THE VISITORS

"X Marks the Spot"

Pilot Episode

Written by

Soo Hugh

Based on the Ray Bradbury short story "Zero Hour"

"Goodnight room, goodnight moon...
Goodnight stars, goodnight air...
Goodnight noises everywhere."

Goodnight Moon *(Margaret Wise Brown)*

Grady Girls and Amblin
3rd Draft
01/09/2014

©2013, ABC Studios. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

ACT ONE

EXT. COMMUNITY POOL - BETHESDA, MD - THE PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY...

And we all know this scene. The flavor of childhood coming to life before us... KIDS happily splashing away. MOTHERS gossiping over neighborhood drama. But then--

We notice THE LONE KID (age 6), standing by a hedge. Whispering to someone on the other side... We don't see who.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Harper! Time to go--

Little Harper turns to see mommy AMANDA (early 30s) waving.

HARPER
Not yet, mommy. I'm still learning all the rules!

Curious, Amanda comes over...

AMANDA
Who're you talking to?

HARPER
My new best friend.

Amanda, close enough to peer over the hedge, looks to the other side... No one is there. But Amanda, playing along--

AMANDA
And what's your friend's name?

HARPER
Drill.

AMANDA
That's an interesting name. Why don't you ask Drill to join us for lunch.

Harper turns back to the hedge, listening to a voice only she can "hear"--

HARPER
He said he would very much like that.

Amanda, trying not to laugh, gives Harper her pinkie to hold as they head towards the gate. Just before they exit...

Harper -- armed with an innocent smile -- looks back--

Still nothing. And yet. The trees start to RUSTLE in this bright windless day... Followed by the ominous CRACKLE of the power lines overhead...

Something doesn't feel right.

AUDIO PRELAP: *Cell phone RINGING--*

INT. ENTRANCE - HARPER'S HOME - DAY

The door is barely opened before Harper barges in. Amanda, rooting through her bag for the ringing phone, calls out--

AMANDA
No running in the house please.

HARPER
But time's running out. The game's already started..!

Her voice recedes as she disappears into the house.

AMANDA
(answering her phone)
Hi Liz, we just got home...

Amanda kicks the door shut and exits to another room. Instead of following, we hang for a moment in the empty entrance...

CREAAAKKKK..! The front door SWINGS open. Maybe just the wind. Maybe something else.

HARPER (AUDIO PRELAP)
I know..!

INT. LIVING ROOM - HARPER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harper, zipping over to a desk and opening a crowded drawer, calls out to Drill--

HARPER
I still remember.

As she gets busy frantically searching for something...

AMANDA (AUDIO PRELAP)
So Harper has a new friend...

INT. KITCHEN - HARPER'S HOME - CROSSCUT

Amanda pulls open a drawer and grabs a sharp knife--

AMANDA
He's what you call imaginary... I know, adorable... me neither. Wonder why some kids have them and others don't...

As she SLICES into a juicy red tomato--

INT. HALLWAY - HARPER'S HOME - CROSSCUT

Now standing on a chair positioned in front of an open closet, Harper reaches for THE TOOLBOX. Top shelf.

Almost... just a little higher... Harper gets on her tippee toes... Finally. Just as her hand makes contact--

Harper TEETERS.

INT. KITCHEN - HARPER'S HOME - CROSSCUT

AMANDA
Yeah, Harrison's leaving town today. One of the reactors is having problems--

Suddenly. A loud CRASH from the other room. Amanda, about to run out--

AMANDA
Ohmygod, Harper--!

HARPER (O.S.)
It's okay, mommy! Just dropped something.

AMANDA
(catching her breath)
There better not be a mess out there, young lady.
(into phone)
Sorry. Just Harper playing...

INT. GARAGE - HARPER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PING..! The garage lights FLICKER on. Harper -- knees now scratched up -- darts over to the work station. Her eyes go to--

THE HAND SAW. Hanging on the wall. Out of reach. As Harper pulls herself onto the table...

AMANDA (AUDIO PRELAP)
Liz, I gotta go--

INT. KITCHEN - HARPER'S HOME - CROSSCUT

Amanda places lunch on the kitchen table.

AMANDA
Yeah, I'll call you later.
(hanging up--)
Time to eat!

Amanda listens for running feet... Instead, silence.

AMANDA
Harper! Did you hear me--?

INT. HALLWAY - HARPER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Amanda walks in to find a busted-open toolbox. The floor littered with tools.

AMANDA
Wonderful.

She quickly tosses everything in the toolbox and gets on her toes to place it back on the top shelf--

AMANDA
You know you're not supposed to get into the toolbox.

Annoyed, Amanda enters--

INT. LIVING ROOM - HARPER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

No Harper. But same scene here. The floor a mess with the desk drawer contents. This time, Amanda doesn't stop--

AMANDA
Not cool, Harper. I'm counting to ten. You better get your butt out. Ten... nine...

Amanda exits the room. We hear her counting from the hallway--

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - HARPER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Amanda walks in to find the back door cracked open... A gentle breeze blowing through.

AMANDA
Harper..?

EXT. BACKYARD - HARPER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Amanda trudges into the empty yard. Face getting nervous--

AMANDA
This isn't funny. Where are you?

HARPER (O.S.)
I'm here!

Relieved, Amanda looks up... way up...

A spectacular TREE HOUSE. Built into a great oak tree. Harper, sticking her adorable face out of a cut-out window--

HARPER
Hi mommy!

AMANDA
You are not supposed to go outside without telling me.

HARPER
But I did! I yelled at you but you weren't listening. You're always on the phone.

AMANDA
Yeah, well I saw the mess you made inside. I'm not very happy with you right now. Please come down.

HARPER
I can't! The game isn't over.

AMANDA
Harper--!

But little Harper ducks back inside the treehouse.

AMANDA
What has gotten into you? I gave you an order.

HARPER (O.S.)
No. You need to come up.

Now furious, Amanda starts the climb up the rickety ladder...

CLOMP. CLOMP..! The ladder isn't meant to support an adult's weight. Any second now, it feels like she could fall...

EXT./INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thankfully, Amanda makes it to the top. She ducks in through the tiny doorway, passing a handwritten sign that reads: "*No big people allowed!*"

Inside, a dark room. Harper stands in a shadowed corner, whispering...

AMANDA
Who're you talking to?

HARPER
You know. Drill. But you're not allowed to talk to him... He says you're marked.

AMANDA
What's that mean?

HARPER
You're it!

AMANDA
Well tell him I'm not in the mood to talk to him either. Now let's go--

She's about to step forward but suddenly FREEZES... There. In the shadows... A flicker of light. *Is someone there??*

AMANDA
Harper, who's really there?

HARPER
I already told you, mommy. You never listen!

AMANDA
Come into the light, sweetie. I want to see you.

HARPER
No. Not till we finish the game. X Marks the Spot!

Harper points down. Amanda's eyes follow...

Here, on the baseboard -- drawn with a red sharpie in Harper's hand -- an EERIE SPIRAL SYMBOL with a mysterious X mark looming in the middle.

HARPER
You s'pposed to step on it.

And now we see it. The unmistakable look of FEAR flashing on Amanda's face. Her mommy's instinct kicking into overdrive.

AMANDA
We need to get out of here. Now.

HARPER
Why aren't you playing, mommy?! You don't want me to win!

Harper starts to cry. Amanda, trying to cover the panic in her voice--

AMANDA
Okay. I'll step on it. Then we go down, okay?

Harper nods. Face smiling again. Slowly, Amanda steps forward... *CLUNK.* Her feet lands on our mystery symbol. And nothing happens.

Phew! Relief floods over Amanda's face. With a closer view into the shadows, she realizes...

No one's there. Just her imagination playing tricks. But she notices various tools on the ground...

A red sharpie. Hammer. Screwdriver. Hand saw.

AMANDA
(puzzled)
Why are these here--?

And just as she steps forward to grab the tools--

CRAAACKK! The baseboard under her feet *SPLITS!* open... Amanda goes SHOOTING down... SMASHING her head hard on the ground. Quickly going unconscious.

HARPER
I did it! I did it!
(beat)
Drill?

Harper spins around, searching the treehouse...

HARPER
Where are you? I won!

Finally, something starts to dawn on her. Harper bends down over the cracked hole and looks down at her mommy--

Splayed out on the ground. Blood now pooling around her head.

HARPER
Mommy?
(no answer)
You can wake up now. The game's over... Mommy, WAKE UP!

But mommy's not waking up. Mommy's in trouble. Off Harper, starting to WAIL all alone in that great tree house...

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - TOWSON, MD - DAY

Another classic Americana scene. This time, it's the hallowed tradition of Little League. And here, we meet CLAIRE BENNIGAN (early 30s)...

Sitting alone in a sea of two-parent households. Caught in a private moment. She's somewhere else. A deep, profound SADNESS hanging over the pretty face. Clearly, a story here.

But the sound of CHEERS snaps her back to the present. Claire looks up to see HENRY (age 7) stepping up to the plate. Her face lights up.

CLAIRE
Come on, Henry! You can do it!

Henry looks to the stands and LOCKS EYES with Claire. All Claire has to do is nod... *This is your moment.*

Henry smiles. He understands. Scrunching his face in absolute concentration, he focuses on the PITCHER. Ball comes FLYING-

THWAP! Henry's bat meets ball and off he goes--!

CLAIRE
(jumping to her feet)
Go, Henry, go!

Just as Henry slides safely into second--

Claire's cellphone RINGS. Caller ID: "*WORK.*" She looks at her phone for a beat. Her face conflicted.

Meanwhile, TEAMMATE 1 steps up to plate. He SWINGS... Misses! But all Claire can focus on is the ringing phone...

A part of her doesn't want to answer it. But the part that can't resist wins out--

CLAIRE
This is Agent Bennigan.

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
Claire. It's Director Myers.

CLAIRE
(voice formal)
Hello, Sir.

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
How are you?

Claire, still getting used to answering "that" question--

CLAIRE
I'm... fine. How can I help you?

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
I know you're still on leave but... A case just came in. Six year old girl tried to kill her mother. All signs point to premeditation.

Strike two!

CLAIRE
That's horrible but sounds like something for the locals.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
Turns out the kid's dad heads up the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. By jurisdiction, the case turns over to us. National security.

CLAIRE
We both know these cases are just a formality. Any Specialist can take it. Why call me?

Strike three! Teammate 1, dejected, walks back to the bench. TEAMMATE 2 steps up.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
I don't like these cases. You never know. They could blow up on you, turn high profile. I'd feel better knowing you were on it.

CLAIRE
You sure you're not just worried about me?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
Claire, it's been three months. Just figured a case would do you good. If I'm wrong... say no.

But she doesn't. Instead, she looks up--

Henry is now watching her. A worried look haunting his eyes. Claire tries to smile back reassuringly... But Henry's not buying it.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MYERS (O.S.)
Claire? You there?

CLAIRE
Okay. I'll be right in.

Claire hangs up and runs to the sidelines, just feet from Henry's base. Before she can say anything--

Henry starts moving his hands. Sign language. Henry is deaf.

CLAIRE
(signing as she talks)
Yeah. It was the office again.
(off Henry, signing--)
I know. It's what your dad would've wanted. Just wish... just wish it wasn't right now. I'll have Perlin take you home, okay? But promise me something...
(off Henry's look--)
Make it home.

Henry breaks into a big smile, nodding. It's a promise. Just then-- *THWACK!* Teammate 2 smacks the ball.

CLAIRE
Go! Run!

Henry, not needing to be told twice, hustles--

Claire steps off the field. Turning back, she sees Henry sprint towards home base... *SAFE*!

The first thing Henry does is look back towards Claire. She signs something back... "*I love you.*"

INT. FBI BULLPEN - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Claire walks into a maze of cubicles. Her arrival receives a reaction. Some sympathetic nods. Some uncomfortable shuffles. A FELLOW AGENT, passing by, gives Claire a too bright smile--

FELLOW AGENT
Claire. How are you?

That damn question again. But Claire, smiling tight--

CLAIRE
I'm fine. Thanks.

She hurries straight to a glassed-in corner office. Inside, BUREAU DIRECTOR ALEX MYERS (late 50s) and JESSUP ROLLINS (African American, late 30s), talking--

CHYRON: ***FBI. Baltimore Field Office***

INT. FBI OFFICE - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Claire walks in--

CLAIRE
Came as fast as I could.

Claire picks up on the snap of recognition in Jessup's eyes. He knows who she is. And he ain't too happy to see her.

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
Agent Rollins, this is Claire Bennigan. She'll be our Child Specialist on the case.

Jessup, recovering, offers his hand--

JESSUP
Looking forward to working with you.

CLAIRE
Yeah, I see that.

Before Jessup can answer back, Claire turns to Myers--

CLAIRE
So what do we have?

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
(handing Claire the file)
As I said on the phone, the crime scene -- clear signs of tampering with the treehouse.

Claire -- forcing herself to push past Jessup's reaction -- studies the harrowing photos from the crime scene. She doesn't like what she sees.

CLAIRE
You're telling me a six year old kid did this by herself?

JESSUP
C'mon, Agent Bennigan. You know kids these days. Probably learned it on the internet.

CLAIRE
Clearly, you don't have kids.
(to Myers)
Any signs of a security breach?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MYERS
Not yet. Doubt we'll find anything.

CLAIRE
And what about the girl? She say anything?

JESSUP
Apparently we were waiting for you.

Before Claire can quip back--

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
Okay, the two of you don't have much time. The girl's father's on his way.

CLAIRE
Then let's get started.

As Claire and Jessup start to head out--

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
Rollins. A word.

Claire meets Myers' eyes. *What are you up to?*

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
He'll be right there.

Claire has no choice. She goes on ahead.

JESSUP
Sir, is there a problem?

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
That depends on you. I know there's been some talk going around about Agent Bennigan.

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS (CONT'D)
I'm sure I don't need to remind you that you yourself have been the subject of office talk. Two disciplinary reprimands worth of talk. But I stood by you. Why? Because you're a good agent. Better than most people probably realize. I feel the same way about Agent Bennigan, and for God's sake -- she just lost her husband. So do me the courtesy of rising to the occasion and doing your damn job because I assure you, that's what she's going to do. Am I making myself clear?

JESSUP
Crystal clear. Sir.

BUREAU DIRECTOR MYERS
Good. Now go close this case. I want it off my desk.

With a gritted teeth nod, Jessup exits--

MINX (AUDIO PRELAP)
Mommy, look!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

LENA LAWRENCE (mid 30s) -- surrounded by well-groomed MOTHERS standing along the sidelines -- looks over at a grassy patch to see daughter MINX (age 9) waving enthusiastically.

Happy to see she has mommy's full attention, Minx shows off a perfect backflip.

LENA
That was amazing, Minx!

Beaming, Minx takes a dramatic bow and goes back to the other KIDS -- running around, screaming. Just having plain fun.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Looks like the gymnastic classes are paying off.

Lena turns her attention back to CALLIE (early 30s).

LENA
Yeah, they are, aren't they?

CALLIE
Wish I could say the same about Noah's piano lessons. I totally caved in and did the bribing thing...

But Lena isn't listening. She's lost in her thoughts, her eyes following Minx on the playground.

CALLIE
Hey, everything okay?

Lena, shaking off her thoughts, gives Callie her full attention. Smiling brightly--

LENA
Sorry, you were saying...

But Callie's not buying it. Careful--

CALLIE
Lena, how are things going with you and Wes? And if you don't want to talk, just tell me to shut up.

Lena drops the smile. We get a glimpse of her real face. Vulnerable and unmoored.

LENA
Y'know... We're still working through it. The new job is helping.

CALLIE
What's he doing again?

LENA
He's with the Defense Department now. Special Projects. Not really sure what that means but... at least he's not around her anymore. Guess that's a start.

CALLIE
Maybe I shouldn't be saying this but... Lena, I hope he realizes how lucky he is not to have lost you.

LENA
Yeah, well... What choice did I have?

Embarrassed, Lena looks away and goes searching for her anchor... She finds Minx, sprinting to a pole and tagging it--

MINX
I win!

Emboldened by Minx's victory smile, Lena turns back to Callie, staring her straight in the eyes--

LENA
Besides. I still love him.

EXT. SAHARA DESERT - ALGERIA - DUSK

The other side of the world. A true no man's land. Just sand and scorched earth as far as the eyes can see. And here--

A PROP PLANE touches down for a bumpy landing on a barely there landing strip...

CHYRON: **Sahara Desert. Algeria.**

The plane engines WHIRL down. The door opens. Out steps...

WES LAWRENCE (late 30s), suit and tie handsome, and his assistant PETER KIM (late 20s), not looking too good.

WES
(yelling over the engines)
You okay?

PETER
I think so. Just don't let me puke on this suit. It's new.

But Wes' attention is now focused on the striking figure awaiting at the bottom of the plane--

GENERAL MALEK HAMOU (late 40s), high ranking military insignia on his lapels. In the background, a MILITARY CONVOY TRUCK. As Wes and Peter approach the General--

WES
General Hamou, Wes Lawrence. This is my assistant, Peter Kim--

GENERAL HAMOU
(in a hurry)
The truck is waiting.

Wes and Peter -- sharing a look -- pick up their pace--

WES
Now that we're here, you mind telling us what this is about?

GENERAL HAMOU
As I explained on the phone, it's best if you see for yourself.

WES
(stopping in his tracks--)
I don't think so. You got us here because your government said quote "it was a matter of urgent national security." Well we're here now, but until I know what this is about, we're not getting in that truck.

General Hamou sizes Wes up. Realizing he's met his match, he relents. Drawing close to Wes, voice going low--

GENERAL HAMOU
Something was found in the desert. Something... concerning.

WES
I'm going to need more detail than that.

General Hamou takes out his cellphone and flashes Wes a picture. We're not privy to the image. But by the look on Wes and Peter's faces--

Holy. Fucking. Shit. Wes, looking up at General Hamou--

GENERAL HAMOU
I assure you, we have the same questions.

WES
How far away is it?

GENERAL HAMOU
About an hour's drive.

WES
Let's go.

Now he's the one in a hurry. Heading for the truck--

GENERAL HAMOU
I should warn you--
(as Wes turns back)
We found something else at the site. But if you'll allow me this one liberty, I'll wait for you to see for yourself.

Not waiting for a response, General Hamou jumps into the front of the convoy truck. He yells something at the DRIVER in Arabic. In response, the engines come to a ROAR--

Wes and Peter exchange nervous glances.

JOHN DOE (AUDIO PRELAP)
Fewat... alawan...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

We open TIGHT on a MAN'S FACE (for now, we'll call him JOHN DOE). His eyes are closed. His lips -- blistered and cracked -- barely managing a whisper--

JOHN DOE
Anhem...

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
Yo, man. You okay?

And as a shadow falls over his face, we PULL OUT to reveal--

HOMELESS MAN. Standing over our John Doe, lying unconscious on the ground. Shirt ripped open. Chest and arms covered in STRANGE TATTOOS...

Numbers. Letters. Diagrams. Including a familiar SPIRAL symbol. X Marks the Spot.

HOMELESS MAN
You need me to call someone?

JOHN DOE
Anhem... b'ed aladewa'...

HOMELESS MAN
What's that you saying--?

As he leans in for a closer listen--

BAM! JOHN DOE LURCHES UP. His eyes FLASHING open wildly. His hand wrapping around Homeless Man's throat. Fingers SQUEEZING TIGHT--

JOHN DOE
Fewat alawan--!

Homeless Man struggles to breathe. His arms and legs FLAILING desperately--

JOHN DOE
Anhem b'ed aladewa'!

Homeless Man is about to pass out. Just then, John Doe is overtaken by CONVULSIONS. His hand loosening its grip.

Homeless Man quickly scrambles back, sucking in air...

As he gets his bearings, he finds John Doe back on the ground. Out cold.

CLAIRE (AUDIO PRELAP)
Harper, tell us about this game--?

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Claire and Jessup sit across from a frightened Harper, looking tiny and vulnerable in her chair.

CLAIRE
What game were you playing?

HARPER
I'm not s'pposed to say.

CLAIRE
Why? Someone tell you that?

Slowly, Harper nods.

CLAIRE
This is a safe room, okay? You can say whatever you want in here. No one's going to hurt you.

HARPER
But he said grown-ups wouldn't understand. You're not gonna believe me.

CLAIRE
Who is this person, Harper?
(off Harper's silence--)
How about I make you a promise. Whatever you say, I'll believe you. As long as you tell me the truth.

HARPER
(finally)
My friend. Drill.

CLAIRE
Is Drill from school?
(off Harper, shaking her head)
So he's a grown-up. Like me.

Again, Harper shakes her head.

JESSUP
(impatient)
What does Drill look like?

HARPER
I dunno. I can't see him.

JESSUP
You mean he's not real.

HARPER
No, he's real! See, you don't believe me.

Claire shoots Jessup a look. Jessup, frustrated, leans back. Reluctantly giving Claire the floor.

CLAIRE
Then how do you know he's there? How do you talk to him?

HARPER
It's easy. I feel him. His voice goes into my head. Here--

She taps her head. To her, this makes perfect sense.

CLAIRE
And what stuff does Drill say?

HARPER
Lots of things. He said if I won the game, we were gonna have dom... domino... tion. Now I can't remember the word he used.

CLAIRE
Domination?

HARPER
Yeah. That's the word.

CLAIRE
Wow. Drill knows some big words.

HARPER
Drill knows lots of things. He even told me the questions you were gonna ask but I think I forgot them.

Claire studies Harper for a beat. She can't tell if she's being played. But the Harper that stares back at her...

She's just a kid. Picture perfect face of innocence.

CLAIRE
Harper, where is Drill now? Is he here?

Harper looks up at the overhead fluorescent lights. She squints her eyes, searching for something...

Claire watches her, perplexed. Jessup, meanwhile, can't help but look a little unsettled. Off this--

PLAYGROUND KID 1 (AUDIO PRELAP)
I don't like this game--!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - WASHINGTON DC - CROSSCUT

The other PLAYGROUND KIDS surround Minx, the Queen Bee of the jungle gym.

PLAYGROUND KID 1
You always win. It's not fair!

MINX
But it's my game. I'm s'posed to win.

PLAYGROUND KID 2
I don't wanna play anymore.

MINX
Fine. I'll let Sophia start. Happy?

SOPHIA
I want to start!

The kids grudgingly accept this.

PLAYGROUND KID 2
What's the new target?

Minx searches the playground... Her eyes fall on the jungle gym. Specifically, a series of connected tunnels.

SOPHIA
How 'bout the swings?

Everyone looks to Minx. But she's not listening. Instead, she's squinting at the tunnels... listening intently.

SOPHIA
Minx?

MINX
Shhh... I'm listening.

The other kids look at one another. *What's Minx listening to?*

Finally, Minx gives "someone" a definitive nod. As she heads towards the jungle gym--

MINX
You guys go on without me. I have a better game to play.

SOPHIA
I wanna play!

MINX
No, you can't. He says I'm the only one. It's very important.

And as she disappears into the tunnels...

HARPER (AUDIO PRELAP)
No, he's not here anymore...

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - CROSSCUT

Harper's eyes suddenly go wide--

HARPER
He's gone.

CLAIRE
But do you know where he is?
(off Harper, slowly nodding...)
Where is he, Harper?

Harper, voice going low and scared--

HARPER
The game isn't done yet. He's looking for a new friend.

Off this--

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Claire now has her seat pulled up next to a teary Harper. Jessup keeps his distance on the other side.

CLAIRE
Harper, do you know who the new friend is?

HARPER
I don't wanna answer any more questions. I want my mommy!

CLAIRE
Your mommy's with the doctors now but your dad will be here soon. In the meantime, how 'bout we do something else.

Claire reaches into her bag and pulls out paper and crayons.

CLAIRE
Can you draw something for me? Something that makes you think of Drill.

Harper relents and starts drawing. Jessup motions Claire to the other side of the room. Talking hushed--

JESSUP
Clear case of child gone nuts. Time to turn it back to the locals.

CLAIRE
I need more time.

JESSUP
For what? You think the kid's a terrorist?

CLAIRE
No, I think she's just a kid. That's my problem. Six year olds don't talk like that. Someone's coached her.

JESSUP
(sarcastic)
Right. Her friend Drill.
(softening)

JESSUP (CONT'D)
Listen, I get that you want to impress on your first case back but--

CLAIRE
That's not what this is about.

JESSUP
You sure? Because honestly, I don't see the case here--

Just then, the door opens. Myers walks in, followed by HARRISON WEIL -- Harper's dad -- and LAWYER--

HARPER
Daddy!

She runs over to him. Burying herself in his embrace.

MYERS
This is Agents Rollins and Bennigan. They're handling the investigation.

HARRISON
My daughter needs to be at the hospital with her mother.

JESSUP
That's fine. We're done here.

CLAIRE
Actually, we're not--

LAWYER
Then I suggest you get a warrant.

HARPER
Are we going to see mommy?

HARRISON
(trying to be strong)
Yeah. We are.

As they exit, Claire -- flashing an angry glance at Jessup -- looks back at the table. Harper's left her drawing...

A CREEPY stick figure scribble of a MAN. Bright red BLOOD dripping down his body. American flag waving over his head. It's hard not to shiver at the image.

But Claire -- relentless -- grabs it and runs out of the room--

CLAIRE (AUDIO PRELAP)
Harper, wait--!

EXT. FBI ELEVATORS - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harper, Harrison, and the Lawyer are just entering the elevator. Claire runs to the door, holding up the drawing--

CLAIRE
Who is this? Is this Drill? Is this his new friend?

Harper, now sucking on her thumb, turns her face away.

HARRISON
What's wrong with you people?! She's been through enough--

CLAIRE
Harper, I promised you I'd believe you. Drill's real, isn't he?

As the elevator door starts to close, Harper looks up--

HARPER
I wasn't the only one, you know. Drill said there was another boy.

The doors, almost shutting in on them. Time running out...

CLAIRE
What boy?

HARPER
I dunno. But he couldn't win the game--

And with that, they're gone. But Claire -- emboldened -- has what she needs. As she rushes into--

INT. FBI BULLPEN - BALTIMORE FIELD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jessup stands over Claire, typing in a query into the FBI database. But Jessup, frustrated--

JESSUP
So tell me what we're looking for here?

CLAIRE
She said there was another boy--

JESSUP
C'mon. Why can't you just accept the kid's playing you. Think about it.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
The dad's a renowned physicist. Harper's probably some crazy genius--

CLAIRE
Who doesn't exhibit any of the classic psychopath traits.

JESSUP
Nor is she -- or the imaginary friend -- a national threat, and that's what our job is to determine here. We're not on some rescue mission.

CLAIRE
Believe it or not, Agent Rollins, I'm doing my job.

DING. The query finishes it's search. One hit.

CLAIRE
Look at this... Jackson Bellings. Age 11. Two months ago, he detonated a homemade bomb at Westings Designs.

Jessup, moving in closer to the screen--

JESSUP
Yeah, I remember that case. Structural engineering firm. Government contracts.

CLAIRE
"*Subject believed to be under the influence of an imaginary entity he named Drill...*" "*Claimed he was playing a game...*" Sound familiar?

JESSUP
So maybe there's some game spreading on the playground. One kid hears about an imaginary friend, next thing you know--

CLAIRE
That's not how it works. Imaginary friends aren't transferrable. For children, these connections are sacred. I don't think we're dealing with an imaginary friend here.

JESSUP
So now you believe someone is communicating telepathically with kids.

CLAIRE
I believe some children are easily manipulated into believing what is real is not, and vice versa.

JESSUP
For what endgame?

CLAIRE
That's what we're gonna find out. Come on--

Determined, Claire pushes back in her chair and rises--

JESSUP
Lemme guess. Jackson Bellings.

CLAIRE
Jessup Rollins. Nothing gets past you, does it?

As Claire walks off, Jessup mutters to himself--

JESSUP
Yeah, welcome back.

AUDIO PRELAP: *Frantic conversations in Arabic--*

INT./EXT. CONVOY TRUCK - SAHARA DESERT - NIGHT

Against the noisy engine, General Hamou yells something to the DRIVER. In response, the Driver rolls to a stop. Wes looks out his window to see--

AN ENORMOUS WHITE TENT. Covering a huge swatch of land. Lit dramatically by oversized flood lights. Standing guard--

A BEVY OF SOLDIERS. Armed to the hilt. Now usually, these guys are stone faced disciples of order. But today...

Today, <u>these men are petrified</u>

Wes and Peter step out of the car. They're greeted by a strong desert wind. Sand kicking into the air. Shielding their eyes, they follow the General to the tent's entrance...

A strange FIGURE -- dressed head to toe in HAZMAT gear -- emerges. As he takes off his mask--

GENERAL HAMOU
Dr. Karif. Astrophysicist--

Just then. The flood lights FLICKER erratically. The BUZZ of their bulbs filling the air with an ominous STATIC. Within seconds--

The lights CUT OUT. Darkness.

AUDIO PRELAP: *An ominous, rhythmic BEEPING. It almost sounds like a COUNTDOWN...*

INT. ICU UNIT - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

John Doe, now lying on a hospital bed...

Still muttering weakly. His body attached to a jungle of tubes. Machines BEEPING all around him. Standing over him--

DR. MARIA MARTINEZ (late 20s). Doctor's coat accessorized with designer heels. Looks that light up the grim place. As she checks John's vitals--

NURSE (O.S.)
I found someone!

Maria looks up to see a NURSE rushing over a RESIDENT (mid 20s, Middle Eastern descent).

NURSE
He says he knows Arabic.

MARIA
Great. Can you tell us what he's saying?

The Resident focuses his concentration on John--

JOHN
Fewat alawan... Anhem b'ed aladewa'...

RESIDENT
Uh... It's definitely Arabic but... the accent's not great. He's saying something about time... something like "it's too late..?"

MARIA
Too late for what?

RESIDENT
Not sure... The last part... lights... searching for lights... He's saying: "It's too late. They're searching for the lights."

MARIA
What does it mean?

RESIDENT
Sorry. Just the translator here.

MARIA
Well, thank you. It's a start.

With a nod, the Resident walks away. But Maria, still frustrated, turns to the Nurse--

MARIA
Doesn't tell us who he is, does it?

NURSE
I'll call the PD. He may be in their system.

MARIA
Good idea.

As the Nurse walks off, Maria turns her attention back to John Doe...

Yes, she's intrigued. Something about his face... his tattoos... Gently, she picks up his arms and studies the various inks...

Here, we spot a familiar TREEHOUSE. Harper's treehouse. To Maria, it doesn't mean anything. But to us...

PLAYGROUND BOY (AUDIO PRELAP)
Who're you talking to..?

INT./EXT. JUNGLE GYM - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

PLAYGROUND BOY (age 9), peers into the tunnel to find Minx sitting in a corner where two tunnels meet. She's whispering to someone on the other side. He can't see who.

MINX
My friend.

PLAYGROUND BOY
Can I meet him?

Minx turns to her other side, waiting for a response...

MINX
Okay, he says you can come in.

PLAYGROUND BOY
I didn't hear anything.

MINX
You coming or what? If not, go away.

PLAYGROUND BOY
I'm coming, I'm coming.

As the Playground Boy crawls in...

EXT. PLAYGROUND - WASHINGTON DC - SAME

The place starts to empty out. Mothers taking kids home for the afternoon. As Lena and Callie gather their things--

CALLIE
Lena, you know you can call me anytime. I'm here for you.

LENA
Thanks. I appreciate it. I think it'll just take some time--

Suddenly. A HAIR-RAISING SCREAM...

Everyone rushes to the jungle gym. Playground Boy scrambles out. Hysterical and frightened. As his mom rushes over--

PLAYGROUND BOY'S MOTHER
What's wrong?!

PLAYGROUND BOY
(pointing into the tunnels)
I... I don't like Minx's friend. He's scary.

Everyone turns to Minx, climbing out of the tunnels.

LENA
Minx, what happened?

MINX
I don't know. Nothing. Nobody's in there!

Lena ducks her head into the tunnels... Empty.

LENA
She's right. No one's there.

PLAYGROUND BOY
But I heard him! I swear!

PLAYGROUND BOY'S MOTHER
Come on, honey. Let's get out of here. You're not playing with her anymore.

LENA
Wait a minute--

But Playground Boy's Mother -- throwing Minx an angry look -- grabs her son's hand and quickly leads him away.

LENA
Minx?

She looks back at Minx. Focused intently on the overhead trees... SWAYING violently...

PETER (AUDIO PRELAP)
Tell me this is not happening...

INT. TENT - SAHARA DESERT - NIGHT

As the rumbles of wind SCREECH outside, Wes and Peter stand stunned at the entrance. Their faces battling shock while their hands grip tight to industrial strength flashlights.

General Hamou and Dr. Karif share a knowing look. It's the reaction they expected.

PETER
This is a joke, right?

He gets no answer back. Probably because for the first time in Wes' life, words fail him. And here, our camera WHIPS around--

At last. We reveal the big mystery under the big white tent, lit dimly -- eerily -- by shaky flashlights--

A CRASHED ALIEN SPACESHIP.

Here. On Earth. Halfway buried in the sand.

To get a better look, Wes has to step forward. It's like nothing he's seen before. Hell, it's like nothing WE'VE seen before. And just as Wes -- hands gloved -- bends down to touch it--

BZZZ..! The flood lights BUZZ back on.

Wes jumps back. His eyes blinking under the now overpowering lights.

Behind him, he hears Dr. Karif whispering something to the General. A discernible edge in his voice.

WES
What's he saying?

General Hamou and Dr. Karif share a loaded look. Carefully--

GENERAL HAMOU
He's saying it's still active. Whatever this thing is... <u>It knows we're here</u>.

As he says this, the winds pick up. Beating against the tent. HOWLING desperately...

Off this--

<u>END OF ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

INT. TENT - SAHARA DESERT - NIGHT

Wes leans over the spaceship. His face just inches away from its surface. It's crafted in a strange, phosphorescent metal.

The flood lights FLICKER once more. As the vessel UNDULATES and SHIMMERS...

Wes can't tear his eyes away. This thing... It's beautiful.

GENERAL HAMOU (O.S.)
Electricity.

Wes turns to see General Hamou standing right behind him.

GENERAL HAMOU
It absorbs the currents from our lights.

WES
(realizing)
You mean it's feeding off it.

GENERAL HAMOU
Yes, I suppose that's another way to look at it.

WES
Any idea how long it's been here?

GENERAL HAMOU
We questioned some Nomad Farmers who passed through the area four months ago. Nothing was here then. That's the best timeline we have--

PETER (O.S.)
Uh, Wes. You need to see this.

Wes turns to see Peter standing over something in the sand.

GENERAL HAMOU
<u>This</u> is why we called you.

With that, the General leads Wes over to Peter...

There's something else buried here. Something metallic. Wes bends down and carefully brushes away the sand, unveiling--

THE SHATTERED WING of an F-22 Fighter Plane. Visibly marked with the US flag emblem.

WES
(stunned)
It's one of ours.

PETER
Yeah. But what's it doing here?

GENERAL ASSAN
That's what we were hoping you could tell us.

Unfortunately, Wes doesn't have an answer. All he has are questions looming. And the storm of a mystery brewing...

AUDIO PRELAP: *Thunder CRACKLING--*

INT. LENA'S CAR - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

And a summer's storm is just breaking open. Lena -- driving -- turns on the windshield wipers. Against the comforting *WHOOSH... WHOOSH...*

Lena looks up at the rearview mirror. Minx, in the back seat. Staring calmly at the rain.

LENA
Minx, tell me what really happened on the playground? Why was that boy so scared?

MINX
I dunno. Probably 'cos he's turning.

LENA
What does that mean?

MINX
You're not gonna understand, mommy. You're old.

LENA
Okay, try me. I might surprise you.

MINX
(fine!)
When a kid gets old, they turn. They think about stuff too much.

LENA
And that's bad?
(off Minx's nod)
What about you? Are you turning?

MINX
No. My friend says I'm never gonna turn. He thinks I'm special.

Lena, coming to a stop at a red light--

LENA
Who's this friend? Someone I know?

But Lena gets no answer. She looks at her mirror to see Minx now absorbed by something outside. Lena's eyes follow...

A LITTLE BOY (age 8). Waiting on the sidewalk as his DAD struggles with an umbrella. His back turned to us.

LENA
Do you know that kid?

MINX
(shaking her head)
No. But we have the same friend.

Just then, the Little Boy turns and stares directly at Minx. In response, Minx gives him a conspiratorial wave. Lena takes this in. No clue what's happening here. Suddenly--

HONKKKK..!

Lena looks up to see the light is now green. As she starts moving again--

INT. JESSUP'S CAR - DAY

Jessup drives. Claire sits passenger. And an uncomfortable silence sits between them. After a beat--

CLAIRE
So what are people saying?

JESSUP
Excuse me?

CLAIRE
At the office. What are they saying about me?

JESSUP
They're saying it's horrible what happened to your husband. It was a real tragedy.

CLAIRE
And?

Jessup gives Claire a look. Sizing up whether she's ready to hear the truth. She is.

JESSUP
They're saying you took your leave of absence before your husband died. Same time the Deputy Director did. A lot of people don't think it's a coincidence.

CLAIRE
How about you? What do you think?

JESSUP
Me? I think marriage is complicated.

Claire checks out his fingers. No wedding ring.

CLAIRE
How long have you been divorced?

JESSUP
Technically, not. It becomes official next month.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry.

JESSUP
Yeah, well... it happens. She fell out of love with me... and in love with someone else. Funny how that happens.

CLAIRE
(looking away)
Yeah. It is.

JESSUP
Kids?

CLAIRE
One. Henry.

JESSUP
How's he handling everything?

Here, Claire has to steady her voice. Trying not to get choked up.

CLAIRE
Two years ago, he got sick and lost his hearing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Three months ago, he lost his dad. So tell me how you think he's handling it.

JESSUP
Jesus. I'm sorry.

CLAIRE
Yeah. So am I.

She turns to the window. The silence coming back to haunt them. After a beat--

JESSUP
By the way. I want to go on record. I still think we're wasting our time.

CLAIRE
Noted.

JESSUP
Good. 'Cos we're here.

As he pulls into a driveway--

EXT. BELLINGS' HOUSE - ROCKVILLE, MD - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Jessup stand outside a door to a modest home. Jessup KNOCKS. From inside, FOOTSTEPS...

MS. BELLINGS (O.S.)
Who is it?

JESSUP
FBI, ma'am.

Jessup, knowing the drill, flashes his BADGE in front of the peep hole. The door opens a crack...

MRS. BELLINGS -- small and embattled -- looks out--

MS. BELLINGS
What do you want?

JESSUP
Mrs. Bellings?

MS. BELLINGS
Ms. There's no Mr.

JESSUP
We need to talk to your son about what happened at Westings.

MS. BELLINGS
We're done with that. We struck a plea.

As she's about to slam the door--

CLAIRE
Please. We really need your Jackson's help.

MS. BELLINGS
For what?

CLAIRE
This morning, a six year old girl tried to kill her mother. She says she was playing a game. A game her friend Drill taught her.

MS. BELLINGS
I don't understand. Jackson's... "friend" was named Drill. But they said he was lying.

CLAIRE
But what if he didn't? What if your son was telling the truth?

INT. JACKSON'S BEDROOM - BELLINGS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ms. Bellings leads Claire and Jessup into a boy's room...

Decorated with superhero paraphernalia. Video game posters. The room screams "normal boy." At least it tries to.

JACKSON BELLINGS (age 12) sits at his desk. Back to the door. Absorbed in a videogame. Headphones on.

MS. BELLINGS
Jackson..?

No response. She goes over and takes off his headphones.

JACKSON
Mom--!

As he turns, we notice the burn scars on his face and arms. He looks up to see Claire and Jessup waiting at the door.

MS. BELLINGS
They're from the FBI.

Fear shoots through Jackson's face. Claire, stepping forward--

CLAIRE
We just want to talk.

JACKSON
Dr. Kreicjek said I shouldn't talk to strangers about it. He said it hurts the healing process.

MS. BELLINGS
His therapist. Court mandated.

CLAIRE
And is that what you want? To forget Drill?

JACKSON
Drill's not real!

CLAIRE
Jackson, it's okay--

But Jackson jumps to his feet and backs himself against the wall--

JACKSON
No! No! No! Don't make him come back!

He SLUMPS to the floor. Rocking himself back and forth.

MS. BELLINGS
STOP IT! Look what you're doing to him! I want you to leave--!

Instead, Claire swoops forward and drops to Jackson--

CLAIRE
Listen to me. I know Drill made you do it--

MS. BELLINGS
(running towards the door)
I'm calling the cops--!

But Jessup blocks the doorway--

JESSUP
Ma'am. We're not leaving without talking to your son.

Ms. Bellings turns and looks at her son, tears filling her eyes--

MS. BELLINGS
But look what you're doing to him? He's just a kid.

CLAIRE
Jackson. The bomb wasn't your idea, was it? Drill made you build it.

JACKSON
You... you believe me?

CLAIRE
Yeah. I do.

Relief washes over Jackson's face. He's been waiting a long time to hear someone say that.

JACKSON
Everyone said I was making it up. They said I was... disturbed.

CLAIRE
But you're not, are you? I know because it's happening again. Which is why I need your help. I need to know what happened.

Jackson looks to his mom. Reluctantly, she nods.

JACKSON
He... he said we were playing a real life video game. In order to win... I had to hit the target.

CLAIRE
But why Westings?

JACKSON
I don't know. He said it was important.

CLAIRE
How did you get in?

JACKSON
My mom worked there. The guard knew me. He just let me up.

CLAIRE
What happened next?

JACKSON
When I got upstairs... He told me to set the bomb off but I swear! I didn't think it was really going to go off. My mom was there. I would never hurt her! But I couldn't stop it... the fire... it started spreading... I don't remember after that.

Jackson glances down at his burnt arms. Tears falling down his face. As he tries to quickly brush them away, embarrassed--

Claire stops him.

CLAIRE
It's okay.

JACKSON
He said I had a great destiny. Like the characters in my video game. I'm so stupid for believing him.

CLAIRE
You're not stupid.

JACKSON
But I did a bad thing.

CLAIRE
You were used by a really bad person. Which is why we need to find him. Before he does this again. Here--

She pulls out Harper's drawing from her bag.

CLAIRE
Is this Drill?

JACKSON
Uh... I don't know. I never saw him. He said he likes to hide.

CLAIRE
But there's got to be a way to find him. Someone is behind Drill. He can't be a ghost.

Jackson, reacting--

CLAIRE
What? You remember something?

JACKSON
I saw a man once.

CLAIRE
Who? When?

JACKSON
When I was going into Westing... He was watching me.

CLAIRE
Do you remember what he looked like? Can you describe him?

JACKSON
I... I think so. He was sort of hard to forget.

CLAIRE
What do you mean?

Slowly, Jackson leans in close to Claire, voice going quiet--

JACKSON
He was the Man with the Pictures on his Arms.

AUDIO PRELAP: *Frantic electrical BEEPING...*

INT. ICU UNIT - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

John Doe -- body thrashing -- starts SCREAMING. As Maria and the Nurse hurry over--

JOHN
Fewat alawan..!

MARIA
Can you hear me...? Listen to my voice. You're safe. No one's hurting you--

Suddenly, John's eyes BLINK open. Breathing hard, he scans the world around him... And then, in perfect English--

JOHN
Where am I?! Who are you?!

MARIA
Dr. Maria Martinez. You're at Georgetown University Hospital. We want to help you.

MARIA (CONT'D)
In order to do that, you need to tell us your name.

JOHN
My name..?

MARIA
Yes. Who are you?

John stares into Maria's eyes. A cloud of panic washing over him, as he realizes--

JOHN DOE
I... I don't know.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR:

INT. JACKSON'S BEDROOM - BELLINGS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jessup stands watch as an FBI SKETCH ARTIST works with Jackson. A face starting to take shape.

JACKSON
I think the eyes were bigger...

As the Sketch Artist revises his drawing, Claire comes in from the hallway, cellphone in hand. She approaches Jessup--

CLAIRE
I have to get home. My babysitter has to leave. I'll call a cab--

JESSUP
It's okay. I'll take you. This'll probably take awhile.
(to FBI Sketch Artist)
Frank. You got this?

FBI SKETCH ARTIST
Yeah. We're good. I'll send it over as soon as we finish.

Meanwhile, Claire goes up to Jackson--

CLAIRE
Jackson, I have to go, but I want to thank you for all your help. If you don't mind me saying so, I think you're a pretty awesome kid.

JACKSON
You're just saying that 'cos I'm helping you.

But Jackson can't help but smile. Claire has that magic effect on kids.

As Claire and Jessup head towards the door, Ms. Bellings steps forward, face guilt-stricken--

MS. BELLINGS
I should've believed him. I'm his mother and... I let them make me doubt my own child. How could I have done that?

She's trying not to break down but her defenses are tired. Claire grabs her hand and squeezes--

CLAIRE
He's going to be fine. You both are.

With a simple nod of thanks, Ms. Bellings lets them through. She turns back to Jackson, now determined to get the truth off his chest.

ANGLE ON: The FBI Sketch. The face of a man starting to take shape... His identity still a mystery.

LENA (AUDIO PRELAP)
Minx, that's incredible--!

INT. KITCHEN - MINX'S HOUSE - DAY

Lena stands over Minx sitting at the kitchen counter. In Minx's hand--

A drawing. A pretty amazing rendition of THE WHITE HOUSE. And in the corner... our mystery symbol. The EERIE SPIRAL.

MINX
I did it all by myself. Well, mostly. My friend, he helped a little. He says I'm gonna be President.

LENA
I thought you wanted to be an astronaut.

MINX
No. Not anymore.

LENA
And what's that?

She points to the SPIRAL SYMBOL.

MINX
(*duh!*)
It's where the light comes from.

Lena studies Minx, so absorbed in her drawing.

LENA
Your dad's going to love this.

MINX
(shrugging)
I don't think he'll care. Daddy doesn't like us.

LENA
What are you talking about? Your daddy loves us.

MINX
That's not what my friend told me. He said daddy did a bad thing and you're still mad even though you pretend not to be.

For the briefest of moment, Lena's heart cracks on her face. She looks pummeled. Forcing herself to recover--

LENA
Is this the same friend you were talking about earlier?
(off Minx's nod)
Minx, I want to meet this friend.

MINX
You will. I promise. But first--
(jumping off the counter)
I have to go to the bathroom.

She runs out of the kitchen. Leaving Lena to sit solitude with her thoughts... and her anger. Picking up her cellphone, she dials. The phone rings...

WES (O.S.)
(voicemail)
Hi, you've reached Wes Lawrence. Please leave a message.

LENA
You need to call me right away. Minx knows... She knows about what you did. Damnit Wes--!

As Lena hangs and slams her phone down on the counter--

MINX (O.S.)
See. Told you--

Startled, Lena turns around.

LENA
Minx! You scared me.

MINX
Daddy doesn't want to talk to you.

Off Lena, can't help but wonder... *Could her daughter be right?*

INT./EXT. TOWN CAR - DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

Against the backdrop of busy airport hustle and bustle, Wes and Peter slide into a waiting town car.

DING! Wes pulls out his cellphone. New message. Caller ID: *Lena.* As Wes starts to listen, Peter checks his iPad--

PETER
Just got the file. You have to see this.

Noticing the alarmed look on Peter's face, Wes hangs up.

PETER
So that F-22... 94th Fighter Squadron. Three months ago, it was sent out on a classified surveillance run. The mission? Gather photographic evidence of Chinese and Russian military build-up in the Arctic Circle. But get this... As soon as the pilot reached its target, he radioed in he was losing control... Two minutes later, the plane disappeared off radar.

WES
The Arctic Circle? You sure?

PETER
That's what it says.

He hands Wes the iPad. As Wes starts scrolling through...

WES
That's almost 4000 miles from the wreckage. According to the fuel log here, the plane took off with only 300 miles worth of fuel.

PETER
So no way it could've gotten to the desert on its own.

Suddenly, Wes' expression goes cold. He sees something...

PETER
What?

Wes, shaking his head... *This isn't possible.*

PETER
Okay, now you're worrying me.

WES
The pilot... I know him.

ANGLE ON: iPad screen... A photo of the pilot. As it turns out, we know him as well...

It's John Doe. Cleaned up and fresh-faced.

INT. ICU UNIT - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Speaking of our John Doe... No longer the smiling air force pilot. Now, he looks like he's been through hell and back. Whatever happened...

MARIA
So nothing. No name. No home. No memory. Is that what you're saying?

JOHN
It's all just fuzzy. Like it's there but... I can't reach it.

MARIA
While you were out, you were saying something in Arabic. You said--

JOHN
That's not possible. I don't know Arabic.

MARIA
But we heard you. We even had someone come and translate.

JOHN
What was I saying?

MARIA
(reading from her file--)
"It's too late. They're searching for the lights." Know what that means?

John, shaking his head, frustrated--

JOHN
What's wrong with me? Why can't I remember anything?

MARIA
The most likely explanation is that there was some trauma event. Could've caused a concussion or hematoma in the brain. Of course, there's also the possibility of a tumor. I'm going to order a CT scan. Hopefully, it'll tell us something.

Maria makes a note in his patient file. Meanwhile, John stares at the tattoos on his hands...

It's like he's seeing them for the first time. He has no idea what they mean. His eyes stop at a BOLD red-inked series of numbers... "*021214.*"

Confused, he looks up at the WALL CLOCK. The second hand TICKING DOWN...

Mesmerized, John can't take his eyes off it. It takes him a second to realize--

MARIA
(voice wallowing in...)
... Hello? Are you listening...?

Dazed, John looks back at Maria--

JOHN
Were you saying something?

MARIA
What just happened? Where were you?

JOHN
I just got this feeling... I think... something's going to happen.

MARIA
Like what?

JOHN
I don't know, I can't explain it but--

John notices something. Maria, turning, follows his gaze--

<u>It's Harper</u>. Watching John from the doorway.

MARIA
Are you lost?

HARPER
No. My mom's here. She's not feeling well.

MARIA
I'm sorry, but this is a private room.

HARPER
I'm looking for my friend.

MARIA
I don't think your friend's here. Why don't we call a nurse to help you--

HARPER
No, she won't be able to find him. But you know where he is, don't you?

And here, she turns and stares directly at John Doe--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. JESSUP'S CAR - NIGHT

Jessup pulls to a stop in front of Claire's house--

CLAIRE
Thanks for the drive. As soon as that sketch comes in--

JESSUP
I'll send it to you right away.

CLAIRE
Okay. See you tomorrow.

As she starts to climb out of the car--

JESSUP
Claire... What are we looking at here?

CLAIRE
I'm not sure. All I know is that Harper and Jackson's friend -- whoever this Drill is -- he's real. Beyond that?

Claire shakes her head. It's still a mystery for her.

JESSUP
Well... Good work, Agent Bennigan.

It ain't exactly an apology. But Claire knows it's the best she's going to get. As she watches him drive off--

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Claire enters to find Henry and babysitter PERLIN watching TV subtitled for deaf kids. Upon her arrival, Henry runs to her, signing enthusiastically--

CLAIRE
You won! That's awesome. I can't wait to hear all about it.
(to Perlin)
Sorry I'm late.

PERLIN
It's okay. I just have to run.

CLAIRE
(handing her money)
Go. And thanks for the short notice.

PERLIN
Anytime.
(signing to Henry--)
I'll see you soon?

Henry nods. And with a last wave, Perlin rushes out. Henry continues to sign quickly to Claire...

CLAIRE
Yeah, It did feel good to be back. I guess I missed it. But I also missed you. A lot.

Henry nods. He thinks about something, a brush of sadness coming over his face.

CLAIRE
What's wrong?

Henry signs in response. Here, Claire's face trembles...

CLAIRE
(quiet)
I know. It's not easy moving on. Come here--

She takes Henry in for a long, tight hug. For now, it's mother and son against the world. Claire never wants to let go.

INT. BATHROOM - MINX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lena, in a bathrobe, runs water into the bathtub. As the room starts to steam up...

Lena goes over to the sink and takes off her wedding ring. She sets it down next to her cellphone. No messages. Fed up, Lena powers off the phone. Just then--

The lights FLICKER...

INT. BEDROOM - MINX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Lena emerges from the bathroom, the FLICKERING lights BLINK off. Glancing out her window, she sees all the other houses are still burning bright.

She's the only one in darkness. Moving towards the door--

PLINK! The lights all come on at once. Lena waits a beat...

Nothing happens. Shaking it off, she heads back to the bathroom. Swallowed up by steaming room--

INT. MINX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sleeping Minx BLINKS open her eyes--

MINX
No, not now... I'm tired.
(beat)
Fine.

Body still heavy with sleep, Minx pulls herself out of bed...

MINX
I know. The game never stops.

INT. HALLWAY - MINX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Minx's door CREAKS open quietly...

Careful not to make any noise, Minx sneaks down the hall. Passing her mom's bedroom door. Lights on. Minx enters--

INT. KITCHEN - MINX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And as Minx crosses through the dark room...

Various electronics start to go HAYWIRE. Overhead lights FLICKER erratically... Microwave BEEPS... The TV on the kitchen counter powers on to STATIC...

For Minx, none of this seems unusual. She's too focused on the task at hand.

INT. WES' OFFICE - MINX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Minx heads straight to Wes' desk, settling in on the oversized chair. As she boots up the computer, we take a glance around the room...

Various photos and degrees line the walls: Wes' FBI graduation certificate... Wes and Lena in happier, better days... Minx through the years, always the firebrand...

DING. The computer screen prompts Minx for a password.

MINX
(typing--)
That's easy. It's the day the Baltimore Colts won the Super Bowl.

BINGO. The password works. Minx -- her face now lit up eerily by the bright screen -- has access to her dad's server.

MINX
Okay. Now what?

INT. ICU UNIT - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

At the Nurse's station, Maria stands talking with a UNIFORMED COP--

MARIA
That's everything we know. As you can see, it's not much to go on.

UNIFORMED COP
Well, let me talk to the guy. I'll take some prints. Never know. He may be in the system.

MARIA
Great. Right this way--

Maria leads the Uniformed Cop over towards John's room. But when she gets there--

The bed is empty. John Doe is gone.

MARIA
(calling to the Nurse)
Did John Doe go in for tests?

NURSE
No. They're not scheduled till the morning. He should be there.

MARIA
(realizing--)
Call security. Tell them we have a runaway.

As the Nurse rushes into action--

INT. ENTRANCE - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - LATER

In a crowded atrium, our attention goes to a FIGURE pushing through...

Dressed in baggy pants and coat. Baseball hat swung low. Upon closer look--

It's John Doe. Glancing ahead to see a flurry of activity at the SECURITY STATION. Something is up. Time's running out.

Quickly scanning the premises, John spots an ELDERLY MAN -- moving slowly -- trying to wheel his ELDERLY WIFE out. John, rushing up--

JOHN
Here, let me help you with that.

ELDERLY MAN
That's very nice of you.

Using the Elderly Man as cover, John passes--

SECURITY GUARD
(into walkie)
We have a missing patient. Male. Mid 30s...

He makes it to the sliding doors. Handing back the reins of the wheelchair to the Elderly Man, John hustles off...

Disappearing into the dark, dark night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Claire, curled up on the sofa with a glass of wine, looks over Harper's case notes on her computer. But her thoughts go drifting...

The loneliness. The guilt. All of it hitting hard right now. She tries to shake it off, going back to her work. But then--

Her eyes fall on the coffee table. Cluttered with toys, newspapers, magazines...

CLAIRE
Ohmygod.

She leaps up and grabs the latest issue of *JOURNEYS* magazine. Think *TIME*. Gracing the cover... PRESIDENT CHIP WINTERS. Outfitted in a red tie. An American flag waving over him.

Claire jumps back to her computer. Scrolling quickly to Harper's drawing--

<u>It's the same image</u>. The red scribble wasn't blood. It was a tie. And as the horrifying realization starts to dawn on Claire...

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Wes sits alone. Waiting in a nondescript room. Staring down at the screen of his cellphone. Message displayed: One missed call. "*LENA*."

Steeling himself, Wes dials. As the phone RINGS...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CROSSCUT

Claire rushes to answer her phone--

CLAIRE
Rollins, I think he's after a new target--!

WES (O.S.)
Claire, it's me... Wes.

Claire -- face going numb -- can't find her voice...

WES (O.S.)
Claire? You there?

CLAIRE
Why are you calling me?

WES (O.S.)
There's something I need to tell you--

CLAIRE
It's over. We both agreed.

WES
I'm calling about Drew.

CLAIRE
(voice going low)
Please. Don't say his name. You don't have that right.

WES (O.S.)
Believe me, I wouldn't be calling if I didn't have to. I want to put the past behind us as much as you do.

CLAIRE
Then why are you?

WES (O.S.)
Because we found Drew's plane.

CLAIRE
What? When?

WES (O.S.)
Today. The Sahara Desert.

CLAIRE
I don't understand. He crashed in the Arctic.

WES (O.S.)
That's what everyone had thought. We're trying to figure out how his plane got there. But there's something else... Drew's body. It's missing.

CLAIRE
What are you saying?

WES
I'm saying Drew Bennigan is no longer being listed as deceased.
(beat)
He's now considered missing.

Just then-- *PING!* An e-mail POPS up. It's from Rollins. Subject line: "*Man with the Pictures on his Arms.*" As the picture starts to load...

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - CROSSCUT

Phone to ear, Wes looks up to see a serious-faced SECRETARY looming under the doorway--

SECRETARY
He's ready for you now.

WES
(into phone)
Claire, I have to call you back.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Wes, wait--!

But Wes hangs up, rising to a stand. He walks with purpose, crossing through the door...

Disappearing into a brightly lit room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CROSSCUT

Listening to the emptiness on the other side of the line, Claire's hand goes limp...

The phone drops with a THUD to the floor. At the same time, THE FBI SKETCH POPS up on screen--

And yes. It confirms our suspicion. The Man with the Pictures on his Arms... The one connected to Drill...

CLAIRE
Drew.

But how is this possible?! Off Claire, reeling--

AUDIO PRELAP: *A child WHISPERING...*

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The hushed voice is coming from under the covers... To our shock -- it's Henry. NOW SPEAKING...

To someone we can't see.

HENRY
This is the best present in the whole wide world. Thank you for fixing me.

A beat, as Henry listens... Nodding his head solemnly--

HENRY
Okay. I promise. It'll be our secret. I won't even tell my mom.

Happily, Henry snuggles in--

HENRY
Good night, Drill. I love you.

And as he closes his eyes...

PRESIDENT WINTERS (AUDI PRELAP)
Clearly, this is a hoax--

INT. OVAL OFFICE - THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT CHIP WINTERS (late 50s), leader of the free world, staring directly at Wes. In the hot seat. Surrounded by HIGH RANKING officials, including SECRETARY OF DEFENSE HAL TRAPPER.

The mood in the room is tense. Eyes glancing back at GRAINY PHOTOS from the desert scene. Everyone's reason battling shock.

PRESIDENT WINTERS
This... this can't be real.

Unfortunately, his voice betrays him. He doesn't sound too certain. Everyone else tries desperately to play along--

SECRETARY TRAPPER
It could be the Algerians. Trying to squeeze more military aid from us.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL 1
Or a new tactic on Al Qaeda's part. Diversionary maneuver.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL 2
Maybe we're thinking too big here. Probably just some whiz kids playing a prank.

PRESIDENT WINTERS
(to Wes)
And what about you? You actually saw the thing. What do you think?

The room goes completely still. Everyone waiting for Wes' final verdict. Wes, realizing the moment is upon him, knows he has to choose his words carefully...

WES
Mr. President. I am not a believer when it comes to these matters but... If this vessel -- or spaceship or whatever we want to call it -- is a hoax... Then it's the most damn convincing hoax I've ever seen. Because what I saw out there... it scared the hell out of me. More than anything I've come across in any national security briefing. So, sure. It could be a hoax. But if it isn't--

The doors BURST open. And CAROLINE (age 7) storms in, FIRST LADY HAILEY WINTERS running in from behind--

FIRST LADY WINTERS
I'm sorry. She had another nightmare. She really wants her daddy.

PRESIDENT WINTERS
It's okay. I think we all need a minute here.

With a sweep of his eyes around the room, he goes over to his daughter, SWOOPING her into his arms--

PRESIDENT WINTERS
C'mon kiddo. Tell me about this dream.

Burying herself into daddy's comforting shoulders, Caroline shakes her head--

CAROLINE
I'm scared.

PRESIDENT WINTERS
Well you know, sometimes it helps to talk about it. See these people here--

He gives a nod to the room. Caroline looks up, glancing timidly at the imposing figures....

PRESIDENT WINTERS
They help me talk about my fears. Only way to confront them.

Caroline's eyes stop at Wes. He gives her a reassuring smile. She likes him. Finally--

CAROLINE
I saw what's gonna happen... December 2nd... Your birthday...

PRESIDENT WINTERS
What's gonna happen?

Caroline SNIFFLES, trying not to be the cry-baby in the room with the big people. But she can't help it--

CAROLINE
That's when the game's gonna end, daddy... <u>That's when they win</u>.

And with these foreboding words--

WE CUT TO BLACK:

<u>END OF PILOT</u>