

FLASH FORWARD

Pilot

"No More Good Days"

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FLASH FORWARD

"No More Good Days"

ACT ONE

A MAN IS RUNNING

From his pace and intensity, we might think he's fleeing for his life. WIDEN --

EXT. CANYON ROAD - DAWN

The MAN runs alone, drenched in sweat. This is MARK BENFORD (30s). His eyes remain fixed on the road, which is shrouded in morning fog, bordered by thick scrub and steep terrain.

Mark picks up the pace. Eyes never wavering from the path ahead. Running is the only thing that keeps his demons at bay. Suddenly, SOMETHING BOLTS out of the brush ahead --

A LARGE DEER

forces Mark to veer sharply left. He loses his footing and stumbles as the deer vanishes into the mist. Mark stays on his hands and knees a moment, breathing hard.

CUT TO:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - SHOWER - MORNING

Mark winces as he washes gravel from his knee.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mark cooks a fried egg in the hole of a slice of bread (a "Moon Over Miami"). He serves it to a 5-year old girl sitting nearby. His daughter CHARLIE, watching TV.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CLOSET - MORNING

Mark now dressed in shirt and jeans, punches a code into a keypad. He opens a SAFE, reaches inside to pull out a GLOCK PISTOL, a pair of HANDCUFFS, and SHOULDER HOLSTER.

There's a hand-written NOTE attached to his weapon:

You're a crappy husband. I hate you.

Mark smiles.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

OLIVIA BENFORD (30s) buried under the covers, stirring as Mark crouches beside her, whispers:

MARK

I hate you, too.

She smiles sleepily, gives him a kiss.

OLIVIA

Hey, babe -- don't forget to look at the garage door? It's acting up again.

MARK

Already forgotten.

EXT. BENFORD HOUSE - MORNING

A spacious, newly-built home. The GARAGE DOOR raises, then pauses mid-way in a halting manner -- before grudgingly opening all the way. Mark backs his Volvo down the driveway. He sees:

The gardener, HECTOR (50s), trimming hedges by the curb. He calls out from his window.

MARK

Hey, Hector, would you mind checking the sycamore in back? I think it needs more water.

HECTOR

Absolutely.

MARK

Thanks.

Mark continues backing his car out, passing the sidewalk where NICOLE (19), good-looking, is heading towards the house. She's carrying a Venti Mint Mocha Chip Frappuccino with whipped cream. She wears a delicate silver cross necklace.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey, Nicole.

NICOLE
Sorry I'm late.

MARK

Olivia's not up yet. She's working a late-shift at the hospital tonight. You think you could stay an extra hour or two?

NICOLE

No problem. I've gotta study anyway. Where's the monster?

MARK

Watching T.V.

Nicole heads for the front door as Mark drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

Mark in a group A.A. meeting. The current speaker is AARON STARK (40s), a power lineman wearing his DWP work-shirt.

AARON

My daughter was 5'5", 118 pounds -- but when the Marines shipped her body back from Afghanistan -- sorry, the "remains", they only weighed 37. The only reason I knew it was her at all was because they DNA'd her remains --

He pauses, emotions rising.

AARON (CONT'D)

So yeah, I took a drink that night --

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

As the meeting lets out, Mark and Aaron walk to the parking lot. There's an easy rapport between them -- Aaron is Mark's sponsor.

MARK

You call Amanda yet?

AARON

Yeah, we're talking.

MARK

Really? Because she told Olivia she never heard from you.

AARON
Hey, I'm your sponsor. I'm
supposed to be riding you. Not the
other way around.

Mark just looks at Aaron.

AARON (CONT'D)
All right, all right, I'm getting
around to it.

MARK
Come on, Aaron, just call. She's
cool. I met her.

AARON
Nurses creep me out.

They reach Aaron's DWP utility van.

MARK
It's a date. She's not giving you
an enema.

AARON
How do you know that's not my
thing?

MARK
(laughing)
See you next week.

As Mark walks off, Aaron climbs into his van.

INT. DWP - VAN

Aaron folds down his sun visor and glances at a photograph
that's been clipped there: his DAUGHTER at her military
graduation, wearing her formal Marine Corps dress uniform.

He stares at the photo a moment, then starts the van.

CUT TO:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Olivia is now awake, sitting in her robe, drinking coffee.
In the background, we see Nicole playing with Charlie.

Olivia is on the phone, leaving a voice-mail message.

OLIVIA
 (into phone)
 Hey, Bryce, it's me. We missed you
 at rounds yesterday. Where the
 hell were you? I'm officially
 pissed. Call me.

As she hangs up the phone with concern --

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY

BRYCE VARLEY (20s) walks towards the edge of the pier. He's dressed in slacks, shirt, and tie. Carries a backpack. He's looking down at his cellphone, sees he has a voice-mail from "OLIVIA BENFORD". He considers it, then pockets the phone.

He pauses at the railing, taking in the morning air. He's alone, except for a PAIR OF NEARBY FISHERMAN and a BALLOON VENDOR setting up for the day. Bryce stares out at --

THE OCEAN

A DOZEN SURFERS are paddling about, catching waves.

After a moment, Bryce removes his wallet. He opens it, revealing his ID, and carefully sets it on the railing.

Then Bryce reaches into the backpack and pulls out a HANDGUN. He stares down at it, troubled and contemplative.

CUT TO:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Mark's daughter, Charlie, is peacefully napping in her bed. From elsewhere in the house we hear RAP MUSIC.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING down the hall towards the source of the music into --

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

REVEAL the babysitter, Nicole, fucking her boyfriend, JOEL (20). She's enjoying the moment, but is also preoccupied. The music is coming from a TV: EVE'S "SATISFACTION".

JOEL
What's wrong?

NICOLE
I thought I heard Charlie.

JOEL
Charlie's asleep.

NICOLE
This is so wrong.

JOEL
Which is why you love it.

NICOLE
Dude, as soon as we're done, you
gotta get your ass out of here.

JOEL
So stop talking and get to work!

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR POV

Of a MIDDLE EASTERN RESTAURANT in a run-down mini-mall. The
POV follows an ARABIC MAN as he walks inside. Over this:

DOMINIC (O.C.)
So then we get to the subject of
our first dance, right? Like,
which song are we gonna play?

REVEAL we're in --

INT. SEDAN - DAY

DOMINIC WITTEN (late 20s) peers through the binoculars. The
sedan is parked a block away from the restaurant.

DOMINIC
And I'm sorry, but Isabel picks one
of the corniest songs of all time.
"Islands In the Stream" -- that old
Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton duet?
We used to sing it when we did
karaoke. But that was when we were
like, really drunk, you know?

He lowers the binocs.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I put up it with when we were dating because that's what you do, right? But this is for real now. This is going on record. My friends are gonna be there. My family. I can't dance to "Islands In The Stream". I'll never live it down.

MARK (O.C.)

What song do you want to play?

DOMINIC

I don't know. I've narrowed it down to a couple dozen --

He turns toward the back, where we see Mark stretched out with his legs up, reading the morning paper.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You don't care about any of this, do you?

MARK

What do you want me to say, don't marry her? Don't marry her. The odds are against you anyway.

DOMINIC

You're still married.

MARK

By the skin of our teeth.

Mark sits up.

MARK (CONT'D)

They say "for better or worse", and Olivia definitely got the "worse". I'm surprised she didn't leave me a long time ago.

DOMINIC

So what did you guys dance to?

MARK

(thinks a beat)
I can't even remember.

Dominic sees something, raises the binoculars.

DOMINIC
Here we go.

BINOCULAR POV

The Arabic man is leaving the restaurant with another ARABIC MAN and a CAUCASIAN WOMAN. They climb into a dark SUV.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Khalid and Omar. Don't recognize
the woman.

Mark digs out his cellphone, takes a photo of the woman.

MARK
Got her.

Mark then picks up a RADIO, slipping into the front seat.

MARK (CONT'D)
(into radio)
We're in play. They're heading
South on Lexington.

INT. VAN - MORNING

TWO OTHER FBI AGENTS are waiting.

MARK (OVER RADIO)
They should hit you in about thirty
seconds. Take the lead.

The other agent starts the van.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The VAN pulls into traffic AHEAD of the SUV. The two vehicles PASS BY, and a moment later we see our SEDAN following from behind.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Dominic drives, closely watching the SUV. Mark works a LAPTOP. On the speaker, we OVERHEAR the two men and woman in the SUV speaking in ARABIC.

Mark listens, then hits speed dial on his cell phone.

INTERCUT:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Los Angeles Bureau. Dozens of agents working. One of them, JANIS HAWK, a tomboyish analyst, with an endearingly abrasive attitude, picks up a blinking line.

JANIS

Janis Hawk.

MARK

It's Benford. Get Wedeck.
Suspects are on the move.

Janis waves over Bureau Chief STAN WEDECK (50s). As he joins her, Janis puts Mark on speakerphone.

JANIS

Mark, I'm putting you on speaker.

WEDECK

What've you got?

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

As before.

MARK

Khalid, Omar, and an unidentified
Caucasian woman. I'm texting you a
picture of her right now.

Mark works his cellphone, texting them the photo he took.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Mark's cellphone photo of the Caucasian woman leaving the restaurant APPEARS on a nearby monitor. Wedeck eyes it.

WEDECK

Who is she?

MARK

That's the "unidentified" part,
sweetheart.

Wedeck rolls his eyes, looks to Janis.

WEDECK

Get this to digital forensics. Run
it by Immigration, too.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Through the windshield, we see the SUV accelerate and make a sudden TURN onto a FREEWAY ON-RAMP.

DOMINIC
They made us!

Dominic jerks the wheel, cutting across lanes.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

A high-speed CHASE ensues, the SUV racing ahead of the sedan. Both cars weave dangerously through traffic.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Dominic focused on the SUV, Mark on his cell.

MARK
Suspects are fleeing. Black Chevy
Tahoe, license QRZ418. We need
LAPD and air support!

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY

Bryce Varley is still at the pier, clenching the handgun. He deliberates for a few seconds more, then abruptly --

BRYCE
Screw it.

-- presses the gun under his chin and tightens his finger on the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Nicole and Joel continue fucking, lost in the moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

The SUV makes a precarious lane change, SIDE-SWIPING a PRODUCE TRUCK, which veers erratically.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING

Dominic SWERVES, narrowly avoiding the truck. He laughs.

MARK

What are you laughing at?

DOMINIC

I don't know! I've never done this before!

MARK

Put on your seat belt!

Mark reaches for his belt. Dominic does the same and --

A STARTLING EFFECT as we perceive stuttering images of ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE. As if the scene we are about to cut to is shuffling into this one like a rifling deck of cards.

FLASH FORWARD: A glimpse into MARK'S FUTURE five months, three weeks, two days from now. The vision comes quickly. But there is a hyper-clarity to it that is anything but dream-like.

POV - A WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND INDEX CARDS

People. Places. We see the investigation designation printed on every piece of evidence: MOSAIC. REVEAL WE'RE IN --

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

Mark stands in his office, adjacent to the empty FBI bullpen. Studying the Mosaic investigation board with a sense of urgency. Red-eyed, unshaven. Cuts and abrasions on his face. As if he's been through hell.

THE BOARD

A name on an index card in bold letters: "D. GIBBONS"

A photograph: The half-melted, charred face of a BABY DOLL.

BACK TO MARK

Staring at the images, trying to make sense of them. He looks down at his desk to write a note --

CLOSE ON MARK'S TREMBLING HAND

Writing down the words: "BALTIMORE - THE BLACK HAND" We notice he's wearing a "FRIENDSHIP BRACELET" made of embroidery floss on his wrist (like the kind a child would make).

Then a SUDDEN NOISE out in the bullpen. Mark looks up, anxious. He pulls out his Glock and loads a clip. He turns out the lights in his office, then takes up position near the window, cautiously peers into --

POV - THE BULLPEN

TWO OMINOUS, SILHOUETTED FIGURES are moving with intent toward Mark's office. Both are wearing translucent plastic Halloween masks to blur their features.

BACK TO MARK

Readying his weapon, terrified. IMAGES from the PRESENT STUTTER BACK IN via the card-rifling EFFECT, and we are BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Mark regains consciousness. He's UPSIDEDOWN and covered in windshield glass. The sedan has been in a terrible CRASH and is now lying on it's roof.

Dominic is nowhere to be seen. The driver's seat is empty.

We hear SCREAMS from outside the car. Mark contorts his body to slide out of the shattered windshield.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

Mark takes in the scene with open-mouthed astonishment.

Every car on the freeway has CRASHED. Thousands of them.

Mark jumps onto the roof of a nearby car for a better view --

A PILE UP AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE

IN BOTH DIRECTIONS. Survivors with varying injuries are climbing from their vehicles in a similar daze.

Mark looks beyond the freeway, sees PILLARS OF SMOKE and FIRES dotting the urban landscape. It's obvious that some sort of massive CITYWIDE CATASTROPHE has occurred. An earthquake? Terrorist attack? God only knows.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

Mark jumps down off his car. The produce truck, which they nearly hit earlier, is now on its side, having spilled hundreds of Valencia oranges across the asphalt.

DOMINIC (O.C.)
(ragged)
What happened --?

ANGLE ON DOMINIC

On his hands and knees, having been thrown from the car, badly scraped up but otherwise okay.

MARK
Are you all right?

DOMINIC
Yeah, yeah, I think so --
(glancing around)
We were driving -- I blacked out.

MARK
Me, too.

CRIES for help nearby. They turn to see a WOMAN kneeling over an INJURED MAN.

DISTRESSED WOMAN
He's not breathing!

Mark and Dominic quickly approach. Mark drops by the man's side, starts CPR.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY

Bryce regains consciousness. He's on his back, his head is bleeding.

BRYCE'S POV - THE SKY ABOVE

A CLUSTER OF BALLOONS is adrift, slowly rising into the air.

Bryce touches the wound on his head, disoriented. Did he fire the gun? No. He sees his handgun nearby. He must've hit his head on the ground when he fell.

He looks over -- SEES the two fisherman and the balloon vendor. They're also on the ground, coming to. Then Bryce hears SHOUTS from below. He looks over the railing --

THE WATER

Of the dozen surfers seen earlier, all but two have drowned. Their bodies float amongst the waves or have washed ashore. The two SURVIVING SURFERS are screaming for help.

ON BRYCE

Realizing that something terrible has happened. He looks down to the gun at his feet. He shoves it into his backpack. Then he cups his hands and SHOUTS to the two survivors:

BRYCE
Just hold on! I'm a doctor! I'll
be right there!

He takes off running down the pier.

CUT TO:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

The music is still playing. Joel lies on the bed, coming to. He glances around -- no sign of Nicole. Then he notices a foot on the edge of the bed. He rolls over and peers down --

ON NICOLE

sprawled on the carpet, her one leg still draped on the edge of the bed. The carpet beneath her is stained with blood. Looks like she fell and struck her head on the night-stand.

JOEL
Nicole!

Nicole stirs, focuses on Joel.

NICOLE
What happened --?

JOEL
You okay?

Nicole doesn't answer, suddenly alarmed.

NICOLE
Oh crap -- Charlie!

She stands, pulling a sheet around her as she rushes out.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nicole stops in the doorway, eyes fixed on --

CHARLIE

who is sitting up in bed, a curious look on her face.

CHARLIE

I had a bad dream.

Nicole rushes to Charlie's side.

NICOLE

Sweetie, are you okay?

Charlie is shell-shocked by whatever she saw in her "dream".

CHARLIE

No more good days.

Off Nicole's puzzled look we --

CUT TO:

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

The injured man Mark was doing CPR to COUGHS and RESUMES BREATHING. But now we hear --

MORE CRIES for help. Mark and Dom see TWO CARS grotesquely tangled together. A YOUNG WOMAN is trapped in the driver's seat of the bottom car, which is a convertible. Covered in blood.

YOUNG WOMAN

Help me -- please --

Mark and Dominic rush over. The woman is in shock, pinned by the car above. One arm is twisted in a compound fracture.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

My sister -- is she okay?

She can't see the seat next to her. But Mark and Dominic can. The BODY of her sister is there, wearing a tank-top and Juicy Couture sweatpants. DECAPITATED.

MARK

Yeah, she's fine. Just don't move.
We'll get help.

Dominic stares at the headless body. Mark grabs him by the shirt and pulls him out of the moment.

MARK (CONT'D)
We can't do anything here.

DOMINIC
We gotta call this in -- call 911.

Mark looks at the mass carnage.

MARK
Trust me, they know. Try the office, see if they can tell us what the hell happened.

Dominic nods, pulls out his cell phone. FOLLOW Mark as he keeps walking down the highway, taking in the scene with amazement, still trying to comprehend what's happened.

He pulls out his own phone, hits speed-dial #1: "Olivia."

As Mark walks, he sees a CRUSHED MINIVAN, the only survivor, a DOG, alive in the backseat, frantically barking.

On his phone, we hear an "ALL CIRCUITS ARE BUSY" message. Dominic walks up behind him --

DOMINIC
I can't get through.

MARK
Me neither.

Someone grabs Mark's arm. An ASIAN MAN is crying hysterically in his native language. But Mark doesn't understand him. Japanese? Korean? We don't know.

Mark pulls away from the man, keeps moving. Suddenly, a CAR fifty yards away EXPLODES in a blast of angry flame. He starts in that direction, but stops when he sees --

THE DARK SUV

They'd been following. It's had a violent collision with the center divider. Mark trades a look with Dominic, and they move toward the SUV with caution, draw their weapons --

INT. SUV - DAY

The two Arabic men who were riding up front are DEAD. But the CAUCASIAN WOMAN in the back is injured but alive. Mark opens the rear passenger door and leans in, gun drawn.

MARK

Don't move --

Dominic pushes past him.

DOMINIC

They had something to do with this --
 (to woman, losing it)
 We know you were planning an
 attack. What is this? What did
 you do?!

The woman doesn't answer, dazed. Dominic roughly drags her out of the SUV and pins her against the vehicle.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You bitch! Tell me what happened!

MARK

Dom, take it easy --

Dominic ignores him, boring into the woman.

DOMINIC

We know about the suitcase -- did
 you set it off?! Answer me!

CAUCASIAN WOMAN

I don't know -- I blacked out, I was
 somewhere else. There was a storm,
 the horses were scared --

DOMINIC

What are you talking about?!

MARK

Just calm down! Calm down.

Mark pulls Dominic back, who continues to struggle with him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Does this look like a "dirty bomb"
 to you? Does it?!

Dominic ceases struggling, doesn't answer.

MARK (CONT'D)

We don't know what this is. Maybe
 they were involved, maybe they
 weren't --

Mark looks back to the injured woman.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't worry about her right now.
She's not going anywhere.

MAN (O.C.)

Are you guys cops?

A SMALL CLUSTER OF PEOPLE has gathered around them, eyeing their guns nervously.

MARK

FBI. It's okay. It's cool.

NERVOUS WOMAN

What happened?

MARK

We don't know.

OLDER MAN

Gotta be the Big One.
(glancing around)
Look at this mess. Gotta be.

TEENAGED BOY

When's help getting here?

MARK

I don't know --

MORE PEOPLE are gathering, looking to Mark and Dominic for answers. They're the only authority figures present.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, until emergency services
arrives, we need to stay calm and
help whoever we can --

TRUCKER

They ain't coming.

DOMINIC

What are you talking about?

TRUCKER

I just heard on my radio -- some
guy in San Diego. They're dealing
with the same thing. This is more
than just L.A., man. This is
everywhere.

A chilling beat as everyone takes this in.

Mark pulls out his phone again, hits speed dial. Gets another busy message. He tries home, gets the same message.

DOMINIC (O.C.)
 You need to check on your family.
 Your wife, your kid --

Mark looks to Dominic.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
 Where's Olivia? UCLA medical?
 That's two miles from here. You
 can make it on foot.

MARK
 (glancing around)
 I can't just --

DOMINIC
 Go! We can't do anything here, you
 know that.

MARK
 What about Isabel?

DOMINIC
 She's in Seattle with her folks.

Torn between family and duty, Mark looks to the SUV and the female suspect leaning against the car.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
 Just go. Seriously.

Mark takes a long beat, then nods, holstering his gun.

MARK
 Thanks.

Mark starts away. One of the ONLOOKERS YELLS after him:

ONLOOKER
 Where you going?!

Mark ignores him, picks up the pace. Eyes never wavering from the path ahead, blocking out the carnage around him.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Mark races down the street, weaving through the chaos: wrecked cars, PEOPLE milling about. We hear SIRENS.

He runs past a series of STOREFRONTS, ignoring LOOTERS who have already descended like carrion feeders.

Down the street, Mark spots BILLOWING SMOKE -- a TRAFFIC HELICOPTER, embedded in the fourth story of a building.

MORE SURREAL SIGHTS

-- an ELDERLY MAN, wandering naked down the sidewalk --

-- a CITY BUS that has plowed into a STARBUCKS --

-- an intersection FLOODED BY A BROKEN WATER MAIN. TWO BODIES floating face down in the waist-deep water.

-- more bizarrely, a KANGAROO hopping down a side street --

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Mark rounds a corner. Slows as he sees --

A CROWD gathered outside a window display, watching the VARIOUS TELEVISIONS. All are showing LIVE NEWS REPORTS.

Mark approaches, eyes darting from monitor to monitor. Though he can't hear the broadcasts, the images convey an unmistakable reality: THIS DISASTER IS WORLD-WIDE.

ON THE MONITORS

Live feeds from across the globe: New York, Washington, Paris, Tokyo. All consumed by carnage and disorder.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Mark is still watching the news broadcasts from around the globe, trying to process the enormity of the situation. His cellphone RINGS. At first, Mark doesn't even register it. Then, Mark sees "Olivia" on the caller ID:

MARK
 (into cell phone, frantic)
 Livy! I'm here! I'm here! Are
 you alright?!!

INTERCUT:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - ICU - DAY

Olivia is wearing surgical garb, splattered in blood.

She's at the triage door, which is insane with activity. STAFF SHOUTING, panicked PATIENTS. An overwhelming influx of emergencies as Olivia and her coworkers try to determine which patients are stable, unstable, or dead.

OLIVIA
 Thank God I got a hold of you!
 I've been trying for half an hour --

MARK
 Are you okay?!

OLIVIA
 I'm fine, but it's crazy here. We
 were in the middle of surgery and
 we all lost consciousness.
 Everyone. It was over two minutes.
 The patient almost died while we
 were out --

MARK
 I was on the freeway -- same thing.
 Everybody --
 (then)
 My God, honey -- Charlie --

OLIVIA
 She's okay. Nicole called from the
 house. She'll stay put till one of
 us gets home --

MARK

Thank God.
 (mind racing)
 So everyone there blacked out?

OLIVIA

Everyone, Mark. We thought it was just the hospital, but then Corrie got a call from her mother in Ohio. It happened there too --

MARK

I know. It looks like this thing was global.

Olivia's attention is drawn to a PARAMEDIC wheeling in a YOUNG BOY (6) strapped to a gurney.

DYLAN SIMCOE

Dylan is on a backboard, with a collar around his neck. His pants have been cut to the groin and his shirt has been cut down the middle.

OLIVIA

Babe, I gotta go --

MARK

Alright, I'm heading over to the Bureau. I'll get home when I can. I love you --

But Olivia has already hung up. STAY WITH her as she hurries alongside the gurney carrying the injured boy.

PARAMEDIC

Got a 6 year-old, male, ped versus car. It plowed through a fence at an elementary school. Head injury on the left, abdominal bruising.

OLIVIA

What are his vitals?

PARAMEDIC

Heart rate 140, BP 86 palp. Looks like he's holding his stats --

At this point, Bryce Varley -- the man contemplating suicide, joins them. He's still dressed in business attire.

BRYCE

Doctor Benford!

OLIVIA
 Bryce, where the hell have you
 been? Get into your scrubs and
 meet me in the E.R.

Olivia turns back to the boy, who stares up at her face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 You're gonna be okay, honey.

DYLAN
 I know, Olivia.

OLIVIA
 How'd you know my name?

DYLAN
 You have a rooster. There's 'Nilla
 wafers in it.

Before Olivia can respond, the boy is whisked away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

TRACKING WITH MARK as he makes his way across the boulevard,
 which is CRAMMED WITH VEHICLES -- some crashed, others
 abandoned. A few desperate DRIVERS are trying to flee the
 scene by pulling onto the sidewalks or grass embankments.

ON MARK,

numb to the anarchy around him, fixed on his destination --

THE WILSHIRE FEDERAL BUILDING

A massive 17-story structure. Home to the FBI Los Angeles
 Field Office and various other government agencies.

INT. FBI LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Mark makes his way through the CROWDED BULLPEN with his boss,
 Wedeck. VARIOUS AGENTS are at their stations, working the
 phones, dealing with the crisis. Some have minor injuries,
 others look shell-shocked or are crying.

MARK
 What've we heard from Washington?

WEDECK

More of the same. Everybody's just gathering intel. CIA, Homeland, Interpol -- no one knows anything.

MARK

So it's a world-wide phenomenon, near as we can tell. People from all corners losing consciousness at exactly the same moment --

WEDECK

-- and for the same duration. Two minutes, seventeen seconds.

MARK

How is that even possible?

At this point, AGENT CURDY, an officious, tightly-wound young agent joins them as they're on the move.

WEDECK

We've eliminated nuclear launches, EMPs, chemical agents. The fact that it appears to be global would seem to rule out the possibility of a terrorist attack --

AGENT CURDY

No credible party, as yet, has stepped forward to claim responsibility.

MARK

What about natural phenomena, then? Seismic activity?

AGENT CURDY

Already called Cal-Tech. Nothing. NASA's checking into more exotic explanations -- solar flares, gamma bursts, that kind of thing. So far, they're coming up empty.

WEDECK

(gallows humor)

What about the Vatican? Has the Pope chimed in yet?

24A.

They arrive at the conference room, which is crammed with FBI PERSONNEL. The mood is a tense mixture of urgency and disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - TRAUMA WARD - DAY

Olivia, Bryce, and the rest of the trauma team are hovering around Dylan, desperately trying to save him.

A NURSE draws blood. Bryce presses on the boy's abdomen, while Olivia listens to his chest with a stethoscope.

OLIVIA

I've got diminished breath sounds on the left and crepitus. He's got a punctured lung. Air's trapped in there.

(to nurse)

Prep a chest tube tray and get me a 28 French test tube. We don't release the pressure soon, it's gonna stop his heart from beating.

As the Nurse hurries off, Olivia glances at Bryce.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Eyes.

BRYCE

What?

OLIVIA

Come on, Bryce. Get your head out of the clouds. Eyes.

Bryce hurriedly checks Dylan's pupils.

BRYCE

Pupils are 3 mm and reactive on left, 5 mm and fixed on right --

Suddenly, his vitals are BEEPING. The boy is crashing.

OLIVIA

Get me some oxygen, his stats are dragging. Blood pressure is 40.

Olivia SHOUTS in the direction the nurse ran:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Where the hell is that chest tube tray?! We need it now!

MORE BEEPING. Bryce checks the monitors.

BRYCE

Got no pulse. Get me some
Betadine!

Someone hands Bryce the Betadine. He pours the orange fluid all over the boy's chest. Olivia grabs a scalpel, making an "auxiliary line" incision down from the boy's left armpit.

OLIVIA
Spreader!

Bryce hands her a spreader, which Olivia inserts into the incision. With a WHOOSH, blood and trapped air spray out through the incision, splashing over Olivia.

The Nurse arrives with the chest tube. She hands it to Bryce, who pushes it into the boy's chest. As Olivia sews up the incision around the tube, Bryce checks his vitals:

BRYCE
(optimistic)
Blood pressure's rising. 60/20.

Olivia sighs, relieved that the immediate crisis is over.

OLIVIA
Let's get him in the CT scanner. I want to check out that head injury.

She turns to Bryce, tries to lighten the mood.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Not bad, Bryce. You keep it up, you might actually become a real doctor one day.

BRYCE
Thanks, boss.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wedeck presses his staff for information.

WEDECK
Let's set aside a cause for the moment. We need to wrap our heads around the scope of this thing.
(starting to pace)
Shut off the consciousness of the entire human race for two minutes, and what would the death toll be? How many cars collided?

He glances out the window towards LAX where several thick columns of black smoke are rising in the far distance.

WEDECK (CONT'D)

I can see LAX from here --
obviously we've got planes down --
how many more across the country?

AGENT VREEDE

FAA's reporting eighty-seven
commercial aircraft went down in
the United States alone. Air Force
Two was one of them. The Veep was
on-board.

A somber moment as everyone takes this in.

WEDECK

Okay. What about hospitals?
Operations? Births that were in
process --
(realizing the magnitude)
-- people probably died walking up
a flight of stairs --

AGENT CURDY

Globally, projected estimates are
pretty staggering. Twenty, thirty -
- forty million people, maybe.

The room falls silent for a somber moment as everyone takes
that in. Then Mark steps forward --

MARK

What about the blackouts
themselves, sir?

WEDECK

What about them?

MARK

Well, we've been talking in global
terms, but maybe we need to narrow
it down to a more personal level.

WEDECK

What do you mean?

MARK

We've been saying people have been
blacking out, but that wasn't my
experience. For me, it was more
like a dream. Only more vivid than
that. One second I was in a car,
and next, I was somewhere else --

JANIS

The same thing happened to me.

AGENT VREEDE, an older agent nearing retirement age, is deeply shaken by this experience.

AGENT VREEDE

Me too.

Others nod as well. There's a consensus around the room.

AGENT CURDY

That's consistent with reports we've been hearing. During the two minute and seventeen second period of unconsciousness, people seemed to have experienced some kind of hallucination --

MARK

-- except that mine didn't feel like a hallucination.

WEDECK

What's your point, Benford?

MARK

I didn't just lose consciousness. It felt more like my consciousness went somewhere else. Like I was having a memory. But it wasn't of the past.

(beat)

It was of the future.

AGENT HARMON

A flash-forward?

MARK

Yes.

(re: bullpen)

I was in my office. It was night.

FLASH-FORWARD: Mark in his office, near the empty bullpen.

MARK (CONT'D)

It was eight-o-clock, on the hour. I remember that. I was looking out into the bullpen. And I happened to see the date -- March 18th, 2010. About half a year from now --

AGENT VREEDE

Hold on. March 18th?

(off Mark's nod)

I saw the same date. It was on the news --

AGENT CURDY

Same for me. March 18th, eight PM.

Others are nodding as well -- mystified, but also, oddly relieved that they weren't alone in their experience.

ON WEDECK

A shaken expression. He's obviously had the same experience, but doesn't elaborate on it yet.

WEDECK

So you're saying -- what?
Everyone's consciousness just jumped forward five months to the exact same moment in time?

MARK

Crazy as that sounds -- yeah.

JANIS

Come on! That's ridiculous.

MARK

So is six billion people blacking out at exactly the same time.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

The meeting has broken up and people are dispersing. AGENT GOUGH, an intense, perpetually awkward man, who was silent during the meeting, has pulled Wedeck and Mark aside.

AGENT GOUGH

Guys, can you hold on a second?
There may be a way to corroborate all this --

WEDECK

What do you mean?

AGENT GOUGH

Well, in my -- "flash-forward" -- it was March 19th, four AM. But I was in London.

(MORE)

AGENT GOUGH (CONT'D)

That's eight hours ahead from the
West Coast, so that makes sense.

(MORE)

AGENT GOUGH (CONT'D)
 I was having a meeting with our
 liaison at New Scotland Yard --
 Fiona Banks. I remember we were
 interrupted because this bird --

He pauses, recalling the moment.

MARK
 Keep going --

AGENT GOUGH
 We were at her office --

FLASH-FORWARD: Gough sitting across from an attractive female British agent, BANKS.

AGENT GOUGH (CONT'D)
 We were talking about a case that I
 don't think even exists yet -- the
 Rutherford Case? Does that ring a
 bell for you guys?

Wedeck and Mark shake their heads.

AGENT GOUGH (CONT'D)
 The point is, I had a vision of
 Fiona Banks. Let's see if she had
 a vision of me.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - HALLWAY - NIGHT

FIONA BANKS (30s), the British Agent seen in Gough's flash-forward is walking down a hallway, answering her cellphone.

INSPECTOR BANKS
 Inspector Banks.

INTERCUT:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WEDECK'S OFFICE - DAY

The three of them are gathered around Wedeck's desk, listening to Banks on speaker phone.

AGENT GOUGH
 Fiona. This is Al Gough, FBI. I'm
 here with my colleagues in L.A. --

INSPECTOR BANKS
My God, Al. I know why you're
calling. You want to know what I
saw?

AGENT GOUGH
Yes. We all do.

INSPECTOR BANKS
We were sitting in my office --

AGENT GOUGH
What date?

INSPECTOR BANKS
March 19th.

AGENT GOUGH
What time?

Banks pauses by a large window overlooking London. The city
is in ruins from the global black-out. Big Ben is in flames.

INSPECTOR BANKS
I don't know -- four in the
morning? Don't ask me why we were
meeting so early. Something about
the Rutherford Case --?

AGENT GOUGH
Yes, yes! And something
interrupted us --

INSPECTOR BANKS
A bird. It flew into the window.
Broke its neck.

AGENT GOUGH
So our visions were the same.

Gough looks to Mark and Wedeck, who listen in stunned
amazement. What the hell is going on?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron Stark, Mark's A.A. sponsor, is urgently searching through a bookcase; he's barely paying attention to the TV.

A NEUROLOGIST is talking with DR. SANJAY GUPTA, the network's medical correspondent.

NEUROLOGIST

-- interestingly enough, when the world-wide blackout occurred, many people across the country were undergoing various brain scans at that exact moment.

Aaron grows more agitated, pulling one book out after another -- tossing them aside until finding the one he's looking for.

NEUROLOGIST (CONT'D)

In each of these cases, the hippocampus -- the *memory* center of the brain -- was actively engaged during the entire two minutes and seventeen seconds.

Aaron slams the book onto his kitchen table. An ATLAS. He starts flipping through the pages --

NEUROLOGIST (CONT'D)

These thought patterns were consistent with a waking experience. These people were not asleep. They weren't dreaming.

Aaron stops on a page, studying it: a map of AFGHANISTAN.

CUT TO:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole, the Benford's babysitter, sits on the couch, watching the same program. Charlie sits in her lap.

DR. GUPTA

Then what were they experiencing?

NEUROLOGIST

By all appearances, memories of events that haven't occurred yet.

CLOSE ON Nicole, holding back tears for the sake of Charlie. She fingers the silver cross she wears around her neck.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - NURSES STATION - DAY

Amidst the chaos, Olivia takes a much-needed breather. Behind her, Bryce and OTHER STAFF MEMBERS are gathered around a TV, watching "PUNDITS" engaged in a heated debate.

PUNDIT #1

-- so everyone saw a glimpse of the future. But was it the same future?

PUNDIT #2

It certainly seems like it. Hundreds of thousands of people were watching news broadcasts, reading newspapers, internet blogs. The details seem to be the same.

Olivia looks at her cellphone, which shows a photo of Mark and Charlie. Overcome with emotion, she types a quick text:

Hope I never see you again.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WEDECK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark, Wedeck and Janis are watching the same pundit debate. Dominic is there as well, having returned from the field.

PUNDIT #2

Catherine Elway will be President. The Dow will be at 10,080. Apple is going to roll-out a new operating system called OS XI Lion -
- the list goes on and on.

Under this, Mark's cellphone CHIRPS. He checks it, SEES Oliva's text: "Hope I never see you again."

He smiles, fatigued, but happy to hear from her. Types:

That's okay. I never loved you anyway.

Mark hits "SEND" as he shifts his focus to the TV:

PUNDIT #2 (CONT'D)

A remarkably concise picture of the events of that day are starting to form. It's like a mosaic that's being filled in.

Mark reacts to this last sentiment. It seems to strike a chord with him. Wedeck turns to Mark.

WEDECK

Tell me again what you saw. You were in your office, working on --?

MARK

This. Everything that happened, what caused it. The code-name for the investigation was Mosaic.

WEDECK

Did you see anything that was helpful?

FLASH-FORWARD: Mark looking at the MOSAIC investigation board: People. Places. Maps. Handwritten notes.

MARK

It was just a jumble. Photographs, names, people of interest. I guess they will be leads. They seemed important to me at the time. But none of them make any sense to me right now.

WEDECK

Anything else?

Mark hesitates. It's obvious there's more to what he saw, but instead of elaborating:

MARK

No. That was it.

WEDECK

(to Dominic)

What about you? What'd you see?

DOMINIC

Nothing.

WEDECK

What do you mean, nothing?

DOMINIC

I didn't see a thing. I blacked out, just like everyone else, woke up on the freeway. But I didn't have any kind of "vision".

Wedeck moves to a window looking onto the bullpen where the Caucasian woman (the "terrorist" Mark and Dom pulled out of the SUV) can be seen sitting in a chair, hand-cuffed.

WEDECK

What about our "person of interest"? Do we think she's involved?

MARK

You ask me, it's a dead-end.

WEDECK

Circle back on it anyway. We're grasping at straws at this point.

Wedeck turns to Janis.

WEDECK (CONT'D)

Janis. Wanna share what you saw?

JANIS

(hesitant)

I was getting a prenatal sonogram.

FLASH FORWARD: a SONOGRAPHER moves a probe over Janis' pregnant belly as she watches a monitor showing a grainy image of a gestating fetus.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Somehow, I knew the baby was about fourteen weeks old. A little girl. But -- I'm obviously not pregnant. And I don't even have a boyfriend right now.

DOMINIC

Well it sounds like you're about to get lucky soon.

JANIS

No. This whole thing's gotta be bunk.

MARK

Why?

JANIS

Because I can't conceive. My gyno told me last year. I had cervical cancer.

The others take this in. Weird. Mark looks to Wedeck.

MARK

What about you, sir?

WEDECK

I was in a meeting. And I happened to glance down at the paper.

FLASH FORWARD: Wedeck taking a shit, reading USA TODAY.

WEDECK (CONT'D)

Sports page. The Rays rallied from a three-run deficit to sweep the Sox at Fenway --

(recalling more)

And there was another story -- Kobe Bryant tore a ligament in his knee. Benched for the season.

DOMINIC

You remember any other stories?

Wedeck nods.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You should write 'em down. Times has a circulation of what, a million? How many other people were reading it then, too? Lotta notes to compare.

MARK

And it's not just the Times. It's all the other news outlets. Six billion people caught a glimpse of the future. It stands to reason at least one of them knows why this happened. We should start comparing people's stories.

DOMINIC

How do you compare six billion stories?

JANIS

You create a website. Let people
post what they saw and cross-
reference their visions.

(MORE)

JANIS (CONT'D)

We index all the descriptions so people can search them via keywords. It'd be a public service. But we could also piggyback on it. Look for patterns.

Mark is suddenly struck by an idea.

MARK

I think that's what I was already doing.

WEDECK

What do you mean?

MARK

Mosaic. All those leads I was running down. We should start following up on them now.

DOMINIC

That investigation doesn't exist yet --

MARK

No. But it will. Don't you see? In my flash-forward, I was investigating what caused this. My future self knew why all of this was happening -- and those people, those places I glimpsed on the board --

He looks at them with certainty.

MARK (CONT'D)

-- they were part of the puzzle. Mosaic. I'm certain of it.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mark paces, trying to remember images from his flash-forward. Dominic stands by a cork board (which we realize is the same board we saw in Mark's vision). As Mark calls out phrases, Dominic writes them on cards and pins them to the board.

A few cards have already been pinned to the board -- names, locations, nothing that makes sense right now.

And although the overall picture of leads is far from complete, we should notice that these specific cards -- their placement and the handwriting on them -- exactly match those seen in Mark's vision.

MARK

I remember a name: D. Gibbons.

We see a BRIEF GLIMPSE of Mark's FLASH-FORWARD. The index card with the "D. Gibbons" name on it.

Dominic writes the name on a card and pins it up. The handwriting and position of the card are a dead-match for what we just saw in the flash-forward glimpse.

Mark continues pacing, trying to conjure up more information.

MARK (CONT'D)

There was a photograph of a doll.
The doll was burned. The head was melted.

We see a BRIEF GLIMPSE of the MELTED DOLL PHOTOGRAPH.

Dominic writes "BABY DOLL PHOTOGRAPH?" and pins it up.

Mark keeps thinking. Remembers another image:

We see a BRIEF GLIMPSE of an index card with the words "BALTIMORE -- THE BLACK HAND" on it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Something about Baltimore, a hand --
(correcting himself)
-- no, "The black hand." That's what it said.

DOMINIC

What the hell does that mean?

MARK

I don't know. Just put it up.

Dominic writes down the phrase and pins it to the board.

DOMINIC

What else?

MARK

Those are all the leads I can remember.

DOMINIC

What about your state of mind?
What were you doing?

Mark glances around the room --

FLASH-FORWARD: Mark nervous, loading a handgun.

MARK

I was loading a gun. I was scared
out of my mind.

DOMINIC

You were scared while you were
here?

MARK

Yeah. The office was empty. But
then someone was coming for me.
They were wearing masks.

**FLASH-FORWARD: The approaching silhouetted figures wearing
their eerie translucent masks.**

DOMINIC

That's weird.

Mark nods, then absently glances at his wrist.

MARK

And I was wearing one of those
stupid friendship bracelets.

FLASH-FORWARD: the friendship bracelet.

MARK (CONT'D)

You know, like kids make?

He shrugs. Dominic shrugs too. Mark stares at the cards
tacked to the board. He focuses on the name "D. GIBBONS".

MARK (CONT'D)

How many D. Gibbons do you think
there are in the world?

DOMINIC

Could be thousands.

MARK

We should have Janis compile a
list.

Dominic nods as Mark keeps staring at the board.

MARK (CONT'D)

Not a hell of a lot to go on yet.

DOMINIC

Well at least you remember
something.

Dominic slumps into a chair. He seems anxious.

MARK

What do you mean?

DOMINIC

Everyone saw something. Why didn't I?

MARK

Maybe it means you'll be sleeping five months from now.

DOMINIC

Yeah, but if I was sleeping during my flash-forward, shouldn't I have been dreaming? I mean, I should've seen something, right?

MARK

I wouldn't read too much into it. I never remember my dreams.

Off Dominic, still troubled.

INT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - PEDIATRICS ICU - NIGHT

Dylan Simcoe, the young boy who Olivia operated on, is unconscious, hooked up to an array of vital signs monitors. His head has been shaved and is bandaged (a result of the emergency brain surgery that was performed).

Olivia hovers at Dylan's side, making notes on a medical chart while Bryce looks on.

OLIVIA

No luck finding his family?

BRYCE

Well his mother died on the 405. Father's name is Lloyd Simcoe. He works at Stanford. But no one's been able to locate him yet.

Olivia nods, exhausted.

OLIVIA

So even if the kid pulls through, he could still wind up an orphan.

BRYCE

Don't even go there. The important thing is, you saved his life today. Chalk that up as a victory.

OLIVIA

I'm trying, but after today --
(changing the subject)
What about you? How are you
staying so Zen through all this?

BRYCE

Who says I am?

She looks at him, curious.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

You want to know why I didn't show
up for work yesterday? I've been
going through some things. The
other day, I was basically given a
death sentence --

OLIVIA

My God, what do you mean?

BRYCE

I don't want to go into it now.
The point is, this morning, I was
out on the Venice Pier -- I was
going to end it. Save myself and
my family the trouble --

He pauses, remembering the moment.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

But then I saw a glimpse of my
future and I was alive. And it was
the most bizarre thing -- I was in
Japan, talking to this girl. And I
was speaking in fluent Japanese.
But I don't speak Japanese. I
don't even like sushi --

He shakes his head at the wonderment of it all.

OLIVIA

Who was she?

BRYCE

I have no idea. But for some
reason, I know I have to find her.
It's like nothing else matters now.
(beat)
This thing was a gift, don't you
think?

From the look on Olivia's face, we can see that she's deeply troubled.

OLIVIA
Not for me.

BRYCE
Why? What did you see?

OLIVIA
(darkly)
The end of my marriage.

Bryce takes this in, silent, as Olivia walks away.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BENFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark pulls his Volvo into the driveway and climbs out of his car. He approaches his front door, but instead of going inside, he lowers himself to the steps. He seems lost for a moment, profoundly affected by the day's events.

NICOLE (O.C.)
Mr. Benford?

Mark turns to see Nicole standing in the open doorway.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

MARK
Yeah. How's Charlie?

NICOLE
She's fine. Sleeping.

Nicole steps out onto the porch and sits beside him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I've been watching the news all day
-- they say it happened everywhere.

MARK
Yeah.

He reads the apprehension on her face.

MARK (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay.

NICOLE
How do you know that? Is that what
they're saying at the FBI? Do you
have inside information?

MARK
I wish we did.

NICOLE
So then you don't know it's gonna
be okay.

Mark is silent.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I think God did this.

MARK

Why?

NICOLE

To punish us.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits on the edge of Charlie's bed, watching his daughter sleep.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark is at the island, studying a data packet, hi-lighting certain details.

CLOSE ON DATA PACKET

A list of "D. GIBBONS", with a profile on each. Mark turns a page, then hi-lights something: "GIBBONS, DONNA. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. OLD SOUL DOLL COMPANY."

FLASH-FORWARD: The card with the name "D. GIBBONS" on it. The photograph of the charred doll head.

Mark studies the entry, then hears the DOORBELL RING.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Mark opens the door to reveal Aaron (his A.A. Sponsor).

MARK

Thanks for coming.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark and Aaron are sitting at the island. Mark is troubled and hesitant regarding what he's about to say.

MARK

I was drinking again. In my flash-forward.

FLASH-FORWARD: We're back in Mark's office. As before, he's studying the Mosaic investigation board with a sense of urgency. Red-eyed, unshaven. Cuts and abrasions on his face. As if he's been through hell and back.

And now we glimpse a moment that we didn't see before: Mark taking a long pull from a silver flask.

MARK (CONT'D)

And in my head, I knew it wasn't just a one-time thing. I was full-fledged drinking again. All the anxiety, the complete sense of hating myself -- it was all back.

Aaron takes this in.

AARON

Alright. Let's say you saw that. Still doesn't mean it's gonna happen. Until you see something that corroborates it, it's all fantasy. Future's still up in the air.

Mark looks at him, doubtful.

AARON (CONT'D)

And even if you did see your future. Maybe that's a blessing in disguise. Maybe because you saw it, you can change it. Ghost of Christmas Future crap.

MARK

What if I can't?

AARON

People relapse. I have. You pick yourself up again.

At this point, Aaron reaches over to a ceramic COOKIE JAR in the shape of a rooster. He scoops out a handful of stale 'Nilla wafers and starts munching on them.

MARK

It's not that simple. Olivia's gonna leave me if I stumble again. She made that clear.

AARON

Then don't stumble.

MARK

You're not helping.

AARON

What do you want me to say, Mark? You're worried about what you saw. I got the opposite problem.

MARK
What do you mean?

AARON
My daughter Shawna is dead. Buried
in Arlington. You were at the
funeral, right?

Mark nods. Aaron leans in, emotions rising.

AARON (CONT'D)
But in my flash-forward, she was
alive. I was talking to her. I
remember the entire conversation --

**FLASH-FORWARD: Aaron sitting with his daughter SHAWNA (25)
in a desert locale. Possibly Afghanistan.**

MARK
But they ID'd her.

AARON
I know.
(beat)
It took me two years to put her to
rest and now -- I don't know what
to think. I'm confused. Hopeful.
I'm angry that I'm hopeful.

He laughs.

AARON (CONT'D)
You're worried your future's gonna
come true. I'm worried mine won't.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Dominic sits at his computer, watching a YouTube video.

VIDEO

Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton, circa 1983, performing
"Islands In The Stream" before a live studio audience.

Dominic shifts his gaze to a photo of him and a YOUNG WOMAN
(presumably his fiancée).

DOMINIC
I love you, honey, but there's no
way.

Under this, his office phone rings, jarring him out of the moment. As Dominic reaches for the handset:

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Agent Witten.

A female voice speaks in accented English.

FEMALE VOICE
(filtered)
Is this, ah, Dominic Witten?

DOMINIC
Yes.

INTERCUT:

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

An AFRIKANER WOMAN in her 50s is on the phone, looking out over an urban African landscape in turmoil.

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
My name is Kathleen DeVries. I'm
calling from Johannesburg --

DOMINIC
South Africa?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
Yes. I've been mulling over
whether or not to phone you --

Dominic waits silently for her to go on. She doesn't.

DOMINIC
How can I help you, Ms. Devries?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
I'm calling about the visions --

DOMINIC
If you're asking if we know what
caused them yet, we don't --

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
No, it's not that. It's just --
well my vision involved you.

Dominic sits up, instantly alert.

Go on -- DOMINIC

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

Well, I was here, in my home, in Johannesburg, reading the newspaper. The article I was reading happened to be -- well, I'm sorry there's no other way to say it. It was about your death.

A chill runs up Dominic's spine.

DOMINIC

My death.

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

Yes, that's right. And I guess, well -- I thought if I called you and told you what I'd read -- then maybe you could try to prevent your death from happening.

Dominic is quiet for several seconds.

DOMINIC

So, does the -- obituary say what I died of?

An awkward beat passes before Ms. Devries responds.

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

Umm, Mr. Witten, I'm sorry -- I guess I should have been more clear. It wasn't an obituary I was reading; it was a news story.

(beat)

About your murder.

The information hits Dominic like a jackhammer.

DOMINIC

What -- did the article say --

He can barely bring himself to say it:

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

-- who killed me?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

I'm afraid not. It's an unsolved crime, apparently.

(correcting herself)

Or I guess it will be.

Dominic reaches for a pen and pad of paper.

DOMINIC

Well, what does the article say,
then?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

I wrote down as much as I remember.
The headline was, "Federal Agent
Shot Dead."

Dominic writes "SHOT" down on his pad. Underlines it. As
Ms. Devries continues, he writes down the details.

DOMINIC

Which newspaper was this?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

The Mail and Guardian. It's a
local paper.

DOMINIC

Go on.

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

Well it said you'd been found shot
to death the day before. I wish I
could be more specific.

Dominic bites back the emotions rising in him.

DOMINIC

I understand. Was there anything
else you remember?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

Just that you'd been shot three
times.

(an afterthought)

Oh, and -- I know this isn't going
to make any sense -- but there was
also something about "Babar".

DOMINIC

Babar?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES

The elephant. From the children's
books?

DOMINIC

I'm not sure I understand the
connection.

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
I don't either. I'm sorry, Mr.
Witten. I wish I remembered more,
but I just don't.

DOMINIC
Will you contact me if you remember
anything else?

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
Yes, of course.

Dominic is unsure how to end the call.

DOMINIC
Well thanks again, Ms. Devries.

KATHLEEN DEVRIES
You're welcome. And -- good luck,
I guess.

DOMINIC
Yeah.

Ms. Devries hangs up. Then the line goes dead.

We stay with Dominic as he slowly returns the handset to its
cradle. Sits there at his cubicle, all but paralyzed.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Mark stands on a ladder, working on the motor housing of the garage door opener with a set of tools. After a beat, the garage door suddenly BEGINS TO OPEN, startling him.

Mark sees a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS. It's Olivia's car.

Mark steps off the ladder and moves it aside, allowing her to pull in.

Olivia climbs out of her car, sees her husband. Moves to him. Shell-shocked from the day's events. She looks up at the garage door motor housing.

OLIVIA

You fixed the garage door.

MARK

(simply)

It was a slow day.

At this Olivia breaks down and crumples into his arms. They hold each other for a long time.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Olivia have just finished making love, trying to purge the day's overwhelming stress. To connect in some way.

He rolls off her, out of breath. She stares at the ceiling. Despite their intentions, they are miles apart. Then:

MARK

Do you remember our song?

OLIVIA

What?

MARK

The one we danced to at our wedding.

OLIVIA

(without skipping a beat)

Etta James. "At Last".

Mark nods, remembering now. Olivia turns to him:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What did you see?

Mark knows exactly what she means.

MARK
I was at my office, working on a case -- it was this. What caused the flash-forwards. I got the sense that I was in danger. I was loading a gun. Then it ended.

OLIVIA
Nothing else?

Mark hesitates, remembering:

FLASH-FORWARD: Mark taking a long pull from a silver flask.

MARK
(lying)
No. That was it.

Mark rolls over, looks at her.

MARK (CONT'D)
What about you?

Olivia doesn't answer. From her posture, we know it's bad.

MARK (CONT'D)
Babe?

OLIVIA
I don't want to talk about it.

MARK
Why?

OLIVIA
Because it was too upsetting.

MARK
I need to hear it, whatever it was.

OLIVIA
No you don't.

MARK
Come on. What did you see?

She sits onto the edge of the bed, her back to him.

OLIVIA
Mark, please. Just leave it alone.

MARK
(insistent)
Olivia. What did you see?

Olivia hesitates, trying to find the words.

OLIVIA
I was with another man --

MARK
Who?

OLIVIA
I don't know. I've never met him
before --

FLASH-FORWARD:

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia is in bed. The very same bed she and Mark are currently laying in. She sits up, pulling on a robe.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
He wasn't there at first. He was
in another room, watching TV. I
could hear it.

Olivia walks into the hall, following the television sounds.

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING/LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Olivia moves to the railing, looks below --

A SLENDER, INTENSE-LOOKING MAN (40S)

is sitting on the couch, wearing only a pair of jeans, watching TV with great interest. He seems troubled. As we will come to learn, this is LLOYD SIMCOE.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
I don't know who he was. I've
never met him before. And yet --
in my vision -- I felt these
intense emotions for him.

Olivia smiles down at the man and speaks:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Hey, honey.

As the man turns to look at her we're --

BACK IN THE PRESENT

Mark is rattled by the revelation. But Olivia is absolutely devastated. She's crying now, uncontrollably.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 I don't understand it. I would
 never cheat on you. I'd never
 betray you like that --

Mark pulls her to him, halfheartedly echoing Aaron's words.

MARK
 Just because we saw these things
 doesn't mean they're going to
 happen.

But we can see on Mark's face that he isn't so sure.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

FOLLOWING a MAN (40s) as he hurries through the ward. We're on his back, so we don't yet see his face. He rounds a corner, making a bee-line for the bed of --

DYLAN SIMCOE

the young boy that Olivia and Bryce recently operated on. Bryce is still watching the sleeping boy, sitting in a nearby chair. He looks up as the man approaches.

MAN
 Dylan --

IT'S LLOYD SIMCOE

the man we just saw in Olivia's flash-forward.

BRYCE
 I'm sorry, you are --?

LLOYD
 His father. Lloyd Simcoe.

BRYCE

We've been trying to reach you --

LLOYD

I know. I had to fight my way down from Stanford. The roads are insane. I barely got through.

(beat)

Are you his doctor?

BRYCE

No. I'm an intern.

LLOYD

How is he --?

BRYCE

He's stable. He suffered some internal injuries, perforated his lung. He'll need some time to heal, but he's gonna be okay.

(beat)

His doctor, Olivia Benford, will be here in the morning. She can fill you in on more of the details.

LLOYD

Then I'll wait for her.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Dominic is still at his desk. Janis walks up to him, urgent.

JANIS

Dom, you gotta see this.

DOMINIC

What is it?

She leans past him, starts working his computer.

JANIS

As far as we know, everyone on the planet -- six billion people -- all lost consciousness for the exact same period of time, right? So I started cycling through surveillance cams. I was curious to see what they recorded.

She brings up a series of video windows -- each one depicting a camera feed: intersections, bank lobbies, etc.

Although the locales are different, the one consistent element is that every single human being is unconscious.

JANIS (CONT'D)

I went through hundreds of them. I checked every major city, even web cams in other countries. And they all show the same thing -- you see people dropping like flies. Two minutes and seventeen seconds later, they start to come to.

(beat)

Then I saw this.

She expands one of the windows -- a camera view of Comerica Stadium, home of the Detroit Tigers.

JANIS (CONT'D)

Detroit. A Tigers game.

Dominic leans in -- thousands of people are unconscious in the stands. Players are sprawled on the field.

DOMINIC

What am I supposed to be seeing?

JANIS

Just a few more seconds, here --

She points to the upper right corner of the screen. After a beat, a LONE, DISTANT FIGURE appears in the stands. AWAKE, moving amongst the unconscious people.

DOMINIC

No way.

Janis zooms in. The figure is grainy. Hard to make out if it's a man or woman. Or even human. But it is unmistakably awake and moving with purpose.

Dominic watches, transfixed. After a few moments, the figure begins to disappear into shadow. But Janis freeze-frames the image before we lose the figure completely.

JANIS

Who the hell is that? Why are they awake?

DOMINIC

Have you tried to enhance it?

JANIS

No, I just found it. You're the first person I've shown it to.

Dominic stares at the ghostly figure, at a complete loss.

EXT. BENFORD HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night and Mark can't sleep. He sits on his daughter's swing set. His eyes are fixed on --

HIS WIFE

moving past one of the lighted master bedroom windows. A few seconds pass, then the bedroom light goes off.

CHARLIE (O.C.)

Daddy?

Mark turns, sees his daughter, Charlie, in her pajamas.

MARK

What are you doing up, sweetie?

CHARLIE

I had a bad dream. I dreamt there were no more good days.

Mark looks at her more attentively now.

MARK

What did you see in your dream.

CHARLIE

I don't want to say --

FLASH-FORWARD: Charlie standing in front of a mirror in an indeterminate space. MASSIVE FLAMES roil around her. Her cheek is spattered with blood.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(profoundly troubled)

It was too scary.

MARK

C'mere.

Mark reaches for her, pulls her onto his lap.

CHARLIE

Was Mommy crying?

Mark struggles, doesn't want to lie.

MARK

Yeah. But it's okay. Don't worry, Mommy was just scared.

CHARLIE
Are you scared?

MARK

No, honey. I'm fine.

He notices that she's holding something, changes the subject.

MARK (CONT'D)

What do you have there?

CHARLIE

Something I made for you at school.
I think you're going to be scared.
And I wanted you to have it.

Mark is puzzled by this. Charlie opens her hand, revealing a MULTI-COLORED FRIENDSHIP BRACELET made of embroidery floss.

FLASH-FORWARD: Mark at his desk, wearing the hand-made "FRIENDSHIP BRACELET" on his wrist.

Mark continues staring at the bracelet, shaken.

MEMORY FLASH

Aaron at the kitchen island across from Mark, hours earlier.

AARON

Until you see something that
corroborates it, it's all fantasy.
Future's still up in the air.

BACK TO MARK

His daughter's simple gesture seems to confirm his worst fears: that his future is inevitable.

CHARLIE

Take it, Daddy.

Mark doesn't want to. More than anything in the world. But he does.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Do you want me to help you put it
on?

MARK

(with mounting dread)
Sure.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END