Pool.

MONROE'S POV

Towe and Puckett start in the other direction --

ALYSSA

staggers back, her mind racing. She runs right into a  
GROUP OF TOURISTS. They shoot her dirty looks.

And then suddenly, the color drains from her face. She  
grabs her head in horrendous pain --

ALYSSA

My head --

Before he can react, she COLLAPSES ONTO THE FLOOR.

MONROE

Alyssa!

She begins to CONVULSE. Nearby tourists start to panic as  
she grasps in shock --

Monroe rushes to her. Wraps his arms around her --

AT CONSTITUTION POOL

Towe hears the COMMOTION.

PUCKETT

What is it..?

TOWE'S POV

a GROUP OF PEOPLE rushing to help someone. Then, through  
the madness of the crowd, she spots Monroe --

In that instant, she blitzes towards them, whipping a  
semi-auto pistol from her coat --

EXT. 17TH STREET - DAY

Monroe emerges with Alyssa in his arms, rushing for the car. Sergeant Carrion jumps out of the car and draws his weapon just as

TOWE

punches through the panicked tourists. Finds Monroe racing for the car.

SERGEANT CARRION

spots her weapon. Shoves his badge into the air.

SERGEANT CARRION

DC Metro! Drop the weapon!

TOWE

unleashes a THREE-ROUND BURST. The bullets tear into Sergeant Carrion's body, killing him instantly --

MONROE

sets Alyssa in the passenger seat as Sergeant Carrion's body slams against the car --

Pandemonium breaks out as EVERYONE on the street begins SCREAMING and darts for cover --

Monroe slides into the driver's seat as Towe fires another burst. Bullets snap against the car as he pulls into the crowded street.

Passing Puckett's car, he sticks his pistol out the window and shoots out the sedan's front tire --

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Monroe rockets through an impoverished neighborhood. Crowds of BEGGARS stand outside the ancient buildings.

He dodges traffic, left and right. PEOPLE SCREAM obscenities as he speeds by.

In the distance, a cluster of SQUALID HIGH-RISES litter the horizon.

EXT. DECAYING NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Another corner, another rundown neighborhood, this one worst than the last. Monroe charges towards the high-rise apartments.

INT. SERGEANT CARRION'S CAR - DAY

Monroe clicks on the small VIEW SCREEN that hangs from the dashboard. He quickly types in a number as Alyssa writhes in pain beside him.

Finally, the call connects. The image of a man in his 40s, flickers on. This is LEARNER.

MONROE

It's me, I'm on my way. I need your help.

LEARNER

For what?

MONROE

You see this girl, she needs your help, Learner.

LEARNER

So take her to the hospital.

MONROE

I can't. She's a translation. I think something's wrong with her nodes, she's convulsing.

LEARNER

How far away are you?

MONROE

Couple minutes.

LEARNER

I'll be waiting.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS - DAY

Trash blankets the decaying courtyard. The six high-rise apartments, spread out over three blocks, are monuments to human suffering and despair.

Monroe pulls Alyssa from the car and carries her towards the entrance.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, 22ND FLOOR - DAY

Monroe and Alyssa spill out onto the veranda, which is in no better shape than the floors below. Blankets litter the railing. A few apartment doors have been boarded up.

Learner, a bear of a man, stained with sweat and close-cropped hair, springs out of his apartment, as Monroe rushes towards the apartment with Alyssa in his arms.

INT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Learner leads Monroe through the dilapidated space.

LEARNER  
Sylvia, get in here!

The far wall of the apartment has been knocked out. It acts now as a simple entry into the adjacent apartment.

From the second apartment, SYLVIA (17) emerges. Despite her youthful exterior, she's seen enough of the world to be haunted.

LEARNER (CONT'D)  
Get the machine up and running,  
and prep the scanner.

She doesn't hesitate to do what she's told.

LEARNER (CONT'D)  
What happened?

MONROE  
I don't know. She just started  
convulsing.

LEARNER  
Let's get her into the backroom.  
What's her name?

MONROE  
Alyssa.

BACKROOM

Monroe eases Alyssa onto the EXAM TABLE. Various third-rate, rundown MEDICAL MACHINES stand nearby.

Learner grabs a pair of plastic gloves off a table as he rolls a MOBILE X-RAY DEVICE toward the bed. He unfolds the metal arm and raises it above her.

LEARNER  
I need to give her a sedative to  
relax her body. It'll make the  
tests more accurate.

Monroe nods. Learner grabs a syringe and injects her with a clear liquid.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Towe hurries to a console where Puckett and Wolcott are waiting for her.

TOWE

What did you find?

WOLCOTT

I ran background on his whole life. Found what I think is a hit. Three years ago he arrested this translator for conducting illegal procedures. This guy claimed he could reverse the discoloration.

TOWE

How does this help us?

WOLCOTT

Right, it helps us because Monroe let him go when he discovered the guy had illegally translated his daughter.

PUCKETT

What's his name?

WOLCOTT

Learner. Clyde Learner. He's the only translator that would have a reason to help Monroe.

TOWE

What's his last known address?

WOLCOTT

The high-rises.

INT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, BACKROOM - DAY

Alyssa lies in bed, fast asleep. Monroe sits in a nearby chair, resting his eyes.

She slowly awakes, glances around, drowsy and confused. She finds Monroe as he twitches out of his nap.

ALYSSA

You lied to me.

MONROE

I had to.

ALYSSA

Why?

MONROE

Because you can't go running off to Beacon Point. Aldridge didn't own a cabin near a lake.

ALYSSA  
How do you know?

MONROE  
I just do.

ALYSSA  
We have to get to Beacon Point.

MONROE  
Why won't you believe me?

ALYSSA  
Because I've been there, and I  
have to go back.

MONROE  
Alyssa --

ALYSSA  
I'm going back.

A beat, then Learner sticks his head into the room.

LEARNER  
Monroe, you need to see this.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Towe races towards her suburban. TWO TACTICAL TEAMS of SIX ARMORED SOLDIERS load into sperate ASSAULT VANS. She speaks quickly into the mic attached to her collar.

TOWE  
Birds in the air?

PUCKETT (OVER RADIO)  
As we speak.

TOWE  
Make sure the advance team secures  
the perimeter. I want all three  
blocks locked down.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

SIX modernized attack helicopters known as GUNSHIPS, streak across the sky.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The three unmarked assault vans rocket through the streets. In the distance, the high-rises stand tall.

EXT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, BACKROOM - DAY

Learner presses a button on a display. A series of BRAIN SCANS appear along the wall. There are five distinct BLOTCHES in each of the scans.

LEARNER

These are the scans I ran of Alyssa's head. Memory nodes are here. Translations require four of them to function properly.

Monroe studies the scans. Each blotch represents the nodes in her head. And then he realizes --

MONROE

She has a fifth node.

LEARNER

That's right.

MONROE

It's a lot smaller than the others. It's causing the pain?

LEARNER

Uh-huh.

MONROE

Can you remove it?

LEARNER

No.

MONROE

Why not?

LEARNER

In all my years I've never seen anything like this before. I wouldn't even know where to start.

MONROE

How is that possible?

LEARNER

There's more information in that fifth node than the other four combined.

MONROE

Who would be able to extract the node and process the information?

LEARNER

I don't know.

MONROE

Someone had to get it in there.

LEARNER

They'd need some pretty sophisticated equipment. I mean, I've never seen anything that could do something like this. I don't think you realize just how advanced this is.

MONROE

What about Royce?

LEARNER

Who?

MONROE

A translator from the Turner Institute.

LEARNER

I dunno, maybe. But even this might be out of their league.

MONROE

That has to be the reason he was killed.

A beat.

LEARNER

Will, there's something else. This extra node, it's not only causing the pain in her head, but it's also killing her.

MONROE

Killing her?

LEARNER

Translation or no translation, that body is still human, and it can't hold that amount of neuro information. If you don't get it out of her, she's going to die.

Monroe stammers.

MONROE

How... How long does she have?

LEARNER

At most, forty-eight hours.

MONROE

Two days.

LEARNER

I'm sorry.

INT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Alyssa lies in bed as the sunlight bounces off of her delicate skin. She holds her hand out, blocking the warm glow from her eyes. She moves her hand again, allowing the light to flood back over her.

Sylvia slowly enters with a glass of water. She stares at Alyssa for a long moment.

SYLVIA

What?

ALYSSA

Are you a translation too?

SYLVIA

No, I'm real.

ALYSSA

I thought because you lived here...

SYLVIA

Not everyone is rich. Most are poor. Bioc and Clonos.

ALYSSA

What's that?

Sylvia points to herself.

SYLVIA

Bioc.

She points to Alyssa.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Clonos.

Alyssa nods her understanding.

...From somewhere outside, the sound of RINGING BELLS fill the sky.

Sylvia turns her attention to the window. Slowly pulls back the blinds, and gasps as

THE SIX GUNSHIPS

pound their way across the sky towards the high-rise.

SYLVIA

drops the blinds and sprints out the door.

INT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, BACKROOM - DAY

Learner rises. Hears the gunships thundering their way. Monroe looks up at him.

MONROE

What is it?

Sylvia bursts through the door.

SYLVIA

Warbirds!

Learner turns back towards Monroe.

LEARNER

You've gotta get her out of here before they realize just where she is. They'll kill us all --

MONROE

They can't lock onto her. She's not in the system.

LEARNER

What about you? Do they know you have her?

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, 22ND FLOOR

Sylvia bursts out onto the veranda. Glances down towards the courtyard as the assault vans skid to a stop. The soldiers decked out in tactical gear burst from each vehicle.

Towe leads the first team into the building.

INT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Monroe rushes through the door as Alyssa sits up.

MONROE

How do you feel?

ALYSSA

I don't know how to describe it.

MONROE

Can you walk?

She tries to sit up but starts to get dizzy.

ALYSSA

Wow, that doesn't feel right.

MONROE

Learner gave you a sedative. It probably hasn't worn off yet.

INT. LEAD WARBIRO - DAY

The WARBIRO PILOT angles the gunship for a dive. Puckett, strapped in to a computer console in the back, punches a string of keystrokes.

PUCKETT

Pin-pointing Monroe now.

A quick button combination by Puckett and infrared images of the high-rise apartment splashes across his screen.

ONSCREEN: Cross-hairs slide along each floor, sweeping past several HEAT SIGNATURES huddled in the rooms.

They jump floors and lock onto ANOTHER HEAT SIGNATURE of someone moving quickly through the apartment.

PUCKETT (CONT'D)

Got him. Vitals are locked. Monroe is on the twenty-second floor.

HIGH-RISE COURTYARD

Towe and the soldiers breach the front entrance.

INT. LEARNER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Monroe hands Alyssa her coat as she pulls on her shoes. She locks eyes with him, still exhausted from the throbbing pain.

MONROE

Just stay with me.

ALYSSA

Why are you helping me?

Before he can answer, Sylvia THROWS open the door --

SYLVIA

They're on their way up!

## IN THE LIVING ROOM

Sylvia leads Monroe and Alyssa into the room as Learner stands at the window watching the warbirds moving into attack positions --

LEARNER

You've gotta get outta here.  
They've probably already locked  
onto your heat signature.

MONROE

What's the best way out?

SYLVIA

I can take them down the back way.  
Show them the tunnels.

MONROE

Wait, no, just me and her, it's  
too dangerous.

LEARNER

No, she's right. Once you're in  
the tunnels they won't be able to  
track you. Sylvia knows the way  
out. Go with her.

ALYSSA

What about you?

LEARNER

I'll do what I can.

Sylvia throws her arms around Learner. He holds her tight as tears glisten in their eyes.

LEARNER (CONT'D)

Hey, now, it'll be okay.

SYLVIA

Promise...?

LEARNER

Of course.

## INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, LOBBY

Towe and her team storm through the open space, weapons ready for anything and everything.

Boots pound worn tile as they stream up the stairs.

## 22ND FLOOR, VERANDA

Sylvia hastily leads Monroe and Alyssa down the veranda.

MONROE

Where are you taking us?

In front of her is a BOARDED UP APARTMENT. She quickly slaps a hinge on the door and it swings open.

SYLVIA

Right here.

22ND FLOOR, HIDDEN ROOM

Monroe eases through the opening, then once he knows it clear, he helps Alyssa and Sylvia through.

He takes in what once was a studio apartment, but now has a large hole cut into the floor, and a ladder that leads down to the apartment below.

Without stopping to explain the layout, Sylvia darts down the ladder.

INT. LEAD WARBIRD

Puckett watches the monitor as Towe leads her men onto the 22nd floor. They shuffle down the veranda towards Learner's apartment.

ON THE MONITOR: The lead soldiers, marked by a BLUE HUE, pass right by the RED BLOB that is Monroe's signature.

PUCKETT

You're gone too far, turn around,  
the target is right there!

Suddenly, the red glob disappears -- and re-emerges on the floor below --

PUCKETT (CONT'D)

He's -- He's below you!

TOWE (OVER RADIO)

What?!

PUCKETT

He just dropped to the floor below  
you --

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, 21ST FLOOR APT

Sylvia leads Monroe and Alyssa through a mangy apartment. All of the windows have been boarded up. Light seeps through what little space there is.

SQUATTERS watch as the trio sprint through another hold in the wall, right into another apartment --

EXT. 22ND FLOOR, VERANDA

Towe and her soldiers charge down the narrow space.

TOWE

Where are they?

PUCKETT (OVER RADIO)

The twenty-first floor. Other side  
of the wall.

INT. 21ST FLOOR APT

Monroe helps Alyssa down another ladder that extends,  
once again, to the floor below --

SYLVIA

Hurry, burry --

INT. LEAD WARBIRO

The pilot banks the beast in closer as Puckett watches  
the soldiers racing towards Monroe's position.

PUCKETT

Ten feet, then through the wall.

Monroe's heat signature suddenly DROPS TO ANOTHER FLOOR.  
Then DARTS BACK in the opposite direction --

PUCKETT (CONT'D)

They just dropped another floor!

EXT. 21ST FLOOR, VERANDA

Towe regroups. Considers her options, then throws her  
weight into a boarded-up door.

INT. 21ST FLOOR APT

Towe plows through the board and into the dank apartment.  
Her soldiers steam in after her. They all see the hole,  
and then the ladder.

SOLDIER

You've gotta be kidding me.

TOWE

(into her walkie)  
They're using a tunnel system!

HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, ANOTHER FLOOR

Alyssa nearly falls over, but Monroe holds her steady.  
Sylvia moves quickly for another room.

ALYSSA

Stop, we have to stop. I can't --

SYLVIA

We can't stop!

She glances down the makeshift passage that connects seven of the apartments.

She glances towards one of the boarded up doors. There's a space between the board and the window. Light flutters in from outside. And at just that moment --

Soldiers sweep past the window --

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Come on!

20TH FLOOR, VERANDA

Towe and her men move quickly towards their target, but they still need to get through the thick boards that block the door. Towe slows, finds her radio --

TOWE

Warbird-One, we need a door!

WARBIRD PILOT (OVER RADIO)

Roger that, Red-One.

Towe and the mercenaries float back from their positions as the Warbird angles towards them.

HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, 20TH FLOOR

Sylvia grabs Alyssa, pulls her towards another hole. Monroe has no choice but to follow --

EXT. ABOVE THE HIGH-RISE

The Warbird circles around. Takes aim. Lets loose a barrage of HELLFIRE from it's TWIN CANNONS mounted on each side of the cockpit.

The WALL EXPLODES. Chucks of dirt and debris sails.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, 20TH FLOOR

Monroe, Alyssa, and Sylvia are thrown to the floor. Thick dust sifts into the room.

Monroe looks back, watches the swirling snow kick into the gapping hole in the wall. He quickly stands, grabs Alyssa, and finds Sylvia --

MONROE

Come on!

On their feet, they race for another ladder that leads down to yet another floor --

MONROE (CONT'D)

How many more floors?

SYLVIA

Too many.

TOWE AND HER SOLDIERS SWARM IN

Sweeping their guns across the area, Towe spots Monroe helping Sylvia and Alyssa down the ladder.

She has her gun up in a flash. Safety off. Ready to fire.

MONROE

spots her, then leaps from the ladder. Falling ten feet, he misses his landing and slams onto his back.

Alyssa and Sylvia grab him, trying to help him up.

But he spots a RUSTY DUCT running along the wall on the floor he just jumped from. He yanks out his gun --

TOWE

stalks towards the hole, her weapon outstretched.

MONROE

unloads his clip into the duct above him. Bullets pierce the rusty shell. STEAM THUNDERS from within --

TOWE

hits the deck as a soldier glances to his left. In that moment he realizes that the duct runs the entire length of the room --

WHA-WHOOOOOOM!

Steam EXPLODES OUT. The soldiers are all VIOLENTLY PROPELLED against the far wall as a backdraft punches out of the duct --

ON THE FLOOR BELOW

Monroe scrambles. Alyssa and Sylvia race for a doorway. The pipes behind the walls begin to SHUTTER. The backdraft is coming their way --

KA-THOOOOOOOM!

The far wall EXPLODES. Monroe is HURLED into the air. His body SLAMS into the corner --

BLACKNESS.

The sound cuts out. A beat. Then.

ALYSSA AND SYLVIA

emerge through the smoke. Alyssa screaming. Reaching....

BLACKNESS.

A moment of SILENCE... then, the sound of

THU-THUMP. THU-THUMP.

MONROE'S CLOSED EYES

Sunlight glistening off his face. His eyes flutter open.

MONROE'S POV

looking out the back window of a moving car. A mural of leafless trees streak by.

THU-THUMP. THU-THUMP.

It's the SOUND OF TIRES RACING down a highway.

MONROE

wipes his face...

MONROE'S POV

Alyssa is driving. Panting. In shock. Her face is COVERED IN BLOOD --

MONROE

starts to sit up. Realizes there's someone in the front passenger seat.

And the sound comes STREAMING BACK... The only thing he hears now is ALYSSA PLEADING --

ALYSSA

Hang on, we're so close...

She reaches over, grabbing someone's BLOOD HAND, and squeezes.

Coming back to his senses, Monroe sits up. Finds

SYLVIA

in the passenger seat, shot in the stomach. The wound oozes blood, covering the dash. Alyssa's hands. And her face --

MONROE

Alyssa, what's happening?!

Alyssa turns to see him awake. Alive. Her emotions nearly get the best of her. She fights it. No time. Not now.

ALYSSA

She's been shot.

Monroe's head spins. She was shot? Where'd the car come from? He throws the questions away and leans up to get a better look. Finds Sylvia ghostly white.

He reaches his fingers to her neck. No pulse.

MONROE

Alyssa...

ALYSSA

No...

MONROE

She's dead.

ALYSSA

I said no!

MONROE

It's too late.

About to lose it, Alyssa struggles with the wheel. Monroe extends a comforting hand. She brushes it away.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Snow falls as Alyssa kneels over Sylvia's lifeless body. Monroe stands across from her, regarding her first experience with death.

ALYSSA

She never knew.

(off his look)

That she was a translation.

MONROE

How did you know?

ALYSSA

I dunno, I just did. That's why he was arrested, right?

(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Because he made it so her veins  
wouldn't turn a different color?

Monroe nods.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

How did I die...?

He struggles.

MONROE

You were murdered by a terrorist.

She glances up at him.

ALYSSA

That's the first time you said  
'you' when talking about me and  
her.

MONROE

Alyssa...

ALYSSA

We can't leave her like this.

MONROE

The ground is too hard. We don't  
have anything to dig with.

She starts clawing at the ground with her bare hands,  
ripping at the frozen earth.

She ignores him as he kneels beside her. Slowly, he takes  
her hands in his.

MONROE (CONT'D)

We don't have a choice.

She finally stops. He wipes the dirt from her hands.

ALYSSA

What's in my head?

MONROE

I don't know, but... Learner, he  
said it was killing you. If we  
don't get it out you'll die.

ALYSSA

How long do I have?

MONROE

He said two days, maybe three.

ALYSSA

Two days...

She stands. Tilts her head back to catch the falling snow as Monroe watches her.

MONROE

What do you want to do?

ALYSSA

I want to see Beacon Point.

MONROE

Alyssa, it doesn't exist.

ALYSSA

Bullshit. I dream about it every time I close my eyes. You have to believe me. I need you to believe me. It's more real than anything I've ever known.

MONROE

Alyssa, please --

ALYSSA

No goddamnit. I can see it. Okay?! I can see it so clearly. I'm going, and if you don't want to go with me, then I'll leave you here with her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Monroe speeds down the empty road as the snow continues.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Goodman stands over Aldridge's HEADSTONE.

AT THE ROAD

his Bodyguard and Aide wait in silence.

GOODMAN

starts back for his car. As he approaches, TWO UNMARKED SUBURBANS pull up behind them.

A SECURITY AGENT steps out of the lead vehicle.

SECURITY AGENT

Mr. Goodman, please sir, if you could come with us.

Goodman's Bodyguard steps towards them.

BODYGUARD

He's not going anywhere with you.

SECURITY AGENT

The President wants to meet.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

When..?

SECURITY AGENT

Now.

The Bodyguard moves to join him.

SECURITY AGENT (CONT'D)

No, just him.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

Sir...

GOODMAN

It's okay.

(to the agent)

Let's not keep the President waiting.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Goodman follows the Security Agent through the ancient corridors, moving into

AN OUTER OFFICE

where a SECRETARY waves Goodman through, into

THE OVAL OFFICE

Goodman slowly enters, taking in the famous room. President Tierney stands behind a large oak desk.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Mr. Goodman, thank you for coming.

GOODMAN

I'm here at the pleasure of the President, Sir.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

And what pleasure may that be?

GOODMAN

Sir..?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

You came to meet with Aldridge,  
now he's dead. I'm wondering why  
you're still here.

GOODMAN

We'll be leaving tomorrow.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Tomorrow isn't good enough.  
There's a plane at Andrews, fueled  
and ready to go. I want you on it.  
You and your entire delegation.

GOODMAN

I'm sorry sir, but that's just not  
possible.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

It wasn't an option. If you stay,  
I can't guarantee your safety.

GOODMAN

I'm sorry, Mr. President, are you  
threatening me?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Of course not. But I am well aware  
of the protestors outside your  
hotel and the things they wish  
they could do to any  
representative of the United  
Nations. And to tell you the  
truth, it's hard to blame them.

GOODMAN

I'll take my chances, sir. Our  
plane will be ready to leave  
tomorrow, and that's when we'll be  
on it.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

I don't think I'm making myself  
very clear, Mr. Goodman.

GOODMAN

No, sir, I assure you, you've made  
yourself crystal clear. But I  
represent the world and quite  
frankly, Mr. President, the world  
has grown tired of you.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

If I wanted I could make sure you  
never stepped foot out of this  
building.

GOODMAN

I wouldn't doubt it, Mr.  
President.

(then)

Will that be all?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Yes, and best of luck, Mr.  
Goodman.

GOODMAN

And you as well, Mr. President.

And with that, Goodman strides out the door.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Goodman steps out as his Suburban is cleared through the  
main gate.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - DAY

Goodman slides into the backseat, as his Aide stares at  
him from the front seat, in utter relief.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

You're okay?

GOODMAN

It's not everyday you get  
personally threatened by the  
President of the United States.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

He threatened you?

GOODMAN

Yes, but I may have threatened him  
first, it's all rather blurry at  
the moment.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

Do you know what you're doing?

GOODMAN

Not a clue.

GOODMAN'S AIDE

Let's just hope that trust in your  
friend isn't wasted.

GOODMAN

In this world all we have left is  
hope.

INT. ALYSSA'S STOLEN CAR - DAY

Alyssa sits in the passenger seat looking out over the snow-covered countryside as it stretches out forever.

EXT. BEACON POINT - DAY

A peninsula, two-hundred yards long, surrounded by Shaw Bay. A paved road cuts through the leafless forest, and then forks.

The right path leads towards a BOATHOUSE and the DOCK.

Monroe takes the left path and makes his way towards

A COUNTRY COTTAGE

Despite its worn down look, it's the same cottage that Monroe had been looking to buy in the opening scene.

Monroe pulls to a stop outside the front door. Steps out. Scans the surrounding area.

Alyssa climbs out of the car as Monroe draws his gun.

ALYSSA

You won't need that.

MONROE

Just in case.

Alyssa starts for the door, but Monroe cuts her off. Keeps her hand from touching the doorknob.

MONROE (CONT'D)

I'm going in first.

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

Monroe pushes the door open. Light spills in from the open windows.

They creep into the cabin. Alyssa's eyes take it all in. Memories of another time flood over her. Tears glisten in her eyes.

ALYSSA

This is the place. I told you it existed!

Alyssa takes in the place, points to the empty room.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

My mother, before she died, she used to read to me.

(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

We had this big chair, it was the most comfortable thing I've ever known. I'd fall asleep in her arms and then my father would carry me to bed.

She moves through the main floor, engrossed in her memories.

MONROE

What are we doing here?

A MAN'S VOICE

A lot more than you realize.

Monroe and Alyssa spin to find

ALDRIDGE

standing right there in the hallway.

ALDRIDGE

It's good to see you again, Will.

His eyes drift to Alyssa, and for the first time in two years, his daughter -- a daughter he had to bury -- is standing right in front of him...

ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

It's really you.

ALYSSA

Daddy...?

Monroe stares in shock as Alyssa lunges into her father's arms. They hold tight, wanting to never let go.

And as Monroe watches it happen, he can't believe it.

MONROE

You had yourself translated.

Aldridge pulls back. Brushes the hair from Alyssa's dirt-caked face.

ALDRIDGE

That's right.

MONROE

Your translation, you let someone kill him.

ALDRIDGE

It was necessary.

MONROE

Necessary?

Aldridge ignores him.

ALDRIDGE

Alyssa, I have something for you.  
Something I think you should have.

He walks into the living room. Grabs an OBJECT from the coffee table. Hands it to her. It's the BROWN BOX Monroe brought back to him in his office.

ALYSSA

What is it?

ALDRIDGE

Little things. It will help with your memory.

MONROE

What did Royce put in her head?

ALDRIDGE

Will, I'll answer everything, but first, please, I haven't seen my daughter in two years.

MONROE

Don't you know, whatever you put in her head is killing her.

ALDRIDGE

Why do you think we told her to come here, to Beacon Point?

MONROE

We...?

ALYSSA

Wait, what do you mean, 'told me' to come here?

MONROE

Royce, he's alive too, isn't he?

ALDRIDGE

Yes, and he's on his way and he's going to remove the node.

Alyssa realizes --

ALYSSA

These memories of being here, they're not real are they? How could I be so stupid.

ALDRIDGE

Alyssa --

ALYSSA

It was the only thing I remembered clearly. The only memory I had left and it's not even real...

She backs away from her father.

MONROE

What's in her head?

ALDRIDGE

The truth about our freedom. Evidence that will bring everything into focus and bring down this government.

MONROE

Evidence...?

ALDRIDGE

We discovered something. And this, it was the only way to get it out into the open.

ALYSSA

You used me.

ALDRIDGE

No, that's not true. I couldn't live without you, but it was the only way.

Monroe starts to put the pieces together.

MONROE

Project Bennu.

ALDRIDGE

That's right.

MONROE

What is it?

ALDRIDGE

It's a top-secret government funded program operated by the Stallworth Corporation. Project Bennu was created for one purpose and one purpose only.

MONROE

Which is what?

ALDRIDGE

A coup d'etat.

MONROE

That would require the overthrow  
of the President.

ALDRIDGE

And that's exactly what happened.  
They had already taken control of  
the military. They supply  
everything to our national  
defense. And after the war, they  
were able to take control of  
nearly every government agency.

MONROE

They translated the President...

Aldridge nods.

MONROE (CONT'D)

You're saying the President of the  
United States has been the same  
person for --

ALDRIDGE

Forty years.  
(then)

We uncovered what they were doing  
and the only way to get it out was  
in your head, Alyssa. And now, we  
need to extract it and get it to  
Goodman.

MONROE

He knows?

ALDRIDGE

He's waiting for us.

ALYSSA

Us?

ALDRIDGE

He's agreed to take us with him.  
We can, after all these years,  
finally be together again. A  
family, after so much pain.

Alyssa's eyes glisten.

ALYSSA

What about Will?

ALDRIDGE

He made his decision. It's what he wants. Isn't that right, Will?

ALYSSA

No, I want to stay here, with him.

ALDRIDGE

Alyssa, wait. He doesn't want to be part of your life. He's the one who gave up the things in this box. Gave up his second chance to be with you.

She steps back from both of them.

ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

You two were married. When I gave him a chance to be with you again, he said no.

Like a wounded animal, Alyssa stares into Monroe's eyes, struggling for the words...

ALYSSA

Why didn't you tell me?

MONROE

Alyssa...

ALYSSA

No, don't call me that.

He reaches for her. She recoils. Shakes her head, wanting nothing to do with him.

Her mind races, then she gathers herself and hurries out the back door, leaving Monroe and Aldridge standing there.

MONROE

Why did you do that?

ALDRIDGE

She deserved to know.

MONROE

That's not why you told her.

ALDRIDGE

I'm not losing my daughter again.

WHAM! Monroe decks Aldridge with a right hook.

ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

You're mad because I told her you were married. It's understandable.

MONROE

You don't get it, do you? You manipulated her memory of this place. This was our place -- me and her -- it meant more to us than you could ever possibly know. You had no right to do that.

Aldridge regards him.

ALDRIDGE

You've changed.

MONROE

So have you.

EXT. ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Towe's SUV sits in the middle of a bombed out community. The moonlight casts odd shadows across the skeletal remains of the buildings.

INT. TOWE'S SUV - NIGHT

Towe watches as a LUXURY SEDAN eases towards her.

EXT. ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Both cars stare each other down. Finally, Towe swings open her door, steps out and strides towards the sedan as its back door opens...

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

steps out and takes in the night air.

TOWE

You're wasting my time with these secret meetings.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

You said she wouldn't be a problem.

TOWE

She won't be.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Is she dead?

TOWE

Not yet.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Then she's still a problem.

TOWE

Is that why you called me out here? To put me in time-out?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

I called you out here because we have another enemy. A thorn in our side. A cancer that needs to be removed.

TOWE

You always were one for the metaphors. What's his name, this enemy of ours?

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Goodman.

Towe smirks.

TOWE

Of course it is. I told you we should have just killed him.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

It looks like you're going to get your wish. The delegation is scheduled to leave tomorrow afternoon. Should give you enough time.

TOWE

Do you want them all, or just him?

President Tierney steps closer to the debris, taking in the destruction.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

If you feel like it needs to be all of them, then so be it. But he's the reason I'm standing here.

TOWE

What about the girl? I can't very well be in two places at once.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Find the girl and then kill him. It's not that hard.

Towe walks over beside the President.

TOWE

I wonder sometimes, what it would have been like if I were the one allowed to be President.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

You're good at what you do, I'm good at what I do. They knew that well before these bodies were picked out.

(re: her figure)

And what a body it is.

President Tierney starts back to his car.

TOWE

Maybe you're right. Maybe it's what they wanted. But maybe, the next time around, I'll get to sit behind the desk.

PRESIDENT TIERNEY

Not in that body.

TOWE

You always were an asshole.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alyssa sits at an ancient PICNIC TABLE with her head in her hands. A rusted SWING-SET sits under a tree.

Monroe emerges from the house and slowly approaches.

MONROE

How do you feel?

ALYSSA

How do I feel? I feel like shit. Is that right? People can feel like shit? And considering I only have, what, eighteen hours to live...

Monroe sits across from her.

MONROE

When Royce gets here he'll take the node out and everything will be fine.

ALYSSA

I don't know if this will ever feel fine.

MONROE

I should have told you that we were married.

ALYSSA

You mean, you and her.

MONROE

Right, me and her.

A beat.

ALYSSA

This place, why didn't you want me to come here?

MONROE

This was where I proposed to her. Right down there by the water. We had rented it for the weekend. I was going to buy it for her.

ALYSSA

I'm sorry.

MONROE

It's not your fault. None of it is your fault.

ALYSSA

That box that he gave me, I was looking through it and I found something...

She shows him her cusped hand. Opens it to reveal a WEDDING RING. A beautiful, clean-cut diamond.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

This was hers, wasn't it?

MONROE

Yeah.

She takes his hand. Sets the ring in his palm.

ALYSSA

Then you should keep it.

She closes his hands on the ring.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I don't know who to be if not her.

MONROE

Alyssa, you're real. You have your own thoughts, your own wants, your own memories. You can go with Aldridge and live that life if you want, but you don't have to.

ALYSSA

Part of me wishes it were as simple as destiny. That we always find each other, regardless of who we are. But I can't wake up everyday and wonder who you see when you look at me.

HEADLIGHTS suddenly cut through the darkness as a CAR pulls into the driveway.

She stands, nervous. Monroe rises.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Is that Royce?

ALDRIDGE

emerges from the house.

ALDRIDGE

Alyssa, it's time.

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Aldridge leads Monroe and Alyssa inside. They stop when they see Royce standing in the foyer, pulling off his heavy jacket. There's panic in his voice.

ROYCE

Is she ready?

ALDRIDGE

What's wrong?

ROYCE

The President is ordering the UN delegation back to Geneva. They're scheduled to leave tomorrow.

ALDRIDGE

Then we have to hurry.

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Royce leads Alyssa into the bedroom, overflowing with high-tech machinery. A large, SILVER CONTRAPTION that resembles an MRI machine sits in the corner.

ROYCE

I need to lie here.

She nods as she takes off Monroe's jacket and slides up onto the machine.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

She glances back to the door where Monroe and Aldridge nervously stand.

Locking eyes with Monroe, she winks. And then turns back to Royce.

ALYSSA

Get this out of my head.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Wolcott sits at his console watching the footage of Alyssa and Royce's sessions at the Turner Institute.

From the look of him, he hasn't slept since this started.

ON THE MONITOR: Royce and Alyssa are mid-session...

ALYSSA

...the closet, there were two entrances. It ran the length of the classroom. I told him, after lunch, before our teacher came back, I'd be waiting for him.

WOLCOTT

doodles on a note pad as the conversation continues. He lost interest long ago.

ON THE MONITOR: Royce studies Alyssa.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

...anyway, that was my first kiss.

Royce nods.

ROYCE

What about Beacon Point? Do you remember a place called Beacon Point?

ALYSSA

Now that you mention it, I do.

WOLCOTT

glances up -- quick -- something about that last statement.

He grabs the controls. Rewinds the footage. Hits play.

ON THE MONITOR: the footage repeats.

ROYCE

What about Beacon Point? Do you remember a place called Beacon Point?

ALYSSA

Now that you mention it, I do.

WOLCOTT HITS REWIND. REPEATS THE FOOTAGE.

ROYCE

...Do you remember a place called Beacon Point?

ALYSSA

Now that you mention it, I do.

And in that moment we SMASH CUT TO --

CORRIDOR

SNEAKERS, pounding across the tiled floor. Wolcott SPRINTS through the tiny hallway and BURSTS INTO

A CEMENT GARAGE

as Towe steps out of her SUV.

TOWE

What...?

WOLCOTT

I know where they are.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Towe watches the monitor as Wolcott hits play.

ON THE MONITOR: Once again, the footage of Royce and Alyssa plays out.

ROYCE

What about Beacon Point? Do you remember a place called Beacon Point?

ALYSSA

Now that you mention it, I do.

TOWE

glances towards Wolcott, realizing --

TOWE

He prompted her.

WOLCOTT

Yeah, now, watch the rest.

ON THE MONITOR: The end of the session starts.

ALYSSA

Now that you mention it, I do.

ROYCE

What do you remember about it?

ALYSSA

I remember a large backyard where I used to play. And not far from the backyard, after the trees, there's a dock.

ROYCE

That's right.

ALYSSA

We had a boat, and spent so much time up there.

ROYCE

Do you remember how to get there?

ALYSSA

(realizing)  
Yeah, in fact I do...

TOWE

looks to Wolcott.

TOWE

Tell me you know where they're going...

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Monroe enters to find Aldridge staring outside at the water crashing against the shore.

Monroe studies him for a moment.

MONROE

She's not a blank slate anymore.

Aldridge turns his way.

ALDRIDGE

Hmm...?

MONROE

She has her own memories. She's her own person.

ALDRIDGE

You care about here, don't you?

MONROE

I just think --

ALDRIDGE

I thought you hated them? Now suddenly she means something to you. They're more than what you thought, aren't they?

MONROE

Whoever she is, she doesn't deserve what you've done to her.

ALDRIDGE

Goodman will get the evidence out of the country. He can expose the conspiracy to the entire world. If he does that the U.N. will remove the President from office. They'll take down the Stallworth Corporation, and they'll lift the sanctions that have crippled us for too long.

MONROE

That's what it's always been about. You've never cared about what would happen to her.

ALDRIDGE

You told me once, you said you'd be willing to do anything to lift these sanctions this country has had to endure. So would I.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Monroe steps out into the cold night air. Grabs a BACKPACK full of supplies.

He looks towards the upstairs bedroom. Spots Royce moving around the room, monitoring Alyssa's vitals.

A beat, then continues.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Monroe slings the heavy bag of supplies into a SPEED BOAT. Alyssa's BREATHING MASK falls from one of the bags.

He picks it up, regarding it as he sets the mask back into the bag.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Monroe lumbers out to the edge of the dock, taking in the moonlight streaking across the surface of the calm water.

Giant snow flakes start to slowly fall from the heavens. He feels the cold night air against his face as he watches his breath.

He kneels to touch the still water with the palm of his hand. Ripples roll out...

A peaceful moment... but the ripples don't fade...

Monroe frowns. He watches the undulation growing...

He scans the water's horizon for a boat. Doesn't see anything. Looking towards the sky. Doesn't hear anything.

But then, glistening in the moonlight, TWO OBJECTS sweep across the sky. Growing large with each passing second. Whatever it is, they're coming his way.

TWO WARBIRDS

pound their way towards the house --

MONROE

sprints back across the dock, hitting the snow-covered path, galloping towards the house.

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alyssa lies motionless on the machine, her eyes closed. Aldridge sits nearby while Royce monitors her vitals.

Monroe BURSTS into the room.

MONROE

They've found us!

ALDRIDGE

What are you talking about?

MONROE

Warbirds, outside. Where's the evidence?

ROYCE

I haven't finished the procedure.

MONROE

What's that mean? It's still in her head? She's still dying?

ROYCE

I need more time.

Aldridge is up, looking through the window. He spots FOUR TACTICAL VANS approaching from the mainland.

ALDRIDGE

Time is what we don't have.

Monroe hurries over to Alyssa.

ROYCE

What are you doing?

He shakes her out of her dream.

MONROE

I'm not going to let her die here tonight.

Alyssa's eyes open. She wipes her face.

ALYSSA

Is it safe...?

The forlorn look on his face tells her everything.

MONROE

We have to go.

ALYSSA

What's happening?

MONROE

Warbirds.

ALYSSA

Royce didn't have time, did he? It's still in there. I'm still going to die.

MONROE

No, I won't let that happen.

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Monroe and Alyssa race down the stairs to find Aldridge and Royce gathering what they can.

Aldridge hands Monroe a PACK OF SUPPLIES.

ALDRIDGE

Take her and Royce, get them to Goodman. He has the equipment to remove the node. He'll take you with him.

ALYSSA

What about you?

ALDRIDGE

I'll get you a head start.

MONROE

Alan, do you know what you're doing?

ALDRIDGE

Listen to me, she's more important than all of us. What's in her head is more important than that. Goodman is the only one who can help us save this country.

(then)

Now go.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The four tactical vans races towards the house. The road narrows, forcing them into a single line, reducing their attack speed.

INT. LEAD TACTICAL VAN - NIGHT

Towe and Puckett sit in the back with a SQUAD OF COMMANDOS, decked out in dark tactical gear.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Monroe, Alyssa, and Royce bound out the back door, racing towards the woods that lead to the dock.

IN THE SKY

WARBIRD-ONE sweeps across the sky.

INT. WARBIRD-ONE - THAT MOMENT

An INFRA-RED SCAN covers the terrain. Spots the trio racing towards the thicket of trees.

IN THE SKY

Warbird-One unleashes HELLFIRE from it's CANNONS.

AT THE TREELINE

The frozen ground EXPLODES as the ordinance rips into the earth. Trees BURST INTO FLAMES.

MONROE AND ALYSSA

dive for cover as SHRAPNEL SLICES through the air. RIPPING INTO ROYCE. SHREDDING his body.

Monroe grabs Alyssa -- yanks her up -- and darts for the woods.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Aldridge steps out into the front yard, resigned to his face. He aims a FLARE GUN into the sky. FIRES.

The Warbirds scatter to avoid the projectile. They quickly regroup, circle around...

IN THE TREES

Monroe and Alyssa dart through the grove.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT

The tactical vans slide to a stop in front of the house. The SOLDIERS bound out. Towe and Puckett emerge.

ALDRIDGE

calmly waits for them on the porch.

TOWE

takes in the sight of him.

TOWE

Thought I killed you?

ALDRIDGE

We will win.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Aldridge's body flails as bullets TEAR into his flesh. His body slams into the porch, then slumps to the ground, dead.

TOWE

removes a WAND from her pocket. Runs the device over Aldridge's neck. No lines appear.

A beat, then she turns to her men.

TOWE

Find them and kill them.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Monroe and Alyssa race for the dock.

IN THE SKY

The Warbirds sweep across the land, on the hunt.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Monroe and Alyssa disappear into the building.

INT. WARBIRD-ONE - NIGHT

The CO-PILOT watches the small monitor at the console as the PILOT brings the killing machine around for another pass.

The monitor displays the terrain below in night-vision.

The CO-PILOT flips a switch bringing up the HEAT VISION. Two bright red signatures blot a section of the screen --

CO-PILOT

Warbird-One to Delta-Six, they're in the boathouse.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

PUCKETT leads DELTA-SIX, consisting of FIVE TACTICAL SOLDIERS, through the woods.

PUCKETT

Roger that, Warbird-One.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Monroe looks out at the boat, still docked. He glances to Alyssa, sees the panic in her eyes.

MONROE

We have to get to the boat. It's  
the only way out of here.

She looks him in the eyes. Finds his courage. Nods.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Monroe and Alyssa sprint from the cover of the boathouse,  
streaking across the dock for the boat as

PUCKETT

emerges from the tree line with Delta-Six. He spots  
Monroe untying the boat from the dock.

PUCKETT

Two o'clock.

Without hesitation, he FIRES through the boathouse --

AT THE DOCK

Bullets RIP into the planks.

Splinters cut through the air.

MONROE

jumps for cover, slamming into the dock.

ALYSSA

screams as bullets TEAR into the boat's hull.

MONROE

looks back at the boathouse. Notices an ELECTRIC RE-  
CHARGER against the far wall.

He finds his gun and FIRES A BURST, just as

PUCKETT AND DELTA-SIX

slam through the boathouse door to find

THE BULLETS SMASHING INTO THE RE-CHARGER --

The boathouse DISINTEGRATES INTO A FIREBALL --

AT THE COTTAGE

Towe recoils as the blast lights up the night sky.

TOWE

All units, converge on the dock.  
Orders are to kill. I repeat,  
orders are to --

IN THE SPEEDBOAT

Monroe throttles the engine. Roars out into the bay.

ON THE SHORE

TWELVE SOLDIERS unload their clips at the boat as it  
races out into the bay.

IN THE SPEEDBOAT

Alyssa drops to the deck as bullets rip into the hull.  
Monroe fights to keep the boat on course.

IN THE SKY

The Warbirds converge on the boat.

IN THE SPEEDBOAT

Monroe turns to Alyssa --

MONROE

Grab that bag. Fill it up, as much  
as you can. Weigh it down.

She grabs the backpack with the supplies. Finds the  
breathing mask. Starts to shove it in --

MONROE (CONT'D)

No, no that.

IN THE SKY

The Warbirds close in, ready to launch an onslaught.

MONROE

steadies the boat. Grabs Alyssa, and the backpack full of  
supplies.

He heaves the heavy pack over his shoulder. Hands Alyssa  
the breathing mask.

MONROE

Put this on.

And in that moment she realizes what he's doing.

ALYSSA

What about you?

He wraps his arms around her waits, pulling her in tight.

INT. WARBIRD-ONE - THAT MOMENT

The pilot brings the boat into the targeting display.  
Monroe and Alyssa's HEAT SIGNATURES are clear --

PILOT  
Targets in sight. Firing!

HELLFIRE

spits from the Warbird's cannons.

THE SPEEDBOAT

EXPLODES into a thousand pieces.

INT. WARBIRD-ONE - THAT MOMENT

The heat signatures are gone.

PILOT  
Warbird-One to Mother. Targets  
have been eliminated.

AT THE SHORE

Towe emerges from the treeline. Stares out at the burning wreckage as it sinks into the bay.

THE WATER

A mile from the explosion.

DEEP UNDERWATER

Monroe holds Alyssa as they drift through the deep, cold water, the breathing mask held firmly against her mouth.

She takes a long gulp of air, then hands the mask to Monroe. He calmly takes a breath and hands it back.

He motions towards the surface.

She nods, takes one last breath, hands the breathing mask back to Monroe, then lets go of him.

He watches as she swims her way back to the surface.

Monroe unlatches the bag, then swims after her.

## NORTH SHORE

Monroe swims through the choppy current. He reaches shallow water. Finds his footing and sludges through the water towards the shore.

He finds Alyssa on the ground, her chest pounding. She's freezing. Tries to take a step, but COLLAPSES.

Her breathing grows heavier. She starts to panic.

MONROE

Alyssa, take a -- you have to calm down. You're having -- take a breath.

ALYSSA

I can't. Will, I -- I can't breathe.

She falls to her knees. Monroe kneels beside her, quickly examining her.

MONROE

Hey, look at me. It's not your lungs. They're fine. You're panicking. I need you to focus on me. Okay? Close your eyes. Go ahead, close your eyes.

As she does, he glances back towards the house. The Warbirds circle the wreckage.

MONROE (CONT'D)

I want you to imagine nine candles. Okay, can you do that?

ALYSSA

I don't see them.

He looks back at her.

MONROE

You have to focus. Focus. Nine candles, lined up in a row.

ALYSSA

Like a candelabra?

MONROE

Exactly, like a candelabra. Do you see the candles? Are they burning?

ALYSSA

Yes.

MONROE

With your eyes closed, I want you  
to take a deep breath.

ALYSSA

I can't --

MONROE

You can. Take a deep breath and  
blow out that first candle. Come  
on, you can do it. Inhale.

She fights her body, and manages to inhale.

Monroe glance back over his shoulder. Notices the  
Warbirds expanding their search pattern.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Good. Now, calmly, blow out that  
first candle.

Alyssa calmly exhales.

MONROE (CONT'D)

That's right. Now, picture the  
next one. Take a deep breath, then  
blow out that flame.

She takes another breath. Exhales.

MONROE (CONT'D)

And the next one.

He spots the warbirds expanding their search pattern  
again. They don't have much time.

Alyssa blows out the third candle.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Now the rest, one at a time...

He watches as she inhales six more times and blow out  
those six remaining candles.

On the ninth candle, her body calms. Her breathing slows  
back to normal. She smiles.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Now, open your eyes.

She finds him smiling back at her. She wipes tears from  
her face. Wraps her arms around him, holding him tight.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A summer retreat. Furniture covered in white sheets.

Alyssa, still soaking wet, shivers. Monroe emerges from a backroom with a towel. He dries her hair. Wraps her in a nearby sheet.

MONROE

We can only stay here for a couple minutes. They'll do a search. It's not safe.

Her eyes glisten with tears as her father's death washes over her.

Monroe pulls her close. Knows what she's lost. How she must be feeling.

She looks into his eyes. And kisses him. Softly. Innocently. She pulls back. Manages a smile.

ALYSSA

That was my first kiss.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

It's starting...

MONROE

The pain?

ALYSSA

I can feel it in the back of my head. There's not much time.

MONROE

Alyssa...

ALYSSA

I'm dying.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A run-down bus makes its way across the countryside as the sun bursts across the sky.

INT. BUS - DAY

Monroe and Alyssa sit in the back of the overcrowded bus. Her head rests against his body.

He notices something in the distance. Touches her shoulder to get her attention. She looks up to find him pointing towards the DISTRICT'S SKYLINE.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

LARGE DOORS are open. Sunlight bursts across the Gulf Stream jet. The UNITED NATIONS DECAL adorns the wing.

INT. YURI HOTEL, ROOM 3546 - DAY

Goodman pulls on a tie, leaves it loose. He finds the picture of Alyssa and studies it.

CHANTING brings his attention to the window. PROTESTORS scream from behind CONCRETE BARRICADES. RIOT COPS stand guard.

TWO DELEGATION SUBURBANS drive past the protestors and disappear into the hotel's underground parking garage.

His bodyguard knocks at the door.

BODYGUARD

The cars are here, sir.

INT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - DAY

Heavy shadows cover the small space as

Towe and EIGHT TACTICAL SOLDIERS arm themselves with automatic weapons. Ammunition is handed out.

EXT. D.C. STREETS - DAY

Monroe and Alyssa weave through a CROWD. The Yuri Hotel stands tall in the distance.

INT. YURI HOTEL, UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Goodman and the six other delegates make their way to the Suburbans.

INT. UNKNOWN PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Another parking garage. A van skids to a stop. The backdoors kick open. Towe and the Tactical Soldiers climb, and stalk across the open space for an elevator.

EXT. YURI HOTEL - DAY

Monroe and Alyssa swim through the Protestors, but find the concrete barriers keeping them from the street.

He tries to climb over, but a RIOT COP is in his face.

Monroe retreats into the crowd, Alyssa by his side. He notices her fighting the pain in her head.

They push their way through the horde, fighting to get closer to the garage entrance.

INT. YURI HOTEL, UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Two, high-tech POLICE MOTORCYCLES lead the two Suburbans, towards garage ramp.

EXT. YURI HOTEL/STREET - DAY

Monroe realizes the motorcade is coming up the ramp. Notices that Alyssa nearly doubled over.

Hastily, he jumps the barricade. Protestors cheer him on.

RIOT COPS descend on him.

ALYSSA

stumbles over the barricade. A COP quickly holds her back. She staggers, then collapses to the pavement.

THE U.N. SUBURBANS

emerge from the underground garage.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - THAT MOMENT

Goodman looks out at the confusion as the cops put Monroe to the ground. Then, in the madness, he spots Alyssa, trying to stand. He immediately recognizes her.

GOODMAN

Stop the car!

The DRIVER slams on the breaks.

EXT. YURI HOTEL/STREET - DAY

Goodman bounds from the Suburban. As the crowd spots him, their rage intensifies.

The riot cops rush for Goodman, knowing the sight of him will send the crowd over the edge --

Goodman pushes them away as he makes his way for Alyssa.

GOODMAN

It's you.

He helps her to her feet. The pain in her head throbbing. She has no idea who he is or what he's talking about.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Are you Alyssa...?

Through her pain, she glances up at him.

ALYSSA

Who are you?

Struggling under the riot cop's force, Monroe spots Goodman with Alyssa.

MONROE

Alyssa!

Goodman gets a good look at Monroe --

GOODMAN

Let him up!

RIOT COP

What?!

GOODMAN

Put them both in the car. They're coming with me.

RIOT COP

I can't do that, sir.

GOODMAN

Who do you think you're talking to? Put them in the damn car!

The riot cops shrug. If he wants them, let him have them.

They yank Monroe to his feet. Alyssa falls into his arms.

ALYSSA

Will...

MONROE

Just hold on.

(to Goodman)

Aldridge said you could help her.

GOODMAN

We have to get to my plane.

MONROE

Then what are we waiting for?

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY

Towe and two Tactical Soldiers burst in and take up position at the windows.

One of the men drops a BACKPACK. Pulls out a SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE and switches it on.

EXT. D.C. STREETS - DAY

THE MOTORCADE: two suburbans, lead by the POLICE ESCORT, races down the street.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - DAY

The driver and bodyguard fill the front seats. The bodyguard holds a COMPACT ASSAULT RIFLE in his lap.

In the backseat, Goodman stares in shock at what he's just been told.

Monroe holds Alyssa in his arms as sweat pours down her face. Excruciating pain pulses through her head.

GOODMAN

Forty years?!

Monroe ignores the question. Too focused on Alyssa.

MONROE

Can you save her?

GOODMAN

I have a translator on the plane.

MONROE

How did you know to have one?

GOODMAN

Aldridge said to have one just in case anything went wrong.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE. - DAY

The motorcade slows to make the turn. The dome of the Capitol Building looks in the distance.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

A HUSKY TACTICAL SOLDIER watches the motorcade's police escort race past his position.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - DAY

Monroe glances out the front window as Alyssa leans against his shoulder.

INT. OLD POST OFFICE - DAY

Towe takes the small electronic device from a soldier. Jams her thumb down on the plunger --

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - THAT MOMENT

Goodman glances out the front window as

THE FIRST U.N. SUBURBAN EXPLODES INTO A MASSIVE FIREBALL.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE. - THAT MOMENT

FIRE and DEBRIS rips through the air. The police escort is OBLITERATED. BYSTANDERS are THROWN to the ground.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN

The force of the blast SLAMS against the car. A METAL CHUNK PUNCHES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, RIGHT INTO THE DRIVER'S CHEST --

The car veers hard, SLAMMING INTO THE PARKED CARS --

The bodyguard's head SMASHES against the windshield, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY --

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

HUSKY bounds from his hiding spot. Raking the bullet-proof Suburban with his machine gun.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN - THAT MOMENT

Monroe reaches up front, grabbing the compact assault rifle from the bodyguard.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

More GUNFIRE snaps off the car's exterior as Husky empties his clip. As he reloads --

MONROE

throws open the door and fires a burst into Husky's chest, ripping him apart --

INT. OLD POST OFFICE

Towe and her two soldiers can see the driver's side of the Suburban, but Monroe is hidden on the other side.

They don't care as they smash through the windows and open fire on the Suburban.

IN THE STREET

Monroe opens the front door on the passenger side. Yanks the bodyguard out of the car, then the driver.

INT. ANOTHER BUILDING, SECOND-STORY WINDOW

A LANKY TACTICAL SOLDIER throws open the window. Has a clear shot on Monroe. Quickly aims and fires --

IN THE STREET

Monroe is hit in the left shoulder. The force spins him into one of the parked cars the Suburban smashed in to.

He looks up as

LANKY

brings him into his sights.

IN THE SUV

Alyssa glances up through the window. Spots Lanky as he pulls the trigger --

In that instant, with all her strength, she KICKS THE BACK DOOR OPEN. The bullets tear into the lining, SHIELDING Monroe --

Ignoring the pain from his wound, Monroe finds the assault rifle within reach. Grabs it. Kicks the backdoor shut, and fires a burst up at Lanky --

LANKY

takes the bullets across his chest, killing him instantly.

IN THE STREET

A TACTICAL SOLDIER emerges from the Old Post Office as  
MONROE

climbs to his feet. Glances inside the Suburban. Finds Alyssa staring back him, her eyes bloodshot.

TACTICAL SOLDIER

fires off a burst -- but the bullets sail wide --

MONROE

returns fire. A bullet tears into Tactical Soldier's skull. His body drops to the ground without protest.

INT. GOODMAN'S SUBURBAN

Monroe stumbles back in. Finds Goodman and Alyssa staring at his bloody shoulder.

ALYSSA

Will..?

MONROE

Yeah?

She winces the pain in her head, then manages...

ALYSSA

Could you hurry it up, we've got a plane to catch.

He tries to smile.

MONROE

What was I thinking.

INT. OLD POST OFFICE - DAY

Towe peers out the window, her weapon aimed, as the armored U.N. Suburban races off across the highway.

INT. OLD POST OFFICE, STAIRWELL - DAY

Towe bounds down the stairs, two at a time, diving for the exit --

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE. - DAY

Towe stumbles out into the street. Spots a MOTORIST who just witnessed the ambush, struggling for his car --

Towe throws him aside, grabs his keys, and jumps into the car. With a roar, she races after the Suburban.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Suburban rockets down the highway.

EXT. PRIVATE AIR FIELD - DAY

The sun has begun to set as the Suburban pulls into the airfield. The Gulf Stream awaits their arrival.

THE SUBURBAN

skids to a stop. Monroe helps Goodman and Alyssa onto the tarmac. They start for the jet.

With Alyssa's strength is all but gone, Monroe wraps his arm around her waist for support.

MONROE

We're there. You're gonna be okay.

KRACK!

Monroe is thrown to the ground as a GUNSHOT echoes across the tarmac. Blood oozes from his chest.

ALYSSA

staggers, goes pale at the sight of Monroe.

ALYSSA

No!

His face goes pale as Goodman turns to find

TOWE

emerging from her stolen car. Gun aimed. Ready to end it.

Without thinking, Goodman grabs Alyssa and bounds for the plane. She tries to resist, but she's just too weak.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

We can't leave him!

Towe slowly follows, passing Monroe. Finds no signs of life. She brings Goodman into her sights and

MONROE'S EYES

snap open. Somehow he's alive.

His bloody fingers wrap around the handle of his gun, and with what little strength he has left, pushes himself to his feet. Lumbers forward. Gun raised.

Towe doesn't realize he's behind her -- until -- at the last moment -- her instincts scream -- too late --

Monroe pulls the trigger --

Alyssa and Goodman hear the GUNSHOT. Turn to see

Towe, as she crumbles to the ground, dead.

Monroe staggers towards the plane, then slumps to the ground.

Alyssa staggers back to Monroe. She kneels beside Monroe.

MONROE

(dazed)

Alyssa...

ALYSSA

It's okay... I'm right here.

His eyes are focused on something far away. She cradles him in her arms.

MONROE

Alyssa, listen... you're important...

ALYSSA

Will...

MONROE

No, do you understand? You're important. You're someone. Don't forget that. You're more...

ALYSSA

Don't talk, just breathe. Do you see the candles...?

MONROE

I can only see you...

His breathing stops as the last measure of life leaves his face. It's over.

She gently closes his eyes. Looks up to find Goodman standing over her.

He motions towards the plane's doorway, where Goodman's Aide and a U.N. TRANSLATOR stand.

GOODMAN

We have to get you on the plane.

She wipes her face. Nods. Slowly stands. She steps towards the plane with Goodman at her side.

INT. GULF STREAM - DAY

The Translator helps Alyssa into the seat. He quickly attaches wires to her head, which lead to a simplified version of the machine Royce tried to use.

She glances out the window towards the tarmac as Goodman's Aide tends to Monroe's body. She doesn't take her eyes off him.

EXT. GULF STREAM - THAT MOMENT

The jet comes to life. Starts down the runway as the ENGINES FLARE. The wheels come off the ground.

INT. GULF STREAM - DAY

Alyssa watches as the jet races up through the clouds, and into the clear sky that stretches as far as the eye can see. She takes a breath and closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. D.C. STREETS - DAY

A car zooms through the district. The skyline has changed. The CONSTRUCTION CRANES seem to be DISMANTLING THE SKYSCRAPERS.

INT. CAR - DAY

Alyssa sits at the wheel. Her hair is longer, there's more color in her skin. She looks at ease.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO YEARS LATER

INT. TURNER INSTITUTE, LOBBY - DAY

Alyssa moves through the pristine hallway with a purpose. A DOCTOR meets her along the way.

INT. STERILE WHITE ROOM - DAY

The Doctor leads Alyssa into the white room.

A MAN stands at a window, his back to her, staring out at the world for the first time.

DOCTOR

William?

The man turns to face them. It's Monroe. Only it's not. The scarring on his face is gone. No trace of his violent past remains.

Monroe and Alyssa regard each other for a long moment.

ALYSSA

Will, my name is Alyssa. I'm here to take you home.

EXT. BEACON POINT - DAY

Alyssa's car pulls past a REBUILT DOCK. Comes to a stop in front of the country cottage.

With his mask on, Monroe steps out of the car and takes in the familiar sight.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE, BACKYARD - DAY

The orange sky ripples into the distance as the day comes to an end.

Alyssa steps from the cottage to find Monroe on the shore, his mask still on, staring out at the bay.

She finds a spot next to him, nods and watches as he carefully takes the breathing mask off.

Able to breathe, they regard each other with a hopeful light in their eyes.

ALYSSA

What do you think?

MONROE

It's exactly how I remember it.

FADE OUT.