

LAST WITNESS

by

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Pitch darkness.

A sudden GASP breaks the silence.

HEAVY BREATHING is all we hear. Followed by an uneven HEARTBEAT.

THA-THUD... THA... THUD...

CHOIR MUSIC reaches us from somewhere. Beautiful and sad.

CHOIR
*Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave.*

The darkness slowly fades as we move through--

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE - POV

A greyish mist. The outlines of a room. A distorted tunnel?

CHOIR
*Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;*

The mist turns out to be SMOKE. FLAMES dance across the walls. Lifeless SHADOWS lie scattered on the floor.

Bodies?

Far ahead we see a light. An exit?

We move towards it. Figures flicker in the light outside.

Like angels.

CHOIR (CONT'D)
O, hear us when we cry to Thee

We reach the light. And--

CHOIR (CONT'D)
For those in peril on the--

SMASHCUT TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE - DAY

Chaos.

Absolute chaos.

Scorching sunlight. A strong stench of sweat and fear.

People run in all directions. SCREAMS and distant SIRENS.

A MAN (45) steps outside. And looks around. Stunned.

He's dressed in a beige suit. His eyes are dark and worried.

We are in Boston's old harbor. Wooden boats, cozy restaurants. Any normal day; a place of leisure and joy.

Today; a scene of death and destruction.

The Man turns around and looks at--

The place he just left. It's a cafe.

Or... it was.

The entire front is blown away. Chairs and tables are scattered outside the HUGE HOLE in the wall. Lifeless BODIES lie next to them.

Two PARAMEDICS desperately try to save one of the wounded.

Behind them, a stretcher is rolled into an AMBULANCE that SPEEDS OFF - sirens wailing.

The Man is pushed aside by a desperate FATHER (41), fighting his way through the crowd. He's shouting a woman's name at the burning building.

The Man can't take his eyes off him. A FIREFIGHTER tries to pull the father away from the flames. They almost get into a fight, before the father buckles.

No one seems to notice The Man. Everyone's busy with the other cafe guests.

Or what's left of them.

The Man steps on something. A steel COFFEE POT. He picks it up. And stares at the polished surface.

His distorted REFLECTION stares back at him.

The Man frowns, when he sees--

BLOOD flows from his right eyebrow. He touches it. Watches his hand. Blood. All over.

A FIGURE comes running. From his lips we read--

SWAT OFFICER (O.S.)
YOU OKAY!?

The Man doesn't notice him until the SWAT OFFICER (MARCUS WOLFF) puts a hand on his shoulder.

SWAT OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
ARE YOU OKAY, SIR?

The Man looks at him. And signals his ear. He can't hear a word.

The officer wraps a blanket around him and leads him towards another ambulance.

The Man stops and lets a stretcher pass ahead of him.

He turns around one last time. And watches the chaos.

INT. AMBULANCE / DRIVING - DAY

The ambulance SPEEDS through the city.

The Man sits in the back, pressing a piece of cloth against the wound on his forehead. Watching--

A PARAMEDIC desperately trying to save the poor guy on the stretcher. Not succeeding.

The victim's body goes into SPASMS.

A HAND comes out from under the blanket. Shaking violently.

The Man watches it.

Then he grabs it and holds it tight.

It seems to bring some comfort to the dying victim.

We stay with The Man. Till the hand stops shaking. And we--

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA PIERCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A heavy PAINT BRUSH sweeps across a wall. Hard strokes. White on white.

A WOMAN is wielding it. Absorbed. We don't see her face, only her strong hands, arms, neck.

We're in a dark apartment somewhere. The curtains are drawn. The floor covered in plastic.

The woman JOLTS when -- the doorbell rings. She stops and turns around, and we finally see her face.

She's MARIA PIERCE - mid thirties. Her face looks younger. Her eyes, older.

She hesitates. RING, RING, RIIIIIIING.

Before she decides what to do, the door opens, and a man steps inside. THOMAS BISHOP, late 30s. Well dressed, dead serious, and obviously in a hurry.

THOMAS
Turn on the TV.

MARIA
Buy your own TV. They're on sale.

Ignoring her, he walks to a plastic covered bureau, opens the second drawer from the top and grabs A REMOTE.

Maria swallows hard when he turns on the tv and reveals--

EXT. HARBOR / TV - DAY

A NEWS REPORTER standing in the midst of chaos. He is trying to stay composed, and has to shout to make himself heard through the noise.

REPORTER
--here in the harbor where... the
cafe right behind me suddenly
exploded in... what seems to be...
a terrorist attack, we don't--

An AMBULANCE thunders right past him. SIRENS WAILING.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
The NATO-summit just opened, we
don't know if they plan to...
continue, we're still trying to
reach secretary of defence Robert
Gates. We don't know... how bad it
is or who's responsible, we're
trying... we're *trying*...

Someone rolls a SCREAMING VICTIM right by him.

The reporter loses it for a moment. The image FREEZES.

INT. MARIA PIERCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Maria stares at the frozen image. Thomas remains calm.

THOMAS
Thirteen dead. Seven women. Six
men.
(beat)
The summit is secure, they're
moving ahead. We don't know who did
this. Or why.

Maria finally looks up at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
There was a man inside the cafe. A
survivor. Apparently he's in shock.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Claims he doesn't remember
anything.
(beat)
I need to know if he's telling the
truth.

Finally, Maria understands why he's here. And frowns.

MARIA
You want ice cream? It's home made.

She heads for the kitchen.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Well, not by *me* but... by those
guys down at the store.

THOMAS
Maria--

MARIA
Yeah, listen, I'd really like to
help you, but I gotta... you know,
paint this place, so...

She picks up her brush and resumes the paint job.

THOMAS
I wouldn't be here.

MARIA
You've got Hanson, Furst and
Daniels.

THOMAS
They're not *you*.

She turns around.

MARIA
I'm on leave.

THOMAS
Crime scene and *one* interview.

MARIA
I resigned my license. I'm not
authorized.

He pulls out a WHITE ENVELOPE, holds it up for a beat, and
puts it down on a table close to her.

THOMAS
One hour. That's it.

MARIA

Thomas...
 (beat)
 I can't...

There's a plea in her eyes. And something else. Fear?

They both look up, when -- The TV starts rolling again. Hand held images of chaos and death.

Thomas looks back at her.

She bites hard. And lowers her paint brush.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE / TV-VOX POP #1 - DAY

A YOUNG MOTHER with a 2-YEAR-OLD BOY on her arm speaks to the unseen reporter behind the camera.

YOUNG MOTHER
 It's... horrible... really
 horrible... I don't know what to
 say.

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE / TV-VOX POP #2

Two agitated TEENAGE BOYS overlap each other--

TEENAGE BOY #1
 It was totally fucked up!

TEENAGE BOY #2
 Totally!

TEENAGE BOY #1
 We're just sitting right over
 there, right? And then, BOOM!

He illustrates the explosion with his hands. His big eyed friend repeats the gesture.

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE / TV-VOX POP #3 - DAY

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN tries to remain calm.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
 All my windows...
 (beat)
 I was in the kitchen.
 (beat)
 All my windows...

His facade cracks. He's deeply shocked.

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE / TV-VOX POP #1 - DAY

Back on the young mother.

YOUNG MOTHER

And then we heard... screaming.

(beat)

I don't know if... if they got out,
you know? If they were...

Her son starts to cry.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

Hushh..sh..sh.... It's okay.

She tries to comfort him. Doesn't succeed.

INT. THOMAS BISHOP'S CAR / DRIVING - DAY

Thomas SPEEDS through the city. He casts a glance at--

Maria in the passenger seat. Looking out the window, as if it
were her first time out for ages.

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE - DAY

Thomas' car pulls up in front of the cafe.

Thomas and Maria step out, and Thomas hurries inside.

Maria stays by the car. Trying to take in the horrific sight.
She hesitates for a beat...

Then pulls herself together. And follows Thomas inside.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE - DAY

Maria steps inside the burnt-out cafe.

Rubble and glass and scorched wood. Everything's soaking wet,
and smoke still rises from the piles.

The room is swarming with people. LAB TECHNICIANS and BOMB
SQUAD OFFICERS take pictures and collect samples. They scowl
at Maria. What's she doing here?

Maria ignores them. Puts on latex gloves and let's her eyes
wander. She notices--

The remains of a bar. A coffee maker. Bottles. Chairs.
Tables. A jukebox. A door to the kitchen, another door in the
back and--

Thomas, watching her closely. He signals her to come over.

Thomas is standing next to MARCUS WOLFF (33), the same SWAT OFFICER who helped the nameless man to his ambulance. Marcus is still high on adrenaline. Thomas introduces them--

THOMAS
Marcus Wolff, Maria Pierce. Wolff was First On Scene, could you give her a brief rundown on what we've got?

Maria's eyes wander across the room, while Marcus speaks--

MARCUS
Suitcase bomb. Plastic. Probably C4. Eight to ten pounds. Placed behind the jukebox over there. Manual detonation.

Maria nods.

MARIA
What did it play?

MARCUS
Hmm?

MARIA
The jukebox. What song was playing when the bomb went off?

Marcus gives Thomas a questioning look.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Could you find out for me, please? Thank you. And I'd like a menu.

MARCUS
From... here?

MARIA
Yes please. Thank you.

She nods. This conversation is over. Marcus exchanges another glance with Thomas, before moving back to his colleagues.

MARIA (CONT'D)
How did he survive?

Thomas signals the back door. Maria walks towards it.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, CORRIDOR - DAY

Maria walks down a dark, narrow corridor.

It seems to go on forever before ending at another DOOR leading her into--

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - DAY

Maria enters a restroom. Two toilet booths, two sinks and two mirrors.

One mirror is broken. Apart from that, the room seems undamaged by the explosion.

Maria catches her reflection in the broken mirror.

THOMAS (O.S.)
You look... good.

Maria looks back at -- Thomas in the doorway.

MARIA
You're losing your hair.

He blinks.

THOMAS
We think he was in here, when it happened.
(beat)
Maybe he saw the bag. Maybe he saw... someone.

MARIA
Maybe he did it.

Thomas gives her a look - Maybe. What does *she* think?

MARIA (CONT'D)
One interview.

She walks past him and out.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MAIN OFFICE - DAY

DING! Elevator doors open and Thomas and Maria step outside. Thomas moves with speed and confidence. Maria hesitates for a beat - recognizing the room - before she follows him.

THOMAS
He's down here.

They move through the crowded office. Detectives run, shout and work their phones and laptops all around them. The walls are plastered with photos and maps of buildings and city blocks. And portraits of US and foreign Heads of state.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The negotiations continue. They've released a statement, and we've tripled security, but they're not cancelling.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It was an attack on a non-secured target, and the message is simple; You don't stop a Nato Peace Keeping-summit by bombing civilians.

Maria is almost run over by two detectives rushing by.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They're expected to sign the treaty at nine thirty p.m. and at ten p.m. there's an open press conference at Fort Strong, Long Island.

They pass three of the department's top guys. DANIELS (48), FURST (34) and HANSON (37). The trio exchange glances when they see Thomas with Maria. Thomas ignores them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The Britts and Germans brought their own security, we cover the rest. 800 guys at the summit, 300 on the rock, four groups on every Head of State, and everyone else in the streets trying to find whoever placed that bomb.

MARIA

And what are they looking for?

They turn one last corner...

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

...and stop in front of a huge ONE WAY MIRROR.

THOMAS

I was hoping you could tell us.

Maria looks through the mirror and into - an INTERVIEW ROOM. It's big, delicately decorated, and floor-to-ceiling windows offer a spectacular view of the city.

THE WITNESS is by the window, back turned. He touches his forehead. Doesn't know he's being watched.

MARIA

What do you know about him?

THOMAS

He had no papers on him. Prints and teeth, not on file.

MARIA

What do the doctors say?

THOMAS

Nothing except the wound over his eye. Probably flying glass.

MARIA

Can you talk to him?

THOMAS

His hearing's back. But Hanson and the boys didn't get anything out of him.

MARIA

Well, I'm not Hanson and the boys.

THOMAS

No. You're not.

They exchange a glance. Maria looks back through the mirror. Hesitates for a beat. Then she pulls herself together - and enters the room.

Thomas makes eye contact with HANSON, who's been watching them from across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

THE WITNESS is by the window overlooking the city. Orange sunlight plays off the water far below.

He doesn't hear Maria until--

MARIA

Quite amazing, isn't it?

He looks up. She walks up beside him. Points out the window.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I remember my first time in that funfair over there, my dad took me to the Ferris wheel. I hated it, I hated *him*, and still somewhere... deep inside... I remember this feeling that the world just... *expanded*, you know?

She smiles to The Witness, who smiles back. Uncertain.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You remember that feeling?

(beat)

Your first time in a Ferris wheel?

His smile fades as he searches for the memory. And fails to find it.

MARIA (CONT'D)
You wanna sit?

He looks around. The room has three chairs, where would she like him to sit?

She signals that he can pick any chair he'd like. The Witness hesitates. Insecure. Stays standing.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Do you know why you are here?

THE WITNESS
(beat)
I think...

Maria waits for him to continue. But nothing more comes. He touches the wound over his eye.

MARIA
At two p.m. today, 28 Nato leaders initiated a summit at the Boston Convention Center on future military strategies in the middle east. At tree minutes past two, a bomb exploded in a cafe called "The Warehouse" down in Old Harbor. 13 people died. You survived. You're the only one who saw what happened inside.

He reacts with surprise.

THE WITNESS
A... bomb?

MARIA
Yes.

THE WITNESS
How did I... survive?

MARIA
You tell me.

His eyes wander. She watches him closely.

MARIA (CONT'D)
You want anything? Water? Coffee?

He makes an uncertain gesture.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Do you use milk in your coffee?

The Witness looks at her. Wants to answer, but realizes that he has to search for the answer - *does he use milk?*

MARIA (CONT'D)
Any headaches?

The Witness signals his eye.

THE WITNESS
Up here.

MARIA
Blurred vision?

THE WITNESS
I don't know. Some. Maybe.

MARIA
Hearing?

THE WITNESS
Okay. Still a little... buzzing.

He signals his right ear. Maria nods.

MARIA
Do you remember the explosion?

He shakes his head.

MARIA (CONT'D)
What's the last thing you remember?

THE WITNESS
The noise. Down by... the water. I
come out and... all these people...

MARIA
Inside?

He shakes his head. Touches his eye.

MARIA (CONT'D)
What happened to your eye?

THE WITNESS
Huh?

MARIA
How did you hurt your eye?

THE WITNESS
I don't know...

MARIA
What do you do for a living?

The Witness wants to answer. But realizes that he can't.

MARIA (CONT'D)

How old are you?

(beat)

What's your name?

The Witness searches for all the answers. And finds none of them. He looks up at Maria. Frustrated.

Maria nods. Walks back to the chairs, and signals - once again - that The Witness can pick any one he chooses.

The Witness hesitates. Then he walks up to her. Singles out a chair. And sits down.

Maria casts a short glance at the mirror. Then she sits down in the chair across from him.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - DAY

Thomas watches them.

Detective Hanson steps up and gives Thomas a short, serious look - before he also looks in through the mirror.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Maria and The Witness sit in comfortable chairs. Like a married couple in a living room. Only he is obviously not feeling comfortable. Maria lets him sit there. Until finally--

THE WITNESS

What do we do now?

MARIA

Tell me how you feel.

THE WITNESS

How I feel?

MARIA

Yes.

THE WITNESS

Now?

MARIA

Yes.

THE WITNESS

(beat)

I'm afraid.

MARIA

Why?

THE WITNESS

What do you mean?

MARIA

What are you afraid of?

The Witness tries to find the right way to illustrate--

THE WITNESS

Okay...

(beat)

On January 30th 1933, Adolf Hitler became Reichskanzler of Germany.

Maria raises her eyebrows.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

The Beatles got their big break on the Ed Sullivan Show, February 9th 1964.

MARIA

Okay.

THE WITNESS

The car that drove me here... Ford F-150 Crown Victoria. 4.6 litre V8 engine. It pulls 250 horse power but its top speed is limited to 140 Miles Per Hour...

He looks at her. And then points at himself.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

And I've never seen this face before in my life.

She nods.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

I don't know what I had for breakfast, I don't know where I live, I don't know what I *do*, I don't know...

His voice cracks and he stops. Obviously frustrated. She looks at him for a long time. Then--

MARIA

What happened to your eye?

He looks at her. And shakes his head. Doesn't know. Maria nods. And writes down a few conclusive notes on a piece of paper. Then she wraps it up - reassuring;

MARIA (CONT'D)

I'll get someone who can help you. You'll be fine, don't worry.

THE WITNESS
What's wrong with me?

Maria stands up and heads for the door.

MARIA
You'll be fine. Thank you for your
time.

She walks out the door, leaving The Witness alone and in
despair. He catches his own reflection in the one way mirror.

Doesn't recognize it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - DAY

Maria joins Thomas behind the mirror. She and Hanson greet
each other with mutual reservation.

MARIA
Jimmy.

HANSON
Pierce.

THOMAS
So?

MARIA
Nothing to indicate he's lying.

They watch The Witness through the glass. He's obviously
troubled about his situation. Touching his eye again.

THOMAS
What's wrong with him?

MARIA
He needs a thorough examination.

THOMAS
Preliminary?

MARIA
Psychogenic amnesia.

THOMAS
Which is?

MARIA
Hysteric memory loss. Total loss of
identity and recollection of any
personal experiences.

THOMAS
How long does it last?

MARIA
Worst case, several months. Best
case, a couple of days.

THOMAS
Days?

MARIA
If he's lucky.

Thomas and Hanson exchange a glance.

THOMAS
Any way to... speed up the process?

MARIA
There *have* been experiments with
cognitive confrontational therapy,
but it's dangerous and the results
are... questionable.

THOMAS
Could you... help us?

Maria blinks. Then she snorts a hard smile.

Thomas looks down and nods.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Fine. Okay then. I shouldn't
have...
(beat)
Thank you. You want me to call a
cab or...?

MARIA
I'm fine.

She nods. Thomas nods. And Hanson passes her with a short,
sarcastic--

HANSON
Thanks.

MARIA
You're welcome.

Hanson steps inside the interview room and closes the door
behind him. Through the mirror Maria sees him sit down in
front of The Witness. Their voices rustle through speakers.

HANSON
Alright, let's do this one more
time, shall we? Where were you
today at two p.m.?

The Witness reacts reluctantly. Hanson continues through a
series of traditional police questions.

Maria looks up at Thomas--

MARIA

You can't... speak to him like that.

THOMAS

We have no choice.

MARIA

He's asking closed questions to his short time memory, he can't--

Thomas cuts her off with a frustrated glance. He signals the chaos around them. Phones. Shouting. Running detectives. Then he finally reveals--

THOMAS

We've received an email, threatening with another bomb if they sign the treaty tonight. We can't trace the I.P. CIA are running around like headless chickens...

MARIA

Close the summit.

Thomas shakes his head.

THOMAS

Not an option, politically. Besides, the summit is not the target. Convention's secured, press conference secured, but the rest of the city...? Wide open. Squares, restaurants, busses, subways... Whoever did this killed thirteen civilians as a *warning*. We don't know *who*, we don't know *where*, but when they sign that document tonight...

(beat)

We haven't got weeks or days. We've got six hours. And that guy is our last witness. So I'm sorry, but we're doing the best we can.

(beat)

Thanks for coming in. Get home safe.

Thomas nods and leaves Maria alone by the mirror.

She looks back at The Witness, rubbing his wounded eye, increasingly frustrated with Hanson's scrutinizing questions.

Suddenly, The Witness stands up, KNOCKS OVER his chair, and walks to the far end of the room. Back turned. Shutting Hanson out.

Hanson reacts with frustration. Maria hesitates. Looks back and forth between the mirror and the main office, where Thomas disappeared.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Hanson looks up, when Maria enters and leans against the wall. She discretely gestures towards the open door.

Hanson looks back at The Witness, who has totally shut him out. Hanson gets up and leaves the room. Giving Maria a short look of warning on his way out.

She shuts the door behind him and focuses on The Witness.

MARIA

My name is Maria Pierce. I'm a psychologist and I can help you. With your eye. And the rest. If you let me.

(beat)

Will you let me?

The Witness slowly turns around to face her.

THE WITNESS

What's wrong with me?

MARIA

What you're experiencing is called a fugue state, formally dissociative or psychogenic fugue. You remember everything you've *learned* but nothing you've *experienced*. It's a very rare condition, usually triggered by strong trauma or shock. It's your brain pulling the emergency break.

THE WITNESS

How long... does it last?

MARIA

Under normal circumstances--

THE WITNESS

These are not normal circumstances. Are they?

MARIA

No. They're not.

THE WITNESS

So. How long?

MARIA

Up to you.

THE WITNESS

What can I do?

MARIA

You can go back to the cafe. And
relive the whole thing.

The Witness swallows hard. Then he steps back towards the
center of the room...

And sits down in his chair.

Maria closes her eyes. Exhales. And gets ready.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - DAY

Thomas steps back up behind the mirror. Hanson joins him,
watching Maria and The Witness.

HANSON

So. She ready for this?

THOMAS

Hmm?

HANSON

Michael Kimberly.

THOMAS

She did a fully professional psych-
evaluation. Considering the
circumstances.

Hanson makes a discrete gesture. He doesn't agree. Thomas
looks directly at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It wasn't her fault. She couldn't
have done anything different.

Again, the gesture. Thomas signals the chaos surrounding
them. What's he supposed to do?

HANSON

She's ego. She gets an idea and she
fixates on it.

Thomas snorts and looks back through the mirror. This
conversation is over. Hanson nods. And walks back towards
Furst and Daniels.

Thomas keeps his eyes on Maria.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A CLOSED EYELID. Vibrating.

The Witness is trying to remember. His eyeball is moving behind the eyelid. Until we SUDDENLY--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MEMORY / SFX

A SHOCKING EXPLOSION. GLASS. BURSTING RIGHT AT US.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Witness opens his eyes. He tries to regain his composure.

THE WITNESS

Glass.

MARIA

Glass?

He nods.

THE WITNESS

Shattered glass.

MARIA

What does it look like?

THE WITNESS

It's... coming right at me.

MARIA

What else do you see?

He shakes his head. Her voice is calm and comforting.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Try again. You're outside the cafe.
It's cold. Bright sunlight in your
eyes.

He shuts his eyes again.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Tell me what you see.

EXT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

"The Warehouse" before the explosion. Laughter and chatter.

Outside the cafe is a small table.

On the table is a BLUE VASE with faded WILD FLOWERS.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Witness searches through his memory. Eyes still closed.

THE WITNESS

Flowers.

(beat)

Wild flowers, they're... pale.

MARIA

Good. Walk to the flowers.

EXT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The CAMERA does. MOVES towards the small table. And STOPS right next to the vase.

MARIA (V.O.)

Now try to look up.

THE WITNESS appears. Wearing a coat and looking good.

He looks up.

MARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What do you see?

THE WITNESS

A door.

MARIA

Open the door. And walk inside.

He reaches out and stops. There's BLOOD on his hand.

He touches his face.

More blood.

The WOUND above his eye has suddenly appeared.

BLOOD IS GUSHING OUT. So much blood.

He tries to stop it. Presses his hand against the wound and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MEMORY / SFX

THE GLASS EXPLOSION. EVEN MORE POWERFUL THIS TIME.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness is JOLTED back to reality.

THE WITNESS

No...

MARIA

What?

THE WITNESS

I don't think... I can do this.

MARIA

What did you see?

THE WITNESS

You know what? This was a bad idea.

MARIA

(beat)

What was?

THE WITNESS

All this... I've never even *been*
inside that place.

MARIA

Yes. You have.

There's no accusation in her voice. She just states a fact.

THE WITNESS

Listen, I'm just...

MARIA

It's scary. I understand.

He gets up. Shakes his head.

THE WITNESS

Could we do this later? Another
time, okay?

MARIA

Okay.

THE WITNESS

Yeah? Is that... okay?

MARIA

Absolutely. We have to do this at
your own pace.

She stands up with a concluding gesture.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas reacts. What's she doing?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Witness feels relieved as Maria eases off.

THE WITNESS

Thank you.

MARIA

No problem. You want that cup of coffee now?

THE WITNESS

Huh?

MARIA

You want a cup of coffee before you go?

THE WITNESS

Uh...? I don't...

MARIA

Regular?

(off his reaction)

We've got regular, espresso, cappuccino and Latte. We've got Columbian, Brazilian, Kenyan or mixed. You can have a sandwich too if you like? We've got Club, Ham'n Cheese, Pastrami or Veggie.

He stares at her. What's going on here? She opens a drawer, and finds a MENU CARD from "The Warehouse". She puts it in his hands and then heads for the door.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Check out the menu and I'll be back in just a minute, okay?

And then she's gone.

He just stands there. Mystified. Until--

The room is filled with SOUNDS. Joyful chatter. The rattling of cups and plates. They're sounds from inside a busy cafe.

The sounds are real this time. They come from small speakers discretely placed in the corners of the room.

The Witness frowns. What *is* this? Then--

THE MUSIC starts. And The Witness freezes.

It's "Strong to save", performed by a choir. We recognize it.
So does he.

CHOIR
*Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave.*

The Witness drops the menu card. It falls to the floor.

CHOIR (CONT'D)
*Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep; O,
hear us when we cry to Thee.*

He closes his eyes. And we--

CHOIR (CONT'D)
For those in peril on--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MEMORY / SFX

A SURREAL TUNNEL of bright light and deafening noise.

We RUSH THROUGH it, and end in--

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

A teenage girl, LAURA (17), sits at a table in the far end of the cafe. We see her through TUNNEL VISION, that blurs everything around her.

She's sulking. Texting someone on her cell phone, while talking to... her mother ANNA (42), a frail woman who tries to get through to her. They're having a suppressed argument.

We can't hear them. We only hear the HEAVY BREATHING and the uneven HEART BEAT of the beholder.

Laura suddenly has an outburst. Her mother gives up and hands her something.

A QUARTER.

Laura gets up and walks through the cafe, right past--

THE WITNESS, who sits at a table near the window and watches her. He reacts when he sees where she's heading--

THE JUKEBOX. An old model from the 50s.

Laura stops in front of the colorful machine.

The Witness is clearly affected when Laura reaches for the coin slot.

The quarter touches the metal.

The Witness stands up and SHOUTS--

THE WITNESS

STOP!

EVERYTHING STOPS!

THE IMAGE FREEZES!

The Witness stares at the girl. Her coin hovers in front of the coin slot. The look on her face is frozen in time.

The Witness shuts his eyes. And hyperventilates.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness is sitting in his chair. Hyperventilating. Eyes still closed.

Maria's back in her chair and gently guides him.

MARIA

Don't be afraid. You're in charge.

His breathing slows down.

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The Witness concentrates. And--

The whole situation REWINDS right in front of our eyes.

Laura walks BACKWARDS through the cafe.

Past The Witness, back to her mother.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness keeps his eyes closed.

MARIA

What does she look like? The girl?

The Witness reacts. He can't tell.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Go over there.

He moves his head. Eyes still closed.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 Get up, walk over there and sit
 down next to them.
 (beat)
 What do you see?

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The world is still frozen. But now--

The Witness is sitting at LAURA's table. Her face is BLURRED.
 Only visible trait is her HAIR -- long, straight and blond.

THE WITNESS
 She's... blond. No, wait...
 (beat)
 It's... sandy.

Before our eyes Laura's hair CHANGES COLOR. From blond to
 sandy. The Witness examines her and indicates on his
 shoulder.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)
 It was longer. Here. And more...
 curly.

Her hair GROWS LONGER. And CURLIER.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)
 She's pretty...

Laura's face finally becomes visible through the blur.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)
 ...just like her mother.

Anna's does the same. Laura's upset about something.

MARIA (V.O.)
 Why is she upset?

The Witness concentrates for a beat, and--

The MEMORY PLAYS FORWARD. Anna tries to reach her daughter,
 who's texting on her cell. Sulking.

ANNA
 You want anything to drink?

LAURA
 When's dad coming?

ANNA
 Well, *he's* the one who's late.
 Again. So I guess you'd have to ask
 him.

LAURA
I wanna live with him.

Laura doesn't even look up. Anna tries to keep calm. "Strong to save" plays gently on the jukebox.

ANNA
Okay. Well, *if* he starts to live up to his responsibilities, then *maybe* we can talk about--

Laura looks around and cuts her off with an angry outburst.

LAURA
Jesus, what *is* this shit, could they change the fucking music in here!?

ANNA
Laura! Language!

Laura frowns.

LAURA
You got a quarter?

Anna looks at her daughter. Deeply frustrated. Then she sighs, pulls out her purse and hands her a QUARTER.

Laura reaches out for it and--

THE IMAGE FREEZES.

The Witness sits right next to them. Staring at the quarter in Anna's hand. And Laura's frozen hand reaching for it.

He reaches out. And tries to grab the coin--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness grabs in the air. He opens his eyes. Frustrated.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - DAY

Thomas looks to the side--

In the far end of the crowded office, Hanson is interviewing LAURA'S FATHER, who got pulled away from the burnt-out cafe.

From the father's grief and desperation we gather, he's got nothing but pain to bring to the table.

Thomas focuses on Maria and The Witness.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Maria encourages The Witness.

MARIA
You're doing well. Do it again.
Start on the coin.

The Witness closes his eyes. Concentrates and focuses on--

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

--the quarter in Anna's hand. Frozen in time.

MARIA (V.O.)
Now, there's a table behind her.

The Witness looks over Anna's shoulder and sees--

An empty table.

A SHORTHAIRED GIRL (18) materializes at the table. A SPIKY
HAIRED GUY (19) materializes across from her.

THE WITNESS
A young couple. 18-20 years old.
They're... on a date?

The world STARTS MOVING again. The young couple flirt. Laugh.

MARIA (V.O.)
Go over there.

The Witness gets up from his chair but--

MARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You don't have to get up. The room
is in your mind. You control it.

The Witness hesitates. Then concentrates for a moment and--

The WHOLE ROOM TURNS AROUND HIM. Until he's standing right
beside them. The young couple never notice him.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Maria watches him closely.

MARIA
Good. There are *three* tables by the
window. Who do you see?

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The Witness looks back at the window. Three empty tables. He's getting a better hold of the process now.

Two ELDERLY LADIES materialize by the first table.

THE WITNESS

Two ladies. 70s. Good friends. One of them's wearing a... red coat. She's distracted by...

A LONELY MAN appears at the empty table next to them. He's alone with his beer. Scruffy looking. An outsider.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

A man. Mid fifties. Looks lonely. He's on his... *third* beer, and...

TWO NEW BOTTLES materialize next to the one he's drinking.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

...he seems irritated by...

THREE YOUNG EXECUTIVES appear at the last empty table.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

Three suits. Young guys. One of them bragging. The others... not really listening.

MARIA (V.O.)

And in the bar?

THE WITNESS

(without looking)

There's a bartender I guess.

MARIA (V.O.)

Stop.

The IMAGE FREEZES and The Witness is PULLED BACK TO--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

He opens his eyes. Maria is very serious.

MARIA

Don't. Guess.

He nods his head. Understands why. Closes his eyes again and travels back to--

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The ROOM ROTATES until The Witness is standing by the bar.

THE WITNESS

The bartender is a... woman. Late thirties.

The BARTENDER (39) materializes. She's pissed at someone in the empty kitchen. A YOUNG GUY (19) appears out of thin air. Working his balls off. Stressed.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

She's yelling at a young guy doing the dishes. Not doing 'em fast enough.

The young guy scowls at his boss.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Maria watches him carefully.

MARIA

Anyone else?

The Witness' vibrating eyelid. Searching.

THE WITNESS

No.

MARIA

Go back to your seat.

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The WHOLE ROOM ROTATES till he's is back at his table. Sitting on the same chair from where he first saw Laura.

MARIA

Who sat *here*?

EVERYTHING FREEZES.

The Witness looks up. Surprised. MARIA is now present in his frozen memory. Physically sitting opposite him.

In front of her is a CUP OF COFFEE. It's been there all along, but we didn't notice it until now.

THE WITNESS

Huh?

MARIA

You've just described twelve people. Six men and six women. Thirteen people were killed in this room. You're missing one. A woman.

(beat)

Who did you have coffee with?

THE WITNESS

(beat)

Nobody.

MARIA

Nobody?

THE WITNESS

Not that I remember.

MARIA

Did someone leave when you got here?

THE WITNESS

I don't know.

She watches him closely.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness is avoiding eye contact.

MARIA

Anything unusual.

THE WITNESS

I know.

MARIA

You understand how important this is?

THE WITNESS

I do.

MARIA

Good. Now look at me, please?

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

He looks up. They're back at the table.

MARIA

Who. Sat. Here?

The Witness suppresses a desperate smile. Mimics her tone.

THE WITNESS

I. Don't. Know.

As on cue, he hears WATER RUNNING. He looks up. The sound comes from the back of the cafe, It's LOUD and DISTORTED. We CLOSE IN on The Witness who grows pale, and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MEMORY / SFX

BOOK PAGES flutter by at tremendous speed and with a THUNDERING NOISE.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness REACTS. He doesn't understand the image that hits him, but keeps his eyes closed and tries to focus.

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

The Witness gets up and moves towards the sound.

Through the cafe, past the bar, and into--

INT. CAFE, CORRIDOR / MEMORY - DAY

He moves through the narrow corridor leading to the restroom.

It seems to go on forever. His breathing is heavy, his heart pounding.

THA-THUD... THA-THUD...

The noise from the FLUTTERING PAGES increases when he sees--

THE DOOR at the end of the corridor. It's an inch ajar.

UNDER THE DOOR The Witness can see a SHADOW moving. And he realizes--

SOMEONE'S IN THERE!

* THA-THUD *

He feels something in his eye. Touches it. BLOOD.

His wound has opened.

He hesitates. So much blood.

He forces himself to continue. Raises his hand...

* THA-THUD, THA-THUD *

...and opens the door.

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

The Witness stops at the BLINDING LIGHT. He shields his eyes.

He catches a glimpse of A SHADOWY FIGURE standing by the sink furthest away. Washing his hands and his face methodically. Hands and face. Hands. Face.

The Figure is A MAN of unrecognizable age. He's dressed in dark clothes that seem to CHANGE back and forth in shape and tone. Almost like they're BREATHING. Never finding their true form or color.

His face is BLURRED. There's something deeply disturbing about this shadowy figure and his methodical gestures. Hands and face. The Figure suddenly stops. And checks his watch.

The Witness takes one step closer, when suddenly--

The Figure turns. And RUSHES RIGHT AT HIM!

The Witness tries to avoid the blow, but too late. The Figure hits him and--

RUNS RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

EVERYTHING EXPLODES AS WE--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MEMORY / SFX

THE SHOCKING GLASS EXPLOSION. BURSTING RIGHT AT US.

The Witness tries to dodge it, but--

The GLASS turns into PAGES that flutter all around him. He tries to fight them off and far behind them he suddenly sees--

A SMALL KEY. Inserted in the keyhole of a small WOODEN BOX.

The key TURNS. The box is UNLOCKED. And--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Witness falls from his chair and lands hard on the floor.

Maria jumps to her feet, shouting--

MARIA
THOMAS!

The Witness starts to tremble. SPASMS. He looks like he's having an epileptic seizure.

Thomas comes running. Hanson and Daniels are right behind him. They throw themselves at The Witness, trying to hold him down.

We focus on The Witness' pale GAZE into a distant world. And as the SPASMS intensify, we're pulled INTO HIS EYES and--

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY / POV

A grey, ghostly FOG.

The noise from the interview room is but a distant echo.

Something appears in the fog.

A WOMAN'S FACE. She's new to us. Young. Beautiful.

A smile.

A laugh.

An intimate promise. She blinks. And then we--

CUT TO:

DARKNESS.

SILENCE.

FOR A LONG, LONG TIME. Before we finally...

FADE TO:

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - EVENING

Darkness has fallen upon the police head quarters.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

A TELEVISION transmits from outside the Boston Convention Center. The flags of 28 nations tower above two important looking men. They're the US Secretary Of Defence ROBERT GATES (68) and The Secretary General of Nato ANDERS FOGH RASMUSSEN (57). Gates is addressing a crowd of reporters. A short symbolic briefing, and then they're back inside.

Thomas sits on a desk nearby, watching the screen. He's on the phone with someone. Private.

THOMAS (ON THE PHONE)

Mmm... Mmm... I don't know...

Just... stay inside, okay?

Maria steps up. Thomas wraps up his call.

THOMAS (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'll be home as soon as I can... Me
too. Bye hon.

He hangs up and looks at Maria.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
So?

MARIA
He's okay. He's just...

Through the one way mirror, Thomas catches a glimpse of The
Witness - back in his chair. Quiet. Thoughtful.

THOMAS
What happened?

MARIA
Physiologically it resembled an
epileptic seizure.

THOMAS
He saw someone. In the restroom.

MARIA
Yeah.

THOMAS
Bomber?

MARIA
We don't know.

Hanson steps up to them.

HANSON
How're we doing?

MARIA
This process usually takes weeks or
months. We're pushing him.

Hanson nods. And hands a REPORT to Thomas.

HANSON
We've traced the explosive. C4,
stolen from a military stash right
after Christmas. Whoever they are,
they knew what they were doing.
(signals the room)
I need to talk to him.

MARIA
He's not ready. Let me handle it,
and I'll get you an I.D.

THOMAS

How long?

Maria can't answer that. Hanson gives Thomas a look.

HANSON

We have an active threat. We've got potential targets all over the city. We need to move on this.

He signals his report.

MARIA

If we push him he might break, and we'll get nothing.

HANSON

I'd be happy to do this together, she can--

MARIA

(cuts him off)

I don't think that's a good idea.

Hanson gives Thomas a stern look. His decision. Thomas hesitates. Then orders Maria to--

THOMAS

Focus on the bomber in the restroom.

MARIA

We don't know if he's the bomber.

THOMAS

Please?

She blinks. And heads back towards the interview room. Thomas makes eye contact with Hanson, who holds his gaze for a silent beat, before he returns to Furst and Daniels.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

The room is quiet. The Witness is in his chair, absently touching the bandage above his eye.

He looks up, when Maria enters and sits down. For a long moment they just sit there in awkward silence.

THE WITNESS

Everything okay out there?

MARIA

They're under a lot of pressure. So are we.

THE WITNESS

How are we doing?

MARIA

Good. Better than I hoped.

He nods.

THE WITNESS

There was... a man. In the
restroom.

She nods. Watches him silently.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

But you say you're missing... a
woman?

MARIA

Remember anyone?

He shakes his head.

MARIA (CONT'D)

A girlfriend? Wife? Are you
married?

He looks at his fingers. No ring.

THE WITNESS

Apparently not.

(beat)

You?

A hint of a smile in his eye. She looks at *her* fingers and
raises her hand - no ring there either. He nods. And signals
the mirror.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

They think *I* did it, don't they?

MARIA

What makes you think that?

THE WITNESS

Did I do it?

(beat)

Did I blow up that place? Did I...
kill all those people?

There's genuine concern in his eyes. And something else.
Fear. He needs to know.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)

I'm the only survivor, apparently I
was in that restroom, and I
can't... see his face. Why can't I
see his face?

She watches him closely. Then--

MARIA
Come with me.

She gets up and heads for the door. He gives her a surprised look. Where are they going?

INT. MORGUE - EVENING

Greenish fluorescent light flickers under the ceiling as three figures enter the huge, cold room.

Maria, Thomas and... The Witness, who stops when he sees where she brought him. And what awaits him.

13 STEEL BEDS.

13 OPEN BODY BAGS.

The Witness reacts. To the sight, and the stench. He looks at Maria. She can't be serious. She speaks softly.

MARIA
You say he ran right past you just
before the explosion.
(beat)
Maybe he didn't make it outside.

THE WITNESS
I don't think I can...

MARIA
I know this is tough. Take your
time.

The Witness walks up to the first steel bed. And looks down. We never see what's in there. Only his reaction when he gestures to the contents of the body bag.

THE WITNESS
I can't...tell from...

Maria just looks at him. The Witness swallows hard. And nods his head.

Then he moves slowly. From bag to bag. Trying to recognize someone, or *something*, inside one of them.

Thomas stays by the door, watching.

Maria follows The Witness on the other side of the steel beds. Never looking at the scorched corpses. Only at him. Recording every little twitch and reaction on his face.

The Witness stops next to a body bag. We catch a glimpse of Laura's curly hair. Or what's left of it. He looks up.

His eyes tear up, is this really necessary? Maria nods.
Unfortunately it is.

He moves on. Slowly approaching the SECOND TO LAST body bag.

From his POV we catch--

A SHORT GLIMPSE of a CHARRED WRIST. A sooted GOLD BRACELET.

The Witness frowns. Recognizes the bracelet. And is hit by a--

FLASH CUT OF: The wrist before the burn. It's a young woman.

The Witness stops in front of the body bag. He stares at the bracelet. And suddenly he's DRAWN INTO IT and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT./EXT. INFERNO OF IMAGES / MEMORY - DAY & NIGHT

An inferno of images.

Fragments of an intense and long lasting love affair BLAST
past us in seconds.

A young woman dominates the memories. JULIE CROSS (28) - in
intimate situations with The Witness. In hotel rooms, in the
woods, by the sea, in a car during a romantic rainstorm...

TWO IMAGES repeat throughout the thunderstorm of images--

The fluttering pages.

And the small key inserted in a wooden box.

JULIE CROSS returns. Naked. And close to The Witness. She
kisses him. And caresses his face with a hand that reveals--

A GOLD BRACELET around her wrist.

MATCHCUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

The Witness blinks. He stares at the bracelet, worn by the
black remains of a person down there.

MARIA

You okay?

He looks up.

THE WITNESS

Yeah. I'm... I'm sorry.

He shakes his head. And walks back towards the door. A bit too fast.

Maria watches him all the way.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - EVENING

The dark building. There's light on the third floor.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

The Witness is pacing back and forth. We haven't seen him like this before. Openly stressed.

Maria enters with - seemingly - not a care in the world.

MARIA
You want anything?

THE WITNESS
Huh?

MARIA
Cup of coffee? Tea?

THE WITNESS
No. Thanks.

MARIA
Something to eat? I can--

THE WITNESS
NO! Thank you!

He cuts her off a bit too harshly. Regrets and explains.

THE WITNESS (CONT'D)
You know what...
(beat)
I'd like to go home now.
(beat)
All this... I don't know... It's
been... it's been very...
difficult.

MARIA
I know.

THE WITNESS
I've done all I can.

MARIA
It's okay. You can leave if you
want to.

THE WITNESS

Yeah?

MARIA

Your choice.

She seems almost indifferent. He doesn't quite get it. But--

THE WITNESS

Okay then. Well...?

He heads for the exit. Can't believe she's letting him walk. But she does. All the way to the door, before--

MARIA

Who was the girl in the bag?

He stops. And stares at her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

The second to last body bag, you stopped and you saw something. Who was she?

THE WITNESS

I did?

MARIA

Yeah.

She eyes him closely. He can't recall.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Was she the one you had coffee with?

THE WITNESS

No.

MARIA

No? Who *did* you have coffee with?

THE WITNESS

(beat)

I don't know.

MARIA

But you know it wasn't her?

He smiles a strained smile. Maria does not.

MARIA (CONT'D)

There are thirteen bodies down in the morgue. You've described all of them in that cafe. Except one. A woman.

THE WITNESS

I saw a *man* in the restroom.

MARIA

So you say.

The Witness' smile stiffens. He casts a glance at the one way mirror behind Maria.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Behind the mirror, Thomas and Hanson are watching closely.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Witness signals a pack of cigarettes, lying on a table.

THE WITNESS

Can I?

She gestures. Of course. He picks it up and pulls out a cigarette. Starts looking for a light, and doesn't find it.

MARIA

So. You smoke?

THE WITNESS

Maybe I drink too?

Another strained smile.

MARIA

I can get you a drink if it's okay with your medication?

THE WITNESS

What medication?

MARIA

For the epilepsy. You *do* suffer from epilepsy, don't you?

THE WITNESS

I don't know.

MARIA

Okay then, you say you'd like to go home, do you know where you live?

THE WITNESS

No, I was... What I meant was... Listen, if you've got something to say, could we..?

MARIA

I just have one last question,
actually.

THE WITNESS

Mhmm?

She produces a lighter. He leans in to light his cigarette
and--

MARIA

Why are you lying to me?

--freezes. Their faces are so near. He hesitates just a beat.
Then lights his cig and leans back.

THE WITNESS

What do you mean?

MARIA

I mean; why did you start lying to
me?

He blows smoke. Calm.

THE WITNESS

I didn't. I'm not.

She examines him carefully. Then nods.

MARIA

Let me tell you something. There
are *three* types of amnesia: *Organic*
amnesia is usually caused by
something blocking the flow of
oxygen to the brain; a tumor, a
blow to the head. Would've been my
initial diagnosis, except with O.A.
you never forget who you are. Loss
of identity is a symptom of
Psychogenic amnesia. Along with
personality changes, mood swings,
large holes in the conscious
memory. You cure it by fishing for
details. Suddenly you hook onto
something; an image, a scent, and
then it all comes rolling. Usually
in big chunks; seasons, places,
people. They say it's like opening
a photo album. Was that how it felt
to you?

THE WITNESS

I haven't... felt anything like
that.

MARIA

No? Down in the morgue? When you looked into that body bag?

THE WITNESS

No.

She looks at him. For a long beat. Then she nods.

MARIA

Then my guess is, you're suffering from the *third* kind of amnesia.

THE WITNESS

Which is?

MARIA

Simulated.

He snorts a strained laugh. Looks up and shakes his head.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Laughter as a defence mechanism.
Little pauses before every
deliberate lie, eyes seek up and to
the right to stimulate creativity,
that's it: Up. And to the right.

The Witness looks at her again. Dead serious now.

THE WITNESS

Am I accused of anything?

MARIA

Why would you think that?

THE WITNESS

Should I call my lawyer?

MARIA

Do you know if you've got one?

THE WITNESS

I didn't do anything!

MARIA

You sure about that?

THE WITNESS

YES, I'm...

He stops himself. Maria leans in.

MARIA

Who was the girl in the bag?

The Witness snorts. Stays quiet.

Maria nods. Then reaches down under the table and pulls something up -- an evidence bag. Containing--

THE GOLD BRACELET - from the body bag.

She puts it on the table right in front of him -- CLONK.

THE WITNESS
How did you get that?

MARIA
What is it?

THE WITNESS
How did you get it off her?

MARIA
Off who?

THE WITNESS
I said HOW DID YOU GET IT OFF?

The Witness stands up. Strongly affected.

MARIA
Who is she?

THE WITNESS
Stop it!

MARIA
What's her name?

THE WITNESS
I said STOP IT!

MARIA
What's *your* name?

THE WITNESS
I don't kno--

MARIA
How did you hurt your head?

THE WITNESS
I said I--

MARIA
Did she place that bomb?

THE WITNESS
What!?

Maria leans forward and SHOUTS him right in his face--

MARIA

Did the owner of *this* bracelet
bring and detonate *that* bomb, that
killed thirteen people in "The
Warehouse" today!?

Maria's voice cracks when she lets it all out on him.

The Witness blinks. As if the horrible truth of what happened
just dawned upon him. He sits. Shaken. Exhausted.

Then, he finally looks up. Composed.

THE WITNESS

My name is Martin Cross. I'm a
pediatrician. I live and work in
Beacon Hill. I'm 45 years old and
my social security number is 034-65-
4329.

MARIA

Who's the girl in the bag?

THE WITNESS

(beat)
My wife.

Maria nods. Thank you. She sits.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas and Hanson stare through the glass.

HANSON

Fuck. Me.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

CLOSE on a computer screen. DATA flows, WORDS roll.

Hanson is by the keyboard, quickly skimming through the text.
Thomas watches over his shoulder.

HANSON

Julie and Martin Cross, 54 Mt
Vernon Street. She's a student at
UMB, political science, he's a
pediatric doctor, clinic on the
hill, consults abroad, London,
Berlin... He suffers from...
epilepsy.

Hanson looks up at Thomas. Thomas grabs a phone and dials a
number from the screen--

EXT. MT VERNON STREET, BOSTON - EVENING

An quiet apartment block in the expensive part of the city.

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Big, bright and silent. Delicate colors and Scandinavian design. This is the home of an educated upper middle class couple. Who are absent this evening.

We find and close in on the PHONE. Ringing. Ringing.

Finally, the ANSWERING MACHINE picks it up--

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

Thomas puts the phone on speaker, and everyone gathers around it when JULIE CROSS's voice is heard. Young and cheerful.

JULIE (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached Martin and Julie Cross. We can't come to the phone right now, but leave your name and number and we'll get back to you as soon as we can. Bye.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! The TONE that follows seems to go on forever. Sound's like someone FLATLINING in a hospital.

Thomas, mercifully, hangs up and quells the tone. He looks up, and there's -- Maria.

MARIA

She's the key. Julie Cross.

THOMAS

How?

MARIA

I don't know yet.

Hanson comes back from another phone call.

HANSON

CIA just called. White House wants to know what's happening. I told them we're not ready to conclude, but they're pushing for either right wing militia or one of three Islamic terrorist cells.

Maria reacts reluctantly.

MARIA

Why would a bright, 28-year old girl from Boston join an Islamic terrorist group?

HANSON

Just because she was there, doesn't necessarily mean she had anything to do with--

MARIA

(cuts him off)

She was part of this.

Hanson and Thomas exchange a short glance.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I don't know how, I just...

(beat)

This is no ordinary suicide bomb.

Hanson makes a discrete gesture - he doesn't agree.

HANSON

The explosive was stolen by pros. They've made a distinct political demand. Martin Cross identified a *man* in the restroom and--

MARIA

(cuts him off)

He *recalled* a man. I think he's got it wrong.

Hanson bites his lip. He addresses Thomas--

HANSON

I'd like to join Dr. Pierce in the room, and if that's not an option, I'd like her to focus on the *male* suspect in the restroom and *not* on Martin Cross or his wife.

MARIA

She's the key.

HANSON

It's... 07.19 PM. They're signing this thing at 9.30. And the whole city's in the streets tonight.

They both look at Thomas, who hesitates for a beat. Then he nods to Maria--

THOMAS

Go with the girl. But you're taking Hanson in with you and--

MARIA
I don't think so.

She turns around and walks back towards the interview room.
Hanson gives Thomas a stern look. He calls after her--

THOMAS
One hour!

She disappears into the room - never once looking back.
Hanson snorts and looks up at the tv-screen - hand held
images of chaos and death.

Thomas looks away. And we--

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

A closed EYELID. Opens. And--

Martin Cross is back at his table in the crowded cafe. He
sits alone. Uneven heartbeat. Heavy breathing. Everything
plays out in dreamlike SLOW MOTION.

Outside, the OLD BOATS creak ominously.

Martin blinks and REALITY SMASHES BACK when a young woman
enters. Smiling. And carrying a big SHOPPING BAG.

JULIE
Hi honey, I'm so sorry.

MARTIN CROSS
(no problem)
No, no...

He gets up and pulls out a chair for her. There are two cups
of coffee on the table. She gives him a quick kiss and sits.

JULIE
Not my fault, your mother-in-law,
four hours straight in a stench of
Chanel. What's this sick obsession
old women got with perfume?

MARTIN CROSS
You just wait.

JULIE
She got you something.

MARTIN CROSS
Of course she did.

JULIE
It's for the clinic.

MARTIN CROSS
Of course it is.

She pulls something out of her bag. A PORCELAIN CAT. Ugly beyond belief.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
Ah... that's... *really*...

JULIE
You love my mother.

MARTIN CROSS
I really do.

JULIE
I promised her you'd put it on your desk.

MARTIN CROSS
Of course you did.

JULIE
You *will* put it on your desk.

MARTIN CROSS
Over my dead body.

She laughs.

JULIE
My dad put up all her crazy shit!

MARTIN CROSS
Why do you think they divorced?

She pokes him.

JULIE
Ha-ha, funny guy. Did you eat? I'm starving.

MARTIN CROSS
Not yet, you pick something, I'm just gonna...

He signals the restroom. Gets up and leaves his WALLET on the table. Lunch is on him. She picks up a MENU CARD.

JULIE
Let's see if we can find you a delicious mouse-à-la-carte, shall we?

He smiles and walks towards the back corridor.

Behind him -- Laura gets a QUARTER from her mother.

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

Martin Cross is washing his hands.

He catches his own reflection in the mirror. Gets an ominous feeling. But before he can even blink--

THE BLAST. Bright light. Deafening noise.

Martin is THROWN to the wall. And everything goes--

BLACK.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Martin Cross opens his eyes. He's back in his chair. Maria's back in hers. She eyes him closely before concluding--

MARIA

So. That's what happened?

MARTIN CROSS

That's how I remember it.

MARIA

What about the man?

MARTIN CROSS

What man?

MARIA

The man in the restroom.

Martin blinks.

MARTIN CROSS

He ran... right past me.

MARIA

Up and to the right.

Martin reacts. Frustrated.

MARTIN CROSS

I'm... trying, here...

MARIA

Why didn't you tell me about your wife before?

MARTIN CROSS

I didn't... remember before... down in that... room, I was... afraid, you might...

He stops himself.

MARIA
You were afraid we might what?

MARTIN CROSS
What you might think.

MARIA
What would we think?

He looks at her. Doesn't answer.

MARIA (CONT'D)
What else was in the bag?

MARTIN CROSS
Hmm?

MARIA
You said she had a new bag, a big one, what else was in it?

MARTIN CROSS
I don't know. Girl stuff.

MARIA
Big bag for... "girl stuff".

He shrugs. Wouldn't know.

MARIA (CONT'D)
What does she do for work?

MARTIN CROSS
She's a student at UBM. She wants to get into politics.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on computer screens. Digital copies of university diplomas, bank accounts and tax reports scroll quickly by, verifying Martin's words.

MARIA (V.O.)
And you own your own praxis?

MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
Yes.

MARIA (V.O.)
So you support the both of you.

MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
I do.

MARIA (V.O.)
And you're okay with that?

MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
She's my wife.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maria nods and watches him closely.

MARIA
How was your marriage?

MARTIN CROSS
What do you mean?

MARIA
Were you... happy?

Martin hesitates for a beat and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION / MEMORY - DAY

It's raining cats and dogs. Martin Cross exits the store, carrying two cups of coffee and a newspaper under his arm. He runs towards his car, but stops when he sees that--

The car is empty. He looks around and spots--

JULIE, on her cell phone. Talking to someone. Agitated. She's soaking wet but doesn't seem to notice.

Martin watches her. Something dawns behind his eyes...

MARTIN CROSS
JULIE?

She looks up. Then quickly finishes her call and hurries back to him. Puts up a smile.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
You okay?

JULIE
Hmm? Yeah, let's go.

She seeks cover inside the car.

He stays outside for a beat. Rain pouring down his face.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Martin blinks. Maria's watching him.

MARTIN CROSS
... I'm sorry?

MARIA
Were you happy together?

MARTIN CROSS
Very.

MARIA
Julie too?

MARTIN CROSS
Mmm...

MARIA
"Mmm?"

MARTIN CROSS
Everyone has problems.

Maria raises her eyebrows. Martin sighs and explains.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
She saw a therapist. She had
these... issues with her mother.

MARIA
What else did they talk about?
Julie and her therapist?

MARTIN CROSS
I wouldn't know, what do you talk
about?

Maria watches him closely.

MARIA
She was very young.

MARTIN CROSS
Twenty eight.

MARIA
And you are...?

MARTIN CROSS
I'm forty five. I told you.

She pauses. Gives him time to elaborate on the age difference. But Martin feels no need to explain.

MARIA
And you've been married for...?

MARTIN CROSS
Six years.

MARIA
Have you been married before?

MARTIN CROSS

Me? No.

MARIA

Did you ever cheat on her?

MARTIN CROSS

Wh...!? No!

MARIA

Did she ever cheat on you?

Martin blinks. And--

INT. MEMORY / SFX

BAM - the PAGES flutter by at tremendous speed.

INT. DARK BEDROOM / MEMORY - NIGHT

Martin and Julie lie naked in a bed. After sex. They look at each other. Silent intimacy.

Martin reaches out and gently touches her cheek. Wants to get closer. Julie smiles. A strained smile.

And looks away.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Martin clears his throat.

MARTIN CROSS

Not that I know of, listen...

MARIA

So you got up and went to the restroom.

MARTIN CROSS

Huh? Yeah...

MARIA

And she stayed by the table to order some food.

MARTIN CROSS

Yes.

Maria nods her head. Waiting. Watching him.

MARIA

Why are you lying to me, Martin?

MARTIN CROSS
I'M NOT... lying to you, that's
what I remember, that's... how I
remember it, Jesus!

MARIA
Okay.

He stands up. Deeply frustrated.

MARTIN CROSS
I come in here... I just lost... my
wife, I just... Do you understand!?

MARIA
I do.

MARTIN CROSS
I'm trying to help you here!

MARIA
I know.

MARTIN CROSS
I'm actually trying to help you!

MARIA
I know.

MARTIN CROSS
Then why don't you get the hell off
my back!

She remains calm.

MARIA
Because there are things you're not
telling me.

Martin's had enough. He HURLS his chair aside, and marches
towards the door. He opens it and stops. Right in front of
him is--

Thomas, blocking his way out.

THOMAS
Can I help you, Mr. Cross?

Martin swallows hard and looks back at Maria. Regretting his
outburst, and trying to get himself under control.

MARTIN CROSS
I... I'm sorry, I just...

MARIA
It's okay.

Martin walks back inside the room.

Thomas signals Maria to follow him out. She does.

Martin Cross is left alone. He stares at the closed door.
Pulse hammering in his temple.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

Thomas leads the way through the office. Maria follows.

THOMAS

We got the surveillance tapes from
the break-in at the base.

They reach detectives Daniels, Furst and Hanson, and everyone
gather around Furst's computer.

A VIDEO CLIP fades in. Grainy night a desolate place. A
locked garage door filmed by a surveillance camera. A VAN
drives up. A SHADOWY FIGURE jumps out, dressed in a black
hoodie. He runs towards the door.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

December 27th, 02.39 AM. The van
was stolen the night before, and he
cut the plates.

ON THE VIDEO -- The FIGURE cuts the padlock with a bolt
cutter. He tries to open the door, but then notices another
lock high up under the roof. He reaches up and cuts that one
too. Then opens the door and disappears into the dark.

HANSON

The C4 came from that stash. He
knew the place, but he doesn't know
there's a camera, and he doesn't
know there's a safety lock up
there. I say he's connected, but
he's not an army insider.

Maria looks at Thomas, who signals the interview room.

THOMAS

Hanson wants to show him the tape.

HANSON

Maybe he'll... recall something,
when he sees the guy live.

Maria shakes her head.

MARIA

I just opened him up, and we can
put anything inside his head right
now. It's like interrogating a
child, he's trying to remember what
happened and he'll probably grab on
to anything we give him.

Hanson gives Thomas a serious look. Thomas nods.

THOMAS

We're gonna show him the tape. You can do it so it's done... properly.

MARIA

If you show him that tape, you'll get a face. You'll get a name. But it won't be the right one.

(to Furst)

I need the records and a full medical history on Julie Cross. And I need a complete list of fellow students, teachers and all papers and assignments she wrote on UMB.

Furst hesitates. Unsure of the chain of command.

Hanson grins and shakes his head. Can no longer hide his frustration with Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You afraid you won't get credit, Jimmy?

HANSON

No. Pierce. I'm afraid I *will*. I'm afraid you're doing a Michael Kimberly on us, only this time your goose chase won't end with you taking a sick leave but with someone blowing up the City Hall Square!

He raises his voice at her. Deeply frustrated. Maria just looks at him. Then she nods and turns to Thomas.

MARIA

Do you trust me?

THOMAS

Come on.

She snorts. But Thomas stands his ground.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We're showing him the tape.

He marches back towards the interview room. Maria follows. Furious. They reach the door, open it, and freeze.

THE ROOM IS EMPTY.

MARTIN CROSS IS GONE.

Their eyes dart across the room and land on--

The door leading outside. It swings shut. Someone has just left the building.

Thomas' realizes what happened. And RUNS.

Hanson gives Maria a stern look. Then he follows Thomas.

Maria's left behind. She swallows hard.

Damn!

EXT. HARBOR STREET - EVENING

Martin Cross comes RUNNING alongside the dark waters.

He looks back over his shoulder. Then he changes direction, away from the water, and pushes himself to run even faster.

Far behind him -- Thomas and Hanson speed around a corner, and run after him.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS PARK - EVENING

Snow falls gently on the beautiful park. People have gathered in small groups, worried about the bomb and its consequences.

Some of them react, when -- Martin Cross comes rushing through. He slows down and tries to mingle with the crowd. Still pacing himself forward.

Somewhere in the crowd, a group of teenagers play with fireworks, and suddenly--

BAM!

Martin JOLTS as something blows up close to him. He forces himself to move on. Behind him, an elderly gentleman grabs hold of the kids.

Martin looks back over his shoulder, just as--

Thomas and Hanson come running around the corner. And stop. Their eyes dart across the--

GREY BLUR of dark winter coats moving around in the heavy, silent snow. Martin is nowhere to be seen.

Just as Thomas is about to give up, someone moves, creating an opening in the crowd and Thomas spots--

Martin.

In the opposite end of the park. Starring right at him.

Thomas points at him. Martin reacts, turns around and runs.

DOWN INTO THE SUBWAY.

Thomas runs. Hanson follows.

INT. "AQUARIUM" SUBWAY STATION - EVENING

The escalator is packed with people, who react when Martin Cross pushes his way through.

Martin freezes when he sees--

Two UNIFORMED COPS at the bottom of the escalator. One of them receives a message on his radio. And starts checking people out.

Martin swallows. And looks around. No way back.

Then he spots A SINGLE MOTHER (33) a bit further down the escalator. She's trying to juggle three shopping bags and her BABY in a stroller.

Martin steps down to her with a sympathetic smile.

MARTIN CROSS

You need a hand with those?

She smiles. Surprised and relieved by his offer.

SINGLE MOTHER

Thank you, that's very... kind of you.

MARTIN CROSS

No problem.

He relieves her of her bags, and they exchange a smile when they reach the bottom of the escalator. Looking like a small family, they slide right past the uniformed officers.

They stop on the platform. Waiting for the train to arrive.

Martin looks up at the sign that tells us that the train will be here in 2... no 1 minute.

They wait. In silence. Faint smiles. Martin can feel the eyes of the two officers burning a hole in his back.

They finally hear the DISTANT RUMBLE of the train. But then--

THOMAS (O.S.)

MARTIN!

Everyone on the platform looks up at -- Thomas and Hanson rushing down the escalator. Flashing their badges. Martin Cross's been spotted!

THOMAS (CONT'D)
STOP THAT MAN! MARTIN!

Everyone looks around to see who Thomas is chasing. Martin looks around too. He exchanges a worried glance with the single mother.

The train arrives at the platform. Slowing down.

Thomas jumps over a barrier and runs right towards Martin.

The train doors open. Martin picks up the bags.

The single mother turns pale. She looks at the two policemen RUNNING. And back at Martin Cross. And his strained smile.

MARTIN CROSS
You coming?

She stares at him. Frozen. He moves towards the train doors, and almost makes it, when--

Thomas' GUN is pressed to the back of his head.

THOMAS
Stop.

Martin Cross closes his eyes. Behind him, the mother grabs her baby and tumbles back. Shocked that she trusted this man.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Step away from the train.

Martin Cross takes a step backwards.

MARTIN CROSS
I didn't do anything.

THOMAS
Get down on your knees and put your hands behind your head, please.

MARTIN CROSS
I didn't. Do...

THOMAS
I said--

BAM! Neither gets to finish their line before Hanson comes running and kicks Martin hard in the back of his knees. Martin falls. The shopping bags SMASH against the ground.

Hanson CUFFS him harshly and pulls him back up.

MARTIN CROSS
Help me.

Everyone looks away. Suddenly very busy minding their own business.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
I'm Martin Cross, I'm being held
against my will.

The single mother hurries into the train. Pressing herself against the far wall. Shielding her baby with her body. Staring at Martin with fear in her eyes.

Martin's voice breaks--

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
My name is Martin Cross! I'm being
held against my will!

The train doors close.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

Hanson tries to pull him away, but Martin fights back. His eyes are locked on the scared mother inside the train.

Suddenly the most important thing in the world is that she, this total stranger, if no one else, believes him.

She averts her eyes.

The train starts. Accelerates.

And she's gone.

Martin blinks. Something dies in his eyes. And as he's pulled away we--

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Dead silence.

Martin is back in his chair. His hands are cuffed. His suit stained. And his gaze is fixed on something somewhere.

He doesn't react, when Thomas and Maria enter and shut the door behind them. Maria is bringing a paper file.

Thomas takes charge now. Maria stands against the wall, watching, while Thomas paces back and forth in front of Martin Cross. Frustrated. What the hell is this?

Martin clears his throat and looks up at him.

MARTIN CROSS
It was me.

Thomas stops.

THOMAS
I'm sorry?

MARTIN CROSS
It was me. I did it.

THOMAS
You did what?

MARTIN CROSS
That bomb. In the cafe.

Thomas exchanges a glance with Maria and looks back at Martin.

THOMAS
You did it?

MARTIN CROSS
Yes.

THOMAS
You detonated the bomb that killed
13 people in Old Harbor today?

MARTIN CROSS
Yes.

THOMAS
Including your own wife.

Martin Cross twinges.

MARTIN CROSS
Yes.

Another glance between Thomas and Maria.

THOMAS
You could've saved us all a whole
lot of trouble if you'd told us
earlier.

MARTIN CROSS
I didn't... remember till now.

Thomas nods.

THOMAS
Tell me something. Martin. How does
a pediatrician from Beacon Hill get
hold of twenty pounds of Semtex?

MARTIN CROSS
I stole it. From the military.

THOMAS

And why didn't you set the timer so you could get out of there in time?

MARTIN CROSS

It malfunctioned. It went off before I planned.

THOMAS

When did you open the hotmail address you used for the threat mail?

MARTIN CROSS

(beat)

Right before I sent it.

THOMAS

And why did you *do* it? The bomb?

Martin looks directly at Thomas. His eyes are filled with sorrow, anger, hate.

MARTIN CROSS

You want war? You'll get war.

Thomas looks at Martin for a long time. Then--

THOMAS

The bomb was released manually. A trigger, not a timer. It wasn't Semtex but C4, it was ten pounds, not twenty, and the threat was sent from a Gmail, not a hotmail.

(beat)

Who did you see in that restroom? Martin?

Martin looks away.

MARIA

It was Julie. Wasn't it?

Both men look up.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Julie *and* that man. They were in it together. And you're covering for her. Aren't you?

Martin snorts and shakes his head. This is absurd.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Do you have kids? You and Julie?

MARTIN CROSS

No.

MARIA

Why not?

MARTIN CROSS

Is that against the law, now?

MARIA

Of course not. But you're forty five. She's going on thirty. You've been married for six years. Is it because you don't want to?

(beat)

Or because you can't?

Martin looks up at Thomas.

MARTIN CROSS

Are you gonna charge me?

THOMAS

Not yet.

MARTIN CROSS

Then I'd like to go home.

MARIA

Infertility is an increasing problem in western--

Martin gets up from his chair.

MARTIN CROSS

It's Julie. Okay? Her ovaries are sealed, okay?

MARIA

Yeah?

MARTIN CROSS

Yeah. You happy now?

MARIA

It's not you?

MARTIN CROSS

No.

MARIA

Okay then.

MARTIN CROSS

Okay.

MARIA

Up and to the right.

MARTIN CROSS

I'm leaving now. Good bye.

MARIA
She was pregnant.

MARTIN CROSS
Hmm?

MARIA
Julie was pregnant when she died.
He freezes. Stares at her in utter disbelief.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Thirteen weeks.
She opens her file and spreads out a series of PHOTOS across the table. Greenish ultrasound scans of a human fetus.

MARIA (CONT'D)
If one of you is sterile, it's definitely not her. And if it's you?
(beat)
Then who's the father of that child?

She points to one of the photos. Martin stares at her. Pale as a sheet. Heart pounding.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Who was she with in that restroom, Martin?

He fumes as he realizes, and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MEMORY - SFX

PAGES flutter by with a deafening noise. A PEN is writing something on them.

INT. DARK PLACE / MEMORY - NIGHT

Julie's in bed with an unseen man. Dreamlike. Ecstatic.

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT / MEMORY - NIGHT

Martin walks down a dark, narrow corridor - not unlike the one in the café. We HEAR heavy rain outside.

At the end of the corridor, the door to Julie's room is slightly ajar. Through it, Martin can see his wife.

Writing something in A BOOK. She flips a page. A thundering noise.

Martin stops outside the door. She hasn't noticed him.
She's crying.

MARTIN CROSS

Julie?

She jumps. Drops the book in a small wooden box and closes it. Then she SLAMS the door shut in his face.

He grabs the handle. Locked. He knocks--

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

Julie? Julie open the door!

No answer. He hammers the door now - BAM, BAM, BAM!

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

JULIE!?

BAM, BAM--

MATCHCUT TO:

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

--BAM, BAM, BAM! Martin is hammering on the locked door to one of the toilet stalls.

MARTIN CROSS

JULIE!

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT / MEMORY - NIGHT

--BAM!

Martin turns around as he hears a KEY in the front door far behind him. The front door opens and--

JULIE comes home. Different clothes. Different night.

She stops when she sees him. Off guard for just a second. Then she puts up a smile.

JULIE

Hey, I thought you were...

She signals "out".

MARTIN CROSS

No, I'm... I'm just... reading.
Where have you...?

JULIE

I uh... had a lecture. It ran late,
and then we had a beer.

MARTIN CROSS
Okay. You and...?

JULIE
The girls.

She strips off her shirt and heads for the bathroom.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'll be in the shower. See you
upstairs.

He watches her move - a bit too quickly. She drops her shirt
on the floor.

Martin's eyes land on something, that came off with it. A
leather necklace. With a SMALL KEY.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Maria leans close to Martin, whose eyes wander through a
world, only he can see.

MARIA
Pick it up.

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT / MEMORY - NIGHT

Martin squats next to the key. He picks it up.

He looks back at Julie's room.

The door is ajar.

In the bathroom, Julie turns on the shower. And the sound of
running water PULLS MARTIN INTO--

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

The blurred FIGURE is standing by the sink. Washing his face.

INT. JULIE'S ROOM / MEMORY - NIGHT

Martin enters Julie's room, and finds the small wooden box.

He inserts the small key into the box and turns -- CLICK.

In the box he finds a little black book. A DIARY.

He opens it. He reads. Fluttering pages.

A STORM gathers behind him.

The pages rush by at supernatural speed.

He drops the book. But the pages keep rushing by.

He closes his eyes and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT / MEMORY - NIGHT

Now he's back outside her locked door again. Hammering away--

MARTIN CROSS

JULIE!!?

BAM, BAM, BAM -- the sound of his pounding continues over:

INT. DARK PLACE / MEMORY - CONTINUOUS

Julie's in bed with the unseen man. It's dark, hot, obscure.

She climaxes to the sound of her husbands desperate pounding and shouting somewhere far away--

MARTIN CROSS

JULIE!

BAM, BAM--

INT. MEMORY - CONTINUOUS

Julie's HAND lets go of Martin's hand.

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT / MEMORY - CONTINUOUS

Martin hammers desperately on the door, and suddenly leaps forward and BANGS HIS HEAD against it.

It EXPLODES in an INFERNO OF LIGHT AND BROKEN GLASS!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING

Martin is TORN BACK to reality. Deeply frustrated that he's falling out of the trance. Maria fights to keep him focused.

MARIA

A face, a name, I need a name!

MARTIN CROSS

I can't...

MARIA

Don't let go! What's in the book?

His wound starts to bleed.

MARTIN CROSS
She'd been with him.

MARIA
The man in the restroom.

MARTIN CROSS
Every Tuesday.

MARIA
Who is he? Martin!

MARTIN CROSS
She was meeting him. Today.

MARIA
Where?

MARTIN CROSS
Warehouse.

MARIA
Go. You can stop them.

Martin closes his eyes and we--

SMASHCUT TO:

EXT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

"The Warehouse" before the explosion. Laughter, chatter and bright sunlight. Just like in Martin's very first memories.

And here he comes. But this time, there's no hesitation. He's angry. Determined. Walks right up to the door, raises his hand - no blood this time - and barges inside.

As he passes, he knocks over the BLUE VASE. It SMASHES on the pavement. Wild flowers scatter everywhere.

INT. CAFE / MEMORY - DAY

Martin Cross walks through the cafe. Spots HIMSELF sitting alone at the table. Waiting for his wife.

Martin snorts at his own naiveté, and heads straight for the back corridor.

Hidden behind the JUKEBOX is Julie's BIG BAG.

Laura gets a quarter.

INT. CAFE, CORRIDOR / MEMORY - DAY

Martin runs through the dark, narrow corridor. The sound of BOOK PAGES flutter all around him.

He speeds up and runs even faster towards the CLOSED DOOR at the end of the corridor.

He THROWS HIMSELF at it and BARGES INTO--

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

Silence.

Martin stops. From the locked toilet stall in the far end of the restroom he can hear the unmistakable sound of--

Two people having sex.

Martin swallows. Stunned by the sound. Before finally--

MARTIN CROSS

Julie?

The sound stops.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

Julie?

Movement inside the booth. Clothes. Martin PULLS the handle. Locked. He BANGS on the door--

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

JULIE!!!???

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin's desperately struggling with his memory.

MARIA

They're in there. Open the door.
You're in charge!

Martin reaches out and--

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - CONTINUOUS

--grabs the handle and -- PULLS THE DOOR OPEN!

He tumbles back and stares at the toilet stall.

It's empty.

Martin Cross is all alone in the restroom.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin shakes his head. Maria's high on adrenaline - they're so close now, so close.

MARTIN CROSS
It's empty.

MARIA
No it's not.

MARTIN CROSS
There's no one there.

MARIA
She's in there, he's in there, come on, Martin!

MARTIN CROSS
I can't--

MARIA
Close your eyes and look again!

Martin's pulse is beating rapidly. He closes his eyes and forces himself back to--

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - CONTINUOUS

Martin looks back at the stall, and suddenly a SWARM OF BRIGHT GHOSTLY FIGURES come tumbling out. We recognize their faces, as they rapidly METAMORPH into each other.

Martin tries to avoid them as--

MARIA, THOMAS, HANSON, JULIE, THE TWO ELDERLY LADIES, THE DISHWASHER, THE DRUNK and MARTIN HIMSELF rush by in a thundering inferno that keeps increasing in speed, until the memory finally BURSTS in--

INT. MEMORY / SFX

A BRUTAL EXPLOSION! GLASS AND BLINDING LIGHT!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin tumbles out of his chair and away from Maria. He's shouting desperately at her--

MARTIN CROSS
There's no one there, I *told* you,
you're putting all these...
(MORE)

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
things into my head, all these...
faces! I haven't seen them, they're
 not my memories, they're yours!
 You're putting them in there, I
 can't... I can't...

He slowly glides down the wall and crumples in the corner.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
 I can't. Remember. Anything.

He puts his hands over his face. No more.

Maria stares at him. Heart pounding. Heavy breathing.

She blinks as it slowly dawns on her - what she's done.

She jumps when the door opens behind her. Thomas enters and looks at them for a beat. Then he steps up to Maria and speaks softly in her ear.

THOMAS
 We've got him. His name is Simon
 Kirk. He called the base at 2.06 AM
 on the night of the break-in. His
 phone number is on Julie Cross's
 listing. Calling Card cell,
 untraceable, but the built in GPS
 puts him in a rented apartment
 down in the D street projects.
 (beat)
 He's down there right now. We're
 hitting him in twenty.

Maria looks at him. Tries to understand. He nods at Martin.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 We're done here. Stay with him till
 we get back.

He gives her a tired smile. Thank you. And then he's off.

Maria stays. Frozen. Her eyes tear up. She puts her hand over her mouth and turns away from Martin.

She doesn't notice him, before he's back on his feet and finally speaks.

MARTIN CROSS
 I'm sorry... I...

She turns around. And shakes her head. *He's* not the one who should feel guilty here. She tries to explain. Finally--

MARIA
 I had this... case last year.
 Michael Kimberly. His wife left him
 with the kids.
 (MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

She was afraid what he'd do and wanted a restraining order on him. He was devastated. He didn't wanna hurt them, he just wanted them back. He wasn't dangerous, I was sure of that. And he promised to stay away from them. I believed him. I let him go.

(beat)

He shot them. All three of them and then himself. In the new house. The girls were... painting the walls...

Her voice cracks. Her facade breaks. She hates to do this in front of a stranger, but can't hold back any longer.

MARTIN CROSS

You can't blame yourself.

She snorts when she realizes--

MARIA

You're right. I do put these things in your head, because I...

(beat)

I needed to.

He nods.

MARTIN CROSS

The worst part about being cheated isn't the deception. It's that you stop trusting people. In the end you stop trusting yourself.

She finally looks at him.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

I wanna go back. To the cafe.

MARIA

It's okay, we're done.

He shakes his head.

MARTIN CROSS

You were right. I was there. I saw him.

MARIA

Doesn't matter now, they found him. They're getting him now.

MARTIN CROSS

I need to know what happened. If Julie... was part of this.

Maria looks at him. Martin struggles to keep his pride. His dignity. But his eyes are begging her. For a beat they see and recognize their own pain and desperation in the other.

Then Maria nods and we--

CUT TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE - EVENING

"The Warehouse" is dark and quiet now. It's cordoned off by police tape that flutters gently in the cold breeze.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS step up and take guard on either side of the dark hole in the wall.

A hand lifts up the police tape. Maria. She looks back at--

Martin Cross. He stares at the burnt-out cafe. A third officer removes the cuffs from his wrists. Martin swallows hard.

Then he steps under the tape - and follows Maria.

EXT. D STREET PROJECTS - EVENING

A housing project in the Southside of the city. Concrete walls, yellow light and dark empty streets.

AN ARMORED RESCUE VAN pulls up. A SWAT TEAM jumps out of the van and hides in the shadows near a doorway.

Two TEAM LEADERS take position by the car. They are -- THOMAS and HANSON. Both dressed in Swat uniforms.

On Thomas' signal, the Team moves into the building. Fast and quiet. Thomas follows them - leaving Hanson by the car.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE - EVENING

Through the hole, two silhouettes appear in the pale moonlight. Maria and Martin.

Martin hesitates at the sight of the bombed out cafe. Then he pulls himself together and steps forward.

Maria let's him take it all in at his own pace.

His breathing his heavy. His heartbeat uneven. THA-THUD... THA-THUD...

Distant ECHOES reach him; chatter, laughter, plates rattling.

And music. A CHOIR.

Martin suddenly sees the FIGURES from his memories. Appearing like TRANSLUCENT GHOSTS in the cafe. Chatting. Laughing. Without a clue of what's about to hit them.

Martin's gaze lands on Maria. Grey and real.

The ghosts vaporize around her.

Maria signals the corridor in the back. Martin stares at it. Pulls himself together. And steps forward.

INT. STAIRCASE - EVENING

The SWAT OFFICERS move up the stairs. Fast and quiet.

A homeless man staggers off in the shadows. Thomas never notices him.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, CORRIDOR - EVENING

Martin Cross walks down the dark, narrow corridor. Maria follows behind him.

Martin hesitates when he notices--

A dim LIGHT behind the closed restroom door.

He steps up to the door. Reaches out. And pushes it open.

INT. CONCRETE CORRIDOR - EVENING

The SWAT TEAM moves silently from door to door, till they find the right one. They stop and wait for--

Thomas to reach them. On his signal the team produce a BATTERING RAM and--

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Martin steps through the doorway and stops. The restroom is empty. There's no one by the mirror.

He turns around and faces Maria.

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

BAM! -- The Swat Officers BURST through the door and STORM the appartment. Weapons raised. Adrenaline pumping.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Maria steps up to Martin. He shakes his head, regretting that he came down here. He touches the wound over his eye.

MARIA

Psychogenic amnesia is best cured
by building physical bridges back
to the moment you lost your memory.
Julie's wristband, the menu, the
music from the jukebox...

She points to her eye. That's why he keeps touching his wound. He lowers his hand. She nods towards the toilet stall in the far end of the restroom.

The door is closed.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Open the door, Martin.

He stares at the door. Turns pale and looks back at Maria.

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Flashlights and fast shadows. The Swat Team clears the place.

SWAT OFFICERS (O.S.)

Clear! Clear!

We follow THOMAS through the dark apartment. It's messy. Almost without furniture. PAPERS, BOOKS and OLD NEWSPAPERS are scattered everywhere.

But no one is here.

Thomas stops when he sees--

A CELL PHONE. Left on a table. Transmitting it's location.

Thomas grabs his radio--

THOMAS (IN RADIO)

10-23, location confirmed. 10-12 on
suspect, repeat; Simon Kirk is not
on site.

Thomas looks around with frustration.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Martin steps up to the closed toilet stall. It's dead quiet in there.

MARIA

They were in there.

Martin stares at the door. Doesn't want to open it.

But the memory comes back. He sees a LIGHT under the door. Glowing in the same ghostly way, his memories have all night.

And then come -- the sounds. A distant echo of someone inside the stall. A couple. Having sex.

Martin reacts.

MARTIN CROSS
J... Julie?

MARIA
Open the door.

He stares at the door. The light. The moaning...

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Thomas points his flashlight around in the dark, and freezes when his light beam lands on SOMETHING.

We sense the shape of A PIECE OF MACHINERY, placed on a table by one of the windows. Thomas grabs his radio again--

THOMAS (IN RADIO)
Jimmy? You gotta come see this.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Martin stares at the light under the door. Listens to the echo of the couple having sex. Then he steps up and HAMMERS on the door--

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!!!

MARTIN CROSS
JULIE!!! JULIE!!!???

The sounds continue.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)
JULIE!!!

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

Maria steps up to him. Tries to reach him.

MARIA
Open the door, Martin. OPEN IT!

He grabs it - and YANKS IT OPEN.

The light EXPLODES in his face. Martin stumbles backwards, shields his eyes, and when the light finally fades...

There she is. Julie. A translucent ghost. She's alone. Only half dressed. There's no doubt as to what just happened here. She sees him. And freezes.

JULIE

Wh... What are you... *doing* here,
you shouldn't... *be* here!

Martin stares at her in shock.

JULIE (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE!

MARTIN CROSS

A toilet!? On a *toilet*!?

Julie clenches her teeth. This was an unexpected complication in more ways than one.

JULIE

You gotta go. Now. You *have* to go,
you can't stay here!

MARTIN CROSS

Wh... what!?

JULIE

I'll tell you everything later, I
promise, but right now you--

MARTIN CROSS

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING--

JULIE

JUST GO, GOD DAMN IT!

Martin leans against the sink. She grabs him and tries to push him out the door.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Get the hell out of here, NOW!

But he's stunned. Julie looks back and forth between her husband and the dark corridor.

Then she runs for the door.

Martin grabs her hand. Stopping her. Pleading her.

MARTIN CROSS

Stay.
(beat)
Stay with me.

Julie hesitates. A long painful moment...

Then she PULLS HER HAND OUT OF HIS. And runs away.

Martin is left behind. Watching the dark, empty corridor.
He slowly turns and catches his reflection in the mirror.
He steps up to it. Watching his face. Hating it. And then--
BANGS his head hard against the glass!

INT. MEMORY / SFX

EVERYTHING EXPLODES! GLASS AND BRIGHT LIGHT!

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Hanson speeds through the dark apartment, passing several officers putting evidence in plastic bags, before he finds--

Thomas standing next to his discovery by the window. It's a SOWING MACHINE. On the table lie needles and thread and piles of printouts from the internet.

Thomas is carefully placing a PIECE OF CLOTH in a clear plastic bag and explains to Hanson--

THOMAS
"TX1". Fibre explosive. Thirty
times the power of plastic.
(beat)
They say the marines use it on High
Risk missions. In case they're
captured and tortured. They sew it
into their uniforms if they
need... a quick way out.

Hanson looks at Thomas, when he realizes--

HANSON
He's not *bringing* another bomb.

Thomas nods.

THOMAS
He's *wearing* it.

They stare at the plastic bag.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Martin Cross is leaning against the broken mirror. Blood flows from his wound. He's devastated from the realization that--

MARTIN CROSS
She chose *him*.

MARIA

Who?

(beat)

Who is he?

Martin shakes his head. Until he suddenly senses something behind him. The LIGHT reappears in the toilet stall. And--

A GHOSTLY FIGURE steps up right behind Martin, who stares at his reflection in the mirror. The Figure is a man. Blurred. Faceless. The glowing phantom that's been haunting him all night.

The Figure steps up to the sink next to Martin. Turns on the water. And starts washing his hands and face. Hands. Face.

MARTIN CROSS

He's right here.

Maria can't see him and stays focused on Martin.

MARIA

Don't let go. You're in charge.

What do you see?

Martin swallows. He slowly walks around the blurred figure to get a better look, when suddenly--

The Figure RUSHES RIGHT AT HIM with shocking speed. He runs right past Martin and is halfway out the door when--

MARTIN CROSS

STOP!!!

EVERYTHING STOPS!

Like in his first memories, Martin commands time and space.

The Obscure Figure is caught in mid air.

THE SIGHT IS SURREAL: His clothes change and transform through all shapes and colors. His entire figure seems to BREATHE rapidly. Searching for a true form.

Only his face remains blurred.

Martin stares at him.

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Thomas and Hanson flip their way through the piles of papers and printouts, spread around the sewing machine. Hanson finds a newspaper clip, catches Thomas' attention and reads--

HANSON

"First Lieutenant Simon Kirk, 21,
returned from Helmand Province
after being wounded by a roadside
bomb."

THOMAS

That's our guy.

HANSON

"He took his own life... on
September 19th..."
(looks up)
Three years ago.

THOMAS

I don't...? Our bomber, did he...
take a dead man's name?

They try to comprehend. Hanson reads on, skimming the text.

HANSON

"Simon Kirk was buried to the sound
of the Royal Navy Hymn..."
(looks up again)
"Eternal Father, Strong To Save"

THOMAS

What the hell is this...?

They're interrupted by a Swat Officer--

SWAT OFFICER

Chief?

He signals them to come. Thomas and Hanson follow him through
the apartment and into a distant room, where two officers are
removing a stack of boxes that have been concealing--

AN OLD WOODEN CLOSET. It's padlocked. Thomas and Hanson
exchange a glance. Then Thomas nods to the officer, who grabs
a bolt cutter and removes the padlock.

CLONK - the doors swing open.

Thomas and Hanson freeze as they see--

The entire INSIDE of the closet is plastered with MAPS and
SKETCHES of what seems to be some kind of MILITARY FORTRESS.
Random notes and markings clutter the maps.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Martin stares at the frozen Figure, still metamorphing before
his eyes. Maria steps up to him.

MARIA
This is it. Don't let him go.

MARTIN CROSS
I... can't, I...

MARIA
Find a detail and lock on to it.

Martin tries to focus, but the Figure keeps CHANGING.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Walk around him.

Martin walks around the frozen Figure. Breathing. Changing.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Look at his face, what does he look
like?

MARTIN CROSS
I can't.

The Figure flashes faster. Martin is losing the struggle.

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Thomas steps up to the closet, and grows pale when he realizes that these are maps and sketches of--

THOMAS
Fort Strong, Long Island. Press
conference.

Hanson stares at him. Then at his watch.

HANSON
They just signed the treaty. They
left the convention center eight
minutes ago. Half the city's out
there.

The size of the threat sinks in. Then they dash towards the exit. Thomas grabs his radio on his way out and shouts--

THOMAS (IN RADIO)
This is Thomas Bishop, we're
changing the route: Divert the N1-
motorcade away from the city and
wait for my orders. We have a man
strapped bomb en route to Long
Island, repeat: Fort Strong is the
second target. I want the area
cleared of civilians, and every
available officer on site.
(MORE)

THOMAS (IN RADIO) (CONT'D)
 I want snipers on point, and guards
 on all entrances and exits, we're
 on our way!

--and then they're gone.

INT. BURNT-OUT CAFE, RESTROOM - EVENING

Martin struggles to keep the frozen Figure from running off.

MARIA
 Come on, Martin, he's right there,
 look at him. How old is he? Is he
 tall, small, fat, thin?

Martin sweats. The Figure is FLASHING before his eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 How long is his hair? What color?
 Does he have a beard? A scar?
 Tatoo?

He succeeds in slowing down the constant transformation of--

MARTIN CROSS
 His... clothes...

MARIA
 What about 'em?

MARTIN CROSS
 It's a... suit, it's...

MARIA
 What kind of suit?

MARTIN CROSS
 It's... rough?

MARIA
 Rough how?

MARTIN CROSS
 The fabric, it's like...

He shakes his head. He loses focus for a second, and the Figure changes again.

MARIA
 Hold on. Color. Cut. Patterns...

He regains focus and then--

WHITE STRIPES materialize around one of the Figure's legs.
 And then around the other. And then around his arms.

MARTIN CROSS

Wait...

The texture changes. The cut changes. The shirt disappears. And SOMETHING new appears on the Figure's upper arm--

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

It's not a suit. It's...

A BADGE.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

A uniform.

Identical to the one we've seen on every SWAT OFFICER all day.

MARTIN CROSS (CONT'D)

A police uniform.

THE SWAT TEAM UNIFORM finds it final form.

Maria stares at Martin. She's speechless.

He meets her gaze, and can no longer uphold his concentration on the frozen Figure.

The moment BREAKS and the uniformed bomber RUNS OFF and disappears into the dark corridor.

Maria and Martin are left behind. Alone. Afraid. And we--

SMASHCUT TO:

EXT. FORT STRONG / HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

The remains of an impressive fortress on Long Island - a military installation from the late 19th century. It was abandoned in the 1960s, but it still radiates power, nostalgia and national romanticism.

The Boston skyline lights up the horizon and makes this a perfect venue for a symbolic handshake between 28 allied nations.

EXT. FORT STRONG - NIGHT

SEARCHLIGHTS illuminate the old IRON CANNONS, pointed at the dark sea.

A STAGE has been erected by the coast side. Behind a metal railing is a deep drop to the dark waters below.

On the stage, A MICROPHONE awaits the guests of honor.

THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS have gathered in front of the stage to support the speakers, defy their own fear, and show their contempt for the bomb in Old Harbor.

And all around them - HUNDREDS OF SWAT OFFICERS do their utmost to prevent a second bomb.

The officers all look the same. Dark uniforms. White stripes on arms and legs. Badges on their upper arms.

On a VIEW POINT high above, two SNIPERS take their place.

An A.R.V. arrives, and another batch of SWAT OFFICERS jump out, grab their equipment and run to their positions.

The last of them stops outside the car and takes in the view.

We recognize him as--

MARCUS WOLFF. The same Swat Officer who helped Martin outside the cafe in the opening scene. He looks around. At the spectators, the stage, and at the microphone up there.

Then he grabs his gun, puts on his helmet. Follows his colleagues and disappears in the crowd.

INT./EXT. THOMAS BISHOP'S CAR / DRIVING - NIGHT

Thomas is behind the wheel - RACING through the night. Hanson sits beside him. Thomas is shouting in his handsfree--

THOMAS (ON HIS CELL PHONE)
Just keep the motorcade away from
the Fort till we got him and remove
him, understood? I want zero
tolerance on anyone or anything
suspicious, and get all civilians
out of there as soon as you--
(beat)
What do you mean, you can't clear
the square!?

Thomas' cell BEEPS - incoming call on the line. He checks the display, and--

THOMAS (ON HIS CELL PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hang on.
(connects incoming call)
Yeah?

INT. POLICE CAR / DRIVING - NIGHT

Elsewhere in the city, a patrol car is BLASTING through the night. An officer is behind the wheel. Maria and Martin are in the back seat. Maria speaks quickly. City lights flickering over her face--

MARIA (ON HER CELL PHONE)
It's one of ours. It's a cop.
(beat)
He found Simon Kirk in the files
and used his name. He wore his
uniform inside the cafe. He could
walk right out of there and drive
away in one of our cars, and he can
be any one of the thousand men, you
just sent to the Fort.
(beat)
He's one of us, Thomas.

Martin gives her a troubled look.

INT. THOMAS BISHOP'S CAR / DRIVING - NIGHT

Thomas grows pale as Maria's words sink in.

He blinks when he through the windshield sees - CHAOS.

EXT. FORT STRONG, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Thomas' car comes to a screeching halt in front of the
entrance to the fort. Their way is blocked by--

HUNDREDS OF CARS with honking horns and revving engines.
People try to get in and out at the same time, causing a HUGE
TRAFFIC JAM.

Thomas and Hanson jump out and try to get a grasp of the
chaotic situation. Thomas looks up when--

A police car arrives and Maria and Martin jump out.

The three meet in the midst of chaos.

THOMAS
What's he doing here?

MARIA
He's seen him.

Thomas understands what she wants and looks at Martin.

THOMAS
You think you could... recognize
him if you see him again?

MARTIN CROSS
He killed my wife.

Martin struggles to keep his anger under control. Thomas
hesitates. Looks around. And then he nods.

THOMAS

Come with me.

Thomas leads Maria and Martin through the crowd. They stop at the SECURITY GATE, where a group of GUARDS keep anyone from entering or leaving. People complain and argue.

Thomas shouts to the CHIEF SECURITY GUARD, identifies himself with his badge and bids him to--

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Let them in!

The guard lets Maria and Martin through the gate and into the crowded square, leading up to the stage.

Thomas stays outside and watches them disappear in the crowd.

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Maria and Martin make their way through the CROWD of civilians, waiting for the guests of honor to arrive. Most of them cast worried glances at the--

HORDES OF SWAT OFFICERS surrounding the square.

Standing guard in one of the lines we find -- Marcus Wolff. He has not yet seen Maria and Martin. And they have not yet seen him.

Marcus is staring at the stage, guarded by his colleagues. It's still empty. The microphone still awaits tonight's key speaker. Marcus clenches his weapon.

BY THE SECURITY GATE -- Thomas catches a glimpse of Maria and Martin moving through the crowd. He utters an order in his radio; Stand By.

ON THE VIEW POINT -- one of the snipers receives the order. He focuses his sight on -- Maria and Martin in the crowd.

Maria lets Martin follow his own intuition. He moves swiftly and with purpose. Searching for the man, who ruined his life.

Martin's eyes dart across the many faces in the square. They flash by. His breathing is hard, his heartbeat uneven - THA-THUD... THA... THUD.

He closes his eyes when another sound reaches him from somewhere. The ominous SQUEAKING of old wooden boats.

He shakes it off, and forces himself to move on.

He recognizes a SWAT OFFICER in the crowd and stops him. Examines his face. But it's not him.

He moves on and finds ANOTHER SWAT OFFICER. Martin grabs him and turns him around. Not him either. Martin moves on, while Maria tries to calm down the officer behind him.

Martin pushes onwards through the crowd - a dreamlike blur of obscure faces all around him. Martin finds a third man, turns him around and startles backwards. It's not a man...

It's JULIE. After the explosion. She covers her scorched face with a scorched hand. Her one remaining eye is staring out between her black fingers. Around her wrist - the golden bracelet.

Martin shuts his eyes. Tries to repel the image. When he finally dares to open his eyes again--

Julie's gone. Leaving--

A free line of sight all the way through the crowd to--

Marcus Wolff. Clenching his weapon.

The two men make eye contact.

Everything freezes. Time stands still.

Martin feels DRAWN towards him, and is suddenly STRUCK by--

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

The OBSCURE FIGURE. Frozen in mid air. Staring right at us. His face is still blurred.

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Martin gets a sinking feeling. Marcus breaks eye contact and looks away. Martin can't take his eyes off him.

ON THE VIEW POINT -- The sniper watches through his SCOPE. Martin is surrounded. The sniper can't get a clear shot, or view of what's going on. He reports in his radio--

BY THE GATE -- Thomas receives the report, tries to locate Martin in the crowd, and finally catches a glimpse of him--

ON THE SQUARE -- Martin stares at Marcus. Who finally looks up again, and stares right back at him. Martin is hit by another FLASH when he suddenly remembers--

EXT. BURNED OUT CAFE / MEMORY / MARTIN'S POV - DAY

Martin Cross's POV sails out into the blinding sunlight. Dust, smoke and screaming everywhere.

A BLURRED FIGURE approaches. His voice is a distant echo--

SWAT OFFICER
YOU OKAY!?
(beat)
ARE YOU OKAY, SIR?

The Swat Officer steps all the way up to us. And out of the dreamlike fog. He looks us right in the eye, and Martin finally recognizes--

MARCUS WOLFF

Dressed in his dark uniform. White stripes on arms and legs.
And the police badge on his upper right arm.

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Martin freezes. He raises his hand. With fury in his eyes.
And POINTS DIRECTLY AT MARCUS.

Marcus blinks with surprise. Then gets a sinking feeling. He closes his visor. And moves.

Towards Martin.

A DRAMATIC CHASE COMMENCES! - Martin and Marcus fight their way through the crowd, both heading directly for the other.

Maria fails to keep up with Martin, and loses sight of him in the chaotic crowd. She cries a warning after him, but Martin is gone. She turns around and shouts back at--

Thomas BY THE GATE. Thomas can't hear her, but from her desperate gestures he realizes that something's horribly wrong. He shouts an order in his radio and then throws himself into the chaos.

Marcus plows his way through the crowd. Clenching his gun.

Martin forces his way towards him. Furious and desperate.

FROM A HIGH ANGLE - the SNIPER SCOPE dances across the square. Trying to catch sight of the two men. And failing.

Marcus and Martin draw closer and closer to each other, when suddenly--

Martin's gone. Marcus stops. His eyes dart across the many faces in the crowd, but Martin is nowhere to be seen. Until--

BAM! - Martin comes flying in from the side, SMASHES into Marcus with great force, and KNOCKS him over in the dust.

Marcus loses his helmet. It rolls off amongst the shocked spectators, who instinctively pull back.

Maria and Thomas fight their way through the masses, trying to reach--

Martin who gains the upper hand and lets his fists rain down on Marcus with vindictive rage. Martin is a driven man, but he's just a man up against--

A machine. Marcus grabs his hand, twists it around, and throws Martin to the ground. Martin grimaces as Marcus shoves his face in the gravel.

Marcus pulls his HANDGUN and presses it to the back of Martin's head.

Martin tries to fight back, but Marcus holds him down. Cocking the gun, biting his teeth and--

BAM!!! - is struck in the back of *his* head with the butt of another handgun. Marcus rolls his eyes. And for a beat he just sits there. Then he falls over and...

THUMP - lands unconscious in the dust. Right next to Martin.

Everything goes quiet.

Martin stares right into Marcus's wide open eyes. For a moment, Martin just lies there. Gasping for air.

Then A HAND comes down to help him up. Martin looks up at--

THOMAS, standing above him. With his gun. Martin grabs his hand, and Thomas helps him to his feet just as--

Maria fights her way through the crowd and joins them. Relieved. The three of them all look down at--

Marcus. Lying unconscious in the dust. In his uniform.

We slowly PULL UP above them. People have pulled away from the fight, leaving a big, empty circle around Marcus.

Four SWAT OFFICERS come running, grab the unconscious Marcus by his arms and legs and quickly carry him towards the exit.

Maria, Martin and Thomas don't take their eyes off him till--

Marcus is carried outside the square and into an awaiting Armed Response Vehicle. It speeds off into the night.

Martin, Maria and Thomas breathe a sight of relief when suddenly--

BOOOOOM! - a HUGE EXPLOSION LIGHTS UP THE SKY!

Everyone SCREAMS in panic. Then they see the beautiful golden light, raining from above and realize that the blast was--

Fireworks.

More of it follows. Rockets swoosh to the sky and light up the night.

All over the square, people clap and laugh with relief.

Maria, Martin and Thomas exchange little smiles. It's over.

Thomas grabs his radio--

THOMAS (IN RADIO)
This is Thomas Bishop. The Fort is
secure. I repeat...
(beat)
We've got him.

Thomas smiles a smile of recognition to Martin - and then to Maria. She did it. Then he moves towards the exit, leaving--

Maria and Martin behind. She smiles a tired smile. He exhales deeply. She reaches out her hand. He looks at it. Hesitates a second. Then he reaches out - and shakes her hand. A nod from Maria. Thank you. A nod from Martin. You're welcome.

They both look up, when they hear--

EXT. FORT STRONG, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A MOTORCADE arrives. A long line of BLACK CARS escorted by police motorcycles.

BODYGUARDS open the doors of the first black car. TWO MEN in suits climb out and take in the scenery.

We recognize them as the US Secretary Of Defence ROBERT GATES and The Secretary General of Nato ANDERS FOGH RASMUSSEN.

Thomas steps up to Gates and gives him a quick brief of what just happened. Gates listens, nods, and thanks Thomas.

Then Gates and Fogh Rasmussen smile and wave to the spectators in the square. Behind them, other black cars arrive, and the remaining NATO STATE LEADERS step out - all surrounded by heavy security.

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Robert Gates takes the stage and waves to civilians and press. The other state leaders stand in a line behind him.

Press cameras FLASH and light up the night.

ON STAGE -- Gates' PRESS SECRETARY walks up to him, whispers something in his ear, and discretely signals a man in the crowd down there. Their savior.

Gates spots -- Martin, still standing with Maria. Gates signals Martin to come join them on stage.

Martin exchanges a surprised look with Maria. Is it okay?

Maria looks back at the security gate, where Thomas and Hanson exchange smiles and relieved hand shakes. Maria nods to Martin. He can take the stage. He deserves the acclaim.

Martin heads for the staircase leading up to the stage. Up there, Gates takes the mike and makes a grand introduction.

Maria smiles to herself. Then she turns around. And heads for the exit. Her job here is done.

Martin stops by the staircase and watches Maria disappear. She never looks back.

Then Martin looks up at Gates, finishing his introduction.

Martin hesitates. And closes his eyes.

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / MEMORY - DAY

The OBSCURE FIGURE is washing his face.

EXT. FORT STRONG, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Maria exits the security gate, nods to the guards, and leaves the fort behind. Her eyes catch--

A well dressed TROUBLED MAN, desperately trying to explain something to the guards, who obviously won't let him in. He looks up when Maria passes and--

Their eyes meet.

The Troubled Man gives up on the guards, runs over and tries Maria instead--

TROUBLED MAN

Excuse me, are you... are you on this case? The bomb?

She walks past him with a polite rejection.

MARIA

All questions go to the press office down town.

TROUBLED MAN

I'm not...

(beat)

I think my wife was in there.

She stops. And turns around. He's handsome. Mid 40s. Sympathetic looking. And clearly very anxious.

TROUBLED MAN (CONT'D)
In the cafe. I think she was in there when it...

MARIA
Did someone call you?

He shakes his head.

TROUBLED MAN
I was in London, I just...

MARIA
All relatives have been notified.

TROUBLED MAN
I know, but...

MARIA
Don't worry, I'm sure your wife is fine.

TROUBLED MAN
I know, it's just...

Maria starts walking again.

TROUBLED MAN (CONT'D)
Julie always calls.

Maria stops. Freezes. And turns to face the Troubled Man.

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Martin looks at the stage - Robert Gate waves him up.

Martin takes a step up the stairs. And a second. And third.

EXT. FORT STRONG, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Maria walks back to the Troubled Man. Alert.

MARIA
Julie?

He's obviously desperate, and decides to open up to this total stranger.

TROUBLED MAN
I think she was... seeing someone. Someone else. I think... he did it. The bomb.

MARIA
I'm sorry, I didn't... catch your name?

TROUBLED MAN
Oh, I'm sorry.

The Troubled Man produces a PASSPORT.

TROUBLED MAN (CONT'D)
My name is Martin Cross. I'm a pediatrician out in Beacon Hill.

Everything. Freezes. In. Maria. When she stares from the passport and back up at--

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS.

She turns pale like a ghost. Staggers. And as he tries to explain, she is STRUCK by SHOCKING FLASHES of--

EXT. GAS STATION / FLASHBACK - DAY

It's raining cats and dogs. THE REAL MARTIN CROSS exits the store, looks around and spots--

JULIE, on her cell phone. Talking to someone.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
She's been seeing him for months.
Maybe longer.

He watches her. Something dawns behind his eyes.

INT. DARK BEDROOM / FLASHBACK - NIGHT

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS and Julie lie naked in bed. After sex. Silent intimacy.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
I planned to stay over in London
but suddenly I was... afraid.

He reaches out and gently touches her cheek. Wants to get closer. Julie smiles. A strained smile. And looks away.

INT. MARTIN CROSS'S APARTMENT / FLASHBACK - NIGHT

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS is in the dark corridor. Through a half open door, he can see his wife. Writing something in A BOOK.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
I went home to surprise her. She wasn't there. I read her diary. She'd written... everything.

Julie hesitates when she senses that she's being watched.

EXT. FORT STRONG, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Maria stares at The Real Martin Cross.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS
They were meeting today. In that
cafe.
(beat)
I don't know if... she was in
there? If he... *used* her?

His voice cracks when he finally speaks his fear out loud.

Maria turns around. Ever. So. Slowly. She looks all the way across the crowded square and up at the stage, where--

EXT. FORT STRONG, ON THE STAGE - NIGHT

THE WITNESS takes his last step up on the stage.

Robert Gates awaits. Ready to have his picture taken with the one surviving hero of the Boston Bomb. A symbol. A perfect Photo Op. Behind him - the line of foreign statesmen.

The Witness looks out at the crowded square. People are applauding. He lets his eyes wander till they land on--

MARIA.

Standing by the security gate. For a beat, they see only each other. He sees that she sees. And understands. There's a hint of something in his eyes. A smile?

Then he looks back at Robert Gates. And closes his eyes.

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / FLASHBACK - DAY

The OBSCURE FIGURE is standing by the mirror, washing his hands and face. An eerie gesture.

He's dressed in a police uniform, but as we slowly close in, the clothes start to CHANGE once more. They cycle through new shapes and colors, until they finally find their true form.

It's a suit. We recognize it.

The Figure turns off the faucet. And looks up. His face is finally clear. His features finally visible. He is:

THE WITNESS

He looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes are dark.

Suddenly ANOTHER FIGURE steps up behind him. JULIE. Her hair and clothes are rumpled. Her cheeks are red. She caresses him with a smile and whispers--

JULIE
I'm gonna do it.
(beat)
I'm leaving him.

He turns around and looks at her. Surprised.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm having a baby. We're having a baby.

She holds her breath. Waiting for his reaction.

THE WITNESS
Yeah? That's... amazing!

He smiles. She laughs. They embrace.

INT. CAFE / FLASHBACK - DAY

The QUARTER touches metal. And slides into the jukebox coin slot. The hand it just left belongs to--

The Witness. His gaze is distant. All around him, thirteen guests laugh and chatter without a clue.

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAFE / FLASHBACK - DAY

CHAOS. SCREAMING. WAILING SIRENS.

The Witness steps outside the bombed out cafe. He looks around the chaos.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
Julie's diary says he's a psychologist. Specialized in trauma and shock therapy.

The Witness is escorted to his ambulance by Marcus Wolff. The Witness gives him a look. Notices the BADGE on his upper arm.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM / FLASHBACK - DAY

The Witness stands by the window, taking in the view. His eye catches Maria's reflection, when she enters behind him.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
He knows how people behave under pressure.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS PARK / FLASHBACK - EVENING

The Witness runs towards the subway. He stops and looks back over his shoulder just long enough for--

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
He knows how to... manipulate.

--Thomas to catch sight of him. Then he runs underground.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM / FLASHBACK - EVENING

The Witness is on the floor. Mimicking an epileptic seizure.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
And she told him everything about
me.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE CAMERA / FLASHBACK - EVENING

A GRAINY BLOW UP of the surveillance tape from the break-in. The shadowy figure approaches the door. And lets the camera catch him on tape.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
He worked for the army. He treated
traumatized vets. Knew the system.

INT. SIMON KIRK'S APARTMENT / FLASHBACK - EVENING

SWAT OFFICERS move quickly through the dark apartment. Guns and flashlights raised.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.)
His own son was a soldier. Julie
wrote that he...

Thomas and Hanson finds the newspaper clip and reads.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...took his own life.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM / FLASHBACK - EVENING

The Witness crumples on the floor, leaning against the wall. He's sobbing silently. Tormented by painful memories.

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Witness and Julie gently let go of each other. She fixes her hair and clothes with a playful smile. Then she heads for the door.

He grabs her hand. Stopping her. She looks back at him for a beat - what?

EXT. FORT STRONG, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Real Martin Cross has tears in his eyes now.

THE REAL MARTIN CROSS
I just want to know... if she
was... part of this.

Maria never answers. She just turns away from him - and RUNS.
Back through the gate. Towards the stage.

EXT. FORT STRONG, ON THE STAGE - NIGHT

ON THE STAGE Robert Gates reaches out to shake hands with The Witness. In front of the stage, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS get ready to capture the symbolic handshake.

The Witness discretely loosens a small BUTTON from his right cuff, and hides it in the palm of his hand.

An almost invisible COPPER THREAD runs from the button and up the sleeve of his beige suit.

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Maria FIGHTS her way through the crowd. Shouting desperate cries of warning.

In the FAR END of the square - Thomas hears her. He spots her running through the masses. And sees where she's heading--

The stage. The Witness. Hesitating in front of Robert Gates.
Thomas grows pale.

EXT. FORT STRONG, ON THE STAGE - NIGHT

The Witness walks towards the smiling Secretary Of Defense.
He raises his hand for the handshake. Concealing the small wired button in his palm.

The two men meet center stage, camera flashes light up the night, and their fingertips just touch, when--

MARIA comes running up the stairs. Shouting. Out of breath.
The Witness stops. Turns around. And looks at Maria.
For a moment - their eyes meet. Time stands still.

And he hesitates.

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / FLASHBACK - DAY

The Witness is holding Julie's hand. Hesitating.

Then he gives et a little squeeze... and lets go.

HER HAND SLIPS OUT OF HIS

Julie sends him an uncertain smile. Everything okay? He makes a reassuring gesture - everything's fine, he'll be right there. She turns around. And disappears.

Through the door. And into the dark.

EXT. FORT STRONG, ON THE STAGE - NIGHT

Maria stares at The Witness. They're just ten feet apart.

He looks back at Robert Gates, who grows pale at the sight of them. What's going on?

EXT. FORT STRONG, MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

Thomas stares at the stage. Can't believe it. Won't believe it. Then he does - and screams an order into his radio.

ON THE HIGH VIEW POINT -- the snipers receive the order and adjust their aim.

EXT. FORT STRONG, ON THE STAGE - NIGHT

The Witness stares at Maria, tries to break eye contact, but hesitates for one second too long, and--

.....ssssssSSSSSSLAM!

His head JOLTS at the sudden impact.

He stays on his feet. Doesn't understand what happened. Until he suddenly feels it: Blood in his eye. In his face. Hair. Blood everywhere. He's hit. In the head.

The Witness staggers one step. Two steps. And--

BAM, BAM!

--takes two more DIRECT HITS in the chest.

Everyone on the Fort is in shock. For one second. Then--

CHAOS BREAKS LOOSE

Secret Service Agents instantly surround and secure Robert Gates and his Nato colleagues.

On the square below -- people PANIC. Scream and run in every direction.

The Witness reels backwards. Leans against the metal railing. Coughs blood.

Heavy breathing.

Uneven heartbeat.

THA-THUD.... THA.... THUD.

Through the blood in his eye he sees--

Maria. Still standing ten feet from him.

The two of them eye each other for a long silent moment. Taking no note of the chaos around them.

Then, The Witness reaches out for her, smiles through all the blood, and--

FALLS BACKWARDS. OVER THE RAILING.

Maria jumps forward, trying to catch him, but too late.

He's gone.

Maria stares down the steep cliff.

Everything is quiet.

EXT. FREE FALL - NIGHT

The Witness falls silently through the cold night.

We stay with him as the world flashes by. In his eyes we see--

INT. CAFE, RESTROOM / FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Witness is alone in the restroom. Staring at the dark doorway, where Julie disappeared.

The smile vanishes from his eyes. And is replaced by something else. Cold-blooded resolution.

He leans his forehead against the mirror. And finds something in his pocket.

A DETONATOR.

He stares at it. Then he places his thumb on the trigger. Looks at himself in the mirror. And closes his eyes.

EXT. FREE FALL - NIGHT

The Witness keeps his eyes wide open - all the way down.

Snow-clad rock THUNDERS UP from below.

Just before he hits it, he clenches his hand into a fist and--

EXT. FORT STRONG, ON THE STAGE - NIGHT

Maria looks away, as--

A SHOCK WAVE OF FLAMING WHITE LIGHT BURSTS UPWARDS, WHEN--

The TX1 in The Witness' beige suit detonates. With a BLAST thirty times more powerful than any plastic explosive.

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY - for one deafening moment.

And then... everything goes quiet.

Maria stares down at the dark waters.

Thomas comes running. Shocked. Out of breath. And relieved that she's still alive. He steps up next to her. And looks down the chasm.

She reaches out for him. Never taking her eyes off the deep.

He takes her hand. And holds it tight.

Behind them -- everything is chaos.

But Maria and Thomas never sees or hears it. They just stand there, holding each other's hands. Staring into the abyss.

Finally, something echoes in the distance. Music. A choir.

CHOIR

*Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave. Who bidst the mighty ocean
deep.*

The singing continues as we slowly pull back. Out over the sea. Into the dark silence of the cold winter's night.

CHOIR (CONT'D)

*Its own appointed limits keep; O,
hear us when we cry to Thee. For
those in peril on the sea!*

We leave Maria and Thomas by the railing. Alone. Together.

Until they fade away in the falling snow. And we finally--

FADE OUT: