

UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENON

by

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EXT. FIELD IN KANSAS- DAY

TITLES: "KANSAS, THE UNITED STATES"

The noonday sun beats down as a large John Deere tractor pulls a plow through the field, turning over rows of earth.

A small, wiry FARMER in his fifties sits in the cab of the tractor singing along with a Johnny Cash song on the radio. The tractor suddenly stops and the Farmer lurches forward, his foot sliding off the accelerator.

The tires of the tractor spin in place for a moment and then come to a halt as the Farmer pulls the hand break and steps down from the cab. Cursing under his breath, the Farmer walks back to examine the plow, finding it bent and twisted where it has made contact with a large piece of rock.

FARMER

Well, shoot...

The Farmer looks closer and sees that the large slab of rock that has damaged his plow has been pulled away from a wide opening in the earth. He bends down and peers into the hole.

INT. CAVERN BENEATH THE FIELDS- DAY

Light streams into the large cavern from a hole above a sloping set of crude stairs. The beam of a flashlight sweeps through the darkness as the Farmer descends into the cavern, slowly navigating his way down the dust-laden stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs the Farmer pauses, aiming his flashlight around the interior of the cavern. There are several solid stone support beams at regular intervals throughout the space, each covered with a series of strange symbols and pictograms. He walks forward carefully, the beam of the flashlight moving back and forth. The beam of light stops as the Farmer freezes and gasps.

FARMER

What the hell...?

There in the glow of the Farmer's flashlight stands a large metal disk some ten feet wide and two feet thick, its smooth polished surface reflecting shards of light throughout the cavern. The surface of the disk is covered in strange symbols that spiral around its edges and in toward the center where there is single pictogram-like image engraved.

FARMER (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be damned.

The Farmer steps forward and examines the disk more closely. Licking his lips he reaches out a hand and places it on the surface of the metal disk. He jumps and suddenly snaps his hand back, as though receiving an electric shock.

FARMER (CONT'D)
What the... Jesus!

As the farmer watches the symbols on the metal disk begin to move, and to change, and to glow from within. The glow from the shifting symbols on the disk grows in intensity blasting a blazing light over the Farmer and the cavern, suffusing everything in a brilliant white radiance.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN FROM WHITE:

EXT. WHEAT FIELD IN KANSAS- SUNRISE

The rising sun lends a deep golden glow to the large wheat field.

TITLES: "Two Years Later"

A farmer comes striding through the wheat toward a barn that sits in the middle of the field. He is an older, heavyset man who is beginning to bald and his walk from the farmhouse in the distance has caused a sheen of sweat to bead on his forehead. His name is ROBERT BLOCK. He pulls out a red bandanna and wipes his brow as he reaches the barn.

INT. BARN- MORNING

Robert opens the door to the barn and steps inside. The barn looks like most barns; dusty, dirty and filled with farming equipment. A ten feet into the barn there is a wall with another door. Robert walks to the second door leaning to peer into a knothole in the wallboard. A thin line of blue light scans his retina and the second door swings open slightly.

INT. RESEARCH BARN- MORNING

Robert steps into a brightly lit barn filled with computers, desks, tables, scientific equipment, and a staff of researchers. The barn had been built over the underground cavern.

The stone roof of the cavern has been removed and covered with glass. Beneath the glass the large metal disk can be seen, the symbols on it glowing faintly, shifting and changing slowly in a constant inward spiral.

In front of the disk a dark haired young woman named GINA sits cross-legged on the ground in a meditative pose, her eyes open as she stares at the shifting symbols; especially the one in the center. Though it is different than the symbol that was in the center when the Farmer found it, it is the only one that does not change.

The symbols are pictographic-geometric forms of an exceedingly complex yet fluid and beautiful nature. They seem to emerge from some ancient and long forgotten region of the collective unconscious; immediately alien, but somehow intimately familiar.

Robert walks through the room to a bank of computers where a woman and man sit. They are RESEARCHER ONE and RESEARCHER TWO respectively. The screens in front of them are filled with different views and readings of the disk and Gina.

ROBERT

What do you have for me?

RESEARCHER ONE

I'm down loading the satellite pics of this morning's symbols right now.

RESEARCHER TWO

I have several satellite pics of occurrences from today in England, China, and the West Coast.

ROBERT

Let's see them.

Researcher Two taps his keypad and several screens are filled with identical symbol formations all seen from satellite photos taken 150 miles above the Earth. The first symbol formation is outlined with ripe golden stalks in a field of young, green wheat. The second is created from a large swath of green algae on the China Sea. And the final symbol formation is composed of some sixty humpbacked whales lazily floating in the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

RESEARCHER ONE

Gina's been fixed on this one for the last eight hours.

Researcher One gestures to her screen indicating that all three symbol formations from around the world are identical to the symbol in the center of the metal disk.

ROBERT
How is she doing?

RESEARCHER TWO
She's been up all night, but her numbers are all in the green.

ROBERT
Tell her to take a break. Give her a day or two off. Tell Richard he's up next.

RESEARCHER ONE
His symbols are always so much less interesting. More masculine. Hard.

RESEARCHER TWO
I don't care what they look like, I just want to know what the hell we're saying to each other.

ROBERT
I think who we're speaking with may be more important than what we say. This hasn't turned out to be the cosmic Rosetta Stone we had hoped it would be.

RESEARCHER THREE, seated nearby and staring at a screen suddenly speaks up.

RESEARCHER THREE
Oh my God! Come look at this.

Robert walks over to Researcher Three and so do several other people.

RESEARCHER THREE (CONT'D)
It just came up on recon satellite two.

ROBERT
Where is that?

RESEARCHER THREE
Peru.

More people have gathered around the screen. The image is of hundreds of native Peruvians creating the same symbol formation as in the center of the metal disk by clearing away the thin layer of rocks that cover the desert ground to create long lines in the mountain plains.

RESEARCHER TWO

Now how the hell do you explain that?

ROBERT

I need a report on the Nazca lines ASAP. Everything you can find.

Researcher Two runs off to do as Robert asks.

RESEARCHER ONE

That would take weeks to create, maybe months.

RESEARCHER THREE

How could they have known? Robert turns to one of the researchers.

ROBERT

Get the general on the phone. He needs to see this.

Robert turns back to the screen and stares in amazement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN ISOLATED FARM IN NORTHERN ALBERTA CANADA- NIGHT

TITLES: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

Snow covers the wide-open field; a dead, late winter forest surrounding it. At the edge of the field sits a small farmhouse, the lights inside casting a warm, dim glow over the snowy field, competing with the soft-white luminescence of the half moon in the night sky above.

TITLES: "ALBERTA, CANADA"

Deep in the forest there is a faint light. The barren, snow covered trees amplify and reflect a slight blue glow, which turns to red, which turns to orange which grows brighter, as it shifts back to blue and rises through the trees, sliding to red again and getting brighter as it turns to orange and expands at the tops of the trees and grows even brighter, filling the night sky with light that cascades and careens through the snow covered field to blast against the farmhouse in a blaze of now-blue-now-red-now-orange light.

The forest is on fire with ever shifting, ever more brilliant light. The forest silently hums with light.

A WOODSMAN and his WIFE step out on to the back porch in their nightclothes and stare, dumbstruck at the light-show-forest before them. They shield their eyes and hold each other close as their small four-year-old SON runs up behind them, sticking his head between their thighs and looking out over the light-forest-display. His eyes go wide and he clutches their legs.

The forest is on fire with evermore brilliant, ever changing light.

Then, suddenly the light is gone. The moon and the house are again the only sources of light in this isolated landscape.

The Woodsman and his Wife hold the Son close as they look up into the star filled night sky and wonder....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE- NIGHT

A computer screen glows. Information flashes across it. Page after page. Suddenly it stops. A finger taps a key.

On the desk near the computer is a magazine folded back to a single page where there is an article with a small picture of a man named IAN BANKS. The title of the article is "Journalist of the Year."

The hands take a DVD case and place it in an express mail envelope. The hands belong to Robert Block. He hits a key and the computer screen winks out leaving darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLUE SKY ABOVE A WINTER FOREST- DAY

A small airplane with pontoons roars over the late winter forest below.

INT. SMALL CESSNA AIRPLANE- AIRBORNE- DAY

The small plane shakes and lurches in the wind. The PILOT steadies the plane as the two passengers are tossed about. He yells a little over the noise of the engine.

PILOT

Just a little turbulence. I'd take us up, but we're almost there. Do you want to see it from the air?

The Pilot turns to the man sitting next to him. He is IAN BANKS, a handsome man in his late thirties. His eyes are closed and he seems bored and unimpressed by the jostling of the plane.

IAN

Sure. Whatever.

Behind him is DENNIS PLATT, twenty-five year old photographer; as evidenced by the two cameras around his neck. He leans toward the window.

DENNIS

Have you seen it?

PILOT

Plenty. I've been shuttling news crews up here all day.

Trying to rouse some interest, Ian opens his eyes.

IAN

How many journalists are out here?

PILOT

The town is swamped. I don't know where they're all gonna stay. There isn't even a hotel in town.

DENNIS

What does it look like?

PILOT

You'll see it soon enough.

Ian glances out the window, sees nothing and his effort made, closes his eyes again.

IAN

Do you know the people who reported it?

PILOT

Up here, everybody knows everybody.

IAN

Do you think it's a hoax?

PILOT

I don't think anyone could fake this.

DENNIS

You'd be surprised. When I was in college my fraternity made a crop circle in a farmer's field the size of a parking lot. Had everybody fooled.

PILOT

This ain't exactly a crop circle. You can see that for yourself. There it is.

The pilot points to the ground on Ian's side of the plane. He lazily opens his eyes and rolls his head to look out the window. His jaw drops slightly as he stares. Dennis gapes. Ian recovers and points out the window.

IAN

Shoot it! Get as many shots as you can. Use the infrared.

Dennis snaps out of his reverie and slams his camera against the window. Ian leans closer to the window and stares in awe.

EXT. THE AIR ABOVE THE FOREST- DAY

The airplane whizzes by and reveals the forest below. On the late winter forest there is a pattern drawn. Drawn with trees in the full bloom of deep green foliage. Drawn in green against the gray of the normal leafless trees. A beautiful yet simple symbol of interlocking geometric forms created in a forest of trees that shouldn't start budding for weeks.

EXT. DOCKS ON THE LAKE OF THE SMALL NORTHERN TOWN- DAY

The airplane with Ian and Dennis circles over the lake and lands on the water, taxiing over to the docks. People on the shore watch as the plane slides up to the docks and stops. The door opens as Ian and Dennis hop out, each carrying a small travel bag. They walk down the dock toward the town.

DENNIS

What next?

IAN

We see if we can find a car and get out to that farm. And then we see if we can find someplace to stay the night.

Ian and Dennis walk into the town. They stop in their tracks.

DENNIS

We should have brought a tent.

The pilot was not exaggerating when he said the town had been overrun. There are news people and sightseers all over. The town is swamped.

IAN

Maybe it's close enough to walk.

He steps forward and Dennis follows him into the melee that the small town has become.

INT. SMALL PARTY STORE- DAY

A hand reaches into a cooler and removes an orange juice. The hand belongs to ELIZABETH CARSON, an attractive woman in her early thirties, dressed in jeans, a denim jacket, and cowboy boots. As she turns away from the cooler, Ian and Dennis walk into the store. Elizabeth watches Ian as he walks to the counter and speaks to the CLERK.

IAN

Excuse me. Could you tell us how to get out to the Greyson farm?

The Clerk looks out the window at the madness of cars clogging the street.

CLERK

Just pick a car and follow it.

IAN

We don't have a car to follow it with.

CLERK

Hitch a ride with somebody. You could walk, but it's a bit cold.

Elizabeth slides up to the counter and puts the orange juice down.

ELIZABETH

You can ride with me if you like. Ian turns and looks at her. He smiles.

IAN

Really? Thank you.

ELIZABETH

My truck's right outside.

Elizabeth pays for the orange juice and heads for the door. Ian turns to Dennis.

IAN

See, that wasn't too difficult.

Dennis glances at Elizabeth and then Ian, knowing the score.

DENNIS

Never underestimate the kindness of strangers.

He smiles and follows her out the door.

EXT. STREET OF THE SMALL NORTHERN TOWN- DAY

Ian and Dennis dodge snowdrifts as they follow Elizabeth to her truck. She walks around the passenger side of an old 1957 jalopy and opens the door. Ian and Dennis look at the rust bucket before them. Elizabeth motions them to toss their bags in the bed of the truck.

DENNIS

Nice truck.

ELIZABETH

It isn't much, but it runs. At least I hope it runs. I rented it off one of the locals for a hundred bucks a day.

IAN
You're a reporter too?

ELIZABETH
In a way.

They climb in and Elizabeth starts the engine.

INT. ELIZABETH'S TRUCK- DAY

Elizabeth backs the truck into the street and follows the traffic out of town. Ian sits between Elizabeth and Dennis.

IAN
You don't work for the tabloids do you?

ELIZABETH
No, nothing like that. I'm what you'd call an independent investigator.

IAN
What do you investigate?

ELIZABETH
Symbols. I'm a professor of religion and mythology.

DENNIS
What brings you here?

ELIZABETH
I'm writing a book about the connections between the collective unconscious and universal symbols in guiding ancient and modern societies.

IAN
So, naturally you're studying crop circles.

ELIZABETH
Well, this phenomenon is a little more complex than what you see with crop circles. The symbolic imagery is certainly powerful enough to warrant taking a closer look.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I assume your paper feels the same way or they wouldn't be sending the Journalist of the Year out to the back woods of Canada. Ian's eyes narrow.

IAN

The paper is short handed with all of these "symbols" popping up the past few days and I drew the short straw. I hadn't realized my face was so well known.

Elizabeth offers her hand to both Ian and Elizabeth. They each accept it.

ELIZABETH

Only to people who read instead of watching television. I'm sorry, I'm being rude. I'm Elizabeth Carson.

IAN

Ian Banks.

DENNIS

Dennis Platt.

Elizabeth shakes Dennis's hand perfunctorily. It's obvious to Dennis who Elizabeth is interested in.

IAN

So, what's your diagnosis of all this, Doctor?

ELIZABETH

I don't have one yet. From the air it seemed genuine enough. This isn't the first formation like this I've seen, but it is the most complex. What we're seeing is a whole new phase of formations, even from what we saw a few weeks ago. They're not just more complex, they're more difficult to explain. More impossible to duplicate. Or to fake. What's your opinion?

IAN

That my time could be better spent reporting on rumors of a military coupe Bolivia.

Elizabeth glances at Ian.

ELIZABETH

I'll assume that means you're a skeptic.

DENNIS

He's not interested enough to be a skeptic.

IAN

Dennis on the other hand is a true believer.

DENNIS

I'm not a believer. Not all of it anyway. I don't think thousands of people year are being taken out of their bedrooms by little gray aliens who "probe" them, but I definitely think there's something otherworldly going on here.

IAN

How about you, Dr. Carson? Are you a true believer?

ELIZABETH

I don't know. I've spent a lot of time talking with true believers of every religious persuasion and while none of them has doubts about the existence of their particular God or Goddess none of them has the kind of miracle proof that I saw from the plane today either.

IAN

Should I take that as a "yes?"

ELIZABETH

I guess I'd be a true believer if I knew what it was I had to believe in. What do you believe in?

IAN

I'm a true believer in the old saying that there's always a story behind the story. I'll be interested to see what's behind the "miracle" out at this farm.

They look ahead as they near the farm and the forest.

EXT. FARM NEAR THE FOREST- DAY

Elizabeth pulls the truck up behind the mass of vehicles that are parked all over the farm. She takes a small bag from the bed of the truck as she, Ian, and Dennis walk toward the farmhouse.

They pass a small TV crew interviewing a man in a suit. A male TV REPORTER faces the camera in front of the man. The man in the suit, PROFESSOR DAVIDSON, looks slightly nervous.

TV REPORTER

We're talking to Professor Lyle Davidson, professor of botany from Calgary. Professor, how unusual is the appearance of trees with all of their leaves at this time of year?

PROFESSOR

Under normal circumstances, the trees at this latitude shouldn't begin to bud for another three to four weeks.

TV REPORTER

Is it possible, Professor, that something was done to these trees to make them grow early.

PROFESSOR

Obviously something has been done to these trees, but the question is what? A fertilizer capable of this kind of rapid growth out of season would change the face of agriculture as we know it.

Ian, Elizabeth and Dennis pass out of earshot as the Professor continues to talk.

IAN

He's leading him. He might as well ask if little green thumb men did it. God I hate TV journalism.

They reach the house. It is swarmed with reporters and sightseers, each waiting their turn outside. A vapid TV reporter in her early thirties smiles and waves at Ian. She smiles a ditzzy smile as she walks over to him. Her name is KELLY.

KELLY

Ian! I never would have expected to see you here.

IAN

Me either. How long's the wait?

KELLY

I've been here two hours. Not that it matters, much. It's just a farmer and his wife and kid. They didn't really see anything. Just some bright lights in the forest last night. Of course by the time I get in there it'll be the hand of God coming down out of the clouds, or the Mothership from Close Encounters.

IAN

Have you seen the site?

KELLY

From the air. I hear it doesn't look like much from the ground.

IAN

I think I'll take a look. Save me a place in line?

KELLY

For you, anytime.

Ian turns and rejoins Dennis.

DENNIS

How's Kelly?

IAN

Shut up.

DENNIS

Is she saving you a place in line?

IAN

I said, shut up.

DENNIS

Don't get mad at me for what you do when you were drunk. Or who.

IAN

Let's go look at the miracle.

He frowns and leads the way toward the forest where Elizabeth is.

EXT. FOREST- DAY

Ian, Elizabeth, and Dennis trudge through the thin snow that covers the forest floor. They stop. Elizabeth opens her bag as Dennis begins to snap photo after photo. The trees of the formation are covered with big green leaves. Around and between the trees the snow is melted away and the grass and weeds have grown up.

ELIZABETH

At least Christ and his contemporaries had the decency to walk on water and heal the dead. As miracles go, this is not very subtle.

Elizabeth steps up beside Ian holding two dowsing rods in her hands. He gives her a quizzical look.

IAN

Looking for water?

ELIZABETH

The true believers do this at every site I've been to.

Elizabeth walks toward the lush green trees of the formation. As she reaches them, the dowsing rods swing outward. She continues to walk through the trees, coming out on the other side, or what would be the inside of one ring, and the dowsing rods swing back to the center.

IAN

Is it supposed to prove something?

ELIZABETH

Supposedly it's a good indicator of Magnetic fields. I just do it because it looks cool.

Elizabeth pulls out a plastic sample bag and begins to take samples from the trees in the formation and outside of it. Ian looks over to see other people walking through the woods.

IAN

It's too bad the site has been trampled so much. There's no way to tell if anyone came in here last night.

ELIZABETH

You think this is a hoax?

IAN

I'm not sure. If it were one instance, I'd say it was a freak of nature, but since this is the tenth time this has happened in the last month, I'd say that we are witnessing a real phenomenon. Now whether it's man-made or not, I don't know, but I do know that something like this couldn't be done by a lone individual. There are only a few organizations in the world sophisticated enough to pull off something this complex and all of them are military or intelligence agencies.

ELIZABETH

Regardless of who is responsible, there's a larger question that begs to be answered. This formation, and the others like it, all fit into a very sophisticated symbolic pattern. These things are being made to achieve a response.

IAN

What kind of response could you hope for from this?

ELIZABETH

That's what I've been asking myself since I started this research.

Ian looks up into the trees as Dennis snaps photos and Elizabeth pulls a camera out of her bag.

EXT. SMALL NORTHERN TOWN- DAY

Ian, Elizabeth, and Dennis are getting out of the truck near the docks. The airplane is parked at the dock with passengers climbing out.

ELIZABETH

So, what are your plans for lodging?

IAN

Actually, I think we'll try and hitch a ride back on the plane.

DENNIS

I'll see if he can take us. Dennis walks over to the airplane.

IAN

How about yourself? Ready to head back to civilization?

ELIZABETH

Not yet. There are still a few things I want to check on. The guy who rented me this truck has a place I can stay.

IAN

Not a barn I hope.

ELIZABETH

I think it's a tool shed actually.

Ian takes out his card.

IAN

Well, if you ever get to New York look me up. We can trade strange tales. Of course mine are mostly about getting lost in traffic in countries no one's ever heard of.

Elizabeth laughs and accepts his card as she hands him one of his own.

ELIZABETH

I teach at Columbia, so why don't we have lunch next week. I'll call you.

Ian smiles and takes her card. Dennis steps away from the plane and signals that the pilot will take them.

IAN

It's a deal.

Ian turns to leave and looks over his shoulder at Elizabeth.

IAN (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I mention you in my article?

Elizabeth smiles.

ELIZABETH

Not at all. It'll help the book sales.

Ian grins as he turns and walks toward the plane.

EXT. THE AIR ABOVE THE SMALL TOWN- DAY

The small airplane roars through the sky.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER- DAY

Ian sits in his seat typing at his laptop computer. Beside his Dennis is asleep.

INT. AIRPORT-NIGHT

Ian is waiting for his connecting flight and using his laptop computer to email his article to her editor. Dennis brings over two cups of coffee and hands one to Ian.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER- NIGHT

Ian is asleep in his chair.

EXT. FIELD- DAWN- DREAM- BLUE GOLD TINT

Ian is walking through the field of wheat, running his fingers through the thin gold stalks. He stops. Above him is a brilliant light. He shields his eyes and looks up into the sky.

Silver-Gold clouds hang against a deep blue sky. The clouds begin to swirl and spin, rotating and joining each other, meshing and twisting, all the while becoming a deep gold-red, until finally the sky is filled with a blazing fire-cloud-symbol-mandala of overlapping geometric patterns standing in relief against the azure of the sky behind it.

The wind whips around and the wheat laps at his legs as Ian stares up into the red-fire-symbol sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER- DAWN

Ian is just waking up as the sun creeps around the wings of the plane. He rubs the sleep out of his eyes as the seatbelt light goes on. Dennis is sound asleep beside her.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. We will be approaching Laguardia airport from the north. Off to the right side of the plane you will be able to see Manhattan as we descend. We are on schedule and should be arriving at the terminal at 7:30. As you can see off to the right is.... What the hell is that?

Ian looks out the window over the wings as the plane banks and descends. Out the window lower Manhattan is visible. He watches as the city passes below. Midtown. Central Park.

Ian's eyes widen. He jabs Dennis with his elbow. Dennis wakes up groggily and looks over and out the window and jumps up in his seat.

DENNIS

Holy shit!

Ian leans close to the window as Dennis struggles to grab his camera out of his bag and take a photo.

Through the window Central Park can be seen. In the just-blooming trees of the park is a formation like the one in Canada, created with fully foliated trees. A symbol of intricate yet subtle shapes.

INT. AIRPORT GATE- DAY

Ian and Dennis step out of the gate and walk hurriedly down the main aisle.

MAN ONE, dressed in plain street clothes, steps from behind a kiosk as he lowers a magazine. A small flesh colored disk sits snugly in his ear. He only appears to speak to himself.

MAN ONE

He's left the plane and is heading toward the exit. The photographer is still with him.

Man One steps forward and follows Ian.

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE- DAY

Ian and Dennis exit the airport and head toward the taxi stand. A cab pulls up for them as Man One steps out of the building. He walks toward them as Ian and Dennis get into the cab.

MAN ONE

They're getting into a cab.

Man One watches as the cab pulls into traffic.

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF THE AIRPORT- DAY

A blue sports sedan sits in a metered parking space along side the airport road.

INT. BLUE SPORTS SEDAN- DAY

Two plainly dressed men sit in the front seats. They are MORRIS and PEAKS. Morris is driving while Peaks holds a hand held radio.

MAN ONE(ON RADIO)

The cab number is K3L4.

Peaks speaks into the radio.

PEAKS

Copy that.

The taxi with Ian and Dennis in it passes the blue sports sedan.

PEAKS(CONT'D)

We have him.

Morris pulls the car out on to the road and follows Ian's taxi.

EXT. NEWSPAPER BUILDING IN THE CITY- DAY

Ian's taxi pulls up and stops. He pays the cabby as he and Dennis get out of the car.

Across the street, the blue sports sedan pulls into a loading zone.

INT. BLUE SPORTS SEDAN- DAY

Morris and Peaks watch as Ian and Dennis walk into the newspaper building. Peaks speaks into the radio.

PEAKS

They're going into the newspaper.

A VOICE answers from the radio (THE VOICE OF GARRISON).

VOICE (GARRISON ON RADIO)

Let me know when he leaves and
where he goes.

PEAKS

Copy.

Peaks looks at Morris.

PEAKS (CONT'D)

You hungry?

MORRIS

I could go for a hotdog.

Peaks nods and gets out of the car.

INT. NEWS ROOM OF A MAJOR NEWSPAPER- DAY

Ian exits the elevator and casually walks through the room to the editor's office. He doesn't knock, he just strolls right in.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE- DAY

When Ian barges into the room, his editor, LARS DAVIS, a large boned man in his fifties, looks up from the papers on his desk.

IAN

Have you seen Central Park this
morning?

Davis points to the television in the corner where a news story on the Central Park formation is running.

DAVIS

Everybody's seen it. It's been on
the damned TV and internet since
the sun came up.

Ian glances at the television.

IAN

Dennis has some photos.

DAVIS

Good, the idiot I sent out left two hours ago and I haven't heard a peep from him since. Welcome back. How was the trip?

IAN

Long. Did you get the article I emailed?

DAVIS

It ran this morning, or don't you read our fine paper?

IAN

I was in such a hurry, I didn't think to grab a copy when I left the airport.

He looks at the television.

IAN(CONT'D)

What do we know about this one?

DAVIS

Same as the others. It happened over night. Nobody saw anything, except some strange lights and nobody knows what the hell it means. Don't tell me you're taking an interest in these things now.

Ian turns away from the television.

IAN

A passing interest.

DAVIS

Good. If my hunch is right, you'll be on a plane before you know it. In fact, don't bother staying at home, just grab some clean things and head for the airport. I'll page you when we know where you're going.

Ian looks at Davis with concern.

IAN
You're serious?

DAVIS
Completely.

IAN
You have to be kidding me, Lars.
This isn't my kind of story and you
know it.

DAVIS
It is now.

IAN
There are a dozen other stories I
should be working on right now.

DAVIS
None of them is this big.

IAN
This is tabloid shit, Lars. Why
are we even bothering?

DAVIS
Because it's real, it's happening
now, it's the only thing people are
talking about and it sells papers
like crazy.

IAN
Then why me?

DAVIS
Because this may be the biggest
story of the year if not the decade
and you're the best reporter I
have. I even hear in some circles
your considered the best in the
country.

Ian turns away, unsure whether to be annoyed or embarrassed.

IAN
Just this year.

DAVIS
And maybe next year if you handle
this right.

Ian turns back to Davis.

IAN

Not likely.

DAVIS

Don't bet against yourself. I know you love stories about war torn countries and civil unrest, but I don't think there's going to be a bigger story this year and I think you have exactly what it takes to make the most of it. Nobody's ever won Journalist of the Year two years running.

Ian thinks about this.

IAN

Don't flatter me, Lars. You're only thinking about how good it would be for the paper.

DAVIS

So? That's my job. You own stock. You'll appreciate it in a year.

IAN

But for now I suffer?

DAVIS

You can always quit.

IAN

Yeah, right. Where am I going to find a health plan like the one I have here?

DAVIS

Then think of it as doing a favor for an old friend.

IAN

We don't even like each other.

DAVIS

Pretend. Everybody else does. Look, check your mail. Say hi to everyone. Go home. Take a shower. Then get your ass to the airport. And take Dennis.

IAN

Anything else?

DAVID

Yeah. When you figure out what the hell all this means; I want to be the first to know.

IAN

You're always the first to know.

Ian smiles and leaves the office.

INT. NEWSROOM- DAY

Ian makes his way through the newsroom to his desk and takes a seat as he grabs the mail out of his basket. At the corner of the desk is a photo of him and a woman on a beach. He leans back as he starts to open his mail. The second thing he comes across is an express mail package. He opens it up to find a printed note and a DVD case in bubble wrap.

He reads the note: "I admire your work. I hope you find this worth writing about."

He puts the note down and picks up the DVD case, taking it out of the bubble wrap. It's the movie *Quatermass and the Pit*. He frowns and opens the case. Inside is a DVD and nothing else. Dennis appears at the edge of her desk.

DENNIS

What's up. Suddenly take an interest in cool movies from the sixties?

IAN

No. Some wacko's fan mail. Here, you like scifi.

DENNIS

Thanks. What's up next?

Dennis takes the DVD and slides it into his backpack.

IAN

Go home and get some clean clothes. Davis has this idea that we should camp out at the airport so we can leave on a moments notice.

DENNIS

You got to love an editor's efficiency.

IAN
No, I don't.

Dennis smiles and leaves. Ian takes one more look at the note and then tosses it in the trash.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING- DAY

Ian exits the newspaper building and hails a cab.

INT. BLUE SPORTS SEDAN- DAY

Morris and Peaks are still eating their hotdogs.

MORRIS
There he is.

Morris starts the car as Ian gets into a cab. Peaks picks up the radio.

PEAKS
He's leaving the newspaper and taking a cab.

Morris pulls the car out into traffic as the cab with Ian starts down the street.

EXT. STREETS OF THE NEW YORK- DAY

The taxi with Ian cruises through the streets, the blue sports sedan not far behind.

INT. CAB- DAY

Ian points to a building. The cab driver pulls over.

EXT. IAN'S APARTMENT- DAY

Ian pays the cab driver and gets out of the taxi. The doorman opens the door and he walks in the building.

The blue sports sedan parks across the street.

INT. BLUE SPORTS SEDAN- DAY

Peaks watches as Ian enters his apartment building. Peaks speaks into the radio.

PEAKS
He's entering the apartment
building.

The Voice of GARRISON replies.

VOICE (OF GARRISON)
Copy that. We're done here. Stay
where you are until further notice.

PEAKS
Copy.

Peaks puts the radio down.

INT. LOBBY OF IAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Ian punches the elevator button and waits a moment. An elevator door opens and he steps inside, hitting the button for his floor.

INT. ELEVATOR- DAY

Ian looks up and watches the floor numbers light up on the display. The elevator stops, the doors open and he steps out.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY- DAY

Ian carries his travel bag down the hall to his apartment, digging his keys out of his jacket pocket as he walks. He fiddles with the keys, opens the door and steps inside.

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT- DAY

Ian steps into his apartment and stops. His mouth drops open. He looks around. The apartment has been totally ransacked. Everything is opened and over turned.

The door behind him closes with a THUD. He turns around to see a tall thin man in his forties with a silenced 9mm automatic handgun raised and pointed at him. The man's name is GARRISON BLACK.

GARRISON
You're home early.

Before Ian can reply another man steps up beside him and sprays a miniature aerosol can in his face. Ian's nose curls and he falls drops to the floor.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT- DAY

Ian's eyes flutter. He is on the couch and Garrison is tying his hands behind his back with Ian's neck tie. His feet are already tied and there is a piece of tape across his mouth.

GARRISON

Glad you could join us. You'll excuse my borrowing your tie, but I needed something that wouldn't leave marks.

Garrison sits Ian up on the couch and then sits on the coffee table across from him. The other man is patiently taping small electrodes to Ian's temples, neck, and arms. The man's name is JESSICA LAWRENCE. She's the tall, beautiful, silent type. The wires from the electrodes run back to a laptop with several graphic meters displayed on the screen, some of which move in response to voices. Garrison takes a moment to look around the room while Jessica finishes. She notices a wedding photo of a much younger Ian and a dark haired woman on a nearby bookshelf. She smiles and turns to Ian.

GARRISON(CONT'D)

This will be very easy. I'm going to ask you some questions and you are going to answer them truthfully. If you cooperate, you will be released, if you do not, well, that would be... unfortunate. Do you understand?

Ian nods his head.

GARRISON(CONT'D)

Good.

Garrison pulls the tape from Ian's mouth. He licks his lips.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Where is it?

IAN

Where's what?

GARRISON

You received some information.
What did you do with it?

IAN

I don't know what you're talking
about.

Garrison looks at Jessica who looks up from her laptop and
nods.

GARRISON

Unfortunately you seem to be
telling the truth and that
complicates things. You see, one of
our colleagues got a little over
communicative. He sent several
people some information that is,
shall we say, of a sensitive
nature. We're positive that he sent
something to you.

IAN

Maybe the mail is slow.

GARRISON

We checked your mail. There's
nothing in it. We checked your e-
mail and there was nothing there as
well. Did you receive anything at
work? Papers? A computer disk? A
roll of film possibly?

IAN

How am I supposed to know what I
didn't receive if you don't even
know what your looking for?

GARRISON

I agree. It is annoying, but our
colleague has disappeared and we're
not sure exactly what he sent to
who. Now are you certain you
didn't receive anything at work
today?

IAN

The only thing I got was some weird
fan mail from some nutcase who
thinks I like cheesy movies.

Garrison looks at Jessica who nods as she watches the meter on his box.

GARRISON

Wonderful.

Garrison stands up. He looks at Jessica, who shrugs. Garrison looks back to Ian and then replaces the tape across his mouth. Garrison gestures with his head for Jessica to follow him and then walks into the kitchen.

Ian watches them walk into the kitchen out of sight and earshot. He looks down at the table and notices a small lighter next to a candle arrangement.

INT. KITCHEN OF IAN'S APARTMENT- DAY

Garrison leans against the counter and looks at Jessica.

GARRISON

What do the meters say?

JESSICA

Looks like he's telling the truth. The needles barely budged. They wavered a little when he mentioned the fan mail, but that could be because we tied him up and pointed a gun at his head.

GARRISON

You think he's hiding something?

JESSICA

If he is, it's at his office. We could shoot him up and see his memory improves.

GARRISON

I'd hate to leave needle marks if we need to leave a body. His office is easy to check. I'll call in. I don't want to fix him if we don't have to.

JESSICA

He's is cute. Of course it's not like he'd go on a date with me now.

Garrison takes a cell phone out of his jacket and begins dialing.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF IAN'S APARTMENT- DAY

Ian has struggled around on the couch and is trying to grab the lighter. He clutches it with his hand and opens the top. He tries to light it and it falls on the floor. He moves around and tries to reach it. He knocks it with his finger and it slides under the couch.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Garrison is on his cell phone.

GARRISON

We're coming up dry. Our client doesn't seem to know anything about the proposition.

(Pause.)

No, I think he's clean.

(Pause.)

It's possible.

(Pause.)

He may have some documents at his office that are relevant.

While Garrison talks on the phone, Jessica checks the mess that was the refrigerator for something to snack on. She grabs a carrot and pops it into her mouth.

INT. IAN'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

Ian has slid onto the floor and is reaching under the couch, straining his fingers to get the lighter. He snags it with the tips of his fingers and pulls it to him. He pops the lid and lights it, holding the flame near the neck tie that is wrapped around his wrists. The flame leaps up and burns his wrist. He drops the lighter and winces in pain.

INT. IAN'S KITCHEN- DAY

Garrison is still on the phone.

GARRISON

That shouldn't be a problem. Should we close our account with the client or should we leave it open?

(Pause.)

He is well known enough that his absence would be noticed.

(Pause.)

(MORE)

GARRISON (CONT'D)
We could wipe him clean.
(Pause.)
No, I understand.

Garrison hits the "end" button and closes the cell phone.
Jessica looks at him.

GARRISON(CONT'D)
No loose ends.

JESSICA
So much for a simple apology.

Jessica shrugs and bites another carrot.

INT. IAN'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

Garrison and Jessica step back into the living room and stop in their tracks. A burnt neck tie is on the floor and the door is open. Ian is gone.

GARRISON
Fuck!

Garrison and Jessica run out the door.

INT. HALLWAY OF IAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Garrison runs out of the apartment just as the elevator doors close on Ian.

Garrison grabs a radio out of his jacket pocket.

GARRISON
He got away. He's coming out of
the building. Pick him up.

Garrison and Jessica rush through the exit door to the stairwell.

INT. ELEVATOR OF IAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Ian watches nervously as the numbers count down on the elevator display.

INT. STAIRWELL OF APARTMENT- DAY

Garrison and Jessica race down the stairs.

INT. ELEVATOR- DAY

Ian groans as the elevator stops. The doors open. An old lady with a walker is standing there. The old woman takes a step toward the door. She takes another step. She looks up and smiles as she takes another step. Ian hits the "door close" button. The doors slide shut in the old woman's smiling face.

INT. STAIRWELL- DAY

Garrison and Jessica run effortlessly down the stairs.

INT. ELEVATOR- DAY

Ian watches the floor numbers. Three. Two. One. He waits. The doors begin to slide open and he rushes through them.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY- DAY

Ian runs for the lobby entrance. As he does so the stairwell door at the end of the hall bursts open, Garrison and Jessica running out.

The doorman turns to look at him as he runs toward the doors.

Ian looks back to see Garrison and Jessica chasing him. He turns his head around and runs through the doors to the outside.

EXT. IAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Ian runs past the doorman. He gestures toward him as though he was going to say something and then is knocked out of the way by Garrison and Jessica.

Ian runs down the street. Peaks suddenly lunges at him from between two parked cars grabbing Ian's arm and pushing him toward the open door of the blue sports sedan.

Garrison and Jessica are coming up quickly from behind.

Peaks tries to lock Ian's arm as he struggles and forces the two of them into an Elderly Man who is walking down the street. Taking advantage of the distraction caused by knocking into the Elderly Man, Ian grabs Peaks's finger and twists it back. His grips slips and she breaks free. Ian smashes Peak's in the neck with his elbow.

Ian runs around the car and into traffic, dodging cars as he runs down the middle of the street.

Garrison and Jessica rush past Peaks.

GARRISON

Follow him in the car!

Peaks jumps in the car as Morris pulls it into traffic and Garrison and Jessica run into the street.

Ian looks behind him to see that Garrison and Jessica are chasing him down the street. He sees the blue car pass them and approach him. Beneath his feet he hears the RUMBLE OF A SUBWAY TRAIN. Ian runs across the street, down the sidewalk and into a subway entrance.

Garrison and Jessica run toward the subway entrance.

INT. SUBWAY- DAY

Ian trips and falls, dodging people as he runs down the stairs of the subway entrance. He looks up to see Garrison and Jessica running down the stairs..

Ian picks himself up and runs toward the turnstiles. The train is waiting to depart. The doors are closing as he runs toward the turnstiles.

Garrison and Jessica push their way through the people as they follow Ian.

Ian jumps the turnstile as a young man holds the doors for his girlfriend.

Ian runs toward the shuddering doors.

Garrison and Jessica jump the turnstiles.

Ian jumps through the subway car doors just as they close.

The train pulls away from the tracks as Garrison and Jessica run alongside it. Garrison reaches his hand out and looks as though he is about to jump onto the connector between the cars. He looks at the connector and then the wall at the end of the station as it nears. He touches the train and strains to keep up. The wall is close.

INT. SUBWAY CAR- DAY

Ian watches as Garrison runs alongside the train.

INT. SUBWAY STATION- DAY

Garrison is almost to the wall. He loses touch with the train and tries to stop, but hits the wall hard.

Pissed, he turns around to see Jessica catching up with him. Behind Jessica, a Police Man is running toward them.

Garrison speaks to Jessica as he walks toward the exit.

GARRISON

I want somebody at his office. I want somebody at his apartment. I want a check on everybody he knows. That photographer. The one that was with him. Find out what he knows. I want to know where he is within an hour.

The Police Man runs up. As he does so, Garrison takes his wallet out of his jacket and flashes his ID. The Police Man raises his hands and backs off as Garrison and Jessica head toward the exit.

EXT. HILL ABOVE A FIELD- DAY

Tires dig into the soft grassy earth as a sedan makes its way up a steep hill to the wide, flat area at the top. The sedan pulls to a stop near a second car, parked near several others. As the door to the sedan opens and Robert Block steps out, yet another car crests the top of the hill. Robert looks around and sees a crowd of people gathered at one side of the hilltop. He walks toward them, pushing gently through the crowd. The people around him are snapping photos. A THIN MAN next to him speaks to no one in particular.

THIN MAN

Ain't that the damnedest thing you ever saw?

A SHORT WOMAN leans forward with her camera.

SHORT WOMAN

Makes you wonder what kind of fertilizer they're usin'.

Robert raises his camera as he looks out over the field below the hilltop, a shimmer of yellow and blue reflected in the lens.

Beneath the hill is a field filled with sunflowers in the prime of bloom, a complex geometric pattern drawn across the yellow sheet of the field, sunflower by sunflower, in a stark bright blue.

INSERT: IMAGE THROUGH THE TELEPHOTO LENS OF ROBERT'S CAMERA OF A SINGLE BLUE SUNFLOWER.

INT. DENNIS'S APARTMENT- DAY

The door opens. Ian is standing in the doorway. He doesn't wait. He walks into the apartment and closes the door behind himself. Dennis steps back and looks at Ian.

DENNIS
Come right in.

Ian goes to Dennis's backpack and starts looking through it.

IAN
I need that DVD I gave you.

Dennis watches as Ian rummages through the bag.

DENNIS
Jones'n for a sci-fi fix or did you leave somebody's phone number in it?

IAN
Where is it?

DENNIS
I filed it.

Ian goes to the large DVD rack that is against the wall and next to the TV/Stereo set up. He searches through the DVDs. Dennis walks over to his.

DENNIS(CONT'D)
It's under science fiction, then sixties, then wicked cool films.

Dennis pulls the DVD out of the rack of hundreds. Ian snatches it.

DENNIS(CONT'D)
Are you okay? You don't look so good.

Ian looks at Dennis and then walks over to the laptop computer on the coffee table.

IAN

When I got home there were two men in my apartment. I think they were going to kill me.

Dennis walks over to him.

DENNIS

You're serious?

IAN

They were looking for something. They said someone sent me some information and they wanted it. This is the only thing anyone has given me.

DENNIS

What the hell would they want with a cheesy sci-fi film?

IAN

I don't think it's a movie at all.

Ian inserts the DVD into the DVD-ROM drive.

DENNIS

I think we should call the police, Ian.

IAN

Maybe. Maybe that's what they want. Dennis leans down to Ian.

DENNIS

Who are "they?"

IAN

I don't know. I think they worked for the government.

DENNIS

Sure that makes sense. Government people love British science fiction. Have you lost your mind?

IAN

I don't know. I don't think so.

Dennis picks up the phone.

DENNIS

Look, if there was somebody in your apartment we should call the police.

Ian places his finger on the receiver button and stares Dennis in the eyes.

IAN

If this is government information and they are from some agency then the police are the last people I should call.

On the laptop screen the movie *Quatermass the Pit* has begun to play. Dennis looks at the laptop screen and then back at Ian.

DENNIS

Maybe I should call psychiatrist. I know a very good psychiatrist. She helped me... I mean my mother, a great deal.

Ian picks up the DVD case and looks at it. On a whim he slide the paper cover out of the plastic jacket. Taped inside the depression on the back of the plastic case is a small flash memory card.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'll put the phone down.

Dennis rummages in his backpack and pulls out a USB reader, slides the memory card into it and plugs it into his computer.

Ian turns to the computer as an icon comes up on the screen. The icon resembles the symbol formations seen in the forest and Central Park.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What the hell have you gotten into now.

Ian clicks on the "Table of Contents" button.

The Table of Contents appears. It contains listings like "History of Remote Viewing", "Earth Monuments", "Remote Viewing Project", "Anomalous Project Events", "Formation Escalation", "Projected Conclusions", and "Video Briefing."

Ian looks over the list of contents and the pages devoted to each and frowns.

IAN

This is going to take a while to look into. There's enough information on here for twenty or thirty books.

DENNIS

The wonders of modern technology. Ian looks up at Dennis.

IAN

I need to take your laptop. He shuts the laptop down.

DENNIS

Take it where?

Ian closes the laptop computer and slides it into its case.

IAN

I'm going someplace safe. I don't think you should stay here. Stay with a friend. Or go to the office.

Ian gets up and heads for the door.

DENNIS

What about you? What am I supposed to tell everybody?

IAN

Nothing. You haven't seen me.

Dennis stops Ian at the door.

DENNIS

How dangerous is this, Ian?

IAN

This is either the biggest story of my career, or I won't have to worry about my career.

Ian smiles, obviously excited by the challenge of the story. Dennis's journalistic passion is not similarly aroused.

DENNIS

Fuck. I hate working with you.

IAN

Cheer up. It could be worse. They could be after you.

DENNIS

Always the optimist. I'll pack some clothes and stay at the office. Where are you going?

IAN

To get an expert opinion.

Ian opens the door and gives Dennis a friendly whack on the arm before he leaves. Dennis closes the door and turns away. On second thought, he bolts the door.

INT. BLUE SPORTS SEDAN- DAY

Garrison is sitting in the passenger seat of the parked car. Morris is behind the wheel eating from a bag of potato chips. Jessica steps up to the car. Garrison lowers the window.

GARRISON

What do you have?

JESSICA

No sign of him yet. Nothing with the police. Nothing at his office. I'm going to the photographer's apartment now.

GARRISON

Good. Find out what he knows.

JESSICA

Right.

GARRISON

And Jessica...

JESSICA

Yes?

GARRISON

Get a bird. And a van.

JESSICA

Right.

Garrison raises the window of the car.

INT. HALLWAY OF ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT BUILDING- LATE DAY

Ian knocks on the door of an apartment. He waits. No response. He knocks again. Silence. He sighs and turns away.

At the end of the hall the elevator DINGS. The hallway is dimly lit, several lights being burnt out.

Ian turns to watch the doors open. A figure steps out of the elevator and into the shadowed hallway. It turns and walks toward Ian.

Ian glances behind himself. The hallway is a dead end. He looks back at the figure walking through the shadowed hallway and sees the exit sign glowing behind it at the other end of the hall.

The figure is closer. Ian still can't see a face. He tries the doorknob. Locked. He knocks again.

ELIZABETH

I'm not home.

Elizabeth steps out of the shadows and into the light. Ian lets out the breath he's been holding.

IAN

You scared me. I thought you were somebody else.

ELIZABETH

You were expecting someone else to be at my apartment?

IAN

It's a long story. Elizabeth digs in her pocket for her keys.

ELIZABETH

Well, I have nothing but time. The airline lost my luggage so I have no research to look at until they find it.

IAN

I think I have something that will keep you busy for a while.

Elizabeth looks at Ian quizzically and unlocks the deadbolt of the door.

INT. DENNIS'S APARTMENT- LATE DAY

Dennis unlocks the deadbolt of his door. He has packed a small flight bag that is over his shoulder. He opens the door.

Jessica is standing there. She has a small aerosol canister in her hand that she sprays in Dennis's face. Dennis gasps, blinks and then falls back into the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT- LATE DAY

Elizabeth enters from the kitchen carrying two cups of tea. The apartment is well kept, though sparsely decorated, mostly with religious items from around the world and photos of Elizabeth in exotic places, including wedding photos in the desert.

ELIZABETH

I'd offer you something other than tea, but I don't have anything except water. I really wasn't expecting company. I certainly wasn't expecting to see you.

She sits the tea down on the desk, next to her computer. Ian plugs the memory card adapter into the USB slot.

IAN

I hope you don't mind. Yours is faster.

ELIZABETH

Feel free. Is this what brings you to my door step?

IAN

I need your help.

ELIZABETH

What kind of help?

The icon appears. Elizabeth raises an eyebrow. Ian clicks on the "Read Me File," Elizabeth reads over his shoulder. She reaches down and grabs the mouse, clicking on the "Table of Contents Button." Elizabeth slides into the chair with Ian. He stands up.

IAN

You're the expert on this stuff, I need you to tell me what it means, and whether it's all bullshit or not.

Elizabeth clicks on the first file; "An Overview of Omega."

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't consider myself an expert. Where'd you get this?

IAN

It came in the mail.

ELIZABETH

You get much better fan mail than I do. Mine usually includes aluminum foil to put on my head so the aliens can't listen while I read it.

She clicks on another file.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

This may take a while.

IAN

We may not have much time.

ELIZABETH

Why not?

IAN

The people who lost it want it back pretty bad.

Elizabeth turns to him.

ELIZABETH

Maybe you should tell me what I'm getting into.

Elizabeth reaches over and takes a sip of her tea.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Garrison is sitting in a swivel chair in the back of the van that is filled with electronic surveillance and communications equipment. Garrison doodles on a pad of paper. Morris is sitting at a computer. Jessica opens the back door of the van and climbs in. She takes a seat beside Garrison.

GARRISON

News?

JESSICA

The photographer knew some. Not much. The information is on a memory card. They saw some of it.

GARRISON

How much?

JESSICA

Enough.

Garrison nods.

GARRISON

What about the reporter?

JESSICA

We have one lead. When he left the photographer he mentioned seeing an expert. He thought he might be talking about a woman they met in Canada. A professor of mythology studying the formations.

GARRISON

Did you get a name?

JESSICA

He could only remember the first name.

GARRISON

Run a cross reference check on all professors of mythology or religion, as well as all UFO and paranormal experts in the US and Canada. Find her.

JESSICA

Right.

GARRISON

And tell the police to issue an APB on Ian Banks.

JESSICA

You're sure you want to involve the police?

GARRISON
We need to find him fast.

JESSICA
Right.

Jessica grabs a cell phone.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Elizabeth is sitting at the computer as Ian brings in two more cups of tea. He sets them down on the desk. Elizabeth is clicking through the pages of a file. Page after page. One page every second or so. Some pages are text and some are diagrams.

IAN
Are you really reading that fast?

ELIZABETH
Yes. It's a curse left over from my prodigy childhood. Unfortunately it didn't come with a photographic memory, which is why my files are so large.

Ian looks over at the ten file cabinets that line the walls of the apartment.

IAN
That's a lot of file space.

ELIZABETH
All cross indexed and organized in a three dimensional matrix on the computer. I can find anything I need in ten seconds. Everything new is on disk, but I never have time to enter all the old data.

Ian pulls up a chair and takes a sip of his tea.

IAN
So what do you think?

Elizabeth stops reading and leans back from the screen.

ELIZABETH
It could be a hoax, but that wouldn't explain the two men at your apartment. That's a lot of effort to conceal a hoax.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Take a look at this. It's part of
a video briefing.

Elizabeth taps a key and Robert Block's face fills the
screen. He is in the middle of speaking.

ROBERT (ON SCREEN)
... It was at this point that we
began to have some success in
analyzing the symbols. There was a
consistent geometry appearing in
the symbols.

THE IMAGE SWITCHES TO FULL VIDEO OF ROBERT SPEAKING.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
At first the symbols were parroting
back our test subjects metal
images. Then they became more
complex.

INSERT IMAGES OF SYMBOLS WITH COMPLEX GEOMETRY.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
The symbols were teaching us a
tetrahedral geometry, and a
geometry of multiple dimensions.

INSERT IMAGES OF A TETRAHEDRON (A THREE SIDED PYRAMID) INSIDE
A SPHERE.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
This geometry suggests that energy
from other dimensions can be
expressed and harnessed in our
dimension. All of which excited
our military sponsors. Then we
found this:

THE IMAGE IS OF A COMPLEX GEOMETRIC FORMATION CREATED IN THE
MIDDLE OF A LAKE FROM ALGAE.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
The formation had been created in a
lake in Wyoming from algae. It
stayed there for five days. This
was the beginning of a new phase of
formations. A phase that has been
growing in frequency and complexity
ever since.

INSERT IMAGES OF FORMATIONS IN DESERTS MADE OF SMALL ROCKS,
FORMATIONS CUT INTO ICE ON FROZEN LAKES, ETC..

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The creator or creators of the formations are responding to our request for more information.

IMAGES OF MILITARY PERSONAL DESTROYING A FORMATION IN A STAND OF TREES.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The military wants to keep it a secret. Not just because it may offer a possible source of limitless energy, and not just because it is a contact with another intelligence, but because we have started something we cannot control.

IMAGE OF ROBERT SPEAKING.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I fully believe that the advancing complexity and frequency of these symbol formations is headed toward a climax of extraordinary proportions. One which will involve the entire planet. Please, get this information to the public as soon as possible.

Elizabeth leans back. Ian sighs. They are silent for a moment, looking at the computer screen. Ian takes a deep breath.

IAN

I can't figure out why whoever sent it didn't just stick it on the web?

Elizabeth looks from the screen to Ian.

ELIZABETH

What better way to have people think you're a kook than putting up a website that claims you know the government is involved in a secret plot to communicate with aliens.

IAN

True. I need to call my editor and send some emails.

Elizabeth turns to look at his.

ELIZABETH

Not from here you don't. And don't
Use your cell phone. Call from a
pay phone. Send the emails from an
internet cafe, but we'll.

IAN

You have the whole conspiracy-
paranoia thing down pat.

ELIZABETH

You don't spend years talking to
UFO geeks without learning
something.

Elizabeth takes a last drink from his tea.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Jessica spins around in her chair to face Garrison. On the
computer screen is small photo of Elizabeth with her personal
information.

JESSICA

Got it. Elizabeth Carson.
Professor of modern mythology
Columbia University. Forty-five
west Sixty-seventh. Apartment 5C.

Morris and Garrison climb into the front seat.

GARRISON

Get the other cars over there. Tell
them not to move in until we
arrive.

Morris revs the engine and pulls the van into traffic.

INT. LOBBY OF UPPER WEST SIDE HOTEL- NIGHT

Elizabeth stands nearby as Ian slides a quarter into the pay
phone and dials.

ELIZABETH

Don't stay on too long.

Ian nods as he speaks into the phone.

IAN

Lars Davis please. Thank-you.

DAVID (O.S.)
Ian, where are you?

IAN
I can't tell you that Lars, and I can't talk long. Look, I just emailed you an article. Run it tomorrow morning. I emailed it to all the major TV stations as well. They're going to call you for confirmation and I need you to back me up.

INT. LARS'S OFFICE- NIGHT

DAVIS (O.S.)
Look, Ian, where are you?

IAN
I'm fine, Lars. I need to stay out of sight until this thing is in the open.

DAVIS (O.S.)
This doesn't make sense, Ian.

IAN
Just read the article. You'll understand.

INT. LOBBY OF UPPER WEST SIDE HOTEL- NIGHT

Elizabeth makes a motion to cut it short.

IAN (O.S.)
Look, I've got to go.

INT. LARS'S OFFICE- NIGHT

DAVIS (O.S.)
Ian. You need to turn yourself in. I know you're innocent, but the police don't. Just turn yourself in and we'll work this out. I'll get our lawyers on it.

INT. LOBBY OF UPPER WEST SIDE HOTEL- NIGHT

IAN
I'm sorry, I can't do that. Ian
hangs up.

EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT

Ian and Elizabeth are walking back to the apartment.
Elizabeth carries a leather bag with a long strap. Ian has
the laptop case slung over his shoulder.

ELIZABETH
So, what do we do now?

IAN
Wait. After they run the story on
TV we should be safe. At least
safe enough to talk to Davis and
the police.

ELIZABETH
What if they don't run it?

IAN
They have to. Once they call Davis
to confirm the story there's no
reason why they wouldn't.

ELIZABETH
What if your editor doesn't believe
you.

IAN
He knows me too well.

ELIZABETH
Let's hope so.

Ian reaches into his pocket as they near a newspaper box.

IAN
I never did get a copy of the paper
today.

Ian slides some change into the newspaper box.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Garrison looks out the window as they drive along the street.

GARRISON
How much further?

MORRIS
We're almost there.

Garrison sees a man and a woman at a newspaper box on the corner.

GARRISON
Slow down! Slow down. I'll be
Goddamn. This must be my lucky day.

Ian and Elizabeth begin walking again. The van slows down behind them.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
Do we have anybody in place?

Jessica leans forward from the rear.

JESSICA
We're the first ones here. They're
stuck in traffic.

GARRISON
Shit. I hate Manhattan.

JESSICA
We can let them go in and take them
later.

GARRISON
Too hard to get them out. We do it
now.

Garrison pulls a handgun from his shoulder holster and pulls a silencer out of his pocket, screwing it onto the muzzle of the gun.

EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT

Ian and Elizabeth walk along the sidewalk. Central Park can be seen at the end of the block.

ELIZABETH
I read your book.

Ian cringes and tries to smile.

IAN

Really. I'm sorry to hear that. I never should have published those interviews. I didn't really know how to interview yet. My agent thought it would be a good career move.

ELIZABETH

I thought it was great. The interview with Steven Hawkings was the first time I even came close to understanding physics.

IAN

I thought you were a prodigy?

ELIZABETH

I was, but I can't do math. It's a curse. You don't know what it's like being a child prodigy who can't do math. You're a double freak.

The blue van pulls in front of them as they near the corner. Ian sees the van and Garrison. He turns to Elizabeth.

IAN

Run!

Ian and Elizabeth run around opposite sides of the van as it screeches to a halt.

The doors of the van open, Garrison and Jessica jumping out with their guns drawn.

Ian and Elizabeth dash across Central Park West, dodging traffic. Garrison and Jessica chase after them, firing, but missing as the traffic blocks their view.

Ian and Elizabeth run into Central Park.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK- NIGHT

Ian and Elizabeth run through the trees, ducking under branches and weaving between the trunks.

A chunk of tree explodes beside Ian's head as he runs.

Garrison and Jessica run through the park chasing Ian and Elizabeth, firing their guns whenever a clear shot appears.

Ian turns suddenly to the left. Elizabeth follows him.

IAN

We have to get out of here.

Ian begins running in a zigzag circle that heads back toward the street.

Garrison knocks a branch out of his face as he runs. He lowers the gun and takes aim at Ian.

Ian and Elizabeth run down a wooded path. Elizabeth trips over the root of a tree. As she does so, a bullet whizzes past her head and strikes a park bench.

Ian helps Elizabeth to her feet and looks back to see Garrison and Jessica rushing toward him. He pulls Elizabeth up and they begin to run again.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST- NIGHT

Ian and Elizabeth come running out of the exit and breathlessly charge into the middle of the street hailing down a taxi.

The taxi slides to a stop.

Ian grabs the driver's side door and swings it open, grabbing the taxi driver and tossing him into the street before he can even begin to protest.

IAN

Sorry.

Elizabeth jumps in and Ian slides in behind her, jamming the car into drive and slamming on the gas pedal as Garrison and Jessica come running out of the park.

Garrison and Jessica consider firing at the taxi, but it is too far away. Garrison grabs his radio.

GARRISON

We're up the street. They're in a cab.

Garrison and Jessica start running down the block. The blue van appears ahead of them. Garrison and Jessica jump in the van as Morris slows down for them and then accelerates down the avenue as they close the doors.

INT. CAB- NIGHT

Ian dodges in and out of traffic as they speed down the street.

IAN
Are they behind us?

Elizabeth looks behind them.

ELIZABETH
The van just picked them up.

IAN
If we can make it to Columbus
circle, I think we can lose them.

Ian hits the brakes and swerves to the side to avoid another cab.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Morris bobs into and out of traffic gaining on the cab with Ian and Elizabeth.

GARRISON
Don't lose them. Get me close
enough to get a clean shot.

Garrison lowers the window of the van and switches clips in his gun.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST- NIGHT

Ian swerves over the yellow line, passing slow moving traffic and jerking the cab back into the right lane just in time to avoid an oncoming truck.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST- NIGHT

Morris drives the van up on the sidewalk, pedestrians jumping out of the way as he passes traffic and drives through the intersection and back onto the street.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Garrison pops off a couple of shots at the cab.

INT. CAB- NIGHT

Two bullets strike the cab, one of them cracking the rear window and whizzing through the car and out the front windshield. Ian and Elizabeth jump.

Central Park West suddenly becomes one way in the direction they aren't traveling.

IAN

Hold on!

Ian pulls the cab to the extreme right as cars swerve to avoid them. Columbus Circle is ahead. Traffic is clogged.

Ian and Elizabeth brace themselves.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE- NIGHT

Ian speeds into Columbus Circle, crashing through two cars and knocking them out of the way as he plows through the traffic. He hits his brakes and smashes cars out of the way as he drives through the intersection.

Cars hit their brakes and slide, crashing into other cars as Ian drives the cab through the light, around the circle, and down Broadway.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Morris slams on the breaks to avoid hitting the cars that are swerving into him.

MORRIS

Oh, shit!

Morris turns the wheel and the van slams into a truck.

INT. CAB- NIGHT

Ian is driving like a madman.

IAN

We have to get out of this cab.

ELIZABETH

I have a car.

IAN

They know who you are. They can trace a car.

ELIZABETH

It's my ex-boyfriend's. I still have the keys. He lives near here.

Ian slams on the brakes and turns down a street.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Morris has his head out the window, yelling at the drivers to get out of the way. Garrison is on the radio. His cell phone rings and he hands it to Jessica as he talks into the radio.

GARRISON

They're headed down Broadway in a yellow cab, number X5L7. They may use it to try and get out of the city. I want somebody at every exit point on the island. Every tunnel, every bridge. Look for the license. And I want people at every train station, bus station, and airport. They do not get off this island!

Garrison turns to Jessica.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

What can you see from above?

JESSICA

Too much cloud cover. Too much traffic to track with the infrared.

GARRISON

Fine. Get me a trace on all their credit cards, phone cards, everything. And get a chopper in the air now.

(To Morris.)

My fucking grandmother could have driven us out of here by now!

MORRIS

They won't move.

Jessica puts the cell phone down.

JESSICA
We have a new situation.

GARRISON
What.

JESSICA
He emailed an article to his paper.
He also sent it to every TV
station.

GARRISON
Goddamn it! That fucking...

Garrison gets control of himself.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
Lock it down. Tight. Add how ever
many people you need, but seal this
thing off. Use the other agencies.
Tell them... anything. Just keep a
lid on it.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
(To Morris.)
Can't you get this fucking thing
moving?!

MORRIS
I'm trying.

Morris hits the gas and pulls ahead as another car jumps
forward and strikes them from the side.

EXT. WOODS- NIGHT

A teenage BOY and GIRL are tramping through the forest
holding hands.

GIRL
Where are we going?

BOY
We're almost there.

GIRL
What is it?

BOY
You have to see it. You won't
believe it.

The Boy pushes through a dense pack of underbrush pulling the Girl along behind him.

EXT. OPEN FIELD- NIGHT

The teenage Boy and Girl step out of the woods and into an open field, suddenly awash with the light of thousands and thousands of fireflies. They stand in silent wonderment as they watch the insect light show.

GIRL
This is amazing!

BOY
I told you.

The Girl and Boy laugh and run through the fireflies holding hands.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING THE OPEN FIELD- NIGHT

Robert Block stands in the darkness of the hilltop with his binoculars to his eyes. He pulls them away from his face and shakes his head as he looks out over the open field, a bright complex geometric symbol formation created from firefly-light, slowly ebbing in and out of existence as the millions of fireflies in the field below glow and fade in sync.

EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT

Ian is putting the key into the passenger door of a car. He opens the door for Ian.

IAN
I can't believe he didn't ask for
the keys back.

Elizabeth walks around the other side of the car. Ian reaches over and unlocks the door for her. He slides in beside her.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

Ian closes the door and starts the engine.

ELIZABETH
He trusts me. He knows I'm a
responsible person.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm not the kind of woman who steals her ex-boyfriend's car. At least under normal circumstances.

Elizabeth turns to look at Ian.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

So, now that we've been shot at, and run down like wild animals, what's next?

IAN

Find some place quiet and empty, get something to eat, and wait for the eleven o'clock news.

ELIZABETH

I know the perfect place.

Ian backs the car up and pulls into the street.

INT. SMALL DINER- NIGHT

Ian and Elizabeth are eating their meals in the back booth of a small diner. Ian looks up from his food.

IAN

It's quiet and empty, but there's no television.

ELIZABETH

Sure there is.

Elizabeth reaches into her leather bag and removes a small pocket television, setting it on the table.

IAN

Do you always carry that with you?

ELIZABETH

I'm an addict, what can I say. I get the jitters if I don't see a talk-show by five.

IAN

I never would have suspected you for a television junky.

ELIZABETH

I'm a vegetarian, I don't smoke, I don't drink, I've never done drugs. I needed some kind of self-destructive behavior.

IAN

I've never thought of daytime TV as a vice.

Elizabeth turns the pocket television on. A small image fills the screen. She raises the antenna and tunes in a station. A commercial is on.

ELIZABETH

How about you? What are your self-destructive vices?

IAN

I'm a reporter. That's enough for anyone.

Elizabeth laughs. The introduction for the eleven o'clock news begins. Elizabeth turns the sound up.

ELIZABETH

Here we go.

They watch as the NEWS ANCHOR'S face fills the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

In our lead story this evening, one man is dead in a mid-town apartment.

The face of Dennis appears next to the News Anchor.

IAN

Oh, my god.

NEWS ANCHOR

The man is Dennis Platt, a staff photographer for the New York Times. He was found stabbed to death in his apartment early this evening. There is no known motive to the crime, but his colleague, Ian Banks is now wanted by the police in connection with the murder.

Ian's face appears next to the News Anchor's. Ian gasps.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

He is assumed to be evading the authorities and should be considered dangerous. Anyone with information regarding Ian Banks or his whereabouts should contact...

The WAITRESS steps up to the table. Elizabeth nonchalantly closes the pocket television and shuts it off.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

Elizabeth looks up to her and smiles.

ELIZABETH

No thank you. Just the check please.

The Waitress tears the check from her little green pad and places it on the table.

WAITRESS

Here you go. Just pay at the front.

The Waitress leaves. Ian is in shock. Elizabeth reaches out and takes his hand.

ELIZABETH

Are you okay?

Ian looks up to Elizabeth, anger in his eyes.

IAN

Turn it back on. I want to see if they say anything else.

Elizabeth turns the pocket television on. As the TV fades in there is footage of a group of people building something in a large field. A TV REPORTER TWO narrates.

TV REPORTER TWO

The group's members all claim to be having the same visionary dream. A dream which they say is a message, from a higher plane to build what they are referring to as "The Monument." "The Monument" has yet to take its final shape, though the group's members all agree that it will be finished soon. An incredible feat as there are no plans on paper and there does not appear to be anyone directly in charge of the project. Apparently they have been working on it for weeks, with people from all over the country arriving unbidden to help them.

(MORE)

TV REPORTER TWO (CONT'D)

The small town of Lancaster Iowa has nearly tripled in size during the last three weeks as people pour in to sight-see, help build, and watch as "The Monument" is completed. For Channel One News this is Ted Kipler reporting.

Ian and Elizabeth look into each other's eyes. The partially completed Monument looms behind the TV Reporter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANCASTER IOWA- NIGHT

Partially hidden in the shadows created by the powerful work lights that blaze around the construction site, the Monument slowly begins to take form as the people building it bring equipment and materials together in a smooth efficient harmony of movement, the final shape vaguely discernible in the play of light and darkness, leaving the impression of an image seen before somewhere, deep in the collective unconscious, woven from the intangible symbols of an arcane celestial geometry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE- NIGHT

Elizabeth's boyfriend's car passes slow moving traffic as it crosses the bridge.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR- NIGHT

Ian is driving over the George Washington Bridge. Elizabeth stares straight ahead.

ELIZABETH

You're positive?

IAN

What other choice do we have? We can't go to the police, we can't go to the papers, I can't show my face in the city and they seem to know where I'm going before I do. I know this has something to do with it.

ELIZABETH

A reporter's hunch?

IAN

Hunches are all I have to go on right now. Do you think I'm crazy?

ELIZABETH

No. I just didn't want to drive all the way to Iowa if you weren't sure.

IAN

You don't have to go.

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't miss it for the world. I just get car sick easy, that's all.

Ian looks at Elizabeth.

IAN

Seriously. I never would have come to you if had I thought this would happen. You don't have to be involved with this.

ELIZABETH

But I am involved. The best I could hope to do now is to hide.

Elizabeth looks away, out the window at the passing traffic.

IAN

I'm sorry, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Don't be. Something incredible is taking place and there only a few people who are really aware of is actually happening and even fewer who have the chance to figure out what it means. If you hadn't showed up at my doorstep I wouldn't have this opportunity.

IAN

Are you sure you want it?

ELIZABETH

The possibility of finally having some real answers about who or what is out there? Or up there. It's the only thing I think I've ever really wanted.

Ian and Elizabeth catch and hold each other's eyes a moment in the darkness of the car as they cross the bridge and head through the maze of highway entrances toward Interstate 80.

INT. BLUE VAN- NIGHT

Morris is driving while Jessica is at the computer in the back with Peaks. Garrison is on the phone.

GARRISON

I understand. I assure you, involving the police was a necessity. It will not be a problem. It's a big city. It takes time and we don't have the man power. I understand Sir, but we can't stop every car leaving Manhattan. No, that's not what I'm saying. We'll find him. You have my word on it.

Garrison hangs up.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

I used to look forward to a day when I wouldn't be fixing other people's fuck ups and kissing their ass for the privilege; but I don't think I'll live that long.

Jessica spins around in her chair.

JESSICA

Good news. Henry Jackson just reported his car stolen.

Garrison closes his eyes.

GARRISON

You have two seconds to tell me why I should care, Jessica, and then I'm going to shoot Morris here.

Morris looks up, confused.

JESSICA

Until two months ago he was Elizabeth Carson's boyfriend. She was making payments on the car. Sad what some women will do for a love.

Garrison turns around to face Jessica.

GARRISON

Goddamn I love you Jessica. Get the license plate number. I want that number checked at every tunnel and bridge. I want every police officer in all fifty states, looking for that car. Alert the Canadians as well. God only knows where the hell they'll try to go. So, do this: Get their pictures in every paper in every town in the country. I want them on every local news show at every hour.

JESSICA

That's a lot of strings to pull, Garrison.

GARRISON

Why do I hire you Jessica?

Jessica thinks for a moment.

JESSICA

Because I'm the best?

GARRISON

Right. Do it. Now.

Garrison turns around.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

And alert the chopper. I want to be able to move as soon as we have a lock on them.

JESSICA

Right.

Garrison looks out the window as the city lights are reflected against his face.

INT. FORD PROBE- NIGHT

Ian is driving while Elizabeth struggles with a road map.

IAN

How lost?

ELIZABETH

Well, I know we're somewhere in Pennsylvania, possibly near Ohio, but other than that, I have no clue.

IAN

Maybe we should have stayed on the highway.

ELIZABETH

No. You're right. We can't take chances.

There is a motel sign flashing in the distance up ahead.

IAN

We should stop for a while. Get a couple hours sleep and figure out where we are.

ELIZABETH

Sounds good. If we start early we can be there by sundown.

Ian pulls into the parking lot of the small motel.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Back into the space so the license won't show.

IAN

You really are paranoid.

ELIZABETH

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't trying to kill you.

Ian backs the car into a space.

IAN

Maybe you should go in alone. Just in case.

Elizabeth nods and gets out of the car.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Ian turns on the light as he and Elizabeth step into the tiny motel room. He appraises the poorly decorated room and the single bed. Elizabeth closes the door.

ELIZABETH

Only one bed?

IAN

All the rooms have one bed.
Apparently this place doesn't get
many guests who stay more than an
hour or so.

ELIZABETH

Well, now I'm really looking
forward to sleeping in these
sheets.

IAN

I'll sleep on the floor.

Ian looks down at the stained carpet.

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't make a dog sleep on this
floor.

IAN

Okay.

Ian sits down on the edge of the bed. Elizabeth goes to the
bathroom. Ian leans back and sinks deep into the old
mattress.

IAN (CONT'D)

At least the mattress is firm.

In the bathroom Elizabeth turns the water on and sticks his
hands under the faucet as a brown liquid spurts forth. She
leaves her hands there in disgust.

ELIZABETH

Plenty of warm water too. Of
course it looks like sewage, but
you can't ask for everything.

IAN

I think I'll shower in the morning.

ELIZABETH

I think I'll bathe in the toilet;
it looks cleaner.

Ian laughs and Elizabeth closes the bathroom door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Ian and Elizabeth are lying in bed. They have both left their clothes on. Ian shuts the light off. They lie quietly for a moment. Elizabeth turns his head to look at Ian. She runs her fingers through his hair.

IAN

I'm going to miss Dennis. He was a good man. I met him in Pakistan during the riots two years ago. As long as he had his camera in front of face he was fearless. I shouldn't have left him alone.

The tears well up in Ian's eyes and Elizabeth wraps her arms around him and they hold each other.

ELIZABETH

It'll be okay.

Exhaustion overwhelms Elizabeth as she closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep. Ian watches her a moment and then closes his eyes as well.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

In a different, but just as seedy motel room as the one Ian and Elizabeth are in, Robert Block rubs his eyes. On the bed is a map of the country marked with red dots connected by blue lines. He places a newspaper down on the map. The cover story of the newspaper is about Ian.

Robert looks up at the television to see that it is showing a story about the monument. He takes a red pen and marks Lancaster Iowa. He begins slowly connecting it to the other red dots with a blue pen, a pattern slowly taking shape. A familiar pattern.

He sits at a small table and checks his laptop computer. The screen shows that an upload to a website is 98% complete. Robert clicks on another window showing an email with hundreds of addresses. The header of the email reads: "What the government is hiding." Robert clicks on the send button as the upload reaches 100%.

EXT. FIELD OF WHEAT- DAWN- DREAM- RED/GOLD TINT

Ian walks through the field of wheat and looks up at the sun against the clear blue sky.

As he watches the sun begins to deepen in color until it is a deep gold-red. As the color of the sun deepens its brightness increases. Ian shields his eyes as he looks up and thin gold-red lines begin to grow out of the sun, shooting in all directions, turning at right angles and creating a gold-red-sun-mandala-symbol in the sky.

Ian gasps as the sun-symbol in the sky begins to rotate, first slowly, then faster and faster until....

INT. MOTEL ROOM- DAWN

Ian wakes with a start. He blinks his eyes and then rubs them. He looks over to see that he is entwined with Elizabeth who is still asleep. Looking past her, out the window, he sees the sun rising along the eastern horizon.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP- MORNING

The sun blazes through the clear blue sky and reflects the blinding white of the snow-covered landscape.

AERIAL VIEW: Near the top of the mountain, in a remote area, there is something visible on the ground, spread out for hundreds of feet. A symbol of complex geometrical shapes created in ice and snow.

IMAGE PULLS BACK AND PIXILATES AS THOUGH ON A VIDEO SCREEN.

INT. SMALL TOWN DINER- MORNING

THERE IS VIDEO FOOTAGE OF A GRAND SYMBOL FORMATION IN THE PRISTINE SNOW NEAR THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN ON ELIZABETH'S POCKET TELEVISION SET.

Ian and Elizabeth sit at a small booth eating breakfast and watching the local morning news on the pocket television. A NEWS VOICE narrates as images of symbolic formations appear on the screen.

NEWS VOICE

This formation was discovered yesterday high atop Mount McKinley. The snow was three hours fresh and no tracks were found leading to the sight.

Ian is doodling on his napkin with a pen.

NEWS VOICE (CONT'D)

These strange formations are now appearing all throughout the nation and the world. Symbols are showing up in fields, forests, and even bodies of water.

THERE IS VIDEO FOOTAGE OF PEOPLE MARCHING IN WASHINGTON D.C..

NEWS VOICE (CONT'D)

Internet news services and web bloggers are all abuzz this morning with talk of a website claiming to reveal the real cause of the formations. The site claims that the formations are the direct result of a secret government project that discovered an ancient artifact and has been communicating with it for the last two years. The White House has released an official statement saying that these formations and the website are an organized hoax. They say they are investigating the phenomenon and that they suspect that a foreign government or terrorist organization may be behind the hoax. Elizabeth turns the volume down.

ELIZABETH

The cat's out of the bag now.

IAN

Block must have decided I was too slow. But you're right. Even with all the formations popping up, he does sound like a kook.

ELIZABETH

Maybe they'll stop chasing us now.

IAN

Maybe. But I still need to find out what's happening in that town. I'm almost out of money though.

ELIZABETH

Don't worry about it. I still have about fifteen hundred on me.

IAN

Do you always carry that much cash?

ELIZABETH

I always lose travelers checks.

Elizabeth notices what Ian has been doodling.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What's that?

Ian looks down.

IAN

Nothing.

Elizabeth turns the napkin toward herself.

IAN (CONT'D)

I wasn't really paying attention.

ELIZABETH

I've seen this.

IAN

Where?

ELIZABETH

In a dream I had last night.

Ian looks up into Elizabeth's eyes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DINER- MORNING

Ian and Elizabeth step outside the diner and walk across the street to the motel. As they cross the street they notice a police cruiser parked near the motel. As they continue to walk they see POLICE MAN ONE walking around their car and POLICE MAN TWO behind the driver's seat of the police cruiser.

They turn and walk up the street away from the motel.

ELIZABETH

My ex must have reported it stolen.
Why are they still after us if it's
all over the Internet?

IAN

Because they hope we can lead them
to Block. He must have something
they still want. Answers maybe.

Elizabeth glances behind him as the Police Man One gets in the car and Police Man Two starts the engine.

ELIZABETH
They've spotted us.

IAN
I hate small towns.

The police car pulls forward and heads toward them.

IAN (CONT'D)
This way.

Ian turns a corner and walks down a thin alley between two houses. Elizabeth follows his. The police car stops at the end of the alley.

Ian and Elizabeth begin to run. Police Man One jumps out of the car with his gun drawn.

POLICE MAN ONE
Stop!

Ian and Elizabeth run out of the alley as Police Man One chases after them. Police Man Two yells into his radio as he backs the car up and swings it around.

EXT. STREET OF SMALL TOWN- MORNING

Ian and Elizabeth run across the street and crash through the woods that surround the small town. Police Man One runs out of the alley and chases after them. As he runs he speaks into his radio.

EXT. WOODS- MORNING

Ian and Elizabeth run through the woods, leaping over dead trees and ducking under branches as they try to lose Police Man One. A shot rings out behind them. Ian cuts sharply to the right and Elizabeth follows him.

Police Man One stumbles through the woods chasing after Ian and Elizabeth. He fires, but wildly.

EXT. RURAL ROAD- MORNING

Ian and Elizabeth come rushing out of the woods and into the middle of a thinly paved two lane road and stop momentary as they see two police cars rushing toward them from opposite directions, lights flashing and sirens wailing. Turning away from the cars, they dash across the road and into a cornfield, followed shortly by Police Man One. The two police cars slow down momentarily and then drive into the cornfield.

EXT. CORN FIELD- MORNING

Ian and Elizabeth crash through the corn stalks, closely followed by Police Man One on foot and the two police cars. Ian and Elizabeth run into an open clearing, a wide space where the corn stalks have been matted down. They look around as they run, realizing what they are in.

AERIAL VIEW: ELIZABETH AND IAN STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A CROP CIRCLE OF FLATTENED CORN.

Police Man One comes crashing through the corn and into the crop circle. Elizabeth and Ian run across the circle and are about to dive into the stalks when one of the two police cars bursts out of the corn at them. Ian and Elizabeth leap to the side as Police Man One fires and the other two policemen get out of their car.

Ian and Elizabeth run into the corn, quickly followed by the second police car, which briefly exits from the corn on one side and then chases after them as Police Man One points in their direction.

Ian and Elizabeth race through the corn, the police car roaring behind them. They turn left suddenly.

Ian and Elizabeth burst out of the cornfield and into the woods again. They come across a path and follow it as it twists around a tree and becomes a narrow dirt road, which they run down. Around a corner they see another police cruiser racing toward them, Police Man Two behind the wheel. They turn and see Police Man One, who fires as they duck behind the large branches of a pine tree and back into the thick of the woods.

Shots ring out behind them and trees explode at their sides as the six policemen chase them through the woods.

ELIZABETH

I'm beginning to get used to this.

IAN

This way.

Ian and Elizabeth slide down an embankment and then down a small hill as they crash through the underbrush. Below them, at the bottom of the hill, a train is passing through the rocky woods.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hurry up. We'll miss it.

Elizabeth scrambles after him as the six Policemen charge down the embankment trying to get a clear shot through the trees.

Ian reaches the bottom of the hill and runs alongside the train, Elizabeth right behind him. A freight car with an open door comes up from behind. He reaches out and pulls herself in. Elizabeth grabs the train and jumps in behind him. They quickly pull the door shut as the six Policemen come bursting out of the under brush.

The policemen look up and down the tracks. Sweaty and out of breath, Police Man One grabs his radio.

POLICE MAN ONE

This is Parker. We lost 'em. They ran like jack rabbits. They may have jumped the train. Call Dansville and have them check it when it comes through. We'll keep looking here.

The Police Man One snaps his radio back on his belt and walks toward the other policemen as they reluctantly trudge back into the woods.

INT. FREIGHT CAR- DAY

Ian and Elizabeth are sitting by the open freight car door as the train rumbles through the mountainous regions of Eastern Ohio.

IAN

What do you think it means?

ELIZABETH

I don't know. Simultaneous dreams aren't unheard of.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

With all that's happening to both us of us, it's a very natural reaction.

IAN

I don't think so. I think it's a message.

ELIZABETH

Like the formations and the monument?

IAN

Yes. When I was a little boy my parents would leave notes for each other around the house. Love notes. Really steamy, sexy letters, but they would write them in a strange code of words and little pictures so my brother and I wouldn't know what they were talking about. No matter how hard my brother and I tried we could never figure out what the notes were saying. It wasn't until I was older that I understood what the code meant. Maybe this is the same thing. We can see the symbols, but we're not mature enough to understand them.

ELIZABETH

That would make sense, but then what would they hope to gain? How long will it take us to mature?

IAN

Maybe this all in an effort to help us mature.

ELIZABETH

Maybe. From the beginning, my research has been pointing to the idea that these symbols are lessons, the same way that myths are lessons, the collective unconscious speaking to the conscious mind through symbolic tales. Maybe it's some kind of elemental language for a universal message. Mystics through history have spoken about a universal vision.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

They were talking about a universal experience of the Divine, of God, of unbounded love, but maybe these symbols are leading up to something similar. Plants and rocks have become like chalk boards, speaking to a deeper part of us that we aren't aware of yet. Funny. My ex-husband always said I was never fully aware him. That I couldn't really see him.

Ian turns to Elizabeth.

IAN

How long were you married?

ELIZABETH

Long enough for his to realize that my work was more important than he was, and not long enough for me to realize that it wasn't.

IAN

That's not an easy realization to live with.

Ian turns to watch the passing scenery.

ELIZABETH

Had that realization before have you?

IAN

I was married. She died in a car crash four years ago. I never realized how often I chose work over her until I didn't have the luxury of that choice.

Ian and Elizabeth catch each other's eyes and hold them for a moment. Then he looks past his, out the door.

ELIZABETH

What is that all about?

Ian follows his gaze out the door. The train is nearing a highway overpass. The traffic along the highway is backed up for miles in one lane and the other lane is nearly empty.

IAN

I don't know. Must be something on the other side of the overpass.

Ian stands up and goes to the opposite door and tugs on it. It doesn't budge. Elizabeth helps him. The door sticks. They tug again and the door slides open as the freight car passes over the highway.

ELIZABETH

Oh my God!

As the train passes over the highway, Ian and Elizabeth are graced by the sight of a massive and complex symbol-formation carved into the side of a mountain. The rock has been sheared away and cut flat over a span the size of a football field. The symbol-formation is etched and polished along the rock.

The cars along the highway are at a stand still. People are standing all along the road, gazing up at the symbol-formation on the face of the mountain. Two helicopters hover overhead and news crews swarm around.

IAN

There's no way in hell that's a natural phenomenon.

ELIZABETH

They're making themselves very hard to ignore.

IAN

But who are "they?"

ELIZABETH

Maybe it's not a "They." Maybe it's an "It" or a "He".

IAN

I don't believe in God.

ELIZABETH

It's beginning to look like he doesn't care.

Ian and Elizabeth look back at the mountain face as the train continues down the tracks.

INT. HELICOPTER IN THE AIR- DAY

Garrison, Jessica, Morris and Peaks are all strapped in. Morris and Peaks are working on laptop computers. Jessica leans over to Garrison showing him a map displayed on her laptop screen.

JESSICA

The local police spotted them here. They think they may have jumped a passing train. The next town it passes through is here.

GARRISON

Stop the train and check it. Do we have enough fuel to make it there?

JESSICA

No, but we can land and refuel here.

GARRISON

Good. Get spotters on every road leading out of that town. What's the situation with the websites?

JESSICA

The original site is being mirrored as fast as we can shut down servers, and there are too many bloggers picking up the slack. It's a losing race.

GARRISON

Then our best chance is still to make it look like a hoax.

JESSICA

Counter Intell is all over it.

GARRISON

We find Block before he does anymore damage.

JESSICA

Do you really think he knows where he is?

GARRISON

If not, we're truly fucked.

Garrison leans over to watch the ground rush past below.

EXT. OUTSIDE A SMALL TOWN- DAY

The train rolls down the tracks toward the town. Ian and Elizabeth jump from the train and roll down the ditch. They pick themselves up and run into the nearby woods.

The train is slowing down as it reaches the town. Ahead, near the town Ian and Elizabeth can see several police cars.

IAN
We need a diversion.

They climb a hill through the woods toward the town.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN GAS STATION- DAY

Ian and Elizabeth are standing next to a old pay phone. Ian dials information.

IAN
Could you give me the number for
the police station. Thank you.

Ian inserts a quarter.

IAN (CONT'D)
Do you still have that road map?

Elizabeth takes the road map out of her jacket pocket. Ian speaks into the phone with a slight drawl in his voice.

IAN (CONT'D)
Yes. I have something to report. I
just saw these two suspicious
people walking out of the woods and
my sister lives in New York and he
told me about this man and this
woman the police are chasing who
they think might be coming this way
and I saw a strange man and woman
get into this truck that was headed
out of town.

A gray frozen fruit truck passes.

IAN (CONT'D)
It was a gray frozen fruit truck.
Yes. I think it was them. They
came out of the woods at Jackson
and Pollack roads. My name is Mr.
Williams, I work right at the
corner of--- Damn it Harry, I said
park that trailer in the back not
drive it over my back. I'm sorry,
I gotta go.

Ian hangs up the phone and turns to Elizabeth who is smiling in admiration.

ELIZABETH
I am thoroughly and deeply
impressed.

IAN
Well, good, that was my real goal.
How are you at stealing cars?

Ian turns and looks at a car that is parked behind a house
across the street.

INT. STOLEN CAR- DAY

Ian has his head under the dash. Elizabeth is keeping watch.

ELIZABETH
You got it yet?

IAN
This is the first time I've ever
regretted not becoming a juvenile
delinquent.

ELIZABETH
Stay down.

Elizabeth ducks as three police cars come roaring past,
sirens wailing and lights ablaze.

IAN
Damn.

Ian sits up in frustration.

ELIZABETH
Did you check behind the sun visor?

IAN
No.

ELIZABETH
We are in the country. And they
did leave the doors unlocked.

Elizabeth pulls the sun visor down and a set of car keys
falls in Ian's lap. She turns to him and smiles.

EXT. SMALL RURAL AIRPORT- DAY

The helicopter is on the ground refueling. Garrison is stretching. Jessica is on the phone. He walks over to Garrison.

JESSICA

They've been spotted again. They hitched a ride in truck heading out of town.

GARRISON

What road?

Jessica pulls out a map and points to it.

JESSICA

This one.

Garrison looks at the map and then Jessica.

GARRISON

Bullshit. That road heads east. Why the hell would they go back the way they came?

JESSICA

They're on the run.

GARRISON

Yes, but they're headed somewhere. They haven't changed direction once. Forget the town, they'll be gone by the time we can get there. I'll bet anything those fucking hayseeds took their men off the other roads to chase that damn truck.

Garrison looks at the map. He traces a line west from the first town to a second about fifty miles away.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Here. Set us down here. Advise the police and get a backup team there ASAP.

Garrison turns and walks back toward the helicopter as its blades begin to spin.

EXT. BACK ROAD- DAY

The stolen car drives down the quiet back road.

INT. STOLEN CAR- DAY

Elizabeth is driving. Ian is looking at the map.

IAN

This is going to take forever on
these back roads.

ELIZABETH

We'll still make it by sundown.

Up ahead is a small rural gas station. Elizabeth looks at the gas gauge.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

We need some gas.

Elizabeth begins to slow down and pulls into a small back woods gas station.

INT. BACKWOODS GAS STATION- DAY

Ian is picking snack food off the shelf. Elizabeth is outside pumping gas. Ian walks up to the counter and places his items down.

IAN

This plus twenty dollars worth of
gas.

The OLD WOMAN behind the counter nods. There is a LITTLE GIRL, obviously a granddaughter, coloring at the end of the counter. Ian smiles at her. The little girl grins.

IAN (CONT'D)

Your granddaughter's very pretty.

The Old Woman beams.

OLD WOMAN

He takes after his mother. Her
mother has the most beautiful eyes.
My husband's eyes. He's got 'em
too. Damned if that wasn't all he
was worth.

Ian hands the Old Woman two twenties and steps over near the little girl.

IAN
What'cha drawin'?

The Little Girl just smiles.

OLD WOMAN
Show the lady what'cher drawin'.

The Little Girl turns the paper around and Ian sees that the paper is filled with the mandala symbol from his dreams drawn in red and yellow crayon. Ian reaches out his hand and touches the paper.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
That's all he's been drawin' for the past two weeks. Used to draw little bunnies and dogs. I think his mother smoked a little too much dope when he was pregnant.

Ian looks at the little girl.

IAN
Where did you see this, honey? The

Little Girl looks up at Ian and smiles.

LITTLE GIRL
Everywhere.

Ian looks back at the paper.

IAN
Would you give this to me if I buy you a candy bar?

The Little Girl wrinkles his nose.

LITTLE GIRL
For one I won't, but for two I will.

OLD WOMAN
You'll be bouncin' off the walls you eat that much chocolate. One candy bar is plenty for you little girl.

IAN
One candy bar then.

LITTLE GIRL

Okay.

OLD WOMAN

Looks like we got a money earnin'
artist in the family.

Ian takes the drawing and the little girl picks out a candy bar while his grandmother rings it up.

INT. STOLEN CAR- DUSK

Ian is driving while Elizabeth stares at the Little Girl's crayon drawing.

ELIZABETH

I wonder how far this has spread.
How many people this is affecting.

IAN

Or infecting.

ELIZABETH

That sounds ominous.

IAN

It could be. We don't know what
the ultimate goal of all this is.
Symbols in forests and on
mountainsides is one thing, but now
we're talking about something that
affects our minds. Our dreams have
become the chalkboard for writing
their messages.

ELIZABETH

Maybe that's the next phase. The
next step. Whoever they are they
seem to be working in an organized
fashion. Synergistically building
the simple upon simple to create
the complex.

IAN

I think we're being prepared for
something.

Elizabeth looks back at the symbol on the paper and Ian rubs his temples as the speed down the road.

EXT. SMALL TOWN AIRPORT- DUSK

Garrison is walking out of the men's room. Morris and Peaks are by the door looking at a map. Jessica can be seen outside renting a car.

As Garrison walks toward the door, something catches his eye. He turns and walks to a newspaper machine. He takes two quarters out of his pocket and slides them in the slot, taking out the paper. He looks at it a moment then walks straight to Morris and Peaks, grabbing the map out of their hands. He examines the map a moment as Jessica steps through the door.

JESSICA

I have a car. The town is fifteen minutes away and the team is meeting us there.

GARRISON

Change of plans. This is where they're going.

Garrison walks out the door as he hands the paper to Jessica. Jessica looks down at the paper. The cover story is a large photo of the monument in Lancaster Iowa.

EXT. LANCASTER IOWA- NIGHT

The road is clogged with cars. Elizabeth, who is driving, pulls the car off to the side of the road and parks it beside the hundreds of other cars.

Elizabeth and Ian get out of the car and look at the throng of people headed into the town.

IAN

Looks like everybody got their invitations.

ELIZABETH

Including your colleagues. They may recognize you.

Elizabeth gestures with a nod of her head toward a group of TV and magazine reporters who are headed into town. Ian follows her eyes.

IAN

Damn.

Elizabeth takes a farmer's hat out of the back seat of the car and puts it on Ian's head.

IAN (CONT'D)
How do I look?

ELIZABETH
It's not your color, but it'll do.

Ian runs his temples.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Are you okay.

IAN
Just a headache.

Ian and Elizabeth walk into town.

EXT. THE TOWN OF LANCASTER- NIGHT

The town is overrun with people. Sightseers, volunteers, reporters, vendors selling symbol hats, T-shirts, trinkets, hotdogs etc.. The town has become a carnival. There is even a band playing. Up ahead, in what was the town park, is The Monument, still under construction. Lit by large work lights, much of the Monument is hidden in shadow. It is built from, rock, stone, concrete, steel, wood, and earth and stretches out for hundreds of feet, being composed of different sections, walls, spires, steps and multiple levels. There is a small army of workers swarming around it, pushing and prodding it into shape in a strange organic and organized chaos. Ian and Elizabeth stare at the people and the Monument. Elizabeth watches the workers.

ELIZABETH
This must be how they were built.

IAN
What?

ELIZABETH
The old monuments. This is how they were built. Collective visions.

Ian watches the people. Nearby, TV REPORTER THREE speaking to a camera.

TV REPORTER THREE

Though it seems much of the country has descended on this small town in Lancaster Iowa, in truth we are now learning that this town is just one of many across the country and indeed throughout the world, where monuments like this are being built. People are traveling great distances to assist in the construction of these monuments, to watch them being erected, or simply to see what the fuss is all about. Many people I've spoken to feel that something important will happen in this place. There is a small but vocal group of people who proclaim that this is all the work of an alien race that is trying to communicate with us. Many of them openly claim to have been abducted by these aliens. Another group claims that we are about to witness the second coming Jesus Christ himself.

Ian and Elizabeth are pushed by the body of the crowd past the TV reporter. Elizabeth is enthralled by what is unfolding. Ian seems worried.

ELIZABETH

This is like watching a religion being born.

IAN

It's all very impressive, and I hate to dampen the mood, but I don't see how this is going to keep us alive.

ELIZABETH

I think the answer is here. Ian rubs his temples.

IAN

I'm getting a headache. There are too many people here. I'm going to get some aspirin.

ELIZABETH

Okay. I want to see if I can get a closer look at the monument and talk to a few people.

IAN
I'll meet you at that pay phone in
a half an hour.

ELIZABETH
Wait.

Elizabeth pushes her way over to the pay phone. Ian follows her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Take the phone number down just in
case.

IAN
In case?

ELIZABETH
Humor me, I'm paranoid, remember.

Ian looks at the number on the phone, grabs a pen from his pocket, and scribbles it down on his hand.

IAN
Half hour.

ELIZABETH
Right.

IAN
One more thing.

ELIZABETH
What?

Ian pulls her into his arms and kisses her. They linger in the kiss for a long moment before Ian breaks away.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'll be back in twenty minutes if
you're going to keep that up.

Ian laughs as Elizabeth steps into the crowd and is soon lost from sight.

INT. GENERAL STORE- NIGHT

Ian combs the shelves of the overcrowded store searching for a bottle of aspirin. The shelves are nearly empty. He sees a bottle peeking from behind a bag of cotton balls and grabs it just as a WOMAN reaches for it.

IAN
I'll split it with you.

WOMAN
Thanks.

Ian and the Woman make their way up to the counter. There is a television on the counter tuned to a newscast. They watch as the line slowly moves toward the register.

On the TV there is a symbol formation on what looks like a piece of etched glass. The camera pulls back to see that the glass is a huge football field sized sheet of glass in the middle of a desert. The symbol formation is a massively intricate series of etched and polished lines in mirror-like glass. A title below the image reads: "Sahara Desert."

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Only the hand of God could do that.

Ian stares at the TV screen.

EXT. TOWN OF LANCASTER- NEAR THE MONUMENT- NIGHT

Ian has made his way to the edge of the park where the Monument is being built. It is an awesome and complicated structure, geometrically precise, though the workers don't seem to have much by way of tools. Sections are huge, carved from massive rocks, while others seem to grow right out of the earth. The people working on the monument all seem happy and full of energy. They are not zombie-like at all, but full of laughter and work as a single efficient human machine. They look as though they are having the time of their lives.

Nearby a man in a long white shirt and jeans is speaking to a TV reporter. The lights from the camera illuminate the man and cast his shadow over part of the monument. His charismatic voice and his energetic eye attract the attention of Ian and the crowd. He is the MYSTIC.

MYSTIC
The Monument is the key that will unlock the door for us all. It and all the Monuments like it that are being built throughout the world are part of a system, a chain of keys that will open the doors to the higher realms. And when the doors are open we will see that all is Spirit. My fellow builders and I are united by a single vision. We don't need blue prints.
(MORE)

MYSTIC (CONT'D)

We don't need foremen. We each know the plan by heart. We each know what needs to be done and we do it. Nothing is too complicated, because we are aligning the energy. Spirit as energy. As love. This world is but one plane of many dimensions: dimensions that are filled with energy we can tap into and when the key is turned, the flood gates will really begin to open, bringing a shift in perception, in consciousness, in energy and in Spirit, and in love for all of us. The Monument is almost finished. By morning the key will turn and the doors of perception will open revealing the unity of all things in Spirit.

Ian is a little overwhelmed by the words of the Mystic. He looks at his watch and then begins pushing his way back through the crowd toward the telephone.

EXT. TOWN OF LANCASTER- NIGHT

Ian pushes through the crowd. As he turns the corner of one of the buildings he sees Elizabeth. He opens his mouth to yell out to her when he notices the two men next to her who are pushing her through the crowd.

Ian pulls back against the wall of the building and watches as Elizabeth is guided by the two men into a large gray van. A third man pulls Elizabeth into the van and shuts the door. The two men outside the van fan out, obviously looking for Ian.

Ian slides back along the building, sticking close to the wall. He backs around the corner of the building, keeping an eye on the two men who are looking for him.

As he backs around the corner he turns and sees Morris. Their eyes lock and he runs toward Ian, drawing his gun.

Ian turns and runs into the crowd, pushing people aside. Morris aims at Ian, but there are too many people in the way for a clean shot.

MORRIS

Shit.

Morris grabs his radio from his jacket pocket and speaks into it as he chases after Ian.

EXT. STREET IN LANCASTER- NIGHT

Ian shoves his way through the crowded street. He looks back to see Morris speaking into his radio as he chases him. He looks around as he runs, trying to identify some means of escape. Ahead he sees Jessica shoving her way through the crowd toward him. Ian stops. He looks around and then drops to his knees.

Morris sees Ian disappear below the crowd.

Jessica continues to push through the crowd to where Ian was.

Morris and Jessica meet at the spot where Ian was only moments ago. They look around. They bend down and look through the crowd at knee level. They see nothing.

Several yards away, Ian lies on his stomach beneath a car. He pulls himself forward, crawling from underneath one car to the next. Finally he rolls out and looks around as he runs down an alley.

EXT. TOWN OF LANCASTER- NIGHT

Ian emerges from the crowd walks into a small shop. Through window he can be seen talking the shop owner. Second later the shop owner hands him a phone.

EXT. TOWN OF LANCASTER- NIGHT

Peaks is standing in view of the pay phone where Elizabeth was supposed to meet Ian. He is hidden behind a tree. He hears something. A RINGING. The phone. He looks at it and then looks around. He grabs his radio.

PEAKS

The phone is ringing.

There is an unheard answer as Peaks places the radio to his ear.

PEAKS (CONT'D)

Copy that.

Peaks walks over to the phone, glancing around as he picks it up. Peaks frowns as he listens.

EXT. SMALL SHOP- NIGHT

Ian is at the counter on the phone.

IAN

I know where Block is. I'll trade Block for Elizabeth. I'll meet you in the entrance to the monument at dawn.

Ian looks out the window of the shop.

EXT. TOWN OF LANCASTER- NIGHT

Across the street, Morris has spotted Ian. Morris presses forward through the crowd. People block his vision and bar his path and when he gets to the shop, Ian nowhere in sight.

EXT. LANCASTER- NIGHT

Ian emerges from the crowd and walks over to a TV news crew. A man turns around and smiles as he sees him. It's Kelly, the reporter he met on the farm in Canada.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

Garrison is sitting in the van talking on the phone when Morris, Jessica, and Peaks enter. Elizabeth is handcuffed and seated in a chair being watched by another agent. Garrison ignores them as he speaks into the phone.

GARRISON

The situation here is becoming very borderline. Not the reporter. He's not a problem. We have the woman and we'll have him shortly. The problem is the town. It's about to boil over. I would suggest closing it down. I know, it will attract attention and increase suspicion, but we are about to lose control of this thing and if we don't crack down now, we won't be able to later. We could have two thousand men in here from the National Guard in six hours. We could lock this down before it gets anymore out of hand than it already is.

(MORE)

GARRISON (CONT'D)

I understand, but that's my recommendation. I'll inform you as soon as we have the reporter and Block.

Garrison hangs up.

ELIZABETH

You can't stop what's been started. It'll just happen somewhere else.

GARRISON

Shut up.

Garrison looks at Jessica, Morris, and Peaks.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Why are you all standing here? How has he fucked us over now? Jessica coughs.

JESSICA

He's made us an offer.

GARRISON

What the hell does he want?

JESSICA

He'll trade Block for her.

ELIZABETH

You should give up now. He's too smart for government employees.

GARRISON

We're freelance.

(To Peaks)

Get her out of here.

Morris and Peaks take Elizabeth out of the van.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Where and when?

JESSICA

The entrance to the monument at dawn.

GARRISON

That gives us three hours. Secure the entire area. Put a sniper at every possible angle. As soon as he gives us Block, take him out.

JESSICA

What about the Professor?

GARRISON

I'll take care of her myself.

Garrison looks down at the pad of paper he has been doodling on. He has drawn the mandala symbol from the dreams. He takes sip of his coffee and rips the sheet from the pad, crumpling it up and tossing it into the trash.

EXT. LANCASTER- NIGHT

Ian is standing in the crowd near the monument. It is nearly dawn, the first hint of sun tingeing the eastern horizon a deep orange.

To one side there is a FUNDAMENTALIST preaching doom, gloom, and the end of the world to a TV camera crew.

FUNDAMENTALIST

Mark my words, this is the work of the Devil. This is not how God works. God doesn't create mindless drones building idols day and night. He said, "Thou shalt not worship false idols." We are witnessing the creation of a false idol, coming on the heels of worldwide events that can only be interpreted as the signs of the apocalypse. We need not think that God will be literal with his signs. We will not see four horsemen riding through our midst. But the signs are there. God is waving a flag. How else can you explain these strange symbols in impossible places; Carved on the face of a mountain overnight. Only the hammer of God can do that. Not even the Devil himself can do that. But the Devil can trick and subvert us into creating our own symbols, our own monuments to mock God's work and confuse us. These are the first days of the last of days and we should all pray for deliverance.

Ian presses closer to the monument, leaving the Fundamentalist behind, his voice lost in the crowd. The Monument draws everyone closer.

A hand grabs his arm. He spins around. It is Robert Block.

ROBERT

You really shouldn't be out in the open like this.

He pulls Ian to the side. Ian recognizes him from the computer video clip.

IAN

That's ironic. I just lied about knowing where you were, and here you are. Isn't it dangerous for you to be here?

ROBERT

The best place for me to hide is under their noses. That may not be true for you. Especially now. I saw them take your friend.

IAN

Do you know where she is?

ROBERT

No.

IAN

I shouldn't have left her alone.

ROBERT

It doesn't matter. It'll all be over in the morning.

IAN

What's going to happen?

ROBERT

Something wonderful.

IAN

You're not afraid?

ROBERT

This is the most exciting thing that's ever happened to the human race. Whomever they are, I believe they're try to help us.

IAN

What do they want? Where are they?

Robert stares at the monument and Ian follows his gaze.

ROBERT

I'm don't know. Maybe this is how first contact happens. Maybe it's not a flying saucer landing on the White House lawn. Maybe there are no ships or radio signals. Maybe the message comes like this. Through our dreams. Through the force of a universal collective unconscious. A psychic signal.

IAN

What are they trying to say?

ROBERT

Maybe there are eternal truths embedded in the symbols and the visions. Universal truths. Spiritual truths. Maybe it's all just to let us know that we're not alone.

Ian turns to Robert.

IAN

I need your help. I offered to tell them where you were in exchange for Elizabeth.

ROBERT

Where's the switch to happen?

IAN

The monument at sunrise.

ROBERT

Perfect. I'll be there. Until then, stay low. It's best we keep separate. Harder to spot.

Ian rubs his temples as Robert turns to go.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Headache?

IAN

Yeah. It's getting worse since we got here.

ROBERT

Quit resisting. You can't control it. The dreams. The visions.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Surrender to them and you'll feel better.

IAN
I don't surrender easily.

ROBERT
Neither did once.

Robert smiles and disappears into the crowd.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF THE MONUMENT- NEAR DAWN

Elizabeth, Jessica, and Garrison are dressed in plain work clothes. They stand near the entrance of the Monument trying to look inconspicuous. The workers have thinned out, only a few remaining to put the final touches on the Monument that is now nearly complete.

The Monument is still encased in shadows. Work lights are being shut down as the sun nears the horizon. Workers are gathering at the edge of the monument to appreciate their work.

ELIZABETH
You realize that even if you get the disc, you can't control what's been started. Something is going to happen when the sun comes up, even if Ian and I are dead.

GARRISON
Shut up.

ELIZABETH
I don't mean something small. I'm talking about something on a grand myth creating scale. Something on the level of Christ showing up three days after he was killed.

JESSICA
He said shut up.

ELIZABETH
Of course, resurrection is a common myth. One has to take it on faith that Christ didn't stay dead.

GARRISON
Will you shut the fuck up.

ELIZABETH

Sorry. I babble when I'm nervous
and I get nervous when people
threaten to kill me.

GARRISON

I'm going to put a bullet in your
head right now if you don't shut
up.

ELIZABETH

If he sees me dead, he won't give
you what you want. He's funny like
that.

Garrison steps back to avoid losing his temper.

Ian steps out from behind some scaffolding and begins walking
toward them. He is dressed like one of the workers, with a
hard hat and a shovel. Jessica speaks into the radio
microphone that is in her collar.

JESSICA

He's in the monument and heading
toward us.

Elizabeth looks over toward Ian and waves with her handcuffed
hand.

EXT. HILL NEAR THE MONUMENT- NEAR DAWN

Morris is lying on his stomach on the hill with a high-power
rifle equipped with a telescopic sight. Morris looks through
the telescopic sight.

INSERT: SHOT OF IAN WALKING TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE MONUMENT
THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT.

Morris speaks into his radio's head-mic.

MORRIS

I've got him.

He checks to make sure the safety is off.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE MONUMENT- NEAR DAWN

Peaks is leaning against a tree with a high-powered rifle.

PEAKS

Got him. Just let me know when.

Peaks adjusts the sight on the rifle slightly.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF THE MONUMENT- NEAR DAWN

Ian walks up to Elizabeth, Garrison, and Jessica. He holds the shovel casually.

IAN

Take her handcuffs off.

GARRISON

Where's Block?

IAN

Take her handcuffs off.

Garrison nods and Jessica unlocks Elizabeth's handcuffs.

GARRISON

Now, where's Block?

IAN

He's here. I introduced him to some of my friends.

Ian gestures to his right at a TV news crew a few blocks away with its cameras pointed at Ian and Garrison.

IAN (CONT'D)

They're watching everything. Elizabeth and I are going to walk out of here now.

Elizabeth looks at the TV camera and smiles. She turns to Garrison.

ELIZABETH

I told you he was too smart for you.

Garrison looks at the TV camera and then at Ian and Elizabeth.

GARRISON

There are no live broadcasts going out of here. I ordered all signals in a hundred mile radius jammed as of an hour ago.

Ian blinks.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
And if they're not going out live,
I don't care what they see.

Ian swings the shovel at Garrison as he leaps forward. He blocks the shovel and reaches for his gun.

Elizabeth smashes Jessica in the face with her elbow as Ian swings the shovel again at Garrison and starts to run. Elizabeth punches Jessica again and runs after Ian, heading into the maze like walls of the Monument. Garrison screams into his radio's collar-mic as he raises his gun and aims.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
What the hell are you waiting for,
a fucking invitation! Shoot them!

Garrison pulls off three rounds as Ian and Elizabeth duck behind a wall. Garrison runs after them as Jessica pulls her gun out and follows. Garrison yells into his collar-mic.

GARRISON (CONT'D)
Seal all the exits from this damn
thing and somebody get that news
crew and sit on them.

Garrison runs into the heart of the Monument.

EXT. THE MONUMENT- BEGINNING OF DAWN

Ian and Elizabeth run through the labyrinth like structure that is the monument. They look back and see Garrison and Jessica chasing them. Ian and Elizabeth turn a corner and bullets explode along the wall. They duck and turn another corner.

IAN
Snipers.

ELIZABETH
We'll never get out of here.

Ian turns another corner and gets hit by a bullet in the shoulder. He is knocked to the ground and Elizabeth quickly pulls him forward and around the next turn and up a flight of stairs.

EXT. HILL NEAR THE MONUMENT- FIRST LIGHT

Morris speaks into his radio.

MORRIS

I got him. Shoulder hit.

Morris takes aim again and pulls the trigger.

EXT. THE HEART OF THE MONUMENT- FIRST LIGHT

Elizabeth helps Ian along as they run toward the center of the Monument. Elizabeth looks at Ian's shoulder wound and sees that it hasn't struck bone, but that it is bleeding badly. Bullets strike the wall beside them and they turn another corner.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MONUMENT- FIRST LIGHT

Four men in suits surround the TV news crew and Ian's friend Kelly.

KELLY

You can't do this. I've got it all on tape.

One of Garrison's men grabs the camera from the cameraman, throws it on the ground, pulls out a gun and shoots it.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I hope you have an expense account because that's not coming out of my petty cash.

Kelly glares at Garrison's agent.

EXT. INSIDE THE MONUMENT- FIRST LIGHT

Garrison and Jessica are running through the twists and turns of the Monument.

GARRISON

Where the hell are they?

JESSICA

I'll go this way.

Jessica turns down a side path and Garrison heads straight.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE MONUMENT- FIRST LIGHT

Peaks swings the telescopic sight around the monument

PEAKS

I can't see them.

INSERT: VIEW OF THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT SEARCHING THE MONUMENT.
IAN AND ELIZABETH APPEAR FOR A BRIEF SECOND.

Peaks pulls the trigger several times.

PEAKS (CONT'D)

They're to the left of you on the
north side.

Peaks swings the scope around again.

EXT. NEAR THE CENTER OF THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Ian and Elizabeth stop.

IAN

We have to keep going.

ELIZABETH

There's no way out. They'll have
the whole place surrounded.

IAN

Maybe we can draw attention to
ourselves. If the crowd sees us
maybe we have a chance.

ELIZABETH

The center. They can see us in the
center when the sun comes up.

Ian pushes off the wall and Elizabeth helps him run along
toward the center of the monument. They turn a corner and
are right on top of Jessica who turns around, just as
Elizabeth punches her in the face.

Jessica takes the hit, and turns her gun toward Elizabeth,
but Ian grabs it. Elizabeth hits Jessica again and she lets
go of the gun. It falls to the side and down some steps to a
lower level of the Monument.

Jessica recovers and begins to punch Ian in the face and
chest. Ian falls back against the wall. Elizabeth grabs a
nearby metal bucket and cracks it over Jessica's head.

Jessica falls back just as Garrison runs around the corner. Elizabeth and Ian turn and jump around a corner as Garrison fires.

Garrison runs after them. Turning the corner and running up the flight of stairs.

EXT. CENTER OF THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Ian and Elizabeth come running out into the center of the Monument as the sun crests over the horizon and casts its heavy orange rays along the contours of the structure. They run to the epicenter of the monument.

Garrison comes running up behind them, his gun raised. He aims.

A two-by-four swings out of nowhere and strikes Garrison's gun, knocking it to the ground.

Robert Block steps out of the shadows and swings the two-by-four at Garrison, striking him in the stomach and knocking him to the ground. Robert kicks the gun away and drops the two-by-four.

Garrison looks up.

EXT. HILL NEAR THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Morris speaks into his radio.

INSERT: VIEW OF IAN AND ELIZABETH IN THE CENTER OF THE MONUMENT AS ROBERT WALKS TOWARD THEM, LEAVING GARRISON BEHIND.

MORRIS

I've got 'em, Garrison. Just give me the word. I don't know who the third guy is, but I've got his head in my cross hairs.

Morris tenses his trigger finger.

EXT. CENTER OF THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Garrison speaks into his radio's collar-mic.

GARRISON

Hold. It's Block. We need him. Alive if possible.

He stands up, drawing a small handgun from an ankle holster, and walks toward Ian and Elizabeth. They turn around. They are smiling.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

There's no place to run. Come willingly and maybe we can work something out.

Ian laughs.

IAN

This is what you should have been trying to stop.

ROBERT

He's right. It's already happening. Just like I told you it would.

GARRISON

What's happening?

ELIZABETH

The monument is complete.

ROBERT

Look around you. Looks familiar, doesn't it.

Garrison looks around himself. He is confused and suspicious. Suddenly he stops.

He turns around and finally takes a good look at what the Monument is, as the sun reveals it. The Monument is a three dimensional version of the mandala-symbol from the dreams of Ian, Elizabeth, the Little Girl, Robert, Garrison, and millions of others.

As the sun rises layer by layer through the Monument it approaches an arch with a single round portal at an angle to the floor they stand on.

Ian looks down and sees the symbol recreated and etched beneath their feet.

Robert turns to them as the sun reaches the arch and the first direct rays fall through round window onto the symbol they stand on.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It's coming. Can you feel it?

Robert smiles and turns to the sun, the deep orange rays glowing on his skin.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MONUMENT- DAWN

The thousands of people gathered around the Monument watch silently and breathlessly as the sun reveals the enigma they have been creating.

EXT. THE CENTER OF THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Ian and Elizabeth hold each other's hands in anticipation. They watch breathlessly as the sun begins to fill the portal in the arch. Jessica runs up the steps to the center and stops. Garrison is dumbstruck. Morris and Peaks speak in his earphone, but he ignores them. He watches the sun filling the round portal in the arch.

And as the sun fills the portal in the arch.....

Everything changes.

It is not an immediate change, but a slow change. The air begins to HUM. A low-pitched hum that seems almost melodic.

Ian and Elizabeth squeeze each other's hands as the air about them becomes alive. Their bodies straighten and seem to fill with a blissful energy.

Everything in the world begins to glow slowly. The Monument, the trees around it, the grass, the fields, the houses, the people, Ian, Elizabeth, Robert and even Garrison.

Robert smiles. Ian and Elizabeth laugh as they look around as the glow of energy in everything becomes visible, getting brighter and brighter, each thing beginning to have its own brilliant color and level of energy.

Robert glows a brilliant yellow like the monument. Elizabeth and Ian glow green, Garrison and Jessica blue. The crowd of people around the monument are a sea of glowing, pulsing, vibrant colors. Even the air seems to be alive with color.

The energy builds and builds, brighter and brighter until it seems it can get no brighter and everything will explode in a wash of color, when suddenly the energy begins to move, to swirl and rush around the Monument, the people, and then the energy explodes outward in all directions, connecting the energized beings and objects near the monument with those beyond the town.

EXT. LANCASTER- DAWN

The wave of energy-color-light, spreads through the town slowly, gaining speed as each person, each thing is touched, leaving each glowing with its own color.

EXT. ABOVE LANCASTER- DAWN

The wave of energy-color-light is spreading faster, gaining speed, rushing outward, carrying its message tree by tree, blade of grass to blade of grass, rock to rock, touching everything in its path.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE OHIO- DAWN

The shock wave of energy-color-light spreads out in a circle from Lancaster, touching nearby towns, which flash and glow brightly as the wave goes on touching more towns.

EXT. NEW YORK- DAWN

People and cars crowd the city in the morning rush of traffic. Suddenly the energy-color-wave- rushes through the city, filling every single person and building with light. The people stop in their tracks and gaze in wonder at the world that is being revealed around them

EXT. LONDON- DAY

The city and its people are glowing in energy.

EXT. STONEHENGE- DAY

The monoliths of Stonehenge are a dazzling display of bolt like energy.

EXT. LOS ANGELES- NIGHT

The energy wave crashes through the city and flows out to the ocean.

MONTAGE: OF THE ENERGY WAVES SWEEPING THROUGH CITIES AND COUNTRYSIDES ALL THROUGH OUT THE WORLD.

EXT. CENTER OF THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Ian stares in wonder and his eyes suddenly go wide.

INSERT IMAGES EDITED FAST: FIRST SYMBOL FORMATION; MILKY WAY GALAXY; STARS AND PLANETS; THE SUN BURNING CLOSE; THE EARTH FROM LUNAR ORBIT; TREES IN THE WIND; A HERD OF GAZELLES; INSECTS ON A LEAF; DESERT DUNES; OCEAN WAVES; CELLS OF THE BODY; SECOND SYMBOL FORMATION; A CROWDED CITY STREET; CHILDREN PLAYING; YOUNG MAN; YOUNG WOMAN; OLD MAN OLD WOMAN; THIRD SYMBOL FORMATION; A SICK MAN; A POOR WOMAN; A CRIPPLE MAN; MUSLIMS PRAYING; CHRISTIANS PRAYING; HINDUS PRAYING; BUDDHISTS PRAYING; FOURTH SYMBOL FORMATION; A NEW BORN BABY; MANY HUMAN FACES BLENDING INTO EACH OTHER; A FACE OF LIGHT; MANY FACES OF DIFFERENT COLORED LIGHT; A SWARM OF GALAXIES IN THE COSMOS; FINAL SYMBOL FORMATION OF THE MONUMENT

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH- DAWN

The wave of energy-color-light expanding from Lancaster Ohio begins to link up with other points through out the United States and these begins to link with other points in Canada and Mexico and these connect with points in Europe, South America, Asia, Africa, and Australia, until the whole world is aglow.

The whole world hums with energy.

And then it is gone.

EXT. CENTER OF THE MONUMENT- DAWN

Ian exhales.

The sun has passed out of the window in the arch. Ian and Elizabeth are stunned. Garrison and Jessica teeter, nearly ready to faint. Robert grins.

ROBERT

Well, that sure beats coffee in the morning.

Ian and Elizabeth laugh. Ian looks around his seeing that the world has returned to normal. Elizabeth laughs.

IAN

What?

ELIZABETH

All these years we thought they'd bringing us wonderful gifts of technology and what they finally bring us is something we've had all along. That's the best joke I can think of.

Elizabeth laughs again, joined by Robert and Ian. Ian notices Garrison and Jessica. Ian and Elizabeth walk over to him.

IAN

I don't think it would do you any good to kill us now.

Garrison looks deep in his eyes.

GARRISON

This is all so...

Jessica steps up.

JESSICA

Yeah, it is, isn't it?

Garrison looks up from them and stares at the sky. Ian and Elizabeth clasp hands and walk up to stand by Robert as he too looks up into the sky.

ELIZABETH

This is what the mystics talked about. What the sages saw. The love they felt. I feel like I've seen the face of God.

In the crowded fields around the monument people are laughing, crying, hugging shouting and rejoicing. Ian takes Elizabeth's hand.

IAN

And it looks like your face. Like my face. Like the face of everyone on earth. Like the face of every living being. Every being in the universe. And our eyes are all the same.

Garrison steps up from behind and stands along side them. Robert smiles.

ROBERT

Now the real work begins.

Ian and Elizabeth turn to each other and smile and kiss as the sun continues to rise on the dawn of this new day.

THE END