

PRETERNATURAL
by
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OVER BLACK:

SUPER: MIND CAN CONVERT HEAVEN INTO HELL -- BUDDHIST PROVERB

HUMANKIND CANNOT BEAR VERY MUCH REALITY -- T.S. ELIOT

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - MILAN - ITALY - DAY

Via Castelli, a middle-class neighborhood. Trees line both sides of the tranquil upper middle-class city block. Pizzerias and shops of all kinds sit on either end of the block. Apartment buildings occupy the spaces on the street in between.

Women push their strollers down the block. Sporty cars line both sides of the street, bumper to bumper in their spots. Young boys on Vespas zip up and down the street.

Sticking out like a sore thumb in the midst of this typical northern Italian setting is...

AN ARAB MAN casually exits his apartment building onto the sidewalk. He's dressed in traditional Muslim clothing, wearing a long beard and headdress. He heads toward the modest Mosque at the end of the neighboring street.

TWO MEN IN SUITS walk casually on the other side of the street in the direction of the Arab man. They are dressed in typical uptight American style, gray suits with white shirts, solid navy-blue ties without patterns or prints.

AGENT 1
(into transmitter)
Visual contact confirmed.

They both wear tiny earpieces, linking them to other agents.

AGENT 2 (V.O.)
Is the suspect alone?

AGENT 1
(into transmitter)
Affirmative. Suspect is alone.
Walking westward down Via Castelli.

AGENT 2 (V.O.)
We see him. Wait for our signal.

AGENT 1
(into transmitter)
Over.

The agents stop walking. They lean against an iron fence of one of the buildings as if minding their own business.

AGENT 2
Is it a go, or not?

AGENT 1
Don't know yet. We're waiting for confirmation.

AGENT 2
How do they know? They don't even have a positive I.D. of this guy.

AGENT 1
They're actually using one of those remote viewers this time. Can you believe that?

AGENT 2
Who cares? Just as long as he doesn't fuck it up. This one could be dangerous.

INT. C.I.A. HQ VAN - CONTINUOUS

A CRAMPED SPACE, all sorts of equipment and computers line the inside of the modified van. Two agents sit hunched over, recording the agents's conversation.

AGENT 3
So do we have him or not?

AGENT 4
Just a second. They'll let us know.
(typing on his laptop,
adjusts his headset)
It's affirmative then? Copy that.
(to the others)
It's a go.

AGENT 3
We've got a positive I.D. Curva Sud. I repeat, a positive I.D., take him down.

EXT. VIA CASTELLI - CONTINUOUS

Agent 1 nods to Agent 2. They straighten up their posture, watching the Arab man walk down the street.

AGENT 1

We're on.

They set off across the street, not too fast, not too slow. The van slowly rolls toward the man. THE ARAB MAN looks momentarily at it then continues on his way. Again, he has no reason to look twice. The two agents walk swiftly up behind him. They're almost at the Mosque.

Now the Arab man takes notice. He looks behind, recognizing the two men from earlier. The safety of the Mosque is just ahead, about twenty paces. He speeds up.

AGENT 1

He's suspicious. Let's move.

The agents start jogging. The van pulls up parallel to the Arab man. The agents close in. The Arab man sees the van just as its side door slides open and the agents grab him from behind. The Arab man doesn't struggle as the agents swiftly shove him inside. SLAM! The door shuts.

INT. CIA HQ VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Arab man is quickly tied up, tape covering his mouth, a black hood over his head. He struggles, but it's no use.

AGENT 1

That went smoothly.

Agent 2 taps on the back of the driver's seat.

AGENT 2

Head to the drop zone.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The van cruises down Via Castelli.

INT. CIA HQ VAN - CONTINUOUS

AGENT 2

Good job, boys.

AGENT 1

We've got a problem here.

Agent 2 shrugs his shoulders. The Arab man is shaking all over, like he's having a seizure or epileptic attack.

AGENT 2
What the fuck is this?

AGENT 1
We checked his file, he didn't have
any conditions.

AGENT 2
Take the hood off him!

Agent 1 yanks the hood off. The Arab man's eyes are rolled
back in his head. Blood runs from the sockets down his face.

AGENT 3
Son of a bitch!

The Arab man rolls around on the van floor.

AGENT 1
What do we do?

AGENT 3
We can't just take him to a
hospital!

AGENT 1
I fucking know! Christ!

The Arab man shakes more violently and spasmodic. Blood
spurts out of his ears and nose.

AGENT 1
He's gonna bleed to death!

AGENT 2
Then let him bleed.

Agent 1 rips the tape from his mouth. The Arab man spits out
more blood. He's dead as a doornail.

INT. ROOM - SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN lays on his back on a platform surface like a surgeon's
table in the middle of a dark and shabby room. He gets up,
sets some wires down, walks across the room and out the door.

INT. HANGAR - ARMY BASE - OUTSIDE VENICE - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls into the enormous hangar that serves as their
base of operations for CIA black ops. The van skids to a
stop. The agents get out as a CIA OPERATIVE comes over.

OPERATIVE
So, how did it go down?

Agent 2 opens the side door, pointing to the dead Arab man's body. The operative looks it over, scratching his head.

OPERATIVE

What the hell happened?

The Second Agent looks at the First Agent, who is unwilling to admit failure.

SECOND AGENT

Smooth, huh?

INT. OFFICE - BLACKS OPS HQ - NIGHT

THE DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS sits at his desk in the massive hangar awaiting news of the mission. GUERZONI is head of the agents and the mission. He works for the Italian government but is helping coordinate this operation for the CIA.

DIRECTOR

So I'm ready to hear all the excuses. What do you have for me?

GUERZONI

Our target suffered massive trauma, coupled with internal hemorrhaging... from unknown causes.

DIRECTOR

This I know, but what concerns me most is the cavalier attitude by which your agents conducted this half-assed operation.

He opens a manila folder, thumbing through the papers inside.

GUERZONI

I don't understand, sir. They're your agents.

DIRECTOR

They were under your supervision, right?

GUERZONI

Yes, sir.

DIRECTOR

For starters, your men ditched their walkie-talkies in favor of cell phones.

GUERZONI

Cell phones?

DIRECTOR

That's right, Guerzoni. Those two fuck-ups on Via Castelli jeopardized this entire operation!

(standing, angrily)

In addition, one of them checked into his hotel room using his real name. His real name! And *another* decided to bring a piece of ass back to his room and ran up a thousand dollar tab, on our fucking dime!

(beat)

Those two pricks have really done us in now. DIGOS has followed the substantial paper trail all the way to our front door. They're going to press charges against the CIA!

GUERZONI

Is that even possible, sir?

DIRECTOR

Yes it is, Guerzoni! And what's more, is they have an airtight fucking case against us!

GUERZONI

I'll deal with DIGOS.

DIRECTOR

You think it's that easy?

GUERZONI

It can be.

DIRECTOR

This has all gone to hell in a handbasket. And you and I are both responsible.

GUERZONI

I don't know what to say.

DIRECTOR

Why am I not surprised to hear that?

GUERZONI

The operation took longer than we expected. Discipline broke down, I suppose.

DIRECTOR

You suppose?

(gets in Guerzoni's face)

I'd say it broke down, abso-fucking-lutely!

GUERZONI

The agents can be easily dealt with... it's the matter of this man's death that should concern us most, sir.

The Director backs away, happy with what he's hearing.

DIRECTOR

I'm listening.

GUERZONI

It was not an accidental death, if you know what I mean.

(paces back and forth)

This means that others are engaged in the same things we are, doesn't it, sir?

DIRECTOR

It would appear so, yes. Another remote viewer, participated in our mission. Uninvited, of course.

GUERZONI

A rogue agent? Which one?

DIRECTOR

Shit, take your pick. We're not the only kids on the block anymore.

GUERZONI

Not by any means.

DIRECTOR

If those papers were to fall into the wrong hands... you can expect a shitstorm to shower over this planet.

GUERZONI

Then what's our next logical move?

The Director sits back down, rubbing his forehead.

DIRECTOR

We wait for theirs, or his. And then we track him with one of our own.

GUERZONI

And if he, or they, have already been privy to the information contained in the papers?

DIRECTOR

Kiss your sorry ass goodbye.

Guerzoni gets up and exits the hangar, entering a smaller side room.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guerzoni nods to TWO MEN waiting in the room. They stand as he enters.

GUERZONI

There's been a change in plans. We have to find him, and fast.

FIRST MAN

Easier said than done. Where do we even begin?

Guerzoni lights a cigarette, blowing the smoke at them.

GUERZONI

I haven't got a fucking clue. But that's what you've been trained for.

(pointing)

So I suggest you two make me look good in front of the Director next time he comes around.

SECOND MAN

He's got to be in Europe at this stage.

GUERZONI

He doesn't have to be anywhere! He could be in the next room over, or the goddamn North Pole! Understand?

SECOND MAN

Understood.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

PETER, an ex-cop who was wounded in the line of duty opens his eyes, awakening from a THREE YEAR COMA. His head is covered in bandages. Everything is murky, swimming in his vision.

TRENTON (O.S.)

Peter. Peter. Can you hear me at all?

DOCTOR TRENTON is assigned to Peter's recovery team at the hospital. He leans over, staring into Peter's eyes. Peter can't answer, but he opens his mouth, licking his dry lips.

TRENTON (O.S.)

Peter, this is Doctor Trenton. Can you hear me now?

Peter slowly shakes his head, yes. Trenton stands directly over him, flashing a small light into his eyes.

TRENTON (O.S.)

Are you able to see me at all?

Peter shakes his head again. He's still too groggy for any coordinated activity.

TRENTON

That's understandable, given the circumstances. Everything seems fine, considering...

Peter raises himself up against his pillows.

TRENTON

Easy does it, Peter. It's best you take small steps.

Peter opens his mouth to speak. At first it is just garbled, unintelligible SOUND, nothing concrete.

TRENTON

Go on, then. Give it another try.

Peter props himself up further, licking his lips again.

PETER

(softly)

H... how. How... l... long?

TRENTON

How long have you been in a coma, do you mean?

PETER

Y... yes.

Trenton sits down beside him, on the edge of the bed.

TRENTON

Three years, Peter. And frankly,
we were giving you little chance of
recovery due to your initial
condition.

He hands Peter a glass of water. Peter drinks it all in
several gulps.

PETER

Why?

TRENTON

You suffered massive head trauma.
Believe you me, it wasn't a pretty
sight. But I'll fill you in on all
that much later on.

(he gets up)

As for now, welcome back, sir.
You've exceeded all our
predictions.

Trenton exits the room. Peter surveys the room himself.
Time for Peter is suspended, warped and almost non-existent.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Peter struggles out of his bed.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Peter slowly explores the hallway, just for a bit of
exercise. He has mild amnesia, only up to the point that he
was shot. He stops. A random vision enters his head.

PETER'S P.O.V.

It's Doctor Trenton, he's attending a seminar. Trenton
stands at the rostrum giving a presentation to a small
audience using diagrams. The diagrams are various maps of
the HUMAN BRAIN.

INT. TRENTON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Trenton sits at his desk doing paperwork. Peter comes in.

TRENTON

(looks up)

Ah, good morning.

PETER

Good morning, Doctor Trenton.

He sits down as Trenton shuffles his files and folders.

TRENTON

You wanted to see me about something, Peter?

PETER

Yes. I had... an interesting experience last night, to say the least.

TRENTON

Oh?

PETER

You see, I took a stroll around the place, now I know you said to get some rest, but I felt fine.

TRENTON

Go on.

PETER

Well, as I was walking down the hallway there, I... I don't know how to put it... I suddenly saw... you, at some sort of convention.

TRENTON

Really.

PETER

Yes. And just so you believe me, I could see you were lecturing on something to do with, brain functions, and so on.

TRENTON

That is astonishing. And this vision, simply pooped into your mind, out of nowhere?

PETER

That's right. And I could see it as clearly as I see you here now.

Trenton twiddles a pen in between his fingers.

TRENTON

And you've never experienced such a vision before?

PETER

No, never.

TRENTON

Would you say you were comfortable with the experience, overall?

PETER

I'd have to say, yes. I mean, it was unnerving at first, but then...

TRENTON

Then what?

PETER

It just felt so natural. And I completely do not understand any of this.

TRENTON

At the risk of sounding insane, or silly, I feel I should inform you that you've experienced a bout of remote viewing. Are you familiar with that term?

PETER

Not at all.

TRENTON

Not many people are. Simply put, remote viewing is the ability of an individual to see some other place in the mind, and be able to truthfully report the things they have witnessed.

(beat)

In other words, you project your mind to the said location, and you are really and truly present, able to observe and record what you see from the undisclosed location.

PETER

(doubtful)

Right. I have to warn you, Doc, I'm a pragmatic man, or at least I was before my injury. By the way, how was I injured, exactly?

TRENTON

I was wondering when you'd come around to asking me that.

(beat)

(MORE)

TRENTON (CONT'D)

You were a police officer, Peter. While responding to a routine domestic disturbance, you were involved in a shooting. You received a gunshot wound to the head at close range, and survived.

PETER

I see. Is that all?

TRENTON

Isn't that enough?

PETER

Do I have a family, or friends?

TRENTON

None that we're aware of, no.

PETER

No wife, no kids, no lover?

TRENTON

I'm afraid not.

PETER

Huh. Well, I guess that makes amnesia a little more convenient. There's not that much to miss.

TRENTON

That's not true. It's still your life, Peter. Your memories that are lost, albeit temporarily.

PETER

Am I missed by my department, at least?

TRENTON

Of course you are. You received many visitors during your time in the coma. It's just that now you're recovering, and naturally we wish to restrict any visitors for the time being while we help you along.

PETER

Honestly, Doc. Do you think I'll ever remember?

TRENTON

There's always the chance. Listen, Peter. Tomorrow I'll go over some literature with you, maybe a take a few tests just to see if these visions might occur again. How do you feel about that?

PETER

Alright, I guess. I've got nothing else on my schedule this week.

TRENTON

Good. Then I suggest you get a good night's sleep.

PETER

Doctor's orders?

TRENTON

Doctor's orders.

PETER

Will do.

He gets up, shaking hands with Trenton. He exits the office.

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

Peter is on his way to Trenton's office. Along the way he peeks into the empty surgery room where he and the nurse had sex before. He pops in, snooping around a tray of SURGICAL TOOLS. A SCALPEL begins shaking on the tray.

Peter looks at it, reaches out for the scalpel. It flies off the tray, sticks flat across the top of his hand. He touches it, rocks it side to side, it holds firm, sticking to him. The other tools shake. Anything metal flies off the tray, sticking flat on the front of his chest, stomach and arms.

PETER

Now that's different.

An ORDERLY passes by. He stares at Peter, covered in surgical tools like some sort of magician.

ORDERLY

(slurred)

Son of a...

PETER

...bitch. Imagine how I feel.

INT. TRENTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Trenton sits at his desk. Peter stands at the doorway.

TRENTON
Hello, Peter.

Peter comes in and sits down.

TRENTON
One of the orderly's tells me you
had an unusual episode earlier
today.

PETER
Have you ever heard of anyone being
a human magnet, doc?

TRENTON
Actually, I have, yes. But the
association was with a poltergeist
case about twenty years ago.

PETER
Ghosts?

TRENTON
We in the medical profession prefer
the term, supernatural.

PETER
Okay. So do you think this is all
connected to the visions?

TRENTON
Apparently so. But more than that,
all of this is somehow related to
your head wound.

Peter touches his head where the bullet entered in.

PETER
Oh, right. I almost forgot about
that. That's a joke, doc.

TRENTON
Yes, of course. I'd like to
recommend you to an associate of
mine. I think he might be able to
assist you in ways I'm unable and
unqualified to do.

PETER
He's not a shrink, is he?

TRENTON

No, but he does deal with psycho-analysis to some degree. Does that bother you, Peter?

Peter shrugs his shoulders. This is all new to him.

PETER

I guess not.

TRENTON

Perfect. Then I'll call him up so that you two can meet, alright?

PETER

Yeah, sounds good.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter's in bed tossing and turning, another vision on the way.

PETER'S P.O.V.

This time it's more elaborate. Peter recognize none of the people. A room where three men sit at a table playing cards. The vision focuses on the face of one of the men. Peter's view shifts to a gun on top of the table. The gun's next to the man he's viewing. The man picks it up, aims it at Peter's POV. He's watching the scene through the eyes of someone else, the person the gun's aimed at. A WHITE LIGHT FLASHES, the vision ends abruptly.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - LONDON - DAY

IVAN SARKHOV, the man in Peter's vision, stands in front of the store. He's the best of the best, a former Soviet remote viewer, the best one alive. The door opens. Sarkhov enters.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUED

An older man walks out from behind the counter. He's ILANOV, Sarkhov's contact and a fellow Georgian.

ILANOV

Dila mshwidobisa. Rogora khart?

SARKHOV

K'argad, shen?

ILANOV

K'argad, gmadlobt.

He then switches to English, with a heavy Georgian accent.

ILANOV
I've been expecting you.

SARKHOV
So now I am here.

ILANOV
Do we speak Georgian, or English?

SARKHOV
It is the same to me.

ILANOV
Very well. You will be traveling
to America, no?

SARKHOV
An unimportant detail for you.

ILANOV
Fine, fine. Follow me.

He points to a room in the rear of the store. Sarkhov
doesn't move, looking suspiciously at Ilanov and his
invitation.

ILANOV
Tu sheidzleba.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ilanov and Sarkhov sit at a table in the crowded, dirty room.

ILANOV
You seem very, cranky. Was your
flight no good?

He walks over to a table and pours out two cups of coffee.

SARKHOV
You are beginning to bore me now.
And I am cranky because I have to
visit you in this shithole in the
first place.

ILANOV
(sarcastic)
I apologize for the great
inconvenience to you.

SARKHOV
What is the job?

ILANOV

There is a multi-national corporation which will pay anything for information on their competitors.

(sets Sarkhov's coffee down in front of him)

Then again, maybe something more. Maybe military operation.

SARKHOV

For what?

ILANOV

This trouble in South Ossetia, for example. But who really knows? They only give me the smallest details.

SARKHOV

I'm not bored yet, continue.

ILANOV

It involves a bit of cloak and dagger, but nothing sophisticated.

(takes a drink of coffee)

Huh, I actually miss the Cold war.

SARKHOV

All things change, Ilanov.

ILANOV

I suppose.

He gets up, walks over to the counter, opens a strongbox, pulls out a large envelope, hands it to Sarkhov. Sarkhov opens it, pulls out a passport and other forged documents.

SARKHOV

Who else knows about this?

ILANOV

As always, only me. And now, you.

SARKHOV

Does anybody know of my visit to you?

Ilanov lights up a cigarette, inhaling deeply.

ILANOV

No. Why do you ask?

SARKHOV

For all the usual reasons.

ILANOV

What is going on in that suspicious
head of yours?

Sarkhov stares at him as if in meditation. Ilanov is hypnotized by the stare, paralyzed by fear. Smoke rises from his head and shoulders, then, flames burst from his chest.

Sarkhov's glance intensifies, focusing his kinetic abilities. Ilanov shakes as the flames expand all over his body. He's a HUMAN TORCH, set afire by Sarkhov's psychic energy. Ilanov burns into an unidentifiable crisp. The flames spread throughout the room. Sarkhov takes a cigarette from the pack on the table, lighting it from a flame on Ilanov's corpse.

SARKHOV

Bodishs vikhdi, megobari.
Nakhvamdis. This age is not for
your kind.

He takes the passport and documents, shoves them in his jacket pocket. The room's on fire and rapidly spreading. As he leaves, Sarkhov sees a sign that reads: MOTS'EVA
AK'RDZALULIA - No smoking in Georgian.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUED

Sarkhov walks casually out the front door of the shabby joint and down the busy Fulham street -- calm as you like.

INT. MEETING ROOM - STARGATE AGENCY - DAY

Peter sits in front of COLONEL FREEMAN is the military man and head of the STARGATE PROJECT. DOCTOR ARGO is an expert in ESP and paranormal phenomenon who develops the raw recruits. He's an Englishman who has been borrowed from MI-6 to lend his expertise to the Americans. DOCTOR STILES is the expert on remote viewing for the services of the military.

FREEMAN

Thank you for meeting with us,
Mister Blakeney. I'm Colonel
Freeman, head of this project. I'm
sure you're full aware that
whatever is discussed here, doesn't
leave this room, understood?

PETER

Understood.

FREEMAN

Excellent. Now, Doctor Trenton referred you to us due to the unique nature of your recent recovery. And you were involved in a shooting incident, correct?

PETER

Yes, I was.

FREEMAN

You received a near fatal wound to the head, which resulted in a three year coma?

PETER

Yes.

FREEMAN

And since your rapid recovery, by normal standards, how would you judge your own situation... physically, mentally?

PETER

Actually, I feel very rejuvenated.

ARGO

Apart from the visions and episode of extra-sensory-perception?

PETER

Excuse me?

ARGO

ESP.

PETER

Is that what this is about? Suddenly I'm the flavor of the month because of these two isolated events?

FREEMAN

More or less, Mister Blakeney. These reports are highly unique, and seem to this panel worthwhile in studying, or perhaps amplifying.

PETER

So, this is a job interview, you're saying?

ARGO

If you choose to see it as such.

PETER

What exactly did you have in mind?

STILES

We have a project underway that we feel you might help benefit, Peter. May I call you Peter?

PETER

Sure.

FREEMAN

Stargate is the name of our operation. We've put together a talented team of empaths and remote viewers that will assist our government in counter-espionage.

PETER

An empath, and a remote...?

STILES

(finishing)

...viewer.

PETER

Right.

ARGO

Believe me, Peter, we fully understand how disorienting this all must be for you at the moment, but we are here to help you re-adjust and adapt.

PETER

And you guys all seriously believe that I can do that?

FREEMAN

Certainly so.

ARGO

You display great potential, Peter. All that is left is for you to realize it, and for us to train you in properly developing your obviously natural talents.

PETER

Sorry, guys, sorry, but... this is all like some B-grade science fiction film or something.

(laughing)

What is it? Let me guess, plan fucking 9 from the pentagon, am I right?

Freeman isn't amused by Peter. Argo sits down beside him.

ARGO

I understand your laughter and general amusement towards all this, Peter. Truly I do. Doctor Trenton did inform us that you have a healthy sense of humor.

PETER

Yeah, well in my current situation, you have to, doc. You see, I can't remember who I am or who I was, and what kind of life I lead before, if any.

ARGO

We're going to assist you in gaining back your memory as well, I can assure you. Your recovery in this area can only serve to benefit all of us.

STILES

At any rate, we are deadly serious about this project. And we're hoping you'll be an integral part in its success.

FREEMAN

And this project is a matter of national security.

STILES

Doctor Trenton believes in you, Peter. The question is do you, believe in you?

PETER

(grinning)

Is it too late for volunteering, colonel?

INT. TRAINING ROOM - STARGATE COMPLEX - LATER

Freeman and Argo escort Peter through a large room filled with computers, monitors and hi-tech machinery and equipment.

PETER

You sure this isn't some Star Wars convention run amok?

FREEMAN

It's the wave of the future, son. But we'll take that as a compliment.

ARGO

This is all state of the art, Peter. A real stab at the future.

FREEMAN

We're one of many countries engaging in spy-ops such as this. The British, Chinese, Israeli, and of course, our dear old Soviet friends, who are pioneers in the field. And each of them still maintain active programs as such.

He walks Peter over to a smaller room. They look through a window at the Viewers writing details from their tests.

FREEMAN

We're training psychic spies here at Stargate.

PETER

What are they doing?

FREEMAN

A free-form exercise, whereby they're provided with extremely vague details about a certain object or place, then they focus with their abilities to try and locate the desired subject.

PETER

And they scribble down what they're seeing?

FREEMAN

As they are seeing it, a real time exercise few are able to accomplish effectively.

ARGO

In this scenario, the viewers have no time at all to relax and focus. They must be there immediately or they fail the test.

The Remote Viewers continue their exercise. The majority struggle to record their information within the allotted time. A select few are finished with their results already.

PETER

No room for error, huh?

ARGO

And rightly so, Peter. There's a minimal amount of funding available to us here, so every dollar and every trainee's progress in the program counts.

PETER

Some are better than others at this, I take it.

ARGO

Naturally, yes. Those with exceptional abilities are referred to as adepts. Not only are they able to remote view, they are also skilled at mind-reading, ESP, psycho-kinesis and even bilocation.

PETER

Bilocation?

ARGO

Being in two places simultaneously.

PETER

I won't even ask about the psycho...

ARGO

(finishes for him)
...kinesis. PK for short. But let's not get ahead of ourselves, we'll discuss that one in the future.

Peter shakes his head in disbelief. It's all too much for him to process at the moment.

PETER

Then I guess all that's left is for you guys to show me where you keep the alien's bodies.

Freeman keeps a straight face. Argo can't help but chuckle.

ARGO

We house the extraterrestrials at an alternate site, of course.

PETER

Look at it this way, you won't even have to erase my memory now that I know.

FREEMAN

We'll keep our options open, Mister Blakeney.

PETER

So in the end, aren't you all doing the same thing? I mean, they could be spying on us right now.

FREEMAN

That is a distinct possibility. Which is why we have remote viewers attempting to observe them, observing us. Follow me, please.

They enter a smaller chamber next to the exam room. A flat table surrounded by monitors is situated in the center of the room. It's a VIEWING PLATFORM, for concentrating on larger more difficult targets.

FREEMAN

This is a viewing platform, Peter. The agent lies down here and enters his or her trance sequence in order to search for those designated targets and sites we provide for them.

(walks around the platform, shows it to Peter)

We hook them up to these computers for monitoring, and the agents attempt to project their visions to a specified location.

PETER

And they can just perform on demand?

FREEMAN
Some take longer than others.

PETER
How successful are they, on average?

STILES
About seventy percent.

PETER
Not so bad.

FREEMAN
No, it isn't.

Argo steps in front of them, arms outstretched like he's going to give a speech.

ARGO
Here is where the secrets of the universe are to be revealed!

He CLAPS his hands. Freeman and Peter are amused by his enthusiasm.

PETER
In here?

FREEMAN
In this very room, Peter. We monitor the activities of any number of rogue governments and terrorist organizations like Abdolmalek Rigi and Al-Gama'a al Islamiyya, which we consider far more dangerous than Al- Qaeda.

PETER
This is all Greek to me, colonel.

FREEMAN
It's quite a lot to take in, no doubt.

STILES
But we're confident in your potential, Peter. Doctor Trenton has supreme faith in you, therefore, so do we.

INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUED

Peter lies on his back on the viewing platform. Argo and Stiles attach several wires to his chest and head.

PETER

What exactly do you guys expect from all this, huh?

ARGO

Relax, Peter. This is a test run, nothing more.

STILES

We need to gauge your abilities in orders to assess your worth.

PETER

My worth? I'm no fucking science experiment, Doc!

STILES

Of course not, Peter.

ARGO

You're much more than that. You are science.

STILES

If your abilities are as powerful as we estimate, you might turn out to be this country's greatest super-weapon.

PETER

(to Argo)

Please tell me this is all a dream.

ARGO

I assure you, it is not.

PETER

Fine. Just wake me up after it's all over. I'd like to remember something of my life.

ARGO

(to Stiles)

His humor is his greatest weapon.

Stiles works a CONTROL PANEL. MASSIVE WHITE LIGHT. Peter is under now. The vision is activated. Peter is looking outside over a large city park.

PETER'S P.O.V.

A man jogs down a dirt trail, only his back's visible. Another man runs up beside him. They jog parallel to each other, talking the entire time.

ARGO
How are you feeling, Peter?

PETER
Relaxed... at ease.

STILES
Good. Tell us what you see.

PETER
Two men, jogging in a park.

Stiles and Argo look at one another. This is obviously the information they expected.

ARGO
Can you make out either of their faces?

PETER
No, no I'm viewing them from behind.

ARGO
Then try and if you're able to change your perspective to the front, if possible.

Peter concentrates.

PETER
(frustrated)
I can't. I don't even know how.

STILES
Just relax a little more. Breathe calmly. Now visualize yourself soaring up, then over them. You must learn to see it first in your mind's eye.

PETER
In my mind's eye?

STILES
That's right.

PETER
 (exhaling with
 frustration)
 I'll try.

STILES
 Don't try, Peter. Do it. See it.
 Be there... in front of their path!

PETER
 (angrily)
 You know what? Fuck all of this!

He sits up, ripping off all the wires from his body.

PETER
 I don't know what the hell I'm
 doing!

ARGO
 Calm down, Peter. Doctor Stiles is
 only trying to guide you along.

PETER
 Well, he's pissing me off more than
 anything!
 (to Stiles)
 Understand, this is all bullshit to
 me. I don't even know if what I'm
 seeing is real or a memory!

STILES
 What you are seeing is real, Peter,
 I can assure you. These are no
 hallucinations.

Peter gets up off the table and storms out of the room.

STILES
 He's too hotheaded and boorish for
 this line of work.

FREEMAN
 I disagree. His temper is an
 asset. We can teach him to keep it
 under control.

STILES
 Are you absolutely sure of that?

FREEMAN
 Of course, he's rough around the
 edges, Stiles. But this is all new
 to him, in fairness.

STILES

That's just it, colonel, it isn't new to him...

ARGO

(interrupting; to Freeman)

He'll be just fine once he learns to properly channel his considerable energy. After all, he is but a novice.

STILES

I do hope you're both right. Otherwise, he's a danger to us all.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Argo finds Peter pacing up and down the hall.

ARGO

Never mind Doctor Stiles, Peter. He's been under a tremendous amount of pressure to get this project up and running.

PETER

I'll cut him some slack, if he does the same for me.

FREEMAN

That's my department, son. You just worry about giving this your all.

PETER

For God and country, huh?

FREEMAN

I'd prefer that it was for me alone.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Freeman looks at a monitor in the darkened room. Argo and Stiles sit next to him.

FREEMAN

The satellite pics confirm it. It's Sarkhov alright. Your man was dead on, gentlemen.

ARGO

Splendid. That's one less thing to worry about.

FREEMAN

He's got a long way to go yet. But he is the real deal as far as I'm concerned.

STILES

And he still requires plenty of training.

ARGO

Well, of course he does, just like any of the others. Even the most naturally gifted among them requires careful supervision and training, no to mention the proper emotional support.

FREEMAN

You two can worry about his emotions and temperament. But leave his training to me, gentlemen.

INT. WAITING ROOM - LATER

Peter sits drinking a cup of water. Freeman enters.

FREEMAN

How are you feeling, son?

PETER

Permission to speak freely, sir?

FREEMAN

Go right ahead.

PETER

Like stomped shit.

FREEMAN

What are you talking about? It was a success. Your first test viewing was extremely accurate. That doesn't happen too often with new subjects.

PETER

How accurate?

FREEMAN

Let's just say that you saw what we wanted you to see.

PETER
The two men jogging?

FREEMAN
Correct.

PETER
Who are they?

FREEMAN
One of them is a remote viewer,
just like you're going to be. He's
the most powerful one alive.

PETER
No kidding.

FREEMAN
No kidding. But he's freelance
now, and extremely dangerous as a
result. As you can imagine, we want
to keep a close eye on his
activities.

PETER
So you want me to watch the
watcher?

FREEMAN
That's right. Counter-
intelligence, hunt the hunter.
Every young boy's dream. Being a
spy and all.

PETER
Ain't that the truth. And to
think, all of this cos I got shot
in the head. Lucky fuckin' me.

FREEMAN
(standing up)
Your country needs you, Peter. The
program needs you. Your going to
be doing things you would never
have thought possible... with the
power of your mind.

PETER
There's no way this all rests on my
shoulders. You've got to have
others doing this.

FREEMAN

And we do. You'll meet them shortly, and then you'll begin training with them. You're all special and valuable to us.

PETER

Any good looking girls in the class by chance?

FREEMAN

As a matter of fact, there is, yes.

PETER

Fine, colonel. You talked me into it, again.

FREEMAN

Glad to hear it, son, because I didn't plan on taking no as an answer.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CHICAGO - DAY

Sarkhov stands at the Customs station. The CUSTOMS OFFICER looks inside his Israeli passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

How long will you be visiting the United States, Mister Roth?

SARKHOV

(slight accent; almost perfect English)
Just under three months.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Do you have any friends or family here in Chicago?

SARKHOV

Only friends, associates from my University days.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

And what is the nature of your visit, business or pleasure?

SARKHOV

Business first, then hopefully, pleasure afterwards.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

I see. You were born in Tel Aviv?

SARKHOV

Yes, I was.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

I detect another type of accent,
almost eastern European.

SARKHOV

My family moved to Ukraine when I
was a child.

The Customs Officer stamps his passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Enjoy your stay in the United
States, Mister Roth.

SARKHOV

Thank you.

He walks off towards the baggage claim.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Sarkhov stands smoking outside his terminal. A car pulls up
and a man gets out. HE IS KRIEG, Sarkhov's American contact
and former colleague from their days in the army.

KRIEG

No smoking inside the car.

Sarkhov continues puffing, waiting to finish his smoke. Krieg
is visibly frustrated, glancing at his watch but does
nothing.

KRIEG

If you please.

Sarkhov throws the butt to the ground. Krieg opens the back
door for Sarkhov.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Krieg turns around to face Sarkhov.

KRIEG

You are late one whole day.

SARKHOV

My flight was canceled.

KRIEG

Then you should have informed us.

SARKHOV

What's done is done. I am here now.

KRIEG

Yes you are. Did you get the appropriate info from our man in London?

SARKHOV

I did. He was very helpful.

KRIEG

Good. I trust you're aware that the pentagon program is in full swing.

SARKHOV

It is unimportant.

KRIEG

They are most likely tracking you, or attempting as much.

SARKHOV

Let them do their best. They are years behind us.

KRIEG

Still, it is important that you remain anonymous, Sarkhov.

SARKHOV

Then you can start by never speaking my name again.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Argo sits at a desk in the middle of the room. He's consulting the I CHING, the Chinese book of chance prophecies. Peter walks in.

ARGO

(beat)

Come on over, Peter.

PETER

I don't want to disturb you.

Argo waves him over with his right hand, face buried in the book. Peter stands over him in front of the desk.

ARGO

Not at all.

PETER
That looks intriguing.

ARGO
The I Ching. The Book of Changes.

PETER
It seems I've heard of that
somewhere or another.

ARGO
Most people have.

PETER
So how does it work?

ARGO
It's quite simple, actually. You
take these three coins and you toss
them down half a dozen times,
making note of how many heads and
tails there are.

(tosses the coins across
the desk)

Two or three tails gives a line
with a break in the middle, and so
three heads gives an unbroken line.
You place the six lines, one atop
the other, and you get a hexagram.

He draws the HEXAGRAM on a sheet of paper. A broken line,
two unbroken lines, a broken line then two more unbroken
lines.

PETER
Alright. So what does all this
mean?

ARGO
Let's see, then. You have to
consult the book.

He flips through the pages, stopping somewhere in the middle.

ARGO
Ah, here we go. Number 58. The
Joyous Lake.

PETER
The Joyous Lake. Sounds pleasant
enough.

ARGO

The Joyous... success.
Perseverance is favorable. I'll
take that any day.

PETER

And based on this oracle, a
question of yours is supposed to
have been answered?

ARGO

In a manner of speaking, yes.

PETER

Just random chance? A cluster of
chances?

ARGO

Not random, Peter. Serendipitous.
Look at it this way... there are
three principles to the I Ching.

(beat)

Simplicity, which is the root of
the substance. Variability, which
is the use of the substance. And
persistency, the ultimate essence
of the said substance.

PETER

You're a scientist, Argo. You're
supposed to be the rational one
around here.

ARGO

One should always leave room for
that old guest chance. Some things
simply cannot be explained by
science or reason.

PETER

Including these abilities that I
suddenly have.

ARGO

Precisely. I can talk for ages
about this theory, that study,
these reports and all, but... I
simply cannot you definitively why
you now have such powers and
abilities.

PETER

For better or worse, I have them.

ARGO
It's what you do with them, Peter,
that will determine that.

Freeman opens the door, tapping on it before entering.

FREEMAN
Doctor Argo, she's here.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUED

A quite beautiful woman stands next to the viewing platform. She is ERIN MORAN, the latest recruit for the Stargate Project. Freeman leads Peter and Argo over to her.

FREEMAN
Doctor Argo, I present to you Erin
Moran.

ERIN
(shaking hands)
A pleasure to meet you, Doctor. I
hear your work is pioneering in the
field.

ARGO
The pleasure's all mine, Miss
Moran. And may I introduce you to
Peter Blakeney, another one of our
promising recruits.

Peter is dumbstruck, staring at her like a virgin schoolboy.

ERIN
Nice to meet you, Peter.

PETER
Likewise.

ERIN
I look forward to pairing up with
you.

PETER
Come again?

ERIN
...on the project, that is.

Peter can't stop looking at her. He's fixated on Erin's stunning eyes, and every other thing on her body.

PETER
Of course, forgive me.

ARGO

Peter took a nasty knock to the head from which he has yet to fully recover, dear.

ERIN

(to Peter)

I trust it was nothing serious.

PETER

Not so much. Coma, amnesia, that sort of thing, you know?

ERIN

I see.

FREEMAN

But he's all better now. I can assure you of that.

ARGO

Yes, Peter's progress has been quite remarkable.

ERIN

(to Peter)

You're able to remote view now, aren't you?

PETER

That's right. A footnote side effect of my accident.

FREEMAN

Let's not stand around in this dreary basement. There is a dinner engagement waiting for us all.

ERIN

Great, I'm absolutely starving.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

A DINNER PARTY is underway with dozens of guests who are affiliated with the Stargate project. It's a black-tie event with everyone dressed in tuxedos and evening gowns. Peter and Erin sit beside one another across the table from Argo and Stiles.

STILES

Well, I'd like to be the first to propose a toast on the current successes of the Stargate Project.
(MORE)

STILES (CONT'D)

(everyone lifts their wine glasses)

So here's to our future accomplishments, which with the help of Peter and Erin I'm sure we'll be able to watch bear fruition.

Everyone drinks to Stiles.

ARGO

And ditto for me, Doctor Stiles.

ERIN

You both seem so relaxed this evening. It's wonderful.

ARGO

It's been a long time coming, dear. But there's still more work left to do.

PETER

Exactly what is next on the agenda, Doctor Argo.

ARGO

Our next phase is to begin tracking any suspicious activity on behalf of any number of rogue governments currently misbehaving.

ERIN

Misbehaving?

ARGO

It is a more pleasant term for the ugliness so prevalent in many areas of the globe.

PETER

Including the United States, I'd imagine.

ARGO

Yes, you're quite right.

STILES

Actually, Peter, we do reserve the right under certain directives to monitor activities within our own country and system.

(lighting up his cigar)

(MORE)

STILES (CONT'D)

An answer to those always asking
who will watch the watcher?

ARGO

A reasonable question to my
thinking.

STILES

(nods in agreement)

Whatever it takes to keep the
peace.

PETER

And who will we be spying on,
specifically?

ARGO

Why everybody, Peter.

PETER

(chuckling)

That's a relief.

STILES

Not to worry. We'll all keep each
other in line.

ERIN

Good to know, gentlemen.

PETER

(standing up)

If you'll excuse me, I think I'll
take a quick walk.

STILES

Are you feeling alright, Peter?

PETER

Just a little woozy is all. I'll
be back shortly.

Peter walks off. Erin follows him with her eyes.

ARGO

I think this has all been a bit
much on his system.

STILES

He's resilient enough. I'm sure
he'll be fine, won't he, Erin.

ERIN

Yes... I'm sure he will.

Peter walks beside a table of guests on his way out of the room. He stops for a beat, massaging his temples with his hands. He's dizzy and momentarily confused, like the onset of a massive migraine. A LADY seated at the table turns her attention to Peter.

LADY

Pardon me, sir. Are you quite all right?

PETER

I think so, thank you.

LADY

Would you like some water? You look dehydrated.

PETER

No, no. I... I'll be fine.

The pressure in his head intensifies. All the silverware begins RATTLING on the table. The people are astonished as the cutlery levitates several inches off the surface.

THE SILVERWARE jumps up off the table and rushes towards Peter like before, sticking against his torso, arms and legs. The Lady looks at Peter with wide wonder. All Peter can do is smile. The Lady returns the smile with her own.

PETER

This is why I've decided against eating out.

Argo and Stiles look on in amazement as they realize Peter's true potential as more than just a one-off remote viewer.

INT. MEETING ROOM - STARGATE AGENCY - DAY

Peter and Erin sit at a table drinking coffee. His bowtie is undone, hanging around his neck. His shirt unbuttoned to his chest.

PETER

How funny was that?

ERIN

(chuckling)

It was more odd than anything.

PETER

Yeah, it was that too.

ERIN

The look on that lady's face, oh my God. I thought she was gonna go into cardiac arrest.

PETER

That alone was worth it, I guess.
(nervously corrects
himself)
Minus the heart attack, of course.

ERIN

That and the fact that we got an interesting demonstration of your capabilities.

PETER

Well, I can't say I'm thrilled about my unwanted gift. This'll put the kibosh on any plans I have of being a maître d'.

ERIN

The best advice I can give you is just learn to embrace it, and make it a part of who you are.

PETER

Easier said than done. I've never witnessed, much less experienced anything like this, ever.

ERIN

I understand how you feel.

PETER

Thanks. So how'd you get mixed up in all this?

ERIN

I volunteered for it.

PETER

You volunteered?

ERIN

Uh-huh.

PETER

Come on. Don't tell me it's because you couldn't get a date.

ERIN

No, it's nothing like that at all.
This is something I've been
researching for most of my life.

PETER

Child prodigy?

ERIN

Something like that. When I was a
child I discovered I was able to
see things before they happened,
primarily tragic things. And then
I developed the ability to move
objects.

PETER

Not me. I was just your average
hot-blooded American kid.

ERIN

Nothing wrong with that.

PETER

So you discovered you had these
powers. Then what?

ERIN

To tell you the truth, I was
comfortable with it all. It was my
parents that were frightened for me
at first.

(fiddling with her
styrofoam cup)

But after time, they grew
comfortable with it the same as I
did.

PETER

You didn't see dead people, did
you?

ERIN

Not that I'm aware of. Just
visions mostly, of people that were
complete strangers to me.

PETER

That must have been annoying.

ERIN

Well, you get used to it. The visions came on whether or not you were taking your SAT, or right in the middle of your driving test.

PETER

I'm glad I chose to be a cop.

ERIN

I would have never pegged you for law enforcement.

PETER

No?

ERIN

You seem too peaceful, too centered for that line of work.

PETER

Really?

ERIN

Really.

PETER

I did it for fifteen years, or so they tell me.

ERIN

What do you mean?

PETER

I've only recently come out of a coma. I was shot in the head while on duty.

ERIN

My God, that's awful.

PETER

I guess it was, I don't remember a thing.

ERIN

That had to be traumatizing.

PETER

Yeah, but I've been taking it day by day. Kinda like how you dealt with the visions.

ERIN

I suppose so. There's just so much
in this world we can't explain.

PETER

You're telling me. When I woke up,
I was having visions too. That's
how I ended up here. It's all
happened so fast, it's been a
general blur.

ERIN

At least you still have your
sanity.

PETER

Do I?

ERIN

Best I can tell.

PETER

That's reassuring.

Erin smiles that magnificent smile of hers, putting Peter at
ease.

PETER

Listen, I'm new to all this, the
abilities and all. So, I'm gonna
need a guide.

(beat)

Would you help me, you know, walk
me through it all?

ERIN

Baby steps?

PETER

Yeah, baby steps.

ERIN

Sure, I'll be your guide. But
you're gonna have to trust me.

PETER

I don't have a choice.

ERIN

Then it's settled.

They shake hands, laughing at their puppy love-type flirting.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS - NIGHT

Sarkhov stands in front of several men operating various pieces of complicated machinery. They're constructing a new and improved viewing table for Sarkhov.

BOTSO (O.S.)
(in Georgian)
Welcome aboard, Sarkhov.

Sarkhov turns around, knowing the owner of that voice.

SARKHOV
(in Georgian)
It is good to be here, Botso.

Sarkhov giggles because Botso means 'fat man' in Georgian. BOTSO enters the room from a staircase off to the side. He is indeed a robust, fat man, wearing a white robe like a scientist, smoking all the while.

BOTSO
I hope you do not find all of this machinery overwhelming.

SARKHOV
Not at all. I merely find it useless.

They shake hands. Sarkhov playfully pats Botso's large belly.

SARKHOV
Have they been withholding food from you?

BOTSO
It's all part of the discipline, to make sure I finish this project on schedule.

SARKHOV
Isn't that my job?

BOTSO
It is part of your job description, yes. Shall I give you the tour?

SARKHOV
Lead the way.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS - LATER

Botso and Sarkhov walk down a winding shaft underneath the University.

BOTSO

You do realize that the Americans are attempting to track you?

SARKHOV

I am fully aware of this. They are so sloppy they might as well announce themselves with trumpets. Besides, they are so far behind in progress that it doesn't even matter if they find me.

BOTSO

Even so, we must exercise extreme caution for the duration of our project here.

SARKHOV

Do not worry, Botso. You'll give yourself indigestion.

BOTSO

What if the Americans become clever enough to include the Israelis, or Chinese?

SARKHOV

An impossibility. Their egos are too great for such a collaboration.

BOTSO

And how are your abilities, if I may ask?

SARKHOV

As good as ever.

BOTSO

I certainly hope so. Because we need you to power our reactor.

They stop in front of an enormous PARTICLE ACCELERATOR that is halfway complete.

BOTSO

Isn't she magnificent?

SARKHOV

Impressive, yes. But it is just a machine. It is nothing compared to the human potential for conducting energy.

BOTSO

You are only one man, Sarkhov. It would take an army to equal the capabilities of this particle accelerator.

SARKHOV

That is the general idea.

BOTSO

There is someone I want to introduce to you.

They walk into a smaller room surrounded by computers and machinery. Botso walks over to a man with his back turned.

BOTSO

This is Guerzoni, the head of our little project.

Guerzoni turns around to greet Sarkhov.

GUERZONI

So, this is the infamous Sarkhov.

SARKHOV

I am that I am.

GUERZONI

I must say that it is an honor standing face to face with you. Both of my respective countries based their entire remote viewing projects off the template set by you and your predecessors.

SARKHOV

Then I hope I live up to your image of me.

GUERZONI

In time I'm sure you will give me all the right reasons to do so.

BOTSO

Do not worry, Guerzoni. Sarkhov here is every bit the man you're looking for.

GUERZONI

I certainly hope so.

(to Sarkhov)

There's an awful lot riding on this project. And we shall have no room available at all, for failure.

SARKHOV

Then you should turn your face elsewhere. I do not like such idle threats or assumptions.

BOTSO

Sarkhov, relax old friend.

GUERZONI

I meant nothing by it. I'm well aware you know the risks involved with what we're doing.

BOTSO

He does, indeed.

SARKHOV

I know the risks, and I am fully prepared to take them on as well as the bulk of the responsibility.

GUERZONI

Then we're all in agreement.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY - LATER

Peter meets with Argo in a small waiting area. They sit on plush leather sofas.

ARGO

I can't tell you enough how wonderful it is to see you at such ease these days, Peter. You've made amazing progress from your injury.

PETER

I feel more relaxed, more content with my station, I guess.

ARGO

It couldn't be the result of a certain young woman's influence, now could it?

PETER

Erin's a good person. She seems totally selfless.

ARGO

That's right. She'll be a definite asset to our program here. As will you, Peter.

PETER

Yeah, but that remains to be seen... no pun intended.

ARGO

Good stuff, Peter. Your attitude is but another weapon you have at your disposal.

PETER

I guess it has to be, doc. Because I can't remember how I was before the shooting. Maybe I was an incredible asshole.

ARGO

(bursts into laughter)

And there it is. That's exactly what I'm referring to. At the absolute worst you were a humorous asshole, perhaps.

PETER

I imagine so.

(beat)

Listen, doc. Do you think I'll ever get my memory back?

ARGO

That's extremely difficult to say, Peter. There is always the chance, and that's hope enough, I suppose. It's certainly not unheard of in your circumstances.

PETER

It would be nice to remember who I was, and how... I don't know. How I got on with life.

ARGO

Indeed I understand your frustration, and I will definitely refrain from giving you lip service about pretending to know how you must feel.

PETER

Not many do, I don't guess.

ARGO

What I can truly say is that your condition may yet prove to be temporary.

PETER

But then I'd lose my so-called psychic abilities, right?

ARGO

It is a possibility, yes. And who knows, maybe one day a jolt of your powers might trigger even the slightest shred of memory recovery, leading to further progress.

PETER

I'll keep that in mind, doc. Thanks for the reassurance.

ARGO

That's my main objective, Peter.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Peter is asleep as another flashback occurs.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A YOUNG PETER stands in a vast desert with a dozen other kids all standing in a line facing the rising sun. Peter and the children are commanded to walk forward by a MAN in the distance. The man points to a rock in front of Peter which Peter overturns to reveal...

A RATTLESNAKE coiled and hissing with absolute menace. Before Peter can react, the snake strikes him on the hand. Peter jumps back, but shows no signs of pain. The Man walks forward and observes the other children's reactions. Only Peter is able to withstand the bite's pain.

END OF FLASHBACK

Peter jumps up from the bed, covered in sweat and breathing heavily. He turns on the lamp and looks at his hand. Two tiny dots on his hand exactly where the snake bit him in his vision.

INT. FOREST PATH - DAY

Peter and Erin walk in the woods near the Stargate Agency headquarters.

PETER

So, tell me more details about what we're involved with.

ERIN

It's all quite simple. We're being trained to use our minds for subterfuge, warfare and population control.

PETER

We're spies?

ERIN

In a manner of speaking, yes. We're actually behind the Russians though, because the Soviets began their parapsychological research all the way back in the Twenties. And since then they've sought to harness the capabilities of telepathic communications, telekinesis and bionics.

PETER

Shit, this is all so far over my head. They didn't teach us this at the Police Academy, that's for sure.

ERIN

That's a good thing, Peter. This kind of knowledge is best kept among the few.

PETER

And what do you hope to gain from all of this?

ERIN

Peace of mind. Visions popping into your head at a constant rate is almost enough to drive you insane, so on some level, remote viewing is a type of therapy for me.

PETER

There is the question of morality, too.

ERIN

Well, the military tries to paint the picture as good versus evil as they always do, but it's a bit more complicated. There are shades of gray all around us.

PETER

So how advanced are the Russians?

ERIN

I'd say they're still twenty years ahead of us. Stargate is controlled by excessively conservative forces, so it's been difficult to keep up with both the former USSR, and now Russia.

PETER

Then what does this mean for the future?

ERIN

It means they're basically watching us, watching them. They have viewers tracking our viewers.

PETER

So what's the point?

ERIN

Somebody has to compete with them and try to check their advances, even if it means failure.

PETER

Do they have an all-star, or MVP viewer?

ERIN

An agent known only as Sarkhov.

PETER

So are we keeping tabs on him?

ERIN

We have no photos of him but we know that he's currently a rogue agent, hiring out his services to the highest bidder. He's the last of the old-fashioned soviet remote viewers, so he knows everything about their former programs.

PETER

And their current ones I'd imagine.

ERIN

Probably so. But Sarkhov's no patriot. He's Georgian by ethnicity, which means he'd certainly have no ties of loyalty to Russia or any of their surviving soviet counterparts.

(beat)

Money is his motive. Corporations hire him to do their dirty work, their espionage.

PETER

Mercenary mind control. This just gets better all the time.

ERIN

Exactly. Global corporations of all sorts employ him to spy on their competitors for inside information, trade secrets and potential blackmail data.

PETER

Jesus.

ERIN

Men like Sarkhov are the real terrorists. They're extremely dangerous and an urgent threat to the safety of nations because you can't prevent him from infiltrating people's minds. I fear him more than any rogue government.

INT. MEETING ROOM - STARGATE AGENCY - DAY

Stiles and Freeman sit at a table.

STILES
We have a problem.

FREEMAN
What is it?

STILES
Shako has returned.

FREEMAN
Shako? Is that possible?

STILES
It is very possible. He was spotted at O'Hare airport three days ago.

FREEMAN
Son of a bitch. He's still alive.

STILES
He arrived in Chicago via London. It makes you wonder.

FREEMAN
Any intel on who he's likely to be in bed with now?

STILES
None so far. But it doesn't appear that he's in the service of any particular government.

FREEMAN
This changes everything. Shako back in the picture, that's one hell of a monkey wrench in our plans, that's for sure.

STILES
We're keeping an eye on him for the time being.

FREEMAN
As long as he doesn't slip off the radar, that is. That's his specialty.

STILES
And that's what we have Peter for, colonel.

FREEMAN

Do you think he's ready to tangle
with our old boy?

STILES

I don't know. But something tells
me we're about to find out.

FREEMAN

Accelerate the program,
immediately. I want him and the
girl stepping up their skills.

STILES

What about Argo?

FREEMAN

Keep him in the dark on this.

STILES

That might prove difficult, sir,
considering the business he's in.

FREEMAN

What he doesn't know now won't hurt
him till later.

EXT. PARK - CHICAGO - DAY

Guerzoni walks over to a parkbench and sits down. He unfolds
a newspaper and reads it. Sarkhov approaches from a
sidewalk, sitting down beside him.

GUERZONI

Here he is, America's most wanted.

SARKHOV

The world's most wanted.

GUERZONI

You're a hot topic on the airwaves,
my friend. They'll have a legion
of remote viewers assigned to you
day and night.

SARKHOV

I am fully aware of their efforts
to track me.

GUERZONI

And are they any good?

SARKHOV

No, because I am tracking them.

GUERZONI
I figured as much.

Sarkhov lights up a cigarette.

SARKHOV
So, let's get down to business,
shall we? The numbers.

GUERZONI
Bottom line... we're prepared to
offer ten million.

Sarkhov snickers at the figure.

SARKHOV
No. Absolutely not.

GUERZONI
Excuse me?

SARKHOV
You heard me correctly. I said no.

GUERZONI
Well, that is the offer. The only
offer on the table.

SARKHOV
Incorrect. There are others who
would gladly pay more. The
Americans for one.

GUERZONI
They would never pay for your
services. You're the enemy to
them, and you always will be. The
Red Fear will never end for them.

SARKHOV
You are thinking like a primitive,
Guerzoni. Money knows no
boundaries, no borders, no
nationality.

GUERZONI
Then what do you want, exactly?

SARKHOV
Twenty million.

GUERZONI
This will never happen and you know
it.

SARKHOV

Very well.

(standing up)

I shall await further offers from those more flexible and willing.

GUERZONI

Wait, Shako.

SARKHOV

I am listening.

GUERZONI

Perhaps I can negotiate further with my people, and the Agency.

SARKHOV

Now that is more like it. You can be persuasive whenever you wish to be.

GUERZONI

I cannot promise twenty million, though.

SARKHOV

I will be out of town for a couple of days.

(begins walking away)

You know how to reach me.

Guerzoni pulls a cigarette from his pocket, realizing he doesn't have a lighter.

GUERZONI

By the way, do you have a light?

Sarkhov stops and turns around towards him. He SNAPS his fingers and the cigarette ignites at the tip. Sarkhov walks off across the park in between the rows of trees.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY - LATER

Peter sits at a desk writing down notes from a training manual. The desk is covered with books on the subjects of remote viewing, kinetic energy, ESP and other psychic phenomenon. Freeman enters, sitting down next to Peter.

FREEMAN

Good afternoon, Peter.

PETER

Good afternoon, colonel.

FREEMAN

I'm pleased to see you brushing up on your work. Are you finding this literature useful?

PETER

I am, yes.

FREEMAN

It can inform you, even instruct you to a degree. But nothing beats good old-fashioned know-how and grit. And you, son, you hold the key to a limitless supply of untapped psychic resources.

PETER

It doesn't exactly feel that way to me.

FREEMAN

I don't suppose it ever does at first. But again, that's why you're here.

PETER

So when do I get to be a spy, colonel?

FREEMAN

Sooner than you ever imagined. That's why I'm here, Peter. To inform you of an acceleration in your training.

PETER

Who are we chasing? I mean, what country are we spying on?

FREEMAN

It's not a particular nation, but rather an amalgamation of them working in concert to do some very bad things.

PETER

Can you give me a hint, colonel?

FREEMAN

Certainly. The Cold War's over and we no longer face our traditional foes. Terrorism is a bit too small and tame for my tastes.

(MORE)

FREEMAN (CONT'D)

In our rapidly accelerating digital age there are other threats more considerable and immediate at our doorstep, like rogue viewers and empaths.

PETER

This is all news to me.

FREEMAN

Don't feel alone. Our own military is outmoded and incapable of tackling these new psychic objectives. We're always playing catch up, and it pisses me off to no end.

PETER

We do live in a young country, sir.

FREEMAN

This is true. We are a naive people when it comes to these issues. What would you say if I told you that rogue governments were financing the building of sound, wind and tornado cannons, disintegration rays, lasers, grasers, EMP devices, endothermic and fuel-air bombs?

PETER

I'd say that I don't even understand half of what you just told me.

FREEMAN

These are all leftover programs from the Nazi regime, now practically public knowledge to those willing to pay handsomely.

PETER

And you still think I'm your man?

FREEMAN

I think you can become the man we need you to be.

(gets up to leave)

Enjoy your studies.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Erin sit on a couch together having drinks.

ERIN
Tough day today.

PETER
Yes, it was. Freeman paid me a
visit.

ERIN
Was he angry?

PETER
Yeah, I guess. But now it's time
to relax and forget it all.

ERIN
Not so fast, Peter. You have a lot
on your mind, don't you?

PETER
It's nothing.

ERIN
Come on, open up a little.

PETER
I'm just frustrated. I can't
remember anything from my past. Do
you have any idea what it's like?

ERIN
No, I can't say that I do. But I
do know that amnesiacs are able to
gain full recovery of their
memories with therapy.

PETER
Therapy? That's not my style at
all.

ERIN
It is an option.

PETER
We'll see.
(pointing to her glass)
You haven't touched your wine.

ERIN
(playful)
Are you trying to get me drunk,
Peter?

PETER
 (surprised)
 What ever gave you that idea?

ERIN
 (leaning in closely)
 I have ESP, you know.
 (whispering in his ear)
 I'm reading your mind.

PETER
 My mistake.

ERIN
 No problem.

PETER
 Do you like what you see?

ERIN
 You have a kinky streak in you.

PETER
 Well, I guess there's no point in
 denying it. Especially since you
 can read...

Erin scoots in even closer, just up to Peter's lips. She loosens her hair, letting it fall down over her shoulders.

PETER
 ... all my thoughts.

ERIN
 Exactly.
 (kisses Peter with a soft,
 long kiss)
 So do you fancy trying some of
 those thoughts on me now?

PETER
 As good as done.

They kiss passionately. Peter lays down backwards with Erin on top of him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SARKHOV'S P.O.V.

He watches Peter and Erin having sex in their room as he tracks his nemesis.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

Peter holds Erin in his arms as rays of sunlight penetrate the blinds. He stares at her face, happy to be with her, just as Erin opens her eyes.

PETER
Good morning.

ERIN
Hey there.

PETER
I let you sleep in.

ERIN
How thoughtful of you.
(scoots herself up and
kisses his lips)
So what's on the agenda?

PETER
You tell me. I'm open to all
suggestions.

ERIN
Why don't we start off with
breakfast.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarkhov picks up the telephone and calls Krieg.

SARKHOV
It is me. I know a way to trap the
hunter.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY - LATER

Freeman walks over to Argo who is filling out some paperwork at his desk.

FREEMAN
Where the hell is your man this
morning, Argo?

ARGO
I haven't a clue, sir. Perhaps he
had a long night.

FREEMAN
That's not amusing to me. He's
property of the United States
Government now.

ARGO

Then he'll be here shortly.

A few beats later Peter saunters in to the main area of the facility. Freeman cuts a beeline over to him.

FREEMAN

We're all so glad you make it this morning, sunshine.

(angry)

Where the fuck were you?

PETER

To be perfectly frank, Colonel, I slept in.

FREEMAN

That much is obvious.

PETER

It won't happen again, I assure you.

FREEMAN

You're goddamn right it won't, son. I'm posting sentries outside your door to make sure you're here on time from here on out, understood?

PETER

Yes, sir.

FREEMAN

Now go join the others, we've got a busy day ahead of us.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Peter is drinking off his anger inside an empty pub. Sitting next to him is a man covered in heavy cigarette smoke. He turns toward Peter. It's Sarkhov.

SARKHOV

Do you ever have the sensation that you have been previously acquainted with a perfect stranger?

Peter takes a swig of beer, looking at Sarkhov.

PETER

What's that?

SARKHOV

It's just that I feel I know you
from somewhere.

PETER

Sorry, but I can't say the same.
Although, I can't remember anything
up until a month ago. So who
knows. Maybe we have met before.

SARKHOV

Amnesia?

PETER

Yeah. A slight case, they tell me.

SARKHOV

I imagine that to be a terrifying
feeling.

PETER

I suppose there's worse out there,
friend.

(lifts up his glass)

At least I still have my health.

SARKHOV

That's all any man can ask for.
But my old uncle used to say, That
which one loses by laughing, one
does not find again by crying.

PETER

I like that. It has a nice ring to
it. Where was it you hailed from?

SARKHOV

Everywhere and nowhere.

PETER

Then we're two peas in a pod.

SARKHOV

Sorry... I don't understand the
meaning.

PETER

It's an expression my uncle used to
say, at least I think he did.

SARKHOV

Enjoy your drink.

PETER

My glass is empty. I think I'm
done for the night.

He glances at the bar and sees a glass of beer in front of
him. Sarkhov is gone, vanished into thin air.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CHAMPAGNE URBANA - DAY

Sarkhov, Guerzoni and Krieg stand in front of a thirty foot
tall cylinder with a mushroom-shaped cover at the top.
Streams of blue electricity arc outwards from the top of the
device, filling the warehouse with dazzling, yet harmless
electricity.

The device is a TESLA COIL, named for the inventor who first
constructed it over a century ago. Four smaller CONDUCTORS
surround the Coil, feeding it with further energy.

GUERZONI

There it is, Sarkhov. What do you
think?

SARKHOV

It is satisfactory.

Krieg walks up to one of the conductors, the blue light of
electricity illuminating his face.

KRIEG

What exactly, is it?

GUERZONI

A Tesla Coil. This will give our
partner here the ability to direct
his peculiar kinetic energy
anywhere he so desires.

Sarkhov walks up closer to the device.

SARKHOV

But it is much too small for my
purposes.

GUERZONI

Not too worry. This is merely a
model to occupy the minds of our
technicians.

He walks over to Sarkhov, who holds his hand up, allowing
arcs of electricity to surge through his hand.

GUERZONI

A larger one is being constructed as we speak, and to your exact specifications, I might add.

SARKHOV

Good. There is too much at stake for slight errors.

GUERZONI

Agree with you more, I could not.

KRIEG

Does someone want to explain to me what this machine does?

SARKHOV

It is not a machine. It is a living entity.

GUERZONI

The Tesla Coil is a gigantic transformer, Krieg. Capable of sending concentrated rays of energy at any specified target, with devastating results.

KRIEG

This is the Death Ray of which Tesla spoke, is it not?

GUERZONI

If you like, yes. Though I prefer to call it a super conductor.

SARKHOV

You are both incorrect.
 (walks in a circle around
 the device)
 It is a transmitter of beauty and truth. Death is merely the by-product of its function.

KRIEG

I thought the Death Ray was nothing more than legend and propaganda spewed out by the Americans during the Cold War.

GUERZONI

It was very real. And the Americans certainly didn't want any other government coming across the designs.

KRIEG

And how did you come across Tesla's designs? Weren't his papers confiscated by the FBI after his death?

GUERZONI

Indeed they were. But that's nothing a few black ops missions can't cure.

KRIEG

Ah, that job in Milan.

GUERZONI

Clever, no?

KRIEG

And the Arab we were shadowing?

GUERZONI

No one special.

KRIEG

Not even links to Al-Gama'a al Islamiyya?

GUERZONI

A friend of a friend of a friend in a Mosque, who actually had connections with those obtained Tesla's papers.

KRIEG

A bit elaborate, not to mention taking the long way round to acquire his services.

He motions with his head to Sarkhov.

GUERZONI

All necessary precautions, Krieg. Nothing has been left to chance.

KRIEG

You never cease amazing me, Guerzoni.

GUERZONI

I gladly accept the challenge.

Krieg looks over at Sarkhov, who is allowing the harmless streams of electricity to make contact with his entire body.

KRIEG

Be careful, there. You wouldn't want to electrocute yourself before we begin.

Sarkhov holds his hand up to one of the streams of electricity, allowing to flow into his palm and then on throughout his entire body. His entire body glows as he is filled with the powerful currents.

Sarkhov turns to Krieg, flicking his fingers outward, sending a concentrated flash of current at him, shocking him slightly. Krieg jumps as the charge jolts his central nervous system. Guerzoni laughs at the demonstration.

SARKHOV

You should be more careful, yourself.

The Tesla Coil CRACKLES with energy, pulsating like some demonic electrical force.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Erin are making love. Erin suddenly stops, wiping the sweat from her chest.

PETER

What's the matter?

ERIN

(breathing heavy)
I'm getting the strangest feeling... that someone's watching us.

PETER

Are you serious?

ERIN

Very serious, and it's creeping me out.

She gets up and walks over to the window, peeking through the closed curtains.

PETER

Erin, there's no one out there.

ERIN

I'm not so sure.

PETER

Look, you're being paranoid.

ERIN

Am I?

PETER

Come back to bed.

Erin lets go of the curtains and walks back over to the bed, sitting down on the edge. Peter caresses her shoulders.

PETER

You should feel how tense you are.
You're just stressed out is all.

ERIN

Maybe, but I know what I feel.
There's definitely a presence here
with us.

PETER

Do you see dead people?

ERIN

Come on...

She slaps him playfully.

ERIN

I'm not joking, Peter.

Peter chuckles, defending himself with a pillow.

PETER

I had to say it. Sorry. You can
stop worrying. I'm here to protect
you now.

Erin softly kisses his cheek, reassured by his confidence. They truly care for one another, both as lovers and human beings.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SARKHOV'S P.O.V.

Again he watches their every move Peter and Erin make, closely watching their budding relationship. Sarkhov takes a long drag from his cigarette.

INT. VIEWING CHAMBER - DAY

Peter lays down on the viewing platform. Erin and Argo supervise him from the control room.

ARGO
Alright, Peter. We're going to try
just a normal run through.

PETER
Sounds good.

ARGO
Only this time I'd like you to do
so under the effects of a stimulant
we've been testing. It'll help you
relax quicker, help you set up your
viewing more effectively.

PETER
At least you're hoping it will.

ARGO
We'll never be a hundred percent
positive until we try.

PETER
That seems fair enough. Any side
effects?

ERIN
None that were certain of, but with
any chemical there can be mild
effects that eventually wear off.

PETER
Define eventually.

ARGO
We'll do our very best to see that
everything is done safely, Peter.

PETER
Why the hell not? I didn't have
any plans for this afternoon
anyway.

ARGO
That's the spirit we're gunning
for.

ERIN
It'll be the same as if you were
concentrating on a specified
target.

ARGO

However, with this method there won't be any need to identify or describe the target. That's where your particular talents shall be called into play.

PETER

Are you really that confident in my abilities, doc.

ARGO

If I weren't, Peter, the agency would be garnishing my wages for all the money I've had them spend on your training.

ERIN

You'll do fine.

PETER

Alright. Let's get give this a go.

ARGO

I'm going to begin releasing the gas into the chamber just now. It's odorless and invisible.

He flicks a switch on a control panel and the stimulating gas begins filling the view chamber. Erin tracks his progress via a monitor measuring his mental impulses and vital signs.

ERIN

Steady as she goes. He's almost fully under.

ARGO

It's remarkable how quickly he can lower his heart rate and blood pressure.

ERIN

Do you think this will help him?

ARGO

I certainly hope so. We've a lot of catching up to do.

Peter relaxes mind and body as he enters the trance where he's able to remote view his target.

PETER'S P.O.V.

A UNIVERSITY CAMPUS is visible to him as he zooms in on a particular building out of the dozens in the vicinity. Down the hallways his vision leads him, all the way to a basement level hidden laboratory that is top secret.

Inside the laboratory, Peter focuses in on a large CENTRAL GENERATOR that is comprised of the Tesla Coil and a number of other mainframe computers surrounding it. Sarkhov lays on a viewing platform in front of the Tesla Coil.

PETER
(re: his viewing)
Can you feel it?

ERIN
Feel what, Peter?

PETER
That presence. There's someone
watching us right now.

ERIN
(looking at Argo)
How can you be so sure?

PETER
Because I'm watching him.

ARGO
It seems everything's falling into
place.

ERIN
That's amazing, Peter.

PETER
He's been viewing us all this time.
He knows every move we've made.

ARGO
What is he doing, this man?

PETER
He's energizing a large generator,
and there's some sort of cylinder
in the room that's shooting out
electricity all over the place.

ARGO
Is it a vertical cylinder, Peter?

PETER

Yes.

ARGO

(to Erin)

It sounds to me like they've constructed a Tesla Coil.

ERIN

To do what?

ARGO

To further intensify Sarkhov's range of capability.

ERIN

The man you're seeing, Peter. Is it Sarkhov?

PETER

It has to be. Only he calls himself Shako.

ERIN

Shako?

PETER

He let it slip out, just now.

ERIN

Maybe that's his real name.

PETER

He is powerful. I can feel his magnetic field all the way here.

ERIN

Many viewers have exceptional abilities along psychic lines.

PETER

But this guy's off the charts, though. I feel like I'm vibrating.

ERIN

Then he's able to project his magnetic field.

ARGO

This might not be wise, Erin. If Sarkhov is detecting him he might also be able to reach out to Peter.

ERIN
Listen, Peter. We're going to
abort the viewing for today. So
come on out.

Peter shakes on the platform, like he going into shock.

PETER
I can't.

ERIN
(frantic)
Peter!

Peter shakes more violently now.

ARGO
Unplug him. Get him out of there.

ERIN
Peter, get out of there, now.

PETER
(nervously)
I'm trying. I can't move a muscle.

ARGO
This is too dangerous. Let's get
in there.

He and Erin storm into the chamber. Peter tries to sit up on the platform. Argo lifts his torso up as Erin rips off the wires. They restrain Peter until he stops shaking.

PETER
I feel like I'm paralyzed.

ARGO
He was targeting your central
nervous system.

ERIN
I've never encountered such a
phenomenon in all my years.

They help Peter off the platform, he's out of breath.

ARGO
Are you alright?

PETER
Yeah, I think so. I actually felt
like I was gonna explode.

ARGO

You very well may have if you'd stayed under any longer.

PETER

Who the hell is he... this Shako?

ARGO

The most powerful remote viewer in The world, as far as we know.

ERIN

But this goes well beyond remote viewing. This is psychic, ESP and a host of other capabilities.

PETER

You got that part right.

ARGO

Sarkhov defied all logic and reason when the Soviets trained him. His abilities pushed the frontiers of our studies, and equipment beyond their limits.

(beat)

Now you can see why he's such a threat.

PETER

He could have killed me in there. How am I supposed to match that?

ARGO

Erin and I can help you to a degree, but after that, I'm afraid you're own your own.

PETER

Thanks, Doc.

ERIN

Your abilities aren't flashes in the pan either, Peter. You possess quite amazing skills yourself, for a novice.

ARGO

She's right. You're the only weapon we have to give Sarkhov a run for his money.

PETER

The only gun in the arsenal, huh?
So, what was all that machinery I
was seeing?

ARGO

It's difficult to say, but I'd
reason that Sarkhov is being
employed to power some sort of
weapon by remote means.

PETER

You mean he's acting as a human
detonator?

ARGO

More like a power source, or
triggering mechanism. With his
extraordinary psychic abilities
there's no need to possess the said
weapon, whether it be a missile or
bomb.

ERIN

He can actually engage the weapon
with his mind.

PETER

Son of a bitch.

ARGO

This is what we've feared all
along. Now you see how valuable you
are to Stargate, Peter.

PETER

I guess so.

ARGO

Why don't you go and get some rest.
I'm sure you're exhausted.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CHAMPAGNE URBANA - NIGHT

THE TESLA COIL brims with energy as thousands of streams of blue electricity fill the laboratory. Sarkhov stands in front of it as he conducts the symphony of energy. Wires are attached to his head which run to several computers. As Sarkhov provides additional power to the Coil, it in turn provides further power to a massive PARTICLE ACCELERATOR that can fire off blasts of energy equal to atomic explosions.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

Guerzoni observes Sarkhov from the safety of the control booth where he is joined by TECHNICIANS.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
This is incredible.

GUERZONI
Wait until we achieve maximum power.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
That might happen sooner than later. The levels are almost off the charts.

GUERZONI
Good. That proves he's worth the money.

He exits the booth and greets Krieg.

KRIEG
Where do we now stand?

GUERZONI
Right on schedule. All of our people shall be pleased.

KRIEG
For sixty years we have had access to this knowledge, but no empath skilled enough to lead us into this final phase.

GUERZONI
That is all well and good, just make sure to spell my name correctly when you write the check.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter and Erin stand outside by the front door.

PETER
That hit the spot. I feel much better.
(hugs Erin tightly)
How about a nightcap?

ERIN
I don't know. You realize that he was watching us the other night?

PETER

Yeah, him and any other viewers
with half-assed purpose out there.

Erin pulls away from Peter.

ERIN

It's really bothering me. Maybe
we're jeopardizing the project with
our relationship.

PETER

Come on, don't think like that. We
need each other. You're the only
thing helping me keep my fucking
head on straight. I still have
amnesia, remember?

ERIN

(snickering)
Very funny.

PETER

Pardon the pun, alright? But most
days I feel like I'm losing my mind
with all this psycho-kinetic
bullshit they keep feeding me. But
at the end of the day, I know I can
look forward to being with you...
to being sane on some level.

ERIN

It just feels like this can be used
against us both.

PETER

Well, you can't think like that,
Erin. You're letting this all get
to you.

(pause)

Listen, if there's anything I've
come to appreciate since I've been
out of the coma, it's to take
things as they come, day by
agonizing day. Because that's all I
have, besides you.

Erin moves closer to him, caressing his face.

ERIN

(tenderly)
You always end up saying the right
things to me.

PETER

At least I'm doing something right.
 (they kiss)
 Hey, don't ever let me forget
 moments like these, in case I do.

ERIN

I won't. No matter what happens, I
 won't.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CHAMPAGNE URBANA - LATER

Guerzoni walks over to Sarkhov who is unplugging himself from
 the monitors beside the viewing platform.

GUERZONI

Are you satisfied with the results?

SARKHOV

I am pleased, yes.

GUERZONI

Wonderful. How about a little
 demonstration, then?

SARKHOV

(smiling fiendishly)
 Pick your target.

He begins hooking the wires back up to his body.

GUERZONI

I suggest we give our fellow
 viewers a dose of their own
 medicine. The Stargate
 headquarters, shall we say?

SARKHOV

Give me a moment to locate them.

GUERZONI

No rush, Sarkhov.
 (walks off towards the
 control booth)
 I've got no plans this evening.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Freeman is engrossed by his handful of paperwork as he walks
 across the main floor of the complex.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CHAMPAGNE URBANA

Sarkhov is all wired up again. Guerzoni sits in the control booth with the technicians as they rev up the Tesla Coil and the Particle Accelerator.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY

Freeman drinks some coffee as he inputs data into a computer. Other employees go about their business inside the complex. The lights inside the room flicker on and off. Freeman looks up only for a moment. Argo enters the room.

ARGO

Good evening, colonel.

FREEMAN

Doctor Argo.

ARGO

We should have those test results available shortly.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CHAMPAGNE URBANA

Sarkhov lays down on the viewing platform in front of the Tesla Coil. The Tesla Coil HUMS and vibrates with electricity as he charges it up.

EXT. CAMPUS - CHAMPAGNE URBANA

AN ENORMOUS TOWER constructed of steel serves as the transmitter of Sarkhov's Death ray. A PULSE of blue energy shoots out from the tip of the tower into the night sky.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY

The pulse arrives at the complex, short-circuiting all the computers at first, then erupting into a LARGE EXPLOSION. Freeman is blasted backwards twenty feet into the window of a control booth, killing him. Argo is half-way out the door as the explosion throws him into the hallway. The other employees are dead as the complex is engulfed in flames.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CHAMPAGNE URBANA

Guerzoni smiles as the Death ray's first testing is a success.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

Target was hit, sir. The pulse achieved maximum impact.

GUERZONI
I was certain that it would.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
Should I keep the generator on
standby?

GUERZONI
I believe that'll be enough for
tonight.
(gets up)
Reduce the power to fifty percent.

He exits the control booth down to the main floor. Sarkhov
gets up to greet him.

GUERZONI
Congratulations.

SARKHOV
Like everything else in this life,
it is merely mind over matter.

GUERZONI
If only others thought as you do.

SARKHOV
Let that be your next project,
then.

INT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY

Argo slowly lifts himself up. He looks inside at the
wreckage of the facility and all of his murdered colleagues.

EXT. PARKING LOT - OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Erin's cell phone RINGS as she opens the car door.

ERIN
Hello.

Peter opens the driver's side door.

ERIN
Doctor Stiles, is that you?

PETER
What's the matter?

Erin lowers the phone from her ear, covering it with her
hand.

ERIN

I don't know. He's frantic, I can't understand him.

(puts the phone back up to her ear)

We're on our way. We'll be there as soon as possible, Doctor.

PETER

This doesn't sound good.

ERIN

(sadly)

Someone attacked the agency. Freeman is dead.

EXT. STARGATE TRAINING FACILITY - LATER

Peter and Erin arrive outside the facility. Firetrucks are parked on the street as the firefighters enter the still burning complex.

ERIN

What the hell was it?

PETER

Sarkhov.

Erin walks up to a FIREMAN.

ERIN

Excuse me, were there any survivors?

FIREMAN

None so far.

ERIN

(upset)

Freeman and Argo were still inside when I left earlier.

PETER

They're not gonna allow us to hang around here.

ERIN

So where are we gonna go?

KRIEG (O.S.)

I believe I can be off assistance to you in this area.

It's Krieg, flanked by two of his henchmen. A van drives up with its side door open. Peter and Erin are tazered and shoved into the van. Krieg gets in as the van speeds off.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter is strapped to a chair underneath a crudely-designed device, a Chinese water torture device.

GUERZONI

I trust you're comfortable.

PETER

You're too kind. Where's the girl?

GUERZONI

She is nearby. Under my supervision.

PETER

Let her go.

GUERZONI

Let her go where, exactly?

Peter struggles to free himself.

PETER

Who the fuck are you, and what do you want with us?

GUERZONI

You mean you honestly do not know?

PETER

I asked you, didn't I?

GUERZONI

Well, I represent a group of individuals very interested in persons of your peculiar abilities.

PETER

Too bad, I'm already spoken for.

GUERZONI

Oh, I'm sure you could be persuaded to change allegiances... with enough proper persuasion.

(moving in closer to

Peter)

I'm sure you're familiar with the concept of Chinese water torture. At least by way of cinema.

PETER
Unfortunately, yes.

GUERZONI
The funny thing is, it's actually an Italian invention. They figured that the eastern connotation would lend a sense of the exotic to an otherwise crude, yet extremely effective method of prisoner interrogation.

PETER
Lucky me.

GUERZONI
I was informed of your sense of humor, and I must say that I'm impressed.

He fiddles with the device, allowing the water to begin dripping on to Peter's forehead. A constant drip begins.

GUERZONI
But I dare say it won't be enough to sustain you once I've... softened you up a bit.

PETER
Do your worst.

GUERZONI
(grinning)
Oh, I certainly intend to.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Erin sits on a bench without any restraints. Krieg is interrogating her...

KRIEG
I'm going to ask you some questions about Stargate and you're going to tell me everything you know. Am I understood?

Erin spits at him, hitting the floor instead.

KRIEG
You missed.

ERIN
Come a little closer.

KRIEG

Thank you for the invitation, but I respectfully decline.

(removes the tazer from his pocket)

You already know what this device can do, so why don't you make this easier for the both of us.

ERIN

Because that just wouldn't be me.

Krieg moves towards her, the tazer activated and HUMMING. Erin relaxes her breathing and closes her eyes. Krieg touches her with the tazer but the effect is reversed by her magnetic field, shocking him instead.

Erin makes the tazer attack Krieg, electrocuting him all over his head and face. Krieg struggles to knock the tazer away.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS - NIGHT

Sarkhov is hooked up to the massive generator as it continues conducting energy through his internal power source.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

This is simply unbelievable. This guy could power Vegas for months at a time.

SECOND TECHNICIAN

They said he was the best there is.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

Remind to get his autograph when this is over.

THE GENERATOR HUMS as it is energized with extra doses of human electricity, adding to its own output.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

What's our baby's status?

SECOND TECHNICIAN

The generator's fine. She's almost at full capacity.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

Let's not overheat her, then.

Sarkhov's closed eyelids flutter while he's in a rapid eye movement stage of his meditation. The Sarkhov-enhanced generator is a success.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter struggles to free himself from the leather straps, unable to concentrate and use his mental abilities.

GUERZONI

I've been observing your struggle from across the room, Peter. You're unable to focus properly, a by-product of this particular torture.

(walks over to Peter)

It is almost painful to me, seeing you so helpless as you are. But it will all be over soon.

PETER

All this drama for nuclear weaponry?

GUERZONI

Come now, Peter. Nuclear weapons are so passé. It's energy, raw unbridled energy that's the key here. One doesn't need a bomb to make things go boom. All you need is a power source.

He leans over Peter, who shakes violently in the chair.

GUERZONI

People like you and Shako are natural reactors... no missile required. And any nation with deep pockets can have one.

PETER

Too bad you need willing participants.

GUERZONI

Too bad for you. There might have been a future for you with our burgeoning enterprise. Now you're just refuse... so much radioactive waste.

PETER

One man's garbage... is another man's... treasure.

GUERZONI

How very true.

PETER

He's here.

GUERZONI

What did you say?

PETER

I can... feel him. And what's more... I can see him... in the next room.

GUERZONI

One thing less for you to worry about.

PETER

What are you planning... in Chicago? That's right. I'm reading... his thoughts right now.

GUERZONI

You're very confident considering the position you're in just now.

PETER

Go... to him. He's calling... for you.

Guerzoni exits the room.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarkhov smokes a cigarette and drinks coffee in the corner. Guerzoni enters, frantic and confused.

GUERZONI

I thought you said he was a novice. He knows about Chicago!

SARKHOV

He knows because you let him know. You are weak-minded and he merely picked your brains for the information.

He flicks the cigarette butt on the floor.

GUERZONI

Not all of us are as special as you, Sarkhov!

SARKHOV

It matters very little what he knows. What can he do to stop us?

GUERZONI

Can't he contact the others he works for?

SARKHOV

Perhaps he can. Then what? Kill him now and end this nonsense. I have far more important things to concentrate on. We need nothing from him.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Krieg is pressed up against the wall of the cell, grabbing at his throat and chest.

ERIN

Can you feel that? I can.

Krieg gasps for air, unable to breath properly.

ERIN

That's your sternum cracking, and you ribs breaking.

Krieg reaches out for the tazer on the floor. A CRACKING sound as his chest collapses under Erin's mental force. Krieg gasps, sliding on to the floor in a heap.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sarkhov gets into a car with Krieg and drives off the campus.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Botso sits in the backseat with Sarkhov.

BOTSO

What do we do about the girl?

SARKHOV

What about her? Get rid of her. I do not care how.

BOTSO

And the American?

SARKHOV

Guerzoni can deal with him. I do not have time for such petty details.

Botso looks up front at his two henchmen.

BOTSO
Take care of it.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guerzoni enters the room. The chair is empty, Peter is gone.

GUERZONI
(angrily)
Porca puttana! Dove sei andata?

Peter is just above him, his back against the ceiling as he suspends himself with magnetic energy.

PETER
Up here, Guerzoni.

Guerzoni looks up, seeing Peter on the ceiling.

GUERZONI
That is impressive. Especially for
a beginner.

He aims quickly SHOOTING at Peter. The bullet ricochets around the room as Peter deflects it with magnetic energy, striking the water mechanism on the torture chair. Water slowly spills out of it, covering the entire chair.

PETER
There's nothing better than
beginner's luck.

Guerzoni FIRES again. The bullet ricochet's and strikes his shoulder. Peter launches himself into Guerzoni, knocking him onto the wet chair. He blasts Guerzoni with an energy burst that electrocutes him. Smoke rises from Guerzoni's head and blood pours out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth as he dies.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The First Technician checks the status of the Particle Accelerator as it operates free of Sarkhov.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
Something's amiss here.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
Like what?

FIRST TECHNICIAN
These levels are dangerously high
right now.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
How many times do you have to hear
that's the whole idea?

FIRST TECHNICIAN
Yeah, but these levels are
dangerous to us. The Tesla Coil's
gonna blow any minute now!

The Second Technician types information into the control
computer.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
Fuck me. You're not lying.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
It's receiving additional power
from another source.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
That's impossible.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
It's fluctuating at an unforeseen
level of energy.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
What's the origin of the other
source?

FIRST TECHNICIAN
I don't know, but it's an organic
one.

AN EXPLOSION rocks the laboratory as the Tesla Coil is
destroyed. Debris scatters all over the place, a large chunk
of the coil crashes against the window of the control booth.
The Technicians fall to the floor covering their heads as
electricity streams short circuit all the computers.

Peter enters the lab, focusing his mind on the Particle
Accelerator, shooting out an ENERGY BLAST from his hands that
strikes the generator, blowing it apart. THE TECHNICIANS
peek up out the shattered window at Peter.

PETER
Get out of here, now!

The Technicians run out of the control booth for the fire
exit. Peter stands amidst the destruction, tracking Erin by
telepathy.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter jogs down a hallway trying to pick up a clue telepathically of Erin's whereabouts. He stops for a beat, relaxing his mind and breathing deeply.

PETER
Come on, Erin. Give me something.
I know I'm close.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Erin gets up off the floor, sensing Peter's presence and his attempts to contact her.

ERIN
(softly)
Peter.

INT. HALLWAY

Peter latches on to her telepathy, smiling as he realizes she can hear him.

ERIN
That's my girl. Now show me where
you are.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Erin closes her eyes in concentration as leads Peter to her cell.

ERIN'S P.O.V.

She sees Peter coming down the hallway towards her cell.

PETER (O.S.)
Erin! Are you in there?

Erin presses up against the door.

ERIN
Yes! I'm in here!

PETER (O.S.)
How do I get you out of there?

ERIN
You're the one with all the gifts,
Peter!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter stands back from the door. He concentrates, sending an energy blast against it. The door EXPLODES but Erin's not inside.

PETER
So much for reading minds.

ERIN (O.S.)
Peter, what happened?

PETER
I got the wrong room. Hold on.

He senses something. Krieg's henchmen appear around the corner, heading straight to Erin's cell. As they walk past the door, they stop to inspect the damage. Peter suspends himself up against the ceiling like before.

INT. CELL

Erin is startled as the henchmen enter. She moves backwards into the corner as they grab her.

ERIN
Let me go! Peter! Stop them,
please!

They drag her out into the hallway as she kicks and screams. The First henchman pulls his gun out, cocking the hammer, aiming it at Erin's head.

ERIN
No, no!

Peter drops from the ceiling and uses his powers to choke the two henchmen. They back away from Erin, holding their throats as Peter backs them up against the wall.

PETER
Leave now. I'll catch up with you
in a minute.

Erin kisses his cheek then takes off running. Peter is angry. Slowly the henchmen are lifted by the force of Peter's mind up the cell walls until they choke to death. As Peter exits, they're still suspended against the walls.

INT. CAR - LATER

Botso drives as Sarkhov relaxes in the front seat.

SARKHOV
Krieg is dead.

BOTSO
What?

SARKHOV
Mk'vdari. The girl has killed him.
I underestimated her.

BOTSO
Are we still on schedule with our
plans?

SARKHOV
Now more than ever.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CHICAGO - DAY

Peter and Erin rent a car to track Sarkhov. They get in and drive off the lot towards Chicago's famous Loop district.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ERIN
So why Chicago? Why's he here?

PETER
I'm not sure. He's blocking me from reading that part of his mind, but I can see that he's here.

ERIN
And what do you propose we do if we find him?

PETER
Put him down, I suppose. He has to be stopped.

ERIN
I can't stop thinking about Doctor Argo.

PETER
He and Freeman knew the risks of the project when they created it.

ERIN
(sadly)
Still... he was a mentor to me. A father figure.

Peter reaches over and grabs hold of her hand, squeezing it tightly with reassurance.

EXT. THE LOOP - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO

Peter and Erin walk down a sidewalk underneath the elevated tracks.

ERIN
What is it? Can you see something?

PETER
It's more like I'm feeling something, as opposed to a vision.
(pause)
I've been here before.

ERIN
You mean, Chicago?

PETER
Yes... and this street. Precisely where we're standing now.

He looks all around him. The buildings, the streetlights, the street corners all look familiar to him.

PETER
I walked these streets, Erin. I...
I patrolled these streets.

ERIN
You were a policemen, remember?
Even Argo told you so.

PETER
But he never told me where.

He walks up to the side of a building, touching its brick surface, feeling the vibrations, searching for anything to trigger his memory.

PETER
Now I know.

ERIN
This means you getting your memory back.

PETER
Piece by piece. But why this street... out of all the others?

ERIN

Maybe this is where you were shot.

Peter takes off walking down an alley. Erin jogs to catch up to him.

PETER

It's possible. I feel vibrations of all sorts. Ringing in my ears.

ERIN

Take your time. Concentrate like you're on a viewing platform.

Peter stops, exhaling and inhaling deep breaths. Erin walks over to him, placing her hands on his shoulders.

ERIN

Here, let me help you.

PETER'S P.O.V.

TWO POLICEMEN chase a MAN down the exact same street and alley Peter and Erin are standing in. The man turns around as he's being chased, flashing a gun at the policemen. HE FIRES. A BULLET flies straight at Peter, striking him in the forehead.

ERIN'S P.O.V.

She sees the policeman being shot in the head. Blood spurts out of the fatal wound, splashing her in the face. Peter sways back and forth, dizzy from the vision. Erin's dizzy too, effected by the bond between them.

ERIN

Jesus, that was powerful.

Peter catches his breath, a bit disoriented from reliving the shooting.

PETER

Imagine how it feels to me.

ERIN

Is there anything else to the vision?

Peter looks around the alley, it resembles any generic alley in any big American city. Garbage all over the place.

PETER

No. That's it.

He massages the spot on his forehead where the scar from the bullet wound is still visible.

ERIN

Don't worry. One day it's all going to come flooding back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarkhov smokes a cigarette as he gazes out the window, his eyes fixated on the the Sears Tower.

EXT. ADDISON STATION - WRIGLEYVILLE - LATER

Peter and Erin stand on the crowded platform waiting for the next train. Behind them Wrigley Field is visible.

PETER

What's on your mind?

ARGO

Doctor Argo.

PETER

I figured as much.

ERIN

I just can't believe it's all happening like this.

PETER

What I can't believe is that I'm actually trying to hunt down Sarkhov. I mean, what are we gonna do to him?

ERIN

I don't know.

PETER

Shouldn't some secret government agency SWAT team be on the lookout for him?

ERIN

It's just us now.

Peter moves in closer to Erin, hugging her.

PETER

I say we give up, go home, and go to bed for two weeks.

ERIN

I say we get something to eat. I know a quiet place a few stops from here.

PETER

So, you've been to sweet home Chicago before?

ERIN

Sure I have.

PETER

Okay.

ERIN

Maybe you'll be surprised.

PETER

Wait a minute, from what I remember this is my city. I can take you to the best places to eat, come on.

ERIN

Not to beat a dead horse, Peter, but I bet you can't remember where those places are, can you?

The train pulls up to the station, its doors open up, unloading hundreds of people.

PETER

When I get my memory back, you're in trouble.

ERIN

I'm counting on it.

Peter and Erin board the train.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Botso enters the room, chowing down on a submarine sandwich. Sarkhov is laying down on the bed, his forearm laid across his eyes.

BOTSO

Are you ready?

SARKHOV

Almost.

BOTSO

It'll be dark soon.

SARKHOV
Come back for me then.

INT. GERMAN RESTAURANT - LATER

Peter and Erin are in an old German neighborhood on the North Side. They sit at a table inside a noisy, boisterous beerhall.

PETER
You said you knew a quiet place.

ERIN
How was I supposed to know they begin celebrating Oktoberfest in September.

PETER
As long as the food is good.

ERIN
It is, trust me.

PETER
Wait on your sausage, why don't you.

ERIN
I miss good beer.

The ACCORDION PLAYER of the band comes over to their table. Peter smiles at him but is clearly bothered. The Accordion Player saunters over to Erin who is a bit more receptive.

PETER
(getting up)
I'm going outside for a minute.

ERIN
What'd you say?

PETER
I'll be outside. I need some air.

ERIN
Okay.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks across the street to small park situated in the middle of a cul-de-sac. There are benches on either side of a modest fountain. Peter feels dizzy, like he does just before a flashback or vision.

PETER'S P.O.V.

Sarkhov and Botso get inside their car, driving off down a street. Then a stranger pops into the frame, the scene is no longer Chicago. It's a burning building. Argo crawls to safety.

PETER
Son of a bitch. You're alive.

He turns around and faces Botso, who stands next to Erin outside the restaurant. Botso holds Erin, a gun poking her in the waist.

BOTSO
Hello, Peter.
(Peter slowly walks
towards him)
Sarkhov wishes to thank you for
being so easy to track.

PETER
Let her go.

BOTSO
That is not how this works, I'm
afraid.

ERIN
I'm alright, Peter.

People pass them by on the sidewalk, oblivious of the situation.

PETER
You don't get to make the rules.

BOTSO
That is where you are wrong.
Unless you never want to see her
again.

Botso starts walking Erin away up the street. Peter moves towards them. An invisible force field blocks Peter. He tries to take a step and is unable to move.

BOTSO
(grinning)
Now you know what you're up
against.

PETER
Where is he?

BOTSO

He is much closer than you think.

Botso and Erin disappear around the corner. A couple of beats later and Peter is released from the force field.

SARKHOV (O.S.)

Turn around, Peter.

Peter hears Sarkhov's voice in his head. He turns around and walks down the other end of the street.

EXT. END OF THE STREET - LINCOLN SQUARE

Peter walks through a parking lot beneath the elevated train tracks. Sarkhov stands at the other end, about a hundred yards away. He walks towards Peter on the empty street. As he passes by the rows of parked cars their headlights flash on and off from the energy he projects. All the streetlights grow brighter then dim as he passes them.

PETER

That's a neat party trick you have there.

SARKHOV

Perhaps I'll show it to you sometime.

PETER

In another life.

SARKHOV

Yes, another life.

PETER

Where is she?

SARKHOV

The woman?

PETER

What have you done with her?

SARKHOV

You Americans, always wishing to be heroic. I think you watch too many movies for your own good.

PETER

You can leave her out of this.

SARKHOV

Can I? She is also trained in our abilities, is she not?

He waves his right hand and the car headlights stop flashing.

SARKHOV

She is perhaps more powerful than you, I think.

PETER

She got mixed up in all of this, the same as me.

SARKHOV

And you're the one they sent to find and challenge me?

PETER

It looks that way, yeah.

SARKHOV

Pitiful.

PETER

(sarcastic)

Be fair, Sarkhov. You haven't even given me a chance.

He closes his eyes, summoning up kinetic energy. He focuses it in Sarkhov's direction, striking Sarkhov in the chest, knocking him backwards a few steps.

SARKHOV

Impressive, for a novice.

PETER

Don't go anywhere. There's more where that came from.

He focuses again but Sarkhov beats him, releasing a burst of his own. It strikes Peter hard, knocking him to the ground.

SARKHOV

I recommend you stay down.

Peter looks up at him, realizing just how powerful Sarkhov truly is.

PETER

That's just not my style.

Sarkhov moves in closer to him, still being cautious.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Botso drags Erin towards his car, the gun still pressed against her waste.

ERIN

Where are you taking me?

BOTSO

To final resting place.
 (opens the driver's side door)
 All right, get in.
 (shoving Erin into the seat)
 Go over to your side.

Erin obeys him. As Botso leans in someone slams the car door against him. The door slams his fat gut against the frame. Erin grabs the gun from his hand as Botso tries to fend off his attacker. Botso collapses to the pavement. Argo is alive, quickly jumping into the driver's seat.

INT. BOTSO'S CAR

ERIN

Doctor, you're alive!

ARGO

Just barely. That was a quite a scare back at the facility.

ERIN

I don't know what to say.

ARGO

Start by telling me where Peter can be found.

EXT. LINCOLN SQUARE

Sarkhov stands over Peter.

SARKHOV

It is ironic that I've been watching you, watching me.
 (Peter gets on his feet)
 You thought that I did not know who you were, or what you were doing, yes?

PETER

I didn't choose any of this.

SARKHOV

None of us did, friend. It chose us.

He unleashes another burst that hits Peter, lifting him into the air and suspending him.

SARKHOV

And who are we to deny its call!

Sarkhov is playing with him, showing off his powers. Peter resists, bringing himself back down.

SARKHOV

You have heart, American. This is good.

PETER

I also have abilities.

SARKHOV

Then by all means, show me.

Peter concentrates, sending an energy surge at Sarkhov. Sarkhov deflects the invisible energy off to the side, where it explodes into a BRICK WALL, spraying debris on him.

SARKHOV

You'll have to do better than that.

He retaliates with a powerful surge of his own. Peter jumps out of the way just in time as the surge hits a PARKED CAR, blowing out its windows.

SARKHOV

This will not end well for you, friend. You have been manipulated by the greed of others.

Peter gets back on his feet, facing Sarkhov.

PETER

Not only me, Sarkhov. Take a look at yourself. What do you see in the mirror?

SARKHOV

I see power, control. A man who shapes his own destiny.

Peter sends a rapid burst, catching Sarkhov off guard. The burst strikes Sarkhov in the upper body, knocking him off balance. Peter rushes forward, tackling Sarkhov to the pavement. They wrestle on the ground.

Sarkhov breaks free from Peter's grip long enough to stun him with an energy surge. The SURGE lifts Peter off the ground, throwing him backwards dozens of feet. Peter lands hard, flipping over onto his stomach. He gets back on his feet quickly. Sarkhov is gone.

SARKHOV (O.S.)

Over here.

Peter turns around to find Sarkhov levitating six feet in the air, suspended by sheer mind control.

SARKHOV

How can you hope to compete with me?

It's a fair question. Peter looks at Sarkhov, absolutely astounded by his abilities.

PETER

That'll be my problem.

He leaps into the air, grabbing hold of Sarkhov's legs and pulls him back down to the street. Sarkhov throws Peter on to the hood of car, then leaps onto the roof in a single step. He then jumps upward to the elevated train tracks about ten feet above Peter.

SARKHOV

I thought you were game, Peter.
Show me you have heart!

Peter closes his eyes and concentrates, summoning enough energy to propel himself upward at Sarkhov. He misjudges, and misses the tracks. He falls downward, grabbing the steel towers supporting the tracks. Sarkhov leans over the edge.

SARKHOV

You are very close.

He focuses on Peter, lifting him up with his magnetic field until he stands on the tracks opposite himself.

PETER

Why so generous?

SARKHOV

They told me you were the best they had. I want you to prove it to me.

PETER

This isn't a competition. I just want the girl back, unharmed.

SARKHOV

Then you are a great fool, and far
more naive than I took you for.

He makes the lights on the tracks flash on and off just like
headlights.

SARKHOV

You see, Peter. I am truly one
with the universe.

Then he causes the train tracks themselves to tremble and
rattle.

SARKHOV

Some men marvel at the Pyramids of
Egypt, and others marvel at the
statue of David. But what about
us, our kind?

SPARKS shoot up of the tracks in blue and yellow flashes.

SARKHOV

We are the real marvels of the
world, I think. The human body is
a super conductor, a massive
reservoir of explosive... energy!

He shoots an energy wave at Peter that knocks him to the
ground and drags him backward several yards.

SARKHOV

In fact, we are the last of a dying
breed.

He looks up, detecting a coming train. We hear The train
HORN sounding in the distance. Peter gets on his feet, ready
to fight back.

PETER

You know that I have to stop you.

SARKHOV

I know that you have to try.

The train is getting closer.

PETER

I guess this where the rubber meets
the road.

SARKHOV

I have no idea what that expression
means.

PETER

Then let me explain it to you.

He releases a power surge that knocks Sarkhov backwards several yards. The train is bearing down on them. Sarkhov jumps up. He concentrates, sending his magnetic field towards the lead car. The train slowly loses speed, coming to a complete stop before Sarkhov's outstretched arm.

SARKHOV

Do you see, Peter? We are the chosen ones! We are the ones wielding true power!

PETER

No, Sarkhov. We're just the freaks they use to dictate policy.

SARKHOV

(laughing)

Ha, ha. And if you believe that, you are a complete fool!

He looks down the tracks beyond Peter. Another train is coming. Sarkhov releases his hold on the train, leaping out of the way as it speeds off. Peter charges at him, tackling Sarkhov to the tracks where they wrestle. The other train is almost upon them now.

SARKHOV

It's time to leave you.

Sarkhov knocks Peter off of him and stands in front of the racing train's path. He vanishes into thin air as the train seemingly rams into him.

INT. BOTSOS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Erin and Argo drive through near the restaurant where she and Peter were abducted.

ARGO

What now? We can't just drive aimlessly throughout the city.

ERIN

I can't get a lock on them. I can't concentrate while we're moving.

ARGO

Keep trying. You have to be able to get us within a mile or two of them.

ERIN
I'll try. But what do we do when
we find them?

ARGO
That's between you and Peter.
You're the adepts.

ERIN
Sarkhov tracked us here to Lincoln
Square, then that man took me to
the street where you found me.

ARGO
What about the train?
(pointing to the elevated
tracks)
Where does that train go?

ERIN
That's the Ravenswood line.
Downtown to the Loop.

ARGO
All right. How do we get there
faster?

ERIN
Lake Shore Drive.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sarkhov sits calmly on the Brown Line train as it heads
downtown to Chicago's world-famous Loop district while...

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

...Peter stands amongst the crowded throngs on another train
also headed towards the Loop.

EXT. PLAZA - SEARS TOWER - LATER

Sarkhov walks into the lobby of the tallest building in North
America.

INT. LOBBY - SEARS TOWER

Sarkhov walks calmly over to the elevator bay and begins his
journey to the roof.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - THE LOOP

Peter gets off his train and stands on the platform. He walks over to the railing overlooking the street, leaning on it for a couple of beats. He senses a trace of Sarkhov's signal nearby. Peter looks between two skyscrapers right in front of him... where the Sears Tower looms large, several blocks away.

EXT. ROOF - SEARS TOWER

Sarkhov blasts the door to the roof off its hinges. Just above him are two towering TELEVISION ANTENNAS. He climbs a ladder on the side of the housing unit for the antennas.

INT. BOTSOS' CAR

Argo and Erin drive south on Lake Shore Drive, still uncertain of their ultimate destination.

ARGO
Anything yet?

ERIN
It's all fuzzy to me.

ARGO
If only this were Paris... they'd be headed towards the Eiffel Tower. They could use the tower as a super conductor for Telluric currents, the grandfather of Tesla Coils.

ERIN
(a lightbulb turns on)
Say that again, doc.

ARGO
Telluric currents, from Foucault's Pendulum....

ERIN
They're headed towards a tower.

ARGO
What sort of tower.

ERIN
Chicago has two of the tallest buildings in North America.

ERIN
The John Hancock building?

ARGO
 (slaps the dashboard)
 Or the Sears Tower.

ERIN
 Well, which one is it?

ARGO
 You tell me, Erin. You're the one
 with ESP.

ERIN
 Which one is tallest?

ARGO
 There's no time to try both, just
 pick one.

They approach the Michigan Avenue exit that leads to the John Hancock building.

ARGO
 Quickly, Erin. We're almost at the
 exit.

ERIN
 Keep driving.

They speed past the exit on towards downtown.

EXT. ROOF - SEARS TOWER - NIGHT

Peter storms through a door of the mechanical penthouse. Sarkhov stands between the two white antenna towers situated on top of a smaller rooftop. Peter climbs the ladder to the platform, sneaking up behind Sarkhov.

PETER
 It's over, Shako. There's nowhere
 left to run.

SARKHOV
 You cannot be serious. Who intends
 on stopping me?

PETER
 I do, for one.

SARKHOV
 I must admit, your persistence is
 commendable. I never expected you
 to give chase as you have.

(pause)
 (MORE)

SARKHOV (CONT'D)

Still, we've gone through this before, friend. You are no match for me. Accept it, and save yourself.

Peter walks slowly over to him.

PETER

I'm feeling cocky now. I think I'll give you another go.

SARKHOV

But this time I have to kill you. I was beginning to like you, Peter.

PETER

Sorry to disappoint you.

He sends an energy burst straight at Sarkhov. It's deflected away and strikes the railing, bending the metal out of shape.

SARKHOV

You see that? That is the force field generated by these antenna towers. It is extremely powerful as you can well imagine.

PETER

So why don't you come down from there where it's a fair fight.

SARKHOV

Again with the theatrics, Peter. Your childishness now bores me.

He looks up at the antennas as they HUM with boundless energy. Sarkhov levitates several feet in the air between the antenna towers as only he can do. Blue electricity emanates from his body.

Peter closes his eyes in concentration. He too levitates several feet upward until he's level with Sarkhov. BLUE STREAMS of energy pulsate upwards from the base of the antennas and up into the sky. Sarkhov rotates to face Peter.

SARKHOV

Can you feel it, Peter? Truly this is mind over matter.

PETER

No. This is the abuse of power, and responsibility.

He lifts his arms up as they surge with kinetic energy ready to disperse. Peter directs energy at Sarkhov. Sarkhov fends off the burst and it strikes one of the antenna towers, causing a huge explosion of flame and wild electric currents.

SARKHOV

You cannot stop it, now. You cannot stop me.

A HUGE RAY of blue energy shoots outward from the antenna towers like a guided laser beam over the city, striking the roof of a nearby skyscraper. A FIREBALL EXPLODES into the sky from the top of the burning building.

SARKHOV

Within the orb itself, pillowed upon its alabaster arms, like to a child o'erwearied with sweet toil, on its own folded wings and wavy hair the Spirit of the Earth is laid asleep...

ANOTHER RAY blasts out of the antennas, striking the surface of Lake Michigan. WATER ERUPTS from the impact sending a shockwave across the surface several miles out. Peter tries desperately to penetrate Sarkhov's magnetic field but is unable to do so. He thrusts himself forward, ramming through the magnetic field, knocking Sarkhov up against the antenna. They wrestle one another, suspended in the air by their unique abilities.

PETER

This will be the end... for either one of us, or both!

He and Sarkhov rotate around the middle of the antenna as they struggle with one another.

SARKHOV

That's better! Now you're my equal!

The entire rooftop CRACKLES and HUMS as blue electricity waves radiate all over the railings and antennas, bathing the Sears Tower in a blanket of sheer kinetic energy produced by Peter and Sarkhov.

EXT. PLAZA

Erin and Argo watch from below as the blue energy arcs and puts on a dazzling but eerie light show.

EXT. SEARS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Erin and Argo arrive by car on the street next to the main plaza.

ERIN
They're on the roof.

ARGO
The antennas. Shako wants to use
the antennas as conductors.

ERIN
Is that even possible?

ARGO
Quite possible, and deadly.

They enter the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - SEARS TOWER

A SECURITY GUARD walks over to them as they enter.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry, folks. But the building
is closed. There's been a power
outage.

ARGO
For the entire building?

SECURITY GUARD
Yes. Hundreds of people are
trapped in the elevators as we
speak. You'll have to evacuate the
building.

ARGO
Well, the stairs are out of the
question.

ERIN
That goes without saying.

ARGO
Do we have a plan B?

ERIN
Not as of yet, but give me a
minute.

They walk off undetected by the occupied Security Guard towards the elevator bay.

EXT. SEARS TOWER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Sarkhov exchange energy bursts that light up the Chicago sky. Streams of blue electricity surge through their bodies and meet halfway between them in an ENERGY BALL suspended above the antennas. The access door for the roof opens up as Erin comes bursting through.

Sarkhov forces Peter backward in a surge of superior strength. Peter flies through the air, smashing against the railing around the antennas, leaving him hanging above the rooftop. Sarkhov uses his powers to sling objects at Peter.

INT. ELEVATOR - SEARS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Erin and Argo stand inside the powerless elevator.

ARGO

Sneaking passed the guards is far easier than what I believe you have in mind.

ERIN

Be patient, doc. Let me concentrate.

She closes her eyes, summoning up the mental strength to power the elevator. The lights flicker on and off for a few beats. The elevator rocks, lifting up a few feet. Erin inhales and exhales with deep breaths. The lights flicker again. The elevator RUMBLES, springing to life and slowly beginning its long journey towards the roof.

ARGO

You did it, Erin. By God, you did it!

ERIN

Don't praise me yet. Only one-hundred and three floors to go.

Argo gets out of the elevator.

ERIN

Where are you going?

ARGO

Carry on without me. I'll only slow you down.

ERIN

Doctor Argo!

The doors begin to close.

ARGO

The power is within you. I'll join
you momentarily.

The elevator door is shut and headed towards the roof.

EXT. ROOF - SEARS TOWER

Sarkhov and Peter continue their epic battle.

SARKHOV

Not only does it require
responsibility, Peter. It also
requires stamina, and tremendous
willpower.

Sarkhov senses his weakening spirit as he closes in for the
kill. He blasts Peter with a maximum output of kinetic
energy as the rooftop door opens to reveal Erin. Sarkhov
sends a SECTION OF RAILING flying across the rooftop towards
her. She dodges it at the last moment.

PETER

No! Leave her alone!

More metal objects fly across the roof at her, a piece of
piping strikes her thigh, knocking her hard to the ground.

ERIN

Peter!

SARKHOV

What's the matter, love? Peter has
his own set of problems.

He walks towards her, debris follows his wake. Peter pulls
himself up. Erin can't stand. She scoots away from Sarkhov.

SARKHOV

And now it is time to say good
night.

Sarkhov directs a JAGGED PIPE like a javelin straight at the
defenseless Erin, right before the pipe strikes her in the
face, it suddenly stops, suspended in the air by Peter's
projection of a force field. The pipe levitates, floating
just in front of her face before Peter releases it to the
ground. Sarkhov flicks his hand, sending two AIR
CONDITIONING UNITS speeding right at Peter.

He deflects one, the other smashes into his chest and knocks
him off the platform. Sarkhov positions himself directly
between Peter and Erin.

SARKHOV
Now I can kill you both.

PETER
(angrily)
I told you to leave her out of
this!

SARKHOV
If you put your nose into water...
you will also wet your cheeks.

Peter closes his eyes, relaxing himself completely. The jagged levitating pipe is released, flying backwards at Sarkhov. The pipe shoots through his torso and propels him backwards into one of the antenna towers. Sarkhov tries to stand, the pain unbearable. Peter gets up, breathing heavily.

PETER
Join me, Erin. We can put a stop
to him!

SARKHOV
(to Peter)
Do you really think, you're more
powerful than me?

PETER
No... but we are.

He aims his right hand at the weakened Sarkhov, delivering a lethal burst of energy. Erin channels her abilities with Peter's into one single stream of intense force. They blast Sarkhov with their combined energy. The antenna towers light up a magnificent blue as the deflected energy waves wrap around them.

AN EXPLOSION rips through the antennas, shorting them out and flinging debris all over the roof. Sarkhov bursts into flames, then explodes into a thousand pieces.

ERIN
It's finished. Are you alright?

PETER
Yeah, I'm just exhausted.

ERIN
I know. I'm drained. Even I never
used my abilities like that before.

They both slowly drop to the ground.

PETER
Shit. This really takes it out of
you.

ERIN
Imagine doing it full time.

PETER
No thanks.

A BLACK HELICOPTER with no markings lands on the roof. Out
jumps Argo, looking around at the scope of the destruction.

ARGO
Now don't go and tell me I've
missed all the fireworks.

ERIN
I hate to be the one to break it
you, doc. But, yeah, the party's
over.

ARGO
Sarkhov?

PETER
Overheated.

ERIN
I think he finally got what he'd
always wanted.

PETER
To become pure energy.

ARGO
(scratching his head)
I'm just relieved you're both
alright.

PETER
Hey, doc. I think I've got my
memory back.

ARGO
Now that's good news.

PETER
Only if the memories are good.

ARGO
 I'm sure they are, son.
 (looks out over Lake
 Michigan)
 Joyous Lake.

PETER
 You knew all along.

ARGO
 Synchronicity played its part, and
 felt dealt its hand.

PETER
 Success... perseverance is
 favorable.

ARGO
 Lakes resting one on the other.
 Thus the superior man joins with
 his friends for discussion, and
 practice.
 (to Erin)
 And you, Erin. You've come through
 with flying colors.

Erin smiles.

PETER
 So, am I entitled to a vacation
 now, doc?

ARGO
 I don't see why not. In fact it'll
 help tremendously with our damage
 control and general mop-up.

PETER
 Who are you really, Argo?

ARGO
 Ah, that's classified, Peter.
 Besides, I told you before. Surely
 you remember.

He extends his right arm towards Peter. His right hand opens up, palms upward, his index and middle finger pointing outward with his thumb. Peter stares at the strange handsign, unsure of where he's seen it before.

FLASHBACK

EXT. CAMBODIA - DAY

The same handsign is pointing at Peter only he's a young boy inside of a Huey Chopper. It's the same vision he has seen only bits and pieces of over the previous weeks. Eleven other young children, boys and girls, are with him and they all exit the Huey into a large open field. The hand held out in front of Young Peter belongs to Argo, himself thirty years younger.

Soldiers escort the children into the center of the clearing and arrange them into a semi-circle with Young Peter the middle child. Argo points to the jungle. The children close their eyes and join hands, focusing in an energy collective. The soldiers move out of the way, back behind the Huey.

Argo stands to the side, supervising and orchestrating the psy-ops event. A LOW HUM resonates from the semi-circle as the ground vibrates. The soldiers cover their ears, some falling to their knees. Above the treeline, plumes of flame appear as several explosions go off in different strategic positions. Argo waves his right arm, an explosion above the treetops as the child soldiers score a powerful blow.

FLASHBACK ENDS

PETER

I don't believe it. I've known you since I was a child.

ARGO

You were the most sensitive and powerful of the adepts. Without you the powers of the others wouldn't have been as concentrated. You were the focal point, Peter.

PETER

My memory. How long have I been doing this?

ARGO

After the war your memory was erased and you were placed back into normal society. You were a Chicago police officer for many years until you were shot.

PETER

How did you find me?

ARGO

We are psy-ops, Peter. Remote viewers have tracked your moves for years.

PETER

Right now, I'm too damn tired to be pissed off at you for stealing my life.

ARGO

I understand. Everyone comes to grips with it in their own way, in their own time.

PETER

Great. I don't remember my childhood at all.

ARGO

It was taken from you, against your will. But with my help, we can begin to help you remember.

PETER

Will I actually want to remember?

ARGO

That part's entirely up to you.

He walks off towards the waiting helicopter. Erin gets up, helping Peter to his feet.

ERIN

How are you feeling now?

PETER

Same as before. But I'm remembering all sorts of things at once.

ERIN

Really? That's wonderful.

PETER

It's just bits and pieces here and there.

ERIN

Like what?

PETER

Well, for one thing, I'm not married.

ERIN
Okay. Good to know.

PETER
I was kinda worried about that one.

ERIN
Don't you think she would have
visited you by now?

PETER
I don't know. Maybe I was an
asshole.

ERIN
No, you're not.
(she kisses him)
And you're alright in my book.

PETER
Good to know.

ERIN
Can I buy you a drink?

PETER
(sighing)
That'd be nice. But I think
they've closed for the night, at
least in this neighborhood.

ERIN
We'll make do.

They start walking towards the rooftop exit.

ERIN
Looks like we're taking the stairs.

PETER
That's alright. We've got time.
(puts his arm around her
shoulders)
We make quite the pair, you know?

ERIN
Just don't let it go to your head.

Peter stops walking, focusing in on something on Erin's face
as he holds her still.

ERIN
What is it?

It's an EYELASH resting on top of her cheek. Peter gently removes it with his index finger, displaying it to Erin.

ERIN

Hurry up, make a wish.

Peter closes his eyes then blows the eyelash off the tip of his finger.

FADE OUT:

THE END