

DELIRIUM

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

DARKNESS. *Heavy gasps for breath.* Bare feet pounding a rocky beach.

REVEAL A MAN, mid-50's, dressed in prison blues, face obscured by the dark. *He runs for his life.*

BEHIND HIM -- POLICE OFFICERS pursue him on foot, flashlights bouncing, DOGS BARKING. The man reaches --

A FENCE. Ten feet of chain link. On the other side, DENSE FOREST. Signs declare "CITY LIMIT. DO NOT CROSS!"

Caught in a beam of light, the man grabs the fence with both hands. He climbs to the top and jumps, landing hard on the other side. He plunges into the darkness of the woods as the beam that followed him BLASTS BRIGHTER, TRANSFORMS INTO --

INT. LABORATORY - OPERATING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

A SURGICAL LIGHT. Against its brilliance, a latex-gloved hand holds up A SYRINGE. Its thick needle gleams. We hear the raspy voice of a teenage girl. This is LENA.

LENA (V.O.)

It's been 25 years since the Consortium identified love as a disease, and 23 since scientists perfected a cure.

The syringe is lowered toward a human ear. A MALE PATIENT, 18, sleeps on a stainless steel table, anesthetized. The needle is carefully inserted behind the patient's ear, forcibly piercing the skull. A subtle subconscious tension releases from this expression.

EXT. FEDERAL LABORATORY - DAY

A clean, symmetrical building; an American flag soars over the double doors of the central entry point. This is U.S. LABORATORY NO. 4278, ANNAPOLIS. Two long lines radiate from the entry. One for boys, one for girls.

LENA (V.O.)

Following evaluation, we receive this cure when we turn 18. It's like a birthday present, shot straight into your brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO POLICE OFFICERS in sleek uniforms push open the doors (one of them we will soon know as ALEX, 20). There's a small sign above them. A motto: SAFETY. SANCTITY. COMMUNITY.

LENA (V.O.)

For the rest of your life, you're immune from the pain of loss and betrayal and abandonment...

EXT. LABORATORY ROAD/INT. CAR - DAY

A picturesque, idyllic American town, vibrant in the spring. An electric car travels down a tree-lined road.

LENA (V.O.)

But while you're still 17, anything can happen.

IN THE CAR -- LENA HALOWAY, 17, sits in the passenger seat, watching the world go by. Her defiant, confident veneer conceals her complicated mind. She wears her favorite denim jacket over her private school uniform, and a thick layer of teal eye shadow for this special day.

Her older sister RACHEL, 26, drives a little too fast for a woman in a cashmere twin set. The sisters share similar physical features, but Rachel's vibe is less "cool older sister" and more "exhausted mom".

RACHEL

Okay, what about sports? What sports do you play?

LENA

They'll know that. They have my school record.

RACHEL

Just answer the question.

LENA

Soccer and softball. And I was co-captain of the cross-country team last year.

RACHEL

What's your favorite subject?

LENA

Anything but math.

RACHEL

Don't say that. Say English.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA
I hate English.

RACHEL
Lena.

LENA
Fine. Whatever. English.

RACHEL
Not "whatever". Just "English".

LENA
(exasperated)
I said, English. You act like I have no
clue what I'm doing.

The car pulls to the curb at the lab's gate. Lena sees the lab, the two lines forming outside, stretching in either direction. Rachel throws it in park.

RACHEL
You think you know what you're doing, but you don't. This evaluation is important, Lena. Who you marry, how many kids you have, you don't want to screw that up --

LENA
I know.

RACHEL
I wish I could tell you to be yourself, but you need to be better than yourself. And don't talk about mom and dad. If they ask, just say you were young. You don't remember anything.

Lena spots a gorgeous blonde girl wearing skinny purple jeans beneath her school uniform. HANA, also 17, is standing at the end of the girls line. She waves. Lena grabs her silver-star backpack and jumps out of the car.

LENA
There's Hana. See you in a few.

RACHEL
Okay. Good luck. I don't mean to be hard on you. I just want you to have the same opportunities that I've had. I've been so fortunate --

Lena slams the door, and runs toward her friend.

EXT. FEDERAL LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Lena lands at Hana's side, cutting in line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

God, my sister is driving me nuts.

HANA

My mom, too. She made flashcards. "Do you like pets?" I told her, I'm not gonna be so freaked out I forget I like the dog.

(admits)

I am a little nervous.

LENA

It's all good. Don't worry.

Hana starts to bite a painted fingernail.

LENA (CONT'D)

Don't bite your nails. It's a sign of weakness.

(offers her hand)

Here. Bite mine.

Hana clutches Lena's hand for support. We see they wear the same polish, four grey nails, one green... partners in crime. Lena looks toward the Officers, manning the doors.

LENA (CONT'D)

What are they waiting for? Let's go.

A loud BUZZ SOUNDS. Both lines move forward; Hana slides a look at the boys. Several of them are far from attractive. She takes a deep breath to calm herself. The girls disappear inside the building, beneath the motto over the door.

PRELAP: We hear a young man's voice, stating the same motto.

JULIAN

Safety, sanctity, community.

EST. SHOT - DAY: Washington D.C., in spring cherry-blossom.

INT. GRAND HYATT BALLROOM - DFA RALLY - DAY

A jam-packed rally for a political lobbying organization called DELIRIA FREE AMERICA (it's like the NRA).

ON STAGE behind a podium, in front of a wall plastered with the DFA logo, we find JULIAN FINEMAN, 19. Blue tie matching blue eyes, he's a prep-school heart-throb, the polar opposite of a bad boy. He's so good it hurts.

JULIAN

This country was not always what it is today. There was murder and suicide. Illness and misery.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)

But 25 years ago, we recognized there was one root cause to all of society's ills: a disease called Deliria Nervosa. For some, it was hard to believe an emotion thought to be the purpose of life was actually a plague on humanity. But through a long civil war, logic prevailed, and victory was won.

(the audience applauds)

And though many fought for a Deliria-Free America, I am here to introduce the man who exemplifies it today. My father, the President of the DFA, Thomas Fineman.

BACKSTAGE --

THOMAS FINEMAN is standing by (late 40's, conservative suit, laser-white teeth, John Boehner tan). His image-conscious wife LYDIA performs last looks. She's got a Kobe-size diamond glittering on her finger. Fineman touches his hair.

FINEMAN

How's it look?

LYDIA

Good. Don't touch it. We're ready.

He pops a Tums, puts out his arm to escort her. She takes it and the two of them stride --

ONTO THE STAGE. They are greeted by a flurry of cheers. Julian kisses his mother and steps back respectfully, allowing his father the podium. Fineman clears his throat; his voice carries a Virginia lilt.

FINEMAN

Welcome, all of you. It's great to see so many new faces out there today. Now, more than ever, the DFA needs your support. This organization is more powerful than ever. But we have recently discovered a core group of extremists, who want to challenge that power. They intend to stop the cure and spread the disease. They're out to destroy everything we've accomplished.

The crowd boos loudly. OFF THE CROWD... the noise FADES TO:

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD/INT. TRUCK - DAY

QUICK CUTS: Tense, mysterious images. A 5-TON TRUCK stops on a gravel road, alongside a pretty green cow pasture.

IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK -- FIVE OMINOUS FIGURES dressed in black secure SKI MASKS with gloved hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One shoulder-holsters a 9 mm gun while another loads a camo backpack with a CROWBAR and BLACK SPRAYPAINT. The LOADING RAMP drops to the ground, beside a HERD OF COWS.

INT. LABORATORY LOBBY - DAY

The lab lobby is like a waiting area in an emergency room: rows of chairs, public service posters. Lena and Hana sit along the wall, filling out MEDICAL QUESTIONNAIRES.

HANA

I don't think I've had a tetanus shot.

Lena, pen and clipboard resting in her lap, already finished.

LENA

Yeah you have. That time you stepped on the broken bottle at the pool.

HANA

Oh, right.

(re: her questionnaire)

You're done already?

LENA

Yep. I'm one-hundred-percent ready.

ALEX (O.S.)

Then let's get you started.

An Officer appears in front of them. ALEX, 20, is attractive in a subversive way. He's James Dean of the Cops; a sense of humor lurks behind a stern facade. Lena jumps up, hands him her questionnaire.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Lena, is it?

LENA

Yes. Lena Haloway.

ALEX

Lena Haloway.

He looks at her. They LOCK EYES for a memorable moment. For a beat, neither of them speak.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Today's a big day, Lena.

LENA

So I've heard.

They stand face to face for another beat before he turns on a heel, leads her to the steel door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks back at Hana, makes a face. Hana smiles a bit wistfully as she goes. Evaluation is like graduation... life is about to change.

HANA

Break a leg.

Lena follows Alex as he opens the door for her. He watches her thoughtfully as she passes through, disappears inside.

INT. LABORATORY EVALUATION ROOM - DAY

A LARGE DARK ROOM. Like a sound stage, with WIDE LOADING DOCK DOORS closed at one end. A panel of FOUR EXPERTS sits at a dimly-lit table.

Lena steps onto a small stage, suddenly awash with light. The HEAD EVALUATOR, a woman in a white coat, holds Lena's medical questionnaire in a small stack of files. Her voice is eerily amplified by a microphone.

HEAD EVALUATOR

Good morning, Lena.

LENA

Good morning.

HEAD EVALUATOR

This evaluation, in combination with your family history and academic report, will help us determine a suitable match for a spouse and a probable number of offspring. We are here to assess your proclivities and preferences. There are no right or wrong answers. Your procedure will then take place on your 18th birthday. Any questions?

LENA

No, ma'am.

HEAD EVALUATOR

Okay. I see you've been healthy. Your father died of cancer?

Ouch. Painful start. But Lena doesn't flinch.

LENA

I guess so. I was a baby. I don't remember anything about it.

HEAD EVALUATOR

And it appears your mother committed suicide some time after. Her curative procedure had failed, evidently?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

Evidently.

Ooops. That sounded a little bitchy. She adds:

LENA (CONT'D)

I was raised by my sister Rachel and her husband Liam. They're the closest thing I have to parents.

The panel murmurs. Lena spots a shadow in the dark. ALEX watches from nearby. His gaze could qualify as smouldering.

HEAD EVALUATOR

Aside from a few minor disciplinary actions this year, this is an outstanding academic record. What's your favorite subject?

A SUDDEN NOISE drowns out the end of the Evaluator's question.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the wide doors, the 5-ton truck backs into the loading dock. A LOADING DOCK GUARD appears.

LOADING DOCK GUARD

Hey. Hey!

TWO MORE MASKED GUYS jump out of the cab and brutally grab the Guard before he can scream. One pulls the 9 MM pistol out of the Guard's holster, while the other wraps his mouth with duct tape.

BACK INSIDE --

The Evaluator continues.

HEAD EVALUATOR

Lena? What is your favorite subject?

LENA

I heard you.

HEAD EVALUATOR

Then what is your reply?

LENA

I'm trying to decide.

She just can't hide her irritation. Alex laughs. The panel does not. But before Lena can spiral any further...

AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM -- the WIDE DOORS SLAM OPEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRTY COWS STORM IN, bearing messages sprayed on their sides: *DEFY THE HERD. BELIEVE IN LOVE.* It's disorienting. A DEAFENING ALARM SOUNDS.

INT. FEDERAL LABORATORY - LOBBY - DAY

The officers in the lobby are alerted by the alarm.

QUICK CUTS: OTHER LOCATIONS AROUND THE LAB -- including the GUARD ROOM and the RECORDS OFFICE -- are abandoned as Regulators jump from their posts and mobilize toward the emergency in the EVALUATION ROOM.

INT. RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

A room lined with COMPUTERS and FILE CABINETS; crowbars shatter a large cage-reinforced window. Five of the masked figures enter through the window.

With the precision of a SWAT TEAM, one takes position to guard the door while the others head for the computers, entering PASS CODES to download files.

INT. EVALUATION ROOM - DAY

One EVALUATOR is brutally trampled as the others flee. Officers from all over the building swarm in to help control the stampede. Lena is relatively safe on the elevated platform, slightly above it all.

LENA (V.O.)

My father's favorite quote was written by a man named T.S. Eliot. He wrote a poem that said: "*Do I dare disturb the universe?*" Like many works of art, that poem is now forbidden. But I know what it means. Some people find it easy to go along with the crowd.

Alex stands to the side, observing the pandemonium. He appears amused, doing nothing to stop it.

LENA (V.O.)

But others stand against it.

Lena and Alex lock eyes once more before he slips out of the room. Off Lena, standing alone amid the chaos.

A BLACK CARD APPEARS: DELIRIUM

EST. SHOT: HALOWAY HOUSE - NEXT DAY

A classic Colonial. Flowers bloom in the front yard.

INT. HALOWAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rachel places a pickle on a turkey-provolone sandwich; her high ponytail reveals the TRIANGULAR SCAR behind her ear. LIAM, her athletic, affable husband, sits at the table in jeans and a sweatshirt. He just mowed their impeccable lawn.

RACHEL
You want pickles, don't you?

LIAM
Lots. How did your sister do at her evaluation?

RACHEL
How do you think? She blew it.

LIAM
What'd she do this time?

RACHEL
I'm not sure. She didn't give me the full story. I tried to tell her how vital this is, but she thinks she knows everything.

LIAM
At this age, they all do.

RACHEL
Fortunately, things were cut short by some kind of demonstration. Someone let a herd of cows loose in the lab.

LIAM
Cows?

RACHEL
Yep. Google it, it's all over the news.

Lena, dressed to jog, thumps down the staircase and whirls through the kitchen. She grabs the sandwich from Rachel as she passes, flinging a pickle back onto the counter.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
No!

LENA
Thanks! I'll be back in an hour!

Rachel slumps as Lena disappears out the door. Liam walks over, pats her on the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM

It's all going to be over soon. She'll be off on her own.

RACHEL

It's not like I'm trying to get rid of her. But it's so exhausting.

He walks over, rubs her shoulder, comforting but not intimate. She pulls two more pieces of bread out of the bag to start another sandwich.

CUT TO:

INT. RAM'S HEAD TAVERN - DAY

A Harbor Square restaurant, busy with a mid-day lunch crowd. Alex sits at a long marble counter with FOUR OTHER OFFICERS (including a gruff SERGEANT). They wear uniforms but their ties are off-duty loose, Top Gun-at-the-bar style, as they down their lunch. On the surface, they appear patrician and formal, but when they cop-talk, it's blue-collar banter.

OFFICER # 198

The records room is completely trashed. It's pure vandalism.

OFFICER # 330

No it wasn't. The records weren't trashed, they were stolen. It's those anti-government nut cases we keep hearing about. They used to stay in the woods. Now they're all over the place.

OFFICER # 198

That's a rumor. It's not true.

SERGEANT

Keep it down. This was a major breach of security. We don't need to spread it around ourselves.

ON ALEX. He's quieter, more calculating than the rest. The officers continue to talk in lowered voices.

OFFICER #330

I don't trust that new guy, the one who stands by the loading dock. How didn't he see this coming?

REGULATOR # 198

Max? He's Don's brother. He's cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGULATOR # 330

I don't know. I think they had someone working on the inside.

SERGEANT

Did you hear me? I said shut up. There's no one working on the inside!

ALEX

Yeah, Mike. Keep your conspiracy theories to yourself.

Alex takes a drink of a his soda, humored by their paranoia.

EXT. HARBOR SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

MEANWHILE -- Outside, Lena and Hana run past the Tavern, heading toward the boardwalk along the harbor shore.

HANA

I can't believe we have to wait all week for the results.

LENA

Don't worry. You did fine.

HANA

Did you see that one kid in line? His eyes were so close together, they were like one big eye. Like a cyclops.

LENA

You won't be matched to a cyclops. You're the luckiest person I know. It'll probably be that hot guy who lives next door to you.

HANA

If you think that guy is hot, you have bigger issues than I thought.

Lena slides her a competitive look, picks up speed. Hana grabs her shirt to slow her down.

HANA (CONT'D)

Wait! This isn't a race.

LENA

It is now.

The two of them take off, racing the last block to --

EXT. HARBOR SHORELINE - DAY

-- the nearby shore. Lena lands first. They high five in friendly competition, gasping for breath, and begin to walk.

They reach a boardwalk, overlooking the beach. AT ONE END OF IT -- A TALL CHAIN-LINK FENCE is visible. The same one the prisoner climbed in the beginning.

HANA

There's a party tonight. I heard about it on one of those underground websites.

LENA

Rachel will kill me if I get busted at a party. I'm already on her shit list.

HANA

We have to go! It's senior year. Our last hurrah.

LENA

Where is it?

HANA

37 Brooks Street, in Hunter's Ridge.

LENA

That empty development on the other side of the golf course?

ALEX (O.S.)

Hey!

A sharp voice interrupts them. Their heads whip around to see Alex, passing by on the boardwalk with other officers.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You girls shouldn't be down there. It's too close to the fence.

HANA

(in mock deference)

Yes, sir.

Silently, Lena recognizes Alex. He recognizes her, too. Neither of them says anything. Hana pulls Lena's sleeve.

HANA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

The girls climb onto the boardwalk. The officers walk off in one direction as Lena and Hana head in the other. Lena looks back over her shoulder. When she does, Alex is looking back over his.

EXT. FINEMAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

The Fineman home is a stately affair, near the banks of the Severn River. Thomas eats lunch with Lydia in their formal dining room, reading a state-sanctioned newspaper on his iPad -- something about an "ESCAPED CONVICT".

LYDIA

I took Julian to the doctor. They want to hold his procedure three more months.

FINEMAN

Damn it. He's fine.

LYDIA

Not according to Dr. Becker. His white cell count is still too low. It matters, Tom.

FINEMAN

I understand, but the older he gets, the more it makes me look like a hypocrite. My own son, running around, uncured --

LYDIA

You want him to die on the operating table?

FINEMAN

No. But I don't want him to catch the disease, either.

LYDIA

He has been acting a little strange.

The phone rings.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'll get it. Why don't you go up and talk to him?

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian stands at his bedroom window with a pair of binoculars (we don't see what he sees, but we doubt he's watching birds). There's a quick knock; he stashes them fast as his father opens the door.

FINEMAN

You busy?

JULIAN

Not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fineman comes into the room, makes himself comfortable.

FINEMAN

Your mother's worried about you again.

JULIAN

What's the problem?

FINEMAN

She's a mom. That's what they do. But I get it. It must be hard, getting to your age, still waiting. Still susceptible to your... emotions.

Julian has been feeling pretty susceptible lately. He lies.

JULIAN

I'm fine.

FINEMAN

Remember. It's all about self-control. Keeping the demons at bay. Want to hear something I've never told you before?

JULIAN

Sure.

FINEMAN

I fell in love once. Summer I turned 17. I was a lifeguard down at the beach. There was a girl there, my age. I called her Sunny. She was so gorgeous, you could go blind looking at her. We screwed our brains out in the parking lot, in the backseat of my '86 Caprice Classic --

They're interrupted by Lydia's voice from downstairs.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Tom? Senator Hargrove's office is on the phone.

FINEMAN

I'll take it in the study!

He stands up. Julian follows him.

JULIAN

Wait. What happened?

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julian follows Fineman down the large Georgian corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINEMAN

I couldn't stop thinking about her. I knew I was in trouble. I'd heard stories about kids who got the disease before the cure, and I didn't want to go down that road. So I quit. Never saw her again. But I thought about her, every day.

The two reach a closed door. Fineman pulls his keys out of his pocket, unlocks it. Julian is not allowed in.

JULIAN

Until you got the procedure, right?
That's what saved you?

FINEMAN

I'm still here, aren't I?

Fineman gives his son a reassuring thump on the shoulder and disappears into the study. He shuts the door; the lock turns audibly.

OFF JULIAN, locked out.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - THAT NIGHT

Hana and Lena cut through yards in Hunter's Ridge, a development abandoned by foreclosures. The windows are dark.

HANA

I wonder if this is considered trespassing.

LENA

Not if no one lives here.

Lena and Hana turn the corner; WILD PARTY NOISE emanates from a dark house. 37 BROOKS STREET. It's a teen-age party, attempting to be off the radar, but the noise is getting out of control. It surprises both of them. They stop.

HANA

Damn.

LENA

Now that is a party.

HANA

That is loud.

Lena looks around.

LENA

No one's gonna hear. Last hurrah, remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lena grabs Hana's hand, jerks her toward the party.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Lena and Hana open the door to find --

AN OVERWHELMING, ENORMOUS BASH. The place is packed with a throbbing crowd of teenagers, dancing, drinking out of red plastic cups. A blue-haired Latino kid wearing only tighty-whities spins the tunes from his computer. Lena and Hana exchange a look -- *you only live once* -- and enter the fray.

ACROSS THE ROOM --

We find ALEX. He looks different out of uniform. Even better. He stands with his best friend REN, a young Asian woman with a sharp wit under her American Apparel. She sucks down a shot, makes a face.

REN

Remind me not to drink too many of those.

ALEX

Don't drink too many of those.

She realizes he's distracted. Follows his eye-line.

REN

What are you looking at?

ALEX

That girl over there.

REN

Which one?

ALEX

Grey sweater.

REN

Slouchy hat?

ALEX

The other one. I met her yesterday, at the lab.

REN

Isn't there some sort of policy against picking up chicks at work?

ALEX

Probably. There's a policy against everything.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- Hana spots Alex. She elbows Lena.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANA

Oh my god. There's the cop.

LENA

What cop?

HANA

The one from the lab. Crap! He's coming this way.

Alex is walking straight toward them. Hana takes a sharp turn, disappearing into the crowd... but Lena is frozen in place. Alex lands in front of her.

ALEX

Hi.

LENA

Uh... hi. Am I in trouble?

ALEX

I don't know. Are you?

Lena wonders: *Is he fucking with me, or is he serious?* There's a sense of humor lurking, but it's hard to tell.

LENA

You know, curfew's not until midnight.

ALEX

Relax. I'm off-duty. I'm Alex.

He puts out his hand.

LENA

I'm Lena. But you know that.

ON THEIR HANDS -- grasping for a long beat.

ALEX

I've seen you before.

LENA

Yeah. Yesterday. And today, on the beach.

ALEX

I go down to the harbor between shifts. I see you running down there, all the time.

LENA

I guess you never forget a face.

ALEX

Yeah, I do. I just remember yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

There's a beat of tension between them.

LENA

I think you scared my friend. Typically, cops don't hang out at parties.

ALEX

I'm not a typical cop.

(a beat)

Anyway. You better go find her. See you around?

LENA

Yeah. See you.

He smiles and turns around, walks away. Lena sees the SCAR behind his ear. When he's gone, Hana reappears beside her.

HANA

What did he want?

LENA

I have no clue.

HANA

I swear, I think he likes you.

LENA

He can't. I saw his scar. He's cured.

CUT TO:

EXT. FENCE - NIGHT

ALEX, crossing the beach we saw earlier, heading for the fence. The signs reiterate that this is the CITY LIMIT. DO NOT CROSS.

But Alex pays no attention. He walks up to the fence and climbs over, then disappears into the darkness behind it.

Clearly not your typical cop. But who is he?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

TWENTY PEOPLE (various age and ethnicity) have gathered in the woods as a search party.

A man stands in front of them with an unmistakable air of authority: LAWRENCE TACK, 40, African-American, strategic, no-bullshit. As leader in the budding Resistance movement, he prefers the term "Community Organizer".

TACK

This has been a good week for all of us. The break-in at the lab was successful. And I'm sure you've heard about the man the Consortium calls Inmate 1373. The scientist who was sent to prison for creating an antidote to the cure.

He holds up a picture of the escaped prisoner we last saw running for the fence.

TACK (CONT'D)

He escaped from prison three days ago. We know he crossed the fence by the harbor, so that means he's out here, somewhere. He needs our help. And needless to say, his knowledge would be invaluable.

(passing around maps)

I've divided the search area into zones. Look for any evidence of his whereabouts and report back to me.

As the searchers fan out, Tack intercepts Ren and Alex, who are walking together.

TACK (CONT'D)

Ren.

REN

What's up?

TACK

I've got a good lead on an assignment in Washington, if you want it. But it's time sensitive.

REN

When would I go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TACK

Right now. It'd be a great opportunity to get inside the Consortium. You can stay at my house on Capitol Hill. You up for it?

REN

Sounds great. Sure.

TACK

I'll get you directions.

(to Alex)

Nice work at the lab. Those files are gonna be a wealth of information for us. Anyone know you were involved?

ALEX

I don't think so.

TACK

Stay there a while longer, so we can keep it that way.

Tack moves off. Ren looks to Alex.

REN

Looks like I'm headed to Washington.

ALEX

Congratulations. It sounds like a blast.

REN

How did it go last night with that girl? What's her name?

ALEX

Lena. It's interesting. We'll see. I'll keep you posted. Be careful in the big city. I'm sure I'll see you soon.

REN

Yeah. See you soon.

He gives her a punch in the arm, oblivious to the fact her feelings go beyond friendship. She watches him walk away.

PRELAP: A calm, female voice.

FILMSTRIP NARRATOR (V.O.)

Be aware of the first signs of Deliria Nervosa.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Hana sleeps on her desk, drool puddling beneath her lip as a HEALTH CLASS FILMSTRIP drones on.

FILMSTRIP NARRATOR

Symptoms of stage one: Insomnia. Loss
of appetite. Preoccupation.

Reveal Lena at the next desk, wide awake and preoccupied. Her eyes flick to a flyer on a bulletin board. *IF YOU OR ANYONE YOU KNOW IS SUFFERING FROM THE SYMPTOMS OF DELIRIA, PLEASE CALL 1-800...*

Lena turns away as THE BELL RINGS. Hana bolts up, bleary, out-of-it. She wipes her lip.

HANA

Is it over?

LENA

Yeah. I'll call you later, okay?

HANA

You don't want a ride home?

LENA

No. I feel like walking.

We sense Lena has other plans as she takes off.

EXT. RAM'S HEAD TAVERN - DAY

Alex sits alone at the Tavern, dressed for his shift, drinking coffee on the patio. He looks up and notices --

LENA, walking casually toward the harbor with her backpack. She is so obvious, wandering by, hoping to see him. He knows exactly what she's doing. She slides a glance his way.

ON LENA. She mentally kicks herself, suddenly embarrassed about her obviousness. But it pays off. Alex approaches.

ALEX

Hey, Lena.

LENA

Hey. Alex, right?

ALEX

(amused)

Yeah. Right.

LENA

I was just heading down to the boardwalk. I should be studying for my physics final but I thought I'd take a break.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I'm going that way. Want a police escort?

She smiles to herself, knowing she's busted. But her plan worked, so who cares.

EXT. HARBOR SHORELINE - DAY.

Alex and Lena walk on the boardwalk, side by side.

LENA

Thanks for staring at me during my evaluation.

ALEX

I wasn't staring. I was just listening.

LENA

Ah. Well, thanks for listening. I almost blew it.

ALEX

I heard what you said about your parents. That must have been hard for you. Just so you know, I would never tell anyone. I'm good at keeping a secret.

LENA

I don't like to talk about it.

ALEX

I get it. People can be so judgmental.

Lena slides a look at him, attracted to his sensitivity. Sometimes it's easier to bare your soul to a stranger.

LENA

The deal is, my mom had the procedure. But for some reason it didn't take. But she was... a really good mom.

(a beat)

Anyway. She couldn't live without my dad. I know, it's hard to understand.

ALEX

Not really. She loved him.

LENA

I just hope I'm not like her. I've waited my whole life to move on. I want this to be a good thing, you know?

She reaches out, dares to touch the scar behind his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA (CONT'D)

Did it hurt?

ALEX

No, not really. You're asleep the whole time.

(changing the subject)

Come on. Let's go down here.

Alex jumps down on the rocky beach below the boardwalk. Lena gives him a skeptical look.

LENA

Aren't we too close to the fence?

ALEX

You're allowed when you're with me.

LENA

You ever been in the water?

ALEX

Not this time of year. It's freezing. Have you?

LENA

I'm not allowed on the beach. How could I get in the water?

ALEX

You want to? Go for it.

She looks at him, challenging, then starts to run toward the water. He runs after her. The two of them kick off their shoes and run into the waves -- and it's colder than they ever imagined. She screams and he splashes her. She splashes back. We lift up and away, sun glinting off the cold water. The border fence is visible in the distance.

EXT. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CHECKPOINT - DAY

A blue-sky day in Washington. A highway checkpoint defines the western entry into the city.

A dark TOWN CAR pulls up. Both front and back windows lower. A uniformed DRIVER passes ID to an ARMED GUARD.

ARMED GUARD

Good afternoon, Senator Hargrove.

Reveal, in the back, SENATOR ELYSE HARGROVE: brilliant, nuanced, fiercely strategical. A Latina Ariana Huffington.

HARGROVE

Good afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He returns her identification and shouts to the gate.

ARMED GUARD

Clear!

Off the Senator's car, gaining access to the Capitol...

INT. RUSSELL SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - ANTEROOM - DAY

The U.S. Capitol Complex hasn't changed much since 1793. Thomas Fineman waits in the reception area outside Hargrove's office as Hargrove enters on heels as high as her aspirations. She has a MALE SENATE AIDE at her side.

HARGROVE

Mr. Fineman. Hope you haven't been waiting long.

FINEMAN

For you, Senator, I'll wait.

They shake hands with professional courtesy, but we sense a personal history here. The Aide opens the door to --

INT. HARGROVE'S OFFICE - DAY

The office reflects eleven successful years in the Senate, five as Chair of the Security Sub-Committee. Fineman takes a seat on the sofa, stretches back like he owns the place.

FINEMAN

I'm hearing good things, Elyse. You're an early favorite for the nomination.

HARGROVE

I have high hopes, but it's too early to tell. How's Julian? How old is he now?

FINEMAN

Just turned 19. His procedure is still on hold. Not an ideal situation.

HARGROVE

Must be getting hard to keep him in his plastic bubble.

FINEMAN

The key is to avoid "questionable material". Keeps the gas off his flame.

HARGROVE

I believe in the cure. But I also believe in an open exchange of ideas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

The rules have gone too far. People need room to breathe.

FINEMAN

I do keep my own library, suitable for adults, if you want to check it out. Want to stay ahead of the devil, you better get to know him.

A devilish grin. Hargrove leans in.

HARGROVE

I know the devil, Tom. The question is, why did he come to see me today?

FINEMAN

It's time to look forward, Senator. I've come to offer up my support. A DFA endorsement means a six-point margin.

HARGROVE

That's very kind of you.

FINEMAN

But. If you want me to play ball, you're going to have to stop going soft on this "Resistance Movement".

HARGROVE

It's harmless minority opinion, Tom.

FINEMAN

Not anymore. It's not some fringe group hanging out in the woods. They're all around us. You hear about Inmate 1373?

HARGROVE

Yes. I'm sure he won't get far.

FINEMAN

What about the lab in Annapolis?

HARGROVE

There was a protest of some sort?

FINEMAN

It wasn't a protest. It was goddamn Watergate. Confidential files were stolen. Information that can be used against us. These people are organized.

HARGROVE

I agree, they're a nuisance --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FINEMAN

They're more than a nuisance. They're terrorists. We've got a domestic insurgency on our hands!

Hargrove tries to stay patient through his hyperbole.

HARGROVE

What exactly are you asking me to do?

FINEMAN

Turn up the heat and shut them down. Root out them out one by one. Blanket search, house to house, screw the warrants. Seal up the borders --

HARGROVE

You're talking about an institutionalized infringement of civil liberties. We already have fences around every city.

FINEMAN

They climb right over them! We need the Great Wall. We need an army!

HARGROVE

That's ridiculous. It's too much to ask.

Fineman exhales. He takes a beat, as if he's giving up.

FINEMAN

I guess we agree to disagree. But those six points would have been a nice lead. Way out of the margin of error.

Off Hargrove... how bad does she want it?

EXT. HANA'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

Hana's house is more than a house, it's an enviable stone mansion. Hana lounges in her bathing suit by the pool, listening to her iPod. Her eyes are closed, feet tapping to the music as she attempts to soak up those first spring rays.

SOMEONE IS WATCHING, through the privacy hedge, directly across from her lounge chair. A perfect POV. Reveal --

IT'S JULIAN. He watches from his own yard next door, nervous, surreptitious. He can't tear his eyes off her... until Hana opens hers. She spots him immediately. Julian turns to walk away. Hana jumps up.

HANA

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian stops, turns around. He's busted. She's standing a few feet away in her suit, iPod now dangling around her neck. You can hear the faint noise of her music blasting.

JULIAN

What?

HANA

Were you just watching me?

JULIAN

No.

HANA

Don't lie. You were. Actually, I see you all the time up in your window with your binoculars.

Julian is embarrassed. Feels like a freak. Says nothing.

HANA (CONT'D)

I don't care. It's totally normal.

JULIAN

You're imagining things.

(re: her iPod)

Do your parents let you have that?

HANA

They bought it for me. They don't know what I listen to. Normal parents don't breath down your neck like yours do. You're aware that you're sheltered, right? Like no one else on the planet.

JULIAN

You know what my dad does for a living.

HANA

Yeah. It's the reason you're so weird. If I were you, I would poke my head out of that shell and take a whiff of the real world while you still can.

She's almost flirtatious. She's fucking with him.

HANA (CONT'D)

I mean really... have you ever broken a rule before? Just once?

(off his silence)

You might want to consider it.

JULIAN

Thanks for the advice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He focuses on her pink-lipglossed lip. It's like a big, shiny earthworm. Only hot. He wants to bite it.

HANA
You're welcome.

She turns around and walks away. Julian watches her butt twitch back and forth in her bathing suit. He closes his eyes tight, as if he might explode.

EXT. HALOWAY HOUSE - EVENING

Lena practically floats toward the house, she's in such a good mood from her time with Alex. She kicks off her wet shoes, thrilled... until she spots something sticking out of the iron mailbox near the front door. A STARK WHITE ENVELOPE marked EVALUATION RESULTS. Lena grabs it, rips it open.

As she reads the contents, her brow furrows.

INTERCUT: INT. HANA'S BEDROOM/INT. LENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hana is walking into her bedroom when the phone rings.

HANA
Hello?

LENA
It's me.

It's Lena on the other end, now in her bedroom, too. Both rooms are a teenage mess; Lena's is shades of grey and green, piled with books and notes and clothes. She throws nothing away. Hana's is pink and purple, elaborate in a gaudy way -- as if decorated by a Beverly Hills Housewife. A tiny dog wearing a red smoking jacket snoozes on her bed.

LENA (CONT'D)
I got my results.

Hana sits up sharply.

HANA
You did? What do they say?

LENA
It's not good.
(reads her results)
My husband's name is Brian Sharf.

HANA
Sharf?

LENA
Sharf. Like the sound a dog makes when it pukes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANA
Is he cute, at least?

Lena looks at the picture included. Brian Sharf is a boring white guy in a boring polo shirt, smiling a lizardy smile.

LENA
Hell, no! He's the captain of a *debate team*. We're assigned to have up to four kids!

HANA
I'm so sorry, Lena.

LENA
I can't believe it. It's like I'm being punished for being me --

SUDDENLY -- a THUMP at Lena's window. Like a big shoe hit it. She looks out. Alex is there. Lena can't believe it.

LENA (CONT'D)
Crap. I'll call you back.

HANA
Why? What was that noise --

LENA
Call you back!

Lena hangs up, leaving Hana wondering.

EXT. HALOWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Lena sneaks out into the dark, finds Alex hidden by a tree.

LENA
What are you doing here?

ALEX
I wanted to see you. After today, I thought, you'd want to see me, too.

LENA
Not now, all right? My sister is awake.

ALEX
Okay. When?

After getting her results, Lena's in no mood to play games.

LENA
I don't know. I don't get it, Alex.
What do you want from me? You've gotta be matched to someone --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I'm not.

LENA

That's not possible. Everyone is.

ALEX

Not me. The truth is, I like you.

Lena is almost offended by that statement.

LENA

You don't even know me!

ALEX

But I want to.

LENA

Why?

ALEX

Because. You don't pretend to be someone you're not. You're just you. And tell me if I'm wrong. But I'm pretty sure you like me, too.

Lena does. They are standing close.

LENA

No, I don't, all right? I can't. And you know it.

ALEX

Lena --

LENA

Just go, all right?

She turns away from him. Alex grabs her arm.

LENA (CONT'D)

Just leave me alone!

She rips away from him, heads for the house. Alex wants to stop her, doesn't know what to say. He makes a final plea.

ALEX

Life without love isn't living.

Lena keeps going, back into the house. She slams the door, leaving him alone in the dark. He walks away.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CAPITOL CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT MORNING

A formal meeting room. Senator Hargrove sits at the head of a six-Senator Security Sub-Committee. She begins, in a rehearsed, authoritative tone.

HARGROVE

You all know how much I value the right to free speech. But it's becoming clear that a number of citizens are beginning to exploit that right, in an effort to undermine our government. The laboratory break-in at Annapolis is evidence of an organization that is growing, moving past words into potentially violent action.

She opens a briefcase containing maps and files. (One of the maps illustrates how fences have separated urban sprawl, dividing cities from surrounding wilderness.)

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

I believe an emergency measure is warranted to rectify this problem before it gets out of hand. It involves a search and seizure program to identify members of this criminal movement and retrieve the stolen files. In the past we've discussed reinforcing the borders with electricity --

SENATOR WHITE

(interrupts)

And you've always disagreed. Elyse. What's gotten into you?

SENATOR REDD

It's a reversal. To say the least.

SENATOR WHITE

These ideas are ludicrous. Bordering on fascist.

HARGROVE

Not fascist, John. Just practical. As chair of this committee, security is my responsibility. I take it personally. This movement is a real problem.

SENATOR REDD

It is for the DFA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR WHITE

You're ditching moral high ground to placate Tom Fineman. Am I right?

Hargrove doesn't deny it. Instead, she poses a mild threat.

HARGROVE

Vote with me or against me. It's up to you. But as the next President of the Consortium, I suggest you decide wisely.

As the Senators exchange sideways looks --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. RUSSELL SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Hargrove walks back to her office with her Aide by her side.

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

What's next?

AIDE

I've been interviewing interns for your advance team and I've found a few I'd like you to meet.

INT. SENATOR HARGROVE'S OFFICE - ANTEROOM - DAY

In the reception area, several possible Interns are waiting.

AIDE

Senator, this is Rebecca Linn.

REVEAL REN... she stands up, looking smart, professional. Trustworthy. Hargrove likes her immediately.

REN

Pleasure to meet you, Senator.

HARGROVE

Rebecca, is it? Step into my office.

Ren walks into the Senator's inner sanctum, triumphant.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Julian walks down the hall toward the dining room. He sees his father's study door is open a crack. THE HOUSEKEEPER, AUDREY, is vacuuming. Her back is to the door.

THROUGH THE CRACKED DOOR -- Julian watches her drag the vacuum across the Persian rug. We get a glimpse of the room: tall bookshelves, wide plasma TV. Julian keeps going.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fineman and Lydia are in mid-brunch, mid-discussion in their formal dining room.

LYDIA

What more can we do? I think we've set a good example.

FINEMAN

I know we have. At this point, he makes his own decisions. All we can do is trust him.

LYDIA

This morning, Audrey told me she was cleaning his room and she found a pair of binoculars --

Julian enters the room. They shut up fast.

JULIAN

Hey.

FINEMAN

Hey, there. I was just telling your mother, I'm making an appearance at the Capitol on Saturday. I'd like both of you to be there.

LYDIA

Of course we'll be there.

JULIAN

Sure. We'll be there.

But as Julian sits down, he's preoccupied, thinking about something else.

PRELAP: The school bell rings.

EXT. SEVERN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - DAY

A wave of students spill out of their classes. Lena lingers, in no particular rush. Hana falls into step beside her.

HANA

There's another party tonight. Same time, same house.

LENA

No, thanks.

HANA

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

I just don't feel like it. That's all.

HANA

Because of your results?

LENA

That's part of it.

HANA

What's the rest of it? What's going on?

LENA

Nothing. Just drop it, okay? I don't
wanna go.

Hana is offended at the shut-down. She stops walking.

HANA

So what are you going to do? Sit around
and feel sorry for yourself all night?

LENA

What do you mean "feel sorry" for myself?

HANA

Admit it. You act like everything's all
good but deep down you think your
problems are bigger than everyone else's.

LENA

Like you should talk! Your life is
perfect.

HANA

Just because my parents are alive doesn't
mean my life is perfect.

Lena grows super-angry.

LENA

My parents have nothing to do with this!
Just go have fun at your party. That's
all you care about, anyway.

Lena turns and walks away. Hana doesn't chase after her.

INT. HALOWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lena runs in the door, straight up the stairs, passing Rachel
and Liam, huddled over a YouTube video ("Cute Hamster Eats
Broccoli"). They watch Lena rush by, without a greeting.

LIAM

What's her problem now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Who knows?

LIAM
How many days until her birthday?

RACHEL
Six.
(then)
And nine hours. And ten minutes.

Rachel and Liam laugh a little, until A DOOR SLAMS upstairs, reminding Rachel it's not funny.

INT. HALOWAY HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Lena's bulletin board. A sea of mementos and photographs. She likes celestial imagery, the idea that there's something else out there. Among it all, we notice an old, handmade card that reads "DO I DARE DISTURB THE UNIVERSE?"

Lena's hand reaches past this card and rips down a picture of Lena and Hana, wearing sombreros and making fish lips. She throws it behind her desk and flops on her bed. She looks out the window as DAYLIGHT DISAPPEARS; a glow-in-the-dark field of stars appears on the ceiling.

TRANSITION SHOT: EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sun fades to darkness. A beat; A LOW, DISTANT GROWL CAN BE HEARD. It grows louder and louder. It's a POLICE CHOPPER, swooping the street, searchlight scanning.

INT. HALOWAY HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lena wakes with a start as a CHOPPER'S SEARCHLIGHT sweeps the room. Rachel flings open the bedroom door.

RACHEL
Wake up. It's the police!

LENA
Why?

RACHEL
I don't know. Just get up!

EXT. HALOWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

COPS FAN OUT ON THE STREET, heading for individual houses. A WARNING blares from a speaker on a POLICE CAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER OVER SPEAKER

*Residents: prepare for search. Unlock
all doors. Exit with identification.
Electronic devices may be seized.*

INSIDE --

Rachel unlocks doors in a frenzy. She yells to Lena.

RACHEL

Is there anything in your room I don't
know about?

LENA

No!

RACHEL

Get your ID and get outside.

OUTSIDE --

Lena walks outside, looking around. The neighbors wait in front of their homes, getting "carded" and searched with metal detectors. A dick-head cop approaches Lena.

OFFICER # 451

Where's your ID?

Lena hands it over. He begins to wave a metal-detector wand over her. He stops when her necklace BEEPS.

LENA

That's my necklace.

OFFICER # 451

Maybe it is, maybe not.

He begins a humiliating pat-down, starting with her boobs.

INSIDE --

TWO OFFICERS enter the house with a purpose, like American soldiers blanket-searching for terrorists in Kabul. Rachel steps out of the hallway, practically colliding with one of them.

OFFICER #303

Hands in the air. Now!

Rachel puts her hands up. He shoves her against the wall.

OFFICER #303 (CONT'D)

Are you in possession of any stolen
documents?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

Of course not. We haven't done anything wrong.

Nearby, the other officer seizes Rachel's laptop.

OUTSIDE --

The pushy cop searches Lena. His radio squawks.

RADIO

Complaints of a disturbance in progress in Hunter's Ridge. 37 Brooks Street.

OFFICER # 451

(into the radio)

Copy that.

Lena's eyes grow wide, knowing that's the house where Hana is partying. The cop decides she's not a threat.

OFFICER # 451 (CONT'D)

Clear!

He moves on. As soon as he is gone, Lena turns and runs for her bicycle, leaning against the house. She jumps on.

INTERCUT: INT. PARTY - NIGHT

At 37 Brooks, Hana dances, deliriously happy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lena pedals furiously until she sees police cars ahead. She abandons the bike and runs, cutting between two houses.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Hana is dancing by herself, plastic cup in hand. Suddenly she sees Lena moving toward her through the crowd.

HANA

Hey! What are you doing here?

LENA

The cops are coming!

HANA

What?

Lena yells again but POLICE STORM THE FRONT DOOR, with DOGS straining on leashes. EVERYONE RUNS.

INSIDE --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cops swarm in, shoving kids on the floor, dogs chomping the runners. Hana disappears safely out the back door, but there are too many people crushing through it for Lena to make it. A DOG SINKS ITS TEETH into her leg through her jeans. Lena rips away and runs toward the closest escape: THE STAIRS.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Upstairs, Lena desperately seeks a hiding spot in the dark. She closes herself into a closet in an empty bedroom.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS PENETRATE THE DARKNESS, searching the house. Lena crouches in the closet, petrified. She sees the flashlight beam below the closet door as it SWINGS OPEN -- LIGHT BLASTS HER IN THE FACE.

ALEX

Come on.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

A shed stands in the backyard of one of the abandoned houses; its door tips on its hinges -- kicked in, then closed again. Alex and Lena hide inside. Lena examines her dog-bite, ripped through her jeans.

ALEX
Does it hurt?

LENA
A little. It won't kill me.

Alex peers out of the compromised door to see if they've been followed.

LENA (CONT'D)
Some pervert cop put his hands all over me.

ALEX
(irritated)
Which one?

LENA
How do I know? They all look alike, except you. Are you gonna turn me in?

ALEX
No. We'll wait here for a while, and then I'll take you home so you don't get caught for curfew. You know this is no way to live.

LENA
It's not like I have a choice. You're the one who works for them.

He sits down beside her. She pushes harder.

LENA (CONT'D)
Really, Alex. Why aren't you turning me in? It's your job.

ALEX
There's a lot going on that you don't know about, okay?

LENA
Then tell me. I want to know.

He resists. He's not used to telling the truth about himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA (CONT'D)

Tell me.

ALEX

Swear you won't repeat this.

LENA

I swear, I won't.

Alex takes a deep breath and spills it.

ALEX

The week before my eighteenth birthday, I walked out of my parents' house in Providence and I never went back. I never got the cure. I made this scar with an Exacto knife.

LENA

(stunned)

No, you didn't.

ALEX

Yes, I did. And I'm not the only one. There are lots of us, all around you.

LENA

Why would you do that?

ALEX

Because I knew what was going to happen. My parents were cured. They didn't love each other. They were just going through the motions. The truth is, every family, every town, is its own prison. I wanted my own life. Not the one the government chose for me.

Lena thinks about this whole revelation. It's huge.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So next time you tell me you don't have a choice? I'm going to remind you. You do.

LENA

Maybe you did. But I don't.

ALEX

Sure you do.

LENA

I could never just walk away from my whole life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LENA (CONT'D)

My sister is a pain in my ass, but if I never saw her again, I would miss her.

ALEX

It's not about what you're leaving behind. It's what's out there, waiting for you.

LENA

Nothing is waiting for me.

Alex hesitates -- he knows he's already told her too much. But this is an argument he really wants to win.

ALEX

There's something else I haven't told you. Something that might change your mind.

LENA

I doubt it.

Off Alex, weighing his options.

INT. SENATOR HARGROVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Senator Hargrove's home in the District is urban-eclectic and stylish. The morning chaos within reveals another side of her character: harried working mom of three. She talks to her Aide on her cell while fighting a sticky zipper on her daughter's jacket -- one of her twins (LUCIA & NOELLE, 6).

HARGROVE

(into the phone)

I'm running a little late. I was working on my opening remarks.

(to her daughter)

Hold still.

FREDERICK

I got it, Mom.

Her son FREDERICK, 18, steps in to help with the zipper. He's good-looking, strong, responsible.

HARGROVE

Thanks.

(into the phone)

I'm not going to abandon my base. This is the way the tide is turning.

As Fred fixes the zipper, he notices a stack of MAIL fall through the front mail slot. He shoots a sidelong look at his mother; she didn't see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks over and digs through the pile. In it, he finds his EVALUATION RESULTS envelope. He stuffs it in a pocket.

HARGROVE (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Okay. Meet you there. Bye.
 (she hangs up)
 Frederick, I saw that.

FREDERICK
 What?

She puts her hand out and Fred obediently hands over the envelope. He holds his breath as the Senator rips it open. Her eyes scan the results. She frowns a bit.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 What?

HARGROVE
 Two children. That's great. You're good with kids. And you'll still have plenty of time to practice law.

FREDERICK
 What about my match? Who is it?

The Senator quickly folds up the paperwork and shoves it in her tote bag. Digs for her favorite Isotoners.

HARGROVE
 No one we know. We can talk about it later.
 (then)
 I may need to pull a few strings.

Off Fred... knowing his mother, that doesn't sound good.

EXT./INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Fineman is doing a similar mad dash to get out of the house in the morning, fastening gold DFA cuff-links as he meets Lydia in their grand center hall. He kisses her cheek.

FINEMAN
 You look pretty today.

LYDIA
 Thank you. Where's Julian?

She calls up the staircase.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 Julian!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FINEMAN

Ah, he forgot, he's got a session with his math tutor. I let him off the hook.

LYDIA

Math tutor? On a Saturday?

FINEMAN

That's what he said. You ready?

LYDIA

I'm ready if you are.

Fineman and Lydia exit the front door; she shoots a suspicious look over her shoulder as they go.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - JULIAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julian watches out the window as his parents head for the town car waiting in the driveway. As a matter of fact, he is up to something.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - HALLWAY/STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Julian peers in the door as the Housekeeper vacuums, completing her daily chore. He waits for the right moment when her back is completely turned, and slips inside.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

The mood is electric; a large gathering has amassed to hear Thomas Fineman and Senator Hargrove on the Capitol steps. Hargrove waits nearby with her children as Fineman begins his announcement, Lydia at his side. His voice BOOMS OVER THE CROWD.

FINEMAN

Now is the time to consider our future. We need to select leaders we can trust. The Presidency is a job with enormous privilege and responsibility. I'm here to express my support for a person I've known a long time. Someone with undeniable strength of character and steadfast conviction. Someone we all can trust. The voice of a Deliria-Free future, and the next President of the United States. Senator Elyse Hargrove!

Hargrove appears, to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. It's her moment in the sun. She looks at Fineman, who also applauds, his smile victorious. He has the audacity to give her a wink.

INT. HANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hana is home alone. Muted on TV -- we see Fineman and Hargrove. Hana's EVALUATION RESULTS ENVELOPE sits nearby. She's afraid to open it. The doorbell rings.

AT THE FRONT DOOR --

Hana finds Lena. Grabs her immediately in a tight hug.

HANA

Oh my god. Thankyouthankyouthankyou for saving my ass last night. I'm so sorry for what happened at school, I didn't mean to say any of that --

LENA

It's okay. That's not why I'm here. We need to talk.

Hana suddenly notices the serious look on Lena's face.

LENA (CONT'D)

I haven't been totally honest with you lately. But I feel like I have a decision to make.

HANA

Lena. What is it? You're scaring me.

LENA

It's that guy we saw at the first party.

HANA

The cop?

LENA

Yeah. His name is Alex. But he's not just a cop. He hasn't had the procedure.

HANA

What are you talking about?

LENA

It's hard to explain. But I keep seeing him everywhere. It's like fate. And he said some things that make me think. Like about all the stuff we haven't had a chance to experience --

HANA

(aghast)

You aren't in love with him, are you?

LENA

It hasn't gotten that far --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANA

"That far"?

Hana is reeling. Totally shocked.

LENA

I'm confused. I'm having all these feelings I haven't had before. It's like I have no control over them --

HANA

You know what that means, don't you?

LENA

It's not what you think.

HANA

Yes it is! Listen to yourself!

LENA

What about you? Your "last hurrah, let's have fun" crap was all talk?

HANA

Lena, I may break a few rules once in a while but I'm not... I don't have the disease! I'm not one of them.

She subtly steps back; the body language is not lost on Lena.

LENA

Forget it. Forget I said anything.

Hana struggles for words. None come. She closes the door in her best friend's face and leans against it, bewildered.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR -- On Lena, shut out. Alone.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

The housekeeper exits the study with her vacuum, closes the door. REVEAL BENEATH THE GIANT MAHOGANY DESK --

Julian waits like a hiding child, eyes closed as if that would make him invisible. He hears the key in the lock as the housekeeper leaves, locking the door behind her.

Julian slips out and looks around the study for the first time. Through his eyes we see it is massive, elegant under a cathedral ceiling, filled with tantalizing shelves of books and DVD's.

He opens the desk drawers; under a stack of legal pads, he finds a bundle of old letters tied with a lavender string, signed in a girlish bubble script: "Love, Sunny". In one of the letters, he finds a picture...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

It is A YOUNG SENATOR HARGROVE, smoking hot in her red bathing suit -- *and there's another, more explicit shot.*

Blushing bright red, he replaces the stack and moves on to a box on a shelf, embossed with the words THE BEATLES. He opens it to find an IPOD.

MOMENTS LATER:

CLOSE ON: A PEWTER PHONOGRAPH HORN. But the phonograph is actually an iPod dock, sitting in the corner of the room. Julian plugs in the iPod, picks up the headphones. Puts them on his head. Hits PLAY. A big band sound emanates. It's a sound Julian has never heard.

McCartney begins to sing: *"Love, love, love. Love, love, love."* Lennon joins in: *"There's nothing you can do that can't be done. Nothing you can sing that can't be sung..."*

PUSH IN ON JULIAN. He sits down in a straight-backed chair. HIS MIND IS BLOWN.

CUT TO:

INT. SENATOR HARGROVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lennon continues to sing as Ren cautiously enters the Senator's office, dressed for her new day job. With the speech going on, she has the whole place to herself.

She double-checks to make sure she's alone, then pulls out a pair of latex gloves. She slips them on, and performs a quick but professional search for surveillance.

"Nothing you can make that can't be made. No one you can save that can't be saved. Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you... It's easy...."

Ren moves to the filing cabinet near the Senator's desk. She opens it up and removes some files marked CONFIDENTIAL. She opens them on the Senator's desk. She pulls out a DIGITAL CAMERA from her purse, begins to take pictures of the files.

"All you need is love. All you need is love. All you need is love, love... Love is all you need."

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR ROAD/INT. SUV - LATE DAY

Music fades as Lena waits for Alex in a spot not far from the harbor, but a little more private.

ON A NEARBY ROAD -- AN OFFICIAL-LOOKING SUV pulls up. For a beat, Lena panics, until Alex rolls down the driver's window. He is dressed in his most formal police uniform. Lena laughs, bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA

Is this your car?

ALEX

I "borrowed" it for a couple hours. I want to take you somewhere. Get in.

Lena hesitates, gets in the passenger seat.

EXT. "THE CRYPTS" - MAIN GATE - DAY

The SUV drives along a stone wall toward a tall iron gate. A gothic structure lies beyond -- the sandstone castle that serves as the Eastern State Penitentiary. It's a maximum security prison, better known to the locals as "The Crypts".

INSIDE THE CAR --

Lena grows anxious.

LENA

Why are we coming here?

ALEX

There's something I need to show you. But don't worry. You're just a visitor.
(off her hesitation)
You trust me, don't you?

She nods. He reaches over, takes her hand. Squeezes it.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A busy, heavily-guarded reception area full of visitors and guards. Lena and Alex pass through metal detectors to enter. Alex strides up to a SURLY CORRECTIONS OFFICER behind a bullet-proof window, leading Lena rather harshly by the arm. He places his official identification in front of the C.O.

C.O.

What do you want?

ALEX

This young woman has committed several misdemeanor crimes. I think a tour of the Capitol Crime unit may deter her in the future.

The C.O.'s eyes bore into Lena's. There's no way he is fooled by this ruse. Lena looks down.

C.O.

Ten minutes. No photographs!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His hand hits a BUZZER to unlock a heavy door nearby.

INT. DEATH ROW - MINUTES LATER

Alex leads Lena slowly down a bare, concrete hallway lined with painted metal doors to each cell. Each door has a slot, and a smaller "window-door" at eye-level.

ALEX

This prison was built way back in the 1800's. Until three days ago, no one had ever escaped.

LENA

What happened three days ago?

ALEX

There was a political prisoner being held by the Consortium, long before the Resistance was formed. No records were kept. His identity was wiped from the face of the earth. But he was known to be a brilliant scientist who could solve any problem. Including how to get out of here.

They reach one cell door at the end of the hallway; there is a number above it: "1373". Its smaller window-door is open.

ALEX (CONT'D)

His real name was David Haloway.

Lena is stunned. She shakes her head.

LENA

That's not right. My dad is dead. And he wasn't a criminal, he was a chemist, for the Consortium. He was finding ways to improve the cure --

ALEX

No. He was finding ways to destroy it. That's why they brought him here and lied to your family.

LENA

How can you say that?

The GUARD at the end of the hallway looks their direction.

ALEX

Because it's true.

Lena looks in the little window door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE -- The cell is empty, but scratched into the stone surface of one wall, amid notes and calculations, she can clearly make out a phrase. "DO I DARE DISTURB THE UNIVERSE?" Lena backs away from it, and from Alex, tears rising.

LENA

It can't be.

ALEX

I would never lie to you. Your entire life, your father has been right here, held against his will. I swear to you. He's alive.

Lena looks in the cell once again, mind reeling. Ultimately, it is a truth she wants to believe. She turns to Alex.

LENA

Where is he now?

INT. WASHINGTON ROW HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON A WHITE BOARD, covered with information related to the search of Inmate 1373. It could be at the FBI or the CIA, but it is actually located in a historic row house near Capitol Hill. The living room has been converted into a well-appointed office that serves as a home base and command center for Tack's search for Inmate 1373.

Ren sits down in front of a laptop computer. She plugs the chip from her digital camera into the USB drive.

ON THE SCREEN: Pictures appear, the ones she took in Hargrove's office. She zooms in on the map we saw earlier.

REN

Tack, look at this.

Tack walks over, sliding on his glasses to take a look.

REN (CONT'D)

The Senate is mobilizing reinforcements at the border today. They're electrifying the fences.

TACK

Haloway knows he's a fugitive. He won't try to get into the city.

REN

What happens if Alex tries to get out?

Tack frowns, sharing her concern.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - DAY

Lena and Alex sit together in a hidden spot at the beach. Lena's eyes are red-rimmed. Her world is now officially blown apart. Alex feels responsible.

ALEX

I wanted to tell you earlier.

LENA

I would have called you a liar. Why would he do this? My mom killed herself because of him.

ALEX

I know. Nothing will bring her back.

LENA

Everything I ever believed... my whole life has been a mess because of this!

ALEX

It wasn't your father's choice to go to prison. But it was his choice to run. We're looking for him right now. He may not even know a Resistance exists --

She turns to look at him, accusatory.

LENA

Is that what all of this is about? Your work for the Resistance? Were you manipulating me with all this talk about how you like me --

ALEX

No! I haven't told anyone about you. I didn't want you to have any doubts. When I first saw you, all those times, running at the harbor, I had no idea who you were. I just wanted to know you.

(then)

Now that I do, I want you to know the truth. And I want you to make an informed decision. Because you do have a choice.

LENA

I can choose to leave behind everyone and everything I know.

ALEX

It's the only way to avoid the cure. But you'll know me. And you can help us find your dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is all so much for Lena to process in a single day.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I know it's a big decision. You don't
have to make it today.

LENA
It's crazy. That's what it is.

ALEX
So am I. So are you.

Lena smiles at that. She looks at him; in this light, he looks particularly sexy. Lena leans over, close to A KISS... until she sees something over his shoulder.

LENA
Alex. Look.

IN THE DISTANCE --

MILITARY VEHICLES CROSS THE BEACH. Alex turns to see them.

LENA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

ALEX
I don't know. We better get moving.
Will you think about what I said?

LENA
Yeah. I will.

Lena kisses him fast on the cheek. No promises. She hurries away. Alex watches her go.

OFF THE MILITARY TRUCKS... moving toward the fence.

INT. LENA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lena, ensconced in her room by the light of a bedside lamp. She looks around at all the comforts of home, thinking... *this is what I will be leaving behind.* She spots the picture of Hana on the floor... she picks it up. *A huge wave of emotion hits her.* She sits down on her bed, overwhelmed, when she notices --

Her phone is no longer at the end of its cord.

What the fuck? She notices there are NEW LOCKS on her bedroom windows. Puzzled, she gets out of bed and opens the door to find RACHEL in her nightgown, about to knock.

RACHEL
Lena. We need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENA
About what?

RACHEL
You know what. I don't want to do this,
but you're sick. You need help.

Lena sees the cordless phone in Rachel's hand. Realizes:

LENA
Did Hana call you?

RACHEL
It doesn't matter. She wants what's best
for you and so do we. You can be happy,
like me and Liam --

LENA
You aren't happy! You're nothing!

RACHEL
Would you rather be mom?

Lena hears the door open. She hears voices -- POLICE
OFFICERS -- downstairs. Liam steps in, grabs her shoulder.

LIAM
They're here to take you to the lab,
Lena.

LENA
They can't. I'm not ready!

HEAVY BOOTS bang up the stairs. Lena turns and runs back
into her room, slams the door as Rachel yells to her.

RACHEL
I'm trying to help you.

ON LENA'S SIDE -- she backs away from the door, trapped and
betrayed. AS THE COPS BASH IT DOWN --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. POLICE CAR - EVENING

Lena sits in the back of a moving police car, face stained with tears. Her hands are cuffed in her lap. OFFICER #303 is behind the wheel. He checks the rearview mirror; a cage separates the front seat from the back.

OFFICER #303

You made this harder on yourself than it needs to be. There's a reason we do things the way we do them.

This sounds like Lena's old rationale. She mutters.

LENA

Shut up. Asshole.

OFFICER #303

What was that?

LENA

I told you to shut up. And then I called you an asshole.

The cop slams on the brakes harder than necessary at a red light in an empty four-way intersection. Lena lurches forward. He turns to address her.

OFFICER #303

Watch your lip. When we get to the lab, I don't want any monkey business.

Lena rolls her eyes at the term "monkey business".

OFFICER #303 (CONT'D)

You're gonna walk straight in the door or I'm gonna carry you. You understand me?

LENA

(off his look)

Yes, *sir*.

The Officer turns back around. We see Lena has pulled her small hand, painfully, half-way through one handcuff. She pulls harder and her hand pops out as the light changes green. The police car crosses the intersection when --

A BLACK SUV PLOWS SQUARELY INTO THE DRIVER'S SIDE, buckling the front door and shattering the windshield. Lena SCREAMS. The police car spins to rest at the side of the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Alex runs out of the SUV, no longer in uniform. The SUV's front end is crushed. He pulls open the cop car's driver door. The officer is half-unconscious, bleeding from the nose. Alex reaches past him, takes his walkie-talkie and pops the door locks, and yells to Lena.

ALEX
Miss, are you hurt?

LENA
No. Just dizzy.

ALEX
Come with me.

He reaches into the back of the car, pulls her out as MORE POLICE CARS APPEAR in the distance, headed their way.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We have to run.

Adrenaline surging, Lena takes off with Alex.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fineman heads for his study, in plaid pajamas with a bottle of whiskey. It's chill time, unapproved by the state. As he pulls out his key, he realizes the door is already unlocked.

INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julian reads a textbook when the Housekeeper appears.

HOUSEKEEPER
Your father would like to see you.

Julian closes his eyes. Fuck.

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julian enters the room to find his father in a calm mood.

JULIAN
You wanted to see me?

FINEMAN
I did. Sit down.

Julian eyes on the floor. He doesn't sit. Fineman doesn't ask again. Pours himself a scotch on the rocks.

FINEMAN (CONT'D)
I was headed into my office tonight when I noticed the door was open. I asked Audrey, and she said she locked it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FINEMAN (CONT'D)

She also said you had a pair of
binoculars in your room.

Julian shifts uncomfortably at this, doesn't respond.

FINEMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not accusing you of anything. I just
need to reiterate. There's a reason for
all these rules. They're for your own
protection. Soon, you'll be a new man,
and we won't have to worry anymore. But
sometimes, when you run a marathon, it's
that last mile that knocks you dead.

Julian nods, going numb.

FINEMAN (CONT'D)

It's not that I don't trust you, son. I
don't trust human nature.

JULIAN

(whispers)

I'm sorry.

Fineman is surprised; he wasn't expecting a confession. But
Julian, the fine young man he is, can't take the guilt.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I followed Audrey in there this morning,
when you weren't home. She had no idea.
I only listened to one song. I knew I
was wrong. But...

He finally meets his father's eye.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

It's such an enormous responsibility.
Doing the right thing all the time. But
that's no excuse. It won't happen again.

Now it's Thomas who looks away. His pleasant expression
flinches with disappointment. He tries to form the words:
It's okay, son. No big deal.

But something takes over. *An anger much darker than anything
that seemed possible for this good-humored man.* He turns
back to face his son, then PUNCHES HIM IN THE MOUTH.

FINEMAN

*Who the hell do you think you are? Get
out of my sight.*

Julian is stunned. He scrambles, backing away as fast as he
can. Fineman's face is purple with rage. He looks at his
hand. It's bleeding.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lena runs for her life down the street with Alex, cutting between houses, crossing streets. Alex's stolen cop radio SQUAWKS.

RADIO COP
Suspects heading west, King Avenue to Harbor Boulevard.

Up ahead -- POLICE CARS SWARM THE NEIGHBORHOOD, blocking their path. Alex pulls Lena back, flat against a wall.

ALEX
(into his radio)
Officer 717, code 12. Suspects in custody.

RADIO COP
Copy that.

Alex looks to Lena, tips his head in the opposite direction.

ALEX
This way.

Lena and Alex run in the opposite direction, putting distance between themselves and the flashing lights.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Lena and Alex find themselves in that abandoned housing development they both know well. They are now alone. Lena is terribly out of breath. She begs:

LENA
Stop. Please stop. Just a minute.

They stop, catching their breath. Lena looks back.

ALEX
Can't turn back now.

LENA
I don't want to. Where do we go?

ALEX
You're going to cross the fence right over here. Whatever happens, keep going. My friends will find you on the other side. They'll take you to a safe place --

LENA
You aren't coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Not now. I need to report to work. But
I'll meet you tomorrow.

(reassuring)

It's all going to be okay. I promise.
Do you believe me?

LENA

Yeah. I believe you.

They look at each other. He reaches out to touch her. The moment is suddenly still. *All the air in the world evaporates, time stops ticking.* THEY KISS, PASSIONATELY.

A BEAT. They separate. She starts to say something when -- A CHOPPER DESCENDS ON THEM. The HARSH SPOTLIGHT FALLS, shattering the moment and sending them to flee once more.

ALEX

Run!

EXT. STREET/FIELD - NIGHT

As the relentless aerial searchlight bounces around them, they reach an empty street. A "final frontier" of this town.

On the other side of this street, there is an OPEN FIELD. Lena follows Alex, crossing the empty street as POLICE CARS turn onto it, sirens screaming. Lena spots A FENCE in the darkness, on the far side of that field. The sheltering forest waits on the other side.

IN THE FIELD -- The CHOPPER'S SPOTLIGHT FALLS ON LENA AND ALEX, ILLUMINATING THEM with a blinding blast of white light. Alex screams to her again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't stop!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

ON LENA: she runs for her life...

...gasping for breath, feet pounding, just like her father did, running for the fence. Off her face....

FLASH TO QUICK CUTS: Fast final moments of all of our characters. Like a life flashing before your eyes.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

ON THE SENATOR: With her son Fred and twin daughters by her side, Hargrove greets a rope-line of waiting admirers, grasping hands, a political powerhouse on the rise...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON REN: In the throng, smiling brilliantly, blending in. The Senator's Aide watches her intently, with what could be attraction or suspicion...

INT. FINEMAN HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

ON THOMAS: Restoring his composure, bandaid on his fist, he drinks his whiskey and watches an illicit film on his big TV.
IN THE HALLWAY -- Lydia passes by without a word.

EXT. FINEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

ON JULIAN: Lip bleeding, humiliated and angry, he storms out of his house, toward the house next door. He rings the bell...

INT. HANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ON HANA: Alone, her head turns as she hears that bell ring. In her lap, she has opened her Evaluation Results. Her match is revealed: FREDERICK HARGROVE...

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

ON ALEX: caught in the searchlight as he RUNS. He purposely slows to fall behind. The light stays on him, allowing Lena to plunge into darkness as she reaches the fence.

BACK ON LENA: Running. She hears the CRACK of gunfire behind her. She turns to look behind her, sees Alex caught in the harsh white spotlight. He yells to her one last time.

ALEX

RUN!

Lena runs. The fence is twenty feet in front of her.

Fifteen feet. Ten feet. Five feet.

A sign becomes visible, one we have not seen before. It says "WARNING. HIGH VOLTAGE."

Too late to turn back now.

Will it kill her? What life waits on the other side?

She reaches out and grabs it with both hands as we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE