

CONFABULATION

Written by

Matt Brutsche

FADE IN:

On a modest home.

With seven other modest homes on a short serpentine street wedged between two main streets.

In a town so small it doesn't show on printed maps.

INT. HOME - PERSONAL DEN - CONTINUOUS

MATT (late-30s), enters cozy middle-class digs. Three days unshaven, average build, a haggard looking man.

SUPER: 1962

He sits behind his desk and writes on a small journal.

EXT. ATHENS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Colonial style main quarter with unique brick towers on each side of it. Large wooden porch.

SUPER: ATHENS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL
ATHENS, OHIO

A DOCTOR, we only see him from behind, walks up the steps.

INT. ATHENS HOSPITAL - DOCTOR OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

We follow the DOCTOR to his office and stop when he closes the door.

On WALL PLACARD: Dr. Jason Collins
Chief, Psychiatric Division

INT. MATT'S HOME - PERSONAL DEN - CONTINUOUS

Matt, still writing, looks up when his agitated daughter, JOSEPHINE (17), enters the room.

JOSEPHINE
Where's mom?

Both hold firm glares. Matt picks up on perfume scent --

MATT
When you put that perfume
on, is it with a hose?

After she storms away...

MATT (CONT'D)
Good talk.

Matt rises, walks toward the door --

MATT (V.O.)
Friend of mine recently asked
what it's like to have a
family. My reply was rather
simple. Sometimes it's fun.

INSERT CUT: Matt and toddler Josephine (4), laughing, engaged
in a tickle fight.

He closes the door, holds the door knob. He listens to
Josephine yell "I hate living here" -- SLAMMING DOOR SHUT.

MATT (V.O.)
Sometimes it's not.

As he walks back to the desk...

MATT (V.O.)
Then he asked something a bit
more complicated. Elaborate.

INT. ATHENS HOSPITAL - DOCTOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

White fabric. So close to the DOCTOR ROBE we're practically a
stitch. But recalling the PLACARD, we know this is...

DR. JASON COLLINS. Who is talking to someone at the moment
referring to the CONSENT FORM on his desk.

DR. JASON COLLINS (O.S.)
If you need a moment, I can
step out.

We're now behind a WOMAN and can only see her head which also
blocks the view of COLLINS -- waiting on her reply.

She reaches inside her purse and PULLS OUT SEVERAL VIDEO
FILMS -- the kind you might see in Zapruder's camera -- and
sets them on the desk.

She leans forward to sign the form but not enough for us to
see COLLINS. After she signs she leans back in the chair.

DR. JASON COLLINS (CONT'D)
He'll fly out in a couple
days, and should be back in a
few months. Assuming...

WOMAN
Yes. Assuming.

The WOMAN walks to the door, we trail her.

DR. JASON COLLINS (O.S.)
I really hope this works,
Alex.

The woman, ALEX, walks to the door and looks back.

On Alex: Beautiful, hazel eyes, late-30s, European.

On DR. JASON COLLINS: Sixties, gray parted hair, rich bronze skin impervious to aging.

ALEX
Me too.

She leaves the room.

INT. MATT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt sits lazily on the couch with a beer and a vegetative face. O.S. the door closes and he barely reacts as if knowing in two seconds ... Alex will be appearing with Josephine with two sets of disdainful eyes on him.

ALEX
You forgot to take out the
trash today.

Matt takes a BIG GULP of the beer.

MATT
Figured you still needed me.

Alex and Josephine walk away.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Matt takes in small town life on small town Main Street.

MATT (V.O.)
After fighting Germans for
four years in the Second War,
never thought I'd marry one.

MOMENTS LATER

He turns into the parking lot of a shooting club.

MATT (V.O.)
My uncle was married to a
German. Went 26 years before
he shot himself.

CUT TO:

FIRING RANGE

Matt lying down, shooting sniper rifle.

MATT (V.O.)
Still got ten to go.

INT. MATT'S HOME - DINING LOCATION - NIGHT

Matt appears. Josephine and Alex are eating dinner, cracking jokes in German, coldly ignoring him.

He looks at the messy stove.

MATT
Anything left?

ALEX
Not sure.

They snicker in German as he walks to the stove.

On the stove: Half a pork chop, empty veggie pan.

Not interested in scraps, Matt leaves - ignoring Josephine and Alex's snickering.

DEN

Matt enters and sits on the small couch. Their boisterous happiness without him seems to hurt.

He listens to them. At length.

EXT. MATT'S HOME - YARD - NIGHT

Matt walks to the next house over where loud music pulsates from the garage with loud MEN garrulous in drink.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Matt opens the door to see --

-- STEVE, FRANK, CHEZ, and CHRIS, all late-30s, play poker at a cheap table singing horribly to Elvis' "Return to Sender."

They drunkenly call and refer to him.

Steve, jokingly short, has long flowing gray hair. Height seems to fuel his day to day discontent. Glass half empty life.

Frank is stout like an NFL fullback. Former Think Tank analyst, brains of the group.

The face of the group, Chez, is Mexican American. Man of few words, observes more than speaks.

Sickly thin, Chris is the town burn-out and rarely goes two consecutive days where he's not high.

Many moving parts here. Some singing Elvis. Some focused on the '60s version of Texas Hold'em. Drinking beer. Everyone just being their day-to-day selves.

As Matt sits, waiting for next hand...

STEVE

How long you been hangin' with us now?

MATT

Bout six months.

STEVE

Is it everything you thought it would be?

MATT

Not at all.

STEVE

Nice.

CHRIS

Was thinking about moving again.

The BOYS look at him.

FRANK

You just moved here six months ago.

STEVE

Tell ya right now, I ain't helpin' move a thing.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I offer one move, one life,
one time. You got yours.

CHEZ

Where you thinking about
movin'?

CHRIS

Not sure yet.

CHEZ

Then why bring it up.

CHRIS

I didn't. Just said I was
thinking about it.

On everyone: Blinking eyes. Deep regret they listened.

On Frank: Looking cards over, keenly.

MATT (V.O.)

Frank used to do Crypto and
Intel in the Army. The brain
of the group.

On Steve: Picking nose, complaining about women.

MATT (V.O.)

Steve complains a lot, but
it's usually on point. Lately
it's been about women.
Something I can relate to.

On Chez: Checking his good looks in the beer glass.

MATT (V.O.)

Chez is the face of the group
and beacon of hope. A hope
that as we get older...

INSERT CUT: Chez engaged in hot sex, younger lady.

MATT (V.O.)

...we're never out of the
game.

On Chris: Hitting a joint, hard.

MATT (V.O.)

After six months, all I really
know about Chris is he has
iron lungs and lives life on
his terms.

Coughing from a hard hit of the joint, Chris sets it down just before he falls out of the chair.

One by one, the BOYS glimpse him on the floor.

CHRIS (O.S.)
You guys need to hit that.

INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Jason Collins follows a SECURITY GUARD who has a band of keys in his hand. Two more GUARDS are behind them with PISTOLS out -- safety's off.

Jason's face is stone cold.

The guard unlocks a cell and Jason enters calmly. The TWO GUARDS raise their pistols --

INSIDE THE CELL

Jason sits on a chair across a very MUSCULAR MAN who sits on his bunk -- wearing blue prison clothes. Goes by KELLY.

Kelly has a scar down the side of his face that healed on its own, which is to say, it's hideous.

DR. JASON COLLINS
You're Kelly Vanmeter?

KELLY VANMETER
Yes, Sir.

DR. JASON COLLINS
Can you tell me what you consented to?

KELLY VANMETER
The way I understand it...
A bullet.

DR. JASON COLLINS
Kelly...

KELLY VANMETER
Yes, Sir?

DR. JASON COLLINS
This is a certainty. You will
be shot to death.

KELLY VANMETER
Which is a helluva quicker
than two thousand volts for
thirty seconds.

Considering, Jason looks to the GUARDS.

He nods to them.

INT. MATT'S HOME - HALLWAY - MORNING

Matt walking one way, Josephine the other. Neither says a word as they pass. Josephine is much colder about it, as Matt looks back to her.

He shakes his head. Just doesn't get it anymore.

INT. CHRIS' GARAGE - DAY

Matt and Chris pass a joint back and forth. They're baked.

Steve storms in, rant mode.

STEVE
No matter what I pay that
woman, it's just never enough!
Is there any woman out there
that's not clinically insane?

CHRIS
Have you thought about men?

STEVE
Screw you!
(to Matt)
You leavin' me hangin' on this
one?

Matt puffs the joint.

MATT
Taking a break today.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Frank driving, Matt looking out the window. Chez sits in the rear.

Frank glimpses Matt with a wry look.

FRANK
Confabulation.

Matt looks at him, gimme a break.

MATT
Really?

FRANK
Really what?

Matt shakes his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Just something I've been
reading about lately.

MATT
I was reading about my new
recorder. Apparently they zoom
now.

FRANK
I was reading about confabulation
because of your wife.

Matt looks at him.

MATT
Pull over.

FRANK
What?

MATT
This obviously wasn't by
mistake. Pull over.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Small town reservoir. Matt, Frank, and Chez stroll down a
trail.

FRANK
Does Alex talk much about her
dad lately?

Matt looks at Frank. Kind of personal ain't it?

FRANK (CONT'D)
She sent him away. For a
procedure.

MATT

Which means you're still with
the Army I take it.

FRANK

As a consultant, yes.

MATT

So who consulted you?

On Frank: You know I can't tell you.

FRANK

It's a procedure that could
help with his memory - cutting
edge techniques, drugs.

MATT

Well, with the shell-shock,
what's to lose. Hasn't spoken
in years. And besides- It's
her dad. Her call.

FRANK

Except when the 'call' affects
other people, other lives.

MATT

And this is relevant to a
sixty-year-old German in-law,
who hasn't spoken in years,
residing in an unknown
hospital -- how?

FRANK

Because of the implications if
this procedure succeeds.

MATT

Which is what?

FRANK

Resurrecting vegetative minds
for the purpose of the State's
purpose.

MATT

Brainless assassins.

FRANK

Instrument of failed politics.

Matt looks at him.

MATT
Meaning others will want this
'instrument'.

FRANK
This project will have its
'Rosenberg'. They always do.

MATT
Meaning family members...

FRANK
Worse. Family with a daughter.

On Matt: A realization of head to toe terror.

MATT
Josephine...

Before Matt can process any further his family's fate,
something catches his eye.

His POV: National Guard soldiers escorting an overwhelmed
Josephine and Alex toward him.

Matt rushes toward them.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Frank driving fast, Matt next to him, military escort in
front of their car. Alex and Josephine in the rear with Chez.

Frank glimpses Matt, who looks nervously ahead.

MATT (V.O.)
Should someone find this journal,
my name is Matt Betschman, and my
family was taken by Frank Staley
and Fernando Sanchez to the
National Guard Post on this day,
November 21, 1962.

CUT TO:

MATT'S HOME

Alex, Josephine, and Matt pack their suitcases quickly.

National Guard SOLDIERS are inside and outside their home and
are on high alert.

EXT. MATT'S HOME - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Chez the first to exit, followed by a shaken Josephine and Alex.

Matt is the last to exit.

MATT (V.O.)
If this journal is found, we
are most likely never to be
seen again. Please use this
information to help.

Before Matt leaves the house, he looks up ahead --

-- Soldiers helping his family into the car.

-- Frank and Chez loading suitcases.

Matt places the SMALL JOURNAL on the floor, then quickly out the door -- closing it behind him -- when he notices...

Frank. Staring right at him.

Frank's firm glare seems to last forever.

FRANK
We have to go.

Matt nods. He enters the rear of a car where Alex and Josephine sit.

Chez and Frank in front seat.

EXT. LOCAL NATIONAL GUARD UNIT - SECURITY ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank follows the military vehicles inside the compound.

INSIDE PERIMETER

Matt, Alex and Josephine are rushed inside by SOLDIERS. Chez trails them and is overwhelmed.

Frank trails everyone and scans the perimeter keenly.

INT. NATIONAL GUARD UNIT - LODGING QUARTER - NIGHT

Matt watches Josephine play solitaire on the bed. Alex sits in a chair next to him, wine glass half empty. Matt sips a beer.

MATT

Well- We're together again.

Josephine stops playing, looks at him.

Alex looks at him.

MATT (CONT'D)

We should do this more often.

Josephine throws her cards at him. After a look, smiles. He walks over, hugs her.

Eventually, he sniffs her perfume, wry -

MATT (CONT'D)

Even here, you hose it on?

JOSEPHINE

Floris is my favorite.

MATT

Even in captivity?

After they separate, he stares at her.

MATT (CONT'D)

That's one down.

Gradually, he looks toward Alex -- puppy eyes.

ALEX

I'm not that easy.

MATT

I thought that's what love is.
Easy to forgive, forget. Good
with the bad. Love with the
hate.

She stares at him.

ALEX

What's to hate?

MATT

When we're not loving.

Her knees buckle.

ALEX

Forgiven.

Josephine smiles.

There's a silence.

MATT
Can I ask you something?

Alex stares. Sure.

MATT (CONT'D)
Who's helping your dad?

Alex stares at him. As she starts to speak -

- A BLUR OF SILHOUETTES STORM THE ROOM. Head to boots in black, camo-faces. A struggle. And out the room with a screaming Alex, Josephine.

Matt fights and struggles to get to them -- several soldiers beating him -- tying him -- gagging him -- leaving him behind.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Matt is seated, sliding hands through hair.

The room is large with a chalkboard at the helm. Two SOLDIERS pacing about. Chez too, nervously.

Frank charges in with a SNIPER RIFLE, hands it to a confused Matt. Three more SOLDIERS entering the room.

FRANK
You got twenty minutes to zero
it out.

Frank reverses course, and out the room taking everyone with him like a river current.

EXT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - MORNING

Speeding down rural road.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Long windy trail leading to cabin like home.

INT. CABIN HOME - CONTINUOUS

The PRISONER, Kelly Vanmeter, paces back and forth across a window -- black sweater, black pants. Angry eyes.

INT. VAN - MOVING

Frank and Matt, fatigues, camo faces, with four soldiers.
Franks talks on point.

FRANK
Tried to make it out of town,
but we cut 'em off.

MATT
Where?

FRANK
Bunkered down in a cabin off
Old State.

Matt starts to load the rifle.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's thick, so we can get you
close.

INSERT CUT: Matt hugging his daughter last night.

MATT
I won't miss.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Matt crawls through scrub brush, begins to settle in.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Pacing, Kelly Vanmeter stops at the window. Scans the terrain
like a hawk. The morning hue accentuates the hideous SCAR
lined down his tense face.

SERIES OF SHOTS --

- 1) Frank and three soldiers moving in from the South end.
Weapons in the ready.
- 2) Matt settling in, taking note of the CABIN WINDOW, fifty
yards in front of him. His POV: Clear line of sight through
the THICK BRUSH, Kelly Vanmeter periodically looking out the
window.
- 3) Frank talks into the walkie-talkie.
- 4) On the ground, next to Matt, is a walkie-talkie. Whatever
Frank said perked him up, looking through rifle scope.

5) Kelly Vanmeter, staring out window, turns around. HE RAISES HIS PISTOL...and from his POV, watches a WOMAN put her arms around her scared DAUGHTER -- becoming one shaking, scared, entity.

6) Watching with binoculars, Frank screams into walkie-talkie as SOLDIERS storm around him -- toward the cabin.

7) Kelly Vanmeter begins firing at Alex's and Josephine's hugged bodies.

8) Matt, breaking sniper form, yells, as he fires the rifle.

9) The BULLET from Matt's rifle shatters the cabin window. Kelly Vanmeter's head becomes skull fragments. He falls limp to the ground.

10) Matt slowly rises. He watches SOLDIERS exit the cabin with sad faces. One looks at him. As Matt drops to his knees...

MATT (V.O.)
Got the perfume you like.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

We can't see Josephine, only her CLOSED CASKET. Matt sprays the casket, twice, with the FLORIS PERFUME bottle.

MATT
Floris, forever.

He leans over, kisses the head of her casket, tears streaming down his cheek. When he rises, he looks at the other CLOSED CASKET. The tears intensify. The moment FADING TO BLACK.

EXT. CABIN HOME - DAY

Men in black suits, uniformed soldiers, standing guard.

INT. CABIN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Jason Collins stoically watches the Black Op team place Kelly Vanmeter's body into a body bag. The shaken Alex and Josephine LOOK-ALIKES are escorted away. Jason nods to them.

INT. DR. JASON COLLINS OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Jason Collins stares at someone across from him.

DR. JASON COLLINS
I am sorry, Alex.

Alex doesn't reply right away.

ALEX
I know what I consented to, I
would just like to know where
he is, what happened. Say good-
bye.

INSERT CUT: Matt seated in wheelchair, unshaven. His eyes are
as blank as space.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
As we discussed, the odds were
always low. Shell-shock has
its limitations.

INSERT CUT: Soldiers -- World War II -- charging beach, when
a BOMB blows them off their feet. A SOLDIER rises, staggers
to his feet, absent minded.

ALEX (V.O.)
I just want to say good-bye.

INSERT CUT: Alex, Dr. Collins, helping a vacant Matt from the
wheelchair, holding his arms, shuffling to the bed.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
You did. The day you signed
the form.

INSERT CUT: Matt lies down, blank face. Alex leans over,
kisses his forehead. When she walks to the door, she looks
back. She studies Matt ... until Dr. Collins closes the door.

END CUTS, BACK TO PRESENT --

Alex is leaving. When she reaches the door she turns around.

ALEX
It was peaceful...?

Collins -- stares at her.

INSERT CUT: Severely drugged Matt, broken hearted, holding
PHOTO of happier times -- Alex, Josephine, and him -- all
smiles. He ignores, even welcomes, the MAN entering the room,
who walks right up and shoots him in the head.

Collins -- reaches inside his desk, grabs something. He walks
to Alex and hands her back the VIDEO FILM she gave to him
earlier. Solemn:

DR. JASON COLLINS
He never felt a thing.

She accepts the film. Leaves.

Collins walks back to his desk and sits. Leans back, pensive.

Robed DOCTORS -- we see below the neck -- begin to file in the room. When we see them above the neck ... we know them as Frank, Chez, Steve, and Chris.

Collins rises from his desk.

DR. JASON COLLINS (CONT'D)
We present in two weeks.

CUT TO:

PROJECTION ROOM

Closet small. Leather straps hanging off a small chair. A home video PROJECTION of Alex plays mutely on the wall.

DR. JASON COLLINS
This is where we do most of the programming to bridge the memory gaps.

A suited MAN -- tremendous power -- steps in to look. Goes by HAWK. In the b.g., security DETAIL of two suited men. Along with FRANK, CHEZ, STEVE, and Chris in their doctor's garb.

HAWK
Why is the audio mute?

DR. JASON COLLINS
It's not when we're programming. And when we are ... the voice needn't be precise.

DR. FRANK
Just close enough given how drugged the subject is.

Chris refers to the tight quarters -

DR. CHRIS
Quarters this tight allows us to maintain intimacy between the subject and his family.

HAWK

How do you get these home videos?

CUT TO:

DOCTORS OFFICE

Hawk stares at a FORM on Jason's desk. The CONSENT FORM.

DR. FRANK

We ask the guardian to create home videos in a myriad of settings so we can set the conditions for familiar programming.

DR. CHRIS

Everywhere from the backyard, to rooms in the house, to locations in town - such as a grocery store, the local reservoir.

Referring to CONSENT FORM --

DR. JASON COLLINS

We also explain to the guardian there's a remote chance we can help their loved one, and have them sign the form.

Jason hands the form to Hawk, who studies it.

DR. JASON COLLINS (CONT'D)

We tell them if the procedure fails, for security reasons, they won't see their loved one again.

HAWK

Always nice to be on the same page.

Beat, Hawk looks the chamber over.

HAWK (CONT'D)

So how's it work?

CUT TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

Hawk and the five DOCTORS sit around a high finish table perusing paper briefs. Hawk does so rather keenly.

DR. JASON COLLINS

During the second War, many soldiers came back with Shell Shock. Which manifested to fabricated, distorted, and misinterpreted memories about their place in this world.

DR. FRANK

Which makes finding the right balance of memory and memory of family, rather difficult.

DR. STEVE

Not to mention the skill set we're looking for.

HAWK

Such as flying a plane.

DR. JASON COLLINS

Or shooting a rifle.

Sounded cryptic, Hawk holds a look.

HAWK

How do they maintain those functional abilities?

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)

Instinct mostly. No matter the trauma, the moment they feel that rifle in their hand, or the stick in the cockpit, it all feels natural.

INSERT CUT: Matt in the briefing room, Frank storming in, handing him the SNIPER RIFLE -- charging out.

Beat, Hawk considering.

HAWK

How do you break the pathology?

INT. ECT ROOM - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Jason standing next to Frank and Chez, as Steve and Chris prep a catatonic Matt for a shot.

DR. CHEZ
What are you doing?

Jason glimpses the steady BP Machine, low numbers.

DR. JASON COLLINS
He's in there somewhere. So we ring the doorbell.

Chris administers the shot -- all eyes on the BP machine.

ON THE BP MACHINE: 95/65, 101/73, 110/82...

As Jason walks toward the gurney --

DR. JASON COLLINS
Looks like he's home.

BACK TO PRESENT --

On Hawk, nodding.

DR. JASON COLLINS
From there, it's baby steps.

SERIES OF SHOTS --

1) WHITE ELECTRODES, Matt's temples -- ECT wires connected to electrodes. Frank hits the switch -- Matt's body rocked.

2) Matt struggling with WALKER, Chris and Steve helping.

3) Matt in small projector room -- drugged -- drool beading from his mouth -- watching Alex speak to him.

4) Matt walking free of the walker, positive encouragement from Steve and Chris.

5) Matt in projection room -- drugged hard -- watching Josephine coldly walk by him in the hallway. Grainy home recording. He reaches for her.

6) Matt now jogging, Steve and Chris struggling to keep up. The three sharing a laugh.

7) LEATHER STRAP tightened around his forehead. Matt's eyes half closed, drugged. Frank flips the switch -- Matt's head violently rocked.

8) Matt -- severely drugged -- in a GARAGE ROOM PROP playing poker with Frank, Chez, Steve, and Chris.

8) Matt hugging the Josephine look-alike, too sedated to know otherwise ... smelling her sweet perfume.

If Hawk was impressed before, now it's otherworldly awe.

DR. CHRIS

It's like an assembly line at Ford - car doors every fifty feet. The subjects have many missing doors.

DR. STEVE

So what we do is bridge the gaps to re-connect their world.

HAWK

To do what we need them to do...

DR. JASON COLLINS

No, Sir. That's what 'Ultra' does. Since we're reconnecting their world - like a surgeon with tendons - we use visceral information such as perfumes, foods, and events familiar to them.

INSERT CUT: A drugged up Matt with the Alex and Josephine LOOK-ALIKES. It's a room prop ... which Collins et al monitor from the other side of a two-way mirror.

DR. CHRIS

Then turn the subject loose.

INSERT CUT: Matt, razor focused, shooting Kelly at cabin site.

HAWK

Which is the leap of faith phase...

The DOCTORS look at each other.

DR. CHRIS

We only take that leap when we're certain, the subject is certain, their family is in danger. That's the only way this works.

DR. JASON COLLINS
Because Matt wasn't killing
a man he was told to kill.

Jason slides a PHOTO of the prisoner, Kelly Vanmeter, over to Hawk. As Hawk looks it over...

DR. JASON COLLINS (CONT'D)
He was killing a man he had
to kill.

INSERT CUT: Black Ops clean up team, loading Kelly Vanmeter's body into a black bag as the Alex and Josephine LOOK-ALIKES are escorted away.

Hawk looks at Chez.

HAWK
Do you ever talk?

DR. JASON COLLINS
He can't.

HAWK
Why?

DR. JASON COLLINS
He's with the Ultra team. We
felt if we ever had a critic,
it would be them.

HAWK
(to Chez)
And?

DR. CHEZ
To reconnect a broken man's
world and make our enemy his?
It's beyond brilliant.

DR. JASON COLLINS
Now imagine if you would we
have a new subject.

Jason pulls back the PHOTO of Kelly Vanmeter. He slides a NEW PHOTO toward Hawk.

DR. JASON COLLINS (CONT'D)
With a new enemy.

On the PHOTO: President John F. Kennedy.

Hawk stares at Jason.

INT. CREMATORY CHAMBER - DAY

Dr. Jason Collins alongside Alex and Josephine. They stare at Matt's casket, set to be cremated. Josephine is closer to the thick glass, sad eyes.

ALEX
Thank you for your help.

DR. JASON COLLINS
It really was the least we
could do.

ALEX
Keep trying.

Jason looks at her, taken aback.

She stares at him resolutely.

ALEX (CONT'D)
One day you'll break through.

Alex takes Josephine by the hand and leads her out of the room. Once they're gone, Jason walks to the START BUTTON. After a beat, presses it.

He watches the machine slide the casket into the furnace...

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
Cuba has changed things. We
now live in a society repulsed
by the very mention of
secrecy.

CUT TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

Dr. Jason Collins talking to a room full of a POWER, where Hawk is the now the minion. Much more POWERFUL SUIT at the helm.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
But what value is our survival
if our ideals and traditions
do not survive with it.

CUT TO:

CREMATORY

Jason's face a golden hue from the furnace flames, slowly becoming a shadow as the door closes.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
And what good is our survival
if we have no one to share it
with.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

A Still and peaceful stretch of land and water worthy of
Rockwell's brush. Beautiful Autumn day.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
So if secrecy is needed to
expand and protect
democracy... I choose the
shadows.

Eventually, a canoe purrs into frame. The MAN in the rear
guides it. The SUITED MAN at the front has a RIFLE CASE on
his lap.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
The means will challenge the
ends.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Alex and Josephine surrounded by family, friends. Jason off
in the distance.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
But I'm willing to pay that
debt when the time comes. I
have to.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

Hundreds of people beginning to line down a street. The
excitement palpable.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

The canoe comes to a gentle stop on a sandy bank. The SUITED
MAN with the RIFLE CASE steps off, never looking back.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Archive footage -- Kennedy waving to citizens -- entering
convertible with Jackie.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 But sadly, our way of life is
 under attack.

EXT. LARGE STORM PIPE - CONTINUOUS

As the SUITED MAN enters the colossus ten foot high concrete pipe, he begins to unzip the RIFLE CASE.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy's convertible moves past the boisterous crowd.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A man in dark clothing, anchors himself in the girded overhang, with a RIFLE over his shoulder. All the buzz is out in front of him -- on Elm -- as he settles into firing position.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 The danger never so clearer...

INT. LARGE STORM PIPE - CONTINUOUS

The SUITED MAN has his coat off and walks up the drain ladder to the SMALL GUTTER opening above him -- rifle over shoulder.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

John and Jackie Kennedy, waving, as the car nears Elm Street.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 Its presence never more imminent.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY - CONTINUOUS

On the sixth floor, a MAN in his mid-20s, dark hair, clean shaven, gets into firing position with his rifle.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 A storm of subversion,
 intimidation, and secrecy...

SERIES OF SHOTS --

1) A man -- BLACK UMBRELLA -- moves closer to the street.

2) The MAN on the girded beam -- under the bridge -- looks into his rifle scope. Ready to fire.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 ...that's flowed into the
 gutters of our society.

3) The SUITED MAN in the STORAGE DRAIN, aims his rifle through the small gutter opening. The thunderous crowd above him does not break his intense focus.

4) Several men flutter behind a wooden fence on a GRASSY KNOLL.

5) The SHOOTER on the sixth floor of the depository has his finger on the trigger. Ready to fire.

6) The SUITED MAN in the STORM DRAIN aims upward -- from the gutter position -- as the first car passes by.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 To defy these gutters is to be
 bespattered.

7) From all LOCATIONS...we see finger pressure on the rifle triggers increase.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 The man that won't get dirty
 for his people...

8) GUNSHOTS...send Elm Street into chaos, Kennedy's convertible speeding off.

DR. JASON COLLINS (V.O.)
 ...is not of the people.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

The five doctors stare at the empty room. Buffet of looks. Content. Confliction. Blank. Pensive.

DR. FRANK
 The only one talking is the
 Ultra case. Oswald.

DR. JASON COLLINS
 That's their problem.

DR. CHRIS
 So what now?

DR. JASON COLLINS
 Two funerals to go to.

The doctors look at him.

DR. JASON COLLINS (CONT'D)
Thank-you, Gentlemen. Our work
is done.

Collins walks away. They watch him continue down the dim
hallway. The moment FADING TO BLACK.

THE END.