

THE BLANKED

PILOT - "FROM THE ABYSS"

by

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TEASER

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Rain pelts the frosted window.

An OFFBEAT SONG plays in the background. An obscure melody, cheerful but eerie, whimsical yet tragic.

The MAN's voice drowns out the WOMAN's desperate whimpers...

KEN
Can you feel it?

His eyes less than an inch away from hers.

KEN
The blood rushing.

His hand touches her distraught face.

KEN
It's purifying, isn't it?

Her tears move upward.

PAN TO REVEAL

Two naked bodies dangle upside down from the ceiling, held by chains wrapped around their ankles...

The man, KEN PRICE (30s), athletic build, with eyes that reveal a darkness, runs his hand alongside her body.

KEN
There's something beautiful about
us.

The woman, TYRA JONES (late 20s), demure, a fresh beauty with soft mocha skin, trembles.

KEN
Don't you think?

Tyra hesitates to answer.

KEN
(yells)
Don't you!!

She nods. With a tremor in her voice...

TYRA

Yes.

Ken hums to the music.

KEN

It's sunny today. The grass was...

He gestures with his hand.

KEN

Glistening, almost sparkling. It reminded me of the painting. You know the one.

Tyra nods.

He smells her skin.

KEN

But nothing compares to this.

Door BUSTS open.

SWAT TEAM storms in with automatic weapons and NYPD markings.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Holy shit.

The entirety of the room becomes visible. S&M devices with perverse shapes line the walls in perfect order -- leather whips with odd metal tips, twisted metallic rods, oddly shaped surgical devices, unusual crotch straps with attachments.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

SUPER: NINE MONTHS LATER

RILEY SMITH (50s), with a worn down look, walks alongside the prosecutor...

JACK LOMAN(30s), confident, chipper, walks with a swagger.

JACK

Why do you even bother?

RILEY

I don't know, maybe it's my job.

JACK

What job? You know what's going to happen to him just as much as I do.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Riley looks at paperwork. Ken sits across the table, shackled. Ken closes his eyes, lifts his nose.

KEN

Lavender.

Riley looks up.

KEN

Yeah, I could tell right away. The scent just followed her. Like nothing I've ever smelled before.

Ken leans forward, shackled hands in tow.

KEN

I want to remember her.

A sinister smirk emerges.

RILEY

You and I both know that's not going to happen.

KEN

Can't you appeal? It's your job, right?

Riley chuckles.

RILEY

Guys like you never cease to amaze me.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

State of New York emblem hangs on the wall.

JUDGE (50s), stern face, devoid of pity, looks at Ken, already risen. Riley stands next to him.

Jack stands alone across the aisle. Tyra's mother sits behind Jack...

HEATHER JONES(40s), frowned faced, listens.

JUDGE

Despicable and heinous are words I find myself saying often in this courtroom, but this... there are no words for.

Judge shakes his head.

JUDGE

Alright. On behalf of this courtroom and the State of New York, Mr. Ken Price, I hereby sentence you to be blanked.

Ken doesn't flinch.

JUDGE

As such, all records, news articles, anything else related to this crime, and all your memories of this crime and of the events that contributed to it shall be erased.

Heather lunges at Ken with scissors. CROWD gasps.

Ken turns, grabs her wrist just before the scissors touch him. He looks into her eyes.

KEN

I see everything.

Heather looks disturbed by his words.

Bailiffs grab Heather.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dive bar with just a few customers. New York City traffic noise comes through door when a CUSTOMER exits.

At bar, perched on stools, sit Riley and Jack. Riley slams back a shot. Jack looks over, concerned.

JACK

Don't be too hard on yourself.

RILEY

I'm not. He deserved it.

JACK

Then why the face?

RILEY

Why am I still doing this? And for what, so they can get right back out there again?

JACK

Look, you know just well as I do, the system works. Nobody who got blanked has ever committed a crime again.

RILEY

What are you, an infomercial?

JACK

You know what I mean.

RILEY

Yeah, yeah, prisons are half empty, violent crimes are rare, blah, blah, blah.

JACK

You know it's true.

RILEY

I don't know. I've dealt with these guys for thirty years.

Riley slams back another one.

RILEY

I think all the psycho-babble about events triggering their behavior is bullshit.

JACK
What is it then?

RILEY
Instinct.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

PRISON GUARD (30s), built not to be messed with, instructs Ken. SECOND GUARD (20s) watches. Ken stands naked.

PRISON GUARD
Open your mouth.

Ken opens it.

Guard looks inside with a small flashlight.

PRISON GUARD
Turn around.

Ken turns.

PRISON GUARD
Spread 'em.

KEN
Why do I --?

PRISON GUARD
Shut the fuck up and spread 'em.

Ken hesitates.

PRISON GUARD
(to second guard)
Our boy thinks he's in charge.

Prison guard punches Ken in the back with brutal force. Ken grimaces but remains upright.

Prison guard follows up with another punch. This time Ken buckles to his knees.

A piece of paper falls from his butt.

CLOSE ON: PAPER

"Tyra Jones" is handwritten on it.

INT. HIGH TECH ROOM - DAY

Sterile white room with large windows and minimal high tech equipment.

Ken lies on a moveable table that goes into a MRI-like machine. He's strapped in.

FACILITATOR (30s), deliberate in both gesture and speech, stands next to Ken. Two GUARDS watch through the window.

FACILITATOR

My name is Byron. I'm here to tell you what's going to happen after the procedure.

KEN

(chuckles)

What's the fucking point? I won't remember.

FACILITATOR

The law says I have to.

(beat)

You'll wake up in a bed... An apartment the government selected. It'll feel familiar, like any other day. You'll go to work. Live your life. You'll have bank accounts set up. Pretty much everything you need.

KEN

Work?

FACILITATOR

A government contractor. They won't know you've been... Everyone will think corporate hired you. You'll even have a different name.

KEN

What will I remember?

FACILITATOR

It'll feel like you lived a normal life. All your misdeeds never happened.

Facilitator nods to the TECHNICIAN. He presses a button.

KEN

I'll remember her.

The tray moves into the machine.

FACILITATOR
Tyra will be erased from your
memory.

KEN
Don't be so sure.

Facilitator's dismissive.

FACILITATOR
I'm sure.

Ken moves into the dark chamber.

KEN (O.S.)
(determined)
I'll find her again.

OVER BLACK:

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

SNIPPETS of Ken's life appear as prolonged flashes, then
dissolve into blackness.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ken (10), looks through a key hole into the --

BEDROOM

His FATHER (40s), a bare chested beast, punches his MOTHER
(30s), a distraught naked beauty, in the face.

FATHER
You're not listening.

His mother regroups, falls to her knees and unbuckles his
pants.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ken (12) sits in the backseat of a car.

His father closes the door, then walks towards a motel room
with a PROSTITUTE (30s).

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

I/E. CAR - DAY

Traffic crawls across the bridge. The same OFFBEAT SONG as before plays on the radio.

Ken's mother grips the steering wheel. She looks pensive.

Ken (14) glances out the passenger window.

Mother opens the door, gets out.

KEN

Mom?

She continues to the bridge railing. Ken lowers his window.

KEN

Mom?

She glances back for second then jumps over the bridge.

KEN

Mom!!

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ken (15) looks into his father's eyes just as he wakes up, though still drunk.

KEN

You ever feel free, dad?

Father tries to focus.

KEN

You know, your body.

PAN TO REVEAL

His father has a rope around his neck.

FATHER

What are you doing?

KEN

Freeing you.

Ken grabs his father and both go over the --

WINDOW LEDGE

They jolt when the rope's slack ends. The noose tightens around his father's neck. His face red, veins pronounced, unable to breathe.

Ken holds onto him, savors the moment...

KEN

I wish you could see what I see.

A smile emerges.

KEN

It's beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Door to the torture room closed.

SCREAMS from a woman come from inside the room.

Door gets more distant.

SCREAMS from another woman.

Door gets more distant.

TYRA (O.S.)

No, please, no.

She SCREAMS. Horrific screams.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Tyra's SCREAMS dissipate.

Sunlight peeks through the window, dances over Tyra's face. She stares at nothing, as if lost in her thoughts. Her eyebrows pursed. Her expression troubled.

PSYCHOLOGIST (50s), wise with a bedside manner to match, waits for Tyra to say something.

Psychologist breaks the long silence...

PSYCHOLOGIST

It's been nine months.

Tyra remains still.

PSYCHOLOGIST
We're still at the same point,
aren't we?

TYRA
I see him... at night, at the park,
even when I look at my mom.

Tyra fidgets with the sofa pillow.

TYRA
Mom tries to help, but...

Psychologist sits by Tyra, holds her hand.

PSYCHOLOGIST
There's no easy way out.

Tyra looks at her.

PSYCHOLOGIST
But you have to want it.

INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Heather cuts vegetables on the kitchen counter. Tyra stares
out the breakfast nook window.

HEATHER
I made a tee time for us.

TYRA
Why do you do that?

HEATHER
Do what?

TYRA
Pretend like everything's okay.

Heather turns around.

HEATHER
I thought you liked golf.

TYRA
You know what I mean.

HEATHER
I'm just trying to --

TYRA
Look at me.

Heather looks.

TYRA

Does it look like I want to play
golf?

HEATHER

You're not the only one hurting,
you know.

Tyra runs her hand through her hair. Despair fills her face.

TYRA

I can't make him go away.

HEATHER

I thought she was helping.

Tyra lashes back.

TYRA

She's not!

HEATHER

I'm sorry.

Heather embraces her.

HEATHER

I just don't know what to do.

EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Heather and Tyra sit around a fire pit. Nearby, waves splash
onto the beach. The fire crackles.

TYRA

To think I would sit here and watch
the fire without a care in the
world.

HEATHER

It's only been nine months. Maybe
if you let her --

TYRA

I can't continue like this.

HEATHER

But what else can you do?

TYRA

Not me. Wes.

Heather looks at her, realizes what she means.

HEATHER

Why are you even thinking about
that?

TYRA

It's the only way.

HEATHER

What makes you think Wes will even
do it?

TYRA

I'm his sister.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ken Price, now Kevin Lace, sleeps on a bed in a modestly furnished studio apartment.

CLOSE ON: EYES

Kevin's eyes blink though closed, as if in a deep sleep.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. SEATTLE - PIKE PLACE MARKET - DAY

Overcast sky. Streets wet from recent rain. The "Public Market Center" sign stands high above the adjacent "Farmers Market" sign. Both lit.

Kevin meanders through the early morning crowd. He looks at the meats and fish displayed by a vendor. He points.

KEVIN
(to vendor)
I'll take a pound of the shrimp.

His cellphone RINGS. He answers.

KEVIN
Hello.

CORPORATE RECRUITER (V.O.)
Kevin Lace?

KEVIN
This is he.

CORPORATE RECRUITER (V.O.)
It's Bob Hanson at Aerosky. If
you're still interested, we'd like
to have you.

KEVIN
Wow, yeah, of course.

CORPORATE RECRUITER (V.O.)
Great. We'll send you the offer
letter. It'll tell you who to see.
Congratulations.

KEVIN

Thank you.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: FACE

Kevin blinks as he wakes up.

He sits up, still groggy. He looks around for a moment. He glances at paperwork on the nightstand.

CLOSE ON: PAPERWORK

Aerosky letter mentions to show up at 8:00 AM.

He looks at the clock. 9:30 AM.

KEVIN

Shit.

He jumps out of bed, bolts to the --

BATHROOM

He turns on the shower, gets in.

I/E. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Kevin drives on the freeway. The Seattle skyline glistens under the sun. In the distance, ferryboats head towards the adjacent islands.

INT. AEROSKY - LOBBY - DAY

Kevin looks at the clock on the wall. 10:30 AM. He looks at the receptionist, back at the clock.

CLAYTON (50s), a no-nonsense Southern Bubba, walks in with a frown.

CLAYTON

I'm surprised you're not wearing
flip flops.

Kevin looks at his shoes, back at him.

CLAYTON
You're strolling in here like it's
Club Med.

Kevin looks down, as if contrite.

CLAYTON
You always start a new job like
this?

KEVIN
Sorry, I --

CLAYTON
I don't know who hired you but I
don't need slackers.

Clayton turns and walks away.

KEVIN
I'm not a slacker.

Clayton stops.

KEVIN
I just got up late.

Clayton walks back, examines Kevin's face.

CLAYTON
Well, today's your lucky day. I'm
in a good mood. My wife made fried
chicken last night.

KEVIN
I'll stay late and make up the
time.

CLAYTON
That's a given. What's not a given
is this sliding by again.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Part of a plane's wing sticks out from the wall. Above it is
a see-through glove wrapped around a hand drill.

Clayton directs Kevin.

CLAYTON
There's your training.

Kevin looks at the glove with curiosity.

CLAYTON

Go ahead, put your hand in there.

Kevin puts his hand in the glove. The drill turns on. The glove moves the drill, screws the fastener into the hole in the wing.

CLAYTON

Easy, right?

INT. ASSEMBLY BUILDING - DAY

Kevin screws in a fastener on a real plane.

An INSPECTOR looks over his work. He kneels, touches the fastener, shakes his head.

INSPECTOR

I'm not sure what you're doing, but this is the third one we'll have to redo.

A few feet away...

GRETCHEN SAVICH (30s), sassy, blunt to a fault, glances over while she drills in a fastener.

INSPECTOR

You can't keep doing this.

Inspector puts a bright sticky ring around the fastener.

INSPECTOR

I'd turn this around if I were you... and soon.

Inspector leaves.

With a wry smile...

GRETCHEN

Having problems?

Kevin looks over, obviously irritated.

INT. BLANKING DIVISION - WESLEY JONES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Impressive digital displays about the blanking technology hang on the wall behind the desk. Office door closed.

WESLEY JONES (40s), rigid in face and demeanor, listens to Tyra from behind his desk. He looks down, as if empathetic, but...

WES

I can't.

TYRA

What do you mean you can't?

WES

It's just for criminals.

TYRA

So they get a new life, but what about the victims? What do we get?

WES

I didn't set up the system.

TYRA

Look at me.

Wes looks.

TYRA

You still see your little sister?
Or someone who used to be?

WES

I could lose my job, Tyra.

TYRA

What do you think I've lost?

Tyra gets up from her chair.

TYRA

Nine months since they found me...
How many times have you come by or
asked how I'm doing?

WES

I didn't know what to say.

TYRA

You didn't have to say anything.

Wes looks at her with guilt.

TYRA

Yeah.

Tyra leaves, walks down the --

HALLWAY

With a brisk pace. She nears the exit doors.

Wes catches up with her.

WES

Tyra.

She turns around, not sure what to expect.

Wes nods.

A slight smile emerges from her face.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dive bar with a few Aerosky EMPLOYEES at the pool table.

Gretchen leans over the pool table to take a shot. Guys gawk.

EMPLOYEE # 1

You seeing what I'm seeing?

EMPLOYEE # 2

What do say, Gretchen, let's go out sometime?

GRETCHEN

I don't date small men.

Guys snicker.

Gretchen sinks the ball in the corner pocket.

She notices Kevin at the end of the bar.

MOMENTS LATER

Gretchen approaches Kevin.

GRETCHEN

You were about to buy me a beer.

Kevin looks over, smiles.

Gretchen sits next to him.

Kevin signals to the BARTENDER. He acknowledges.

GRETCHEN
Looks like you were having a tough
day.

KEVIN
Maybe you could --

GRETCHEN
I'm not a teacher.

Bartender places beer in front of Gretchen then leaves.

GRETCHEN
But if I were, I'd say slow down.

She grabs the beer.

GRETCHEN
Thanks for the beer.

She leaves.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Kevin drives through the wet downtown streets of Seattle.

INSPECTOR (V.O.)
I'm not sure what you're doing.

He shakes his head, as if frustrated.

INSPECTOR (V.O.)
You can't keep doing this.

He sees a 24-Hour Fitness, slows to a stop.

INT. 24-HOUR FITNESS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Kevin's at the front desk. Clock shows 1:30 AM. Not a single person working out in the expansive room filled with exercise machines and weights.

FRONT DESK CLERK approaches.

KEVIN
I'd like to join.

FRONT DESK CLERK
Right now?

WEIGHT ROOM

Kevin bench presses a hefty set of weights.

He strains but does a few more reps.

He settles the bar on the rack, sits up. His expression remains unchanged, still bothered.

Then he sees ankle bracelets for hanging upside down. He stares at them, as if drawn to them.

MOMENTS LATER

Kevin hangs upside down. His expression lightens.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Kevin has his hand on the shower wall, lets the water run down his back.

Steam billows. He exhales.

The neon light in the background makes something in between his fingers noticeable.

He looks in between his fingers.

CLOSE ON: HAND

The letters "TJ" are scratched into his skin.

He stares at it.

INT. BLANKING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet, serene. The outside hallway is dark. Everyone's gone.

Tyra lies on the moveable tray that enters the MRI-like machine.

Wes looks at her.

WES

We're not wiping all your memories,
just those.

TYRA

Thank you.

Wes presses the button.

She moves into the dark chamber.

OVER BLACK:

GLIMPSES of her past appear as prolonged flashes, then...

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA) - DAY

Tyra looks at a painting of a bridge during a heavy rain. Opaque, colors muted, canvas textured, images distorted.

She moves in closer, as if engrossed, fixated.

She senses someone behind her, turns her head, gets startled.

KEVIN
I hope you don't mind. I was
admiring it too.

TYRA
No, I just --

KEVIN
It's captivating, isn't it? Like
you're there.

They both look at the painting.

KEVIN
What do you think he's trying to
say?

TYRA
Maybe that's how he saw the moment.

KEVIN
Or maybe that's how he sees life...
distorted.

She looks intrigued.

KEVIN
I'm Ken.

TYRA
Tyra Jones.

KEVIN
Art enthusiast?

TYRA

Curator.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

I like your taste.

Tyra smiles back.

TYRA

There's another one by the same
artist. I can show you.

INT. MOMA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BARTENDER wipes the sleek marble surface that covers the long
bar with modern finishes. WAITRESS places a wine bottle in
the glass cabinet behind the bar.

Just a few CUSTOMERS remain inside. Outside the floor-to-
ceiling windows is a smattering of lights against the dark
landscape. Kevin and Tyra sit at the bar.

KEVIN

What's it like, everyday walking by
all those famous paintings?

TYRA

Don't tell them but I would do it
for free.

KEVIN

How often do you look at "The
Scream?"

TYRA

That's one of my favorites.

KEVIN

It is true what they say? That he
heard noises one night and felt
nature was crying out to him?

She looks impressed.

TYRA

That's right. How did you --?

KEVIN

I thought about being a painter
once.

TYRA
Why didn't you?

He touches her face.

KEVIN
Because I knew I could never
capture something this beautiful.

EXT. MOMA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kevin and Tyra exit the MOMA restaurant. Taxi cabs and cars make their way down the street under the starry night. PEOPLE walk down the sidewalk.

TYRA
Thanks for a nice evening.

KEVIN
Does it have to be over?

Tyra looks at her watch.

TYRA
It's late.

KEVIN
The Baccarat is still open.

Kevin points to the bar lounge on the second floor of the Baccarat Hotel across the street.

KEVIN
The music's good.

Tyra smiles.

TYRA
Okay.

They cross the street and enter the Baccarat Hotel.

INT. BACCARAT HOTEL - GRAND SALON LOUNGE - NIGHT

LIGHT JAZZ MUSIC billows throughout the posh lounge adorned with crystal chandeliers, white leather sofa chairs, glass vases, and lined with floor-to-ceiling windows.

Well-dressed SERVERS attend to CUSTOMERS, most still in their business attire.

Kevin and Tyra sit by the window.

KEVIN

I'm surprised you've never been here. You work right across the street.

TYRA

I don't know, I guess prefer being home listening to music. I'm kind of nerdy that way.

KEVIN

What kind of music?

TYRA

Classical usually.

KEVIN

Mozart?

TYRA

Bach. I like how it's complex yet simple.

She gestures with her hand.

TYRA

It has a certain movement, form. Sometimes it feels like I'm...

KEVIN

What?

TYRA

No.

KEVIN

Go ahead.

TYRA

Lifted.

Her eyes sparkle. A smile emerges.

KEVIN

Where to?

TYRA

The heavens.

Kevin looks at her, captivated.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays in the background. Kevin pours wine into Tyra's glass.

She smiles, as if enjoying dinner.

KEVIN

You were saying about art...

TYRA

I just love how artists see the world. It's a perspective I usually don't have or am surprised by.

She sips wine.

KEVIN

Can I ask you something?

TYRA

Sure.

KEVIN

Do you believe in forever?

TYRA

Like in love?

KEVIN

No, in general.

TYRA

Yeah, I guess so. Why?

Kevin looks into her eyes.

KEVIN

Because you're never leaving.

Her eyes widen. Fear fills her face. Panic sets in. She rushes to the front door, stumbles, falls to the floor.

TYRA'S POV

Everything turns blurry.

KEVIN

Just like the painting, isn't it?

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Tyra shakes her head. Mouth gagged.

CLOSE ON: EYES

She blinks, then stops blinking. Her eyes widen, as if in extreme pain at that moment.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tyra looks down, afraid to look at Kevin. He stands with his shirt off.

KEVIN

I want to give you a choice.

She lifts her head.

KEVIN

You can make love to me or we can go back downstairs.

She ponders for a long moment.

She unbuttons her blouse.

KEVIN

I said make love to me.

She stops, looks at him.

She touches his bare chest.

She moves closer.

She kisses his cheek, his neck.

She kisses his chest, his ripped abs.

A tear makes its way down her cheek.

Her hand moves down his back.

She unzips his pants.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Kevin looks through the peephole into the --

TORTURE ROOM

Tyra stares at a painting that leans against the wall.

Door opens. Kevin walks in.

TYRA
Who did you lose?

KEVIN
What?

TYRA
I've been staring at it for
hours...

She turns her head slightly.

TYRA
And I realized something. It's not
the art.
(beat)
I only became interested after my
dad passed away. I couldn't bare
the emptiness... the abyss, so I
looked out here... at this.

She looks at him.

TYRA
That's why I'm here, right? Your
emptiness. I'm your art.

His expression changes, as if her words ring true.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

The moon glows with a muted brilliance. The darkness below
the cliff obscures the depth of the ravine.

With trees behind them, Kevin and Tyra stand at the edge of a
cliff...

KEVIN
Here's your chance to be free of it
all, of me.

Tyra looks at the darkness beyond the cliff's edge.

KEVIN
The others chose this.

The sounds of the wilderness echo around them.

KEVIN
What's your choice?

Tyra's expression changes from somber to disturbed to a calm serenity.

She turns, walks to Kevin, puts her arms around him. She closes her eyes, everything turns to black.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Tyra lies in bed in her room. Tasteful furnishings. Things look as if recently cleaned, picked up, in perfect order.

Tyra blinks, slowly awakens.

Voices can be heard from the outside hallway, as if trying not to be loud.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Heather and Wes practically whisper to each other.

HEATHER
Yeah, I made sure. There's nothing left.

WES
Good. We don't want her to get curious if she comes across a news article or something.

HEATHER
What about the internet?

WES
I took care of that.

Tyra emerges from the bedroom. She lightens up when she sees them. She's bright, cheerful.

TYRA
Hey guys.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - GETTY MUSEUM - DAY

Tyra's eyes widen as she approaches the entrance to the Getty Museum.

SUPER: "WEEKS LATER"

She smiles, looks at the architectural features -- rounded front entrance replete with windows -- stone fascia on the adjacent buildings -- expansive courtyard with sculptures.

She enters the museum.

INT. GETTY MUSEUM - DAY

Tyra admires Van Gogh's painting Irises.

ALISON THOREAU (50s), proper with eyes that don't miss much, approaches.

ALISON
A distorted view of the world,
wouldn't you say?

Tyra turns.

TYRA
Maybe to him it was accurate.

Alison's expression lightens, as if impressed.

ALISON
I'm Alison, Chief Curator.

TYRA
Tyra Jones.

They shake hands.

HALLWAY

Alison and Tyra walk towards the elevator. They walk by several beautiful paintings. Tyra glances at them.

ALISON
MOMA says we're lucky to have you.

Alison presses the button.

ALISON
My contact mentioned you were on
some kind of sabbatical. Is there
anything I should be aware of?

TYRA
No, I was just catching my breath.

Alison nods.

ALISON
Well then, welcome aboard.

EXT. BAR - DAY

The outside bar overlooks the picturesque coastline and has a festive vibe. GUYS troll around, as if looking for hook-ups.

The sun sets in the horizon. Its brilliance dissipates. Burnt orange, greyish blue and other blended hues fill the sky.

Tyra laughs, spills her drink.

TYRA
Oh snap.

Her work colleague, VERONICA (40s), loud, worldly, reacts...

VERONICA
What are you, a twelve year old?

Another colleague, LACEY (20s), sexy, nudges Veronica to check out the two hot guys, NATHAN (20s) and BRANDON (20s), that approach...

NATHAN
What's up, ladies?

BRANDON
You don't mind if we crash your party?

VERONICA
I don't see a guest pass.
(to Lacey)
Do you?

LACEY
No.

Brandon lifts his shirt to show off his ripped abs.

VERONICA
There it is.

MOMENTS LATER

Nathan and Brandon are seated in between the ladies.

BRANDON
(to Veronica)
So what's your name?

VERONICA
MILF. And you?

He chuckles.

BRANDON
Brandon.

LACEY
(to Nathan)
What's your story?

Tyra grabs her purse.

TYRA
I'm going to go.

LACEY
We're just getting started.

TYRA
Sorry, it's not my thing.

Tyra gets up.

TYRA
(to Veronica)
See you at work.

She leaves.

MOMENTS LATER

Nathan catches up with Tyra.

NATHAN
I was hoping you'd stay.

TYRA
You have two to choose from.

NATHAN
I wanted to talk to you.

Tyra looks down to ponder.

Tyra lifts her head, looks at Nathan.

TYRA
Okay.

Nathan smiles.

INT. AEROSKY - DAY

End of shift. Kevin walks towards the locker room with other WORKERS.

INSPECTOR
Much better today.

Kevin turns to look.

KEVIN
Thanks.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Kevin nurses a beer at the end of the bar.

Gretchen sits next to him.

GRETCHEN
You were going to ask me out.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN
When did you want to go?

She smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Posh restaurant with a romantic flair. Nearby WAITERS attend to CUSTOMERS.

Gretchen rests her elbow on a white cloth table with her hand against her temple and her body slanted to one side as she listens to Kevin.

GRETCHEN
New York, huh? So what brought you to Seattle?

KEVIN
I don't know. I guess I was looking for something different.

GRETCHEN
That's for sure.

Gretchen sips her beer.

GRETCHEN
Any broken hearts left behind?

KEVIN
No. And you?

GRETCHEN
Tons. Chalk outlines everywhere.

KEVIN
Am I your next victim?

GRETCHEN
Do you want to be?

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kevin and Gretchen wait at the valet stand with OTHERS.

GRETCHEN
Why don't we go back to your place?

ANGRY GUY (40s), determined, disturbed, walks towards them with a gun. The dark makes it hard to see his face.

Another WOMAN notices.

WOMAN
Oh my God.

Now everyone notices. They stand still, frozen in disbelief. In a voice not familiar, not Wes...

ANGRY GUY
You think just because you and my
sister don't remember that it's
okay now?

Kevin moves Gretchen behind him.

ANGRY GUY
(yells)
I remember!!

He FIRES the gun.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MAN next to Kevin goes down.

From behind, a BEEFY DUDE and the VALET tackle the angry guy to the ground.

ANGRY GUY
I remember!!

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gretchen stands by the window but can't quite stay still -- pensive -- anxious -- unsettled.

GRETCHEN
Look at me.

She shows Kevin her trembling hands.

KEVIN
You're okay.

Kevin covers her hands with his.

GRETCHEN
What did he mean "I remember?"
Remember what?

KEVIN
I don't know.

GRETCHEN
I was there... standing where he
was...

She looks at Kevin.

GRETCHEN
And you...

She moves closer.

GRETCHEN
You... saved me.

She kisses him, subtle at first, then with raw passion.

Kevin pulls back.

GRETCHEN
What's wrong?

He's hesitant to say, but...

KEVIN
You're my first.

She looks at him, as if not sure what to think.

KEVIN
You said you didn't --

She kisses him, unbuttons his shirt.

GRETCHEN
Just give me the keys, I'll drive.

LATER

Their dark shadows reflect on the wall. Her silhouette moves with wicked eroticism as she rides him. Sensuous moans accompany their movements.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The early morning sun peeks through the downtown buildings. News trucks surround the front of the restaurant.

NEWS REPORTERS stand near the scene. There's a chalk outline on the concrete for the man shot last night. Police tape secures the scene.

BLONDE REPORTER (20s) looks into the camera.

BLONDE REPORTER
I'm standing just a few feet away from where a man was shot and killed last night. Witnesses say the assailant was yelling "I remember" just before he fired his gun.

She moves closer to the restaurant.

BLONDE REPORTER
According to police, the assailant, Derrick McKinney, killed the person he said brutally assaulted and raped his sister five years ago.

She points to the chalk outline.

BLONDE REPORTER

The victim, John Renner, had been living in Seattle for the last five years. By all accounts, a model citizen with no criminal record.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kevin looks at the TV from bed. Gretchen, with her head on his chest, also looks.

ON TV

BLONDE REPORTER (ON TV)

Speculation is that he was blanked, but of course there's no way of verifying that.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)

Blanked, huh? Maybe you were once a badass.

KEVIN (O.S.)

What about you?

GRETCHEN (O.S.)

I've always been a badass.

BLONDE REPORTER (ON TV)

This is Linda Sanchez reporting live from downtown Seattle.

INT. TV STATION - DAY

NEWS ANCHOR (30s) turns to EXPERT (50s), who looks like a former cop.

NEWS ANCHOR

It's true, isn't it? There is no way to know.

EXPERT

That's right, all the records get erased.

NEWS ANCHOR

So how would you know if you were blanked?

EXPERT

You and I could be blanked and we really wouldn't know, unless we started looking into our past to see if what we believed happened really did.

INT. GETTY MUSEUM - DAY

WORKERS take down a painting while Tyra watches.

TYRA

We have three Luongo's coming in, so we'll need to take down two more.

Nathan approaches.

NATHAN

I kinda like the one that's there.

TYRA

Nathan?

NATHAN

You weren't calling back, so I thought...

TYRA

Sorry, I ...

NATHAN

Did I say something wrong?

TYRA

No, it's just --

NATHAN

Look, I'd like to see you again. Maybe we can start with a half a cup of coffee.

TYRA

Half?

NATHAN

I don't want to overwhelm you.

Tyra smiles. He smiles.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Water from the shower head sprays onto their bodies.

GRETCHEN
Just so you know, I don't detail
just anybody.

Gretchen washes Kevin's back. Her hands follow his contours.
Her touch stays sensuous but deliberate.

GRETCHEN
Give me your hands.

Kevin provides his hands.

She turns over his hands, sees "TJ" scratched in between his
fingers. She points.

GRETCHEN
A wild night in Tijuana?

KEVIN
Actually, I don't remember how I
got it.

GRETCHEN
Must have been some night... or
some woman.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nathan brings over coffee to Tyra.

NATHAN
I decided to splurge and get you a
full cup. You're not gonna freak
out or anything?

Tyra smiles.

TYRA
No.

Nathan hands her the coffee.

NATHAN
I thought about a mocha, but then
all that whip cream on a first
date... I don't know, you may get
the right idea about me.

He sits down across from Tyra.

NATHAN

Should I have gotten the mocha?

TYRA

Coffee is fine.

NATHAN

Look at that.

They look at the beach. The morning fog covers the ocean like a soft blanket. Shorebirds look for things to eat as the waves ripple over their feet.

NATHAN

You don't get that in New York.

TYRA

So what do you do when you're not serving coffee?

NATHAN

Bartender. This place right on the beach. It's perfect, too. I surf in the morning, workout in the afternoon. What more can you ask for, right? What about you? What do you do when you're not doing the art thing?

TYRA

I --

Two YOUNG WOMEN walk by in bikinis.

WOMAN # 1

Hey, Nathan.

WOMAN # 2

Hey, Nathan.

NATHAN

Hey, girls. Looking good.

Tyra's expression changes, as if turned off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Tyra reaches into her purse, takes out keys.

NATHAN

So that's it?

He points in direction of the women.

NATHAN

They're just friends, you know.

She hesitates for moment before...

TYRA
I'm sure they are.

She tilts her head towards the beach.

TYRA
Go play with your friends.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack looks at his computer screen, grumbles.

JACK
An eight o'clock trial? Whose
freakin' idea was that?

Riley walks in.

RILEY
Your win stats are about to go up.

JACK
Yeah, how's that? They're already
through the roof.

RILEY
I submitted my paperwork.

JACK
No shit.

RILEY
Two weeks.

JACK
Wow, so you finally pulled the
plug.

RILEY
I was tired of beating your sorry
ass.

JACK
I'm sure. So what are you going to
do?

RILEY
I'm moving to Seattle.

JACK
Look at you, all progressive.

RILEY

I wanna fuckin' breathe some real
air for once. I'm flying there
tomorrow to meet with the realtor.

INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Riley looks around his office, as if he reflects back on his
career. Stacks of paper piled mile high. Crumbled paper
bags from fast food joints litter the floor. Dusty plaques
adorn the wall.

CHIEF PUBLIC DEFENDER (50s), brash, walks in with BOYD (20s),
eager, well dressed.

CHIEF PUBLIC DEFENDER

This is --

RILEY

(to Chief Public Defender)
Geez, Frank, the ink isn't even dry
yet.

CHIEF PUBLIC DEFENDER

You know how it is around here.
(to Boyd)
Don't mind Riley, he's always like
this.

BOYD

Hi, I'm Boyd.

Boyd extends his hand. Riley doesn't.

CHIEF PUBLIC DEFENDER

(to Riley)
Show him around.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Riley's face says it all, the reluctant tour guide. Riley
points.

RILEY

Men's room.

BOYD

Frank says you have the highest
win --

RILEY

How old are you?

They walk by double glass doors with "BLANKED DIVISION" on them. It catches Boyd's attention.

RILEY

Are they recruiting from high school now?

BOYD

Can we go in? I've been dying to check it out.

INT. BLANKED DIVISION - DAY

Expansive room filled with high tech equipment.

Riley and Boyd walk by the --

HIGH TECH MONITORS

Where online news articles dissolve into black. Lines move across the globe and appear to reach foreign computers. The computer icons get zapped.

They stop in front of the --

DIVISION CHIEF'S OFFICE

"DR. VOLMAN WARE - DIVISION CHIEF" displays on the door.

DR. VOLMAN WARE (40s), super smart, non-social, looks at his computer screen.

Riley introduces Boyd.

RILEY

Volman. Boyd.

Volman sort of looks at them.

BOYD

I've been anxious to find out how this all works.

RILEY

I'll let you two mentally frolic.

Riley leaves.

INT. BLANKING ROOM - DAY

Volman and Boyd stand in front of the MRI-like machine.

BOYD

Is it true what they say, that the memories get erased? Blanked?

Volman chuckles.

VOLMAN

Blanked is something the media came up with. I guess it sounds better than permanent memory suppression.

BOYD

So the memories aren't erased?

Volman gestures with his hand.

VOLMAN

It's like placing a veneer over the surface, like overwriting something. If the veneer stays, the memories are gone.

BOYD

Can it be peeled off? Unblanked?

VOLMAN

The odds are so remote... It's never happened.

BOYD

What would it take?

VOLMAN

The perfect storm.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. GETTY MUSEUM - DAY

Alison, hurried, giddy, almost floats down the hallway. She talks into her cellphone.

ALISON
 (into phone)
 Yes, of course, right away. No,
 no, it's not a problem.

Alison sees Tyra just ahead.

ALISON
 (into phone)
 And thank you again for calling us
 first. Okay, talk soon.

Alison ends the call, turns to Tyra.

ALISON
 Tyra, do you have a minute?

TYRA
 Sure.

ALISON
 There's a Monroe that just became
 available.

TYRA
 Really?

Alison catches her breath.

ALISON
 I'm still in disbelief, but I need
 for you to go there and handle
 everything.

TYRA
 Where is it?

ALISON
 Seattle.

INT. GETTY MUSEUM - ALISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Posh office suite with expensive, modern appointments.

Tyra waits for Alison while she looks at her computer screen.

ALISON

We have you set up at the Pan Pacific.

TYRA

Never been.

ALISON

Trust me, you'll like it. You're on the eleven o'clock flight.

INT. ASSEMBLY BUILDING - DAY

Gretchen gets water from the fountain.

Kevin approaches.

KEVIN

Hey.

GRETCHEN

Crazy night, huh?

KEVIN

I was hoping we could do it again, except for shooting part. How about tonight?

GRETCHEN

I can't.

KEVIN

What about Saturday?

GRETCHEN

Maybe. I'll let you know.

INT. SEATTLE-TACOMA AIRPORT - DAY

Riley descends on the escalator.

Tyra descends on the same escalator, but a few feet above Riley.

Riley steps off the escalator, looks at the baggage claim sign above, then walks in that direction.

Tyra steps off the escalator, heads to --

BAGGAGE CLAIM

Riley stops near the baggage claim carousel.

Riley drops something on the floor, bends over to pick it up.

Tyra walks right in front of Riley.

Riley stands upright again, bumps into Tyra.

Surprised fills his face.

RILEY

Tyra?

Tyra looks at Riley like she's never seen this guy before.

TYRA

Do I know you?

Riley realizes she's been blanked.

RILEY

No, sorry, I thought you were someone else.

TYRA

How did you know my name?

Riley's quick in his feet...

RILEY

I said Tara. Is that your name?

TYRA

Oh, I thought you said Tyra.

RILEY

Sorry to bother you.

TYRA

It's okay.

She smiles and walks away.

RILEY

Have a nice day.

He looks at her get more and more distant.

I/E. RENTAL CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Tyra drives on the freeway. The familiar Seattle skyline appears just over the hill.

"INCOMING CALL - HEATHER JONES" displays on the dashboard.

Tyra presses the button to answer.

TYRA
Hey, mom.

EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: SOUTHAMPTON, NEW YORK

Heather looks towards the seashore, just a hundred feet away. Tall grass sways with the onshore breeze. Waves ripple across the alabaster-colored sand.

HEATHER
(into phone)
How's LA?

INTERCUT BETWEEN HEATHER/TYRA

TYRA
I'm in Seattle.

HEATHER
Seattle?

TYRA
It's a work thing.

HEATHER
When are you coming back to visit?

TYRA
I don't know. I just started at
the Getty.

HEATHER
Christmas is just a few weeks away,
you know.

EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

Tyra crosses the street. Just ahead, on the corner, is the entrance to the Seattle Art Museum.

Tall slats of concrete line the building's exterior. A dark statue figure stands high above the sidewalk.

She enters the building.

INT. SEATTLE ART MUSEUM - DAY

Tyra stands in front of a painting with the MUSEUM CURATOR (40s), a granola, down-to-earth lady.

MUSEUM CURATOR

We hate parting with it, but
there's another piece we want to
buy.

Tyra examines the surface, replete with vibrant colors and rich texture.

MUSEUM CURATOR

What do you think?

A smiles emerges.

TYRA

I like it. Let's do it.

I/E. SEATTLE - CONTINUOUS

The Seattle skyline glitters under the starry night. Quaint shops still have their doors open. Bars buzz with people. Restaurants look busy.

Kevin walks through downtown, as if taking it all in. COUPLE walks by, engages in PDA.

He glances into a restaurant through the large front windows, stops.

He sees Gretchen cozy up to MARK (30s), stylish, handsome. She glides her hand all over his lap. She laughs.

Kevin walks into the --

RESTAURANT

He approaches them...

KEVIN

Is this why you couldn't go out?

GRETCHEN

What are you doing here?

MARK

Hey, buddy, I don't know who you
are...

Mark stands up, ready for confrontation.

KEVIN
I'm talking to her.

MARK
No, you're talking me.

Kevin dismisses him.

KEVIN
(to Gretchen)
Last night didn't mean anything to
you?

GRETCHEN
You don't own me.

MARK
Alright.

Mark grabs Kevin's shirt. Kevin, as if instinctual, grabs Mark's throat with a fierce grip. Kevin's muscles pop. Mark's face turns red, unable to free himself.

GRETCHEN
Let him go.

KEVIN
Just tell me why.

GRETCHEN
Does it really matter?

Kevin looks at her. His expression changes, as if he understands.

RESTAURANT OWNER rushes over.

RESTAURANT OWNER
If you don't get outta here I'm
calling the cops.

Kevin releases his grip, walks out.

INT. 24-HOUR FITNESS - NIGHT

Kevin strains to bench press an enormous amount of weights.

He settles the bar on the rack, sits up, sighs.

LOCKER ROOM

Kevin sits on the bench, somber, pensive.

He stares at the "TJ" scratch in between his fingers.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

I/E. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Tyra drives up to the Pan Pacific Hotel, stops in front of the VALET.

INT. PAN PACIFIC HOTEL - NIGHT

FRONT DESK CLERK (20s) looks at her computer screen. Tyra waits.

FRONT DESK CLERK
It looks like all the rooms are booked.

Tyra's face fills with curiosity, frustration.

TYRA
Are you sure? I was told --

FRONT DESK CLERK
Don't worry, Ms. Jones, I put you in our Denny Suite.

INT. PAN PACIFIC HOTEL - NIGHT

Tyra walks into the --

DENNY SUITE

Expansive presidential suite with views of the Space Needle from every room.

Tyra's jaw drops.

TYRA
Wow.

She proceeds to the --

LIVING ROOM

Outside the windows, we see the Space Needle lit up in the distance.

Tyra looks at the Seattle skyline from the living room. A smattering of lights fill the dark landscape. The Space Needle towers high above it all. The moonlight peeks through the puffy clouds.

EXT. SEATTLE - NIGHT

Kevin saunters down the sidewalk.

INT. PAN PACIFIC HOTEL - NIGHT

Tyra waits for the elevator.

Elevator doors open.

She gets in, presses first floor.

EXT. PAN PACIFIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kevin looks up, sees the inside bar lit up.

He walks into the --

HOTEL RESTAURANT

There, seated at the bar, is Tyra.

With amazing timing, they look at each other. A long stare,
as if familiar, even attracted.

END OF ACT FIVE