THE DEAD ZONE

"TOTAL AWARENESS"

Production #3-3005

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THE DEAD ZONE

“TOTAL AWARENESS”

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH
SARAH BANNERMAN
WALT BANNERMANY
BRUCE LEWIS
J.J.

SYLVIA TESICH
GIBSON
ROB COULTER
DR. SCANLON
NEAL PYNCHON
ROSCOE
ADAMS
ROTH
DOUG DEROZIER (BARTENDER)
JACK FITCH
SENATOR THEODORE MARSHALL
BETTY (TOW TRUCK DRIVER)
STONER DRIVER
REPORTER
DEPT. STORE CLERK

NON-SPEAKING

ZACK (AGE 9)
SEVERAL MORE 9-YEAR-OLD BOYS
PARENTS OF BOYS
LASER TAG EMPLOYEES
SHERIFF’S DEPUTY
2 STONERS
AMY (WOMAN MUGGED ON ATM CAM)
MUGGER (ON ATM CAM)
NICK REDCLOUD

SHERIFF DISPATCHER (VOICE)
MALE OPERATOR (VOICE)
NEW RADIO (VOICE)
THE DEAD ZONE

"TOTAL AWARENESS"

SETS

INTERIORS

SMITH HOUSE
  KITCHEN
  FOYER
  KITCHEN

DEPARTMENT STORE
  TOY DEPARTMENT
  CHECK-OUT

LASER TAG FACILITY
  PARTY ROOM
  GAME ROOM

ROADHOUSE/BEER BAR/BAIT SHOP

SCANLON’S OFFICE

PYNCHON’S CABIN
  LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

VEHICLES

JOHNNY’S JEEP
SYLVIA’S CAR
TRUCK THAT HITS SYLVIA’S CAR
PARKED CAR HIT BY SYLVIA’S CAR
STOLEN CAR (TOYOTA CAMRY)
COULTER’S SUV
SHERIFF’S CARS (INCLUDING WALT’S)
STONERS’ OLD FORD
HELICOPTER
ROW OF TRUCKS @ TRUCK STOP
AUTO PARTS TRUCK
NO TRAIN
BETTY’S TOW TRUCK

EXTERIORS

SMITH HOUSE
  EXT. STREET/FRONT GATE
  NEIGHBORHOOD

LASER TAG FACILITY
  BACK ALLEY

CLEAVES MILLS
  STREETS/INTERSECTION

HIGHWAY

LOVERS LANE

TRUCK STOP

TRAIN CROSSING/GAS STATION

ROADHOUSE/BEER BAR/BAIT SHOP

DEPARTMENT STORE

ATM

GEORGETOWN STREET
EXT. CLEAVES MILLS - DAY

Early on a dismal morning, one CAR traveling too fast for conditions.

NEWS RADIO (V.O.)
--U.S. Senators continue to offer tributes to Maine's Thomas Marshall, who died yesterday after collapsing while walking in Georgetown--
(and under)

INSIDE THE CAR

The driver is SYLVIA TESICH, the middle-aged, Tarot-reading psychic last seen in "The Hunt". She is driving scared, distracted by her passenger and the news on the radio. Her passenger is a young girl, 20-25, wearing a baseball cap, running pants, boots and black eye-liner. Her tattooed arms encircle a BACKPACK as though it were a life preserver. For the record, her name is GIBSON. She TURNS OFF the radio. Upset. Gibson and Sylvia are in the middle of a heated conversation that will remain unknown to us --

SYLVIA
They'll catch you.

GIBSON
Just drive!

Sylvia looks back over her shoulder. Without warning, Gibson GRABS THE WHEEL--

SYLVIA
NO!
CONTINUED:

The car SWERVES to the left, BARELY MISSING THE TRUCK, before T-BONING a parked car. The truck KEEPS GOING.

INSIDE THE CAR

Gibson is shaken, but apparently unhurt. She checks Sylvia, who is dead, then looks around worried. Gibson TUGS Sylvia's purse away, kicks open the passenger side door, and GETS OUT.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY (RED-LIGHT CAMERA POV)

Looking from on high -- FLASH POPPING frame by frame -- watching Gibson RUNNING FROM THE SCENE. Grainy, voyeuristic and threatening, this footage should suggest that SOMEONE IS WATCHING. FLASH POP TO --

EXT. THE RED LIGHT CAMERA

Ubiquitous. All seeing. You never did trust those things... FLASH POP TO --

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY (SECURITY CAMERA POV)

JOHNNY SMITH and BRUCE approaching. STAY ON this low-grade video camera just a little too long... again, SOMEONE IS WATCHING. Pan down to reveal Johnny and Bruce entering.

JOHNNY
I'm not obsessive. I'm selective.

BRUCE
So then select something. This is the third store we've been in today.

As Johnny and Bruce browse. ANOTHER GRAINY POV.

BRUCE

JOHNNY
And apparently you're still bitter about it.
Johnny glides past the squirt guns, sports gear and movie tie-ins toward a set of Lego action figures (the kind you have to assemble). He touches one --

J.J. unwraps the container as Johnny -- present in the scene -- watches with expectation. But as J.J. opens it, the lid FLIES OFF, SPEWING Lego pieces everywhere.

Johnny moves on to the science toys, picking up a ROCK-POLISHING KIT--

Johnny
I'm officially a dad now. I can't just give J.J. a card and a twenty--

J.J. unwrapping the rock polishing kit -- again, Johnny is right at J.J.'s shoulder. The other boys HOOT. Another miss: Johnny might as well have gotten him socks.

Okay, nothing geological. I'm a... fun dad.

He picks up a bow-and-arrow set, but now Bruce takes it.

Bruce
You don't need a vision to see that's a bad idea.

Johnny
I need something... something perfect.

As his eyes, then Bruce's eyes, settle on--

A SKATEBOARD

Bruce picks it up. A big smile.
CONTINUED:

BRUCE
Now we're talking, fun dad.

He hands the board to Johnny, who happily accepts it. We hear a DEAD ZONE WHOOSH!, which makes Johnny think, then turn back.

JOHNNY
Helmet. Definitely need a helmet.

He tucks a helmet under his arm.

INT. STORE - CHECKOUT - DAY

A middle-aged female CLERK puts the helmet in a bag with the skateboard as Johnny pulls his credit card out of his wallet.

CLERK
Ninety-nine forty.

The Clerk accepts the card, swipes it.

BRUCE
J.J.'s gonna love it. And your driveway is a perfect track--

BEEP. The card isn't working.

JOHNNY
Problem?

The Clerk swipes the card a second time. Another BEEP. This time the Clerk reaches for her scissors.

JOHNNY
What are you doing?

She's CUTTING the card INTO PIECES.

CLERK
Sorry, Mr. Smith, but your card has been revoked--

The Clerk DROPS the pieces into Johnny's outstretched hand. As they land--

THREE QUICK VISIONS - SURVEILLANCE CAM POVS

A) Johnny buying gas...

B) Johnny and Bruce paying at a restaurant...
CONTINUED:

C) Johnny on an internet shopping site typing his credit card number on his computer...

RESUME JOHNNY

Staring at the credit card shreds in his hand. Meanwhile, Bruce has pulled out his wallet.

BRUCE
I got you covered. How much was that again?

CLERK
Ninety-nine forty. Cash or credit?

Bruce starts to hand her his credit card, then thinks better of it. Smiles.

BRUCE
Cash. Definitely cash.

Disturbed by his visions, Johnny steps away and looks up at--

A STORE SECURITY CAMERA

Staring down at him, silent, LED glowing. A few quick glances and Johnny SEES three more cameras. Damn things are everywhere. Bruce steps up, holding the new purchases.

JOHNNY
Let's get out of here.

INT. STORE - DAY (SECURITY CAMERA POV)

Staring back at Johnny and Bruce, looking up at the camera. As they exit, Gibson appears, dark eyes on Johnny, slipping out after him, hiding her face from the camera.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

18 INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Johnny is on the phone, agitated, as Bruce examines the badly-gift wrapped helmet and skateboard.

JOHNNY
...but all my payments on that credit card should be current.
(listens)
No, not personally. They're made through a trust--
(more listening)
That far behind? Okay, thanks.

He hangs up without saying good-bye.

BRUCE
Man, you've gotta get this money thing straight with Purdy. Aren't you afraid he's ripping you off?

JOHNNY
It's complicated. Don't worry, I'm dealing with it.

Bruce hands Johnny the skateboard package, shaking his head as Johnny's phone RINGS again. Johnny sighs and answers--

JOHNNY
Hello?

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
Good afternoon Mr. Smith. This is Bonnie with Wind-n-Sea Cruises and I'm happy to inform you that you have won an all-expense paid cruise...
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
Not interested...

INT. PARKED CAR - DAY

Behind the wheel, Gibson, now revealed as "Bonnie, the Female Operator." She's parked up the street from Johnny's house. As she continues her rap to Johnny, she SCRIBBLES NUMBERS on her left forearm, using a felt marker. (She has PUSHED UP the sleeves of her sweatshirt to reveal that both forearms are covered with numbers. These are not tattoos, but plain old ink.)

We SEE THE NUMBERS as she gleans them off Johnny, superimposing her visions of rapidly flashing numerals across her face.

GIBSON/BONNIE (PHONE)
Not interested? Not even if I told you this fabulous once-in-a-lifetime romantic cruise is valued at 2,399 dollars?

JOHNNY
Sorry, I don't want to waste your time.

GIBSON/BONNIE (PHONE)
If you'll just take a minute to hear what you've won, you won't regret it... Are you sitting down?

JOHNNY
No, I'm hanging up.

And he does.

GIBSON - INT. CAR

Talking to the dial tone.

GIBSON
...Thanks for your time...

She finishes writing down the last of the numbers on her arm, pressing hard, like a compulsive. Then she tosses the phone out the car window.
CONTINUED:

She TAKES A BREATH, as if the process of "reading" Johnny was physically difficult.

The contents of Sylvia's purse are spread on the car seat next to her, notably a TAROT CARD, a FEATHERED DART, and half a dozen additional CELL PHONES. Gibson tosses the tarot card, dart and other cell phones into her back pack, then dumps the purse and everything else in the back seat.

She PULLS DOWN HER SLEEVES, looks out the front windshield, sees--

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY - FRONT GATE

She sees Johnny and Bruce driving out the front gate. She is about to approach, but Bruce's presence stops her. As the Jeep drives off, all she can do is follow.

EXT. LASER TAG - DAY

A game center in a corner mall. Over this shot we hear the ROAR of what seems like a platoon of Marines on leave--

INT. LASER TAG - PARTY ROOM - DAY

In fact, it's only half a dozen nine-year-old boys, though more are arriving with various parents. Amid the general chaos we find SARAH, a BIRTHDAY CAKE in her arms, greeting one of J.J.'s friends (ZACK).

SARAH
Hey, Zack, ready for some mortal combat?
(then--)
J.J.!

J.J. turns toward her from the scrum of boys.

J.J.
What?

She gives him a handful of coin-like tokens.

J.J.
Awesome! Thanks, mom.

SARAH
Four tokens for every boy. Laser Tag starts in ten minutes--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

J.J. takes off on his mission. Sarah notes a man (ADAMS) and woman (ROTH) standing nearby, looking lost.

SARAH
Are you here for J.J. Bannerman?

ADAMS
(smiles coolly)
No, we're here for the Leiberman party.

He and Roth move off.

WALT
Arrives, slightly out of breath.

WALT
Did I miss anything?

SARAH
Just the usual video mayhem.

Walt YAWNS.

SARAH
Late shift last night?

A reminder: Walt and Sarah are still living apart.

WALT
Yeah, at the Laundromat.

SARAH
Did you remember the camera?

WALT
It's at the house, I thought you'd bring it.

A WAVE OF PURE NOISE washes over them.

SARAH
Never mind, somebody will have a camera. Why don't you wrangle the wild men while I put candles on the cake--

JOHNNY
Hey!

They turn and see--
CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

A big wrapped PACKAGE under his arm, as he deftly slides through a sea of tweens, parents, and Laser Tag employees in their black T-shirts and headphones. As Johnny reaches Walt and Sarah, he freezes, and looks directly up at--

A SECURITY MONITOR

Above the front desk, showing multiple views of the Laser Tag facility. Including one of Johnny looking up at the monitor.

SARAH

Johnny?

Momentarily spooked, Johnny responds--

JOHNNY

Sorry. Where's the Birthday Boy?

(spotting his son)

Hey, J.J.!

J.J. WAVES a quick hello, then dives back in with his buddies. Sarah takes the present from Johnny.

SARAH

Why don't I take that? You two better gear up--

JOHNNY

Gear up?

He sees Walt holding a pair of GAME VESTS. FWAP! A vest hits Johnny in the chest.

WALT

Welcome to fatherhood.

INT. LASER TAG - GAME ROOM - DAY (A SERIES OF SHOTS)

A black-walled maze filled with smoke. Human shapes, both child and adult, ZOOM back and forth, FIRING laser beams with enthusiasm and abandon. We hear a cascade of ELECTRONIC PINGS as the hits ring up.

Find Johnny, totally into it and moving fast despite the cane, snagging J.J. as he passes.

JOHNNY

Have you seen your dad?

(Continued)
J.J.
He's a killing machine!

JOHNNY
Oh yeah?

He MOVES OFF to shadow Walt -- the biggest killing machine in the maze. Sure enough, Walt is BLAZING AWAY like a laser tag Rambo. Johnny makes what looks like a suicidal move, STEPPING INTO Walt's field of fire.

WALT
Eat laser beams, punk!

A BARRAGE OF RED BOLTS hits Johnny. Then he RUNS OFF, finds J.J.

JOHNNY
Come on.

Johnny leads J.J. into a narrow passage, then turns him around and aims him back the way they came.

JOHNNY
Wait until I give you the signal.

Then he takes up a position at the other end of the choke point. A larger figure APPEARS between them. Walt.

JOHNNY
Now!

J.J. rains RED BOLTS on Walt, who is being TAGGED by Johnny from the other side. Walt WHIRLS and returns fire.

WALT
That's it! You're going down!

Then he BLASTS them, and the chase is on again. Walt rounds a corner, only to be ambushed by --

BRUCE

Guns blazing. Bruce retreats, Walt in hot pursuit.

JOHNNY - ON HIS OWN - LATER

FIRES as he tries to BREAK THROUGH a KNOT of black vests. BUMPING into someone (too dark for him to notice she's not wearing a vest, just dressed in black), he gets--
In the car with Sylvia seconds before the crash... watching Johnny in the toy store... and talking on the cell phone in the front seat of her stolen car--
CONTINUED:

   GIBSON
   --And if you'll take just a minute
to hear--

   --She's also WRITING on her forearm.

RESUME JOHNNY

Disoriented by smoke and darkness as well as the vision. He sees Gibson looking at him, red lasers slicing past her. Something spooks her, and she suddenly turns, disappearing deeper into the maze. Ignoring the continuing PINGS of lasers tagging him, Johnny SLIPS through the dark and smoke. (The Man and Woman we saw earlier ARE HERE, IGNORING all the other players.)

Johnny rounds a corner and finds her waiting for him.

   GIBSON
   (insistently)
   We need to talk!

She REACHES INTO HER BACKPACK. The gesture makes Johnny hesitate. Does she have a gun?

   JOHNNY
   Do I know you?

Before she can answer, TWO GREEN LASER BEAMS converge on her. She moves, pulling Johnny into the path of the beams, triggering --

A VISION

Flying back down the green beams to the "couple," Adams and Roth. They are dressed for laser tag (or not?), but the weapons they hold are REAL PISTOLS. With silencers.

Adams and Roth both SHOOT Gibson, who FALLS DOWN DEAD.

RESUME JOHNNY

He pushes Gibson aside and TURNS TOWARD Adams and Roth. But the crush of laser taggers is too great. Realizing they've been spotted, the couple MELTS into the crowd and disappears into the darkness.
CONTINUED:

Gibson takes advantage of Johnny's momentary distraction to PULL FREE, disappearing before ALARMS CLANG! Lights GO ON. Somebody has set off the emergency exit alarm. The game is ruined.

EXT. LASER TAG - BACK DOOR - DAY

The emergency exit opens on an alley. Johnny EMERGES, peeling off and tossing his vest back inside. He looks for the girl, but she's gone. He starts to look for her, but...

AN SUV

PULLS in front of him, cutting off his pursuit.

JOHNNY

Watch it!

He turns to see the driver of the SUV getting out. This is COULTER, 30, stocky, muscular, earnest. A true believer.

COULTER

Johnny Smith?

JOHNNY

Who are you?

Coulter displays a wallet-sized I.D.

COULTER

Rob Coulter, Argon Security. This concerns the remote viewing program at Mount Garnet. I've been told to tell you I'm part of "Operation Prime Target".

Johnny glances at the badge, wary.

JOHNNY

Okay...

COULTER

Do you know this young woman?

He holds out a picture.

A MUG SHOT OF GIBSON

Johnny recognizes her from the laser tag maze.
JOHNNY
I don't know her. I saw her for
the first time a few minutes ago.
Two people tried to shoot her.

Just then Adams and Roth come out of the front door.

COULTER
Don't worry, they're with me.
They probably just saved your
life. We need to get you to a
secure location immediately--

JOHNNY
Look, I'm in the middle of my
son's birthday party--

COULTER
Going back inside could endanger
everyone there, Mr. Smith. This
woman's name is Gibson, and we
believe she's trying to kill you.

JOHNNY
What?

COULTER
She's already murdered three
psychics from the program,
including a friend of yours.
Sylvia Tesich. You worked with
her on Prime Target.

JOHNNY
Sylvia's dead?

COULTER
Gibson kidnapped Ms. Tesich and
robbed her of classified
information. She left her to die
after crashing the car they were
in.

(lets this sink in)
Now, why don't you let us escort
you home?

JOHNNY
Why do I get the feeling "no" is
not an option.

PARKING LOT SECURITY CAMERA POV
Johnny climbing into the passenger side of Coulter's SUV.
INT. LASER TAG - PARTY ROOM - DAY

J.J. and the other boys are clustered around the screen displaying the scores.
Each display is met with a round of boos or cheers. Walt emerges. Sarah turns to him.

SARAH
Did you find him?

WALT
I looked everywhere. He can't have gone far, his car is still in the lot.

SARAH
Do you think he's all right?

WALT
It's Johnny, who knows? Maybe he got overwhelmed by all the kids.

BRUCE
Let me call him.

As Bruce SPEED DIALS Johnny's number, nearby, J.J. listens intently, wondering what's going on with Johnny.

SARAH
It's time to light the candles--

J.J.
Can we wait for Johnny?

BRUCE
He's not answering.

Walt and Sarah look at each other, at J.J., then at the boys who hover around the cake, ready to RIOT.

SARAH
(to J.J.)
We'll give him a few more minutes, okay?

Off J.J., satisfied but still disappointed--

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

With Coulter behind him (TABLET COMPUTER under his arm), Johnny UNLOCKS his door and TOUCHES his security system (with an ARGON LOGO) to ENTER his access code.

A JOHNNY VISION

Gibson PUSHING the door open, a screwdriver in
CONTINUED:  

hand. Then she ENTERS Johnny's access code--

RESUME

JOHNNY
That girl was just here--

Coulter pulls his gun, motions Adams and Roth forward.

COULTER
Sweep the place inside and out!

They slip past Johnny, who follows Coulter to--

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Adams and Roth pass through different parts of the house, VISIBLE on Johnny's security system MONITOR. Coulter OPENS his tablet and starts navigating his way through a menu on the screen. (By the way, all this technology is off the shelf and already in use in some form today.)

ON THE SCREEN

A ROW OF THUMBNAIILS from various security camera feeds Coulter is monitoring, including Johnny's cameras. In another window on the screen, Coulter has called up a record of Johnny's ALARM ACTIVITY.

JOHNNY
Is that my house?

COULTER
Yes. We're using your existing security assets to assist in your protection.

A LOGO for ARGON SECURITY glows from the flat panel. Something clicks in Johnny's mind, and he looks to...

KITCHEN SECURITY MONITOR

Down in the corner, something he never noticed before, the same ARGON logo. Curious, he goes to his alarm control panel in the kitchen -- there's that logo again.

WIDER VIEW

Johnny returns to Coulter and the computer monitor, cocking his head to make sense of it.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
You just tapped into my system? How's that work?

COULTER
Sorry, that's classified.

JOHNNY
Wait a minute. You've got access to my home security cameras, but I'm not allowed to know how? Seems very "1984."

COULTER
"1984" was twenty years ago, Mr. Smith. Surely it's worth sacrificing a little privacy in order to feel safe. You installed this equipment for your protection, right? Well that's what it's doing: protecting you.

Only Johnny's not so sure...

ON THE TABLET

Three shots in sequence: a security camera view of GIBSON AT JOHNNY'S FRONT DOOR... SNOW as the system SHUTS DOWN... then a security view of Gibson's back AS SHE EXITS.

COULTER
Intrusion was less than twenty minutes ago. She shut off your system, then re-started it when she exited three minutes later.

Coulter's phone RINGS.

COULTER
(to Johnny)
Excuse me. Coulter here--


A TAROT CARD

Only Johnny would know it doesn't belong here.
RESUME JOHNNY

Checking the security monitor, he positions himself so he's blocking what he does as he casually picks up the tarot card, triggering --

OMITTED

VISION - EXT. INTERSECTION - THE CRASH

The VIEW RAMPS DOWN to reveal Sylvia's car approaching the intersection -- REVEAL JOHNNY standing on the corner watching.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Johnny in the backseat, hears opening dialog again.

SYLVIA
They'll catch you.

GIBSON
Just drive!

SYLVIA
No!

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - FROZEN ARRAY

Johnny walks around the frozen car, seconds before impact. Johnny notices that the light is green both ways...

UNFREEZE

The crash happens. Johnny walks up post crash, hears:

SYLVIA
Find Johnny Smith. Go... go...
(she dies)

Gibson begins to breakdown, stops herself, looks around, then grabs Sylvia's purse, kicks open the door and takes off. END VISION.
COULTER
(to phone)
--No, sir, we don't have the girl.
But she can't have gotten far--

INT. ARGON CORPORATE HQ. - DR. SCANLON'S OFFICE - DAY

Here is Scanlon again, his silhouette lit from below by another tablet computer while he talks on the phone. INTERCUT.

SCANLON
You let her get to Smith once already.

COULTER
My people are searching the area,*
and I'm with Mr. Smith right now.
He's secure.

Coulter gives Johnny a thumbs up. Johnny smiles wanly. Even without hearing the other end of the phone conversation, he feels anything but secure.

SCANLON
You've got forty-eight hours until
the senate hearing to wrap this
up. Find the girl. Find Neal
Pynchon. And keep Johnny Smith
under lock and key. Understood?

Scanlon hangs up. Coulter snaps his phone shut, giving Johnny a confident smile.
INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 40)

Gibson, hunkered down, looking in the rearview back at Johnny's house. Roth and Adams are out front. The SUV and their Crown Vic are clearly visible. Gibson dials 911 on yet another cell phone.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
911. Penobscot County Sheriff--

STRANGE GIRL
I live on Cecil Green Park Drive, 6200 block, and there's two suspicious men parked in a car in front of my house--

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Okay, I have possible burglars at 6200 block of Cecil Green Park. May I have your name--?

Gibson's already hung up, DROPPING THE PHONE out the window. Crunch. She turns her attention back toward Johnny's house, waiting for events to unfold.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Coulter returns, tries for casual with Johnny, who now knows something is very wrong. Johnny listens to Coulter, but is calculating his options all the while.

COULTER
For your own protection, we're going to keep you under surveillance. Gibson may try again, and we'll be waiting for her.

JOHNNY
Why is she after me?

COULTER
We believe she was a sleeper agent who infiltrated the remote viewing program.

JOHNNY
A "sleeper agent"? From where?

COULTER
At this point, her handlers and their motives are unknown.

JOHNNY
She didn't exactly strike me as a killer. She seemed... scared.

(CONTINUED)
COULTER
Looks can be deceiving.

Coulter knows he's losing Johnny. Taps his way through the touch sensitive menu on the tablet. Spins it so Johnny can see.

COULTER
This was recorded two days ago.
ON THE TABLET

The RED LIGHT CAMERA POV: a series of STILLS of Sylvia's crash. One frame clearly shows GIBSON GRABBING THE WHEEL.

ANOTHER VIEW FROM THE OPPOSITE CORNER: Gibson kicking her way out of the car and running away.

COULTER
Here you can clearly see Gibson fleeing the scene of the accident--

Coulter is distracted by something on Johnny's security screen.

COULTER
Now what?

Johnny follows Coulter's look and sees...

JOHNNY'S POV ON THE SECURITY MONITOR - EXT. STREET - DAY

Two Penobscot Country cruisers, RED LIGHTS FLASHING, are PULLING UP behind the SUV with Roth and Adams.

COULTER
(to Johnny)
What are they doing here? Excuse me a minute.

JOHNNY watches Coulter on the security monitor, passing through various camera POVs as he heads out to the street.

JOHNNY
Yes--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GIbson/Bonnie

Good evening, Mr. Smith, this is Bonnie at Wind-n-Sea. Did you get the free certificate we left for you?

Johnny looks at the tarot card.

Johnny

What can I do for you... Bonnie?

GIbson/Bonnie

Just give me a few minutes, Mr. Smith. It's important.

Off Johnny, willing to listen and not hanging up the phone --

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Johnny hurries up to find Gibson inside her car, hunkered down so she can't be seen from far away.

GIbson

I need your help. They're trying to kill me.

Johnny isn't sure what to do. Gibson opens the car door.

GIbson

Please.

Johnny thinks a beat, then realizes... of course he's getting in. Gibson uses a screwdriver to start the car.

Johnny

Stolen car?

GIbson

Fasten your seat belt.

As Gibson accelerates into the afternoon, Johnny looks back over his shoulder, wondering what the hell he's gotten himself into.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Walt and ROSCOE confer as another Deputy watches Coulter and the others.

ROSCOE
(quietly)
Car is full of spy gear--

COULTER
(interrupting)
Look, officer, we have legal authority. You're interfering with an on-going investigation.

WALT
You're in Penobscot County, and I'm the legal authority here. Johnny Smith attracts all kinds of trouble. Nobody's going anywhere until we talk to him.

COULTER
Fine.

Walt starts marching Coulter toward the house.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Walt and Coulter enter. No Johnny, only Coulter's tablet computer.

WALT
(calling)
Johnny? It's Walt!
(no answer; louder)
Johnny?

COULTER
Mr. Smith!

Nothing. Walt GRABS Coulter's arm and SLAPS THE CUFFS ON.

WALT
As we say in Maine, let's take a ride downtown--

COULTER
Wait, Sheriff--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
COULTER (CONT'D)
(a beat)
My computer.

Once Coulter is cuffed and disarmed, Walt picks up the tablet and tucks it under his arm.

EXT. STREET - DAY - INSIDE THE STOLEN CAR

Gibson drives, badly. Johnny HOLDS ON to the dashboard as she PASSES a truck unsafely.

JOHNNY
No one's following. Feel free to slow down anytime.

GIBSON
Just because there's no black sedan behind us doesn't mean we're not being followed. We need to find someplace to talk. Someplace with no security cameras.

JOHNNY
I know a spot. Take a right here.

Gibson takes a right -- too hard, too fast. Johnny's cell phone rings and he pulls it out. Checks the ID -- it's Walt. Before he can answer, Gibson TAKES IT FROM HIM and THROWS IT OUT the window.

JOHNNY
Hey!

GIBSON
They can track us with that. Argon doesn't screw around.

JOHNNY
(looking back)
I just got that phone. Had a camera in it too.

GIBSON
A camera. Great. Why don't you just draw a freakin' map? Listen, for the foreseeable future, you and me are gonna be using low tech means of communication.

JOHNNY
Low tech. Like tarot cards?
GIBSON
It was Sylvia's. Did you get anything off it?

JOHNNY
I saw the crash. What happened to her.

GIBSON
She said you were the best.
(shakes her head)
That truck came out of nowhere--
He blew a red light.

JOHNNY
No, the light was green both ways --
and that guy, Coulter, he had pictures of the whole thing. It wasn't an accident, it was just supposed to look like one.
CONTINUED: (2)

GIBSON
Bastards.

JOHNNY
Just when you think you're too paranoid you realize you aren't paranoid enough.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Our two Penobscot County Sheriff's vehicles RIP ALONG, Walt in the lead car. Roscoe riding shotgun in the second car with Adams and Roth.

WALT (V.O.)
--Yes, dispatch, this is Bannerman. We hear anything on those I.D. confirmations?

INSIDE WALT'S CAR - DAY

Riding shotgun, Walt with Coulter (in the back, behind the grating).

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Negative. Still no response.

WALT
So far, Mr. Coulter, no one wants to claim you.

COULTER
You'll hear from them soon enough.

Walt is playing with the tablet and turns it on. The Argon logo FILLS ITS SCREEN.

WALT
I sure hope we get to confiscate all this gear. We could use some new computers around the office. (beat) I thought Argon did home security.

COULTER
We also work for the Department of Defense.

WALT
And what does all this have to do with Johnny Smith?

COULTER
Until you came along, we were protecting him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WALT
Protecting him from what?

COULTER
That's classified.

WALT
Why am I not surprised to hear that?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The patrol cars SKID to a stop. A helicopter DESCENDS from the sky, blocking Walt's patrol car.

WALT
(gaping out the window)
What the hell is this?

COULTER
I think it's that confirmation you've been waiting for.

Walt's radio CRACKLES to life.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sheriff, you won't believe the phone call I just got...

EXT. LOVER'S LANE - NIGHT

Find Gibson's car rolling to a stop near a beat-up old Van. Inside the Van, THREE STONERS are LAUGHING and GETTING HIGH. Gibson MEETS EYES with one of them, determines they're too out of it to care what she's doing.

GIBSON
So this is where the locals party?

JOHNNY
Same as when I was in high school. Trust me, there's no surveillance up here.
(turns to her)
Okay, start at the beginning. What were you doing in the program?

GIBSON
I have this thing for numbers. That's how I got into your house. I talked to you on the phone for a minute and all your numbers just flashed into my head -- see.

(CONTINUED)
She shows him her arm full of numbers. Johnny recognizes some of them.

JOHNNY
That's my social security number.

GIBSON
And your pin, and here's your alarm code. Oh, and your ebay password.

JOHNNY
Pretty impressive.

She shrugs, tries to play it off as no big thing, but we can tell it's a burden she carries.

GIBSON
You see visions, I see numbers. Everywhere I go, all the time. The only way I can get them out of my head is to write them down.

She rubs at her arm, as if it's scarred somehow. Johnny feels for her. He's finally met someone as tortured as he is. She gives him a watery smile.

GIBSON
Weird, huh?

JOHNNY
Not to me... Why is Argon after you?

He smiles, urging her to continue with the story.

GIBSON
A few months ago, Argon got the contract to take over the remote viewing program for the Defense Department. Next thing you know, we're all assigned to a double blind test against their new top secret system -- Eyetrap.

JOHNNY
What's that?

GIBSON
Some kind of monster intelligence gathering program. Like Napster for spies. Gives them a backdoor to everything and everyone online.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
That must be what Coulter was hooked up to.

GIBSON
Oh, yeah. Instant access. 24/7 (off his look)
Hey, as a reformed hacker, I'm down with that kind of mobility. It all looks pretty cool from the outside, till you start running the variables.

JOHNNY
Like a total end to personal privacy as we know it.

GIBSON
That's exactly what Neal said. (off his look)
Neal Pynchon. The guy who designed it. He called it a tracking filter. It can link up security videos, phone taps, satellite feeds, facial recognition software, and wrap everything up into a giant digital burrito.

JOHNNY
And what was it supposed to do?

GIBSON
Catch bad guys. Help law enforcement communicate better. But then Neal got spooked, started thinking the powers-that-be were using his baby for something other than its intended purpose. He asked a couple of the psychics to remote-view our new boss at Argon -- guy named Scanlon.

JOHNNY
Any idea what they saw?

GIBSON
Nope. But the next thing I knew, two of the psychics were dead and Neal was in the wind. Before he disappeared, he left this for Sylvia.

(CONTINUED)
Gibson reaches into her backpack and pulls out the feathered dart and a note that reads *Find Me*.

**GIBSON (CONT'D)**
Neal likes to play darts. Even had his own set. This is one of them. Guess he was hoping Sylvia could get a vibration off it.

**JOHNNY (CONT'D)**
He knew everything else would be tracked.

Johnny sighs, taking it all in.

**JOHNNY**
Okay. What do you need me to do?

**GIBSON**
Help me find Neal Pynchon. Before they do.

Johnny takes the dart, triggering--

---

**A VISION - INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT**

A handsome YOUNG MAN, far from neat, thirtyish, is playing
CONTINUED:

darts by himself in a tiny ROADHOUSE, a stack of empty beer glasses littering his end of the bar. At the other end of the bar, the BARTENDER (DOUG) and TWO REGULARS (FITCH and NICK) watch him, shaking their heads.

Johnny, in the vision, watches the young man, totally absorbed in his game. He takes note of the bartender and the regulars.

Johnny surveys the bar, notices a bumper sticker on the cash register that reads, "WHERE THE HELL IS KEYHOLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE?"

RESUME JOHNNY

He hands the dart back to Gibson.

GIbson
Anything?

Johnny
Young guy, good-looking, rumpled mad-scientist type. Playing darts in a bar in the middle of nowhere.

GIbson
(smiles)
That's him. That's Neal. He's alright then?

Johnny registers her relief. Maybe Gibson has a crush?

Johnny

GIbson
Good enough. Guess I'm heading for New Hampshire. You better find a good hiding place.

Johnny
Like hell, I'm going with you.

Gibson shakes her head with a smile and puts the car in gear. As they pass the Stoners on their way out, Gibson notices them getting out of their car, littering beer cans as they all head off into the woods to take a leak.

CUT TO:
EXT. NIGHT SKY - HELICOPTER

Dropping down toward a country road.

IN THE COCKPIT

Coulter is in the co-pilot seat, laptop in place. Adams is behind him.

COULTER
(over the rotor wash)
Okay, the Cop-2 system shows three stolen cars in southern Penobscot County in the past twelve hours. One of them was within a mile of Johnny Smith's house -- a Toyota Camry, Maine tags 1FFV 938.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - SERIES OF WINDOWS
A) A security camera view from a parking lot toll booth.
B) A view from a convenience store.
C) A view from an ATM.

All three show the stolen Camry passing in the background. Another CLICK of the mouse gives us a road map, and a BLINKING LIGHT.

COULTER
Positive match on the Camry. Last visual contact was at an ATM on west Highway 2...

The copter veers off in pursuit.

EXT. HIGHWAY 2 - NIGHT

The speeding Camry continues around a bend -- then suddenly slams on the brakes, fishtailing to a stop.

REVERSE POV

The chopper BLOCKS THE HIGHWAY. Coulter and Adams approach the Camry, GUNS DRAWN.

WHAT THEY FIND

It's the terrified Stoners behind the wheel.

STONER DRIVER
Dude, some chick stole our van.
Various license plates tell us we are in New Hampshire now. The Stoner's Van is here, too, with Johnny and Gibson getting out of it. Gibson follows Johnny as they low-profile their way along a row of trucks, Johnny touching each rig as they pass.

GIBSON
What are you doing?

JOHNNY
Looking for someone headed west--

They pass an Auto Parts truck on the outer edge of the lot. Johnny pauses:

JOHNNY
This one.

GIBSON
Cool.

AT THE BACK OF THE AUTO PARTS TRUCK

The cargo doors are padlocked.

JOHNNY
Not cool.

GIBSON
Let me get this.

Gibson takes the combination lock and starts spinning the dial.

As she turns the dial, the correct numbers jump out at her. (We see the numbers emerge, like the codes did in A BEAUTIFUL MIND.)

WIDER

As the lock opens.

JOHNNY
You're handy to have around.

GIBSON
Oh yeah, I got mad skills.

And they're inside the truck.
EXT. HIGHWAY 2 - NIGHT

The three Stoners are here, hands high, terrified.

STONER DRIVER
We only took her car 'cus she took our car. We were chasing them when you landed.

COULTER
Is this the girl?

ANGLE ON A PHOTO OF GIBSON

Coulter holds it in the Stoner's face. Off Stoner's scared nod --

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Here goes the auto parts truck.

INT. BACK OF AUTO PARTS TRUCK - MOVING

Johnny and Gibson huddled in the dark between all kinds of boxes, the load shifting occasionally.

JOHNNY
So, Gibson... You strike me as somewhat of a free spirit. How'd you wind up working for the government?

GIBSON
Pulled one hack too many and got busted by the Feds. Once they found out what I could do, they let me "volunteer" for national security work instead of going to prison.

JOHNNY
(ironic)
Your parents must be very proud.

(CONTINUED)
They're dead. Plane crash.

(off his look)
It's okay. I mean, it happened when I was a baby. Spent a couple years in foster care... No one knew what to do with me. The numbers would start to come on all fast and furious, and I couldn't make it stop. I used to sit in a corner and bang my head against the wall, trying to shut it off. My caseworker decided I was autistic and put me in an institution.

I'm sorry.

Gibson shrugs it off, refusing to give in to self-pity.

When I got tired of being drugged all day and treated like a freak, I ran away and never looked back. Been on my own since.

(looks off)
You know, the other psychics in the program, they were the closest thing I ever had to a real family. Neal too. 'Cus we were all just freaks, you know?

(nods)
Yeah, I do.

When I talk to you, I keep getting these two dates flashing in my head. Real intense.

Johnny is a little nervous... he's never been on this side before.

What are they?

Gibson shows him her left arm, reading the dark bold numbers --

Six-six, nineteen-ninety-five.
JOHNNY
That's the date of my accident.
(off her look)
The day I became a freak.
CONTINUED: (3)

Gibson shows him the other arm.

GIBSON
That other one's in the future.
Twelve-thirty-one, two-thousand fifteen. New Year's Eve. Planning a big party?

Johnny's thinking about Armageddon...

JOHNNY
Let's hope.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Coulter's SUV rolls to a stop next to the Stoner's Van, abandoned. Tablet under his arm, Coulter climbs out of his vehicle, heading for the car. Adams and Roth are with him, scanning the lot, mundane yet threatening.

COULTER
This is it, all right.

He SETS the tablet on the hood of the car, then barks some orders into his cell phone and the HELICOPTER beam shuts off as the chopper PEELS AWAY. As it does, Coulter's phone RINGS. He knows who it is.

COULTER
I thought we were supposed to keep a low profile. The choppers are a bit much, don't you think?

INTERCUT: INT. SCANLON'S OFFICE - SCANLON

a silhouette, sliding his fingers across a touch screen. So much information, so little time.

SCANLON
I see you found the van.

ADAMS
(hand on the engine cover)
Still warm.

SCANLON
Let them run. They'll take us right to Pynchon.
COULTER
How can you be so sure?

SCANLON
He went off the grid three days ago. No phone calls, no credit cards, no e-mail, nothing. He's smart enough to know where blackout zones are--

COULTER
Yeah, and there are only a couple of thousand.

SCANLON
But only a few in southern New Hampshire. Which is where Smith and the girl have been tacking since they left Cleaves Mills.

COULTER
I'm on it.
Coulter snaps his phone shut.

**TIGHT ON COULTER'S TABLET**

A "SEARCHING" indicator FLASHES for a few beats, then a Yahoo!- style map POPS UP, showing the area around the truck stop. A few more CLICKS and we ZOOM IN on a MAP of the truck stop itself. Several small EYEBALL ICONS BLINK, indicating nearby surveillance cameras.

Coulter CLICKS on the nearest one and a window OPENS revealing--

**A LIVE VIEW OF THE TRUCK STOP**

Coulter CAN SEE HIMSELF standing in the security view. He LOOKS UP, spotting the camera.

Beneath the window is a small graphic with arrows to STOP, REVERSE, PLAY, etc. Coulter hits REVERSE. Grins.

Coulter
Please be kind. Rewind.

The view WHIZZES back -- people leaving and entering the lot, a guy having a smoke, a couple making out -- until TWO FIGURES APPEAR -- JUMPING BACKWARDS out of a truck: Johnny and Gibson.

Coulter
Gotcha.

**EXT. TRAIN CROSSING/ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT**

Find the auto parts truck STOPPED AT A CROSSING, the BLINKING wig-wags blocking its path. Nearby is an ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION.

There is NO TRAIN.

**INT. BACK OF TRUCK - NO LONGER MOVING**

Johnny and Gibson are getting impatient, as they wait in silence.

Gibson
Why aren't we moving?

Johnny
Better check it out --
EXT. TRAIN CROSSING/SUBSTATION - NIGHT

Johnny peeks around the back of the truck, reacting to--

JOHNNY'S POV

No train, of course, but the wig-wags ARE STILL DOWN. Only the auto parts truck waits.

RESUME JOHNNY

Gibson follows Johnny out of the truck.

JOHNNY
Something's wrong--

Gibson follows Johnny toward the only building nearby -- the substation.

JOHNNY
Look!

Johnny points toward the substation, where a SECURITY CAMERA sits above, pointed RIGHT AT THEM, a small red light GLOWING.

GIBSON
We're so busted.

Johnny takes the last few steps toward the building, TOUCHING a CABLE running down to the ground from the security camera, then up a pole to a small dish antenna.

A VISION - N.D.S.

Starting tight on Johnny's face looking up at the camera--the view ramps back to the security camera POV, suddenly becoming grainy B&W of Johnny and Gibson still looking up.

That B&W image compresses and is suddenly traveling down the cable -- then we're pulling back from the dish antenna -- back in powers of ten -- until we bounce off a SATELLITE, then head back down to Earth, screaming down on Coulter's black SUV, our "signal view" crashing right through the hood -- until we see: The B&W security footage of Johnny and Gibson.

THE VIEW RAMPS BACK AGAIN -- this time to reveal that the B&W image is ON COULTER'S TABLET -- next to another window

(CONTINUED)
with a GPS MAP that shows two FLASHING RED DOTS -- one stationary at a railroad crossing, the other moving rapidly along a highway, headed toward the railroad crossing.

THE VIEW WIDENS AGAIN -- this time to reveal VISION JOHNNY sitting in the back seat of Coulter's car, looking over Coulter's shoulder as he rides shotgun. We are in a Johnny-watching-Coulter-watching-Johnny loop. Coulter shivers. The DRIVER throws him a look.

COULTER
That was weird. For a second there it almost felt like he could see us.

Hearing Coulter IN HIS VISION, real Johnny can't help himself, WAVING GOODBYE.

On the monitor, WE SEE Gibson pick up a rock and she SLAMS it into the camera lense. The image TURNS TO SNOW on impact.

Still part of Johnny's vision: COULTER REACTS.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Johnny and Gibson hoof it down the empty highway. They'd hitchhike, but there are no cars.

GIBSON
Sorry I got you into this.

JOHNNY
Not your fault. Fate has had it in for me for a while.

GIBSON
I feel ya.

JOHNNY
Here comes somebody. Looks like a tow truck.

Johnny and Gibson jab a thumb out as the tow truck passes.

THE TOW TRUCK - SEEN FROM BEHIND

It grinds to a halt as Johnny and Gibson run after it.

GIBSON
Let me do the talking. I've got other skills besides number crunching.

She UNZIPS her sweatshirt and adjusts her tank top to expose some cleavage. Johnny gives her a look.

DRIVER'S POV

As Gibson turns on the sex appeal.
CONTINUED:

GIBSON
Hey there, going my way--?

But Gibson's reaction tells us something is very wrong.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Possibly.

REVERSE TO REVEAL

The tow truck driver is a WOMAN. Suddenly self-conscious, Gibson turns to Johnny, who is just catching up. He reacts to the Woman Driver, and off Gibson's look, decides to try Plan B, turning on the old J. Smith charm.

JOHNNY
Uh, good evening, miss...

He notes the signage on the truck -- "Betty's Towing".

JOHNNY
...you must be Betty.

BETTY
That's me.

JOHNNY
Nice truck, Betty.

Betty is not what you'd call easy on the eyes. Nevertheless, she's charmed by Johnny.

BETTY
You need a ride?

As Johnny and Gibson climb in, Johnny throws Gibson a smile.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON BROKEN GLASS

As a foot KICKS the glass aside. WIDEN TO REVEAL--

EXT. ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT

Adams and Roth standing under the broken camera, looking frustrated. Coulter has the tablet on the hood of the car, and is clicking through a menu, as he talks to Scanlon on the phone.

(CONTINUED)
COULTER
We're almost to New Hampshire. It's getting rural out here. Not many assets to tap into.

SCANLON
We still have plenty of assets online--

Roth looks over Coulter's shoulder.

COULTER
Our satellite link keeps fading in and out--

SCANLON
Mine is solid. Watch this.

Scanlon calls up a map of New Hampshire.

TIGHT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN
as he pulls down a menu next to the map.
CONTINUED:

The menu is titled: "Asset Coverage" and lists things like: CELL PHONE, RADIO, TELEVISION, PRIVATE SECURITY, SATELLITE, TRAFFIC MONITORS, ELECTRICAL GRID, etc. At the bottom of the long list is a selection that reads: "Show All." Scanlon clicks it. Instantly the map begins to fill up with overlapping colored circles, showing the multitude of coverage areas EYETRAP has access to. Within a few seconds the map is completely covered -- except for one small dark area. Scanlon zooms in on the map to reveal a tiny speck of a town: KEYHOLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROADSIDE SIGN - NIGHT

riddled with bullet holes, it reads: "Welcome to Keyhole, New Hampshire -- Population 35". The view WIDENS to reveal the TOW TRUCK passing.

EXT. LIVE FREE OR DIE BEER BAR & BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

A poorly-lit roadhouse that dates from the days of bootleggers. Betty's tow truck slows to a stop. Johnny and Gibson hop down from the cab.

  JOHNNY
  Betty, you're an angel.

  BETTY
  (ignoring Gibson)
  If you're ever back in these parts and need a hook-up, give me a call.

  JOHNNY
  Will do. Thanks again.

The tow truck drives off.

  GIBSON
  I think she liked you.

  JOHNNY
  It's the cane.

Gibson looks at the tiny dive.

  GIBSON
  So this is the place you saw?

  JOHNNY
  Looks like it.
INT. LIVE FREE OR DIE BEER BAR & BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

Your typical Yankee-libertarian-survivalist-micro brew-anti-government anti-corporate bait shop-with-liquor license. A pair of BOAT OARS is crossed behind the bar. Eight stools, the same two regulars (Fitch and Nick), and the bartender (Doug).

All turn toward Johnny and Gibson as they enter -- a hairy eyeball moment.

GIBSON
Evening, gentlemen.

A beat. Doug gestures to two of the open stools.

DOUG
What'll it be? We have beer, beer and, oh yeah... beer.

JOHNNY
(good-natured)
I'll have a whiskey. Small batch if possible. Neat.

DOUG
Beer it is.

Doug pulls two drafts from the micro-brew tap behind the bar.

DOUG
What brings you folks out here?

GIBSON
We're looking for a friend of mine. Neal Pynchon?

DOUG
Pynchon... Pynchon... doesn't ring a bell.

JOHNNY
Young guy, likes to play darts?

DOUG
Nope...
(to Fitch)
How about you, Fitch, you know anyone around here like that?

FITCH
Nope. Can't help ya. Sorry.

Johnny LOOKS TOWARD--
CONTINUED:

A DARTBOARD

He casually slides over there and PULLS the darts out of the board. The instant he touches them--

A VISION - DAY

Dart vision -- WHOOSHING toward the board -- TWANG! Then the dart is PULLED OUT by the same guy from Johnny's earlier vision. Fitch and Nick are here, with Doug the bartender-- they all seem to know Pynchon. Maybe they're protecting him.

DOUG

Double or nothing, Neal?

PYNCHON

Not tonight. Gotta get a fire going--

He shrugs on a sheepskin coat and heads for the door. Johnny, present in the vision, sees this and follows him--

GIbson

She watches Johnny WALKING OUT THE DOOR, a distracted look on his face. Gibson makes a lame attempt at a graceful exit--

GIbson

Well, thanks for the hospitality, but we gotta blaze--

And she RUSHES OUT. Doug, Fitch and Nick exchange looks.

VISION: SPLIT REALITY - EXT. WOODS - NIGHT/DAY

Pynchon takes a path deep into the woods.

Johnny follows Pynchon, and Gibson follows him.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT/DAY (SPLIT VISION)

A genuinely rustic two-room cabin. No power lines. NO lights, just a pile of firewood outside the front door. In the vision, Pynchon GOES INSIDE--

RESUME JOHNNY

With Gibson right behind him. They go inside --
CONTINUED:

GIbson

Smith... Smith... Earth to Smith...

JOHNNY

(points)
This is his place.

GIbson

Home sweet home. If you're Grizzly Adams.

Gibson takes a step forward. Stops.

GIbson

Whoa.

JOHNNY

What? Something wrong?

GIbson

The numbers. They're gone.

JOHNNY

What do you mean?

GIbson

I'm not feeling them. They're always there. As long as I can remember, all around me. Like I'm an antenna, picking up anything digital. Normally I can't shut them off -- and now they're gone.

JOHNNY

Are you okay?

GIbson

Yeah... I guess...

Gibson looks disoriented, like she's listening for something she can't hear.

JOHNNY

What do you think happened?

GIbson

(shaking it off)
We must be in a blackout zone.

Suddenly, a voice --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

PYNCHON
Hold it right there.

It's from BEHIND THEM.

PYNCHON
Holds a loaded .22 rifle on them. He recognizes Gibson.

PYNCHON
Gibson! Thank god.
(he gives her a hug)
I was so worried. Where's Sylvia?

Gibson shakes her head. A moment between them. Pynchon hugs her again. Then, to Johnny --

PYNCHON
Come on inside.

EXT. LIVE FREE OR DIE BEER BAR & BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

The Argon SUV PULLS UP. Adams driving, Coulter with tablet computer riding shotgun.

COULTER
Okay, real estate records show Pynchon's grandparents homesteaded some raw land just north of Keyhole.

The screen suddenly flickers off and on several times, before coming back to life.

COULTER
Damn satellite link has been dodgy for the past ten miles. We better tag-up with the home office while we still can -- get the satellite phone.

INT. LIVE FREE OR DIE BEER BAR & BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

Fitch is looking out the window. To Doug --

FITCH
There's another car pulling up!

DOUG
Two in one night? You've gotta be kidding me--
84A CONTINUED: (2)

He goes to the window.

84B THEIR POV - EXT. LIVE FREE OR DIE BEER BAR & BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

The Argon SUV PARKED at the far end of the lot.

FITCH
I dunno, Doug, this place is getting a little too crowded for my taste...

DOUG
Tell me about it...

INSIDE THE CAR

Roth hands Coulter a large satellite phone.

COULTER
(into the phone)
Coulter here.

85 INTERCUT: INT. SCANLON'S OFFICE - SCANLON

Still working late.

SCANLON
Where are you?

COULTER
Outside Keyhole, New Hampshire. We anticipate contact within the hour.

SCANLON
Your signal is terrible.

COULTER
We're entering the blackout zone. We may be in and out of comm for the next several hours--

SCANLON
I leave for Washington first thing tomorrow. I need this thing wrapped up before the hearing starts at 4:00.

COULTER
Perhaps now's a good time to specify what you mean by "wrapped up." Especially as it pertains to Mr. Smith.
A long beat as the link FUZZES OUT, FUZZES IN.

SCANLON
--unfortunate business, but I'll need you to terminate--

COULTER
Say again?

SCANLON
(clearly)
Kill all three of them.

Then the link fades. Gone for good. Coulter, Adams and Roth look at each other, emotionless.

COULTER
(matter of fact)
Copy that.

And he shuts down the computer, no longer of any use.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A large living room and kitchen area lit by LANTERN. Johnny and Gibson sit around a table. Pynchon stands, his rifle within reach. He is tense.

PYNCHON
What happened to Sylvia?

JOHNNY
Argon gimmicked the streetlights. Their car crashed.

PYNCHON
I gave Argon a link to the Quick Switch system.

(bitterly)
This is all my fault. I asked the psychics to remote view Scanlon.

GIBSON
How were you supposed to know this would happen?

PYNCHON
I knew Scanlon was up to something. I should have calculated the risks more carefully.

(to Gibson)
At least you got out alive. My advice is to keep running. That's what I intend to do. Tonight.

Pynchon starts throwing things into a small bag.

JOHNNY
You can't just leave. Scanlon has to be stopped.

PYNCHON
You stop him. I don't have the heart to fight another losing battle.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY

looks at Gibson for a little help. She indicates with her eyes a picture on the wall: Pynchon and a woman. Happier times. Gibson knows the story. Knows now is the time for Neal to tell it to Johnny.
Johnny takes the photo of the girl off the wall. Pynchon notices.

PYNCHON
Put that down.

Pynchon grabs for the picture in Johnny's hands, brushing against Johnny and triggering --

VISION
A security camera POV from an ATM. The young woman from the photograph is making a withdrawal. Behind her stands a MAN dressed in black, dark glasses and a baseball cap obscuring his face. As the woman finishes her withdrawal, the man robs her, taking her money, then shoots her point blank. As she falls to the ground, the man casually walks away. As the sequence ends, it suddenly snaps back to the beginning and repeats.

The vision widens to reveal Johnny, watching this on a computer monitor -- the view widens further to reveal Johnny is in Pynchon's office. Pynchon is at his desk, watching the sequence repeat over and over, a bottle of Scotch in front of him.

RESUME SCENE

JOHNNY
She was murdered.

Pynchon pulls away from Johnny. Disturbed.

PYNCHON
How did you --
(thinking)
Oh, right. Your abilities.

JOHNNY
You loved her. I can see that just by looking at your face.

Pynchon nods.

JOHNNY
But you couldn't save her. So now you're just giving up? You're not even willing to try?

PYNCHON
You don't understand. I did try. I created Eyetrap because of her. I did it for Amy.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PYNCHON (CONT'D)

(looks away)
Five years ago last March, she stopped at an ATM on her way home. Some creep pulled a gun on her.

(MORE)
PYNCHON (CONT'D)
She didn't fight, she didn't scream... She gave him the money but the bastard shot her anyway.

Gibson touches his arm. He lets her, then shies away, unwilling to be comforted. Picks up a dart from the table.

PYNCHON
I was working on face recognition software for the Defense Department at the time. I thought if I could link that up with information gathering technology the NSA was testing, I'd have the kind of total information awareness that could find the creep who shot her. My program became the basis for Eyetrap.

He FIRES the dart at the photo--

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO - THE MUGGER
A shadowed face DOMINATED BY SUNGLASSES AND A HAT.

PYNCHON (O.C.)
It took Eyetrap less than a day to match this guy to three other crimes. The same M.O. Eight different cameras. Two other victims shot.

WIDER VIEW
as Johnny and Gibson listen, moved by his story.

PYNCHON
But I could never identify him. A billion dollars worth of image recognition software, beaten by some low-life in a baseball cap and a pair of drugstore sunglasses.

He reaches for the bottle of Scotch, but Gibson, almost without thinking, takes it away before he can touch it. He looks at her, pissed at first, but then something about the way she is looking at him, the empathy and sadness in her eyes, makes him acquiesce.

PYNCHON
But it was perfect for spying on your friends and neighbors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PYNCHON (CONT'D)
Great for amassing information on political rivals. The crooks know how to beat the system, but your average joe doesn't have a clue. And Scanlon knows it. I thought I was part of something good, something that would protect lives. But instead, Scanlon and the others are using it to ruin lives.

JOHNNY
So you're just gonna let them win? Light out for the woods and crawl into a bottle -- that's your plan?

PYNCHON
You got a better one? Scanlon is invulnerable. He has friends in high places, and whatever enemies he has can't touch him. He knows too much. He knows everything.
   (a bitter smile)
Thanks to me.

JOHNNY
That's right.
   (off Pynchon's look)
I know how you feel. Your friends are dead and it all seems impossible, so you want to run. But there's still someone here who needs your protection.

Pynchon looks over at Gibson, seeming very vulnerable right now beneath her tough girl exterior.

PYNCHON
What do you want me to do?

GIBSON
We can't give up. If they win, it won't matter if we get away.

A moment, as Pynchon weighs his option. Then Johnny sees--

A GREEN TARGETING DOT
Moving quickly along the cabin wall until it FINDS HIM, centering on his chest and triggering--
Johnny turns off the lantern, plunging the cabin into darkness. WHOOSH! We follow the beam THROUGH THE WINDOW and into the night beyond, where Adams, wearing night vision goggles, AIMS a weapon at Johnny, and FIRES--

RAMP BACK INTO CABIN - NIGHT VISION

One after another, Johnny is HIT, followed by Gibson, then Pynchon. They fall to the floor--

Back before he turned down the lantern, realizing this was a deadly vision. And seeing that GREEN TARGETING DOT moving up his chest toward his head.

JOHNNY

Down!

Johnny hesitates for a second, thinking about the vision and how to change the outcome. He spots a high powered flashlight on the counter and grabs it, then turns off the lantern.

Pynchon GRABS Gibson and DRAGS her out of the line of fire, SHELTERING HER behind a couch.

Coulter is suddenly inside. Wearing NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, he SWEEPS the interior with the green targeting beam of his weapon.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT - NIGHT VISION POV

Green shapes and and shadows.

COULTER

Game's over, Mr. Smith--

JOHNNY STANDS UP. Just as the GREEN DOT finds him again, he TURNS THE FLASHLIGHT ON, blinding Coulter's night vision. The whole view WHITES OUT. Johnny's image DISAPPEARS as--

Pynchon SHOOTS Coulter in the arm with the .22. Johnny BATS the weapon out of Coulter's hand, knocking it to the ground. Johnny grabs the gun.

GIBSON

(whispers)

What about the other two?
CONTINUED:

From outside the cabin, comes a muffled THUMP! THUMP! A beat. Johnny goes to--

THE CABIN DOOR

Johnny swings it open, to find Adams and Roth on the ground. Doug, Fitch and Nick stand over them, knee in their back, and hunting rifles in hand.

DOUG
These folks with you?

Pynchon and Gibson join Johnny at the door.

JOHNNY
What the..?

PYNCHON
Let me introduce a few of my off the grid neighbors. Doug Derozier, ex-New York Police Department, Jack Fitch, retired F.B.I., Nick Redcloud, angry pure blood Mowhawk--

DOUG
Neal here isn't the only one who's angling for a quieter life.

Johnny goes up to Coulter.

JOHNNY
What was it? What did the psychics see that was worth killing them to keep secret?

COULTER
I'm afraid that's classified.

JOHNNY
Yeah? Well it turns out I've got full access.

Johnny touches Coulter's arm, triggering --

A VISION -- EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION

Coulter, wearing a hat and sunglasses, and carrying an umbrella, crosses a busy street. He bumps into a distinguished OLDER GENTLEMAN, but keeps going. The older gentleman takes two more steps and collapses. Coulter looks back, sees this but keeps going. The vision ends.
JOHNNY
The man crossing the street. The one you bumped into. You did something to him...

COULTER
(rattled and in pain)
I don't know what you're talking about.

JOHNNY
He fell. You did something to him and he fell. I recognized him... He's that Senator -- the one who died of a heart attack -- but it wasn't a heart attack, was it?

COULTER
You're crazy.

JOHNNY
That's what the psychics saw. You murdered a Senator in cold blood.

COULTER
Prove it.

Coulter almost smiles. Impressed with Johnny's skill.

COULTER
Maybe we can work something out, Mr. Smith. I'd love to get you on my team.

Off Johnny, disgusted --

92C INT. LIVE FREE OR DIE BEER BAR & BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

With Coulter's tablet computer under his arm, Johnny enters with Gibson and Pynchon.

JOHNNY
It's intermittent, but it looks like we're getting a signal again.
92C CONTINUED:

GIBSON
The numbers, they're back... I can feel them...

PYNCHON
Yeah, we're just outside of the blackout zone.

GIBSON
It was kinda nice, the quiet.

She scratches her arms compulsively. Johnny hands the tablet computer to Pynchon.

JOHNNY
Ready to give it a try?

93 OMITTED

96 CONTINUOUS (INT. BAR - NIGHT)

Pynchon hesitates before he puts his fingers on the keyboard.

PYNCHON
Tell me again what I'm looking for?
JOHNNY

GIBSON
Do we know for sure we're going to find something?

PYNCHON
Scanlon is so paranoid he records everything. Guy makes Richard Nixon look like a trusting soul.

Pynchon fingerwhips his way through some menus.

PYNCHON
Okay, that's level one. Now we'll try the special access code... We'll just slip in the back way, see what's in his underwear drawer.

He TYPES IN A STRING OF NUMBERS. Then freezes.

JOHNNY
What is it? Something wrong?

Pynchon types the numbers again. Nothing.

PYNCHON
The code. They changed it.

GIBSON
Don't you have some kind of double-secret backdoor code?

Pynchon looks at her with amusement.

PYNCHON
This was a billion-dollar project. Every keystroke had to be approved. I'm afraid we're outta luck.
They are interrupted by the arrival of Coulter (his arm bandaged) and Adams and Roth, hands bound, both of them. Nick and Fitch have them under guard. Doug comes up to Johnny, Gibson and Pynchon at the bar.

DOUG
What do you want us to do with these guys?

JOHNNY
Get them to a doctor -- but take your time.

As Pynchon frets over the tablet computer, Gibson heads straight for Coulter, picking up the .22.

GIBSON
Or we could do to them what they did to Sylvia and the others.

COULTER
It was nothing personal, sweetheart.

She points the rifle right at his head.

GIBSON
So you won't take it personally when I shoot you? Good to know.

DOUG
I like this girl.

JOHNNY
Give me that.

Johnny takes the rifle from Gibson.

JOHNNY
That's not how this is going to work.

Coulter just laughs.

COULTER
Go ahead and kill me. You think you can stop the future? Take down Eyetrap and there'll be another program just like it on line before the new year. And why? Because the American public is buying what we're selling, that's why.
COULTER (CONT'D)
(to Johnny)
They think our technology protects
them. It's good for them.

JOHNNY
Technology isn't good or bad.
Just the people in charge of it.

Gibson is writing numbers on her arm. She smiles.

GIBSON
And we're about to make a change
upstairs.

JOHNNY
(gestures to Doug)
Get him out of here.

Doug holds the door as Fitch and Nick march Coulter, Adams
and Roth outside.

JOHNNY
(to Gibson)
Did you get it?

Gibson shows him her arm.

GIBSON
Like candy from a crazed fanatic
baby.

PYNCHON
The access code?

GIBSON
(to Pynchon)
Ready to type?... seven... nine...
four... six... six again...
four.... nine.

Pynchon types, hits ENTER.

PYNCHON
We're in--
(directly to Gibson)
You're a very talented girl, Miss
Gibson.

GIBSON
Got some mad skills yourself, Mr.
Pynchon.

They exchange a long look.
Pynchon is still shy, but this time he doesn't glance away. Johnny "Ahems" them back to the task at hand.

    PYNCHON
    Right, let's find this footage....

He goes to work. After a moment --

    PYNCHON
    Bingo.

Off the three of them, pleased with themselves --
A street in Georgetown, some traffic and a few pedestrians, including SENATOR THEODORE MARSHALL -- and SCANLON. We are seeing them from a TRAFFIC SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, UP HIGH, panning as it finds the pair, then GOES CLOSER. We hear them on a directional microphone that loses a bit of presence every time a head is turned.

SENATOR MARSHALL
I know all about the budget authorization, and I can count heads: you're one vote short.

SCANLON
Which is why I'm here now, Senator.

SENATOR MARSHALL
What is it you've got? Tax records? My drug prescriptions? Maybe your extortion tactics worked on the others, but there's nothing about me that hasn't come out at some point in six campaigns.

SCANLON
We don't need to talk like this. Not here.

SENATOR MARSHALL
We don't need to talk at all, do we? I should just assume that you know everything. Thanks to Eyetrap.

(jabs a finger in Scanlon's chest)

Do your worst, Scanlon. I'm voting no.

Scanlon regards the Senator with a mixture of pity and contempt.

SCANLON
I'm disappointed, Senator. Very disappointed.

He and Senator Marshall start across the street. But Scanlon STOPS. As Marshall continues across the street, A MAN with an umbrella, crossing in the opposite direction, bumps into the Senator. The Senator takes two more steps then collapses.

(CONTINUED)
A beat. As Pedestrians RUSH toward the Senator, Scanlon turns and walks away. Then the man who bumped into the Senator looks back over his shoulder at the Senator -- it's Coulter. He drops the umbrella into a trash can and walks off.

THE VIEW PULLS BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Johnny, a pile of letters in his hands (he's just come in from the mailbox), watching this on his big screen TV. The surveillance footage cuts to a news report.

REPORTER
(on screen)
...this shocking video shows the director of Argon with Maine Senator Theodore Marshall just moments before he was apparently poisoned by a second man, Rob Coulter, an employee of the company. Company spokesmen deny any knowledge of the activities of those involved. Virginia police have arrested Scanlon and the Senate Intelligence Committee is scheduling hearings on the appropriation for the Eyetrap system.

(beat)
As the scandal widens, the FBI also continues to search in vain for the hackers who broke into one of the most secure computer systems in the world, spamming news organizations around the globe with this very sensitive footage...

Johnny, on the phone with Sarah, smiles at his handiwork as he simultaneously opens his mail.

JOHNNY
Well, I'm just glad everything went well.

SARAH (PHONE)
The kids had a great time, but J.J. missed you.

JOHNNY
Yeah, I'm making it up to him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARAH (PHONE)

How?

JOHNNY
(with a grin)
Sorry, that's classified. I'll talk to you later.

They hang up as Johnny opens an envelope and finds new credit card. He looks at it with not a little suspicion. Tosses it on the table.

Then he finds a postcard... one side shows the Live Free or Die Beer Bar & Bait Shop, the other side is BLANK except for Johnny's name and address. Touching it triggers--

A JOHNNY VISION

Pynchon and Gibson, together on a sunny, deserted beach. Gibson's bare arms now free of numbers. They seem very happy--

RESUME JOHNNY

Smiling. Then suddenly his smile turns to a look of fright and he dives out of the way as...

J.J. BANNERMAN

slices past the couch on his new skateboard, helmet on, crashing into Johnny, both of them laughing. Johnny helps him up and J.J. skates off, cutting around a corner.

JOHNNY

Hey, I'm letting you skateboard in the house, but watch the moulding!

A CRASH from O.S.

J.J.

Sorry!

JOHNNY

That's okay!
(to himself)
Yeah, I'm a fun dad...

Johnny heads for his son, passing a table piled high with ripped out security equipment.

END ACT FOUR

THE END