

MINDWALKER
'Anchored' (Pilot)
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TEASER

We hear a BABEL OF VOICES. ENGINE SOUNDS and CAR HORNS complete the background noise of a crowded, metropolitan area. Welcome to...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

From the Time Square we cut to the Empire State Building to the Statue Of Liberty to the Brooklyn Bridge and float right through the window of a --

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - SAME

-- where we find about 25 y.o. ANDREW KINDERMAN lying on an old, time-worn sofa in a dark room. He ran out of razor blades three days ago and his shower stayed dry today.

His eyes are glued to a TV screen like those of a tiger ready to jump at a gazelle. In his case, the prey is gorgeous ANNA CHASTINGS starring in his favourite show.

Anna plays a government suit behind the steering wheel of a black Lincoln. She nervously observes a house on the other side of the street.

An upper class limousine stops. Anna startles THE DRIVER from behind as he leaves his vehicle. As she speaks, Andrew recites every word.

ANNA / ANDREW
Surprised to see me?

THE DRIVER
Agent Rogers?

ANNA / ANDREW
Sorry to disappoint you, but the guy you sent to kill me ended up in a cell... And he's been very talkative, I should add.

A PHONE rings and interrupts Andrew's audition. He bestirs himself. Treads on an empty plastic bottle on his way to the corded phone at the other side of the room.

INT. LABORATORY - SAME

LEROY MITCHELL, a guy in Andrew's age, impatiently listens to the RINGING TONE of his cell phone as he walks up and down the room all dressed up and with nowhere to go.

We INTERCUT with Andrew on the other end of the line.

LEROY
Where on earth are you?

Andrew jolts up and turns to a small alarm clock on a nearby table. Totally forgot the time.

ANDREW

Fuck... Leroy. The samples...

LEROY

You're half an hour late, man!

ANDREW

Yeah I know... Sorry, give me
twenty minutes, I'm on my way.

Leroy hears the TV in the background. Can't believe it.

LEROY

Dude, are you watching that crap
again?

Like a criminal caught in the act, Andrew steps out of the
room and away from the treacherous boob tube.

LEROY

Seriously, I think you need help...

EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Andrew halts his rusty, last century, sorry excuse for a car
on the parking area in front of the campus building.

He runs into a SPRIGHTLY OLD MAN at the main entrance. The
man's bag is knocked off his hands and springs open as it
hits the ground. Documents are spread all over the floor.

ANDREW

Oh, I'm sorry, sir.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

Don't you have eyes in your head?

Determined to avoid his beheading, Andrew kneels down and
collects the paperwork. The professor joins him.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

Aren't you in my neurobiology
course? Mr...

ANDREW

Kinderman, Andrew Kinderman.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

Kinderman, right... What are you
doing here after all this late?

ANDREW

I'm meeting a fellow student to
finish those tissue samples.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

The ones for the presentation
tomorrow?

ANDREW

Yes, sir.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

(with a shrug)

Better late than never, right?

Andrew smiles sheepishly.

ANDREW

Yes, sir.

Andrew hands him a bundle of documents.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

Thanks.

He checks his watch.

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

I need to hurry now, my wife's waiting with the diner.

ANDREW

Have a nice evening, sir. And sorry again...

PROFESSOR MARSHAL

Don't worry, just take care next time.

ANDREW

Will do.

INT. UNIVERSITY - SAME

The deserted building seems eerie at night. Only the ECHOS of his FOOTSTEPS follow Andrew on his way to the lab. Ready for the next crucifixion...

IN THE LAB

Andrew enters, Leroy looks up from a microscope.

LEROY

Twenty minutes, huh?

ANDREW

Sorry again, got stuck in the traffic.

Andrew tosses his backpack into a corner. He walks straight to a shelf and grabs a sample. Tries hard to avoid returning Leroy's look.

LEROY

So that's all? You just walk in here, over an hour late, and act as if nothing happened?

Before he can answer, we hear MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS outside the building. Andrew's eyes widen...

ANDREW
(contemplative)
Professor Marshal...

He storms back into the hallway. Leroy stays at the lab door and looks after him.

AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE

Andrew runs to the front door and tears it open. Leroy has his head puffed out of the lab door behind him.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - SAME

The professor is down on the ground. Bathed in blood from a gaping wound in his chest. TWO MEN, black clothes, black ski masks, ransack his bag.

In a reflex, Andrew pulls the door back. Leaves it just a slit open, just enough to peek through.

One of the men raises his ski mask.

UNMASKED #1
You found it?

The other guy skims through the documents and GROANS.

MASKED #1
Can't see shit with this thing!

He raises his mask as well and keeps browsing. The other guy is antsy. Scans the area warily. His eyes pass by the entrance door. Andrew shies back.

Finally, some document worth killing for...

UNMASKED #2
Here it is! I've got it!

UNMASKED #1
Let's get the hell outta here then.

In the moment they stand up, Andrew is startled as Leroy hits the light switch in the hallway behind him.

LEROY
What's going on?

The men stiffen as the light cone engulfs them through the main entrance. They see Andrew's silhouette behind the door and eye each other.

INT. UNIVERSITY - SAME

ANDREW

(hysterical, whispering)

Turn the damn lights off! Quick!

Leroy winces and quickly complies --

-- but too late. With the clear goal not to leave any marks, the two men head straight at the building. Andrew realizes it. Hits the panic button. Runs.

ANDREW

(to Leroy)

Hide!

Leroy picks up his panic, runs back to the lab and slams the door. Andrew storms into the...

STAIRWAY

He runs upstairs. Aware of the danger he's in. He stumbles and hits the ground. The two men chase him, they are about two levels behind.

Driven by his fear of death, Andrew jumps up and runs on. He tries several doors as he passes by, no luck. All sealed.

At the end of the stairway, he tries the door to the --

ROOF

-- where he anxiously scans for a place to hide. He sprints to the edge. Runs out of time. FOOTSTEPS come closer.

He spots a truck near the building, but it's too high for a jump, and too late anyways as --

-- the door to the roof is kicked open and the two men step out. Andrew looks right into the barrels of their guns.

BAAAM! A bullet perforates Andrew's chest. He tumbles backwards and off the roof.

The attackers step closer to the edge and look down. They find Andrew on top of the truck in a puddle of blood.

POLICE SIRENS in the distance. The men eye each other and decide to make a run for it.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

END OF
TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BRISBANE RIVER, AUSTRALIA - DAY

A wonderful, sunny day. A small yacht passes by under the scenic Story Bridge.

SUPER: BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA

INT. VILLA - SAME

Luxurious furnishings, antiques, expensive looking oil paintings with ornamented frames across the walls. The composition shows an expensive taste and an eye for arts.

Anna sits on an armchair and reads a book. Her CELL PHONE rings. She picks it up. Checks the display. Frowns.

ANNA

Hey Henry... Let me guess, you got my e-mail?

She grimaces and holds the phone away from her ear, just enough so we can hear a BARKING MALE VOICE throwing all sorts of incomprehensible curses at her.

ANNA

Come on, Henry... I know you don't mean it that way.

(beat)

No, listen... I know what you've done for me and my career, and I'll always be grateful for that chance you gave me. But I really feel it's time for me to move on. I never wanted to be the subject of all these wet nerd dreams, I'd like to play character roles and grow as an artist...

(beat)

Yeah... No... Henry...

She shuts her eyes. Surrenders to the rant.

ANNA

Okay, listen - let's talk about this again next week.

(beat)

Yeah, I'll fly tomorrow afternoon.

(beat)

Right, just try to calm down until Monday and we can discuss this in a civilized way when I'm there, okay?

(beat)

Okay, I'll see you... Bye.

She shakes her head with a smile and gets back to her book.

In this moment, the HALF-TRANSPARENT SILHOUETTE of a human body begins to materialize right in front of her. Anna hardly believes her eyes. She stares at the blurred shape as it slowly solidifies into Andrew's body.

With a PAINFUL CRY, Andrew yanks a hand up to the place where the bullet hit him and slumps down to his knees.

Anna SCREAMS and jumps up from the armchair. She bolts out of the room like a scalded cat.

LOBBY

Anna sprints through the corridor and stops at a door sealed by a numeric keypad. With a shivering hand, she enters a code, the door unlocks itself with a CLICK.

PANIC ROOM

She seals the metal door from inside and slides the shutter of a small eyelet open... Nothing to see in the lobby.

EXT. VILLA - MINUTES LATER

A silver breezer stops in front of Anna's villa. ETHAN JACKSON, early thirties, suited business guy looks, gets out of the car with a bottle of wine under his arm.

He strolls up the pathway to the front door with purpose. Smiles with an overbearing self-confidence.

INT. VILLA, PANIC ROOM - SAME

Anna is startled as the DOORBELL rings. Her face is snow white and covered with cold sweat. She hectically peeks through the lobby again. The coast is clear.

LOBBY

She silently exits the panic room and hurries to the front door. She looks straight into Ethan's smiling face as he lifts the wine in the air.

ETHAN

Hey darling, ready for a nice evening?

Still under shock, she eyes him without a word.

ETHAN

Anna? Are you okay? Won't you let me in?

ANNA

Ethan... Thank god you're here. There's someone in the house!

She grabs his arm and pulls him inside.

ETHAN

What?! Where?

ANNA

(stutters)

In the living room...

ETHAN

Okay, you wait here.

Readied up for a fight, he enters the living room. Anna stays behind. More than just worried.

After moments of silence which seem like an eternity, Ethan returns. Visibly confused.

ETHAN

Okay, is this some kind of a joke?

ANNA

What?!

ETHAN

There isn't anyone.

Anna frowns. She coils past him and into the...

LIVING ROOM

She scans the room. Nobody here. Ethan steps behind her.

ANNA

I swear he was here. He materialized right in front of my eyes.

ETHAN

(chilly)

He materialized?

Ethan smiles and hugs her from behind.

ETHAN

Yeah right, you almost got me.

Ethan takes a corkscrew from a shelf and makes himself comfortable on the sofa.

ETHAN

Why don't you lay down here. You know I've got magic hands, I could give you a nice massage?

Anna seems puzzled. Was it just a figment of her imagination? A hallucination?

ANNA

Sounds good, but let me get to the bathroom first.

She leaves the room.

Ethan begins to open the bottle of wine. Andrew carefully sticks his head out behind a long drapery. His pain has declined but it still hurts. He anxiously eyes Ethan.

Still confused by the situation, he decides it's time to get to the bottom of this. He stands up and emerges behind the drapery. He resolutely approaches Ethan.

ANDREW

Sir, I'm sorry. I don't know how I ended up here. Can you help me? What is this place and who are you?

To Andrew's surprise, Ethan doesn't take any notice of him. He swings the corkscrew into the bottle and looks right through him.

Ethan's CELL PHONE rings. He sets the bottle aside and picks up the call.

ETHAN

Yes?

Ethan's eyes widen. He throws a rattled look at the door to the lobby.

ETHAN

(whispers)

Melissa... I can't talk right now. Anna can come in any moment.

(beat)

Listen, she'll fly back to L.A. on Sunday, I'll have all the time in the world for you then.

(beat)

I know, honey. But I told you a thousand times why I can't leave her just yet, okay?

(beat)

Please don't start this now. I've got to hang up.

(beat)

I'll call you back, honey. I love you... Bye...

Andrew frowns. Seems totally lost.

Ethan ends the call and lets the phone slip back into his pocket, just in time before Anna enters the room behind him.

She eyes Andrew with big eyes, the shock instantly returns to her face as their eyes meet.

ANNA

(hysterical)

Ethan! Who is that?!

Ethan turns around and eyes her with a raised brow.

ETHAN

Anna? What are you talking about?

ANNA

What?!

Ethan frowns.

ETHAN

You sure, you're okay? Should I call Doc Prescott? Maybe it's better if he comes over and has a look at you?

ANNA

Stop it, Ethan! This isn't funny any more! Who is that guy?!

Ethan turns to Andrew. Stares right through him. Turns back to Anna.

ETHAN

Okay, you got me. You're rehearsing a role, or something?

Anna is terrified and puzzled at the same time. Andrew can't make sense of the situation either.

ANDREW

(in disbelief)

Anna? ... Anna Chastings?

ANNA

Yes, and who on earth are you?!

Ethan gets up from the sofa and steps next to Anna.

ETHAN

Okay, honey. You're scaring me now.

ANNA

(to Ethan)

Is this one of your freaked out attempts to be funny?

ETHAN

Okay, Anna - stop it now, please!

ANNA

You wanna tell me you don't see him?!

Ethan turns around and scans through the room.

ETHAN

Him?!

He touches Anna's shoulders and tries to hug her but she shoves him away.

ANNA

Don't... Take your friend and leave! I'm already stressed enough, I've got no time for such stupid pranks!

Ethan strikes a bugged pose. He is offended in his pride. Aggrieved perhaps.

ETHAN

Fine... I've got no idea what's wrong with you, but I've got no time for your silly games. Why don't you just tell me to leave if that's what you want?

Anna eyes him dumbstruck. It's a joke... or isn't it?

Ethan grabs his jacket from the sofa's backrest and stomps to the lobby. Andrew observes the scene frantically.

LOBBY

With a pinched face, Ethan rushes to the front door.

ANNA

Ethan, wait...

He rises one hand in an appeasing manner and opens the door.

ETHAN

Never mind, just call me when you're sane again, okay?

Anna catches up on him and hugs him from behind.

ANNA

Sorry, I didn't mean it. I'm just tired and overworked, I guess I'll need a rest, okay?

Ethan turns around and sets up an artificial smile.

ETHAN

Okay...

She kisses him before he leaves and shuts the door behind him. She leans her back at the door and stares towards the living room with a terrified expression.

EXT. VILLA - SAME

Half way to his car, Ethan takes his phone out and dials.

ETHAN

Melissa? It's me again. I've
changed my mind. Can I come over?

(beat)

Okay baby, see you soon.

The complacent smile returns to his face as he gets back to his car and drives off.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An ambulance stops in front of a hospital, SIRENS are turned off. Paramedics pull a gurney out of the car and rush it inside the building.

On the gurney lies Andrew, unconscious.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

On the way inside, one of the medics rhythmically compresses a manual respirator to control Andrew's respiration.

Andrew is connected to a heart rate monitor on the lower tray of the gurney which sounds SLOW, RHYTHMICAL BEEPS.

A doctor from the hospital approaches them.

EMERGENCY DOC

Patient is male, approximately
between twenty and twenty-five
years old, gunshot injury right
above the heart. Respiration is
instable, hemodynamically instable,
pulse is at forty-five beats per
minute, blood pressure is very low
at seventy and forty-five. He's in
GCS three with no cognitive
reaction. Hypovolemia is indicated
due to severe blood loss.

DOCTOR

Thank you.

The emergency doc nods and returns back to the ambulance.

DOCTOR

Alright guys, first of all I need a
CT scan. Inform the operating room
so they're prepared.

BEEEEEEEEP. Andrew's heart quits it's service.

DOCTOR

(vigorously)

We got a flatline! To the shock
room, quick!

SHOCK ROOM

The paramedics grab the underpacking on the gurney.

PARAMEDIC

Okay, One... Two... Three!

They lift Andrew's lifeless body on an examination table. The doctor bends over him. Charges a DEFIBRILLATOR.

DOCTOR

Step back!

INT. VILLA, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Anna slowly approaches Andrew in the living room. One careful step after another, ready to run if necessary. Andrew still hunches with pain and holds his upper chest.

ANNA

Okay, now talk. Who are you and what are you doing here?

Andrew GROANS from his pain. He's annoyed by her question.

ANDREW

My name is Andrew... Andrew Kinderman, and I've got no clue what I'm doing here!

ANNA

Kinderman... Doesn't ring a bell. What's wrong with you?

ANDREW

I've been shot...

Anna's eyes widen.

ANNA

Shit... Let me have a look.

She steps closer and tries to touch him, but - much to her surprise - her hands move right through his body!

ANNA

(squealing)

What the hell... What are you?!

Before Andrew can answer, a BUZZZZZZ fills the room. His body jerks around. Slips out of control.

Andrew sounds a terrible SCREAM OF PAIN. Anna is horrified as she watches him collapse to the floor, flinching around in uncontrolled spasms.

INT. HOSPITAL, SHOCK ROOM - NIGHT

DOCTOR
Charge again!

Another CHARGING SOUND... followed by another BUZZZZZZ... Andrew's body jolts up as the electricity floods through it.

INT. VILLA, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Anna helplessly observes Andrew's horrific struggle. Pure horror in her eyes.

With another BUZZZZZZ, Andrew's silhouette becomes blurred and he slowly turns half-transparent. With a last ELONGATED CRY OF PAIN, he finally disappears completely.

INT. HOSPITAL, SHOCK ROOM - NIGHT

Heart rate monitor is back to a RHYTHMIC BEEPING. The doctor is exhausted and breathes heavily.

DOCTOR
(relieved)
We got him...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT
ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Andrew lies on a bed, attached to a heart-lung machine, kept on life support.

Four people in blue isolation coats enter the room: His doctor, senior FBI agent WILLIAM CURTIS (57), as well as his parents, LESLIE (50) and NORMAN (55) KINDERMAN.

Leslie finds Andrew on the bed and is immediately agitated by the view. She bursts into tears, Norman lays an arm around her.

William respectfully drops his head. His years of FBI work have left a mark on him. A typical tough cookie.

NORMAN

How bad is it, doctor?

DOCTOR

The operation went well, he's out of immediate danger of life for now, but his injuries, both from the shot and from the fall off the roof, are very severe.

NORMAN

What does that mean?

DOCTOR

We can't say for sure, we'll have to wait and see what the next twenty four hours will bring. However... given his injuries and the results from the CT, we can't rule out permanent life-changing impairment...

Now Norman can't control himself any longer and breaks out into tears as well. He kisses Leslie on the forehead while tears run down his cheeks.

WILLIAM

Sir, I ensure you we'll make every effort possible to find the people responsible for this.

William puts a hand on Norman's shoulder and leads Leslie and Norman out of the room again.

HALLWAY

A POLICE OFFICER approaches them in front of Andrew's room.

POLICE OFFICER
Are you agent Curtis?

WILLIAM
Yes, you here for the first shift?

POLICE OFFICER
Yes, sir. Your FBI colleague sent me down here.

Another man, FBI AGENT THOMAS JANKOVIC (27) turns around the corner and enters the hallway. A slick guy with a side parting. His suit fits perfectly to his shining patent-leather shoes.

THOMAS
Ah, great - they found you, sir.

NORMAN
(to William)
Excuse me... First shift?

WILLIAM
Well, Mr. Kinderman - as it seems, your son's the only witness of professor Marshal's murder. We just don't want to take a risk and leave him here without protection.

NORMAN
You mean, they might try to get Andrew out of the way?

WILLIAM
I'm sorry to say, but it's possible, yes.
(to Thomas)
Are we done here for now?

THOMAS
Yes, the hospital will keep us updated if there's anything new.

WILLIAM
Okay. Mrs. Kinderman, Mr. Kinderman, please follow me, we'll drive you home. There's nothing more we can do here for now and you should get some rest.

INT. SURGERY - MORNING

Anna wears a patient gown and sits on a day bed. Her eyes anxiously follow DOCTOR PRESCOTT (60) who skims over several computed tomography pictures attached to a negatoscope.

An ASSISTANT walks in and hands a printout to the doctor.

ASSISTANT

Here are the results of Miss
Chastings' blood test.

DR. PRESCOTT

Ah, great, thank you.

She humbly nods and leaves the room again.

The doctor flies over the pages of the printout.

DR. PRESCOTT

Well, Miss Chastings, as far as I
can say, these results look normal.
Maybe these hallucinations you
mentioned are stress-induced. You
should probably take a rest and
relax a bit.

ANNA

I wish I could. I'll have to fly
back to L.A. today, the shooting
for the next season starts.

DR. PRESCOTT

I can only advise you to allow
yourself some rest. From the
physical point of view, there's
nothing you should worry about.
Anyway, I'll prescribe you a light
sedative, take one of those pills
before you go to sleep.

Anna smiles and nods thankfully.

DR. PRESCOTT

Come to the counter when you
changed back, I'll prepare the
prescription in the meantime.

The doc leaves the room. Anna enters a changing cubicle.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - EVENING

Andrew jolts up from his bed with wide open eyes. He's
confused and scans the room. As he tries to stand up, he is
struck by a terrible pain.

He GROANS and topples down on his knees.

He struggles to get up. Stumbles to the door, but --

-- when he tries to use the door handle, his hand just moves
right through it.

He checks his hand in disbelief and slowly turns around to
the bed --

-- where he finds his own body attached to the life support machines. He can't believe what he's seeing...

INT. FBI BUILDING - EVENING

William sits at his desk. Watches a video from a surveillance camera at the campus. It shows the killers, but only from behind as they run from the scene.

Someone KNOCKS at the door.

WILLIAM

Come in.

It's Thomas and his partner, agent SAMANTHA BOYD. She's as old as Thomas, but he looks like a school-boy next to her.

They sit down on two chairs in front of William's desk. Sam hands William a file. He opens it and browses.

WILLIAM

What do we have here?

SAMANTHA

A possible motive, sir. Looks like the military was interested in our professor's research.

WILLIAM

And how's that a motive?

THOMAS

Well, if the military cares about it, someone else might as well.

WILLIAM

Sounds a bit thin.

SAMANTHA

Granted. However, the professor's latest project is classified. We couldn't get our hands on it.

Now she's got William's attention.

WILLIAM

Classified? The agency?

SAMANTHA

We're not sure, sir. I contacted the CIA and the NSA, both claim they have no idea. Also asked a liaison officer at the Department of Defense, but nothing yet.

William frowns.

THOMAS

However, seems like our prof was involved into some hot stuff there.

WILLIAM

Sounds like a dead-end road to me.

Samantha is surprised.

SAMANTHA

Sir?

He turns his monitor around and points at the screen.

WILLIAM

I think you should focus on our killers here for now. Check out if there's any other witnesses. Try to get a hand on them. I'll look after this in the meantime and see if I can dig a bit deeper.

Thomas and Samantha eye each other. Confused.

SAMANTHA

But sir, how are we supposed to find these people if we don't know what they're aiming at?

WILLIAM

Well, that's your job, agent Boyd. Be creative, use your instincts.

Samantha glances at Thomas. He shrugs.

WILLIAM

Anything else?

SAMANTHA

(dumbfounded)

No, sir...

WILLIAM

Fine. Keep me updated.

Sam and Thomas stand and walk back to the door.

WILLIAM

Oh, by the way. What was the name of that liaison officer you mentioned?

SAMANTHA

Lieutenant Commander J.R. Wulff.

William notes the name on a scratchpad and nods "That's all". Sam and Thomas leave.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Andrew's pain is almost unbearable. He staggers through an empty hallway, supporting himself against the walls.

ANDREW
(desperate, with pain)
Hello? Anyone here? I need help!

He takes a few more steps. Loses his grip and collapses to the floor. He's done, totally exhausted.

A NURSE passes by. He sees her. Braces himself up against the pain. Reaches out a hand towards her.

ANDREW
(whiny)
Please... Help me!

She doesn't react. She comes closer... and closer... and walks right through him.

Andrew recoils for a moment. Realizes he's fucked up, void of any hope. He crumples back and starts to cry.

After a few seemingly endless moments of agony, a young FEMALE VOICE startles him from behind.

GIRL
Are you new here?

He yanks his body around. His eyes find an about sixteen year old girl with hairbows in her braids. She wears an old-fashioned, victorian dress and carries a doll under her arm. Something is wrong with this girl...

ANDREW
(hightly)
Me? You mean me?!

The girl nods and eyes him curiously.

ANDREW
(relieved)
Thank god you can see me! Can you help me? This pain is unbearable... I can't stand it much longer.

GIRL
(surprised)
Pain? You feel pain?

Andrew nods, the girl's eyes widen. She steps closer.

GIRL
(almost fanatic)
Describe it! What is it like?

ANDREW

What?! Please... I don't know what's wrong with me... My hands, they glide through things and this pain... It's driving me crazy!

A sad expression flashes over her face.

GIRL

I wish I could feel it... I've never felt anything since...

She shies away before she can complete the sentence.

ANDREW

Since what?

The girl suddenly seems uncomfortable. A bit scared even. She turns around and looks at the dark end of the corridor.

GIRL

I need to go now.

Andrew startles her by grabbing her arm.

ANDREW

No, please... Seems like no one else can see me. You're my only hope!

GIRL

Please, mister... I'll be in big trouble if I stay here. Please let me go...

Andrew GROANS. Holding her consumes his last whit of energy.

ANDREW

What's your name?

The girl throws another scared look at the dark end of the hallway behind her.

GIRL

(whispers)

Chloe... My name is Chloe.

ANDREW

Chloe... That's a nice name. My name is Andrew, and I really need your help.

She eyes him pitifully.

CHLOE

I knew you were new here. I've never seen you before...

ANDREW
(anxiously)
New here? Does that mean I'm dead?

Chloe shakes her head.

CHLOE
If you were dead, you wouldn't feel pain. You've got to be a mindwalker, I see them here often.

ANDREW
A mindwalker? What does that mean?

CHLOE
Do you know how you ended up here?

ANDREW
(contemplative)
I'm not sure... I remember these guys were shooting me. Then I was somewhere else... A luxury villa or something, and now I'm here.

CHLOE
I see... So you didn't separate from your body voluntarily.

ANDREW
(quietly, to himself)
Separated from my body...

CHLOE
Yes, you will have to find a way back if you want to survive.

ANDREW
But how? How can I get back to my body? Please tell me...

CHLOE
I wish I could. The reason I'm here is... I didn't find a way in time.

Her words hit him like a thunderbolt.

ANDREW
You mean... You are dead?

Chloe turns back to the dark hallway again. She tries to break loose from Andrew's grip.

CHLOE
Please, I've said too much already. We're not allowed to talk to the living... They will punish me if they find me!

ANDREW

They? Who are they?

CHLOE

Doesn't matter. Please let me go,
mister!

ANDREW

Please, Chloe. I'm completely lost,
you need to tell me more. What is
this pain? Is there any way to get
rid of it?

CHLOE

There is a way...

Chloe finally manages to break free and runs back towards
the dark hallway. A CONFUSED SOUND OF MANY VOICES fades in
and slowly gains intensity. Chloe stops abruptly.

CHLOE

(horrified)

Oh no, they found me!

ANDREW

(begging)

Which way? Please, I need to know!

A SLIPSTREAM emerges from the darkness as the VOICES come
closer. Chloe's hair is fluttering in the wind.

She turns back to Andrew. Her face shows she just
surrendered to the inevitable punishment.

CHLOE

If you want to stop the pain, you
need to find your anchor. A place
or a person you feel attached to.
Do what you would do to wake up
from a bad dream and your mind will
return to it.

The WIND has almost grown into a tornado now and the VOICES
are deafeningly loud. Andrew covers his face with an arm and
turns his upper body against the wall.

Chloe stands dead still. The darkness comes closer and
slowly engulfs her body. In the blink of an eye, the VOICES
lapse into silence. The wind is gone.

Andrew carefully opens his eyes and stares at the hallway.
Chloe is gone as well.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT
TWO

ACT
THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FBI BUILDING - EVENING

William browses through a dossier about Professor Marshal on his computer. Photos, newspaper headlines, publications fly over the screen.

His PHONE rings.

WILLIAM

Yes?

He listens as the other side speaks. He turns away from his monitor. His eyes widen.

WILLIAM

Another witness, are you sure?

(beat)

Can he identify our suspects?

Worry lines shape on his forehead.

WILLIAM

That's great news, agent Jankovic.

(beat)

Hold on.

He takes his scratchpad and writes down a name: LEROY MITCHELL, followed by his address.

WILLIAM

Okay, I'll get on my way. Meet you there.

He hangs up and leans back on his chair. Stunned.

He opens a drawer on his desk. Takes out a family photo of himself, his wife and his son. Stares at it in bewilderment.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Andrew aimlessly slogs along the walls of the hospital's empty corridors. His face contorted with pain.

ANDREW

(contemplative)

Wake up from a bad dream...

Struck by a brainwave, he stops. He shuts his eyes and pinches his arm.

After a moment, he opens his eyes and checks the area.

ANDREW

Damn it...

He staggers further down the corridor and passes by a door to a dark hospital room. Two patients sleep in their beds.

Andrew's eyes scan the room and get stuck on an opened window. Another brain wave hits him.

EXT. HOSPITAL FACADE - EVENING

Andrew climbs up on the window sill and steps outside. His patient gown flutters in the wind.

He holds fast onto the window frame. Anxiously looks down to the parking lot five floors below him. No way he's gonna jump. Chickens out and steps back to the inside sill.

Another outburst of pain strikes his body, Andrew grimaces. Realizes the hopelessness of his situation.

He holds for a moment, looks down again and takes a deep breath before he steps out again.

He shuts his eyes and leaves hold of the window frame. Andrew SCREAMS on his way down to the ground. Just before he hits it, we --

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S CAR - DAY

Anna drives through the city. With half an eye, she skims over a package leaflet, taken from a box of meds on the passenger seat.

Andrew starts to materialize next to her. Anna realizes it and SCREAMS. With a jerky move, she yanks around the steering wheel and almost veers off the street. She gets the car back under control and stops at the roadside.

She stares at Andrew who is busy checking that he is still in one piece.

ANNA

Oh no... Not again!

ANDREW

(surprised)

You?!

Anna shuts her eyes tight.

ANNA

(to herself)

C'mon, Anna. You heard the doc.
It's all stress-induced.

ANDREW

(disbelieving)

You are... Oh boy!

Anna plugs her fingers in her ears.

ANNA

Lalalala... I can't hear you...

Andrew watches her with an infidel grimace.

ANNA

You're just a figment of my
imagination...

She opens one eye to check if he's gone... Damn it.

With her eyes shut again, she reaches out for the box of pills next to Andrew's leg. She fiddles around with a tablet coat. Dry swallows two pills. Drops the rest on the floor.

She puts her hands on her temples to limit her view to the front and nods back and forth, buzzing a monotonous NANANA.

Andrew leans over and turns his head in front of her face.

She reacts with a hysterical SQUEAK and moves away from him.

ANDREW

Oh great...

He leans back in his seat and checks the area outside.

Anna breaks up her defiance. Carefully turns to Andrew until their eyes meet.

ANNA

One... Two... Three!

She stretches her hands out like a wizard who just cast a spell. Andrew rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

Really..?

She's embarrassed by the imbecility of her attempt and hides her hands.

ANNA

I'll just ignore you, sooner or
later you'll disappear anyway.

With confidence in the pills she swallowed, she starts the car again and drives on. Andrew launches to say something but backs down. Realizes he needs to chose his words wisely.

A smile crosses his face. He shakes his head in disbelief.

ANDREW

(to himself)

Anna Chastings is my anchor... How cool is that?

A glimpse of curiosity befalls Anna.

ANNA

I'm your what?!

ANDREW

(like a smart-aleck)

Oh... You're my anchor. A ghost in the hospital told me.

Anna eyes him with an inadvertently funny, odd expression.

ANNA

(to herself)

This is worse than I thought. Not just myself... no, even my hallucinations are crazy.

ANDREW

I'm not sure I understood WHAT I am, but I'm certainly not a hallucination.

ANNA

(with self-irony)

Oh right, lemme guess, you're a ghost as well, right?

ANDREW

(offended)

I'm not a damn gh... Aaargh!

He tilts his head back. Facepalms. Tries to compose himself. A moment of ingenuity draws him out of his agitation.

ANDREW

Okay, listen. You think I'm not real, a spawn of your brain, right? So if you think about it, I couldn't know anything you don't know as well, correct?

Anna thinks about it for a moment.

ANNA

I think so, yes.

ANDREW

Ok, so how about this: When I was in your house and that guy was in the living room, waiting for you, he got a call from a 'Melissa'. He told her he can't speak because you could enter the room at any moment, but generally their conversation didn't sound like they were brother and sister if you know what I mean.

Anna stares at Andrew with wide open eyes.

ANNA

Melissa?

Andrew nods.

ANNA

That's his assistant, why'd she call him at that time?

ANDREW

Umm, you wanna make a guess?

A mix of anger and wounded feelings shows in her expression.

ANNA

No way, I don't believe you. That's gotta be my own jealousy speaking through you! Ethan wouldn't ever do that to me!

Andrew realizes he's crossed a line. He turns to Anna and talks with a caring voice.

ANDREW

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have told you that. I didn't know you were that close to him. Really didn't mean to hurt you.

Anna slams the brakes and turns the car.

ANDREW

What are you doing?

ANNA

(furious)

Lets see if you speak the truth.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - EVENING

William stops his car at the roadside. Thomas and Samantha get out of a second car and approach him as he gets out.

THOMAS

Here it is, apartment 137.

They pace to the entrance, uneasily checking the shabby surroundings. This isn't really a prosperous district.

WILLIAM

How'd you find him?

SAMANTHA

He called 911 at the campus, the NYPD was able to trace his number.

Thomas finds Leroy's name at the doorbells and pushes the buzzer. After a moment, the intercom is activated.

LEROY

Can I offer you something? Water?
Milk? A coke?

THOMAS

No, thanks.

WILLIAM

You called the police yesterday
after the shooting at the campus,
right?

LEROY

Yes...

THOMAS

Why didn't you tell them your name?

LEROY

I dunno, I was scared as hell and
just wanted to get out of there. I
didn't want to put myself into
trouble... You know, a black guy at
a murder scene... Usually not a
good combination.

THOMAS

I see, well Mr. Mitchell, can you
tell us what exactly you saw?

LEROY

I was arguing with Andrew, because
he was late as always. We wanted to
analyze those tissue samples for
the practicum...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY - LAST NIGHT

We see Leroy and Andrew in the lab again, when the GUNSHOTS
are heard outside and Andrew storms out.

LEROY (V.O.)

Then we heard those shots in front
of the building. Andrew stormed out
to check what was going on.

HALLWAY - SAME

We jump to the moment where Leroy turns on the lights in the
hallway.

ANDREW

(hysteric, whispering)

Turn the damn lights off! Quick!

Leroy realizes Andrew's panic and quickly turns the lights
off again. After a few moments...

ANDREW

Hide!

Leroy watches him run to the stairway. Anticipates the situation. Hides in the lab.

LEROY (V.O.)

I called the cops and stayed in the lab, hoping they wouldn't find me.

Leroy dials on his cell phone.

LEROY

We need help at the Weill Cornell Medical College. There's two guys... They've got guns. Seems like they attacked our professor. Please hurry.

LEROY (V.O.)

Then I heard another shot... I knew right away what happened.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LEROY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

WILLIAM

So, what did you do?

LEROY

I just wanted to get out of there. I knew if they'd find me, that would be my end.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY - LAST NIGHT

Leroy quietly opens the lab door. Sneaks down the hallway.

LEROY (V.O.)

Half way to the main entrance, I heard steps from the stairway.

He realizes the STEPS and runs back to the lab. Slips through the door and peeks out to the dark hallway.

The two men arrive at the main entrance, Leroy watches them.

UNMASKED #1

Damn it, that wasn't planned!

UNMASKED #2

Cry later, we gotta get outta here, or you wanna wait for the cops?

They storm out through the main entrance.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LEROY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

SAMANTHA

So, did you see their faces?

Leroy nods.

LEROY

Yeah, but just for a second.

THOMAS

You think you'd recognize them?

LEROY

I'm not sure. It was dark and it all happened so fast...

SAMANTHA

We understand... But it's important. You need to try to remember. Would you be willing to work with a sketch artist? Maybe we could get a facial composite?

LEROY

I don't know... I really don't want any trouble, and I certainly don't want to put myself in the crossfire.

SAMANTHA

Don't worry. We'll ensure your safety. After all, these guys killed your professor, your friend is in coma... That can't leave you cold, right?

Leroy thinks for a moment. He's uncomfortable, but eventually gives in.

LEROY

Okay, I guess I could try.

SAMANTHA

Great. We'll pick you up tomorrow morning, if that's okay for you?

LEROY

Yeah, I guess...

Samantha hands him a calling card.

SAMANTHA

Here's my number. If you can think of anything else, you can call me any time.

LEROY

Thanks.

THOMAS

I'll have a patrol guard the house over night, just to make sure.

LEROY

Is that really necessary?

THOMAS

It's for your own safety. We shouldn't take any risks.

LEROY

(irritated)

Okay...

SAMANTHA

Tomorrow morning, eight o'clock?

LEROY

Sure...

SAMANTHA

Good.

They shake hands and the agents leave.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - MINUTES LATER

They walk back to their cars.

SAMANTHA

I'll call you as soon as we've got a picture, sir.

WILLIAM

Alright. Good job, guys.

Thomas and Samantha nod 'good bye' and disappear in their car. William moves to his car, opens the driver door. He waves as Thomas and Samantha drive by.

Once they're out of sight, he shuts the driver door again. His eyes move back to the apartment block. His expression turns very serious.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT
THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A BUNGALOW - DAY

Anna halts the car in front of a bungalow, right behind Ethan's sports car.

INT. ANNA'S CAR - SAME

Anna stares at the small cottage as if she was trying to burn it to the ground with her eyes.

ANDREW

Anna... You think that's a good idea?

Anna gestures 'Stop it' with a hand and storms out.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A BUNGALOW - SAME

Furious like a cheatee, Anna makes her way to the front door of the small house. Almost smashes the DOOR BELL in rage.

After quite a while, the GIGGLES of two people are heard before the door opens up.

In front of Anna stands MELISSA, a hot redhead in her late twenties, only wearing a male's shirt and Ethan in his boxers hugging her from behind.

As Ethan realizes it's Anna, his face turns to stone. Impulsively, he pulls his arms off Melissa and issues an awkward harrumph.

ETHAN

(awkwardly)

Anna... what are you doing here?

ANNA

(about to explode)

Now that's funny, I just wanted to ask you the same.

ETHAN

Well, Anna, it's not as it seems. You know, I got that call yesterday, a case we are working on. Melissa had the files here at her place, so we met here to work on it. It got late and she offered me her couch for the night.

ANNA

Yeah, and on the way to the door you lost your balance and stumbled with one hand on her tits and with the other on her ass, right?

ETHAN

Anna, really, I...

ANNA

Shut - the - hell - up! I don't ever want to see you again. Don't dare to ever set another foot on my property or I'll haul you before the courts for home invasion, was that clear?

She tears off a ring, throws it before Ethan's feet and dashes back to her car. Ethan chases up on her.

ETHAN

Anna... Wait, don't jump at conclusions... Let me explain...

Anna stops, stomps back to him and slaps him in the face.

Ethan gawks at her dumbfounded and looks after her as she disappears in the car and drives off.

INT. ANNA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Andrew remain resolutely silent for a while.

A tear runs down Anna's cheek, Andrew sees it. Struggles to find the right words.

ANDREW

I'm really sorry about that. It's all my fault. If I didn't try to prove my point, this wouldn't have happened.

ANNA

(sobbing)

No, it's not. I'm actually glad you told me, who knows how much longer he would've jerked me around if you hadn't. Seems like I'm too stupid to realize when someone just takes advantage of me.

ANDREW

But I didn't want to destroy your relationship, trust me...

ANNA

Relationship? That asshole was just after my money, that's not a relationship. I mean when I met him he was such a battler..

ANDREW

A what?

ANNA

A battler.. You know? He was working like crazy for his dick of a boss. That guy kept him in the office for sixteen hours a day and didn't even pay him regularly.

ANDREW

What does he do?

ANNA

He's a lawyer, I helped him to found his own law office to get out of that cutthroat job. Probably that's what he was after.

ANDREW

Let me guess... By 'help' you mean money, right?

ANNA

Yeah, whatever. Let's please stop talking about my naive idiocy in terms of men.

A moment of silence.

ANDREW

Look, I know you are confused about me... Heck, I'm confused about all this myself.

Anna washes off the tears from her cheek.

ANDREW

Do you at least believe me now? I'm not a hallucination. I was shot and I was brought to a hospital... This must be some kind of an OOBE.

Anna eyes him with a mix of curiosity and scepticism.

ANNA

OOBE?

ANDREW

Out of body experience. I read about people with potentially deadly injuries reporting these kind of things. Never thought it was real, though.

ANNA

So... You think you're separated from your body? Then why don't you just slip back into it? Isn't that how it works in the movies?

Andrew returns an ironic smile.

ANDREW

Yeah, this isn't movies though. The girl in the hospital said I need to find a way back. No idea how to do that... She said I need to stay close to my anchor... The pain is terrible if I'm too far away, believe me.

ANNA

Your anchor? What's that?

He goes beet-red. Shyly looks out of the window.

ANDREW

You won't like this, but... I think you're my anchor.

ANNA

Me?! But how? I mean... I don't even know you!

ANDREW

I know... And I'm sorry about this. Look, I'm a loser. I've got no friends, let alone any girlfriend. All I care about is scifi shows, super heroes... The usual nerd stuff, you know? I'm not proud of it but that's how it is...

Anna raises her brows.

ANNA

You aren't trying to tell me you've got a crush on me, are you?

Andrew turns his head back to the window. Can't stand her piercing look any more.

ANNA

(downcast)

Oh great. So I'm stuck with the ghost of a nerd fan until he finds a way to return to his body. Sounds like my worst nightmares finally came true...

EXT. VILLA - MINUTES LATER

Anna stops her car in the driveway. Andrew eyes her questioningly.

ANNA

So, what now?

Andrew shrugs.

ANNA

Come on, you don't want to stay here at my place, do you?

ANDREW

I don't think I've got a choice.

ANNA

(unnerved)

Seriously?!

ANDREW

Sorry...

She shakes her head. Can't believe it.

ANNA

I'm flying back to L.A. in a few hours, I mean, what's in your head?

ANDREW

(dumbstruck)

L.A.? But my body is in New York.

She counters his involuntary insolence with a disgusted grimace of disbelief.

ANNA

You want me to fly to New York? Are you crazy or something? You know I've got a job, right?

Andrew issues a weary sigh.

ANDREW

You know, I wouldn't ask you, but you're the only one who can help me. You're the only chance I've got to try and save my life.

She stares at him. Lets his words and his sheer despair sink in. The anger in her face turns into compassion...

TIME CUT:

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - MORNING

Samantha gets out of her car. Nods a good morning to two police officers sitting in a cruiser in front of Leroy's apartment.

She steps to the door. Hits Leroy's door bell. Waits. She watches TWO GUYS in hoodie jackets on the other side of the street. They stop as they spot the police car, one of them points at it. They turn around and hurry away.

Samantha frowns. Hits the door bell again.

An OLD WOMAN in an apron dress opens the door. She carries a plastic bag filled with empty beer cans and stares at Samantha with big eyes.

Samantha smiles at her and holds the door open. The woman looks after her as she enters the building. She's probably never seen a woman in a suit.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Anna knocks at Leroy's apartment door.

SAMANTHA

Mr. Mitchell? Are you there?

No response.

She turns the doorknob, it's not sealed. She frowns. Pulls her weapon and carefully enters the apartment.

LEROY'S APARTMENT

Shutters are down. She searches for a light switch. Finds it. Nobody in the living room.

SAMANTHA

Mr. Mitchell? ... Leroy?

She curls into the small kitchen, her gun pointed in front of her. There he is: Leroy's lifeless body lies on the ground. His eyes are twisted, his neck is broken.

Samantha drops her gun and turns away in disgust.

EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - MORNING

William steps out through the front door, his briefcase in one, a key ring in his other hand.

He pushes the door opener, his car's turn signals flash up.

Behind him, a woman about William's age appears in the doorframe. It's the woman from the picture in his office, just a bit older. It's his wife, HELEN CURTIS. Typical house wife. Wears a bathrobe and has curlers in her hair.

HELEN

Hey, don't forget your breakfast.

She holds a paper bag out to him.

William stops, takes the bag and kisses her on the cheek.

WILLIAM

What would I do without you?

She smiles.

HELEN

You'd starve behind your desk.

He smiles back and continues his way to his car. Enters it.

INT. WILLIAM'S CAR - SAME

He starts the engine and waves goodbye to Helen as he drives off. He checks the contents of the paper bag and lays it down on the passenger seat.

He is startled as a man sits up behind him on the back seat. He turns around and stares at him. Doesn't say a word.

MAN

Morning, sir.

William turns back to the front. He's angry. And nervous. Both at the same time.

WILLIAM

Are you crazy? Why do you show up here? What if anybody sees us together?

MAN

Don't worry, Will. The boss sends me. Wants to know if our latest problem is solved.

William eyes the guy through the rear mirror. Just about to explode, but he tries to control himself.

MAN

So?

WILLIAM

(angry)

So, what? I've cleaned up the mess your people left, if that's what you mean. But that was the last time. Killing innocents was never part of the deal.

MAN

Really, Will... Are you getting sentimental in your old age?

William turns his head away. He's disgusted by himself. Hunted by demons from the past.

MAN

(mocking)

Anyways, good job. It's good to know haven't unlearned anything.

William slams on the brakes. Turns to the back seat and collars the guy.

WILLIAM

Get the hell outta here or I swear you'll regret it.

MAN

Calm down, old friend. No need to get abusive.

The guy opens the door and leaves the car. William sinks back into his seat, breathing heavily.

The man knocks at his window. William eyes him, still in rage. He lowers the window.

MAN

We can still count on you, right? Can you imagine how sad it would be if Helen had an accident?

WILLIAM

Stop it, Wulff! Don't even think about threatening me. I'll do what's necessary. You better mind your own business! My agents were able to find you just hours after the shootings. What kind of a fucked up camouflage is that?

J.R.

They called me. Didn't say anything. It's harmless, really.

WILLIAM

Harmless? You and your people act like amateurs, and I've got to take out your trash!

He shuts the window and drives off. Washes sweat off his forehead and stares at J.R.'s grinning face in the mirror.

INT. NEW YORK, J.F.K. AIRPORT - DAY

Anna wears dark sunglasses and covers her face under a hood. She stops in front of an electronical billboard while she speaks on the phone. Andrew stands next to her.

ANNA

(on the phone)

Yes Harry, I know. But listen, I feel really bad at the moment.

(listens)

I don't care, tell 'em I'm sick or whatever... I'm sure you can come up with something.

(listens)

I know we've got deadlines, but I got my text ready and can jump right in when I'm there. I just

(MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)

need a week to get my life sorted, ok? I've split up with Ethan and it's all some big mess at the moment.

(listens)

Thank you, but I don't want to talk about it, I just want to take my mind off things...

(listens)

Thank you Harry, you're a gem.

(listens)

Yes, I'll be there next sunday, I promise.

(listens)

Take care, bye...

The billboard now displays an ad of Anna's show. It reads - 'THE BLACK PROJECTS, SEASON FIVE' under a cover image with Anna as FBI agent, pointing a gun at the camera.

ANDREW

Where do we start? I've got no idea which hospital I'm in...

ANNA

(whispers)

First of all, we need to get outta here before anybody recognizes me.

She points her head at the ad. Pulls her hood even deeper into her face. She's nervous.

She picks up her suitcase. Makes for the exit as the crow flies. Andrew marvels at the ad but catches up on her as he realizes she's already gone.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Anna's on the backseat, Andrew next to her. She tries hard to avoid the eyes of the TAXI DRIVER, an about 60 year old, greasy man. He strains his arm to precisely adjust the mirror so he can get a better look.

ANDREW

You didn't book the room under your real name, right?

ANNA

(whispering)

Of course I used a fake name... Can you imagine the trouble I'm in if the crew in L.A. finds out I'm here while I should be there to work?

TAXI DRIVER

Sorry miss, what did you say?

ANNA

Nothing. Was just thinking aloud.

The taxi driver turns around. His perverted grin allows a glimpse on his rotten teeth. Just how you would imagine a typical sex offender.

TAXI DRIVER

If there's anything I can do for you, miss, just let me know.

With a wink he turns back to the front and focuses on the traffic again. At least with one eye...

ANNA

(flabbergasted)

Good old america...

Andrew can't avoid a smile.

EXT. HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

The taxi pulls over and stops in front of a hotel. Anna hands some money to the driver.

ANNA

Here, keep the rest.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh thank you very much, young lady.

She gets out. The driver hurries to the trunk with unexpected agility and lifts her suitcase out.

INT. HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

A young RECEPTIONIST hands Anna a key.

RECEPTIONIST

Enjoy your stay, Miss Smith.

ANNA

Thanks.

She looks out for Andrew. Finds him in the lobby, staring at a television screen.

She picks up her suitcase and walks by him. Unsuspiciously signals him to follow --

-- but he doesn't. He stands glued to the spot.

She notices it. Stops and follows his eyes to the telly.

INSERT - TV NEWS SHOW

A NEWS ANCHOR speaks to a CORRESPONDENT.

NEWS ANCHOR

So is there any proof this incident is connected to the campus shooting two days ago? Any official statements yet?

Photos of Professor Marshal and Andrew are displayed on the screen, while the correspondent replies.

CORRESPONDENT

Nothing official yet, but I was able to speak to one of the FBI agents here at the scene. From what she told me, the victim might have been a witness of the murder at the college, so it seems very likely there's a connection.

The photos are replaced by a live coverage of the correspondent in front of Leroy's apartment block. Behind him, medics pull a gurney with a body bag into an ambulance.

NEWS ANCHOR

Well, thank you for now, Garrett. We'll get back to you as soon as there's anything new.

Garrett is replaced by the New York Yankees' logo.

NEWS ANCHOR

Let's get to the other news of the day. Yankees optimistic for their clash with the Mets tomorrow...

BACK TO SCENE

ANDREW

(shocked)

Leroy...

He turns his face to Anna who eyes him questioningly.

ANDREW

They killed him. He must have seen the killers on the run...

Anna's expression turns very serious, even behind her dark sunglasses, just before we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT
FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Anna unlocks the door from outside. She drops her suitcase next to the bed and tears her hair as she drops her guise. She's visibly off the wall.

ANNA

This isn't good... What the hell did you get me involved in there?

Andrew eyes her helplessly.

ANNA

I mean, your friend... He saw the killers and twenty four hours later he's dead himself? This doesn't sound like some random robbery.

ANDREW

What do you mean?

ANNA

Someone's trying to cover his tracks here, there's gotta be more to this.

(beat)

Your professor, what did he do? Any interesting research?

ANDREW

As far as I know, the last thing he's been working on had something to do with the influence of high frequency sound waves on the human brain.

ANNA

(contemplative)

Hmm, doesn't sound like something worth killing for...

ANDREW

Well, that depends... I read research studies about similar experiments before, the whole topic isn't half bad.

ANNA

How?

ANDREW

Imagine you can influence the human brain to think what you want it to think. Sounds like more than just a useful weapon, doesn't it?

Anna thinks about it for a moment. She makes an annoyed gesture. Wants to get over and done with this.

ANNA

Whatever. Let's try and find your body as fast as possible and then I'm out of here!

She lifts her suitcase on the bed. Takes out a notebook, puts it on a table in the room and powers it up.

She googles: New York City hospitals. Clicks on a link. The page is headlined 'DIRECTORY OF HOSPITALS IN NEW YORK'.

ANNA

Wow, even more than I thought.

She sighs.

ANNA

Well, let's get started. I'll just have to call all of them and ask.

She picks up the earpiece of a phone on the table and dials the first number.

INT. WAYPOINT MILLENIUM CORP, LECTURE ROOM - DAY

A group of people sits at school desks. On each desk lies a questionnaire and a ball pen.

The people are listening to a man in a white coat in front of them. DR. DAVID MALLORY is quite young for his position, just about mid-thirties, but his presence is formidable.

DAVID

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much for participating in our research study. I'd like you to fill out the questionnaires in front of you. You can do this while you wait, we'll call you in one after another for the test.

TEST ROOM - HOURS LATER

David sits face to face to his current subject, a young STUDENT, who seems quite disinterested. The student wears headphones, they emit a soft HUMMING TONE.

David holds up a card. The cover side towards the student. On the other side, there is a yellow square.

STUDENT

No idea. Something red?

David lays it down. Holds up another card. A blue circle.

The student shrugs.

STUDENT

A green triangle?

David drops the card and stands up.

DAVID

Okay, that's all of them. Thanks.

The student lays down the headphones and stands up as well.

STUDENT

Do I get my fifty dollars now?

DAVID

Sure, you'll be paid when you return your questionnaire to my assistant.

STUDENT

Alright.

David leads him out of the room, back to the

LECTURE ROOM - SAME

DAVID

Next one please.

An about forty year old woman, ANGELA PIKE, gets up from her chair. She wears a leisure suit and worn sneakers. She's clearly here for the money. David leads her to the

TEST ROOM - SAME

DAVID

Please, take a seat, Miss...?

ANGELA

Pike. Mrs. Angela Pike.

DAVID

Alright, Mrs. Pike. You will have to wear these headphones while I'll show you different cards. There are simple geometric shapes in different colors on them. I want you to guess the shape and the color of each card. Simple as that. You understand?

Angela nods and sets up the headphones. David pushes a button on the attached device. The HUMMING SOUND returns.

DAVID

Okay, first card...

It's a red circle this time.

Angela's expression becomes quite intense. Her eyes begin to twitch a little.

ANGELA

Red... A square I think...

David drops the card. Raises another one, a green circle.

Angela focuses. Her eye twitching intensifies.

ANGELA

A green... Circle?

David eyes her sharply. Lays the card down and turns up the volume of the HUMMING SOUND. Angela's eyes are almost shut now, her eyeballs jump around like crazy under her lids.

David raises the next card. Before we get to see the symbol on it --

ANGELA

Yellow triangle.

-- David checks the symbol. Bull's eye!

Angela's upper body begins to shake.

ANGELA

(monotonously)

Red triangle. Blue square. Blue triangle. Yellow circle.

As she continues, David uncovers the following cards. They all match her predictions!

David's eyes widen.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

ANNA

Thank you, anyway. Bye...

She drops the earpiece. Facepalms.

ANNA

God, that wasn't even half of them yet. Gimme a break!

Andrew kneels down next to her. Tries to lay a hand on her shoulder, but it moves through it. Anna realizes it. Pulls her head back in a reflex.

ANNA

Please stop that. It makes me freak out every time...

ANDREW

Sorry, I forgot...

ANNA

Never mind, lets carry on.

She dials the next number on the list.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

A phone rings in an admission office. A HOSPITAL WORKER picks up the call.

DANA

Truman Medical Center, my name is Dana Jaspers, how can I help you?

ANNA

Hello, I'm Mary Smith. I'm looking for a friend, I heard he was shot and I'd like to visit him, but unfortunately I don't know which hospital we was brought to. Can you tell me if you got a patient named Andrew Kinderman?

Dana frowns and seems nervous.

DANA

Please wait a moment, I'll check.

ANNA

Thanks.

Dana drops the phone. Takes a cell phone out of her jacket. She searches for a calling card on her desk, gets up and steps away from her desk as she dials.

INT. FBI OFFICE - SAME

Thomas sits on his desk. His PHONE rings. We INTERCUT between Thomas and Dana as they speak.

THOMAS

Agent Jankovic.

DANA

Hello, my name is Dana Jaspers from the Truman Medical Center. You told me to call you if there's anything new about Mr. Kinderman.

THOMAS

Oh yes, thank you for calling!

DANA

I've got a woman in the line, she wants to know if Mr. Kinderman is a patient here. Says she's a friend.

THOMAS

A friend? Did she tell her name?

DANA
Yes, Mary Smith.

THOMAS
Sounds strange. Listen, keep her on the phone as long as possible. Can you give me the number of the apparatus her call is on?

DANA
Yes, it's 212-509-6368. Should I tell her he's here?

THOMAS
No... Just keep her waiting... Tell her you need to go and check on the station or something.

DANA
Okay, I'll try.

THOMAS
Thank you, ma'am.

Thomas hangs up and makes another call.

THOMAS
This is Agent Jankovic, FBI. My ID is 356-274. I need you to trace a call currently made to the following number...

SAMANTHA'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Thomas opens the door and steps in.

THOMAS
Come on, I think we've got something.

SAMANTHA
What is it?

THOMAS
Someone's checking hospitals trying to find out where Andrew Kinderman is. I got her traced, she's in a hotel near the airport.

She jumps up and takes her jacket from a coat hook.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Thomas stops the car in front of the hotel. They both rush into the building.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - SAME

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome, you like to check in, sir?

Thomas and Samantha show their FBI badges.

THOMAS

I'm agent Jankovic, this is my partner, agent Boyd. We need the room number of a Mary Smith.

She checks reservations at her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

I think there was a Mary Smith checking in today.. There, got her. It's room 219, second floor.

They hurry upstairs with purpose.

ANNA'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anna still waits for a reply on the phone. She rolls her eyes and hangs up.

ANNA

Let's move on with the next one, I'll try this one again later.

KNOCKS at the door. Anna exchanges a sharp look with Andrew. She jumps up and puts her hoodie and her sunglasses back on.

Fully masked, she opens the door and looks straight at two FBI badges.

THOMAS

Mary Smith?

ANNA

Yes..

THOMAS

Ma'am, I'm agent Jankovic, this is agent Boyd, FBI. Please follow us, we've got to ask you a few questions about Andrew Kinderman.

TIME CUT:

INT. FBI BUILDING, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Anna sits at a table. Not sure what to expect. Andrew stands next to her.

ANDREW

How on earth did they find us?

ANNA

They must've traced the call while
I was waiting for that woman. I
guess we found your hospital.

Andrew looks at a mirror wall behind them.

ANDREW

Don't talk, I guess they're
watching you. I'll be right back.

Anna turns around. Frowns as she watches Andrew walk through
the mirror wall.

OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Andrew ends up in an observation room and hits William,
Thomas and Samantha in the middle of a discussion.

SAMANTHA

We need to find out what an aussie
tv star has to do with a New York
neurobiology student...

THOMAS

Seems strange, but do you really
think she's involved in this?

WILLIAM

I'd say go and ask her.

THOMAS

(smiling)

I'd rather like to ask her out for
a date.

SAMANTHA

Bet you do... It's probably the
best if I go and talk to her.

She rolls her eyes and exits the room. Andrew frowns and
walks back through the mirror.

INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

The door opens and Samantha walks in. She sits down at the
other side of the table and eyes Anna.

ANNA

What? Did you come to finally tell
me why I'm here in the first place?

SAMANTHA

Well, Miss Smith - oh I'm sorry, I
mean Miss Chastings - my fault. I'm
sure we both know why you're here.

Anna eyes her angrily. Bends forward.

ANNA

Fine, now that you know who I am, I guess you can imagine the flood of lawyers which will make your life a hell if you leak anything of this to the press.

SAMANTHA

Miss Chastings... I'll overhear that for now, I'm sure you didn't mean to threaten me, right?

Anna gives in. Leans back. Crosses her arms.

ANNA

So why do you lock me up here?

SAMANTHA

You tried to locate a person in witness protection and we'd like to know why.

ANNA

I know nothing about witness protection. Andrew is a friend and I heard what happened, so I wanted to visit him and see how bad it is. Didn't know that was a crime.

SAMANTHA

A friend, huh?

Anna realizes she's on thin air now.

ANNA

Do I need to ask the FBI for permission before I make friends?

SAMANTHA

Certainly not, Miss Chastings, but you've got to admit it sounds a bit unrealistic... I mean, you're a famous actress, a mega star. How would you be friends with an unknown student who doesn't seem to have any other friends at all?

Andrew drops his head over her comment.

ANNA

I met him online, he was doing a Skype interview with me for the fan club magazine he was committed to. We stayed in contact after that, he seemed to be a nice guy.

Samantha frowns and looks up to the mirror wall behind Anna.

ANDREW

That's not good, they can check that. I've never worked for any magazine.

SAMANTHA

Okay, lets say I buy that. When was the last time you talked to Andrew?

ANNA

On the day it happened. He called me from a bar, asked if I was excited about the upcoming shooting of the new season. He said he had to hurry because he wanted to meet his friend, Leroy, at the uni.

Samantha makes a dismissive grimace.

SAMANTHA

You gave him your number?

ANNA

As I said, Andrew's a friend. Don't you give your number to friends?

Samantha shakes her head in disbelief.

ANNA

Okay, can I go now? Or do you want to go on with your evaluation of my private life? Don't you think you could make a better use of your time by chasing those two killers out there?

Samantha frowns.

SAMANTHA

How do you know it's two killers? We didn't leak that to the media.

Anna's confidence is gone. She just got caught lying.

ANNA

(shaky)

Maybe I'm just good at guessing?

OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

William stares at the interrogation room. He's terrified of what he just heard. What else does she know?

He opens the door and wants to leave, Thomas realizes it.

THOMAS

Sir? You want to leave now?

WILLIAM

I've heard enough. Tell agent Boyd to let her go, we don't have anything on her that would justify keeping her here.

THOMAS

But sir, she obviously knows something...

WILLIAM

I know, and I want you to keep an eye on her. I want to know about every step she makes. Is that clear?

THOMAS

Yes, sir...

HALLWAY - SAME

William chases down the hallway and approaches his office. He checks to make sure there's nobody watching him before he enters the room.

WILLIAM'S OFFICE - SAME

He locks the door behind him and sits down at his desk. His computer screen comes to life as he moves the mouse and clicks on an icon on his desktop. A progress bar appears as well as a text under it: ENCRYPTING CONNECTION...

A window pops up which shows a connection being established through various proxy servers. It shows a world map, lines are drawn from one proxy location to the next.

The window is replaced by a chat window, a cursor is blinking. William types...

WE HAVE A PROBLEM. THERE'S A CELEBRITY WHO SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. PLEASE ADVISE.

William stares at the screen, waiting for a reply. Not sure he will like it...

PROBLEMS ARE NOT ACCEPTABLE. ELIMINATE ALL PROBLEMS.

As the words sink in, his expression turns to black despair.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END