Dream State

Pilot Episode

“The Awakening”

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"Vast untapped mental capabilities create an entirely new battlefield dimension which, if ignored, pose a threat to self and country more serious than nuclear weapons."

— Lt. Col. Dolan M. McKelvy, USAF,
***Psychic Warfare: Exploring the Mind Frontier*, 1988**

St.Petersburg, Russia 1993

EXT. KUPCHINO - NIGHT

An extensive grid of uniform multi-story panel buildings. Cold gray cement facades. Prison-like.

INT. VERA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The light from the TV glows on **VERA VORONOVA's** face. She is 18, Russian, rosy-cheeked, soft eyes, hair down around her shoulders. She smiles and cries.

On the TV - ***The Rich Also Cry***, an iconic 1979 Mexican telenovela translated to Russian.

As she raises a BEER to her mouth, a RUSSIAN GUARD appears behind her, throwing a BLACK HOOD over her head and knocking the beer bottle away.

(SPEAKING IN RUSSIAN - SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH)

VERA
Five more minutes.

The Russian Guard pulls her from her easy chair and stands her upright.

VERA
Ok. It's a repeat anyhow.

As the Russian Guard moves Vera toward the door, which is partially open, his boot kicks the beer bottle and it rolls down the hallway and knocks against the BEDROOM DOOR.

The door opens and YOUNG JUNE (4), in a RABBIT COSTUME several sizes too big, peers out and wipes the sleep from her eyes.

YOUNG JUNE
Mommy?

VERA
It's okay, Junebug. Mommy has to go to work.

The door closes. Vera and the Russian Guard are gone.

INSTITUTE OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE

INT. INSTITUTE OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE - NIGHT

With the black hood still over her head, Vera is led by the Russian Guard through a long, dark cement tunnel deep beneath the building. Vera is barefoot. Still in her pajamas.

Old fluorescent lights flick. Some are out forever.

VERA
(Scoffing)
You know how silly this hood is, right?

The Russian Guard is stoic. Unresponsive.

They continue marching, for a long way, toward an old FREIGHT ELEVATOR at the far end of the tunnel.

ROWS OF FILE CABINETS line the walls. Long forgotten, rusting, drawers open, files lie onto the floor.

Amongst the files are government dossiers filled with old black and white photos of girls Vera's age and some as young as 10 years old, stamped in red ink, **БРАК (REJECT).**

The Russian Guard steps over the files. Indifferent to the girls who failed, but as Vera's bare foot comes down on one of the photos, she stops.

The Russian Guard keeps moving. Vera's arm pulls taut. She yanks it free.

She crouches in the dark tunnel in her pajamas and picks up the photograph. She runs her fingers across it slowly. The girl's face. The official stamp. Her fingers find the raised ink of the БРАК. She stays there for a moment.

The Russian Guard grabs her arm and yanks her upright.

Vera slips the photo into her jacket.

He pulls her into the elevator. The door closes.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE - NIGHT

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV (55) pulls his heavy wool coat tight with one hand and holds his hat down with the other as the frigid air whips around him. Thin gray hair escapes beneath the brim, his white beard catching the frost, his weathered face pinched against the cold. He whistles softly to himself, as if the thin little tune might somehow keep him warm.

Behind him rises a towering, windowless brutalist monument, less a building than a gravestone to a long-forgotten era. Fresh snow blankets the vast, empty parking.

Kuznetsov spots a Mercedes approaching and waves at the driver.

GENERAL VOLKOV (58) a stone-faced, statuesque man in a freshly pressed military uniform steps out of the Mercedes and approaches Kuznetsov.

(SPEAKING IN RUSSIAN - SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH)

GENERAL VOLKOV
Who is girl today?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Vera Voronova. Eighteen. Promising.

The two men proceed across the snow covered lot to the front of the building. A surveillance camera tracks their movement as they approach a massive iron door with a keypad.

Kuznetsov enters a passcode and the door creaks open. They step into a long barren corridor, illuminated by flickering fluorescent lights. The door shuts, sealing them in.

INT. INSTITUTE OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The freight elevator door creaks open. The Russian Guard pulls Vera into another corridor, toward a door with a keypad. He punches in a code, pulls off her hood, and turns her toward the opening.

He waits outside as Vera steps cautiously into a large cement chamber.

INT. INSTITUTE OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE - CHAMBER - NIGHT

Inside the concrete chamber, a twelve-foot **KOZYREV MIRROR** spirals upward, its mirrored surface bends the dim light.

Vera steps toward it. Her eyes wide. Curious. Shaking.

Professor Kuznetsov's ominous voice echoes through the chamber.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV (O.S.)
Step into the mirror.

Vera steps through a narrow slit in the mirror, entering its swirling aluminum womb.

INT. IEM - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

From the Observation Room above, Professor Kuznetsov and General Volkov study her every move as a CAMERAMAN films the session with a **16MM SOVIET ERA CAMERA.**

(SPEAKING IN RUSSIAN - SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH)

GENERAL VOLKOV
She doesn’t look like much.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
How is she supposed to look?

GENERAL VOLKOV
Different from all the others.

INTERCUT BETWEEN OBSERVATION ROOM, CHAMBER AND INSIDE OF THE MIRROR

They glance down at Vera, sitting within the mirror, cross-legged. She is anxious. Unaware of the night's mission. Her fingers curl the edges of her hair.

A **LAB ASSISTANT** in a clean white trenchcoat approaches the opening of the mirror holding a **PLASTIC CONTAINER** with a FROG inside, its lid pierced with breathing holes.

The Lab Assistant walks cautiously through the spiral walls of the Kozyrev mirror and enters the inner chamber where Vera is sitting.

He places the container with the frog at Vera's feet, removes several small HAND TOWELS from his pocket and places them at her feet then he leaves.

Professor Kuznetsov leans into the MICROPHONE.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Vera, you may proceed.

Vera nods, closes her eyes, and focuses on the frog. The aluminum walls twist Vera and the frog into distorted reflections.

Professor Kuznetsov places a mesh-like metal **FARADAY MASK** over his face, and gives an identical mask to General Volkov.

GENERAL VOLKOV
Is this really necessary, Professor?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Only if you don’t want your brain turned into porridge.

General Volkov lowers the Faraday Mask over his face and peers through the narrow eye-slits.

As Vera focuses her eyes on the frog, her heartbeat quickens, and so does the frog's. Every muscle in Vera's body locks tight. Her fingers twitch in the air like a maestro. Then her breathing halts.

She bends over. Her breathing becomes rapid, uncontrollable.

VERA
Water!! Please!!

General Volkov's hand hovers over a **БРАК (REJECT) STAMP** next to a **PHOTO OF VERA.**

Professor Kuznetsov pours a glass of water from an old ceramic WATER PITCHER with flowers on it.

General Volkov grabs the glass of water from Professor Kuznetsov.

GENERAL VOLKOV
I'll take it.

General Volkov heads down a SPIRAL STAIRCASE toward the chamber. At the bottom of the stairs there is a thick METAL DOOR with a KEYPAD. He enters a passcode, the door unlocks and he enters.

The Lab Assistant looks on as General Volkov enters the Kozyrev Mirror.

Inside the mirror, Vera is spent. She looks up, embarrassed, exhausted, as General Volkov enters with the glass of water.

He hands it to her and watches her drink the entire glass in one long gulp. He takes the glass from her as she wipes her mouth.

GENERAL VOLKOV
There's no shame in cancelling the experiment.

His eyes peer out from behind the Faraday Mask.

VERA
Yes there is.

She sees the corners of his mouth arch upward from beneath the mask. Then he turns and strides away.

Vera takes a long deep breath and then lets it out. She shakes her arms and lets go of all of her tension.

Professor Kuznetsov's voice rings out over the loudspeaker.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV (O.S.)
Please continue, Vera, my dear.

Vera gently picks up the container with the frog in it. She turns her head and studies its eyes.

VERA
(whispering)
Your fate is my fate.

Vera closes her eyes. Her pupils move wildly beneath her lids. The frog's legs twitch. It hops around the container trying to escape.

General Volkov waits outside the mirror, just by the opening. One hand grips the edge of the polished surface.

Professor Kuznetsov leans toward the glass window overlooking the chamber.

Vera's body tightens again. Every muscle stiffens except for her THUMB which vibrates intensely.

Veins in her head ripple, her jaw tightens, she bites her lip hard. Her eyes pop open and blood sprays from the plastic box onto her hand.

The frog lies dead. Its organs splattered all over the inside of the container. Blood drips from the air holes onto Vera's bare feet.

General Volkov enters, raises his Faraday Mask, picks up a hand towel and gently wipes the blood off of Vera's face and hands.

GENERAL VOLKOV
More water?

She shakes her head 'no'.

He pulls a photo of Dr.Dubois, a French-American Scientist from his coat, and places it in her hands.

GENERAL VOLKOV
Now, him.

She glares at General Volkov in disbelief. Her lips quiver and hands shake. Her eyes slowly peer down at the dead frog then she turns sharply and looks up at Professor Kuznetsov, high above in the observation room, his face against the glass.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
(Into the Microphone)
It’s okay, Vera. He is enemy of the people.

Vera turns back to General Volkov. Then her eyes drop down to Dr. Dubois' photo. General Volkov puts the mask down over his face, turns abruptly and strides out.

The dead frog sits in the plastic container. Vera kicks it away with her foot. Her eyes are glued to the photo of Dr. Dubois.

She closes her eyes.

Vera's mind is filled with a rush of images: A tree-lined mountain road. Misty, remote, carving through the outskirts of Portland. A car’s headlights appear as it cuts through the fog. Dr. Dubois' dark silhouette behind the wheel.

Portland, Oregon

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Vera appears beside the road, a warped psychic projection, stretched and translucent, like a heat mirage.

She shudders, steps into the road, her form strobing, dissolving, reappearing.

Dubois’ car blasts past, nearly clipping the phantom.

INT. DR. DUBOIS’ CAR - DAY.

DR. DUBOIS (46) grips the wheel, his eyes locked on the twisting road. Fog clouds every turn.

DR. DUBOIS
What about Truman? After Truman Capote.

Dr. Dubois glances into the backseat, where his wife, **MRS.CLAUDIA DUBOIS (45)** and pregnant, gasps for breath.

DR. DUBOIS
What’s that quote that you love so much?
“Good luck and believe in your stars.”

Claudia ignores him, too focused on the fact she might give birth in the backseat as they speed along.

DR. DUBOIS
How about…? Um…?

Dr. Dubois gazes out the window at the towering pine trees and the dense forest surrounding the road.

DR. DUBOIS
Forest. What about Forest?

Claudia's moans sharpen. She clenches her jaw, desperate for silence.

CLAUDIA
How much farther?

DR. DUBOIS
It's just around the bend.

He peers ahead, far in the distance, the **HYPERION INSTITUTE**, a gated brick building with ivy-covered walls, perched high on a hill.

Dr. Dubois grips the wheel. His pulse hammers. A high-pitched ring cuts through his skull.

In the rearview mirror, Vera’s eyes lock on him instead of his own reflection. Her hands twist the wheel.

The car veers. Dread slams through him as the tires shriek. The car swerves, and hits a large tree. The airbag explodes. Darkness.

INSERT:

Back inside the Kozyrev Mirror, Vera’s eyes pop open. Professor Kuznetsov rushes over and grabs her shoulder to steady her. She convulses, then also drops into darkness.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Blackness fades. Dr. Dubois’s eyes flutter open. Sirens wail, red and blue lights strobing across his vision. Distorted voices from paramedics and police murmur around him.

He bolts upright and realizes he’s on a stretcher in the back of an ambulance. A PARAMEDIC sits beside him, monitoring his vitals.

DR. DUBOIS
My wife…son?!!

A DARK SEDAN pulls up to the scene. **DR. DAWN (40s)**, a scientist and **COMMANDER NEWHALL (50s)**, a General, exit and watch with great concern as Dr. Dubois rushes out of the ambulance and spots Claudia being wheeled away on a stretcher.

DR. DUBOIS
My angel!!

Dr. Dubois hurries to Claudia and takes her bloody hand. Her eyes flutter open, and she offers a faint, pained smile. It is her final flicker of joy.

CLAUDIA
Forest is a lovely name.

Dr. Dubois places his hand on her belly. It is flat, slick with blood.

CLAUDIA
Promise that he'll be safe-

Before he can answer, Claudia’s eyes close. She stops breathing. Her hand falls limp. Dr. Dubois collapses beside her. His shoulders shake with grief.

A baby’s cry cuts through the sadness.

POLICE WOMAN (O.S.)
Sir, your son.

Dubois turns to see a POLICE WOMAN cradling BABY FOREST in her arms. Relief washes over him. Then concern as he pivots back to Claudia being covered with a sheet.

Dr. Dawn and Commander Newhall approach Dr. Dubois and lead him toward their waiting sedan.

EXT. ST. AGNES ORPHANAGE - DAY

A grand, ivy-covered building looms in the background as the kind-hearted **CARETAKER** steps outside to water the flowers. She spots Baby Forest wrapped in a blanket on the steps, kneels down, and gently lifts him into her arms.

CARETAKER
Where did you come from, Little Guy?

She sees Commander Newhall sitting behind the wheel of his sedan on the distant road. In the backseat, Dr. Dubois watches in silhouette. Dr. Dawn by his side. The car speeds away.

Beneath the blanket she finds a note:

His name is Forest Harlow. Please give him the home I cannot.

She exhales, gathers Baby Forest into her arms, and carries him inside, as he cries.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

A laundromat, Chinese restaurant, a pet supply store and an unmarked store with dark windows.

Forest, now 19, bearded, crosses the street, under a flickering street light, stops at the door to the unmarked shop. He opens his palm and looks at an address scribbled in black ink, "1562 Palm". He looks up, scanning for an address. It is missing but a mark left on the old paint looks somewhat like a 1-5-6-2.

He pulls the door and it creaks open. Forest steps into the dark room.

INT. RAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Forest stands at a window looking into a stripped-down warehouse bay. His eyes scan the smashed-up approximation of a family living room — couch, dining table, TV console, framed photos on a shelf. All of it mismatched, arranged like a diorama of a life someone else got to have.

DR. CALLOWAY (45), part tattooed tomboy, part successful therapist, stares at Forest.

DR. CALLOWAY
It's a wonderful day to scream your head off.

FOREST
Screaming has never worked for me.

He keeps looking into the room.

DR. CALLOWAY
Does anything help?

FOREST
Hitting things.

DR. CALLOWAY
That's the other half of my business. Even if you don't like the screaming, it usually follows the hitting.

Calloway hands him a helmet and safety goggles.

DR. CALLOWAY
They stay on until you're done. You get injured, you stop.

Forest pulls the helmet down. Goggles over his eyes.

DR. CALLOWAY
Weapon of choice?

Forest scans the rack — bats, crowbars, a golf club, a sledgehammer. His hand stops on a battered WOODEN BASEBALL BAT, grip taped over in layers, a name faded on the barrel.

He lifts it. Feels the weight.

DR. CALLOWAY
Whatever you want. As hard as you want.

She steps back through a side door. It clicks shut.

Forest stands alone. Silence, except his own breathing inside the helmet.

His eyes move across the room. The dining table. The couch. The TV console.

Then a FRAMED PHOTO on the shelf — stock, generic, a family that came with the frame. His eyes focus on it. On the smiles. The glee-filled eyes. The harmony. He raises his bat, swings, knocks it off the shelf.

As Forest looks down at the shattered photo, the shards of glass, a slight smile curves his lips. He chuckles to himself.

Dr. Calloway watches from the observation window, genuinely disturbed.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT.

Forest sits by himself, whiskey in front of him, staring at the bored, tattooed BARTENDER, jet black hair, dark eyes, very goth. Her back is against the shelves of liquor and one foot up on the well, her panties visible under her short leather skirt.

Forest turns his stool and gazes at the motley assembly of barflies playing pool in the dimly lit hall which looks more like someone's basement than a bar open to the public.

He turns back to the Bartender. Finishes his whiskey in one gulp.

FOREST
You bored?

BARTENDER
No, I love this place so much
I could die.

INT. BARTENDER'S OLD CHEVY - DARK ALLEY BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

They are in the backseat. Heavy metal blares from the cheap speakers. She is on his lap, top off, grinding. Biting his ear. Sighing. Really into it. He is barely there. His eyes dim and distant.

She senses Forest's noninvolvement, stops and looks into his eyes with disappointment.

BARTENDER
I thought you wanted to fuck me?

FOREST
I am.

BARTENDER
I'm fucking you. You're just sitting there.

Their eyes are on each other for a moment.

BARTENDER
Really fuck me, or I'm going back into the hellhole.

Forest's hand slowly slips around her neck, behind her ear, and grips her hair.

She waits for it. Then he pulls her hair. She smiles. His other arm reaches around her waist and pulls her hips violently into his torso. She moans. His face tenses. It's an act. He's not really there at all. The music buries them in its distortion.

INT. FOREST'S APARTMENT - DAY

Forest wakes at his WORKBENCH. As he lifts his head off a pile of COMPUTER COMPONENTS, he finds a small SCREW stuck to his head. He plucks it off and places it aside.

Forest is in the midst of building a frankenstein-laptop from salvaged pieces and parts.

As Forest rises from his chair, wipes his weary eyes, and grabs his empty coffee cup, he stubs his bare foot on a pile of BOOKS. He picks up one of them, **THE GHOST PROTOCOL: DIGITAL PRIVACY AND HOW TO BREAK IT** and places it on the coffee table.

Forest continues past piles of books to the adjacent kitchen area, grabs the POT OF COFFEE and refills his glass.

A POSTCARD is sticking halfway out of his pocket. He pulls it out, looks at it, remembers. It reads, **RAGE ROOM. NEXT VISIT 50% OFF. COME HIT SOMETHING.**

He pins it to a large **EVIDENCE WALL** made out of cork. Also pinned on the wall, a letter from the Oregon Center for Health Statistics saying, ***No birth record found matching the information provided for Forest Harlow.***

Forest returns to his workbench.

Taped to one of several computer terminals is an **OFFICIAL LETTER FROM ST.AGNES ORPHANAGE.**

Forest peers through a **JEWELER'S LOUPE** on an articulating arm, mounted to the workbench.

He swings it over the SSD, uses a tiny manual precision screwdriver and carefully seats the component into place.

FOREST
Dear Mr.Harlow. Thank you for your inquiry. St.Agnes Orphanage maintains strict confidentiality regarding all placement records in accordance with our institutional privacy policy. We are unable to release information pertaining to any individual's case file. We wish you well in your search.

His eyes glare at the letter.

Components spread out in front of him. An old laptop shell. Salvaged parts from a bin of e-waste.

Forest works methodically. He powers up his new frankenstein-laptop. Screen flickers. Boots clean. He closes it. Puts it in his BACKPACK. Rises. Grabs his keys, the backpack and his jacket. Ducks out the door.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

As Forest exits his apartment and closes the door, he sees the BUILDING MANAGER (66), messy hair, blotchy red, sunburnt face, changing the lock on the door across the way.

Their eyes try not to meet but they do, for a moment.

BUILDING MANAGER
Finally got that psycho out of the building.

FOREST
Who?

Forest looks at the stairs, ready to bolt.

BUILDING MANAGER
Who?! The asshole who has been making my life a living hell for two years!

FOREST
Oh. Uh. Good riddance.

Forest shrugs and trots down the stairs. The Building Manager goes back to screwing the new doorknob in place.

INT. RAIL LINE — DAY

Forest stands. Watching the city move past the window. His trusted backpack strapped tight.

EXT. PIONEER COURTHOUSE SQUARE — DAY

The square is busy. Office workers. Students. Tourists. Forest sits on the brick amphitheater, opens his laptop.

A **PUBLIC WIFI SIGN** on a nearby post.

He hesitates, then types **ST.AGNES ORPHANAGE** into a terminal window. Hits ENTER.

The sun moves across the sky.

The crowd grows, swallowing him.

INT. FOREST'S APARTMENT - DAY

Forest stands at his printer waiting for a photo to inch its way out. He lifts it and pins it to his wall.

It is his ADOPTION RECORDS:

SURNAME: HARLOW, GIVEN NAME: FOREST, PARENTS: UNKNOWN, INTAKE DATE: November 3, 1993, STATUS: ABANDONED — FOUND ON PREMISES, ADOPTIVE PARENT: Eleanor Downs, ADOPTION FINALIZED: March 12, 1994

Forest opens his well-worn **NOTEBOOK,** filled with letters and photos and scribbles down a few things. Forest's old land line phone rings. He answers.

FOREST
Hello?

MAX ORLO (O.S.)
Forest, I really need you to come by my office. No more delays.

Forest is barely paying attention. His eyes and mind focused on the Adoption Records.

FOREST
Okay.

MAX ORLO (O.S.)
When do you think-

Forest hangs up. He walks to the evidence wall. Pins the adoption records beside a PHOTO OF Mrs. Downs. A POST-IT reads, ADOPTIVE MOM. He connects them with a RED STRING.

INT. JUNE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

JUNE VORONOVA, Vera's daughter, now 23, stands still, eyes on the old closet handle, paint peeled away. On her DRESSER, framed photos of herself with Vera and her FATHER, a Russian soldier.

She takes a breath, pulls the doors open. Pushes dresses aside and finds a large BOX on the shelf. She places the box on her bed. Waits. Opens it.

Inside, her old RABBIT COSTUME. She pulls it out of the box and holds it against her skinny body.

She undresses and slides the Rabbit Costume on. It stretches and tears, barely fitting.

On June's night stand is a well-worn copy of **Vasilisa the Beautiful,** a Russian fairytale. She grabs the book, enters the closet and locks herself inside the darkness.

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

MAX ORLO (57), grey hair, dark suit, stern eyes, passes a CAR KEY across his desk to FOREST.

FOREST
I can't take it.

Forest pushes the car keys back to Max.

MAX
Your mother wants you to have it.

Max pushes the car key back to Forest.

FOREST
She's not my mother.

MAX
She thinks of you as her son.

Forest holds the car key in his fingers for a moment, weighing his options.

FOREST
She is going to need it to get around.

He slides it back to Max.

MAX
She has another car in the garage.
A 1983 Mercedes.

FOREST
She does?

MAX
So take the car.

He presses the key into Forest's hand and closes his fist around it.

FOREST
I'll take the Mercedes.
She loves the Honda.

MAX
That's what she thought you'd say.

Forest opens his fist and stares at the car key.

FOREST
The Mercedes?

MAX
Happy early birthday.

FOREST
You're a snake.

Max slides a large manilla envelope to Forest.

FOREST
What's this?

MAX
Some answers.

Forest eagerly tears open the envelope and pulls out his ADOPTION PAPERS. He scoffs. Almost a laugh.

MAX
Everything Okay?

FOREST
Just the universe fucking with me.

Forest chuckles, pushes the papers back into the envelope — they catch on something. He turns it upside down, shakes it. A **NOTE** slides out into his hand.

Max is surprised to see the note. Forest unfolds it and reads it…

FOREST
"His name is Forest Harlow.
Please give him the home I cannot."

MAX
It's not a name, but it's something.

FOREST
(Slowly)
"His name is Forest Harlow.
Please give him the home I cannot."

Forest notices some small indentations in the note left behind from another note that was written on top of it.

He holds it up to Max's desk lamp.

MAX
Something else?

Forest pulls the note away from the lamp, folds it neatly and puts it in his pocket.

FOREST
Is that everything?

MAX
Forest, I'm not a detective.
Not even close. Maybe it's time
to hire a professional?
Find out who your parents were.
Could be money well spent.

Forest rises from his chair and heads for the door.

MAX
You should get over to visit
your mother in the hospital.

Without turning back or acknowledging Max's words, Forest grabs the doorknob, sighs and then steps out.

INT. JUNE'S CLOSET - DAY

June lies in the dark sobbing, clutching her book. Her desk ALARM goes off.

She opens the closet door just wide enough to toss a shoe out and hit the alarm.

INT. JUNE'S BATHROOM - DAY

As June showers, she raises a bar of soap in her hand, exposing a small **SPIRAL TATTOO** on the inside of her wrist.

INT. THE HUMERUS COMEDY CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

June pushes open the swinging kitchen doors and enters the club carrying a large plastic bin for clearing dishes.

She stops and gazes around at the crowd. Laughter and applause fill the room.

June closes her eyes for a moment, takes a deep breath then opens her eyes, puts on her best smile and proceeds to pick up dirty glasses and wipe down tables.

On the wall next to the doors, a poster for **PAUL BLUEFIELD COMEDY PSYCHIC**.

The lights dim, the crowd settles, music quiets, the CLUB MANAGER leaps enthusiastically onto the stage, and grabs the mic.

CLUB MANAGER
How's everyone doing tonight?

He receives a lukewarm round of applause.

June continues quietly through the crowd, a ghost, cleaning tables, clearing glasses.

CLUB MANAGER
I really need to invest in one of those applause signs.

Now the Audience gives him what he wants: screams and whistles.

CLUB MANAGER
Our next comic travelled all the way from the UK. You've seen him all over the internet, he has a new special coming out next month. Give a big welcome to Paul Bluefield the Psychic Comic!!

He moves to the side of the stage and watches.

PAUL BLUEFIELD (34), chubby, balding, with a massive smile and friendly eyes, rushes out onto the stage carrying a large PAD OF PAPER and a MARKER. The Audience goes nuts. Lots of whistles and applause.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
Thank you so much! So much.

He grabs a wooden STOOL, sits down and places the pad of paper across his lap.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
Those of you who have seen me before, know how this works. For the rest of you, I am required by law to tell you that, well, I can read all of your minds.

Bluefield's words arrest June in mid stride.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
So, if you feel uncomfortable about sharing your deepest darkest, and mostly just embarrassingly funny secrets, with a room filled with strangers, well, now is your chance to flee and nobody will blame you.

He smiles brightly as his eyes scan the room for any deserters.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
At this point there's usually one person who says they have to go to the bathroom and they never come back.
(beat)
No? Not tonight?

Laughs from the Audience.

June takes her bin filled with glasses into the kitchen.

Paul Bluefield begins scribbling wildly on the pad of paper.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
I am getting a Scorpio. The 7th. Leslie. Is there a Leslie?

LESLIE (45) giggles and raises her hand.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
This isn't kindergarten. Just answer 'Yes' or 'No', to the things I say, and we will get along splendidly. Okay?

LESLIE
Yes.

He scribbles a bit more, then stops abruptly and looks at Leslie as if reading her thoughts.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
I am sensing rejection from someone that lives with you. Is that right?

LESLIE
Yes.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
You have a new boyfriend.

LESLIE
Yes.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
A family member has not taken to him.

LESLIE
Yes.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
But wait. Now this is funny. The family member is not human. Correct?

LESLIE
Yes.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
Your dog doesn't like him.

The audience erupts with laughter. June returns with an empty bin and makes her way through the crowd once again cleaning tables.

LESLIE
No, she hates him.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
Oh, my. And I am getting the sense that your dog's name is…Mango?! And Mango loves everyone but him.

LESLIE
Yes.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
Leslie, I'm getting-

Paul pauses, his eyes flutter. Dizzy. His hand rises to his head to support it.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
I'm sorry. I'm getting some very strong interference.

Paul's nose starts to bleed and several people in the audience gasp. His body stiffens as if not in his control.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
She killed your mother!!!

June who has been bussing tables, stops and turns to the stage.

Leslie looks baffled and turns to her boyfriend.

The pad of paper drops from Paul's lap onto the floor as he staggers to his feet, and he pushes the stool back. It grinds uncomfortably against the wooden stage. The microphone squeals.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
She killed your mother!! Someone in here!!

More blood rushes from Paul's nose. He grabs a pile of NAPKINS off the front row table and holds them up to his bloody nose.

June is so struck with fear that she cannot hold the bus bin any longer and it crashes down hard on a table.

Paul is trance-like as if he is seeing another world.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
I can see every detail of her death! Gruesome!

June, overwhelmed and not wanting to be exposed, rushes out of the room.

PAUL BLUEFIELD
Is there a June here? Someone named June?!

Paul's eyes immediately scan the crowd for June, but she is gone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

June rushes out the back door of the club. Her breathing is heavy, labored. Her hands shake. She runs down the alley to a PARKING LOT, pulls her CAR KEYS from her pocket, opens the door to her OLD IMPALA, gets in and slams the door.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Still shaking, June takes a moment to calm down. She finds a WATER BOTTLE on the floor, guzzles from it then tosses it into the back seat. She pulls her **PHONE** from her pocket… Finds **KUZNETSOV** in her contacts and calls.

The line rings. Kuznetsov answers…

JUNE
I'm ready.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Then come.

She hangs up. Puts her phone on the seat. Starts the ignition. Drives.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' GARAGE - NIGHT

Darkness. The heavy old door lifts from outside. Moonlight pours in. Forest steps inside. He circles a CAR covered in a TARP and brushes some of the dust off the top.

Forest yanks the tarp away revealing the 1983 Mercedes.

FOREST
Sweet!

EXT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Forest fumbles through his KEYS, finds the right one, jiggles it in the lock and pushes the door open.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Forest enters, he sees PHOTOS of himself and Mrs. Downs from when he was first adopted, a baby in her arms, stuck to the FRIDGE with MAGNETS. He peels one of the photos off the fridge, stares at it for a moment, then pockets it.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Forest enters wearing trash bags over his boots, latex gloves, carrying a bucket of soapy water. He kneels at a large BLOOD STAIN on the rug, scrubbing hard with an old wooden brush.

He glances up — a REMOTE under the TV. Goes back to scrubbing.

The brush goes into the bucket. The water turns red.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June rushes in, shaking, anxious. She heads straight for the small shrine she has on her dresser. Framed photos of herself, Vera and her Soldier father.

Her hands shake as she grabs a small ORNATE WOODEN BOX, opens it. Inside is a small MEMORIAL PHOTO OF VERA and a GLASS VIAL with a gold chain, half filled with VERA'S ASHES.

A PRAYER CARD accompanies the vial. June lifts it and reads it to herself:

ВЕЧНАЯ ПАМЯТЬ

Вера Воронова
1975 — 1993

Ты ушла, как гаснет свет,
Тихо, нежно, без следа.
Но в саду, где боли нет,
Ты как прежде — навсегда.

(You left as light fades,
quietly, gently, without a trace.
But in the garden where there is no pain,
you are, as before — forever.)

She pulls her hair aside and drapes the gold chain around her neck. The vial falls against her bosom. A deep breath.

A deep stare into Vera's eyes in the photo, then June heads out the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

As June drives along the fog-filled roads that cut through the mountain pass, her breathing once again labors.

Her heart races. She grasps the vial around her neck but this time it does not soothe her. Her hands tremble. She loses control of the wheel, drives onto the shoulder of the road, and slams on the brakes.

June staggers out the door, using the side of the car to brace her weak legs.

She moves around to the back of the car and rests against it. She closes her eyes. Controls her breathing.

A FLASHBACK-

EXT. NEVA RIVER'S EDGE - PARK - DAY

A teenage June walks the cement path. Winter coat. A small glass VIAL in her hand. A woman passes with a stroller. A cyclist passes from behind.

June steps off the path onto the rocks. The Neva River runs gray and fast. She opens the vial — her mother's ashes — and tips a small amount into the current. Watches it dissolve. She stands on the rocks, the vial in her closed fist, watching the current carry her mother's ashes away.

BACK TO-

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

June's eyes open. She is calm. Breathing is steady. She lets go of the car, walks back to the open door, gets in and drives east into the high desert. The landscape empties around her.

EXT. UMATILLA BUNKERS - PERIMETER - NIGHT

For as far as the eye can see, remnants of a 20,000-acre munitions depot built in 1941. Over a thousand concrete BUNKERS, overgrown with grass and weeds.

A flatbed TRUCK rumbles down a dirt road, headlights off. Stops near one of the bunkers.

ANGIE WRIGHT (45), plainclothes CIA, steps out, greeted by PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV, older now, slower, but with a glimpse of determination still in his eyes.

ANGIE
Professor?

Professor Kuznetsov extends his hand to her, but his focus is on the tarp in the back of her truck which is tied over several large wooden crates.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Thank you for bringing it to me.
I am a bit nervous about our reunion.

They move closer to the truck and Professor Kuznetsov pulls back the tarp exposing the crates.

ANGIE
I need to expand the scope of
our initial agreement.

She pulls the tarp back over the crates, concealing them.

ANGIE
This girl…how confident are you that
she will find Dubois? 50%, 80%?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
It's like being pregnant. There is no
percentage of baby in your uterus.
There is baby, or no baby.

ANGIE
If she can find Dubois, she can
find anybody…or anything? She is
not limited to finding people!?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
I understand. What is thing you seek?

ANGIE
Does it matter? Does she have limits?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
No. No limits.

ANGIE
So, when you're done with her-

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
It is not us who finish with them.
It is them who finish with us.

His words strike Angie. She waves toward the tarp.

Kuznetsov pulls it back, opens a crate — the aluminum panel shimmers in the moonlight. He's pleased.

They unload the heavy crates onto the tarp which is spread out over the gravel. Once they are all unloaded, Angie shakes his hand, gets into her truck.

A few seconds later Angie steps back out of her truck carrying a thin object wrapped in brown paper.

ANGIE
I almost forgot.

She walks over to Professor Kuznetsov and hands him the object.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Is it authentic?

He tears away a piece of the brown paper and sees a bent, warped edge of a LICENSE PLATE.

Angie grins, walks back to her truck, gets in and starts the engine.

As Angie drives away from the bunker, she sees June's car pull up to the crates and stop. Kuznetsov greets her.

INT. ANGIE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

She stops and gazes out the window and waits for June to exit her car.

EXT. UMATILLA BUNKERS - NIGHT

As June exits her car, Professor Kuznetsov gives her an awkward embrace.

Without even having to look at Angie, June senses her presence and crosses her arms defiantly.

JUNE
Why was she here?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Delivering your gift.

June studies his face for any sign that he is lying, but there is none. She smiles and walks confidently by him, grabs the large metal door, tugs it open and enters.

Kuznetsov pulls a small DOLLY out of the bunker, lifts the crate onto it and wheels the crate inside.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - FOREST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Forest pulls the closet open — old COMIC BOOKS, childhood TOYS, BOXES OF CLOTHING, BOOKS stacked on a DRESSER. In one box, a MAGNIFYING GLASS and a PENCIL.

He sits on the bed, his old RACECAR blanket beneath him, spreads the note on the side table, and rubs the pencil across the indentations.

INT. UMATILLA BUNKER - NIGHT

As Professor Kuznetsov assembles the large pieces of the Kozyrev Mirror into place on the tarp, June sits on a crate watching, clutching the vial with her mother's ashes inside.

June rises from the crate and walks, trance-like, toward a segment of the mirror that has been assembled where she sees her reflection in the flawless aluminum surface.

JUNE
It's beautiful.

Professor Kuznetsov stops working and glances at June.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
You look so much like your mother.

June smiles brightly.

JUNE
Tell me something about her.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
She did have a brilliant mind.
Much smarter than any girl her age.
She loved to read, not only in Russian
but in English and French.

JUNE
Why didn't she marry?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Your father went off to volunteer in
Abkhazia. He never returned.

JUNE
I have photos but no memory.
(beat)
Was he gifted?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
The gift seems to follow the women,
not the men.

June waits silently for more from him, but he returns to work. Kuznetsov screws the last rivet into place, completing the Kozyrev Mirror's large, spiraling shape. He puts his tools down, peels off his gloves and backs away.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
Remembering the past only delays the future.

He pulls a pack of Sobranie Black Russian cigarettes from his pocket. His hand shakes as he slides one out of the black box and onto his dry lips. He lights it with an old lighter.

June runs her hand along the surface of the fully-assembled Kozyrev Mirror. It towers over her. Her face is beaming. Eyes wide. Her face distorted in the aluminum curves.

JUNE
Nobody else has used it?

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
I would never allow it.

June sits on the tarp and takes her shoes and socks off and carefully places them aside.

Kuznetsov opens a metal case. Inside, nestled in velvet, an old Soviet sidereal chronometer ticks beneath cracked glass.

June grabs a PAD OF PAPER and a large MARKER. Kuznetsov watches curiously as June rounds the corner of the mirror, and disappears into its dark belly.

He tears away the rest of the brown paper wrapping, revealing the Oregon license plate from Dubois' car, Expiration date December 1993.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
I almost forgot.

As Kuznetsov reaches his hand into the mirror, June's hand extends outward, grabs the license plate then recoils.

Professor Kuznetsov opens a metal box, removes a FARADAY MASK and places it over his face.

June sits inside the Kozyrev Mirror. Its reflective walls coil around her like a protective blanket. The license plate resting on her lap.

Her legs are crossed. She is still. Her face reflects off the surface of the mirror like a kaleidoscope, fractures, visual feedback.

The marker clutched in her hand hovers over the pad of paper. Her fingers twitch. She scribbles lines and swirls across the surface of the paper. Abstract images. Chaos.

As her eyes focus on her own reflection, her face morphs into Vera's face. A moment of quiet before the storm.

June sees herself next to Vera as a four-year-old girl in her rabbit costume, tucked into her bed.

Vera holds a copy of **Vasilisa the Beautiful** and reads softly. Her image flickers like a phantom.

VERA
"Come, little doll, drink your milk,
my dear, and I'll pour out all my
troubles in your ear, your ear!"

June has a flash of Vera being taken, black hood over her head. The younger version of her stands in the doorway in the rabbit costume.

YOUNG JUNE
Mommy?

A FLASH of VERA entering the KOZYREV MIRROR. The DEAD FROG being pushed away with her foot. Blood on her toes.

June is overwhelmed by the images and turns away, but everywhere she looks the flashbacks play out like a nightmare on the surface of the mirror. She closes her eyes tight.

VERA
“Stay with me, work for me,
and I will give you fire."

June's eyes creep open. DUBOIS face appears, fractured, driving, chaotic, Claudia in the backseat pregnant. Their faces distorted echoes of the past.

Vera continues to read from Vasilisa the Beautiful:

VERA
"A terrible noise was heard in
the forest, and the tree-boughs
creaked and the dry leaves crackled."

The license plate appears. Dubois' car veers off the road and crashes into a tree. Then his face appears, teary eyed, enraged, clasping Claudia's dead hand as she lies on a stretcher.

The screeching of sirens and screams of agony bellow all around June.

She tries to pull herself away from the images, even close her eyes, but her body is frozen in time, forced to relive the dreadful past.

June's breathing is labored, her heartbeat like a bass drum. Then the mirror goes black. All is quiet. Eerily so.

The blackness on the mirror's surface flickers like eyes twitching open. Small streams of light. Loud noises: The television blaring something in Russian. Furniture crashing. A BODY HITTING THE FLOOR. A THUD.

YOUNG JUNE's POV appears in the mirror as she rises from her bed, makes her way through the dark, opens her bedroom door, and quietly moves down the hallway toward the living room.

VERA
"Wherever they went, they could not escape it, for the eyes followed them everywhere."

The light from the television flickers over Vera's body which lies on the rug. Gashes and blood on Vera's head mixed with crumbling drywall.

Young June turns to see a head-sized hole in the wall. Blood splattered around the edges. Pieces of Vera's hair stuck to the drywall.

YOUNG JUNE
Mommy?!!

As Young June approaches Vera's body, she senses a presence in the room. Her eyes turn to the window, the curtain fluttering in the night breeze, a figure flickers.

Their eyes lock. The figure, a young woman with jet black hair and piercing green eyes, ORION (26). Her presence is flickering in and out.

June lifts her hand to touch the mirror, to touch Orion, but as soon as her fingers brush against the shimmering aluminum surface, Orion's face morphs into Dubois' face.

June rubs her hand across the image of Dubois, pulls her hand back into a furious FIST, ready to strike, but then Dubois turns to see a POLICE WOMAN holding BABY FOREST.

POLICE WOMAN
Sir, your son.

June's fist untangles. She lowers her hand. Her fingers touch Baby Forest's innocent face.

A tear escapes June's eye. Her stiff body crumbles and she falls over into a heap on the floor.

Her pad of paper lies next to her with Forest's face scribbled across it.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - FOREST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Forest holds the note up to the lamp. The graphite reveals it slowly. Letter by letter.

He picks up his notebook. Sits on the edge of the bed. Writes the name down deliberately. D-U-B-O-I-S. Controlled. Certain.

Forest stares at the name in his notebook. Says it out loud for the first time like he's testing whether the world will allow it.

FOREST
Forest Dubois.

INT. UMATILLA BUNKER - NIGHT

Outside the mirror, Professor Kuznetsov presses his ear toward the opening.

PROFESSOR KUZNETSOV
June, my dear?!

He removes the Faraday Mask. June moans from within. Birthing sounds. Limbs hitting the floor.

His eyes lift to the mirror's entrance, where the spiral walls give way like an open wound.

June emerges on all fours, quivering, breathing heavy, eyes red and circled in black.

She crawls feral, then collapses into a ball as she clears the mirror.

Kuznetsov has seen this before. He extinguishes his cigarette, retrieves an olive-green CANTEEN from his rucksack, raises her head, and lets her drink.

June grabs the canteen, drains it, hands it back, wipes her mouth.

JUNE
Dubois has a son.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - FOREST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Forest rises from the bed with his notebook in hand, rushes out of the room and down the hallway.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Forest rushes in. An old PC sits on a cheap desk beneath a lace-curtained window, plastic yellowed with age.

Forest slides into the chair. A POST-IT on the monitor has the wifi and computer passwords in Mrs. Downs' handwriting.

He types it in. The screen wakes. Searches ***Dr.M.Dubois.***

Mostly dead links and stripped government pages. Then — an old Time Magazine article. A PHOTO: MARCUS DUBOIS, early 30s, severe and handsome, beside **CAPTAIN MIKE KEYSTONE** in a flight suit.

Forest's face reflects over his father's in the monitor. The resemblance is eerie.

A caption beneath the photo describes Dubois as a CIA officer credited with unconventional methods that helped locate the downed pilot in April 1980.

He searches for more. Another dead link. 404 page error.

He writes in his notebook:

TIME MAGAZINE APRIL 1980 DUBOIS, KEYSTONE “UNCONVENTIONAL INTELLIGENCE METHODS”

A CAR DOOR SLAMS outside. Forest moves to the window, pulls back the lace curtain. On the lawn below — ARCAS (28). Black hoodie. Black gloves. Face in shadow.

EXT. UMATILLA BUNKER - NIGHT

June lies on the grass-covered cement roof, staring up at the star-filled sky. Identical bunkers stretch for miles in all directions.

Her eyes are filled with tears. Her breathing strains to rest. Her fingers twitch. Her heart beat thunders.

A slow, calm wind rushes over the grass and through her hair. She mellows. Her heart beat returns to normal.

Professor Kuznetsov walks up the steep slope to the top of the bunker holding the pad of paper. June's scribbles fill the pages.

He stops at June's side. She glances up at him, the scribbles.

JUNE
It's upside down.

Professor Kuznetsov turns the pad of paper around and sees, amongst the scribbles, a drawing of a house and the address **1966 Spruce.**

EXT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - LAWN - NIGHT

Arcas looks at the address carved in wood — **1966 Spruce St** — then up to the second story window.

His eyes meet Forest's through the curtain.

Arcas stands still for a moment, watching Forest. Unhurried. Then he grins and returns to the van where **THALIA (24)** sits in silhouette in the passenger seat.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

As the van screeches away, Forest's eyes drift to MOUNT HOOD, peaceful on the horizon.

He returns to the chair. His notebook open — *Mom — Dubois.*

He searches GraveFinders.com: *Dubois, 1992-1993.*

Claudia Dubois's page. Killed in a car accident, Portland, 1993. Willamette Cemetery. A photo of her gravestone, engraved with her name, her dates, and an inscription.

Transition to:

EXT. WILLAMETTE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Forest is at the GRAVESTONE. A small FLASHLIGHT illuminates the engraving. He reads the dates. His lips move with the numbers. ***CLAUDIA DUBOIS* 1948 - 1993**

He reaches out and caresses the cold stone. He traces her name with one finger, letter by letter, the way he traced the graphite on the note.

Then the inscription. **GOOD LUCK AND BELIEVE IN YOUR STARS**

FOREST
Mom.

Forest hears a footstep on the leafy ground behind him, he turns and sees someone in the shadows of a large oak tree, a MAN, tall, just the outline of his head.

He freezes. Eyes locked on the MAN in the shadows.

FOREST
Dad?

As Forest raises his flashlight toward man in the shadow's, another FLASHLIGHT shines on him, large, overpowering. The GROUNDSKEEP steps forward.

GROUNDSKEEPER
Visiting hours are over.

Forest places a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS at her grave, stands, and staggers away, down a grassy hill, the Groundskeeper watches the whole time.

Forest pushes through the iron gate into the gravel lot. An engine roars, a VAN racing toward him.

He dives under a parked car.

Down the row, the van sits idling, smoke pouring from its exhaust, windows dark, headlights staring like eyes. Waiting.

He spots the Mercedes a few cars over. Rolls to the next car. The van doesn't move.

Rolls again — gravel tearing at his elbows and knees. The van just sits there. Mocking him.

He reaches the Mercedes, eyes on the van, rolls out, staggers up, fumbles for his keys. The van still hasn't moved.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Forest gets in, starts the engine, backs away — braced for the van to follow.

It doesn't. It just sits there.

FOREST
(low mumble)
What the fuck?!

Forest backs onto the dirt road and drives off, eyes locked on the rearview. The van doesn't follow.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Arcas drives. In the back, **THALIA (24)** sits cross-legged on a quilted mat, sketchbook open, marker hovering over the page.

Nothing comes. She tries again — eyes unfocused, hand still. Nothing.

She flips back through the pad — rough sketches of Forest. The house. A gravestone.

THALIA
He's not one of us.

ARCAS
(glancing in the mirror)
Not one of you.

Beat.

ARCAS
Then why do you keep getting his signal?

Thalia has no answer. She closes the sketchbook.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT

June drives back into the city along a narrow road that overlooks the suburbs. Resting on the seat beside her is the pad of paper and her drawing of the house 1966 Spruce St, scribbled below.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Forest parks the Mercedes in a mostly empty lot.

He gets out and crosses the dark lot toward the entrance where an AMBULANCE is pulling away.

INT. HOSPITAL - MRS. DOWNS' ROOM - NIGHT

Forest enters quietly and meets eyes with **MRS. DOWNS (62)**, his adoptive mother. A bandage on her head. IV drip on her arm. Food trays by the bed. Medicine bottles on the nightstand.

They both stare quietly, awkwardly for a moment.

Mrs. Downs
Is this what it took for you to come see me?

Forest steps closer, reserved, hands rubbing anxiously. He stands at the foot of her bed and pulls his father's note from the notebook.

Mrs. Downs
You're being uncharacteristically quiet, Forest. What is it?

He moves beside the bed, unfolds the note, and offers it to her with a shaking hand.

Mrs. Downs
Ah, yes.

She takes the note out of his hand and notices the indentations covered with graphite, **Dr. M Dubois.**

Mrs. Downs
Your father!?

Forest nods. She hands the note back.

Mrs. Downs
I guess I thought helping you piece your past together would bring us closer. But I know that look. You've already moved further away. Haven't you?

Forest folds the note, puts it in his notebook.

FOREST
I have to.

Mrs. Downs closes her eyes tightly. Forest's hand pulls away from hers.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Forest walks out of Mrs. Downs' room. The door swings shut behind him. He walks to the elevator. Pushes the button. He waits for a moment. His back to her room.

The doors open. He steps in.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The doors close behind him. He grips the railing. His body slumps.

SAILING by Christopher Cross drifts softly from a small speaker in the ceiling. Gentle. Oblivious.

Forest stares at the floor numbers descending. His jaw tightens. His eyes go somewhere far away.

The music plays on. The elevator slows. Stops.

The doors open.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Forest steps out into the lobby and is immediately brushed by a MEDIC rushing a patient on a stretcher. FAMILY MEMBERS gripping tight. Forest watches them disappear down the corridor. He continues toward the exit.

Through the automatic glass doors ahead — the parking lot. The night. The Mercedes.

The automatic doors slide open in front of him. Night air rushes in.

He walks out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Forest exits and strides to his Mercedes. As he reaches for the handle he gazes back at her room. Her window a dim rectangle in the darkness.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Forest rests on the seat. His hands rest lazily on the wheel. Defeated.

EXT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - LAWN - NIGHT

June stands on the grass staring at the address carved in wood, **1966 Spruce Street.** She soaks it in for a moment. The white fence. The roses. An idealistic craftsman home.

Her eyes are dark as she steps forward. Her boots meet the steps, which creak beneath her weight.

A rocking chair on the porch to her left. A Hummingbird feeder overhead. As she pulls the screen door open, unopened MAIL falls at her feet.

She bends down, picks up the mail, and shuffles through it. Then she notices the front door is ajar. She pushes it open and cautiously enters.

INT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - NIGHT

June places the mail on the reception table, moves into the living room. A GRANDFATHER CLOCK ticks. KNITTING YARN on the sofa. MYSTERY NOVELS beside cold tea and a plate of cookies.Her boots press into the carpet. The blood stain — mostly removed, still there.

Into the kitchen. Dishes in the sink. A calendar on the wall. Photos of Mrs. Downs and Forest on the fridge — one space noticeably empty. June peels off another, studies Forest's face, recognizes him, pockets it.

A glance out the back window. Then up the creaking stairs, dust lifting, the clock's ticking following her through the walls.

At the second floor hallway, she pulls the photo from her pocket and lets it guide her. She pushes his old door open. Closet open. The bed still holds his shape. The side table light on.

Quiet, except the low hum of a computer down the hall. She moves slowly, hands trailing the walls, breathing it in. The hair on her arms rises.

In the home office doorway she sees it — a ghostly trace of Forest's fingers on the keys. June sits, enters the password. The screen wakes.

His browsing history. Last search: THE PORTLAND FLEA MARKET. Above it: Claudia Dubois. GraveFinders. Time Magazine. Dr.M.Dubois.

She pushes back from the desk, frozen for a long moment. Clicks the flea market's map link. Memorizes it. Turns to go. Something pulls her back — the curtain.

June touches the spot where Forest's hand was. Looks down at the lawn. BOOT PRINTS in the grass.

EXT. MRS. DOWNS' HOUSE - LAWN - NIGHT

June bends down and stares at the bootprints. She reaches out with a finger and touches the muddy indentation. She has a quick FLASH of ARCAS's face.

As June crouches on the grass with her finger in the mud, a WOMAN WALKING HER DOG passes by on the sidewalk, giving June a look of condemnation then continues down the sidewalk.

June stands, wipes the mud into a TISSUE, which she then pockets. She takes one last look at the house then strides down the sidewalk to her car.

EXT. FOREST'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Forest parks the Mercedes across the street, gets out and rushes across the street. He sees an **APARTMENT FOR RENT SIGN** in the window. He unlocks the main entrance, enters and rushes up the stairs.

INT. FOREST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Forest enters. Hangs his jacket. Pulls his laptop from his backpack. Sets it aside.

He goes to the evidence wall. Pins the note — ***His name is Forest Harlow. Please give him the home I cannot*** — carefully. Smooths it flat with his palm. Steps back.

Looks at it as he pours himself a glass of whiskey.

Forest moves to his printer. Waits for the Time Magazine photo to inch its way out. He pins it to the wall. His father's face. Finally on the wall where it belongs.

Paces. Drinks.

Goes back to the printer. Prints the gravestone photo. ***CLAUDIA DUBOIS - 1948-1993 - Good Luck and Believe in Your Stars.***

Pins it beside the note. Stands back.

Three things on the wall that weren't there this morning. His father. His mother. His own handwriting in graphite on the back of a note he didn't know existed until today.

Forest takes a long drink. Looks at the wall for a long time.

He sifts through his VINYL COLLECTION of old 45s and finds **THE OUTSIDERS - *WISH YOU WERE HERE WITH ME TODAY*** - and plays it.

Forest slumps on the couch with his whiskey. Stares at the wall. His eyes drift shut. His hand goes limp. The whiskey glass lands on the coffee table. The music plays for a while then gradually slows down, like someone is pressing their thumb against the vinyl.

Forest's eyes flicker open. Standing in the dark corner of the room across from him, the faint outline of the same MAN from the cemetery.

Forest pushes himself up on the sofa. Eyes locked on the man's figure.

FOREST

It is you.

Forest swings his feet onto the carpet, stands, and slowly approaches the man, only to find his own leather jacket hanging from a hook.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

As the music plays on, June pulls up across the street in an abandoned parking lot, parks and stares across at Arcas' van parked outside one of the rooms of the motel.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT

June smears the mud from the tissue onto her forehead with her thumb in the form of a spiral. Her movements are slow and robotic, trance like.

She has a quick FLASH of the interior of the motel, Arcas's room. He smokes a cigarette while Thalia, lies under the sheets next to him. The only light from a flickering tv. Distorted sounds from the tv flood June's head.

Her head crashes onto the steering wheel hard like a dead weight. She wakes. Pulls her head back. Waits.

INT. ARCAS & THALIA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Arcas opens the FRIDGE, pulls out the last beer, cracks it open and pours it down his throat.

ARCAS
We need to make a beer run.

Thalia rolls over and covers her head with a pillow.

ARCAS
Come on. It's right down the block.

THALIA
You go.

Arcas tosses her dress.

ARCAS
Get dressed!
She sits up, pissed.

THALIA
You're not my master.

ARCAS
Someone needs to be.

He puts on his leather jacket, straps on his boots, opens the door, steps outside, finishes the beer and tosses the can in a trash container.

Thalia reluctantly slides the dress over her skinny, tattooed body, finds her shoes, puts them on and follows after Arcas who gets into the van.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

June approaches, moving rapidly. She pulls a small LOCK PICK from her pocket, shimmies into the lock, wiggles it and opens the door.

INT. ARCAS & THALIA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

June hurries in, closes the door. Bedside lamp on. TV on. She clicks open a CAMERA CASE — an expensive camera and lens kit. Closes it.

On the corner table, Thalia's SKETCH BOOK. Markers spread out. Drawings of Forest. The house. The same visions June had, but sharper. A GRAVESTONE labeled CLAUDIA. Another page — an APARTMENT BUILDING, **ROYAL ARMS** scrawled beneath it.

Beside the drawings, an empty beer bottle and a plastic bag labeled THALIA, full of dried fish. June ignores the fish, runs her fingers over the drawing. A FLASH — Forest at Claudia's grave.

She backs away, overwhelmed, stumbles into a chair, knocks over an ASHTRAY. She replaces the cigarette butts, all but one, which makes the hairs on her arm rise. That one goes into a sandwich bag in her pocket. She hurries out the door.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

A vast parking lot filled with tents and food trucks.

Forest, slightly hungover, and red-eyed, makes his way through the earlier morning crowd of SHOPPERS who eagerly seek deals on fresh fruits, antique furniture, craftworkers, and collectible dealers.

He opens the palm of his hand where he's written BOOTH 19 in black ink.

Across the lot, June parks her car, gets out. She is wearing sunglasses and a large sun hat and scarf to conceal herself from the sun and from Forest. She makes her way through the crowd.

June bumps shoulders with a YOUNG MAN, and she hears fragments of his thoughts. He continues walking, twisting and turning her body so that she doesn't collide with anybody else.

Meanwhile, Forest has located BOOTH 19. The **MAGAZINE DEALER (30)**, stuffy hair, glasses, slacker clothing, barely looks up, his head buried in a vintage ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE with JOHN LENNON on the cover.

FOREST
Jerry?

Jerry, the Magazine Dealer, puts down the magazine and approaches his table stacked with boxes of vintage magazines.

JERRY
Andy?

FOREST
No. Forest. I hit you up about the 1980 Time Magazine.

Jerry lifts a large box and puts it on the table.

JERRY
1980. Entire year.

FOREST
I just need the April issue.

JERRY
They're collections. By year.

FOREST
I can't just buy one?

JERRY
Right.

FOREST
That's-

JERRY
1980. About 50, 55 issues.

FOREST
How much?

JERRY
Two hundred.

Forest hands Jerry two hundred dollars then he opens the box, finds the April 1980 issue and pulls it out.

FOREST
What am I supposed to do with
the rest of these?

JERRY
Donate them to a good cause.

Forest pushes the box to Jerry. Jerry smiles.

Forest shakes his head, walks off, the April 1980 issue held tight.

In the crowd, June catches a glimpse of him. Quickens her pace, weaving — then collides with a SHOPPER. Their thoughts ring high-pitched through her head.

She winces, retreats to a quiet spot, rubbing her temples as the crowd marches past.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

The Flea Market is in the distance. Customers coming and going.

Forest sits in the driver's seat reading the article about his father and the rescued U2 Pilot, Captain Keystone. The cover of the magazine reads, **U2 Pilot rescued after missing for months.**

He places the magazine on the passenger seat, pulls his laptop from his backpack, boots it up and searches for Captain Mike Keystone. **Keystone Flight School** pops up. **Idaho. Sandpoint Airfield.** No photos of mike, just a Cessna by a hangar.

Forest puts the laptop away. Eyes focus on the road. Ignition. Drives.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

June stumbles toward her Impala and sees Forest's Mercedes driving away. She hurries behind the wheel, and follows him.

As the Mercedes reaches the street, Arcas' van pulls in front of June's Impala, cuts her off, and follows Forest's Mercedes.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY

June slams on the brake, and avoids a collision with the van. Her eyes glare at Arcas as he peels away, and follows Forest's Mercedes.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - DAY

The van follows Forest's Mercedes and June's Impala races to catch up to the van.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Forest's eyes in the rearview mirror as he sees the van following.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY

June pushes the gas pedal hard and races past the van.

June turns the wheel as she passes it, slams on the brake, and blocks the van.

The van skids to a stop inches away from June's Impala.

INT. VAN - DAY

Arcas slams the steering wheel.

ARCAS
What the-?

Thalia stares out the window at June behind the wheel of the Impala. She has a moment of recognition.

THALIA
Can you get us out of here?!

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - DAY

June hurries out of her Impala, and pounds violently on the side of the van. She turns her head sharply and sees Forest's Mercedes race away, turn a corner and disappear. She smiles.

INT. VAN - DAY

Arcas stares out the window at her, furious.

ARCAS
Who is this crazy bitch?!

June locks eyes with Thalia and moves to her side of the van.

As Thalia's eyes track June's movements, she grips Arcas' arm and squeezes aggressively.

THALIA
Get me away from her!

Arcas throws the van in reverse and squeals backward away from June.

June's figure turns to darkness in the street.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - DAY

June watches as the van turns around and speeds away.

She gets back into her Impala and follows it.

INT. JUNE'S CAR - DAY/NIGHT

The sun is setting. The light turns blue.

June opens the plastic bag in her pocket, removes Arcas' cigarette butt and plops it on her lip. The scent sinks into her mouth.

She rolls down her window and leans her head part way out, into the night's breeze.

Her eyes scan the shops, the food carts, the hustle of the streets.

The van pulls off of a side street and veers in front of June's car. She smiles and pursues from a safe distance.

EXT. SANDPOINT - NIGHT

WELCOME TO SANDPOINT sign on the road. Forest drives the Mercedes across a long bridge stretching across a lake.

Mountains rising beyond the small town ahead.

In the distant sky, a CESSNA soars by.

EXT. SANDPOINT AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The Cessna lands on the runway and taxis toward a small HANGAR.

Forest's Mercedes approaches and parks.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Forest watches and waits as THE PILOT exits the Cessna with a MALE STUDENT.

He double checks the old photo of Keystone in the Time Magazine which is spread out on the passenger seat, then he opens the door, steps out and approaches.

EXT. SANDPOINT AIRFIELD - HANGAR - NIGHT

The Pilot turns and sees Forest approaching.

FOREST
Keystone?

KEYSTONE
(To the Student)
Head on in.

The Male Student dashes into the hangar.

The Pilot removes their HELMET and their long, blonde hair flows down to their shoulders. She turns to Forest. She is **JOY KEYSTONE (54)**, Mike's wife.

JOY
I'm Joy Keystone.

Forest stops cold.

FOREST
I'm looking for Mike.

JOY
I'm the one giving the lessons.
Sorry if there's been a misunder-

FOREST
-I'm Forest Dubois.

Joy takes a moment to look Forest over.

JOY
Wow.

FOREST
Do I look like him?

JOY
Identical.
(beat)
Your father had a lot of secrets,
but I never expected a son.

FOREST
Tell me about some of his secrets.

JOY
Come to my office.

Forest follows Joy to an OFFICE inside the hangar.

EXT. FOREST'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The van pulls up and stops across the street. Arcas glares out the window.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Thalia chews on a piece of the dried fish then closes the plastic bag. Arcas reaches for the van radio.

ARCAS
Billboard Hot 100, 1980?!

THALIA
Not this time.

Thalia squeezes into the back of the van where there is a QUILTED MAT. She sits cross-legged with her pad of paper and a marker.

Arcas gazes up at Forest's window. The lights are off.

INT. HANGAR OFFICE - NIGHT

Joy sits behind her desk. Forest stands, pacing, examining the dozens of **PLAQUES, AWARDS** and 70's-80's era **PHOTOS OF MIKE KEYSTONE** that fill every inch of the walls.

JOY
What are you eighteen, nineteen?

FOREST
Nineteen. Just turned.

JOY
Happy birthday.

Forest finds an old TURNTABLE with **Olivia Newton-John's** record **MAGIC** on it. The empty ALBUM JACKET resting on a shelf.

JOY
That song is on heavy rotation.

Forest stops at a wall with several photos of MIKE and DUBOIS that were not published in the magazine, but are from the same photo session.

FOREST
Are there more photos of them?

Joy rises from her chair with a KEY, unlocks the CLOSET behind her, opens the door and reveals BOXES of MIKE'S old photos and JOURNALS.

JOY
As you can see, I never throw anything away.

Forest turns toward Joy.

JOY
He photographed everything, wrote down everything. Years and years that I haven't even begun to sift through. I wouldn't know where to start.

FOREST
Where is Mike-

JOY
-Resting. I need to wake him and get some dinner in him. You hungry?

Forest crosses the room and peers into the closet at the piles of boxes filled with photos and journals.

FOREST
I could help-

Joy is suddenly beside him, easing the closet door shut with one hand, a PHOTO NEGATIVE held up in the other.

JOY
I did find this one of your father and mother.

She presses the negative into Forest's hands and returns the closet key to her drawer.

Forest's eyes veer back to the closet door, now locked.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

The RED GLOW of the safety light fills the room. Piles of photos of his STUDENTS are on shelves, more clipped to drying racks.

Joy, wearing latex gloves, uses a TONG to grab an 8x10 photo out of the chemical bath. She clips it on a rack.

Forest leans in as the image of his father and mother appears on it. They are both in their 30's, hopeful, happy.

As Forest instinctively reaches for the photo, Joy stops his hand.

JOY
She was something. Smarter than just about anybody in the room.

Joy hangs the photo to dry.

JOY
I always suspected she had the gift.

FOREST
What do you mean? What gift?

JOY
You really don't know about your father's work.

Forest stands motionless. Frozen. Confused. Staring at the photo of his Dr. Dubois and Claudia.

INT. KEYSTONE DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Forest sits at the dining room holding the now developed, dry photo.

Joy is in the adjacent kitchen. She has several PILL BOTTLES lined up on the counter next to a PILL GRINDER and a BOWL of MASHED POTATOES.

The grinder hums. She tilts it and pours the powder into the mashed potatoes.

JOY
Lorazepam keeps him calm.

She grinds another pill and adds the powder.

JOY
Lisinopril for his blood pressure.
Thirty years your heart forgets
that it's supposed to keep beating.

Joy stirs the potatoes with a spoon then carries the bowl over to **MIKE KEYSTONE (55)** who is CATATONIC in a WHEELCHAIR across the table from Forest. Joy spoon feeds Mike as Forest watches anxiously.

Forest's hands rub his knees. Anxious. Nervous.

JOY
We were neighbors as kids, classmates
in grade school, dated in high school,
became lovers in college, then I went
and got pregnant, we married, had
Renee our daughter, now thirty seven and
a damn good pilot. When she was four
I lost him in Afghanistan, then your
father helped find him, and -

FOREST
How did my father help?

JOY
It was either your mom, or one
of the girls he trained.

FOREST
Trained?

JOY
The CIA's dirty little secret.

A tiny smile as she wipes mashed potatoes from Mike's mouth.

FOREST
My father was in the CIA?

JOY
You probably hoped to hear all
of this from Mike, because he knew
firsthand.

FOREST
I searched and searched for anything
about my father and-

JOY
-After what happened to Mike,
and your mother, and a few others,
your father didn't want anybody else
to get hurt, so he pulled a Houdini,
the greatest magic trick of all time, poof!

A spoonful of mashed potatoes disappears into Mike's mouth.

JOY
It's hard to let go…but you should.

Forest looks at her hard. That is not what he came to hear.

JOY
I'm not sure if the war your
father was fighting ever ended.

Joy runs her hand through Mike's hair. He is stiff.
His eyes stare into the distance.

EXT. KEYSTONE HOUSE - NIGHT

Forest walks down the sidewalk away from the front door, still clutching the photo of his parents. Joy stands on the porch and watches walk away.

JOY
Are you spending the night in Sandpoint?

Forest stops and turns to face her.

FOREST
Any recommendations?

JOY
I have a guest room.
Nobody ever uses it.

Forest smiles, grateful. She welcomes him back inside.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Joy turns on the light and shows Forest the guest bed.

JOY
We bought this house when
we first got married.
We were gonna start a big family.

She smiles, and tries not to cry. Forest steps silently toward the guest bed and turns to her.

FOREST
Thank you.

JOY
We can do blueberry waffles in the
morning. Mike's favorite.

Joy smiles and leaves Forest to settle in.

Forest sits on the edge of the bed. He glances around at the lonely room. He looks at the photo of his parents. His eyes and head are heavy.

EXT. FOREST'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

June watches the van from the shadows of a doorway across the street. The cigarette butt dangling from her lip.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Arcas sits in the driver's seat, sipping a soda, eating a bag of chips. Thalia sits on the quilted mat in the back, sketchbook in her lap. The bag of dried fish by her feet.

Her eyes flicker wildly. Her hand hovers over the paper, marker gripped tight. No movement.

Her eyes still. She puts the sketchbook down. Disappointed.

ARCAS
Nothing?

THALIA
He's gone.

ARCAS
Where?

Thalia doesn't answer. She stares at the dark apartment window.

ARCAS
Should we stay or go?

Thalia doesn't answer. She sits with the marker hovering over the sketch pad.

Arcas turns to her.

ARCAS
You don't know?!

Thalia tosses the sketchbook.

ARCAS
Why do I have to listen
to you at all?

He throws the van into gear. The tires squeal.

EXT. FOREST'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As June continues to watch from across the street, the van drives away. She sees the FOR RENT sign in the window and smiles.

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Forest follows Joy as she pushes Mike in his wheelchair toward the Cessna where a FEMALE STUDENT is waiting with their helmet in their hand. Resting on Mike's lap is a BOWL OF BLUEBERRY WAFFLES with a FORK sticking out.

JOY
(To Forest)
I'll be taking her up for two or three circuits. Should be back in thirty minutes.

Without asking, Joy pushes Mike over to Forest and hands him off, then she turns to her Student. Joy and the Female Student helmet up and board the Cessna.

As Forest grips the wheelchair, he watches the Cessna taxi down the runway and take off.

He pushes Mike into the hangar toward the office.

INT. HANGAR OFFICE - DAY

Forest pushes Mike, looks around then puts Mike facing Joy's desk. He goes around to the desk, sits in Joy's chair and looks up at Mike staring back at him. Dead eyed. But still a witness.

Forest gets up. Comes around the desk, grabs the wheelchair and turns Mike away so that Mike is facing the wall filled with Trophies and Photos. Forest sighs as he realizes what he is forcing Mike to look at.

FOREST
Just for a minute.

Forest spots the turntable, the record, Magic, the needle ready to go, Olivia Newton-John.

FOREST
Here-

He lowers the needle. Turns up the volume. The music fills the room.

Forest races back to the desk, sits, opens the drawer, finds the key, opens the closet and hears Mike GRUNT.

Forest stops. Piles of potential evidence in front of him, Mike grunting behind him.

FOREST
Yeah, I'm coming.

Forest hurries back to Mike who is still grunting.

Forest looks down at the bowl of blueberry waffles. He grabs a forkful and raises it to Mike's mouth.

Mike knocks the fork away. The music swells. Forest steps back. Mike looks around the room. His eyes are alive. The music stirs him. He mumbles, incomprehensible.

Forest takes a moment, watches Mike's eyes then leans in.

FOREST
You're not all gone, are you?

Mike grabs Forest's hand and squeezes it tight.

MIKE
Where…where…

FOREST
Where what?

MIKE
…did you go?

FOREST
I'm right here.

MIKE
You promised…You!!

Mike pokes Forest in the chest, hard.

FOREST
I promised to help?

Mike reaches out, his hands quivering, and touches Forest's cheek.

MIKE
How come you haven't changed?

Forest glimpses a PHOTO OF HIS FATHER that strongly resembles him.

FOREST
What did I promise you?

Mike breaks down. Lowers his head. Grunts and sobs.

MIKE
Orion. You promised her.

Mike tosses the bowl of blueberry waffles against the wall of trophies. Forest picks up the bowl. Stands before Mike. Unsure.

FOREST
Who's Orion?

Mike's quivering hands grab Forest's collar. He pulls Forest uncomfortably close as if to whisper something more, but his eyes drift past Forest to a MAN standing in the doorway, barely visible, just a shadow really.

FOREST
Mike…?

Mike grunts.

FOREST
Who's Orion?

The needle on the record reaches the runout groove. The repetitive static-click sound fills the room.

THE END