



FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - MORNING

ANGLE FROM ABOVE as we PULL ALONG the gloriously panoramic view of the city. Glittering skyscrapers pierce the heavens as pale sunshine filters through the clouds.

PUSH DOWN through the atmosphere as more and more of the city starts to come into view. The neon colours are still prominent this time of day as the last of the night starts to melt away.

Continue to PUSH DOWN as the vague noise of the city starts to filter in and as 'Manhattan' by Ella Fitzgerald STARTS UP, we continue to PUSH DOWN.

## *NEW YORK CITY*

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCKS - MORNING

PUSH IN on a group of small APARTMENT BLOCKS, all loosely connected by a series of covered walkways and overlooking a large, communal GARDEN.

Most of the tenants are out, enjoying the warm sunshine as the music continues. Some of them are having breakfasts out on their balconies, others just soaking up the lovely day.

PUSH IN on one apartment in particular, a large pair of bay windows prominent...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW as we PULL BACK, taking in the opposite apartment block and the stunning view of the garden below.

Continue to PULL BACK until we find ourselves inside a modestly furnished, rather spartan lounge.

A small TV, a CD radio and an overstuffed COUCH take up most of the space. However it's all delicately decorated and looks nice.

A small KITCHENETTE lies in a corner, as bright and cheery as the rest of the apartment is.

'Keep Your Head' by The Ting Tings KICKS IN as the other music fades away and a YOUNG WOMAN barrels out of her bedroom.

She's slim, petite and very pretty with dirty blonde hair. She's wearing a blue striped, layered tee shirt and jeans, well worn bright coloured Converse on her feet.

The Woman dances to the beat of the music cheerfully, bopping across the length of the living room. She scoops a pair of thick TEXTBOOKS and a notepad into a bright shoulder bag.

Say hello to young JENNA WILLIAMS.

She pulls her bag over her shoulder and exits, still dancing to the beat as she SHUTS THE DOOR and we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - MORNING - LATER

Jenna hurries down the pavement, the song still playing across the scene as she listens to it from one iPod headphone.

She swerves around several pedestrians before rushing down a small set of STAIRS and entering the SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

ON JENNA as she stands, one face in a sea of many as the crowded NYC subway continues its ploddering journey.

She's reading from one of her thick textbooks - which is marked 'Anthropology and Ancient History 101". It's damn heavy and as the train swerves to the left, Jenna almost drops it.

She catches it at the last second with a goofily apologetic grin to her fellow passengers and continues reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - LATER

ON JENNA as she hurries to the throng of students outside NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - a behemoth of prestige and education at the same time.

Jenna pulls her CELL PHONE free from her bag and dials a number before:

JENNA

Hey, it's me. Yeah, I'm here.

(listens; smiles)

Turn around.

REVERSE ANGLE

To find that another GIRL is waiting on a set of stone steps, phone pressed to her ear.

Where Jenna is light, this girl is dark. The girl's pale skin is accenuated by a black tank top and a short, black ruffled skirt, piped with red.

Her dark hair is tied into a pair of short ponytails with bright red bobbles and black and red sneakers complete the rock chick look.

She smiles, shutting the phone when she sees Jenna approaching and reaches her friend. This is CASEY THOMPSON.

Casey and Jenna share a HUG before checking each other out at arm's length.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Well, someone came co-ordinated today!

CASEY

Yeah, well, usually I'm waiting until Jeremy leaves before I can get ready and today, he was out. Hence, my fabulously accessorised appearance.

JENNA

'Out'?

CASEY

Apparently he went to the Ace of Spades place--

JENNA

Oh you mean that one with the floating Jell-O models?

They're entering the main campus now, hitting the QUADRANGLE:

EXT. CAMPUS - QUAD - NEXT

It's large and spacious, greenery scattered around generously as STUDENTS move to and fro.

Several large POSTERS are stuck against the walls, while myriads more of them are glued to a large metal creation.

ON JENNA AND CASEY as they make their way through the quadrangle, chatting amiably:

CASEY

Yeah that's the one. Anyway... he went to this place and I got a drunken phone call at one in the morning telling me that he'd met "the most wonderful girl" and "wuvved me very much".

JENNA

'Wuvved'?

CASEY

I ain't exaggerating, that's exactly what that crazy boy said.

The two continue moving through, several cliques visible now; the GEEKS in one corner who are fervently studying at their high-level textbooks; a gaggle of dyed blonde VALLEY GIRLS who are sipping at Starbucks; another bunch of muscle-bound JOCKS who are idly tossing a football around before class.

ON CASEY as a GOTH BOY approaches her and Jenna. He's got the long black hair and slightly darker makeup as well as a long sleeved black tee shirt and black jeans. Silver studded boots finish him.

GOTH BOY

Hey, Casey.

CASEY

Hey, Caleb. What's up?

CALEB manages a smile and throws an arm around Casey. Jenna moves a little away to give them space.

CALEB

Nothing. Just wondering if you're gonna take up my offer of Julie and the Suicides?

CASEY

(wrinkles nose)

They're so... girly. I know they're goths but they're like faux, trying-to-get-a-goth-boy, goth rock. They don't even play their own instruments!

JENNA

Julie and the Suicides?

Casey stops and PEELS away a small, dark purple poster from the poster-creation in the quadrangle. He hands it to Jenna and she looks down at it.

CALEB

They're a great band just starting up from Queens. They were one of the support acts for Dead Plus One and Apocalypse Man on their three state tour last year.

JENNA

(to Casey)

I'm sorta scared how little I actually know about your world.

CASEY

It is a strange Narnia in which I live.

CALEB

And you are my Queen.

CASEY

(snorts)

Practise that one in the mirror much?

CALEB

(mock hurt)

My pride is clearly nothing but collateral to your womanly wit. Therefore you need to go to the Julie gig with me in order to restore my ego.

JENNA

(chuckles)

I'll leave you guys to it. See ya in class, Case. Bye, Caleb.

CALEB

Bye, Jen.

ON JENNA as she leaves, Casey and Caleb moving off to one side as they talk. She tucks her iPod headphones into her pocket and rummages around in her bag to find something.

A BOOK slides out of her bag, but she doesn't notice it as Jenna reaches a free bench and starts flicking through her anthropology textbook.

REVERSE ANGLE

To see that a single JOCK has seen the transition and stands. Unseen to his friends, he moves across the quad and scoops up the book.

He reaches Jenna who's oblivious, nose buried firmly in her book. A few beats as he waits, almost nervously.

Then he touches her shoulder and Jenna's head shoots up.

JENNA

Hi!

JOCK

Hi. Uh, you dropped your book.

He hands it over and Jenna gives him a thankful, beaming smile.

JENNA

Thank you! Not everyone'd pick it up, so thanks.

JOCK

I'm sure they would for such a pretty girl.

JENNA

Yeah? Where's the pretty girl?

Jenna giggles at her self deprecation as she tilts her head to take a look at the jock. He's tall, black, handsome, muscular and with a genuine smile. Wearing a tight tee shirt over a loose college letterman jacket.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Wait a minute! I know you... you're Clay right?

CLAY

That's me.

CLAY SANDERS shifts awkwardly from one foot to another.

CLAY (CONT'D)

So you know me through the grapevine?

JENNA

That's one way of putting it. I know of you, or your friends at least.

CLAY

(winces)

That bad, huh?

JENNA

No, not that bad. I'm sure that sorority forgave you for the...  
(giggles)  
...candy incident last week.

CLAY

(playful)

I was studying that night! Dane and Tom did the whole chocolate fountain and hose thing.

JENNA

Yeah, I pass that house by on my way to class and they're still washing it off the walls.

CLAY

What classes do you take?

JENNA

(holds out book)  
Anthropology and history 101 and English.

CLAY

Anthropology? Like sociology?

JENNA

Pretty similar. It's basically like sociology but with lots of periods of time involved.

CLAY

(nods)  
I'm impressed.  
(beat)  
Hold on, English? Which one?

JENNA

Lit. You?

CLAY

(smiles)  
Literature. No way.

JENNA

How come I haven't seen you in any classes?

CLAY

I'm at the back and from the sounds of it, you're a front-row kinda gal.

JENNA

(playful; smiles)  
Is that an insult, Sanders?

CLAY

(stammering)  
I--I, no, I me--mean that you--  
you're really--

Jenna squeezes his shoulder playfully as the BELL for classes starts to RING.

JENNA

I understand, Clay. And thanks.  
I'll see you later in class, 'kay?

CLAY  
Definitely.

ON JENNA as she grins him goodbye, moving her way slightly clumsily through the moving throng of students.

ANGLE ON CLAY as he watches her go. He's obviously a little enamoured of her, a pleased, goofy smile on his face at their exchange.

His friends catch up with him, all of them in identical football team jackets.

One of them, a tall, blonde and arrogant Abercrombie and Fitch type punches his shoulder to get his attention.

BLONDE  
 Hey, Clay. You ready?

CLAY  
 Yeah, sure, man.

This blonde, BRENDON, watches Clay with mild suspicion as the latter's eyes flick to Jenna once more.

ON CLAY as he moves off, the jock veneer back on as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - ROOM 232 - DAY

PULL ALONG the rows of students, a mixture of expressions milling across their faces - boredom, interest. Some are just plain asleep.

Continue to PULL ALONG to find that Jenna is sat near the front of her class as we REVERSE ANGLE to find:

PROFESSOR ALEXANDRA SHAW

A beautiful woman in her early thirties, tresses of curly, dark blonde hair loose behind her. She's dressed in a casual pair of jeans and a thin sweater, consulting her students over her wire-frame glasses.

**SLAM!** She picks up a stack of books and drops them, startling everyone in her class.

SHAW  
 (British accent)  
 The dead can lie in contentment for they know the youth cannot excel them. Do you know who said that? Me, while referring to the living dead, otherwise known as my anthropology class.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

SHAW (cont'd)

Is it just a midweek buzz that you guys seem to be lacking today? Any major parties that have left you all with hangovers the size of Macchu Pichu?

GUY

(from class)

There was a party from the Sigma girls last night, ma'am.

SHAW

Oh! Good party?

GUY

Kinda. Not enough half-naked luaus!

The Guy promptly high-fives his friends. Shaw nods, as if understanding.

SHAW

I can understand that. In the provincial Roman and Greek times, it wasn't so very different from today. The elite, the educated, ending up either squandering their precious talents into a lot of lazy activities or they ended up taking power and becoming morally and socially corrupt.

(beat)

The Roman orgies were legendary. People from all positions of power joined together in the ecstasy of drink, sex and drugs. Effectively, what the Sixties and Seventies were.

This gets a few chuckles from people. Jenna is silently impressed, smiling a tad.

SHAW (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Now turn to Chapter Seven in your textbooks and we'll discuss how much fun the Japanese had at their shindigs.

Her enigmatic, warm smile manages to get at all of her students who get to work as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSTORE - AFTERNOON

HOLD ON a small, quaint BOOKSTORE in the middle of much more commercial shops - a McDonalds and an Arbys are present nearby.

Jenna rushes into frame book bag slung over her shoulder and enters the place which is marked:

**MORE THAN A THOUSAND WORDS**

INT. BOOKSTORE - NEXT

Several large, long rows of books dominate the heavily-carpeted place. It's quiet and there's only a few customers here - not particularly popular at the moment.

Jenna heads straight for the DESK in the corner where a MAN in his late fifties is, idly doing a crossword puzzle.

JENNA

Sorry, I'm late! I know my shift started a couple of minutes ago but the train was late and--

MAN

It's fine, Jenna. We're not exactly overrun here.

Jenna looks around. Sees the customers or lack thereof, but is too polite to say so.

JENNA

(looks over)

"Second century philosopher whose theodicy concerns the existence of evil in the world."

MAN

Irenaeus.

He writes it down, sharing a smile with Jenna. This is RAYMOND, friendly and warmer than a log fire.

RAYMOND

Oh, I think your friend came in again.

JENNA

Mr Page? What for this time?

RAYMOND

He bought a copy of 'Ariel' and 'The White Tiger'. Which is strange.

JENNA

How?

RAYMOND

Considering that he came in two days ago and got 'The Lovely Bones' and 'Emma', he's got varied taste--

MAN (O.S.)  
Why, thank you, Raymond.

Jenna and Raymond turn from their conversation towards the newcomer who shuts the door behind him.

A fairly handsome, casually dressed MAN in his mid thirties with a crop of dark hair. This is MR PAGE.

JENNA  
Hi, Mr Page! How are we doing today?

PAGE  
I'm good. Made a killing today. And you? How's college?

JENNA  
Good, I guess. Still getting through the history classes.

PAGE  
Only with history can we learn the mistakes of the past and move on from them.

JENNA  
I swear my professor said something identical to that to my class today. Anyway, how can I help you this fine Thursday afternoon?

PAGE  
You got any Cummings? A nice bit of E.E. Cummings to try and make myself absorb this good day.

RAYMOND  
I think we have a great selection in our poetry section. I'll show you.

Raymond leads Page across one of the shelves as we HOLD ON JENNA who starts to rhythmically swing her hands as she waits for customers.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSTORE - EVENING

Not dark, but approaching a little while off as we HOLD ON the bookstore. Jenna and Raymond appear, the latter closing the door and locking it behind him.

RAYMOND  
See you in a coupla weeks, Jen.

JENNA

Have a nice vacation, Raymond. Say hi to little Steven for me, yeah?

RAYMOND

I will.

ON JENNA as Raymond starts to walk away before Jenna starts to jog across the street...

...which as we TILT UP, we see that she's only moments away from her apartment. STAY ON JENNA as she pulls open her bag, searching for something.

She stops. Can't find something.

JENNA

Crap.

She heads back to the bookstore, rummaging around underneath a flowerpot to find:

A KEY.

She places it into the lock and ducks inside. A few beats. Then she re-emerges, empty-handed.

ON JENNA as she goes through her bag once more, before thinking. Then she turns and starts to sprint towards the general direction of the university.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - QUADRANGLE - LATER

ON JENNA as she arrives, breathing heavy as she stops.

JENNA

Oh, crap, I need to start going to the gym!

She rushes off, out of frame as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - ROOM 232 - MOMENTS LATER

ON SHAW as she works diligently at her desk, scrawling over dozens of term papers as 'Battle of Evermore' by Led Zeppelin PLAYS.

There's a quick KNOCK as Jenna enters, a little flushed and flustered by her efforts.

SHAW

Miss Williams?

JENNA  
I... need... my... book!

SHAW  
Are you okay?

JENNA  
Yeah, I just... had to... run  
from... home...

ON JENNA as she heads over to her seat, bends down... and  
SCOOPS UP her wayward TEXTBOOK.

She slides it firmly into her bag and smiles at Shaw.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Thanks. Bye.

She's almost out the door when:

SHAW  
(beat)  
Jenna?

JENNA  
Yeah?

SHAW  
I'm impressed. With your papers  
recently. You're understanding the  
scope of it all easier than you  
did.

JENNA  
I think I'm getting that not  
everything is black and white,  
clear cut.  
(smiles)  
Like you.

SHAW  
Like me?

JENNA  
I just never expected you to be  
someone who liked to get the Led  
out.

Shaw CHUCKLES.

SHAW  
I used to be a rock chick. Believe  
it or not.

JENNA  
(smiles; beat)  
'Night.

SHAW

Goodnight.

Jenna leaves as we PUSH IN on Shaw. She starts to tap a little more to the hard beat as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - QUADRANGLE - SAME TIME

Jenna heads out, strolling now that her task's done. She's in her own little world...

...not even noticing the UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAM as they head out from practice, a couple nearly knocking into her!

She looks up, startled and sees Clay amongst them. He looks very dapper at the moment.

CLAY

Jenna, hey.

JENNA

Hi, Clay. Just finished?

CLAY

Yeah, we had to stay behind to get these new strategies done. What about you?

JENNA

I forgot my book. Typical me.

(off clothes)

Someone's smartly dressed and dressing smartly. Anywhere fun?

CLAY

Theta's holding a party tonight.

(beat)

What about you?

JENNA

I was gonna be hanging out with my friend Casey but... she kinda blew me off to see this band. So it's a quiet night at home.

CLAY

(gulps)

Listen, you--you wanna come with me to the party?

(shrugs)

Or we could just, maybe... hang out?

JENNA

(thinks; beat)

Um... yeah. Why not?

(MORE)

JENNA (cont'd)  
 I've got nothing else and at least  
 I'll have fun, right?

Clay BLINKS a little. Trying to comprehend.

Jenna CHUCKLES and takes his hand as 'Starstruck' by Lady GaGa STARTS UP:

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A panoramic view of the Big Apple as we PAN ACROSS the glittering American utopia, everything lit up like a Christmas tree.

PUSH DOWN until we're almost into the streets...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE SIDEWALK as we PULL UP, various kinds of music and customers spilling out of a handful of bars in on this street in particular.

There's a couple of dance-y clubs, a few secluded bars - and JENNA and CLAY walking along, calmly taking in the sights.

They're in mid-conversation:

JENNA  
 Okay... favourite movie.

CLAY  
 Vanishing Point. Classic car chase.  
 Favourite...  
 (smiles)  
 Favourite ice cream flavour.

JENNA  
 Rocky road.  
 (beat)  
 Where did you grow up?

CLAY  
 Dad was a doctor. One of New York's  
 finest neurosurgeons. Mom was a  
 writer for some magazine. Basically  
 we were pretty damn rich.

JENNA  
 'Were'?

CLAY  
 Dad was in a car accident.

JENNA

Oh, I'm sorry.

CLAY

(wry smile)

He's not dead. The accident messed him up, though. Pretty bad. And all of the money he cared about just went away.

JENNA

(smiles)

I'm adopted. At least you had a functional family. I had a foster mom who ended up getting taken into rehab and a foster dad who kept staring at me like I was a Russian mail order bride and he'd just sent the cheque.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'm not one of the 'poor little me' kids. I've got my own family in Casey and my friends and my neighbours.

CLAY

That's kinda cool.

(beat)

So... after the party that never was, what are we going to enjoy?

JENNA

Time, monsieur?

CLAY

(checks watch)

Almost one.

JENNA

I don't have classes 'til noon.

CLAY

Likewise. I've got all morning to sleep tonight off.

JENNA

Munchies?

Clay slings a friendly arm around Jenna's shoulders.

CLAY

You read my mind.

They move off as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATER

Only a few customers here at this late hour, the odd WAITRESS flitting around with a coffee pot.

Lined up on the counter are Jenna and Clay - both with big SUNDAES in front of them.

Jenna has her legs drawn up onto the bar stool she's sat on, bare legs and feet curled up. She's shivering slightly.

CLAY

You cold?

JENNA

It's nothing. I've had worse.

CLAY

Here.

He peels his football letterman jacket off and places it around her shoulders - just as a tired-looking WAITRESS approaches.

JENNA

I'm glad I said yes tonight. I really am.

CLAY

'Cos I'm paying for these sundaes?

JENNA

No. Because I had a lot of fun with you. And that never happens with guys.

(beat)

Thanks. Tonight would have sucked at that party. You know, a lot of drunken girls puking all over some sorority house and possibly getting roofied.

CLAY

Personally, I can't do those parties a lot. My friends go but it all ends up the same.

(beat)

And if I'm honest... I've been wanting to ask you out for a while.

JENNA

Wow, really filling the sensitive jock stereotype there, huh?

(serious)

Are you... asking me out? In a - and I realise that this sounds ridiculously third-grade - boyfriend-girlfriend kinda way?

CLAY  
 (swallows; nervous)  
 Yeah... that's if you want to.

JENNA  
 (beams)  
 Yes. I'd love to. Especially after  
 tonight's awesomeness.

ON JENNA as she FLICKS a bit of her sunade's whipped cream onto Clay's nose. She giggles and the two are laughing and joking as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - LATER

ON CLAY AND JENNA as they pad along the heavy-carpeted corridor. Jenna's heels are dangling in one hand as Jenna leans against Clay.

They reach Jenna's apartment, Jenna digging around in her purse to find her KEYS.

JENNA  
 So... when do you wanna go out?

CLAY  
 When's your class?

JENNA  
 It finishes at one. Me and Casey  
 are gonna meet for something in the  
 afternoon but after that, I'm all  
 free.

CLAY  
 How about Central Park? It's  
 supposed to be real nice tomorrow  
 and it's always great in the  
 sunshine.

JENNA  
 Deal.

Jenna leans up and KISSES Clay on the cheek, before giving him a quick HUG.

ON CLAY as Jenna closes the apartment door. He GRINS and PUNCHES THE AIR in childlike delight.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - JENNA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

ON JENNA as she leans against the door and GRINS wildly. Tonight was a great night.

PUSH IN on her, the beaming grin and joy evident as we eventually...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

PULL DOWN from the skyline - a perfect blue sky dotted with clouds and dominated by monolithic SKYSCRAPERS.

Continue to PULL DOWN until we find PEOPLE - mostly couples and families - enjoying the warm sunshine.

JENNA is one of the people there, hair tied back in a brightly coloured BANDANA as she starts to eat a MUFFIN.

ANGLE ON JENNA as she eats - until a pair of dark-skinned HANDS flutter over her eyes. She stops, a SMILE gracing her lips.

MALE (O.S.)

Guess who?

JENNA

I had a dream like this once.  
Turned out to be a manatee.

MALE (O.S.)

(chuckles)  
Is that a compliment?

JENNA

Of course. Manatees rock.

The hands move away and Jenna looks up - to find CLAY there, a broad smile on his features as he flops down beside her.

He plants a BAG beside the basket and pulls its contents free - an iPod and speaker set.

Clay presses the 'Play' button and a reggae version of 'I Got You Babe' starts to play. Jenna chuckles.

CLAY

(joking)  
You got enough food there?

JENNA

(playful)  
A big strapping hunk like yourself, Clay? I thought you'd be man enough to take it.

CLAY

Oh, that is a challenge, girl.

ON CLAY as he boldly takes a SANDWICH, biting into it for effect, eliciting a chuckle from Jenna.

JENNA

So how were your friends after the keg-fest?

CLAY

Pretty goddamn whiney. But then again, they always are - you've never seen a worse sight than five grown college men curled up in bed, complaining like babies about the booze and the girls...

JENNA

Now see, that's a YouTube classic just waiting to happen.

CLAY

Is that a vindictive side I see in you?

JENNA

Not vindictive. Just a trigger from old high school memories.

CLAY

Didn't like high school?

JENNA

Oh, I liked high school just fine. It was just the other popular kids that didn't like me.

CLAY

I'm sure that wasn't that bad.

JENNA

You wanna see the proof?

CLAY

(shrugs)

Sure.

Jenna swallows the last of her muffin - and lifts the back of her shirt a little to show a long horizontal, raised SCAR.

Clay hisses and traces a finger along the nasty-looking scar before, to deflate the sombre moment, flicks a CRUMB at her, she flicks one back and the lightness is back until:

JENNA (CONT'D)

Damnit.

CLAY

What?

JENNA

I forgot the blanket. I knew we'd be coming to the park and I thought we'd need a blanket.

(beat)

Tell you what. Wait here and I'll be back in a sec. My apartment's not that far away.

CLAY

Nah, I'll come with. Sitting here alone with a basket seems a little... desperate.

JENNA

Hey, you're dating me, right? How much more desperate could you get?

Jenna starts to pack up, but she misses the look on Clay's face - the one which is disbelieving at her last comment.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - LATER

We're in one of the adjoining corridors that connect the apartment blocks together.

Jenna appears, racing down a corridor - with Clay in hot pursuit! Jenna LAUGHS as she VAULTS up the STAIRWELL, but Clay's only a few steps behind.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - TOP FLOOR - NEXT

Clay catches up to Jenna, SCOOPING her up over his shoulder and placing her against a wall firmly.

Their faces are dangerously close and both are breathing heavily.

CLAY

(long beat)

I win. Admit defeat.

JENNA

Fine.

Clay releases Jenna and then holds his hand out. She passes over a CANDY BAR which he pockets, smiling.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(thinks)

Wait. Is this block 'D'?

CLAY

I think. I saw a huge freakin' 'D' when we ran past.

JENNA

This customer in the bookstore, Mr Page, he lives here. I'm just gonna pass by, say hi.

CLAY

Lead the way.

The two lead around a corner:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - TOP FLOOR - CORRIDOR - NEXT

ON JENNA as she sees a DOOR along the corridor OPEN - and it's MR PAGE who steps out, grabbing the NEWSPAPER delivered there.

Jenna looks ready to call out - but a MAN appears, moving straight for Mr Page. He's in his thirties with untidy brown hair and pale skin.

ON MR PAGE as he looks up and his eyes WIDEN, his hand going to his side - but too slow as the Man pulls out a HANDGUN...

**PFFT! PFFT!**

...and FIRES twice!

Mr Page is hit in the chest, body FLYING backwards into the apartment with the force, a single GASP leaving him.

A SPRAY of BLOOD strikes the once-clean walls of the apartment block as the Man steps closer.

ON THE MAN as he BENDS DOWN to Mr Page's slow-breathing body, the last breaths coming soon...

PAGE

Who... are... you...?

MAN

(beat)

*Mein name ist... Tod.*

And with that Mr Page COLLAPSES, head lolling back. DEAD.

The Man - whom we can now call THE GERMAN - looks up and then drags the body inside the apartment.

REVERSE ANGLE

To see that Jenna and Clay have seen everything, hiding safely around the corner.

Silence. Then Jenna starts to shake, shock hitting her.

JENNA

Oh my God oh my God... what...  
why...

CLAY

Jenna...

He envelopes her in an embrace - nothing tender here, just two people clinging together after shock.

JENNA

We... we need to get away from here.

CLAY

Where's your place?

JENNA

Across... across the--the way...

Clay starts lead Jenna along the corridor but she PULLS AWAY.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Not... not there. There's another way, down the corridor and up the other stairwell on the other side of the corridor.

CLAY

Okay then, honey.

He leads her back the way they came, moving quickly as if the German might hear them.

ANGLE ON THE BASKET which lies there forgotten and abandoned.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - JENNA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Clay opens the door and Jenna enters, rather numb. He closes the door behind them firmly.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW as Jenna points out one of the largest apartments with several bay windows across the blocks.

JENNA

That's his place.

Clay NODS, moving over to the kitchen and rummaging around in the cupboards - eventually producing a BOTTLE of WHISKEY.

CLAY

Here.

He hands her a TUMBLER but she takes the bottle instead, unscrewing the cap and taking a swig.

She stops shaking so violently, taking another swig as she starts to calm down a little bit more.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What the Hell is he doing? That guy.

Jenna looks across to see:

JENNA'S P.O.V.

To show that the German is inside the apartment, Mr Page's BODY laid unceremoniously on a COUCH inside the LIVING ROOM.

To the untrained observer, it looks like he's asleep.

The German starts to move around his apartment, flinging books and other objects aside, destroying some and merely moving others.

He flips over the coffee table, rummages through the bookcase - several of the books from Jenna's bookstore - and SMASHES through the table when he reaches the other areas.

The German looks up and sees that he's visible to the outside world - but then he SIGHS, seeing nothing there that he wants.

He leaves, SHUTTING THE DOOR behind him... before returning - and PULLING DOWN the blinds.

ON SCENE:

Jenna and Clay are watching the scene, confused at the German's actions - before Jenna stands. Another swig.

JENNA

I'm heading over there.

CLAY

You're kidding, right? The scary ass guy with the huge gun is still hanging around and you want to go there?

JENNA

Page was my friend, Clay. And some... bastard killed him for no good goddamn reason. So, yeah, I'm going over and I'm... I don't know what I'm going to do. But I need to go.

Jenna stands, Clay sighing and snagging the bottle from her.

CLAY

Well, at least you'll have some protection, right?

He takes a hearty swig as the two leave the apartment and we:

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - TOP FLOOR - CORRIDOR

ON JENNA AND CLAY as they slowly head around towards Mr. Page's apartment as if the German might still be there.

Jenna chokes back a SOB as she sees the BLOOD pooling on the carpet but Clay touches her arm. She strengthens her resolve.

JENNA

Let's do this. Let's find his killer.

Clay gently pushes the door OPEN and the two enter:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - PAGE'S APARTMENT - NEXT

Clay and Jenna enter, taking in the disheveled and generally destroyed look of the place.

BOOKS have been tossed about, the modest TV SET is in SHARDS of glass and everything is in a general state of disarray.

Jenna's eyes immediately go to Mr. Page's BODY which is laid on is front, blood POOLING on the ratty couch.

CLAY

Why did they wanna kill him? He looked like a regular guy.

JENNA

He was. All Mr. Page did was buy books and be a nice guy. He...

Clay moves to Mr. Page and gently turns him over, before covering his pale, still form with a WHITE SHEET.

Something FLUTTERS OUT from Page's jacket pocket and drops to the ground. Neither of them notice as Jenna moves across towards the wrecked KITCHEN AREA.

JENNA (CONT'D)

...he used to tell me stories about his childhood and give me a recipe for Chinese food and--and he told me about his girlfriend in Vermont studying medicine and--sometimes we'd split a cake at Christmas. He was the nicest, most ordinary guy ever.

CLAY

It doesn't make sense. Why target him in particular?

(MORE)

CLAY (cont'd)

The shooter didn't take anything  
even though he had...

He moves to a small END TABLE. Picks up a hefty WALLET and KEYS.

CLAY (CONT'D)

...a wallet stuffed full of  
twenties and tens and shiny new  
keys to... a scooter.

JENNA

This means it's...  
(sees paper)  
...personal, what is that?

She SCOOPS the note up and PEELS IT OPEN - a little sticky red blood on it. She shudders but Clay takes the note, moving the note into the light.

CLAY

(reads)  
'The...status of the drop... code  
response sparrow. Recent...  
triggers? Targets?'

(beat; reads)  
'Current status is file 4816-2342  
in drop-point Delta.'

(beat)  
Whoa. Sounds like he wasn't so  
innocent after all.

JENNA

Don't say that! He... he was a nice  
guy. He... he couldn't have been  
involved in... spying?

CLAY

Drop off point... seems like the  
guy who came here thought that this  
might have been the drop-off point.  
What did Page have?

JENNA

I don't understand...

ON JENNA as she takes the note, scanning it before she points something out to Clay:

JENNA (CONT'D)

'Classified Delta drop-off point as  
book... MTATW.'

(penny drops)  
Oh, shit. MTATW.

CLAY

What? What is it?

JENNA

MTATW. More Than A Thousand Words.

(beat)

It's the bookstore where I work.  
It's where me and Mr. Page used to  
meet. He came there all the time  
buying the weirdest taste in books.

CLAY

So he kept going there... to what?  
Maintain a cover, provide a  
backstory?

JENNA

(drops note)

No. I know what it means.

Jenna CLOSES Mr. Page's eyes delicately before moving off out  
of the apartment, Clay in pursuit as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

ON JENNA AND CLAY as they head out, Jenna in mid-  
conversation:

JENNA

The numbers on the paper they're a  
reference to the coding in the  
bookstore. Raymond organises them  
in a really disorganised way, he's  
never seen the Dewey decimal system  
in his life.

CLAY

So let me guess this straight: this  
Mr. Page has been buying books in  
your store for the past year to  
provide a cover while he actually  
does something in the store itself?

(beat)

This is too Hitchcock for me.

JENNA

Nothing's ever too Hitchcock. Come  
on!

They cross the road, cutting through traffic as we TILT UP to  
take the vastness of the Big Apple before we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - MOMENTS LATER

**DING!**

The BELL above the door RINGS as it opens and a weary Jenna and Clay rush through.

No-one here but as Clay shuts and locks the door behind him, Jenna's already moving through the sections.

CLAY

What's the 4816 for?

JENNA

(thinks)

Uh... fantasy, fiction, genre...  
history!

ON CLAY as he heads for the section marked 'History' and he and Jenna start to move through them fervently.

CLAY

Twenty three forty two, twenty  
three forty two...

(beat)

Got it!

He PULLS at a large, leather-bound BOOK - on which words are inscribed

**ANTHROPOLOGICAL BEHAVIOR AND BENEVOLENCE:  
HOW GOODNESS BECAME HUMANITY**

**BY**

**DR. CHARLOTTE ANDREWS**

They OPEN the book... but there's nothing there but pages of text and colourful glossy PHOTOGRAPHS of the dawn of the human race.

CLAY (CONT'D)

There's nothing here.

JENNA

Wait.

She FLIPS back towards the contents page and scans the list of topics:

JENNA (CONT'D)

(reads)

The cradle of life... the intrinsic  
nature of good... the context of  
evil.

(beat)

No... no way...

CLAY

What?

JENNA

Call it a hunch.

She flips through the book - and then stops. ANGLE ON THE BOOK... which has a NICHE carved out of it, cut right through into the rest of the book.

Inside this little rectangular hole... is a CASSETTE TAPE. A nice, normal cassette.

ON JENNA AND CLAY as they stare at this before Clay gently lifts the tape out as if it disappear right before their eyes.

CLAY

What the hell is this?

JENNA

I think it's a tape, Watson.

CLAY

Seriously. Why would he have a tape in the middle of a book?

JENNA

It depends what's on the tape, I guess...

Jenna starts to examine the tape properly... just as the DOOR OPENS, the bell RINGING.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(eyes wide; whispers)

Raymond's away in Hawaii for two weeks with his boyfriend and their son.

CLAY

I locked the door.

JENNA

Oh holy sh--

**PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!**

Several SHOTS blast into the WOODEN BOOKCASES and Jenna and Clay SPIN AROUND - to find THE GERMAN firing right at them!

They scurry around the corner as more SHOTS are fired - and Clay SLAMS himself into a bookcase which COLLAPSES into the German's path!

GERMAN

Give me the tape!

CLAY  
Not a frigging prayer!

The German FIRES a couple more SHOTS at Clay who DUCKS behind a bookcase which SPLINTERS slightly.

GERMAN  
I promise that you will not get hurt!

JENNA (O.S.)  
Really?

The German SPINS - and it's JENNA behind them. The German aims to FIRE but Jenna's too fast...

...and SMASHES him in the face with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Because I can't promise that, you bastard!

The German YELLS OUT with a cry and COLLAPSES to the ground as Clay helps Jenna over the collapsed bookcase.

CLAY  
You still got the tape?

JENNA  
(holds it up)  
Come on, let's go!

They hurry out - but the front door's LOCKED! Jenna searches for her key, but she can't find it...

...just as THE GERMAN appears, ROARING as he rushes for them. Clay SHOVES Jenna out of the way as the German SLAMS INTO him!

The two of them SMASH INTO Raymond's front desk, the desk buckling underneath the weight and COLLAPSING with an almighty CRASH.

ON JENNA as she races over and tries to help but receives a BACKHAND from the German - incensing Clay!

GERMAN  
This is not your war...

CLAY  
(enraged)  
Yeah, well we just made it our freakin' battle!

Clay SLUGS the German in the face but the German FLIPS TO HIS FEET and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS him violently.

The German HEADBUTTS Clay but the younger man GRABS hold of a Tiffany LAMP and SMASHES it with all his might into the German's head.

Jenna races towards another BOOKCASE and starts to PUSH IT... straining with all her might...

...as the German starts to CHOKE the life out of Clay!

ON JENNA as she sees this - horrified - and hurries over to the fire extinguisher and RAMS it against the teetering bookcase before PUSHING herself into it...

...and it COLLAPSES right onto the pair! Jenna hurries across and DUCKS underneath it.

ON CLAY as he lies still... until he COUGHS and then sees Jenna struggling to pull him free.

JENNA

Come on, push against the wall!

Clay strains with all his might - until he pops free, ROLLING into a heap. His right leg looks a little bloodied and bruised but just about mobile.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God! You okay?

CLAY

A little bit thinner than I used to be, but I'm fine! Is there a back door out of here?

JENNA

Yeah, let's move.

ON JENNA as she helps Clay hobble across the bookstore, struggling over the collapsed towers of books present.

REVERSE ANGLE:

To see that the German is BLINKING awake as he starts to PUSH the bookcase off him...

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as Jenna helps him move across the room, stacked with plenty of TOMES and NOVELS. Like a librarian's dream come true.

Jenna YANKS hard at the handle for the METAL DOOR at the other side of the room...

...just as the German appears in the other doorway, his SILENCED PISTOL back in his hand!

He FIRES and narrowly misses but that's all the opportunity Clay needs - as he gives the German a bone-crunching TACKLE back into the wrecked room!

Clay hobbles back to his feet, KICKING his pistol away with a GRUNT as the German struggles to his own balance - and Clay SLAMS the door shut!

JENNA  
You alright?

CLAY  
Again, fine, ribs...

Jenna YANKS harder at the door - and it BLASTS OPEN... just as several SHOTS fire and SMASH into the other door's LOCK, SHATTERING IT!

ON CLAY AND JENNA as they hurry out - just as the German appears. Enraged beyond belief, he RELOADS his gun. And sets off.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - CENTRAL PARK - SAME TIME

PAN ACROSS the serene park, the same scene we saw before - just as JENNA and CLAY come racing into view!

Both are panting and looking terrified, the latter overriding the former as they reach a SQUARE:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PRIVATE SQUARE - NEXT

This square in particular has a rather spectacular FOUNTAIN - marble ANGELS spout water from their trumpets which gushes back down into the lagoon of water.

Jenna and Clay arrive there, stopping by a park BENCH - and noting that there's only the odd person there!

The German is speeding up, arriving quicker by the second... just as a whole party of JAPANESE and AMERICAN TOURISTS arrive, led by a TOUR GUIDE.

The German stares across at Jenna and Clay before reaching into his pocket - and withdrawing SOMETHING.

Something gold, set in black leather and shiny:

An NYPD SQUAD BADGE!

ON THE GERMAN as he turns to the intrigued tourists as he points his GUN at the tourists:

GERMAN

(in American accent)

Sir, ma'am, I'm arresting you under suspicion of terrorism, acting within a terrorist cell and murder.

(beat; in Japanese)

<Don't worry, folks, I'm just dealing with some bad people. Nothing to worry about.>

Jenna and Clay look shocked at his easy transition - before a single TOURIST pulls out a camera and takes a PHOTO of the pair!

It distracts the German long enough for Clay to pull at Jenna - and they rush on into the main crowds of Central Park!

The German FIRES OFF a few SHOTS, striking the odd tree but missing the pair completely.

He CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FIELDS - NEXT

Jenna and Clay continue to run, dodging past departing couples and children...

...as the German appears once more!

GERMAN

(American)

Stop, right now! I'm arresting you both under suspicion of terr-

Clay and Jenna BOLT, the German FIRING off a single SHOT into the air that has everyone scattering for safety and cover.

ON JENNA AND CLAY as they head across the length of the park, heading back into the city...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NEXT

Clay stumbles, falling awkwardly on his injured leg. Jenna turns back for him:

CLAY

Go! Go on without me, I'll be fine!

JENNA

There is no way I'm leaving you. I promise.

She helps him up, an arm tight around his waist for support as they reach:

TRAFFIC.

Plenty of NYC TAXICABS whizzing past, regular cars outnumbering them - and there's even an OIL TANKER which roars past as our two heroes reach the cars.

Jenna and Clay look around, searching for a gap in the traffic - and start to move across quickly as the GERMAN appears once more!

He SNARLS as he starts to easily catch up with them, Jenna and Clay seeing this and moving...

...just before both of them are CLIPPED by a car, sending them sprawling into the gutter!

The German SMILES wickedly as he approaches, BADGE in one hand and HANDGUN in the other. He has them bang to rights.

GERMAN

You lose.

Then just as he prepares to fire:

**SMASH!**

An SUV careens INTO him, SMASHING into him suddenly with an almighty CRASH! He's carried off-screen as the SUV screeches to a halt:

But Jenna and Clay don't spend time worrying about this as they move on, hurrying out as we ANGLE ON:

THE GERMAN

He's rolled to the ground, several nasty CUTS and LACERATIONS on his body as the DRIVER of the SUV approaches him.

DRIVER

Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod...

He touches the German tenderly... and his hand SNAPS BACK up to grab the Driver's!

The German stands uneasily before turning back to the Driver, an unpleasant SMIRK on his face.

GERMAN

You are lucky. I am a good person.

**WHAM!**

He PUNCHES the Driver in the face, a full on LEFT HOOK that causes the Driver to COLLAPSE. Out cold.

The shocked gathered crowd watch as the German picks up his badge and gun. Cricks his neck from side to side.

And then he looks at the spot where Clay and Jenna were. Gone. The German SIGHS in frustration and then starts to walk on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - FRATERNITY HOUSE - DAY

One of the masculine FRATERNITY HOUSES with a nice maintained lawn, generally respectable appearance...

And an INFLATABLE SHEEP stuck onto one of the windows. Along side, a large printed SIGN reads: "Here's looking at ewe, kid".

REVERSE ANGLE:

To see that Clay and Jenna are hobbling across to it, passing a couple of STUDENTS on their way. The students clock them, a little confused at this unlikely pairing.

ON CLAY as he reaches the front door, which has a SWIPE SLOT built into it. Clay fumbles around in his pocket and retrieves a slim KEYCARD.

He SWIPES it and the door SWINGS OPEN, letting them both inside:

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - FOYER - NEXT

Definitely a guy's house - several empty KEGS lay next to a large POSTER of Carmen Electra. There's a collection of sports gear beside the STAIRCASE - footballs, basketballs, soccer balls and even tennis rackets.

Clay indicates the staircase and they start to hobble up there.

CUT TO:

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - CLAY'S ROOM - DAY

Blue walls, posters of NBA athletes and CDs scattered everywhere - Clay's room is the archetype of a guy's bedroom.

ON CLAY as he examines his leg on the bed - just a bit bruised and tender. He HISSES as he lowers it to the ground, testing the weight...

...just as Jenna bustles in. Clay jumps a little, a tad nervous.

JENNA

Sorry.

CLAY

It's fine. Just--you know, a bit jumpy.

She's carrying a few items - a balm amongst them.

JENNA

Lift up your leg. I need to get the cuts cleaned with some antibiotics, because I don't think that checking into the local ER's gonna do us any good.

She starts to roll his jean leg up, exposing the cuts and SQUIRTS a handful of antiseptic CREAM onto them before applying to the wounds.

Clay HISSES but only momentarily as Jenna's fingers find their way into Clay's, giving him a reassuring SQUEEZE.

She finishes rubbing the lotion in and then moves over, inspecting the room.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Nice. It's almost Neanderthal but then you just pull it back with...

She holds up a couple of BOOKS - one of them 'To Kill A Mockingbird', the other 'The Great Gatsby'.

CLAY

What? I can't enjoy literature?

JENNA

I must admit that the whole 'jock' image doesn't really constitute a liking of good books. Maybe in my stereotypical opinion.

CLAY

Nah, you're human. You're forgiven.

JENNA

(mock bow)  
Thank you.  
(beat; sees)  
What's this?

There's a PHOTOGRAPH on the dresser, a little away from the bed which Jenna picks up - it's of a group of COLLEGE STUDENTS.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Hey, it's the Lit picture!

CLAY

Don't you have one?

JENNA

Couldn't afford it.  
(looks)  
It's nice.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH which shows all of the students in the class - Jenna, Casey and Clay amongst them.

CLAY

What are we gonna do?

JENNA

I don't know. It's not exactly a normal situation for me.

ON JENNA as she places the photo back and retrieves the CASSETTE TAPE from her pocket.

CLAY

They've probably found the body by now... I don't know what we're gonna do. They might even have found the bookstore trashed.

JENNA

And considering that they'll get two and two together...

CLAY

And make you.

JENNA

(beat)

We need to go to the police. We're entirely innocent in this, we didn't kill Mr. Page, we didn't trash the bookstore.

(blinks)

Okay, maybe we did topple a few shelves. But in self-defence.

CLAY

(beat; thinks)

Okay... we go to the police. Tell them about what happened. And they should believe, I mean, they have, like, cameras everywhere.

JENNA

Okay. Let's do it.

ON JENNA as she and Clay contemplate what's going to happen before we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - PAGE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

PULL BACK from the windows as we take in the whole block, as well as the setting sun, a veritable rainbow of colours present.

Continue to PULL BACK until the body of the unfortunate MR. PAGE comes into view. Then several FIGURES enter view:

One of them is a middle-aged CORONER, the other a CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR. Both are wearing the white plastic suits used.

ON THE CORONER, clearly a male beneath the mask, and speaks:

CORONER

Liver temperature indicates that he died only a couple of hours ago.

REVERSE ANGLE:

To show that the Coroner is talking to a well-suited, handsome BLACK MAN. He looks official with an air of strength around him.

Say hello to NYPD DETECTIVE MICAH GIBBONS.

GIBBONS

(mild African accent)

So what was the cause of death?

CORONER

Apart from the two bullets in his chest? The bullets nicked several key blood vessels from the looks of it as well as his heart and lungs. Exsanguination. Bled out in a matter of seconds.

GIBBONS

(to Coroner)

Anything yet?

CORONER

We got a couple of shell casings from what looks like a .38 but I can't be sure. It'll be examined properly at the lab. Apart from that... some bloody fingertips on the doorknob which I'm gonna test against the database and the victim.

GIBBONS

(nods)

Good work, I'll be back at base. Call me if anything turns up.

As if on cue, a handful more CSIs appear, ready to help sort through the wreckage that was once an apartment.

ON GIBBONS as he exits, forcing us to:

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

ON THE NYPD BASE, the proud stately building standing out as we PUSH IN...

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - A/V LAB - SAME TIME

ON GIBBONS as he enters, seeing a LAB TECH at the screens - his fingers RATTLING across the keyboard.

GIBBONS

Hey handsome.

A/V TECH

You say this to all the technicians you want help from?

GIBBONS

Only you, Jason. So get anything from the nearby security cameras?

A/V TECH

Just going over it. Come and watch. I've been working a twenty hour shift and I'm exhausted, so a fresh pair of eyes would be good.

Gibbons takes a seat as JASON clicks on the keyboard and the video footage continues to play, moving at twice the normal speed.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN as people zip past as if they're rocking a serious caffeine high... until...

GIBBONS

Stop. Rewind it about three minutes.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN as two BLURRY FIGURES rush out - we recognising them at once - but Gibbons peers.

JASON

You see something?

GIBBONS

Those two... they're running out of the building, around the time that Page was killed. Can you check the time before, to see if they entered?

JASON

Sure.

He scrolls back, sliding through half an hour's worth - before he CLICKS. The same two figures are casually entering the building, a BASKET in their arms.

JASON (CONT'D)

There they are. The modern Bonnie and Clyde.

GIBBONS

Can you make their faces clearer?

JASON

I'll send them to your office once I can start cleaning them up properly.

GIBBONS

Thanks, Jase. You're the best.

JASON

(teasing)

Oh, Micah, I like you too.

They share a friendly GRIN as Gibbons departs and we:

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

ON GIBBONS as he faces his TEAM - a handful of DETECTIVES, a STENOGRAPHER to keep their notes, an INTERN or two...

GIBBONS

This afternoon at approximately four fifteen pm, Alodius Page was shot dead outside of his apartment in a series of apartment blocks in the lower East Side. What we do know is that due to his liver temperature, it occurred only two hours before a neighbour came across and saw the bloodstains.

(beat)

What we have found are bloody fingerprints on the inside of the doorknob which are currently being traced all current databases as well as a very trashed apartment. Do we have any leads on why the apartment might have been destroyed?

A tough female DETECTIVE - VALDEZ - puts her hand up.

VALDEZ

Page was unbelievably clean. Not a parking ticket, not a single violation.

(MORE)

VALDEZ (cont'd)

The guy spent a lot of time at a local bookstore but apart from that, he didn't speak to any his neighbours as far as they know.

GIBBONS

Job?

VALDEZ

Worked from home as a marketing assistant for some no-name company. Fuschia Blood Productions, they specialise in billboards and posters.

GIBBONS

Doesn't seem likely that someone murdered him in cold blood because he put up a poster that someone didn't like. But I still want his whole life searching. Every nook, every little space that was Page's existence.

(beat)

Jason in Audio and Visual is currently working on images we saw of a suspicious looking couple emerging from the apartment block.

The printer beside him WHIRRS into life - as IMAGES start to spew forth.

GIBBONS (CONT'D)

And it seems as though he has come through.

Scooping up the papers, Gibbons moves to a large BOARD - where everything of the case is pinned to.

He pins the PHOTOGRAPHS into the board determinedly and turns to his team:

GIBBONS (CONT'D)

You're looking at suspects one and two, people.

PUSH IN on the photographs - which unmistakably show a grainy JENNA and CLAY!

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DUSK

As sunset starts to beckon across the city, we see Clay and Jenna, moving across the pavement towards:

## THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Looking more terrifying than beckoning from this angle now - as we PULL BACK a little.

Jenna fingers the cassette tape nervously now, Clay casting a glance.

CLAY

Come on, you said we have to do this.

JENNA

Yeah. Sure.

They start to move off, hobbling towards the main entrance as they enter:

INT. NYPD BASE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NEXT

A large sweeping RECEPTION AREA, dominated by a large, circular DESK, manned by three RECEPTIONISTS.

ON JENNA AND CLAY as they approach the desk, moving towards a perky RECEPTIONIST:

RECEPTIONIST

Good evening, how can I help you?

JENNA

Hi. Listen, I know this is gonna sound insane but--

MALE (O.S.)

Freeze!

There are CRIES as people HIT THE DECK, Jenna and Clay SPINNING AROUND. To see GIBBONS.

Pointing a GUN squarely at them. And looking pissed as hell.

CLAY

What have we done?

GIBBONS

Get down on your knees! Now!

JENNA

Wh--why? What have we done?

Valdez appears to the side, another GUN pointed - and she GRABS Jenna, forcing her down and CUFFING HER!

CLAY

Don't touch her!

Gibbons is already doing the same, Clay dropping painfully to his injured leg as he CRIES OUT and we:

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

ON GIBBONS as he walks across the large room, detectives watching him as he moves to the board.

A youngish INTERN - a perky redhead by the name of CARA - approaches. She has a couple of sheets in her hand.

CARA

Um... s--sir?

GIBBONS

(without looking)

Yes, Cara?

CARA

Yeah, I ran the um, fingerprints that were found on the bloody note and the doorknob at Page's apartment. They came back to your suspects.

ANGLE ON THE SHEETS - which show a pair of UNIVERSITY ID CARDS scanned in, one Jenna's, the other Clay's.

Their FINGERPRINTS are on a strip at the bottom of each card. ON GIBBONS as he NODS.

GIBBONS

So we have them at the scene of the crime. Why Page?

CARA

I did find something else, sir. The bookstore where Williams works is the same store where Page used to visit almost every day. They knew each other.

(beat)

And the store was reported about a half-hour ago as being completely wrecked. Like someone had smashed the place up, looking for something.

Valdez has joined them by now.

VALDEZ

We've got Williams and Sanders ready in interrogation suites. Both of them seem nervous and a bit... scared.

CARA

Are they way over their heads?

GIBBONS

Let's go find out.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - INTERROGATION SUITE #1 - LATER

ON JENNA as she sits in a CHAIR, shaking. She's opposite the door to the suite which opens...

...and Gibbons enters. He sits down in the chair opposite, a FOLDER in his hands which he opens.

GIBBONS

Jenna... why did you kill Mr. Page?

JENNA

I... I didn't. Really, I didn't.

GIBBONS

Jenna... your fingerprints were all over Page's apartment, covered in his blood. As well as the CCTV footage that shows you and your... friend, Mr. Sanders, departing your apartment block moments after Mr. Page died. I'm afraid that the evidence is... impressive to say the very least.

JENNA

But nothing happened! Me and Clay were heading back to my apartment, I went to see Mr. Page because he had a book I wanted to borrow. And then I saw this guy arrive at the door and then just shoot him.

GIBBONS

This mystery guy, what did he look like?

JENNA

Tall, white. Brown hair. German accent. But then when he was chasing me and Clay in the park...

GIBBONS

He chased you through a park?

JENNA

Look I know it sounds ridiculous... but the cassette tape you took from Clay and I, it's something important.

(MORE)

JENNA (cont'd)

We have no idea what it does, but  
it was obviously worth killing for.

GIBBONS

(sighs; beat)

You really are just making it worse  
for yourself.

JENNA

But--but check the cameras inside  
Central Park! They'll show the guy  
chasing us!

GIBBONS

Unfortunately for you, all of the  
cameras in Central Park are going  
under a recall which means that the  
park itself is without surveillance  
to backup your claims.

(beat)

How else can you explain the bloody  
fingerprints?

JENNA

My apartment's across the block and  
I saw this... German guy going  
through Mr. Page's things and we  
thought that we could find  
something that would... help. Or  
try to understand why someone would  
kill him.

GIBBONS

So you touched the body and the  
note to try and uncover the  
mystery?

Jenna sighs, pressing back into the chair.

JENNA

Please! You have to believe me, I  
have done nothing wrong! We have  
done nothing wrong! Why else would  
we come here willingly?

GIBBONS

I don't know, Miss Williams. But I  
intend to find out and I suspect it  
has nothing to do with the  
'mysterious German man'.

Gibbons exits, shutting the door behind him. ANGLE ON JENNA  
as she starts to SOB, the world crashing around her as we:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - INTERROGATION SUITE #2 - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as he speaks to Valdez who is much more bad cop than Gibbons:

CLAY

We didn't do anything! Why would we kill him?

VALDEZ

Maybe you killed him because he made a move on your girl? After all, a lot of time together during her work... maybe there was a spark...?

CLAY

I never met the guy! The only time I saw him was when I saw him get shot dead in front of my eyes!

VALDEZ

And when you were ramsacking his corpse.

CLAY

Okay... if I did kill him out of some 'crime of passion', why did I trash his apartment and try to 'ramsack' him?

VALDEZ

To cover your true intentions. Covering your tracks for you and your pretty little girlfriend.

CLAY

Do you have any evidence to actually prove these bullshit theories of yours?

VALDEZ

I have your fingerprints on the doorknob on the inside of the door. Smearred in Page's blood. We have camera footage and several witnesses saying that you and Jenna were running from the apartment block.

(shakes head)

You've gotta admit, bud. You're knee deep in the proverbial and with no shovel.

CLAY

(sighs)  
 Jenna and I have done nothing  
 wrong. We were just... in the wrong  
 place and the wrong time.

VALDEZ

Sure. That's what they all say.

ON CLAY as Valdez leaves, the door SLAMMING SHUT behind her  
 as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - EVENING

The ID images of Clay and Jenna are PUSHED into the board by  
 Cara as we PULL BACK.

Gibbons is speaking to the team as night draws in:

GIBBONS

Jenna Williams and Clay Sanders'  
 fingerprints were found in the  
 apartment. Approximately ten  
 minutes after they arrived, they  
 exited the apartment block rapidly.  
 They dispatched of the gun somehow  
 and then, three hours later, turned  
 themselves into our custody. I want  
 to know why. I'm not safe getting a  
 conviction until we've got a motive  
 wrapped up in a neat little bow.

MALE (O.S.)

(familiar; American)  
 I think I might have an explanation  
 for that, Detective Gibbons.

ON GIBBONS as he turns, seeing the STRANGER arrive, features  
 shrouded in darkness.

GIBBONS

I'm sorry and you would be...?

REVERSE ANGLE

To reveal that the newcomer is tall, handsome... and  
 unmistakably THE GERMAN!

The German SMILES, pulling out his ID...

GERMAN

Special Agent John Warner, FBI  
 Counter-Terrorism Division. I'm  
 here to speak to you about Clay  
 Sanders and Jenna Williams.

GIBBONS

Why?

GERMAN

Because I believe they're just the people I've been looking for.

And it's off his creepy, enigmatic smile that we:

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - GIBBONS' OFFICE - LATER

A tiny little office, barely big enough for two - but it's cosy in a strange sort of way. Gibbons is behind his desk, the German at the other side.

GERMAN

We've been monitoring a splinter cell of the Crimson Jihad terrorist organisation that were based in Los Angeles. However, we found that this cell had its own minor factions across the whole of the United States - including members in Idaho, Nebraska, Miami... and New York.

GIBBONS

So Williams and Sanders are the two members working in New York?

GERMAN

We recently intercepted e-mails and transmissions between the two of them, detailing stolen blueprints for the United Nations building and also for other prominent buildings in New York City.

GIBBONS

You think they were planning an attack? But that doesn't explain why they killed a harmless guy in Williams' apartment block.

GERMAN

It's probable that this guy was an innocent victim who stumbled across their plans, forcing them to... get rid of him.

GIBBONS

And the tape they were found with?

GERMAN

We suspect that after Page was murdered, they found our bug on their answering machine and stole the tape which we think contain messages from other members of the cell, possibly one of the leaders.

GIBBONS

(beat)

What do you want me to do with them?

GERMAN

My team back in LA could use their intelligence, so I was hoping to speak to them together here first. And then I'll transfer them back to Los Angeles personally.

GIBBONS

(beat)

Sure. Anything to help facilitate the FBI's efforts.

GERMAN

(smiles)

If only all detectives were as considerate as you.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - INTERROGATION SUITE #1 - SAME TIME

The door OPENS and Jenna looks up - as CARA enters. She's nervous and holding a SWAB KIT.

CARA

Hi. Um, I just, um, need to take a swab of...

(deep breath)

I just need to swab your arms for GSR. And get a saliva sample.

JENNA

(quiet)

Sure.

ON CARA as she moves towards the other girl, pulling a COTTON SWAB from her kit.

CARA

Can you, um, open your mouth for me please?

Jenna opens wide oblingly and Cara swabs inside.

CARA (CONT'D)

Thanks. And I'm just gonna do your arms now.

She RUBS another swab across Jenna's hands, wrists and forearms before placing both swabs into separate PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAGS.

Cara moves to the door. Then stops, looking at Jenna.

JENNA

(confused)

What? What is it?

CARA

Nothing. Just...

She shakes her head. Probably nothing. And she leaves. ON JENNA as she sags back in her seat...

...as the door opens once more and CLAY enters!

CLAY

Jenna! You okay?

JENNA

Clay! Are you alright?

They HUG, both turning towards the door as it CLANGS SHUT - and the GERMAN steps towards them.

JENNA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

GERMAN

(back to German)

Me, my dear? I am an FBI agent for now, reporting both of you back as members of a terrorist cell.

CLAY

You... you don't have any proof!

GERMAN

So much of your modern government is based on saying and not doing. I may as well utilise it when I must.

(beat)

All I came here to tell you... is that I will get the tape. And when I do, both of you... are dead.

(American)

Guards! We're done now. Get ready for transfer.

ON JENNA AND CLAY as the German WINKS maliciously at them before SLIPPING OUT of the door as the guards advance on them.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

ON THE GERMAN as Gibbons approaches. He smiles and leans forward to SHAKE HANDS with Gibbons.

GERMAN

It's been a pleasure to work with you, Detective Gibbons. I hope we meet again, but not too soon.

GIBBONS

Likewise.

The German lends him another SMILE before moving off down a corridor. Gibbons watches him before he turns to Valdez.

GIBBONS (CONT'D)

There's something... unfinished. About this case.

VALDEZ

(shrugs)

We have to move on, Micah. It's their problem now.

Valdez moves off and we HOLD ON Gibbons as he thinks...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - EVIDENCE LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

ON THE GERMAN as he moves down a long corridor towards a large CIRCULAR ROOM - where hundreds of clear, plastic LOCKERS are.

A single, bored GUARD is on duty, flipping idly through a MAGAZINE. He looks up. Stands.

GUARD

Sir. Some ID please.

GERMAN

Absolutely. Roger Jacobs, FBI.

The Guard peers at the ID. Then looks confused. The names don't match.

GUARD

Sir... the name on this ID is 'John Warner'.

GERMAN

Oh, darn. I forgot, didn't I?

The Guard BLINKS rapidly before stretching for a PHONE and pressing the intercom:

GUARD

Security to--

ON THE GERMAN as he fluidly pulls his SILENCED PISTOL free and FIRES at the Guard:

**PFPT! PFPT!**

One bullet to the chest, another to the brain leaves a spray of BLOOD and the Guard very much DEAD.

GERMAN

Sorry to have to do that. I'm a good person at heart.

The German moves around to the PC TERMINAL and starts to access it - before finding the locker he wants.

GERMAN (CONT'D)

I just have to do some bad things...

ANGLE ON THE LOCKERS as the German heads over, pulling one out and FILING through its contents until he spots:

THE CASSETTE TAPE.

He SMIRKS, pocketing it as he moves on, stepping over the body of the Guard as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

Jenna and Clay are unceremoniously SHOVED into the back of the filthy looking squad car.

UP FRONT, the door opens and the German SLIDES INSIDE smoothly. He turns back to them with a SMILE.

GERMAN

(back to German)

You ready?

He STARTS THE ENGINE and pulls away from the front of the station...

EXT. NYPD BASE - SAME TIME

As Gibbons watches, a serious frown on his face as he thinks - watching the car disappear into the throng of NYC traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

ON JENNA as she leans forward, straining against her PLASTICUFFS - nothing separating her from the German, except for his hefty handgun which rests idly beside him.

But well within reaching distance.

JENNA

Don't you think your friends are gonna suspect something when you don't bring the squad car?

GERMAN

No matter. I think they will be more surprised when they discover how I got...

He lifts up the cassette. Clay and Jenna GULP, sharing a very worried glance.

GERMAN (CONT'D)

This.

CLAY

And us?

GERMAN

When they track the squad car down, all they'll find is a burnt out wreckage and your corpses from where you tried to run. I will disappear as I always do.

ON JENNA as she SAGS back, frustrated.

CLAY

They already don't believe us. Why bother killing us?

GERMAN

(shrugs)

Is just what I do. I clean up and make sure all of my loose ends are tied up.

The car pulls to a stop at a set of TRAFFIC LIGHTS, the German's foot hovering on the accelerator. Jenna notes this and then looks through the windscreen:

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN:

To see that several CARS at the adjacent lanes are ZOOMING across. Jenna eyes on up...

...before she WRAPS her cuffs around his neck!

JENNA

Clay!

Clay snatches forward, grabbing the gun - as the shock of the blow forces the German's foot to slip... and they SHOOT FORWARDS into the lane of traffic!

One SUV tries to swerve but PLOUGHS into them with an almighty SMASH - TEARING the car in half!

Clay pulls Jenna back in time as the SUV splinters the car as if it were nothing but wood - the German rocketing back in his seat violently!

ANGLE ON THE CAR as the front half slips forward, the other cars SCREECHING to a halt to avoid it as we PUSH IN on the back half.

ON JENNA as she COUGHS, stirring from her shock to find Clay struggling free from his metal prison.

Both are peppered with CUTS and LACERATIONS but they both struggle out of the remains of the car.

CLAY

You alright?

JENNA

My wrists hurt but I'm fine. You?

CLAY

Yeah, I'm fine. Let's get the hell out of here.

JENNA

Wait!

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

ON JENNA as she races out towards the front end of the car - where the GERMAN lies, bleeding but alive.

She reaches in through the remains of a window, CRUNCHING on the shattered glass... before picking up the CASSETTE TAPE, still remarkably intact!

Clay joins her, several CIVILIANS starting to crowd around:

CLAY

Whoa. That thing's gotta be made out of solid titanium or something.

He grabs the HANDGUN lying on the passenger seat, slipping into his back pocket before the civilians can see.

JENNA  
(pockets tape)  
Come on. We have to go. Now.

PUSH IN on the German as Clay and Jenna disappear off-screen. Continue to PUSH IN...

...as his eyelids FLUTTER awake.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

ON GIBBONS as he looks at the board. Valdez joins him.

VALDEZ  
Something's eating you.

GIBBONS  
Those two... they were nothing like terrorists. I mean, you saw the CCTV footage. They looked genuinely terrified.

VALDEZ  
So we're moving from prosecuting the guilty to proving the innocent? That's quick even for you, Micah.

GIBBONS  
(sighs)  
You're probably right.

VALDEZ  
Go home. You'll be fine in the morning.

Gibbons NODS, picking up his jacket - and passing by Cara who turns to him and Valdez.

CARA  
Um, sir, ma'am? I have the, uh, gun residue tests back for Sanders and Williams.

GIBBONS  
Not much point now.

VALDEZ  
What were the results?

CARA  
Neither of them came back with any powder on their arms, hands or wrists.

GIBBONS

They were a little away from Williams' apartment. They could have changed pretty easily and washed all the powder off.

(beat)

Goodnight.

ON GIBBONS as he exits, a worried Cara turning to Valdez.

CARA

Is he alright?

VALDEZ

He's always like this when the powers that be take the case off him before he can convict them. I always tell him to go home and I'll say the same to you.

CARA

No, no, it's fine. I have to do some paperwork and get some filing done before tomorrow. Plus I'm kind of a night owl.

VALDEZ

Okay. Good night, Cara.

Cara watches as Valdez leaves - before turning to see the STACK of PAPERWORK behind her. With a determined SIGH, she picks it up and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

ON CLAY AND JENNA as they hurry across the street, before stopping for a DEEP BREATH.

JENNA

What do we do now?

CLAY

(heavily breathing)

I have... no... idea...

JENNA

Okay. My apartment'll be under surveillance. Your house too, probably.

(beat)

We can't go to Casey's.

CLAY

(thinks; beat)

My parents had a place that I went in the summer.

(MORE)

CLAY (cont'd)

It's near Lake Thalia.

(beat)

It's been empty since we stopped going four years ago - but we still keep a key in one of the outhouses and I know where everything is.

JENNA

But how do we get there?

CLAY

There's a train service which runs right through the town of Thalia from right here at one of Grand Central's new 'state-rails'.

JENNA

And money?

CLAY

Ah. Crap.

JENNA

Screw it. We're already wanted vigilantes for murder. Why not add sneaking onto a train?

CLAY

(offers hand)

One for the road.

Jenna accepts it with a grateful SMILE and the two of them move off...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON GIBBONS as he sits on an overstuffed COUCH. There's a full, unopened BEERCAN in his hand.

A pair of arms drift around him from behind. Very feminine arms.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Turn off, Micah.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN as she SLINKS right into his lap - and it's VALDEZ! She's wearing nothing more than a tee shirt and shorts.

GIBBONS

I can't, Liv.

VALDEZ

You're thinking about them, aren't you? Sanders and Williams?

GIBBONS

It's like... that FBI guy wasn't telling us the whole truth. He was keeping his whole hand kept to his chest.

VALDEZ

They always do. They think that telling us lowly New Yorkers will cause our minds to melt.

GIBBONS

(chuckles)  
Yeah, we have no developed higher brain function.

VALDEZ

(smiles)  
There's the Micah I know and love...

ON VALDEZ as she crawls across Gibbons' lap and plucks a DVD from the ground.

VALDEZ (CONT'D)

And for tonight... we're going to enjoy alcohol, some takeout and the latest Rob Zombie. Enjoy.

From a PLASTIC CARRIER BAG, she hands out the white little BOXES of Chinese takeout.

GIBBONS

You really are too good to me.

VALDEZ

I know. But you more than make it up to me.

GIBBONS

You just want me for my body.

VALDEZ

Likewise, stud.

They start to eat, sharing a quick, sweet KISS - before the phone starts to RING. Valdez shares a look with Gibbons who obliquely hops off the couch.

ANGLE ON VALDEZ as Gibbons answers the phone. We can't hear what he hears. But it doesn't look good.

VALDEZ (CONT'D)

(turns; sees)  
What? What is it?

GIBBONS  
 (into phone)  
 Thanks. We'll be right there.

VALDEZ  
 What's wrong? Tell me.

GIBBONS  
 Cara found a body in the evidence  
 locker. He's been shot.

Valdez pales and then starts to dress - Gibbons doing the same as they rush off and we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

PULL BACK as we take in the sight of the iconic train station, all lit up like a Christmas tree, even at this time of night.

A pair of figures rush in - JENNA and CLAY - and take in the huge TIMETABLE BOARDS.

JENNA  
 When is it? Which train?

CLAY  
 (looks)  
 There! It's leaving in five minutes!

JENNA  
 Let's go.

ON CLAY AND JENNA as they run, hand-in-hand down a curling STAIRCASE:

CUT TO:

INT. STATE TRAIN - SAME TIME

Inside there are small, four-person COMPARTMENTS, all of them with fairly plush carpeting.

The train itself is filled with small PLASMA SCREENS, all of which are playing the same VIDEO MESSAGE of a young Asian-American WOMAN:

WOMAN  
 Hello and welcome to the New York  
 'State-Travel' trains, the latest  
 generation of trains which travel  
 from Grand Central Station to a  
 series of the United States' towns  
 with first-class comfort and ease.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)

We travel through our the highlights of our nations and while we do so, you can sample from our state-of-the-art technology to suit your every mood.

The doors SLIDE SHUT behind Jenna and Clay as the train starts to move.

JENNA

Let's find a compartment.

They quickly move past the occupied compartments - finding an empty one. They enter, SLIDING the glass door shut behind them.

INT. STATE TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - NEXT

The compartment is comfortable, a pair of long seats on either side. STORAGE RACKS and a large WINDOW are present next to a small TV SCREEN.

Clay and Jenna flop down on either couch as the window automatically slides shut - and a VIDEO FILE appears on the TV screen, showing the same Woman from before:

WOMAN

Welcome to your journey. Since we are operating during the night-time hours, the option for a 'sleep mode' will be available to you at this time. All other options such as games, refreshments and our wide selection of channels are all available free of charge, as is the sleep mode.

(smiles)

Please have a pleasant journey with TrainStar Lines, supplying New York state with the best luxury transport available since 2009.

The video file disappears and the window OPENS again - showing that we're now in the state of New York itself - just a few rolling FIELDS here and there in the pale moonlight.

CLAY

We gonna take her up on the sleep option?

JENNA

Might do. I'm just... trying to process the fact that twelve hours ago, my whole life was normal.

CLAY

Amen to that, sister.

(beat)

Do you think we're fugitives now?

JENNA

I think so. We can check the news.

Jenna looks around and then touches a button underneath the TV marked 'News'. ANGLE ON THE SCREEN as it CUTS to a NEWS CHANNEL:

NEWSREADER

...and to reiterate our breaking news storyline: two NYU students are the subjects of a manhunt after a man was found murdered in his apartment. The two students have been named as Clay Sanders and Jenna Williams of--

It CLICKS off as Jenna and Clay SIGH heavily.

CLAY

Crap. We're screwed.

(beat)

Still got the tape?

JENNA

Yep. I suppose we have a bargaining chip.

CLAY

(chuckle)

Look at us. Sounding like we're actually criminals.

JENNA

(smiles)

There's some kind of irony.

CLAY

They're gonna have to find out who that German guy is. There's no way he's actually an FBI agent.

JENNA

Unless he is. And we're just expendable.

CLAY

Hey. Come on, I need you to stay positive, right?

JENNA

Kinda hard right now, Clay.

Clay sits down next to Jenna, wrapping a protective arm around her.

CLAY

We're gonna be fine. You said that we can work on this intrinsic goodness... well I guess that going on the run and trying to figure out why someone would do this...

(grins)

That's pretty good for karma. Our intrinsic goodness levels are doing the workout of a lifetime.

JENNA

You really believe this.

CLAY

You make me believe.

(snorts)

God, I sounded so corny then.

JENNA

(smiles)

You did. But you're forgiven for under duress.

Jenna tucks into his side. They look very cute right now.

CLAY

Wanna try out the sleep mode?

JENNA

Sure. Who knows when we'll get kicked off the train so we may as well make the most of it.

ON JENNA as she leans over and presses the button marked 'Sleep'. Almost instantly, the lighting inside the compartment dims.

Soft classical music - 'The Girl With The Flaxen Hair' by Debussy - DRIFTS FROM several built in speakers.

Jenna and Clay tuck into one another, curling up for comfort as we start to slowly, gently PULL BACK:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - EVIDENCE LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

SLOW MOTION as we PAN AROUND, seeing a whole host of CSIs working across the board.

ANGLE ON GIBBONS as he pushes his way through the crowd of gathered detectives, Valdez close behind him as we find:

THE GUARD

Lying face up in a deep pool of BLOOD that's rapidly drying. The CORONER places a sheet over him.

RESUME SPEED as Gibbons stops in front of the YELLOW TAPE, marking off the scene.

GIBBONS

Damnit.

(to Coroner)

Any idea what happened?

CORONER

(shrugs)

Someone came in, shot him and snatched something from one of the evidence lockers before he left.

GIBBONS

You sure he took something?

The CSI indicates one of the lockers - tray slide open and clearly rifled through.

GIBBONS (CONT'D)

Where's Cara?

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

ON CARA as she sits in a chair, knees drawn up to her chin. A cup of TEA goes ignored beside her.

Gibbons and Valdez are opposite her, Gibbons moving closer to her.

GIBBONS

Cara... I know this is really uncomfortable but what happened...

(beat)

We need to know how you found him. What happened?

CARA

I... I stayed behind to, um, get some work done. And one of the reports asked for the ID number off the cassette tape that Williams was holding, so I headed down to the evidence lockers and... that's where...

She bravely holds back a SOB.

VALDEZ

Is that all, honey?

CARA

(nods)

Yeah... I yelled for help and then I just...

GIBBONS

(beat)

Go home. Get some sleep.

CARA

(shakes head)

No. If I go home then I'll just keep seeing him... lying there. I have to keep working. I can get the rest of the paperwork done by tomorrow morning.

VALDEZ

Okay. But if you need a break, anytime, then just curl up in my office, alright?

CARA

Sure. Thanks.

Valdez gives her a quick one-armed HUG - just as JASON runs up, the tech looking pretty breathless.

GIBBONS

What is it?

JASON

I think I've found the guy who shot Wally.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - A/V LAB - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN as Jason starts to rewind video footage - Gibbons and Valdez are behind him, watching intently.

JASON

Here. I got it off the camera stationed in the lockers.

ON THE SCREEN as it shows WALLY emerge from his desk, check the Man's ID and reach for the phone.

Then he's BLASTED BACK by two SHOTS. The Man turns, typing into the PC and retrieving the locker number he needs.

Jason FREEZES the screen and then focuses on the face of the Man, improving the picture...

And it's obviously the face of the GERMAN that appears clearly. Gibbons takes a step back. Valdez's jaw hits the floor.

VALDEZ

Holy shit... that's the FBI guy!

GIBBONS

We've been conned by the oldest trick in the book. Damn it.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

ON GIBBONS' TEAM as they listen to the man himself:

GIBBONS

Wally Getz was shot dead by a man impersonating an FBI agent. Currently we're going through the evidence lockers to find out what it was he took exactly. Unfortunately, he also drove off with Sanders and Williams, so whether they're all in it together or independently is unknown.

One TECH shouts out from his WORKSTATION:

TECH

I've just searched the FBI agents databse. Special Agent John William Warner was killed in action two years ago during a stint with a terrorism unit based in Orange County.

GIBBONS

So this guy is not an FBI agent. I want his picture circulating everywhere in the state of New York. The bulletins about Williams and Sanders too. Just because they've gone off the radar doesn't mean that they're not just as guilty as he is.

VALDEZ

Keep running checks on the squad car they disappeared in. We haven't--

TECH

Actually, ma'am... we have.

All eyes are on the nervous Tech as he speaks.

TECH (CONT'D)

I was waiting for you to finish but...

(beat)

(MORE)

TECH (CONT'D)

The NYPD squad car they drove off in was reported in a car-on-car collision about an hour ago on the corner of West and 57th. The plates match and everything. 57th and West is only a short distance away from here.

(beat)

I've also got reports coming in from eyewitnesses who described the car being broken in half by the other car and the two people in the back escaping.

(reads)

'A young, early twenties white female and a tall black male the same age. The driver--'

GIBBONS

(interrupts)

Alright, we've got confirmation that Williams and Sanders have escaped. We need to track them down and fast. This... man who killed Wally, he's still our priority one but I don't want you letting the other two slip away into the night.

(beat)

Am I clear? Good. Let's move out, people.

The team disperses as Valdez turns to Gibbons.

VALDEZ

You still think that Sanders and Williams are innocent?

GIBBONS

Yes, Olivia. I do.

(beat; low)

What if... they were telling the truth? They see the guy getting murdered, get way in over their heads and end up taking the tape to stop the killer from taking it.

(beat)

They hand themselves into police, only for our guy to steal the tape, kill Wally and escape with the two of them.

VALDEZ

You can't ignore the evidence, Micah. What about the CCTV or the bloody fingerprints? The fact that they were there at the scene of the crime?

(beat)

(MORE)

VALDEZ (cont'd)

If you can prove all this, then I will happily march on your 'I was right' parade. Til then... let's try and find these guys.

PUSH IN on Gibbons as Valdez departs. He still looks conflicted as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

Several hours later, we PULL ACROSS the serene image of long fields of corn, just turning golden in the early sunshine.

PAN ACROSS a little more - as the STATE TRAIN rattles past soundlessly.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - SAME TIME

The same sunlight pours across the sleeping faces of Clay and Jenna - now curled up quite comfortably together.

For all the world they look like a normal couple.

'Morning' by Grieg starts to play softly... as Jenna starts to awaken. She stretches a little, then finds herself in Clay's arms.

She smiles and settles a little - just as a CONDUCTOR arrives, KNOCKING sharply on their door.

The music FADES OUT as the Conductor opens the door, Clay awakening now.

CONDUCTOR

Can I have your tickets, please?

JENNA

Tickets? Oh, hell... honey, do you have them?

CLAY

No, I don't have them. I thought you did at the station.

JENNA

(to Conductor)

Um, sir, we seem to have lost our--

CONDUCTOR

I'm sorry, ma'am, but if you can't provide identity of a purchase then I'm going to have to--

**PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!**

The window SHATTERS as three BULLETS FLY THROUGH, STRIKING Mike and KILLING him instantly!

He SLUMPS to the ground and a terrified Jenna looks around:

To see that outside the GERMAN is FIRING at them from the driver's side of an SUV driving full speed alongside the train!

JENNA

Get down!

She and Clay scurry for cover, Jenna pocketing the tape once more as they move out over Mike's body.

INT. STATE TRAIN - CORRIDOR - NEXT

The Conductor and a lot of PASSENGERS have heard this and are emerging from their compartments.

CONDUCTOR

What the Hell is going--?

CLAY

Get down!!!

More BULLETS fly, SHATTERING the glass partitions - one of the bullets striking the Conductor!

He COLLAPSES, YELLING and Jenna looks over.

JENNA

Clay, you still have the gun from the car?

Clay PULLS OUT the handgun and heads back inside - while Jenna heads for the injured Conductor.

He's clutching his bloody shoulder in pain and Jenna turns to the passengers.

JENNA

Does anyone have a scarf or something to stop the bleeding?

A woman peels off her SCARF and hands it over to Jenna who PRESSES it to the wound. The Conductor YELPS with a cry as the blood starts to SOAK THROUGH the thin fabric.

BACK ON CLAY as he FIRES, much less experienced than the German who is driving closer and closer towards the train...

GERMAN

Give it up!

CLAY

Screw you!

ANGLE ON THE GERMAN as he disappears from sight, seething with anger as he FLINGS his empty handgun from the car. ON CLAY as he turns back towards Jenna.

CLAY (CONT'D)

He gonna be alright?

JENNA

Yeah I think--watch out!!

Clay SPINS - just in time to see the GERMAN leaping from the open window of his car and SAILING through the air... to clutch the edge of the window.

ANGLE ON THE CAR which FLIPS in the air, CRASHING - until it STRIKES the side of the train, EXPLODING wildly INTO FLAMES!

ANGLE ON THE GERMAN as he HAULS himself in effortlessly and instantly SPIN KICKS the gun away from Clay as the younger man attempts to fire:

Before TACKLING him and BLASTING him into the adjacent compartment with a SMASH!

JENNA

CLAY!!!

CUT TO:

INT. STATE TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The shards of BROKEN GLASS slash at them as the German continues, aiming Clay straight for the other window:

It CRACKS but it's enough for Clay to ELBOW the German in the back of the head, following it with an enraged KNEE to the face.

The German SLUGS him but Clay ROUNDHOUSE KICKS him into the other seat - all while Jenna watches, amazed.

INT. STATE TRAIN - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

ON JENNA as she snaps out of it, turning back to the other passengers:

JENNA

Let's get him back to a compartment? An empty one.

A couple of passengers grasp the Conductor underneath the arms and haul him out, the other passengers helping him towards an empty and secure compartment.

BACK ON JENNA as she rushes into the compartment:

INT. STATE TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ON JENNA as she ducks a sideways BLOW from the German - and pulls Clay back just in time to avoid a SLASH from the German as he produces a serrated KNIFE!

JENNA

Look out!

The German KICKS Clay aside and SLASHES at Jenna's throat. She manages to CARTWHEEL backwards but gets a nasty CUT to her arm from her trouble!

ON CLAY as he PUNCHES the German solidly in the face before GRAPPLING the German and landing a hefty KICK to the other man.

CLAY

(to Jenna)

Get the Hell out of here!

JENNA

Not without you!

ON JENNA as she DARTS OUT of the compartment and YANKS Clay across with her...

...until the German GRASPS Clay and HEADBUTTS him viciously!

Clay staggers, blood DRIBBLING thickly from his nose - until he ROLLS BACKWARDS and takes the German with him!

He lets go, Jenna springing out of the way and the German lands awkwardly onto the broken glass with a CRY!

Jenna grabs hold of Clay's hand and they start to run while the German recovers.

ANGLE ON THE BACK OF THE TRAIN as SMOKE starts to pass through, PASSENGERS hurrying to the front:

PASSENGERS

Fire! There was an explosion and--  
fire!

ANGLE BACK ON CLAY AND JENNA as they rush past compartments - including the one where the injured Conductor is being treated.

JENNA

Where the hell did you learn all that kung fu stuff?

CLAY

At the summer retreat. One time we had an experimental scientist from Tokyo stay over with us and his wife taught me some tricks.

JENNA

Nice...

ANGLE ON THE GERMAN who sits now, recovered. He grasps hold of Clay's gun and CLICKS it. Locked and loaded.

GERMAN

*Nein...*

He starts FIRING at the pair who DUCK behind a glass partition:

Which SHATTERS into shards of broken glass within seconds as the German speeds towards their hiding spot, the pair ducking out of view.

He advances menacingly, checking his clip as he SMIRKS. He aims, turns:

And is met with a two-booted KICK from JENNA who swings around on one of the supports!

The German is knocked back but it's enough for Jenna to GRAB his hand and SMASH it against the bar.

A round discharges but the German lets go of the gun, a quick SWEEP KICK from Jenna knocking it out of play.

ON JENNA as she dodges a LEFT HOOK from the German but a DROP KICK knocks her back.

The German bends down, HANDS going to Jenna's throat as he starts to THROTTLE her!

GERMAN

An eye for an eye, my dear...

CLAY (O.S.)

Well...

The German looks up - just as CLAY rams it home with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

CLAY (CONT'D)

Here's to being blind.

The German COLLAPSES and Clay hands the extinguisher to one of the passengers.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Take care of the fire. I think it was when the car hit the train.

He bends down towards Jenna while the passengers scramble towards the fire, taking all the FIRE EXTINGUISHERS that they can.

Jenna COUGHS, sitting up while checking the finger-shaped BRUISES already forming on her neck.

CLAY (CONT'D)

You alright?

JENNA

Yeah... I'm fine...

WOMAN (V.O.)

Passengers, next stop is the town of Silver Fields. Our ETA is one minute. All wake-up calls have been activated.

CLAY

That's us.

ON CLAY AND JENNA as they move towards the large, well-lit EXIT AREAS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVER FIELDS TRAIN STATION - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON THE TRAIN STATION which is decrepit but functional - something from the Fifties.

The STATE TRAIN starts to pull in, a small bit of OXYGEN STEAM rising from the vents on top of the train.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE TRAIN - EXIT AREA - SAME TIME

Clay and Jenna are waiting, eyes half-trained on the doors and half on the seemingly slumbering form of the German.

CLAY

Where'd you learn that kickass swinging move?

JENNA

(shrugs)

Some kung fu movie once. Always wanted to try it.

CLAY

You didn't know it would work?

JENNA

Good karma, Clay. All good.

ON CLAY as he manages a broad GRIN - just as the train stops and the doors SLIDE OPEN:

Just as the German BLINKS awake and rises like a predator!

JENNA (CONT'D)

(sees)

Run!

Clay sees too and they BOLT OFF the train:

EXT. SILVER FIELDS TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - NEXT

The two of them race along the platform, hand-in-hand as the German LEAPS DOWN from the train and SPRINTS in pursuit!

GERMAN

Stop! Now!

JENNA

Like hell!

They head for a set of STAIRS:

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVER FIELDS TRAIN STATION - CAR PARK - NEXT

ON CLAY AND JENNA as they race from the stairs to the car park - only a handful of actual CARS present.

ANGLE BEHIND THEM as the German appears, slower due to his injuries - and sporting a huge BRUISE on the side of his head.

CLAY

Crap. What we gonna do?

JENNA

Hold on...

And she races over to a TRUCK, checking the door handle. Locked...

Until she RAMS her elbow straight into the driver's window - GLASS bursting all over the seat!

INT/EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

No alarm from this ancient model of car but Jenna hobbles underneath the dashboard and grasps wires while Clay joins her.

CLAY

What are you...?

**VROOM! VROOM!**

The car BURSTS INTO LIFE and Jenna gives Clay a beaming grin and SWEEPS the glass off the seat:

Just in time to see the German LEAPING for them!

JENNA

Look out!

Clay isn't fast enough and the German SLAMS into him, a vicious RIGHT HOOK knocking him back towards the car.

ON CLAY as he and the German grapple... as the German starts to push Clay's neck towards the SHARDS of glass in the window!

ON JENNA as she realizes what he's going to do - and REVERSES the car out, so the German's blow misses entirely!

She SPINS the car, OPENING the passenger door before SWEEPING around:

CLAY

Who is fighting with the German, each trading vicious BLOWS. The German delivers a ROUNDHOUSE KICK that knocks Clay back.

Clay DROP KICKS the German, following it up with a vicious PUNCH and a SCISSOR KICK to the chest.

ON JENNA as she SPEEDS towards Clay and YELLS:

JENNA

Clay!!!

ON CLAY as he turns and RUNS, LEAPING into the car!

CLAY

Drive!

Jenna HITS THE ACCLERATOR and the car ROCKETS OFF, leaving a bloodied German in its wake.

ANGLE ON THE CAR as it drives off before we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - A/V LAB - SAME TIME

ON JASON as the young technician works at his myriad of PCs - not noticing Cara enter until she rests a HAND on his shoulder.

He SPINS and then sees her.

JASON

Jeez, Cara! You scared the freakin' life outta me!

CARA

Sorry, Jase. I just...

(beat)

Something's been bugging me about the Sanders and Williams case.

(MORE)

CARA (cont'd)

When I got the GSR results back -  
there was just something off. Can I  
have a look at the CCTV tapes?

JASON

Sure.

He moves to one SCREEN, accessing the files and bringing them  
up - while Cara drags a CHAIR over.

JASON (CONT'D)

(beat)

You okay?

CARA

I will be. Once we've gotten the  
truth and caught this guy, I will  
be.

Jason NODS and the two settle down to their respective  
screens.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

This room is all reds and warm oranges, the opposite of  
Jenna's green.

Sat on the overstuffed COUCH is CASEY. She's furiously  
blinking back tears at something.

REVERSE ANGLE:

To see that she's watching the TELEVISION - a BREAKING NEWS  
report on:

NEWSREADER

Jenna Williams and Clay Sanders,  
both English Literature students at  
NYU, are still wanted for the  
murder of Alodius Page after  
escaping police custody during a  
suspected deliberate car crash.

(beat)

Police are also looking for the  
driver of the stolen squad car for  
impersonating a member of the FBI  
and murdering a member of the New  
York Police Department.

ON CASEY, her face full of worry - as CALEB drifts past, a  
mug of TEA in his hands. He passes it to her.

CALEB

Come on, you need to drink.  
Worrying isn't going to help her.

CASEY

But at least worrying is actually doing something instead of sitting and praying that the next time I see Jenna isn't behind bars or zipped in a body bag.

Caleb wraps a comforting arm around Casey that she only mildly reciprocates - just as there's a KNOCK on the front door.

CALEB

I'll get it.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR as Caleb goes to answer it, opening it - and revealing Gibbons and Valdez stood there.

GIBBONS

Detective Gibbons, Detective Valdez, NYPD. We're here to speak to Casey Thompson.

Caleb NODS, leading them in to the living area.

GIBBONS (CONT'D)

Miss Thompson, we're here to speak to you about--

CASEY

Jenna.

She indicates the TV which is showing the breaking news bulletin on a loop. Gibbons and Valdez take a seat, facing Casey.

VALDEZ

Has she tried to contact you in any way?

CASEY

No. I thought she might have but right now she might be injured or worse. Especially with the NY-freaking-PD on her tail...

CALEB

Casey...

CASEY

I'm sorry but if you knew Jenna, if you knew my best friend, then all this 'she's a murderer' bullshit would be so out-of-character that you wouldn't even consider her and her boyfriend a suspect.

GIBBONS

You know the boyfriend well?

CASEY

(beat)

No. He only asked Jenna out a couple of days ago and they spent the night together.

(off look)

Not like that. She rang me at three in the morning to squeal about how sweet Clay is.

VALDEZ

Casey... my colleague here seems to think that your friend and her boyfriend are innocent. Now, if there is anything at all, that can help us try and find out exactly what happened.

CASEY

If she rings, she'll tell me the truth. If she is some kind of terrorist... well then I guess calling your best friend won't exactly be on top of the to do list.

There's a WHIRR as Gibbon's PAGER starts to BLEEP. He picks it up and looks at it.

GIBBONS

There have been some developments.

CASEY

Wait, what kind of developments?

(beat)

She's my friend, I deserve to know. I've been her best friend since junior high. I know her the best.

GIBBONS

(sighs; beat)

Alright. Local police in Silver Lake sent us video footage from one of their CCTV cameras overlooking the platform of their local train stations. Apparently it shows Jenna and Clay getting off the 'state-train' from Grand Central Station there.

(beat; to Valdez)

We have to go.

VALDEZ

We'll speak to you both later.

GIBBONS

Here.

Gibbons hands Casey a BUSINESS CARD which she places carefully on a small COFFEE TABLE.

And as Gibbons and Valdez leave the apartment quickly, we PUSH IN on Casey as she turns back to the report - which now shows the smiling ID picture of Jenna.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

ON GIBBONS as he addresses the team once more, reports coming in:

GIBBONS

We've got confirmed reports from the eyewitnesses on the train that this mysterious assassin hijacked the train and attacked Jenna and Clay, resulting in a gunfight and a brawl on the train itself. According to multiple witnesses that the two got an injured member of staff to safety, got the remaining passengers to help put out a fire on the train and then managed to knock the assassin unconscious before they arrived at Silver Fields.

(beat)

The train itself was wrecked when the car that the assassin was driving smashed into it without a driver.

VALDEZ

Once again, this doesn't clear Williams and Sanders from murdering Page in his apartment. All it suggests is that the tape, which we can now confirm was the item stolen by the assassin, is something that he wants his hands on.

GIBBONS

Sanders and Williams were reported to have hot wired and stolen a truck but their current locations are unknown. I want all eyes on this, because if we find them, we find our assassin.

The team disperses - just as CARA appears, flustered and red-faced.

CARA

Detective Gibbons, sir, Detective Valdez...

(MORE)

CARA (cont'd)  
 (deep breath)  
 I think I can prove that Jenna and  
 Clay didn't kill Mr. Page.

Off the shocked and surprised looks of the two detectives,  
 we...

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - A/V LAB - MOMENTS LATER

ON CARA as she works on the PC, just herself, Valdez and  
 Gibbons in for now.

CARA  
 (beat; points)  
 Here. I spotted it a couple of  
 minutes ago.

VALDEZ  
 What were you even doing going over  
 the footage?

CARA  
 Ma'am... I needed something to take  
 my mind off what happened. And I  
 thought something was... wrong  
 about the two of them.

She points to the screen and CLICKS. The footage starts to  
 play - showing Clay and Jenna entering the building, smiling.

CARA (CONT'D)  
 Okay, it doesn't look like  
 anything, right? Wait until we play  
 the footage of them existing only a  
 few minutes later.

The footage fast-forwards until Cara stops it. Then it PLAYS:

Jenna and Clay run out of the building frantically, Jenna  
 leading the way.

CARA (CONT'D)  
 Do you see it?

GIBBONS  
 I'm sorry, I don't--

CARA  
 Look at their clothes.

Gibbons and Valdez look. They're the same clothes.

CARA (CONT'D)

You said that just because there was no GSR on their hands or their arms, it doesn't mean they didn't do it.

(points)

If there's no change in clothes, then they must have killed him wearing them, right? But... because there was no GSR...

GIBBONS

(penny drops)

They never fired the gun.

VALDEZ

But what if they did but put clothing on inside?

CARA

I used to live in apartment blocks like that - they have no air conditioning and on the day of the murder, it was really warm. And if they did kill Page to get the tape... they would have gotten the tape and hightailed it out of the country, right?

VALDEZ

They could have just washed their clothes and hands afterwards.

CARA

Look at the time. That's five minutes between the time they arrived to when they exited.

VALDEZ

The motives are still unclear...

GIBBONS

But that does fit in with what everyone else is claiming. Maybe they've telling the truth this whole time. It'd explain the chase across Central Park that a lot of eyewitnesses are coming forward to confirm.

(beat)

It also explains why they came into custody anyway. To get protection from the assassin and to pass on the tape to someone else.

VALDEZ

Maybe... but we still need proof...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

ON CASEY as she sits on the couch, eyes fixed determinedly - as reports of the train start to come in.

The phone RINGS and Casey snatches it up:

CASEY

Hello?

JENNA (V.O.)

It's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DINER - SAME TIME

JENNA stands to one side of a large DINER - speaking from an old PAYPHONE while Clay deals with their car.

CASEY

Where the hell are you? We've been worried like hell!

JENNA

'We'?

CASEY

Me, your anthro professor, Raymond - he rang from his vacation to wonder why the police were accusing you of something.

JENNA

I take it the manhunt's not been called off?

CASEY

Nope. But this detective - Gibbons, I think his name was - came around and said he thought you were innocent.

JENNA

Really?

CASEY

Yeah, probably since the guy who took you off in that squad car turned out not to be an FBI agent.

JENNA

That's the guy who shot dead Mr. Page!

CASEY

He also killed some police evidence clerk to steal something.

JENNA

(to herself)

That's how he got the tape.

CASEY

And there's CCTV leaked from some train station where you're running and...

(beat)

Please. Just tell me where you are. The detectives can help. Now they know what this... assassin can do and what he looks like, they can give you protection.

JENNA

(beat)

You know I'm putting my life in your hands here, right? If you do a ack-bay tab-say, then I'll haunt you from beyond the grave.

CASEY

(smile)

I'm sure you will. Now let me know. At least for my own mental sanity.

JENNA

We're going to this summer retreat that Clay used to go to, by this lake. We're gonna try and make sure that the German guy doesn't try and take the tape back.

CASEY

Tape? German guy?

JENNA

Long story. I'll explain to you once it's safe. Call Gibbons and let him know. At least if me and Clay are arrested for murder, then we're not on the run.

CASEY

Alright.

(beat)

Take care, alright?

JENNA  
I will. Love you.

CASEY  
You too, fugitive.

They both manage smiles as they put the phone down - us remaining with Jenna.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

ON JENNA as she moves, breathing a little shakily - until she reaches Clay who's stood waiting by the car.

He dangles a brown PAPER BAG. Smiles.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Please tell me that's either a  
'deus ex machina' card or  
breakfast.

CLAY  
Option B. My family used to come  
here all the time, so I managed to  
swing for breakfast. Despite us  
being national fugitives.

JENNA  
At least they'll get money for  
turning us in.  
(beat)  
But I told Casey.

CLAY  
You told her?!

JENNA  
She and Gibbons believe us after  
the German man shot some NYPD clerk  
and stole the tape. Right now,  
we're small fry compared to him.

CLAY  
(sighs)  
Let's just hope your friend comes  
through for us.

They both flop into the truck as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NYC - SAME TIME

ON CASEY as she races through streets, the headiness of traffic all around as she presses her CELL PHONE to her ear - Gibbons' business card in her other hand.

CASEY

Come on, answer your damn cell...

She sees another blockade of traffic - and SLIDES ALONG the bonnet of one TAXICAB as she goes along.

The DRIVER yells at her in a foreign tongue but Casey gives him the finger as she continues to run.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! Answer!

ANGLE ON CASEY as she continues to race along - until she spots the NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING up ahead!

CASEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, of course, it's just around the corner!

She slips her phone into her jeans pocket and heads towards it - just as GIBBONS emerges!

CASEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Gibbons!

He spots her leaping across the traffic rather inelegantly and reaches him as Valdez catches up with Gibbons.

GIBBONS

What is it, Casey?

CASEY

She rang. About five minutes ago she just rang me. We talked. She's innocent and she's scared that this German guy's gonna come and kill her and Clay.

VALDEZ

German?

CASEY

Yeah, apparently this assassin guy's a regular Hamburg...er?

(beat)

Yes. German. But all Jenna and Clay want is for this whole... mess to be over with.

VALDEZ

If they really wanted to leave this fiasco behind them... why don't they hand themselves in?

CASEY

(smirk)

That's why she's given us the location of where they're going.

(MORE)

CASEY (cont'd)

They're trying to get away from the German and want you to take them into custody so they can be safe at least.

GIBBONS

Where are they headed?

CASEY

(sighs)

She didn't tell me specifically, but she mentioned a summer retreat by this lake.

GIBBONS

Let's go and find them.

They hurry back inside the NYPD base:

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The team - now including Cara and Casey - are poring over a large map of the Midwest.

VALDEZ

There are three lakes close to Silver Fields - Lake Rosheen, Lake Thalia and Lake Myers.

CARA

When I was going through some of their personal files, there were records of Clay Sanders' family owning a place right on the shore.

(points)

Lake Myers is host to a lot of summer camps that stretch all around - no private homes there.

CASEY

(off Cara)

Who is she?

GIBBONS

She's the girl who convinced us that your friends were innocent.

CASEY

(to Cara; smiles)

I like you already.

GIBBONS

Lake Rosheen or Lake Thalia...

(beat)

Wait. I remembered this story about Lake Rosheen a few weeks ago.

(MORE)

GIBBONS (cont'd)

They had some conglomerate oil spill in there and a few birds were killed but they took no time in cleaning it up because the only thing surrounding the plant was the oil refinery itself.

CASEY

So Lake Thalia?

GIBBONS

(grins)

Lake Thalia.

(beat)

Let's send all the reinforcements we can. I'm going there.

CASEY

Me too.

(off looks)

If Jenna's there, then there's no force in this world that's gonna stop me from being there.

GIBBONS

Alright. At least we can count on the virtue of friendship.

Gibbons and Casey share a mild smile as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - ROAD - DAY

PUSH IN on a dense, thick green woodland area - a ROAD running along through the middle of it.

The beat-up TRUCK comes sputtering gently along and we ENTER:

INT. TRUCK - SAME TIME

Clay is driving, Jenna next to him. The remains of a huge and greasy breakfast lay between them.

'Jessica' by the Allman Brothers PLAYS softly.

JENNA

Not to sound as though I've regressed to the age of eight, but... are we there yet?

CLAY

(chuckles)

Almost. If I can remember the way, we're about half an hour from the lake shore.

JENNA

(beat)  
I'm glad.

CLAY

Sorry?

JENNA

As horrible as it sounds... I'm glad this happened to me. Not to Mr. Page or that poor clerk obviously, but...

(beat)  
I sound like the biggest geek ever. Well I am the biggest geek ever, but...

(looks at Clay)  
I'm really glad I met you.

CLAY

Me too. I...  
(beat)  
Nothing.

JENNA

What?

CLAY

Nothing. It's embarrassing.

Jenna turns, jostling closer to him.

JENNA

(grins)  
We've been through hell together, Clay Sanders. You can tell me anything.

CLAY

(long beat)  
Remember how I talked to you a couple of days ago?

(she nods)  
That was the first time I'd gotten up the nerve to talk to you. I saw you, um, at the Winter Ball.

(smiles)  
You and Casey were... wearing these dresses that looked like they were made out of silk and I tried to get up the courage to talk to you but...

JENNA

I left before the end. Because I had work.

CLAY

And ever since then... I just...

(beat)

Kinda weird, right?

Jenna leans over and KISSES him on the cheek.

JENNA

That is the most unexpected... and the sweetest thing I've ever heard. Thanks.

CLAY

You're making fun of me.

JENNA

No. I never make fun of people who go on the run with me.

CLAY

(small smile)

That a rule?

JENNA

Of course. A principle.

They both smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - SAME TIME

ON THE GERMAN as he lounges against the wall, talking into his CELL PHONE:

GERMAN

(in subtitled German;  
listening)

<It will be obtained... do not worry, the New York Police Department are currently sniffing at my footprints. They have no idea where I am.>

(beat)

<Wherever I am, I will send you the tracker. Send a backup team for dispatch ASAP.>

(beat)

<And the rest will be paid to my account once the job is complete.>

(listens; angry)

<I hold no allegiance with you. Remember that.>

He hangs up. An elderly COUPLE pass him. He SMILES.

GERMAN (CONT'D)  
 (American)  
 Hey, folks! Great day, isn't it?

They smile and wave back. The German SCRATCHES the back of his hand... on which is branded a SYMBOL...

The German turns towards the road. And starts to walk.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD SUV - SAME TIME

Gibbons, Casey and Valdez are all strapped into the same car, Valdez on the Bluetooth headset speaking to:

VALDEZ  
 Cara? You alright?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NYPD BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

Cara is handling things back at HQ, several more INTERNS sharing the workload.

CARA  
 Yeah, I think we're gonna be okay.  
 Just don't be too long. I'm  
 nineteen, having this much power  
 will either go to my head or will  
 cause me to spontaneously combust.

VALDEZ  
 (dry)  
 Make sure if you do, you put some  
 newspaper out. They just cleaned in  
 there.

GIBBONS  
 How's Jason doing on the cameras?

CARA  
 Pretty good, he's covering most of  
 the CCTV cameras surrounding the  
 lake and the roads there. Only  
 problem is, he can only do a few at  
 a time due to the general  
 crappiness of the PCs here.

VALDEZ  
 Give us a heads-up if you see the  
 plates of the stolen truck. You  
 have them, right?

CARA  
 Engraved upon my brain.

GIBBONS

Good luck.

CARA

You too.

Their conversation ends - as we PULL OUT of the car:

EXT. HIGHWAY 37 - AFTERNOON

To find them racing along like nobody's business - us taking in the strangely beautiful vista of a fierce golden field of corn and an intensely cerulean sky.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as he checks a nearby PAINTED SIGN and then turns down a small PATH.

CLAY

We're here.

JENNA

(nods)

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

The truck SPUTTERS to a halt before Clay and Jenna emerge. And then stop, looking at something.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(whistles)

Nice...

PULL AROUND to find what they're looking at:

THE SUMMER RETREAT

It's more like a small mansion - three stories and based partially on Victorian architecture. It's expansive, huge.

There's a couple of stone GARGOYLES on top, staring menacingly at the newcomers - but a couple of serene ANGELS in the garden provide some relief.

The mansion is right on the edge of the glittering, blue lake, a small RAMP leading into the lake itself.

ANGLE ON JENNA as she stands a little closer, mesmerised by the sight of this behemoth of a home.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Wow.

CLAY

Meh. Once you've seen it enough times it gets kinda boring.

JENNA

You are kidding, right? I've been to museums that have impressed me less.

(off looks)

Yeah, I have no social life.

CLAY

Come on, let's get inside. See what's still left.

ON CLAY as he takes Jenna's hand and they move off towards the house. ANGLE ON THE HOUSE as we approach it:

The windows are enormous and elegant, as is the small GARDEN out front. The walls themselves are covered in honeysuckle.

It looks as though it just stepped out of a children's novel.

BACK ON CLAY as he reaches towards a small FLOWERPOT on the porch and digs around in the dirt - eventually retrieving a small KEY.

CLAY

(winks)

Everyone always guesses underneath the welcome mat.

Jenna looks down - there is indeed a WELCOME MAT beneath her feet. The words on the mat read:

**TO WHERE THE WEARIEST TRAVELLER ALWAYS RETURNS**

JENNA

Nice. The only novelty welcome mat I had was "God bless this dump".

CLAY

Come on in.

He OPENS the door with a very rusty, creaky SWING...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - HALL - NEXT

The entire place is shrouded in near-darkness, the light spilling from the doorway the only bit of light here.

Clay and Jenna COUGH loudly as the thick layer of DUST hits them. Clay moves towards a WINDOW to the left of the door and flings the curtains back.

SUNLIGHT spills through the window, showing that Clay's currently in the DINING ROOM.

An ancient OAK TABLE resides there - three CHAIRS still there, perfect in place. There's even a small MINIBAR in the corner, a couple of BOTTLES still present.

Jenna moves over to the right, pulling back another set of curtains - to reveal that she's in the LIVING ROOM.

This room is vast, several plush COUCHES and CHAIRS complimenting the thick carpeting and soft surroundings.

Jenna WHISTLES once more.

JENNA

This is bigger than my whole apartment. Just this one room.

CLAY

Nah, it's nothing.

JENNA

Don't play modest, Sanders.

CLAY

(smiles)

I'm gonna go into the kitchen. See if there's any food left.

(beat)

Check upstairs for me. Get some light in?

JENNA

Sure.

ON JENNA as she bounds up the stairs off screen:

JENNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

See! Even the carpet on the stairs is richer than me!

Clay CHUCKLES as we follow him into:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT

The kitchen is fairly big, made of shining steel and Italian marble that makes everything gleam, even in the half-light from the Sun.

ON CLAY as he walks along and OPENS the large FRIDGE:

ANGLE INSIDE THE FRIDGE:

To show that there's virtually nothing there.

ON CLAY as he SIGHS.

CLAY

Crap.

He opens several of the cupboards, finding nought but dust and a couple of TINS. Clay consults the cans.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Huh. Not out of date.

(beat)

Here's to dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON JENNA as she ascends the staircase - finding a handful of rooms there, all of them sealed off.

Jenna pushes one door open and FLICKS ON the light switch - to show that inside is a gleaming BATHROOM, all of it brand new and modern.

JENNA

At least the power works.

She moves on - pushing open another door to find a plush MASTER BEDROOM inside. Four poster bed, plasma TV and a huge wardrobe - very upper class here.

ON JENNA as she moves on once again - and it's Clay's old BEDROOM that she stumbles upon next.

It's all blues and greens - football, basketball and baseball stars adorning the walls, along with a scantily clad girl or two in poster form.

Jenna steps inside:

INT. HOUSE - CLAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's definitely a teenager's room, but seems at odds with the Clay we know. No books there and an XBOX sat in the corner - which hasn't been used in some time.

Jenna spies a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on the dresser and approaches it. ANGLE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH:

It's of a younger CLAY, his arms around a BLACK MAN and BLACK WOMAN in their forties. It's obviously Christmas from the decorations in the background.

Jenna SMILES a little wistfully as she realises that she's looking at MR and MRS SANDERS.

JENNA

(soft)

It's like the perfect family...

She moves on, holding the photograph loosely in her fingers as she EXITS and we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as he looks at his offerings - a couple of cans of SOUP, a few APPLES from a pantry and a bottle of SODA. All apparently long-lasting.

CLAY

Not bad.

JENNA (O.S.)

Not bad, indeed.

He turns, SMILING at the sight of Jenna. He notes the photo in her hands which she passes to him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was snooping.

CLAY

It's fine.

JENNA

For what it's worth... that's a really great photo. Like a Norman Rockwell painting.

(beat; grins)

So what's for dinner?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

Establishing shot of the house as the sun continues to descend, colours staining the lake in beautiful shades.

There's a couple of LIGHTS on in the house as we PUSH IN.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

PAN ACROSS the living space, lit only by a handful of CANDLES as we find Jenna and Clay.

They're cross legged on the comfortable carpet, the feast before them.

JENNA

This is good.

CLAY

It's not amazing.

JENNA

It's hot soup and cold vodka. I'm a happy bunny.

CLAY

Yeah, well, once this is all done, I'll take you somewhere really nice. Somewhere where you can enjoy good food and dance.

JENNA

It's a date.

They SMILE... then start to shift, leaning in closer...

There's a sudden RUSTLE and a FLASH of MOVEMENT past one of the windows! Both of them see this, standing instantly.

CLAY

Come on. Let's head upstairs.

JENNA

(trying to be light)  
Try that line with all the girls, Clay?

CLAY

(serious)  
Come on. I don't think it was a deer.

JENNA

You get deer out here?

ON CLAY as he leads Jenna up the stairs nervously as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - HILL - SAME TIME

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE as we PULL BACK - finding it being seen through a pair of high-tech BINOCULARS as a DARK FIGURE races back from the house.

MALE (O.S.)

Snake's returning.

ON SCENE:

To show that the GERMAN is laid out on the grassy knoll. He's dressed all in black as he turns to:

THE HIT SQUAD

All of them are dressed in black - the same standard of EQUIPMENT strapped across them.

Surprisingly, however, none of them have guns - but all are strong enough to hold their own against anything.

ANGLE ON THE DARK FIGURE as he reaches them, peeling back his hood to reveal strong, cut-glass features - SNAKE.

The German turns to Snake, the others listening:

GERMAN

Did they see you?

SNAKE

I don't know. The lights are still on in the living area but...

GERMAN

(to others)

You know your tactical formations. Snake and Eagle will take the ground floor front door, Rabbit and Bear the back door. I'll take the first floor and move upwards.

(beat)

Remember, don't shoot them. We need the location of the tape - we kill them once we have the tape.

The team NOD as they slink down, each of the team identified as they pass by - wiry, serious EAGLE; small and silent RABBIT and tall and muscle-bound BEAR.

PUSH IN on the house as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

The lights CLICK ON and Clay leads Jenna inside to a well-furnished study, all in burgundies and golds. Very much a male space.

ANGLE ON THE WALL which holds a GLASS CABINET - in which lies a ceremonial Japanese SWORD.

Jenna WHISTLES at it and leans close.

JENNA

Some sword.

CLAY

Got a lot of history.

(points)

Still has the blood on it. My blood.

ANGLE ON THE SWORD - which does indeed have traces of Clay's BLOOD on it. Jenna looks surprised.

CLAY (CONT'D)

The sword almost killed me and my father immortalised it.

(off her look)

Long story. And you say you had a messed up childhood.

Jenna sees several OXYGEN CANISTERS in one corner, a piece of BREATHING APPARATUS attached to it.

JENNA

And those?

CLAY

For my dad's bad days. When his lungs became constricted.

He passes her the HANDGUN. She looks at it nervously.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I'm going downstairs. I'll be back in five minutes. If I'm not, then get out of here, get the tape and run. Get the truck if you can.

JENNA

No. No I'm not--

Clay grasps her, leans in - and KISSES her passionately! It's more out of instinct and survival but they both reciprocate before Clay breaks it off.

He rests his forehead against hers, tenderly.

CLAY

You have to. Or all that we've fought for will be nothing.

JENNA

Please... no...

ON CLAY as he leaves, CLOSING THE DOOR behind him softly.  
ANGLE ON JENNA as she starts to pace across.

She looks down at the gun in her hand. Her hand starts to SHAKE as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as he drops down the stairs, moving over to the living room - just as the front door BURSTS OPEN and SNAKE and EAGLE rush in!

They see Clay and head for him - only for Clay to land a devastating ROUNDHOUSE KICK to both of them as he SWINGS off the staircase bannister!

He drops to one knee, assuming a karate-style pose before Eagle TACKLES him. He HEAD BUTTS Clay but the younger man manages to ELBOW him in the face with a CRACK that sends Eagle stumbling.

ON SNAKE as he rushes up, TWISTING his body around Clay's punch to AX KICK him in the head - but his leg SMASHES through the staircase's bannisters!

He struggles to free it but Clay grabs one WOODEN POLE and SMACKS him in the face with it, stunning Snake.

ON CLAY as he sprints towards the living area and in one smooth motion SCOOPS UP the bowl of steaming soup and SMASHES it into the face of the advancing Eagle!

Eagle SCREECHES in pain but Clay doesn't hesitate - KNEEING the man in the groin and FLIPPING him into the glass COFFEE TABLE.

It SHATTERS, Eagle collapsing with a CRY - before falling still. A piece of glass in his neck. DEAD.

ON CLAY as he gulps, realising what he's done as he looks down:

ANGLE ON THE GLASS:

To show that there's MOVEMENT behind him - SNAKE!

ON CLAY as he sees this, SPINS - but is too slow to avoid Snake shoving a PIECE of the wooden pole into Clay's side!

Clay YELPS and Snake SMIRKS before TWISTING it in further - just as Clay rears back with a handful of GLASS SHARDS!

He SLICES across Snake's face, the other man leaping to avoid it but still resulting in a few nasty LACERATIONS.

SNAKE

Bastard!

CLAY

Huh. Guess you guys actually speak English now.

He lets loose a sudden LEFT HOOK which Snake dodges and returns with a RIGHT HOOK of his own which connects heavily as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

ON JENNA as she continues worriedly pacing - the sounds of fighting coming up from downstairs.

JENNA  
(finally)  
No. Screw this.

She turns, still clutching the handgun - just as a BLUR of MOVEMENT appears at the window:

And the GERMAN CRASHES THROUGH IT!

He ROLLS nimbly to cushion himself against the shards of BROKEN GLASS but Jenna has the gun raised instantly.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Stop! Or I'll shoot.

GERMAN  
No you won't, Jenna. You're not a killer.

He SMILES, advancing on her - just as Jenna lets loose a warning SHOT which buries itself in a BOOKCASE.

GERMAN (CONT'D)  
On my way here, I got your backstories. Poor little orphan with a hyper-advanced need for acceptance masquerading as optimism.

JENNA  
No. The optimism's real. Such as I'm pretty optimistic that tonight is when you stop chasing me and Clay.

GERMAN  
(smirks)  
As am I.  
(beat)  
Give me the tape, Jenna. I promise you and your... 'friend' won't be hurt.

JENNA  
Then how come you showed up with reinforcements?

The German BLINKS. His game plan revealed. Jenna SMILES, indicating the floor, then her ear.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
They're not exactly discreet.

GERMAN  
(sighs)  
I do not enjoy my work, Jenna. I am a good person who has to do bad things in order to survive.

JENNA

Good people always have a choice.

GERMAN

Not always. You live in a world where everyone has a choice, can be equal. My world isn't that. The people I work for don't care about choices, opinions. I do what I must to stay alive.

JENNA

Including killing innocent people?

GERMAN

Drop the gun, Jenna. We both know you're not going to shoot me. And seeing as I am unarmed...

He raises his hands.

GERMAN (CONT'D)

...I say that we discuss this like adults.

JENNA

Not a chance.

GERMAN

(sighs; beat)

Then I'm afraid that things must move onto the next level.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE ROAD to establish - as the NYPD SUV roars past.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Gibbons is still driving, a tired Valdez asleep - while Casey tensely sits in the backseat.

Then suddenly:

CASEY

Look out!

There's another SUV in front of them. Gibbons BRAKES harshly, all the occupants jerking forward.

Silence.

Then FIGURES start to emerge. Gibbons grabs his SIDEARM while Valdez starts to awaken.

VALDEZ  
 (bleary)  
 What's happening?

GIBBONS  
 Stay in the car.

ON GIBBONS as he emerges, GUN raised:

EXT. SUV - NEXT

The figures appear in the HEADLIGHTS of the car - a WHITE MAN and one BLACK WOMAN.

BLACK WOMAN  
 (sees gun)  
 Whoa! Chill.  
 (beat; to Men)  
 Are we about to get mugged?

GIBBONS  
 Who are you? What are you doing here?

WHITE MAN  
 What are you doing driving an NYPD truck in the middle of the Midwest woodlands?

GIBBONS  
 (shows ID)  
 Micah Gibbons, NYPD Detective.

BLACK WOMAN  
 (pulls out ID)  
 Carina Davalos. CIA. Well... we represent a black-ops division. Omega.

GIBBONS  
 Wait--what are you doing here?

WHITE MAN  
 (beat)  
 We need you. One of our sleeper agents was killed in New York by a gun-for-hire for an organisation we've been tracking for almost a year now.

GIBBONS  
 Mr. Page.

BLACK WOMAN  
 (nods)  
 He was one of our assets, guarding something of ours that we wanted protecting.  
 (MORE)

BLACK WOMAN (cont'd)

Now we have reason to believe that your investigation has stumbled upon it.

GIBBONS

We've located the two civilians accused of murdering Page. They're at a cabin at Lake Thalia.

WHITE MAN

Heh.

(off looks)

Sorry. We call you guys 'civilians'.

BLACK WOMAN

(ignoring)

We need to go there. Now. The German assassin will have followed them there.

CASEY (O.S.)

So she's in trouble?

Casey is YELLING from the car.

GIBBONS

We're moving out.

As the two teams pile into their respective vans, ROARING away into the night as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Clay is BLASTED back with a vicious DROP KICK from Snake who proceeds to snatch up the discarded BOTTLE of vodka.

He FLINGS it at Clay who DUCKS to avoid it before dropping into a defensive pose - before KNOCKING Snake back with a SWEEP KICK.

Clay STAMPS on Snake's legs but Snake ROLLS to avoid another onslaught - just as Clay reaches the minibar area.

He BREAKS OFF the CABINET DOOR and SMASHES Snake's face with it before he BREAKS a bottle of WHISKEY.

Snake, disorientated, reaches for a device on his belt - and FLINGS it at Clay! Clay sees it, a small BLACK BALL...

...which starts to BLINK menacingly RED, forcing Clay to launch himself away from it, Snake moving away too:

As the ball DETONATES, INCINERATING the minibar and most of the dining room!

Clay manages a clumsy STAMP KICK but Snake PUNCHES him in the solar plexus, winding him, a KNEE to the chest knocking him flat down.

Snake SMIRKS as he reaches down, reaching into his belt - and producing a REEL of PIANO WIRE.

As he starts to wrap it around Clay's neck, he whispers:

SNAKE

Shame about the girl. She'll have to go too.

Then he stops. Grasps his neck. There's the end of the broken bottle SLAMMED in there.

Clay on the other end of it, GRIMACING as Snake's eyes GO WIDE... and he COLLAPSES DEAD.

ON CLAY as he stands. Then he looks upstairs.

CLAY

Jenna.

He starts to race for the stairs - just as a KNIFE flies through the air and SLAMS into Clay's shirt, PINING him to the wall!

Clay looks up, PULLING the knife free to find:

BEAR

The muscular mercenary SMILES wickedly before TWIRLING another blade himself.

BEAR

Ready to play, little boy?

CLAY

(sighs)

Bring it on. Everyone else has.

ON CLAY as Bear advances menacingly and we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

ON JENNA as she FIRES, this SHOT slamming into the desk behind the German, SHATTERING a CLOCK there.

She's shaking slightly, the fear of the whole situation creeping up on her - something which the German notices.

GERMAN

Drop the gun. Now.

Suddenly there's an almighty CRASH from downstairs, distracting Jenna - and allowing the German to let loose a RIGHT KICK which KNOCKS the gun free from Jenna's hands!

The gun FLIES into the air, DISCHARGING once - the bullet SLAMMING harmlessly into the ceiling.

The German TACKLES Jenna, SLAMMING her into the opposite wall so hard that a little DUST actually falls!

Jenna struggles, CLAWING at the German's arms as he holds her still - until she manages a vicious HEADBUTT:

And he FLINGS her across the room!

ON JENNA as she's thrown into the DESK, body CRASHING into it painfully. She MOANS, struggling to her feet defiantly.

GERMAN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

You're stronger than I thought. I might just keep you.

ANGLE ON JENNA as her eyes flit around and she picks the gun up and PRESSES THE TRIGGER.

Nothing. No bullets.

The German SMIRKS, CRACKING his knuckles as he advances upon her.

GERMAN (CONT'D)

It appears as though you are out of bullets.

ON JENNA as she aims - and then FLINGS the spent gun to the right of the German, he DUCKING the blow easily.

GERMAN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

And it also appears as though you have missed.

JENNA

Really?

ANGLE ON THE GERMAN as he turns around - to see that the gun has SHATTERED the glass case surrounding the SWORD!

With a surprising YELL, Jenna SMACKS the German with a RIGHT HOOK before leaping towards the sword.

She snatches it up - her hand getting pretty cut up in the process - and SLICES it dramatically towards the German who's forced to duck as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Clay SLIDES underneath Bear, SNAP KICKING up at the same time - and forcing the man to COLLAPSE in a heap.

Coldly Clay SNAPS one of the wooden banisters from the staircase and SLAMS it down - SLAMMING through Bear's foot!

Bear YELPS, struggling to get the wooden piece out as Clay moves on, moving towards the kitchen:

When a FLASH of MOVEMENT signals an arrival. Clay SPINS - to find the small and solemn RABBIT.

ON RABBIT as he BOUNCES energetically off the ground and SMASHES into Clay with a two-footed KICK.

Clay FLIES BACKWARDS into the kitchen with a CRASH, Rabbit racing along like nobody's business.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ON CLAY as he struggles to his feet as CUTLERY clatters down all around him from half-destroyed cupboards. KNIFES, FORKS and SPOONS cover the floor.

Rabbit LEAPS in the air, KICKING BACK Clay into the fridge. Clay SWINGS the fridge door into Rabbit's next KICK before SLAMMING his exposed leg inside!

To his credit, Rabbit doesn't cry out but lands a stunning one-two combo to Clay's face that has him stumbling back against the sink while Rabbit releases his leg.

ON RABBIT as he ROUNDHOUSE KICKS Clay, the student crashing against the sink fully now - where he scoops up a BREADKNIFE and SWINGS at Rabbit with it!

Rabbit neatly HOPS back, SWEEP KICKING Clay and SNATCHING the knife from him. Rabbit TWIRLS it delicately over Clay, as if wondering where to go...

...just as Clay rears back with a KNIFE, SLICING across Rabbit's foot with a ROAR!

Rabbit slips a little, the knife wavering - and this allows Clay to TACKLE him, SLAMMING Rabbit into a set of SHELVES...

...the shelves CLATTERING down upon the two of them seconds later!

Silence.

Then MOVEMENT. Hands struggling to get free - as one MAN gets free.

It's CLAY.

He looks down, features bloodied and bruised to see RABBIT.

One of the blades from the floor stuck to the hilt in his chest.

ON CLAY as he SIGHS, rapidly feeling the strains of the fight hitting him as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

ON JENNA as she SLICES wildly, arcing through the air around the German, the man HOPPING and DUCKING each one...

...as the German reaches into a LEG HOLSTER and produces a FLICK KNIFE!

He SLASHES at Jenna's bare arms, the girl receiving several nasty CUTS but holding on as the German forces her back against the broken window.

GERMAN

Give in! What makes you think that you can change what is going to happen?

JENNA

(between slashes)  
Because... I... can...

She SLICES and DROP KICKS, knocking the German back and off-guard - allowing her to SLAM the sword into his abdomen!

ANGLE ON THE GERMAN as he looks down. COUGHS.

GERMAN

Good girl.

He COLLAPSES, Jenna staying a little away - as he slowly starts to DIE. Then she bends down.

ON JENNA as she spots the symbol on his hand - reminiscent of an archaic symbol almost.

JENNA

What does that mean?

GERMAN

(coughs)  
Tell me, Jenna... do you think we are good?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as he re-enters - to find that the dining room is now ENGULFED IN FIRE and is rapidly spreading!

BEAR suddenly removes the wooden shard with a wet SHINKT! He stands and removes a BOMB from his belt - just like the one Snake used!

He PRESSES the button on top and THROWS it towards the young Clay - who DIVES to avoid the EXPLOSION which DETONATES, RIPPING THROUGH the rooms!

The kitchen is practically INCINERATED in fire and Clay ROLLS - before receiving a BOOT to the face to keep him down.

Bear bends down, a devilish SMIRK on his face as he removes another bomb.

BEAR

Might just stick this one in your mouth, pretty boy. See how you like the burn.

CLAY

You first.

And he JAMS the bloody wooden SPLINTER back through Bear's uninjured leg! Bear CRIES OUT, dropping the glowing bomb and Clay scampers out, the bomb rolling to the stairs.

ON CLAY as he races up the stairs, Bear trapped - as the bomb DETONATES with a high-pitched SCREECH!

Bear is caught in the fire instantly, INCINERATING in the flames, the stairs CATCHING FIRE within moments - just avoiding Clay who reaches the top:

As the STAIRCASE COLLAPSES, ablaze with FLAMES!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

The German is speaking, BUBBLES of BLOOD at his pale lips:

JENNA

(beat)

What's your name?

GERMAN

(long beat)

Gunter.

Jenna NODS, then:

GERMAN (CONT'D)  
 Jones. Harris. Zebutu. Yang.  
 Benoit. Whatever and whoever they  
 wanted me to be.

Then he SLUMPS to the ground, eyes wide. DEAD.

Jenna looks down at him, parts horror and curiosity pulling at her - just as she sees FLAMES start to LICK at the edge of the door!

JENNA  
 Oh, shit.

She rushes to the door - just as CLAY appears, KICKING it down with a hell of a COUGH following.

He closes the door and Jenna rushes into his arms. Nothing romantic. Just survival.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
 (sees injuries)  
 Damn it, Clay. We need to get you to  
 a hospital.

CLAY  
 If we can get out. The staircase is  
 gone.  
 (beat)  
 I think this might be it.

Clay and Jenna wrap their arms around each other - TEARS starting to flow down Jenna's cheeks.

And they wait to die.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - SAME TIME

The pair of SUVs race into view, their respective members piling out - and their eyes fall when they see the BURNING HOUSE, most of it ABLAZE!

CASEY  
 (distracted)  
 Jenna!!

ON CASEY as she starts to run - but Gibbons and Valdez hold her back forcefully.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
 Let go of me. She might be in there  
 - Jenna!!

GIBBONS  
 We can't. I'm sorry but--

Another EXPLOSION in the living room starts to INCINERATE the rest of the stately home as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

ON CLAY as he and Jenna embrace, FIRE starting to creep under the door...

When Clay spots something. And SMILES.

CLAY

Help me.

He starts to drag the oxygen canisters over to the door - indicating the sword which Jenna picks up trembling.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Ironic. Seeing as that's the sword that's gonna save my life.

(beat)

Slice the top of the canister so it starts to leak.

JENNA

What are you doing?

CLAY

If my very general guesses are correct...

Jenna SLICES the top of the canister down with Clay's help.

CLAY (CONT'D)

...then I think we might just be alright.

ANGLE ON THE FIRE as it reaches the canisters, Clay gathering Jenna in her arms near the broken window...

**BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!**

The oxygen canisters EXPLODE, a malestrom of FIRE exploding outwards and BLASTING Clay and Jenna out:

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Into the cold embrace of the calm lake - a shockwave of FLAMES missing them narrowly by seconds!

The flames on their clothes are immediately EXTINGUISHED by the water as Clay and Jenna, battered, bruised and weary start to swim towards the small ramp.

ANGLE ON THE PAIR, unnoticed as they struggle up the ramp...

...until CASEY spots them, CRYING OUT!

CASEY  
Jenna!! Clay!!

She, Gibbons and Valdez race over to them while the two CIA agents hang back. Casey sweeps both of them up into her arms, the three of them collapsing in a heap until:

BLACK WOMAN (O.S.)  
Clay Sanders? Jenna Williams?

The two of them NOD weakly as the Black Woman approaches. She smiles benevolently.

BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Can you tell us where...?

JENNA  
(sighs)  
Hold on.

ON JENNA as she limps towards the burning remains of the house, Casey supporting her while Valdez and Gibbons help the more severely injured Clay - who has blood thickly dribbling from his side wound.

GIBBONS  
(to Valdez)  
He needs a doctor. Fast.

Jenna reaches the front of the house - where FLAMES are still burning - and retrieves the FLOWERPOT.

She removes the flower, digging around in the dirt - and produces the CASSETTE TAPE!

She hands it to the Black Woman who GRINS wide.

BLACK WOMAN  
Thank you. So much.

ON CLAY as he reaches Jenna. The two of them share a look. Before they flop down onto the front steps.

WHITE OUT:

*THREE MONTHS LATER*

FADE IN:

INT. CAMPUS - ROOM 232 - DAY

ANGLE ON the empty, quiet classroom - only PROFESSOR SHAW working here quietly at her PC.

The door OPENS. It's Jenna.

She has several BANDAGES criss-crossing her pale arms but otherwise looks great.

JENNA

Hey professor.

SHAW

Jenna! I'm surprised to see you--

JENNA

Here. Yeah, me too. I'm still recovering. Being a falsely accused fugitive does that to you.

(beat)

Wow. Too early for that kind of humour yet?

SHAW

(beat)

Can I help you?

JENNA

Actually, yeah.

She pulls a piece of PAPER from her jeans pocket. Hands it over to Shaw who unfolds it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

The guy who... who did this. He had this mark branded or tattooed on him. Do you know what it means?

SHAW

(beat)

Jenna, are you sure this is healthy? Going over it and--

JENNA

I understand. People assume I'm suffering from PTSD, but I'm not. I just... sometimes I wake up and all I can see is that... symbol.

(beat)

Please. Help me.

Shaw pulls on her GLASSES. Peers at it.

SHAW

(beat)

It's quite a rare and unusual symbol. Quite so because several versions of it have been found across the world. Egyptian, Aztec, Mayan. Even early Sumerian and Polynesian.

JENNA

What does it mean?

SHAW

It refers to the deceased. They would mark this on their dead as a... sign for being no longer part of the mortal world.

(beat)

It literally means 'ghost'.

ON JENNA as she bends, understanding washing over her.

JENNA

Thank you, Professor.

She makes to go when:

SHAW

See you in class?

JENNA

(smiles)

Definitely.

Shaw meets her smile with one of her own as Jenna gently closes the door behind her and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

PUSH ALONG to find ourselves in a new apartment entirely. There's a new TELEVISION on in the corner, a NEWS REPORT on:

NEWSREADER

...been three months since the manhunt for Jenna Williams and Clay Sanders, two NYU students was called off and the two were found innocent of all charges. Detective Micah Gibbons was the head of the investigation and has since had a commendation from the Mayor of New York, as well as Detective Olivia Valdez, intern Cara Walker and Jason DiMaggia.

(beat)

(MORE)

NEWSREADER (cont'd)

Authorities are still unwilling to reveal the more murky sides of the manhunt, including the mysterious man who murdered a police officer and gave chase to Sanders and Williams during their two day...

CLICK. The TV's off.

JENNA (O.S.)

Enough of that.

REVERSE ANGLE

To see that Jenna's now lugging a heavy CARDBOARD BOX across, strangely enough in a brightly coloured SUMMER DRESS. There's already a TABLE there.

And on it lies a framed PHOTOGRAPH. It's the photograph from Clay's dresser.

Jenna touches it tenderly, reverently. Silence for a beat until:

CLAY (O.S.)

Thinking of something?

Jenna turns, smiling - and it's CLAY, heavily banged up as well - a huge BANDAGE on his side as well as STITCHES in his face.

JENNA

Nothing. Come on, we need to get these moved before the party.

CLAY

It's not that far away. We've got time.

JENNA

As nice as this apartment is, we can't spend every spare minute in here.

CLAY

(cheeky grin)

The government paid for it. By not using it as much as we can, it's like we're defrauding the government.

He bends down and KISSES her. She kisses him back, wrapping her arms around him.

Then he WINCES.

JENNA  
 (apologetic)  
 Sorry. I forgot about the bandages.

CLAY  
 Only two more weeks. Then...  
 (grins)  
 I get your kind of intensive  
 recovery therapy.

JENNA  
 (smiles)  
 I do owe you one, champ...

CLAY  
 Yes, you do...

They lean in for another KISS until:

CASEY (O.S.)  
 Jenna? Clay? You coming?

They turn - romantic moment over - and see CASEY beckoning  
 from the doorway. CALEB stands beside her, a tad awkwardly.

CALEB  
 Um... hi.

CASEY  
 Come on! We're gonna miss the whole  
 thing if you two don't stop making  
 goo-goo eyes at each other.

CLAY  
 (to Jenna)  
 And they say romance is dead.

Jenna disappears for a second - before returning and putting  
 a BRACELET on.

JENNA  
 Ready.

CLAY  
 Hold on.

There's some MAIL on a box which Clay grabs. He hands one to  
 Jenna - post marked the US government!

She rips it open, reading it quickly - and GRINS.

JENNA  
 Guess they finally got round to  
 telling us what the tape was.

CASEY  
 Let me see.

JENNA

Nuh uh. Survivors of manhunts only.

The four of them move off, Jenna dropping the letter behind them as Clay closes the door and we:

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP - DUSK

All of the residents are gathered, laughing and having fun - while several serve DRINKS and arrange FOOD. A couple work a large BARBECUE PIT, roasting meat expertly.

FAIRY LIGHTS are strung across the wires lightly along with CHINESE LANTERNS, giving the whole place a beautiful feel.

Casey and Caleb are chatting animatedly to a couple while we PUSH ALONG them to find:

JENNA AND CLAY

Sat down on a pilfered, ratty COUCH. Curled up and looking very happy together.

CLAY

(chuckles)

You know what I just realised?

JENNA

What?

CLAY

I never took you out on that date I promised. When we were in the retreat, I said I'd take you somewhere with hot good food and where we can dance.

JENNA

Well...

Jenna grabs a PAPER PLATE and grabs a bit of meat from the barbecue pit.

JENNA (CONT'D)

...here's the food. Now may I have this dance, Clay?

CLAY

(smiles)

Of course.

They get up gingerly and move towards the impromptu dancefloor where a CD STEREO is playing music.

The song changes to 'I Gotta Feeling' by the Black Eyed Peas. Clay and Jenna start to sway a little to the music as we PUSH IN on them.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I meant it too.

JENNA

Sorry?

CLAY

When you said that you were glad  
that we got involved in this...

(grins)

I'm pretty damn glad too.

JENNA

Good.

The music SWELLS joyfully and hopefully as we SWEEP OVER them, the two sharing one more triumphant KISS.

We start to take in the whole of New York City, glimmering beautifully as the sun sets.

A new chance for our two heroes as we eventually, softly...

**BLACK OUT:**

# *GOOD*

*WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY*

*CHRIS HAIGH*

*EDITED BY*

*A. J. BLACK*

*ERICA LEEHRSEN*

*TEXAS BATTLE*

*JARED HARRIS*

*IDRIS ELBA*

*LIZZY CAPLAN*

*KYLE GALLNER*

*LOLA GLAUDINI*

*SONYA WALGER*

*DANIELLE PANABAKER*

*AND*

*NOAH WYLE*

