

4400

"Pilot"

By Ariana Jackson

ACT ONE

LOGAN (V.O.)
Shanice, it's time to wake up...

INT. MIDTOWN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

SHANICE, 26, passionate and driven, lies in bed, eyes closed.

SHANICE
Are we in Paris?

LOGAN (O.C.)
Yes. And I got us fresh croissants
for breakfast.

SHANICE
And are we going to stroll by the
Seine later and make out on a
bridge at sunset?

LOGAN (O.C.)
Definitely.

Shanice opens her eyes to find her husband LOGAN, 26, playful
and supportive, staring down at her. She smiles --

SHANICE
Liar.

LOGAN
Not about the making out part...

He leans down to kiss her and it's tender and lovely and
perfect. An incongruous but adorable GIGGLE breaks the moment,
and they both look over to 4-month-old MARIAH, wrapped in a
PURPLE QUILT in her bassinet next to the bed watching them.

SHANICE
Ooooh, you're gonna be in so much
trouble if you didn't bring her a
croissant.

LOGAN
Don't you have somewhere to be?

SHANICE
Yes, *yes* -- it's a bad look to be
late on my first day back.
Especially when Mr. Zaleski has it
out for me.

LOGAN

You've kept up with everything over
maternity leave, you're gonna be
back better than ever.

She takes a deep breath, closing her eyes --

SHANICE

That's right. I've just gotta face
the day in front of me.

As the drum beat of Rihanna's *Pon de Replay* kicks up, planting us firmly in 2005, Shanice hops out of bed. Under the peppy, upbeat song, we see MOS scenes of this little family's morning routine in their modest, messy, cozy home, the love between them bursting off the screen:

- Shanice brushes her teeth while dancing around the room holding Mariah -- who keeps trying to grab her toothbrush.

- Shanice puts on the colorful but sharp suit she had hanging on the door. She frets over her appearance in the mirror. Logan walks by, slaps her butt playfully, gives her a soft kiss on the neck, meeting her eyes in the mirror: "*Perfect.*"

- Shanice smells something in Mariah's diaper when Logan's back is turned. She hands Mariah to him with an innocent expression. When he smells the poop, he gives Shanice a look. She holds her hands up -- *who knew?* He rolls his eyes, good-natured. Shanice gives Mariah a wink over his shoulder as he goes to change her.

- Shanice and Logan scurry about, picking up scattered FOLDERS and LAW BOOKS. Logan rocks Mariah as he closes Shanice's briefcase, handing it to her. He takes her in, frowning. He beckons her closer and she steps up, worried -- "*What's wrong?*" But he wraps an arm around her, pulls her in for a deep kiss. Finally, Mariah complains and they pull apart smiling.

INT./EXT. SHANICE'S CAR/DETROIT STREET - DAY

Shanice drives, happily singing along to the Rihanna song.

Suddenly the music DISTORTS. A RUSH OF WIND whips at Shanice's hair, RATTLES the car. Shanice catches a FLASH OF GREEN LIGHT out her window, but before she can react, her door flies open and she's violently YANKED into the light and then -- BLACK.

EXT. BELLE ISLE - NIGHT

That LOUD RUSH OF WIND again and Shanice LANDS HARD on the ground. But the noise doesn't stop -- it's *deafening*. GREEN LIGHT FLASHES in the sky in bursts, Shanice hears people SCREAMING, loud THUDS all around her. She's prone, head down, frightened -- *What the fuck is happening? Is she in a war zone?*

She spots a girl -- MILDRED, 17 -- also on the ground, inching her way toward an older WHEELCHAIR. Shanice yells over the din --

SHANICE
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Mildred just shakes her head. Shanice sees DOZENS OF PEOPLE, falling out of GREEN FLASHES OF LIGHT, crashing to the ground just like her. Shanice stares in disbelief -- it's *terrifying*.

A man SLAMS down on top of Shanice, sending them both to the ground. The man scrambles up. This is ANDRE, 26, wearing an old-timey wool suit. He's completely discombobulated --

ANDRE
GOOD GOD, *WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME* --

Shanice GROANS, drawing Andre's attention back to her. Instinct kicks in -- he helps her up and immediately begins feeling her head for injuries --

ANDRE (CONT'D)
ARE YOU QUITE ALRIGHT?! YOUR HEAD --

SHANICE
I'M FINE. STOP PAWING ME --

ANDRE SHANICE (CONT'D)
IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME A THOROUGH LAY ONE MORE FINGER ON ME AND
EXAMINATION -- YOU LOSE IT!

Andre backs off, looks around, shaking his head --

ANDRE (CONT'D)
WHAT IS THIS? WHERE AM I?! WHAT --

SHANICE
(realizing; *WTF?*)
I THINK... I THINK IT'S BELLE
ISLE...
(off his blank look)
DETROIT.

Andre is incredulous, but before he can say anything, a person SCREAMS in pain nearby, causing Andre to look over, concerned --

ANDRE
EXCUSE ME, I'M A DOCTOR. I SHOULD --

A BRIGHT SEARCHLIGHT beams down, blinding them. Andre moves to shield Shanice as HUGE, LOUD MILITARY HELICOPTERS bear down.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
GET DOWN, WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!

Shanice is puzzled, tries to explain to a *petrified* Andre --

SHANICE
JUST HELICOPTERS. *HELICOPTERS!*

But he remains alarmed. As she tries to process this *madness...*

INT. CORKTOWN WINE BAR - NIGHT

A bass beat thumps in a hip after-work spot. A local newscast plays on TV in the background with a banner: "POLICE RESPOND TO LARGE CROWD ON BELLE ISLE, POSSIBLE PROTEST."

JHARREL, 28, charming and easy-going, returns to a table with THREE BEERS, distributes to his co-workers, TATS and SMART ALEC -

JHARREL
This one's on me, beautiful people.

SMART ALEC
Round *three*? On a *school night*?!

JHARREL
Gotta celebrate our 'friends' over at Immigration Services *finally* granting asylum to the Ahmadous --

TATS
Man, how long you been working that case? Four years? Five?

SMART ALEC
I think he was really trying to impress *someone* over at the bar --

Jharrel winces as TATS scopes the bar, spots WANDA, 28, put-together and tough, drinking with a GROUP, including a HOT GUY.

TATS
Oh dang, is that Wanda over there? You finally come to your senses?

JHARREL
We've *been* broken up, okay? We're friends now. I said hi. It's fine!

SMART ALEC
(causing trouble)
Hm. Who's that she's talking to?

JHARREL
Some guy from her office. George.

SMART ALEC

Hmmmmmm...

Jharrel rolls his eyes, but his gaze lingers on Wanda. She laughs with George, then unexpectedly meets Jharrel's gaze. She looks caught, embarrassed -- but recovers, forces a confident, "friendly" smile to Jharrel before turning away. Jharrel looks wistful for a beat, before he too recovers, turns to the table --

JHARREL

So which one of you fools am I
gonna beat at darts first?

As the shit-talking commences between the three...

INT. WATERFRONT PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

JESSICA (31, confident and slightly clueless in the way of privileged people) lies naked in rumpled silk sheets, watching KEISHA (27, aloof, rigid, but warm and fiercely devoted to those precious few who get past her defenses) get up --

JESSICA

Wow. Multiple orgasms to out-the-door in under five minutes. Healthy for a six-month relationship.

KEISHA

It's not like that. I got an early morning field visit tomorrow.

Keisha dons her clothes -- which are decidedly more modest than this place -- and her DETROIT PAROLE OFFICER BADGE as she takes in Jessica's gorgeous view of the Detroit River.

JESSICA

Okaaay... So how about dinner on Saturday? Maybe the opera?

KEISHA

Maybe... I need to check in with my mom and the kids --

JESSICA

The other people in your life whom you avoid whenever possible?

Keisha sighs, goes back to kiss Jessica --

KEISHA

Call me tomorrow, okay?

But Jessica's annoyed, clearly looking for the fight. Her CELL RINGS on the bedside table. Keisha hands it to her.

JESSICA

You are *not* getting out of this --

But she checks the caller ID and picks up, curious --

JESSICA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Agent Timmer.

(listens)

What? Be right in. Give me twenty.

Jessica hangs up, heads towards the bathroom, preoccupied now.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hey, lock the door behind you?

As Keisha goes, saved by the mystery call...

EXT. BELLE ISLE - NIGHT

Things are still chaotic and noisy. Getting a better look now, it's an odd, disparate mix of people. Seemingly all different backgrounds and ages, and wearing clothing from all different time periods. Now there is also the heavy presence of dark-painted BUSES and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS -- ICE, DHS, CBP, DPD. Shanice waits in a line for one bus with Mildred, now in her chair. Shanice fiddles with her MOTOROLA RAZR PHONE --

SHANICE

Ugh, it's just not *working*... Hey, do you have a phone on you?

MILDRED

How would I have a phone...*on me*?

They look at each other, both confused. Shanice takes in the girl's BELL-BOTTOMS, FLOWERY PEASANT TOP --

SHANICE

Don't you need to call anyone?
Where are your parents?

MILDRED

Um, me and my mom just moved to
Oakland --

SHANICE

California? How did you get *here*?
(shakes her head)
What is going on?

Shanice looks around, catches snippets of people speaking with VARIOUS AGENTS. Andre looks at an ICE agent trying to take his fingerprint with a DIGITAL SCANNER like he's lost his mind --

ANDRE

Fingerprint? Sir, you appear to be missing the *ink* on your board. Besides, I am *no* criminal --

LADONNA, 21, wearing Miami club clothes, is loud --

LADONNA

See, Officer, like, I thought it was *aspirin*. But whatever that guy gave me, this trip is *wild* --

CBP AGENT (O.C.)

You walk at all?

Shanice's attention snaps back to a CBP AGENT, holding a TABLET, eyeing Mildred, unhappy. Mildred's irritated but not surprised --

MILDRED

Um...no?

CBP AGENT

(yells out)

Hey, somebody's gotta get this one on the bus!

SHANICE

Excuse me. As a government organization operating under the Americans with Disabilities Act, if I get a *hint* of any discrimination in your treatment of her...

CBP AGENT

(annoyed)

Name?

SHANICE

No. I want answers. No one will tell us what's going on. Was it a terrorist attack? And when can we have access to a phone?

CBP AGENT

Phone calls will be permitted after you've been booked. And after you explain to us what this is.

SHANICE

(realizing)

Booked? On what charges? Are we being *detained*? I have no idea how I got here, and I don't think any of these people do either...

Shanice looks around, sees other confused people interrogated by unfriendly agents. She takes a step back, raises her voice --

SHANICE (CONT'D)
Hey, listen up! I'm a lawyer.
Everyone who arrived here like I
did should know they are treating
us as suspects. No one is required
to talk without an attorney by
their side. In fact, I would advise
not doing so.

Everyone quiets down. They eye the Agents with suspicion. CBP Agent looks at Shanice, annoyed -- *but she doesn't give a fuck.*

INT. MEXICANTOWN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jharrel's on his LAPTOP in bed when his phone BUZZES --

JHARREL (INTO PHONE)
Wanda? Everything okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DETROIT - SAME

Wanda strides down the sidewalk --

WANDA (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, sorry it's so early, did I
wake you?

JHARREL
Naw, I was up --

JHARREL (CONT'D) WANDA
Jump start on paperwork. Oh right, pre-dawn paperwork.

They both laugh a little -- the awkwardness is... *Awk. Ward.*

JHARREL (CONT'D) WANDA (CONT'D)
Yeah. Right.

He hears a MAN'S VOICE on the other line and Wanda's reply --

WANDA (TO MAN) (CONT'D)
Be right up. Thanks for the coffee
-- lifesaver!
(back to Jharrel)
Sorry about that. I wanted --

JHARREL
Was that *George*?

WANDA

(ignoring him)

I'm *calling* because the mayor was brought in for an emergency briefing this morning. About those people on Belle Isle?

JHARREL

Wasn't it some kind of protest?

WANDA

DHS isn't so sure. They're still trying to figure it out but... they've identified some of them as people who had been reported missing in the last few years.

Jharrel snaps to, sharply intense and focused. *Speechless.*

WANDA (CONT'D)

There are thousands of people, they haven't identified them all --

JHARREL

You think Manny could be one of them? *Could Manny be back?*

WANDA

I -- I don't know. They're mobilizing social workers to help process these people. I put your name on the list.

JHARREL

Thank you. *Thank you.* Wanda, listen, I --

A strained silence as she waits for...something from him. But he doesn't actually know what to say. Disappointed, she finally fills the void with a sigh --

WANDA

I really hope you find him. I miss him too, you know.

As she hangs up, Jharrel reels, his whole world transformed --

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

The recently shuttered hotel is now a holding area for a hundred Belle Isle people, with GUARDS in FULL HAZMAT SUITS at the doors and continuing to lead people in. The room still has a plush hotel feel, embroidered chairs, bare banquet tables, a COVERED BABY GRAND in the corner. CASES OF BOTTLED WATER are scattered.

The mood is grim and shell-shocked, a quiet, disorganized anxiety. Everyone looks worn from their "arrival," clothes showing dirt and tears.

Shanice speaks quietly with an AGITATED PERSON, asking questions and clearly trying to calm them down. Her face is worried. Andre sneaks glances at her as he tends to a PERSON with a head wound.

Observing *him* from afar is CLAUDETTE, 26, looks genteel in a green dress from the 50s, but her eyes are sharp and observant. She examines a DEEP GASH on her shin. She winces in pain, drops her skirt down to cover it.

REVEREND JOHNSON, 28, sits down next to her. He radiates a controlled and magnetic kind of power, wears upscale pants and a sweater out of the 90s --

REV JOHNSON

You doing alright, miss?

CLAUDETTE

You know anything about all this?

REV JOHNSON

Was about to ask you the same. I've been reaching out to folks and...nobody seems to know what happened to them.

CLAUDETTE

Last I knew, I was in Mississippi and now they're saying we're in Detroit? This how people dress in Detroit? How they act? Mm-mm, something doesn't add up.

REV JOHNSON

(nods, thoughtful)

I'm Reverend Johnson. Isaiah. It's nice to meet you...?

He's fishing for a name, but she goes cold at his introduction --

CLAUDETTE

Little young to be a reverend, aren't you?

REV JOHNSON

(raises an eyebrow)

Inherited the position. Jesus is our family business.

CLAUDETTE

Well, hopefully Jesus will provide you with some insight.

REV JOHNSON

I expect He will. The Lord works in mysterious ways, they say. Besides, I know people will be looking for me. How about you?

CLAUDETTE

My husband, I expect.

Curious, he eyes her bare ring finger. She hides it, annoyed -- there's a story there but it's none of *this* stranger's business.

REV JOHNSON

Well, I'm sure your *husband* would agree it's a shame to keep a lady like you locked up here under these conditions.

CLAUDETTE

Is that right? From where I sit, this is the nicest jail I've ever been in. If you'll excuse me --

Claudette walks off with a slight limp, leaving Rev Johnson intrigued. From a ways off, Andre CLOCKS Claudette's limp...

ANGLE ON: Mildred, now alone. Her hands spasm repeatedly as she takes in the chaos around her. Suddenly, HAYDEN, 17, is by her side. He wears institutional-looking white shirt and pants. He doesn't speak, just opens a BOTTLE OF WATER and hands it to her. She's grateful. As they enjoy each other's company...

ANGLE ON: LaDonna holds her STILETTOS as she talks to cute, impressionable guard, STEVE, 22 --

LADONNA

I don't know what kind of prank my friends are pulling, but I'm done, okay? Give me my phone back and get me out of this janky-ass hotel!

Shanice walks up --

SHANICE

I need to talk to whoever is in charge. We have *rights*, you can't just keep us without cause.

STEVE THE GUARD

Uh, sorry, everyone, we can't, uh --

Andre walks up --

ANDRE

I need to speak with whomever is in charge of medical personnel. I appreciate you have taken the most injured out for treatment, and I'm happy to help with those remaining, but I need supplies, a workspace --

SHANICE

We're not going to get *anything* while they continue to hold us as *prisoners*. Isn't that right?

STEVE THE GUARD

I, uh --

SHANICE

I am with a *very* prestigious law firm. I am documenting *everything*, and I am going to reign *hell* down on everyone who's a party to this unlawful detention --

ANDRE

Ma'am, I don't think that kind of language is constructive and I'm not sure a -- secretary? -- is the most convincing messenger --

SHANICE

Excuse me? You did not just say that in Ruth Bader Ginsburg's America.

SOMEBODY

It's not. She's dead.

Shanice whips around, realizes that a small crowd has gathered, including Rev Johnson, Claudette, Mildred and Hayden --

SHANICE

What are you talking about?

STEVE THE GUARD

Um, yeah, she died last year? It was pretty big news...

ANDRE

Apologies, whom are we discussing? Ruth Baiter...?

REV JOHNSON

Ruth Bader Ginsburg...the new Supreme Court Justice?

SHANICE
If RBG had died, I think I
would have heard about it.

CLAUDETTE
There aren't any *women* on the
Supreme Court.

As people keep loudly debating these points, Shanice looks around, takes in the confusion, the clothes from different eras, all the strange pieces finally adding up to a clear conclusion --

SHANICE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. WAIT.

It quiets, she turns to Steve --

SHANICE (CONT'D)
What year is it?

STEVE THE GUARD
Um, it's 2021?

A shocked beat as everyone takes that in -- then *pandemonium*, everyone speaking at once, with various levels of disbelief. Shanice shakes her head, reeling -- *it can't be true...*

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

The place teems with GOVERNMENT AGENTS and WORKERS setting up. In the background, Jharrel is with Smart Alec, getting oriented by an Agent. Keisha has found Jessica, in a suit and DHS badge --

KEISHA
What's going on? I show up to work
today and my boss tells me to
report here. Did...you do this?

JESSICA
Did I go behind my girlfriend's
back to coerce her into working
with me? No.

A look between them -- *Keisha wouldn't put it past her...*

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Yes, I want to spend more time with
you. But I'm not a creepy stalker!
Your boss recommended you.

KEISHA
For what? What is all this?

Jessica looks around, pulls Keisha into an alcove, voice low --

JESSICA
You saw the news about those people
on Belle Isle?

KEISHA

The protest?

JESSICA

That's...the story we're letting the press run with. But...there's zero chatter or online organizing. No cause, no signs, no demands. In fact, most claimed they don't know how they *got* there. Luckily the island seems to have kept them contained -- as far as we can tell.

KEISHA

Who? And why do they need to be 'contained'?

JESSICA

We...don't know. *Thousands* of people who just...showed up. We've tried fingerprinting, run facial recognition on hundreds so far. The ones we've identified are almost all missing persons cases over the past decade.

KEISHA

So what, they were, like, kidnapped and...returned?

JESSICA

Unlikely. They seem to be from all over the country, all over the world. A lot of them don't even speak English, it's just...

KEISHA

Jessica, what you're talking about is...*disturbing*. They're hiding their identities and motivations... What are they *here* for?

JESSICA

I know. I *know*. We're putting together teams, corrections officers and social workers, to conduct interviews. See if you can get information out of them. Quickly. That's your specialty, right?

Jessica tries to smile, but she's stressed. Keisha softens --

KEISHA

You haven't slept at all, have you?

JESSICA

No. We've been battling this on all fronts -- especially trying to keep it out of the press until we can get *any* kind of handle on it --

KEISHA

In my experience, people lie through their teeth when it's in their interest. But there's usually some very human -- and often very *dumb* -- reason people do what they do. We'll figure it out.

As Jessica sighs, grateful, Keisha is confident there's a rational explanation for all this...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

Andre takes in the deep gash on Claudette's shin, frowns.

ANDRE

Why didn't you come to me sooner? I noticed your difficulty walking --

CLAUDETTE

For all I know, you're just some charlatan playing doctor. Besides, I'm well-accustomed to pain.

That sounded a bit ominous. He distracts her as he works --

ANDRE

No one should have to endure excessive pain. Anesthesia is a particular passion of mine, and I am hoping to soon join the New York Society of Anesthetists.

CLAUDETTE

Lotta colored boys in that society?

ANDRE

(ignoring her snark)
In the meantime, I keep busy running my own clinic up in North Harlem, where I get to treat lots of ornery black folk like yourself.

Claudette smiles -- *he's alright*.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I've done what I can for now. But you need to be seen.

(distracted, looks around)

There's white folk in here too. You'd think...

CLAUDETTE

(nods, thought the same)

All this talk about the future... My husband and I've been jailed and worse for organizing the vote for negroes. If it was *really* 2021? I'd have hoped we'd made more progress. That it didn't *feel* the same.

They both look around. So many scared and confused people -- mostly black and brown. And the guards blocking the entrances -- mostly white. This all does *feel* eerily familiar...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A penthouse suite that's been converted into a makeshift interrogation room. Keisha, in a full HAZMAT SUIT, walks in to find Jharrel, wearing only a FACE MASK. He's intently looking through CASE FILES, but closes them as she walks in, smooth --

JHARREL

You must be Keisha. I'm Jharrel. We didn't get to meet at the briefing earlier, but they tell me we're partners. This is wild, huh?

She's distracted by WORKERS taking down a PLEXIGLASS BARRIER --

KEISHA

Excuse me, the plexiglass should remain for the duration of the interviews.

The workers stop, look to Jharrel --

JHARREL

Ah, I might have asked them to take it down.

(turning on the charm)

I know they explained the quarantine protocol, but I work with immigrants and refugees every day and have found it's hard to connect through suits and walls.

KEISHA

(not feeling the charm)
And we have no reason to trust
these people yet. Shouldn't we
establish that first?

JHARREL

Our first meeting already went
through the preliminary medical
screening. She's clean. I think
it'll go a long way --

KEISHA

Jharrel, is it? We can work up to
that, okay? I know you're the
people person, and I respect that.
But this is a volatile situation.
The rules are in place for a
reason. Let's not break them on day
one because we're trying to get in
our feelings, okay?

As Jharrel realizes he has his work cut out for him...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Shanice sits on the other side of the fully restored glass now --

SHANICE

I was driving to work, my first day
back after maternity leave. And
suddenly, there was, like, wind?
And a strange green light out my
window. Then everything went black -

JHARREL

(sits up, intense)
*What? What did you say? You saw a
light, a green light.*

SHANICE

(taken aback)
Yeah... I... think I saw a kind of
a green glow, but I don't know...

Keisha glares at Jharrel -- *what was that?* She refocuses --

KEISHA

And now *sixteen years* have passed.

SHANICE

I don't believe it. That
just...doesn't make sense!

KEISHA

No, it really doesn't.

SHANICE

I'm not *lying*. I'm speaking without counsel because *something* strange happened. I've cooperated and you've told me *nothing* about what I'm being accused of --

KEISHA

We are trying to get to the truth. Maybe someone doesn't want you to remember what happened?

SHANICE

Who?! *Why?* I *just* want to go home. Please, my daughter Mariah is *four months old*... There are only, what, a hundred and fifty of us? Everyone's scared. If we could --

JHARREL

There are a hundred forty-two people at *this* hotel. There were *thousands* of you on Belle Isle...

Keisha looks to Jharrel, annoyed, but Shanice is floored --

SHANICE

Thousands? Oh my god, it could take days, *weeks*... And you're not going to let me see them, are you?

As her hopes for reuniting with her family slip away...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Shanice still reels as she and Mildred are ushered out of the ballroom by a Guard --

GUARD

Bathroom's at the end of the hall.
You have ten minutes.

The Guard goes back into the ballroom. Other Guards pass through the area as Shanice and Mildred head down a secluded hallway. Mildred is concerned at Shanice's upset demeanor --

MILDRED

You okay?

SHANICE

No. I've never been apart from my baby for more than a few hours, she must be so scared... Thank you for asking. I'm Shanice, by the way.

MILDRED

Mildred. And I'm sorry. You sound like a good mom.

Mildred's wistful, as though she doesn't know what that's like. Shanice squeezes her shoulder in thanks, blinking back tears.

Mildred is moved, eyes the SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS, the BOLTED EXIT DOOR at the end of the hallway. And suddenly, they TURN just slightly. Shanice doesn't notice, but Mildred does. She concentrates, curious and intent. They keep turning.

Mildred turns her attention to the door. Suddenly, the BOLT SLIDES FREE, and they can hear the LOCKS DISENGAGE. The door opens a crack, sunlight flooding in from outside. Shanice notices, eyes going wide. She turns to Mildred --

SHANICE

What's going on?

MILDRED

I -- I don't know...

Mildred looks back the way they came -- there's no one watching.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

You should go.

Shanice moves behind Mildred to push her chair --

MILDRED (CONT'D)

No, no. I'm okay here. I -- have nowhere to go. Go to your family, your baby. I'll keep watch.

Shanice pauses, unsure, but Mildred is clear-eyed. Shanice spontaneously hugs the girl --

SHANICE

I'll see you again when I get you out of here, okay?

Mildred nods, smiles at Shanice, a small, strange bond having formed. Shanice looks back down the hall one more time -- then slips out the door and she's gone.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

Shanice gets her bearings in similar-but-different downtown. She loiters by a COFFEE TRUCK, eyes the TIP JAR. As the VENDOR turns away, she grabs a handful of BILLS and runs, mutters to herself -

SHANICE

I will pay back every cent...

INT./EXT. BUS/DETROIT STREETS - DAY

Shanice pays the fare, takes a seat. She notes a guy with AIRPODS in, a woman watching tiktoks on a HUGE PHONE. The truth stares her in the face -- she might well be in the future -- but she's not ready to acknowledge it. She looks out the window. As the bus rolls through Wayne State University, she flashes back --

EXT. WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY - PROTEST - FLASHBACK - DAY

A younger Shanice holds a "No Blood For Oil" sign during an Iraq War protest. COPS are on the scene, and one gets in her face --

COP

You're blocking the sidewalk.

SHANICE

We have the right to be here!

Shanice is jostled by the crowd, pushed into the Cop, who shoves her back, going for his BATON. Logan reaches out to steady her --

LOGAN

Hey, don't put your hands on her!
She was pushed. You could see that.

COP

Watch yourselves.

Cop's annoyed, but walks away, and Logan turns to Shanice --

LOGAN

You okay?

Shanice takes him in, amused. He's cute, if a bit earnest.

SHANICE

I work for ZZ&F Law. I secured the permits for this protest and will not hesitate to get that man's badge number and sue for bodily injury. So I'm fine, thank you.

LOGAN

*Oh, my bad. I didn't realize you
were a big fancy lawyer.*

He's teasing and she blushes. She may have exaggerated a bit --

SHANICE

*Well, currently a paralegal. But
I'm on track to finish law school
top in my class.*

LOGAN

*I have no doubt. And thank you for
putting this protest together. This
war is a travesty, a lot of
innocent people are gonna die to
line Dick Cheney's pockets. Also,
that cop was a dick.*

As these two smile at each other, a spark...

INT./EXT. BUS/DETROIT STREETS - DAY

Back with Shanice, still staring out the window. She closes her eyes, clinging to the hope she'll see Logan and Mariah soon...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - I.T. OFFICE - DAY

Jharrel walks into a cramped space filled with computers and annoyed people. He spots SORAYA (24, ballbuster, burgundy headscarf, Lebanese accent) arguing with another IT WORKER.

JHARREL

Soraya?! What're you doing here?

SORAYA

Jharrel! Hey! Somehow they lured me to work in this primitively-wired neanderthal cave --

IT WORKER

We've never needed this kind of bandwidth! It'll take a day or so --

SORAYA

Do I look like I have that kind of time? We need it yesterday!

IT Worker goes off in a huff, as Soraya turns back to Jharrel, gives him a big hug. He notices a filled WHITEBOARD, curious.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Aha, want in on our pool? Who are the Belle Isle people?

(MORE)

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Aliens, Manchurian candidates,
Russian sleepers... Or the wild
card -- part of a massive cloning
operation. What're you in for?

JHARREL

I think those things are *fictional*
and these are just people in a
strange situation, like your family
when you came here.

SORAYA

And we're forever grateful for your
help. But if you don't sweeten the
pot, you're no good to me.

JHARREL

Fine, 20 on the clones.

Jharrel forces a smile, but something's clearly eating at him --

JHARREL (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm really glad you're
here. You're putting the database
of these people together right? Can
you search for someone for me?
Manny Reyes?

SORAYA

I mean, we're nowhere *near* fully
functional yet --

JHARREL

It's just -- he's my brother. He...
went missing a year ago. And some
of these people are saying they saw
a green light when they...
disappeared. I thought I saw one
out the window the night Manny
left. A *green light*. We'd been
drinking, but I could have sworn...

SORAYA

Jharrel, I'm so sorry, I didn't
know. Of course I'll look into it.

Soraya sneaks a glance at the whiteboard, then back to Jharrel's
troubled face -- worried about what she might find...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

Andre unwraps Claudette's leg from his makeshift bandage --

ANDRE

I will need to find new bandages --

But when he finally sees the wound -- her leg is almost healed.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I -- but this is remarkable. It's almost fully healed. How did this happen? Did you receive treatment from their doctors?

Claudette marvels as well. She seems...more radiant.

CLAUDETTE

No...

STEVE THE GUARD (O.C.)

Andre Davis? Time for your medical.

Andre turns to see Steve waiting to escort him --

ANDRE

I think Mrs. Williams should go instead --

CLAUDETTE

No, no. I'm fine. Musn't have been so bad after all. Go on, now.

Andre's torn, but Claudette shoos him away...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - ELEVATOR - DAY

Andre and Steve step on. Andre looks bewildered as Steve presses a button for an upper floor--

ANDRE

Are you an operator as well, then?

Steve just gives Andre a look -- *Huh?* Andre looks only slightly confused -- until the elevator shoots up past the ground floor and we realize it's GLASS. Andre SCREAMS in shock seeing the view over the river as they hurtle higher. He hits the ground, and Steve instinctively does too, looking for threats --

STEVE THE GUARD

What? What is it?!

ANDRE

Something's wrong! The elevator must have broken and... Shot out of the wall! *Brace yourself, man!*

STEVE THE GUARD

What? No. Dude, it's *glass*. A *glass* elevator?

A beat. They don't seem to be crashing to the ground.

ANDRE

This is...the normal course of operation for this...machine?

STEVE THE GUARD

Yeah. Pretty sick, right?

Andre looks out -- except for being *terrifying*...it's kind of amazing. Andre echoes Steve, testing it out --

ANDRE

Sick, indeed.

As they watch the world go by from the elevator floor...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Keisha and Jharrel interview an agitated LaDonna.

JHARREL

And did you see a green light?

LADONNA

I was in the hottest club in Miami. I saw a lot of lights! Look, I just need my phone back, okay? People must be looking for me. I *have* to get out of here, just, like, tell my dad I'm okay --

KEISHA

We understand. We're just trying to get to the bottom of this.

Now it's Rev Johnson across from them, intense and perceptive --

REV JOHNSON

Think of how we feel. You can't keep people like this, scared with no answers. You're going to have a problem on your hands...

Keisha and Jharrel exchange a look -- worried he's right.

KEISHA

What's the last thing you remember?

Now it's Claudette opposite them, surprisingly peppy. She ignores the question, holds a COKE CAN, examining it --

CLAUDETTE

This is a Coca-Cola? You just...
poke a hole in it?

JHARREL

You pull the tab on the top.

She does, excited when it fizzes. She takes a sip -- *yum*.

JHARREL (CONT'D)

Can you at least give us your name?

Now it's Hayden with them. He pins Jharrel with his gaze, cocking his head. His look is curious...and sympathetic? A look one might see on someone who possesses the wisdom of old age. And it unnerves Jharrel. Keisha tries signing to Hayden --

KEISHA

(in ASL)
Do you sign?

Hayden just smiles pleasantly. Jharrel's surprised. She shrugs --

KEISHA (CONT'D)

He reminds me of my niece. Figured
it was worth a try.

She nods to a Guard on Hayden's side, who starts to lead him away. Hayden surprises her with a friendly wave good-bye. She hesitates a beat, but waves back. As he leaves --

JHARREL

These people are just as confused
as we are. We should tell the
public, alert family members --

KEISHA

Tell the public *what*? That people
got snatched up by green lights and
showed back up out of nowhere? No,
there's something we're missing --

JHARREL

How long till we get answers? What
if we *never* know? People just want
their loved ones back. They *deserve* -

They both look to the door as Jessica enters, abrupt --

JESSICA

We have a problem. Shanice Mitchell escaped.

TIME CUT:

Jessica mans a LAPTOP on the table, running SECURITY FOOTAGE of Shanice and Mildred walking to the bathroom. Mildred looks straight into the camera -- and slowly, the camera PANS away.

KEISHA

Wait, was the girl in on it? Was that some kind of signal to move the cameras? Do you think Shanice had help on the inside?

Keisha sneaks a look to Jharrel, who seems equally confounded.

JESSICA

We're trying to figure that out. Right now we just have to find her.

EXT. MIDTOWN HOME - NIGHT

Shanice, looking bedraggled, KNOCKS on the door of her old house. The place looks different. Nicer.

SHANICE

Logan? Logan, it's me.

She sees a CURTAIN move in a nearby window, redoubles her efforts, POUNDING on the door --

SHANICE (CONT'D)

Logan! Logan! *Please* come out --

The curtain moves again, a panicked voice through the door --

NEW OWNER (O.S.)

Someone's breaking into my house. Black, maybe homeless. Yes, I think she's armed. She's acting *crazy*...

Suddenly Shanice hears SIRENS, turns to see THREE BLACK SUVs rounding a corner of the block. TWO COP CARS come in from the other side of the street. Shanice realizes she's about to be surrounded on all sides and taken back in -- *She's trapped!*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MIDTOWN HOME/MIDTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Shanice is on the porch, SUVs and cop cars closing in. She RUNS. She takes off behind the house. INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. GOVERNMENT VEHICLE/MIDTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Jharrel sits next to Keisha in the backseat, annoyed by this ridiculous display of force. Something catches his eye and he SEES between houses -- Shanice darting through backyards.

As the vehicles screech to a halt at the house, everyone exits. An AGENT in a BULLETPROOF VEST approaches from another SUV --

AGENT

Owner called the cops on a vagrant.
We're gonna fan out. She's close.

JHARREL

(thinking fast)
And she's got nowhere to stay on a
cold night. She'll try to find a
place that's open late to warm up.

The Agent looks down the street to a more commercial area at the end of the block, nods. As he moves off, Jharrel sighs with relief -- he sent them in the opposite direction from Shanice. He doesn't notice -- Keisha clocking his reaction, suspicious...

EXT. MRS. GROVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shanice runs past an overgrown lot, adrenalized, to a run-down house. She KNOCKS on the door and waits, stressed. Finally --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

SHANICE

It's Shanice. Shanice Mitchell.

Silence. Shanice starts to speak again when she hears the distinct sound of a SHOTGUN BEING COCKED. Shanice swallows.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Haven't known anyone by that name
in a long while.

Shanice closes her eyes, takes a deep breath --

SHANICE

Mrs. Grover, you changed my
diapers, did my hair, and fed me
every day after school. Plus, I
know that shotgun's about a hundred
years old and you're gonna hurt
yourself if you try to shoot me.

A long beat. A SIREN wails nearby, causing Shanice to jump.
Finally, TUMBLERS sound in locks and the door opens, revealing
elderly MRS. GROVER, an (ancient) SHOTGUN lowered at her side.

MRS. GROVER

Neecey? That you? Come on in out
the cold, you'll catch your death.

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - DINING AREA - NIGHT

The hotel restaurant is now a cafeteria with a buffet spread.
Claudette's in line, notices people around her are restless and
anxious -- the time confined is taking its toll. People eye the
guards, whispering. Rev Johnson joins her in line --

REV JOHNSON

You seeing this?

CLAUDETTE

Mhmm. Reckon some of these folks
are madder than a wet hen in here.

REV JOHNSON

(smiles)

Well, not *exactly* how I was
thinking it...but yes. People are
restless. I'm trying to remind
myself of the strength in
surrendering to His plan -- no
matter how much I might want to
fight it.

ASSHOLE GUARD steps to Claudette, curt and rude --

ASSHOLE GUARD

Keep the line moving. Let's go.

Claudette is pissed, but bites her tongue and keeps moving. As
she walks away from Rev Johnson --

CLAUDETTE

Never have found much strength in
surrender myself.

She sits at a table, reaches down to run a hand over the scar on her shin, contemplative. She picks up her utensil -- an ECO-SPORK. She drops it back on her plate in disgust. That won't do.

LaDonna walks by, complaining to some HAPLESS PERSON, tapping her ACRYLICS on an EMPTY PLATE for emphasis --

LADONNA

I told them I'm a sometime pescatarian, ovo-vegetarian. Like, *what's* so complicated about that?

Claudette stares at LaDonna's nails, an idea forming...

EXT. MIDTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Cars and UNIFORMS still swarm the street. Jessica has arrived, breaks with a DPD OFFICER to update Keisha and Jharrel --

JESSICA

They've got an APB out for her, officers on all relevant addresses, paroles in the streets --

JHARREL

She just went to find her husband and kid.

JESSICA

We can't have people make contact --

JHARREL

(agitated)

There are families who think their loved ones are gone *forever*. But they're not. Something *nobody can explain* happened to them. Why aren't we talking about *that*?

KEISHA

Public safety has to be top priority. To your point, we don't know what they've gone through, *why* -- or what they're capable of. This is for their families too.

Jessica shoots Keisha a grateful look -- which Jharrel catches.

JESSICA

We are *looking* for explanations. We need to bring her in and keep this entire situation quiet until we know it's safe to reunite people.

Jharrel's unconvinced, but he tunes out as a COP comes to update them on logistics. He reads a text from Wanda: **Anything on Manny?** He frowns: **Not yet.**

INT. MRS. GROVER'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Grover sets down a glass of Vernors ginger ale and a plate of Nilla Wafers in front of a worn-down and sleep-deprived Shanice, who hangs up Mrs. Grover's landline phone, panicky --

SHANICE

I've called home, his office, his cell phone -- all disconnected. How am I going to track them down?! I couldn't find your phone book --

MRS. GROVER

City stopped putting those out years ago.

Shanice looks like she's going to lose it. Mrs. Grover covers Shanice's hands with her own --

MRS. GROVER (CONT'D)

But I wrote down the new address when he moved to Indian Village.

SHANICE

Indian Village? We always dreamed of living there... What's the address? Can I borrow the Pontiac?

Shanice tries to stand, but Mrs. Grover pulls her back down with surprising firmness for her age --

MRS. GROVER

The car's gone and there ain't nothing more you're gonna do before you get some sleep.

SHANICE

No, I have to --

MRS. GROVER

You're dead on your feet. Rest up and go find your husband in the morning. A few hours aren't gonna change anything now you're back.

(then, gentle)

Glad to see you're not too much like your daddy after all.

SHANICE

(sharp)

I'm *nothing* like him. I didn't
leave. I don't know what happened,
I was *home yesterday...*

Suddenly it all lands on her. She's utterly *exhausted* --

SHANICE (CONT'D)

I just want to close my eyes and
have everything return to normal.
If I can just see Logan and hug my
little baby...it'll be okay. I know
it will. It has to be.

Mrs. Grover knows whatever happened, it's going to be much more
complicated to fix than that -- but it won't help to say it. She
pulls a HANDMADE QUILT over Shanice as she lies down.

MRS. GROVER

You get some rest now, child.

As Mrs. Grover goes, Shanice touches the quilt, flashes back to --

INT. MIDTOWN HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

*Logan drapes a beautiful PURPLE BABY QUILT over the side of a
modest but lovingly crafted crib as Shanice walks in, distracted.*

LOGAN

*Look what Mrs. Grover made for the
baby. She also sent me home with
banana pudding -- And I even saved
you some. How was work?
(notices)
You okay? Did you talk to Zaleski?*

SHANICE

*Yup, finally told him I'm pregnant.
I swear, Logan...it was like I'd
personally betrayed him.*

LOGAN

That can't be right. He loves you --

SHANICE

*He loves the sassy affirmative
action hire who he can crow about
taking under his wing. Now I've
made a life decision he doesn't
approve of. He's not going to
forgive me for it.*

LOGAN

He's probably just surprised --

SHANICE

(paces, agitated)

This is why I wanted to wait until I was on the partner track. I can't even blame him, he's right, what the hell am I thinking --

Logan takes her in his arms --

LOGAN

Hey. We didn't plan this. But you also didn't plan to fall in love with a white boy from farm country, and look how that turned out.

SHANICE

Now I'll never marry Usher.

She jokes, but there's worry on her face. This was not the plan, not what she expected her life to be. Logan senses it, soothes --

LOGAN

We can do this. Together. This is the dream you've worked so hard for. Zaleski will see how committed you are. However many late nights or extra hours it takes, I will support you. We're a team, Shanice.

SHANICE

(tearing up a bit)

These hormones can't with you...

She snuggles into him, comforted, but the worry lingers...

INT. MRS. GROVER'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Back with Shanice, now asleep with a wistful, troubled smile...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A fancy women's room with powder area. LaDonna exits a stall, starts when she sees Claudette leaning against a sink, waiting --

LADONNA

Damn. Lurk much? Can I help you?

CLAUDETTE

Yes. I want you to cut me.

LaDonna gapes -- is this elaborate prank only getting weirder?!

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

They won't give us anything sharp,
so I need to use your nails.

LADONNA

Absolutely not. Do you have *any*
idea how much I paid for these?

CLAUDETTE

I just need to test a theory.
(crosses her arms)
Do it and I won't tell that guard
you're sweet on that you just made
yourself sick in here.

LADONNA

That's none of your business.

CLAUDETTE

No, it surely isn't.

LaDonna glares for a beat, then considers. She crosses her arms --

LADONNA

Fine. On *one* condition -- when we
get out of here, I get an upgrade.
On you. Somewhere *classy*. Not some
Palmetto strip mall salon.

CLAUDETTE

Fine. But I expect you to pick some
out for me too.

Claudette smiles -- *she means it*. LaDonna smiles back,
appreciates the compliment. Claudette presents her forearm.
LaDonna squeezes her eyes shut, looks away -- as she gouges
Claudette's arm in a shallow cut. Claudette sucks in a breath.

LADONNA

Ohhhh, *grooooooss...*

Blood oozes out of the cut, dripping down Claudette's arm.
Claudette stares, maybe starting to get a little worried...

LADONNA (CONT'D)

You're not gonna, like bleed out,
are you? 'Cause I am *not* trying to
go down for murder in a *bathroom* --

Suddenly, the wound begins healing, closing up before their
eyes. As both women gasp, shocked --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - I.T. OFFICE - DAY

Jharrel checks in with Soraya --

JHARREL

So you haven't found him? Is everyone accounted for?

SORAYA

Yes and no. We're not able to verify a few hundred names. Then a hundred or so *refuse* to give names and we have no way of finding out --

JHARREL

(pacing, frustrated)

Okay, right. But you could cross-reference for physical characteristics? Anyone even in the vicinity of his description...

She looks around, concerned, lowering her voice --

SORAYA

I can do it. But Jharrel, I'm not sure you really want your brother involved in whatever this is.

(off his look)

We've been tasked with looking into these crazy stories -- because they can't be true, right? But going through old census documents and newspapers...they *check out*. Like this guy, Andre Davis?

She pulls up a pic of a Harlem newspaper from 1919. A picture of Andre with the headline: **Local Doctor on the Frontlines of Anesthesia Research**. Next to it is a current photo of Andre --

SORAYA (CONT'D)

I mean -- this is the same guy! How can this be? I know we're a bunch of sci-fi nerds, but when there's no other logical explanation...

JHARREL

What do you mean... Is this about that ridiculous betting board --

SORAYA

No. That was for fun. *This* is about *time travel*. Like, for real.

JHARREL

Time travel. So, what, Manny got sent one year in the future? Why?

SORAYA

We don't know. Yet.

Jharrel takes her in -- she's *not joking*. And he knows what he's seen and heard. And how *smart* Soraya is. *Shit*. He runs his hands over his head -- *this is all overwhelming and he just wants* --

JHARREL

I just want to find my brother. And while y'all are figuring out what sci-fi movie we're in, I'm also here on official business...

EXT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Keisha's just getting in, sees Jharrel slip out the RESTRICTED ACCESS door to the basement, head off. Curious, Keisha enters --

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - I.T. OFFICE - NEARLY CONTINUOUS

Soraya spots Keisha as she walks in, looks her up and down -- likes what she sees. Soraya primps her headscarf, flirty --

SORAYA

Hi there. I'm Soraya. And you are?

KEISHA

Looking for my partner, Jharrel.

SORAYA

You just missed him. But he got the address for Shanice Mitchell's husband already.

(Keisha reacts -- *shit*)

You want me to pull it up --

But Keisha's striding for the door, pulling out her cell --

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Okay. Bye then. Rude. Hot. But *rude*.

EXT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - ENCLOSED COURTYARD - DAY

TWO GUARDS smoke and chat as A DOZEN PEOPLE mill about enjoying some "outdoor time" in a fenced-in courtyard.

Claudette, Andre and LaDonna huddle on a bench in a corner, some huge POTTED PLANTS providing cover. LaDonna is cutting into Claudette's arm as Andre freaks, shooting a worried look to the oblivious guards --

ANDRE

Ma'am! Mrs. Williams! You musn't --

And then Andre watches the wound close up again -- faster this time. Claudette admires her arm, smiling. Andre is dumbfounded.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

But -- how can that be? Is it some medical advance from this era?

LaDonna holds up her own arm. A long thin SCRATCH runs down it --

LADONNA

Nope. I tried it and it did *not* do that. It *still* stings! But hers healed up even *faster* this time.

ANDRE

(processing)

But your leg at first acted as any wound might, I feared infection. Before something *changed*...

CLAUDETTE

I don't know how to explain it, but I just started feeling...better. Gradually more and more...and now I feel *great*.

LADONNA

Well, that makes one of us.

ANDRE

It seems unlikely that this would be an isolated phenomenon.

LADONNA

What does that mean?

LaDonna's confused, but Claudette gets Andre's concern --

CLAUDETTE

You think it's about *this*. The guards, being locked up, all this talk of the future...

ANDRE

I think...I think it could be very detrimental to you -- and perhaps to all of us -- if they were to find out about this. We should not tell anyone else.

They both look to LaDonna whose eyes go wide --

LADONNA

As if?! You know what? I don't know what you two weirdos are talking about and I don't care. I'm *so over* all this.

She storms off as Claudette and Andre exchange concerned looks.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE BUS STOP - DAY

Shanice gets off the bus, stops short when she sees Jharrel waiting for her --

JHARREL

Gambled you'd be arriving by bus. Although I also thought you'd be on the 8:05 so I definitely drank the coffee I got you. But I have a bagel in my car if you're hungry.

SHANICE

I'm good. Mrs. Grover insisted on fixing me the biggest plate ever.
(listen, buddy)
I'm not going back until I see them. Do you understand? You can't keep me from them, you have no legal right --

JHARREL

I agree. I don't like how this thing is being run -- but I'm not in charge. So I'll take you to see your family, I already sold the story to the agents watching the house. But you'll have to return to the hotel with me afterwards. Deal?

As Shanice nods, determined...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - DINING AREA - DAY

Mildred and Hayden are in a line of people being led in by Guards. They hear a commotion ahead, look over to see --

A GROUP OF PROTESTORS including LaDonna has created a human blockade in front of the food --

LADONNA

We're not spending another minute here without some answers. And give us our phones!

PROTESTER

No one eats until someone tells us when this will end!

As the chorus rises, the Guards head towards the group, one speaking urgently into his walkie. Mildred whispers to Hayden --

MILDRED

Oh, I hope this doesn't get bad... I don't know why everyone's so upset. This place is nice and they feed us and, I mean, they're just trying to help us figure out what happened, right?

Hayden doesn't answer, but a mix of emotions flashes across his face at Mildred's words -- sadness, regret, worry.

ANGLE ON: Andre and Claudette look on, concerned --

ANDRE

Do you think Miss LaDonna will... maintain discretion?

CLAUDETTE

I think she's scared. And doesn't like being powerless any more than anybody else.

Just then MORE GUARDS swarm in, fan out in military formation.

ASSHOLE GUARD

Everybody needs to stand down. NOW. You are in the custody of the United States government. You are being housed and fed with our tax dollars. So you need to step aside and let us do our jobs.

But the protesters stand their ground. Asshole Guard pulls out his BATON, holds it to his side, menacing.

BACK WITH: Mildred and Hayden. Mildred stares intently at Asshole Guard's baton. It wobbles just a bit in his hand until --

Hayden puts a hand on Mildred's shoulder. She looks up, blinks, coming out of a daze. He shakes his head, nods toward --

Rev Johnson stepping up between the protesters and the Guards.

REV JOHNSON

Okay, folks. I know it's been a long couple days and tensions are high. I feel you on that, alright? Now, we know it's not right to keep us locked up when we didn't do anything wrong...

NODS and WORDS OF AGREEMENT. Rev Johnson notes Jessica slip in to stand near the Guards, on edge. He continues --

REV JOHNSON (CONT'D)

But we *also* know something strange is going on because just a couple days ago, I was kicking back watching Jordan lead the Bulls in the NBA Finals. Hector, you'd just gotten back from the Korean War. And LaDonna, you were out celebrating your 21st birthday -- then suddenly, you're *here*.

LADONNA

So unfair.

REV JOHNSON

But we remember that 'blessed is the man who remains steadfast under trial.' So we gotta find our way *through* this trial. The government's trying to help. And I think maybe they can find a way to show us that. How about we open up some of those rooms for people to have a real bed to stay in tonight?

JESSICA

Many of the rooms have no furniture and they need to be cleaned --

REV JOHNSON

We got some time before nightfall.
(off her look)
As a gesture. And tomorrow we'll be getting some answers. That sounds like a sign of good will to me.

Jessica narrows her eyes at him, knowing he's showing her his power here and not liking it. But paramount is keeping peace --

JESSICA

That's right. We're all trying to do our best here.

REV JOHNSON

We're blessed in that. Let's get through tonight and be kind to one another.

The protesters acquiesce and Jessica nods to the Guards to stand down. Crisis averted.

ANGLE ON: Claudette, suspicious, watches Rev Johnson talk quietly with a much-soothed LaDonna. Andre looks impressed --

ANDRE

Miss LaDonna appears more at peace. That was well done of the Reverend.

CLAUDETTE

Because he knows how to use pretty words to make people believe him. Today he decided to use his power for something good. What about next time? Men like him are dangerous.

ANDRE

Why would you think that?

CLAUDETTE

Because I'm married to one.

Andre looks concerned over the darkness in her tone -- but Claudette doesn't notice, lost in an unpleasant memory...

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE HOME - DAY

Jharrel waits on the sidewalk, gives a THUMBS-UP to TWO AGENTS watching from a car, as Shanice knocks. MARIAH, now 16, looking the part of a carefree teenager opens the door. A moment of deep and shocking recognition between the two. Shanice breathes out --

SHANICE

Mariah...

MARIAH

You're... Mom?

SHANICE

Oh god, it's really you. You're really...you're *grown* and...

LOGAN (O.S.)

Mariah, who's at the --

Logan steps up behind Mariah, is staggered to see Shanice.

SHANICE

Logan. Oh, thank god --

Emotions flicker across his face, surprise, joy, *confusion* -- she looks the *same* -- before he hardens and he turns to Mariah --

LOGAN

Go inside.

MARIAH

But, Dad --

SHANICE

No, please --

But he steers Mariah inside, shutting the door behind her. He steels himself a beat before he turns back to Shanice.

SHANICE (CONT'D)

I can't believe it's her. I don't have much time, but I had to see --

LOGAN

What are you doing here, Shanice?

Finally, Shanice registers the cold undercurrent in Logan.

SHANICE

I came to find you. You won't believe what I've been through -- I don't believe it, really, but Mariah's a *teenager*...

LOGAN

Do you really think you can just walk out on your family and come waltzing back sixteen years later like it never happened?

SHANICE

Walk out? That's not what happened. I was...taken. Or something. I don't actually know --

Jharrel shuffles on the sidewalk, causing Logan to spot him --

LOGAN

Who's that?

SHANICE

He's...it's a long story. That's what I'm trying to tell you. That day you say I left, for me that was *two days ago*, I don't know how --

But Jharrel and Shanice are both distracted by the loud WAIL of multiple SIRENS. Shanice catches Jharrel's eye -- he looks worried. They spot THREE SUVs rounding the corner.

LOGAN
Is that about you?

SHANICE
I thought I'd have more time...
Logan, please listen to me, I need
help -- we all need help. They're
keeping us in this hotel downtown --

LOGAN
What? Who?

The SUVs come to a loud and distracting stop, blocking off the entire street. Keisha gets out of one, along with a HALF DOZEN AGENTS AND OFFICERS who draw their weapons, prepared. Keisha wears a BULLETPROOF VEST, steps up --

KEISHA
Sir, you should stand back. This
woman is a national security
threat. She could pose a danger to
you and your family.

Just then the front door opens and Mariah steps out, followed by BRIDGET, 35, sweet.

BRIDGET
Logan, what is going on out here --

SHANICE
Mariah, stay back --

Bridget sees the cops, instinctively pulls Mariah to her, and Mariah hugs the woman close. Shanice sees this interaction, heart breaking. But Bridget has been taking in Shanice --

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Shanice? You look just
like your pictures...
(realizing, puzzled)
Just like your pictures...

Keisha steps up to the sidewalk, flanked by armed agents. She exchanges a tense look with Jharrel --

KEISHA
Shanice, you're going to have to
come with us now.

But Shanice barely hears her, turns to Logan --

SHANICE

How long?
(off his silence)
How long?

LOGAN

Nine years.

SHANICE

(*devastated*)
She -- *she raised my daughter?*

Shanice tries to hold back her tears, but can't. This breaks her. Keisha takes it all in, clocks young Mariah's distress -- even Keisha isn't immune to the heartbreak of the moment.

But it's too late to change course. The Agents roughly grab Shanice to cuff her. Logan instinctively reaches to help her -- just like at the protest when they first met -- but pulls back. As the cuffs go on her wrists, Shanice gathers her strength turns to Logan and Mariah, strong and sure --

SHANICE (CONT'D)

I don't know what you thought, but I didn't leave. I would never have left you. I love you, you're my family, and I'll do everything I can to get back to you and make you understand.

As the Agents lead her away, Logan follows, waiting until Bridget and a scared Mariah are out of earshot.

LOGAN

I don't know what you've gotten yourself into, Shanice, but don't lie to me and don't lie to our daughter. I found your note.

Shanice is confused a beat before the realization hits her --

SHANICE

No, Logan, that's not what you think, I can explain --

But she's being placed into the back of an SUV. Jharrel looks on, frustrated and enraged, while Keisha nods to the Agents, sober and grim. As the SIREN starts, Logan watches the vehicle pull away, taking Shanice with it. His cold facade crumbles, and he puts his hands on his head, reeling from the encounter --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT./EXT. KEISHA'S SUV/DETROIT STREETS - DAY

Jharrel rides shotgun, Keisha drives. He's pissed. She's pissed.

JHARREL

Do you have any idea the
destruction you caused that family?
Why?

KEISHA

I didn't put her in that situation.
You did. She was never supposed to
make contact!

JHARREL

She was coming in. *Quietly*. But
instead you turn the street into an
episode of *SWAT* and traumatize the
daughter who had to witness her
mother being treated like that --

KEISHA

I had to call it in. I didn't know
what you were up to. Bending the
rules, sneaking off to I.T.,
talking about 'green lights.'
Someone helped her escape --

JHARREL

You think *I* did that?

KEISHA

I don't know. I don't *know* you. But
I *do* know when people have
something to hide. And I don't
trust you.

JHARREL

Yeah? Well, you're a cop who
believes in the system over
people's humanity. I don't trust
you either.

Jharrel's phone BUZZES. He checks the text, mind pulled
elsewhere as Keisha studies him, considering...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - I.T. OFFICE - DAY

Jharrel approaches Soraya. She spins from her computer --

JHARREL

You found him?

SORAYA

First of all, I can't believe you didn't introduce me to your partner. What's her deal? Did she say anything about me?

JHARREL

Soraya. Manny? Did you find him?

SORAYA

Right. *Maybe*. One guy matches the description perfectly. Only problem is, he refuses to let them photograph him or to give his name to the, and I quote, 'fascist pig oppressors.'

Jharrel smiles wide, almost a laugh --

JHARREL

Manny's been a raging commie since his first Che Guevara poster in high school.

SORAYA

Here's the info. He's being held at the old high school near Hamtramck.

Jharrel stares at the address a moment before breaking out in a loud *WHOO!* He pulls Soraya into a bear hug, lifting her off the ground. She laughs too, his overwhelming joy infectious...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

LaDonna sits alone, looking young and fragile, a shadow of her usual gregarious self. Claudette sits down next to her --

CLAUDETTE

Thought that protest woulda put a smile on your face.

LADONNA

Ha! No. I'm in the future and you're, like, one of the X-Men and I'm stuck in this dump and I'm totally alone and *I just want my phone back!*

CLAUDETTE

I'll admit I think y'all have a real surprising attachment to telephones now.

(MORE)

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

And I can't say what's happening here other than to take as truth what I've seen with my own eyes. But I do know one thing -- you're not alone. You, me, the doc, everyone in here -- we're all in this together. And that's the only way we're going to get through it. You feel me?

LaDonna nods, buoyed by solidarity amidst all the uncertainty...

EXT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - ENCLOSED COURTYARD - DAY

Andre guides Shanice to a bench, concerned at her bleak expression.

ANDRE

Mrs. Mitchell, what's happened? Are you alright?

SHANICE

Not really, Doc. My husband is now married to someone else who also raised my sixteen-year-old daughter.

ANDRE

I -- the world is a bit topsy-turvy for us, isn't it?

SHANICE

But it's the *truth* now... I was so scared when I got pregnant, I wasn't ready to be a mother, we were too young, I had so much to do. And when she was born...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SHANICE'S CAR/SHANICE'S OLD HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Shanice sits in a car outside of her house. There's a hastily-packed BAG next to her, she holds an ENVELOPE with Logan's name scrawled on it. Her eyes look vacant, her clothes and hair a mess, spit-up all over one shoulder.

SHANICE (V.O.)

It wasn't that immediate connection they tell you it's gonna be.

She gets out, puts the note in their mailbox, gets back in the car, starts the engine. She looks back at the house one more time, can see Logan inside rocking their wailing baby.

SHANICE (V.O.)

I was so worried about my career,
about my life changing and she was
this little alien thing. I was in
pain and my head wasn't on
straight.

Shanice takes deep breaths, her eye catching on something on the floor of the car -- the purple baby quilt -- strewn amid a mess of other baby stuff. Fuck. She can't do it. She gets out again, grabs the note from the mailbox, sticks it deep in her glove box. One last deep breath and she heads back in the house...

BACK TO:

EXT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - ENCLOSED COURTYARD - DAY

Shanice continues talking to Andre --

SHANICE

But I got help, and she and I...we
grew into our love. We fought to
get where we were, you know? And I
was never gonna stop fighting for
her. But I missed it all -- her
first words, her first steps, her
first everything. She was this tiny
blob in my arms and now she's had a
whole life and...she didn't need
me.

Shanice can't help herself, leans into Andre's arms and cries.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jharrel paces in another makeshift detention center, a Guard at the door. Jharrel buzzes with nervous, excited energy. He sits, smooths his shirt -- stops himself. He's acting nuts. *Calm down.* He jumps up as the door opens, turning with a smile blossoming on his face until he sees -- a Guard leading A MAN in --

MAN

'Sup, holmes? You here to get me
out?

Jharrel's face falls, devastated. Almost to himself --

JHARREL

You're not Manny.

And as Jharrel processes this fact, gutted...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Claudette spots Shanice, goes up to her, curious --

CLAUDETTE
Where've you been?

SHANICE
(beat; opts for the truth)
I got out.

CLAUDETTE
Out? *How?*

SHANICE
I don't know. The door just opened.

CLAUDETTE
Hm, so that's what got the guards' cages rattled. And? Is it true?

SHANICE
Unless somebody's set up a very elaborate hoax...it's really 2021. And they came after me. Sent the whole cavalry to bring me back in.

CLAUDETTE
That's a lot of effort for one black woman.

SHANICE
Yup. So why *us*? Far as I can tell, we have nothing in common, not where we're from, not *when* we're from. So why *now*? Why *this*? For some reason...we're special.

Claudette is silent -- *more special than Shanice knows...*

SHANICE (CONT'D)
And while I wish I didn't have anything to do with any of this -- I've realized if we have that kind of value, it means one more thing.

CLAUDETTE
What's that?

SHANICE
We have leverage.

The women exchange a look, Shanice clearly roaring back from her personal tragedy and into full kickass mode; Claudette awakening to the possibilities of her newfound power. Together, they're going to be a force to be reckoned with.

CLAUDETTE

I think I might just like 2021.
(beat, then)
You think that piano's in tune?

As they both contemplate the covered piano in the corner --

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - BALLROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Claudette has taken the cover off the piano, sits down, cracks her knuckles, a small smile conveying her absolute glee as she starts the opening riff of Little Richard's *Lucille* --

CLAUDETTE

*Lucille, you won't do your sister's
will/Lucille, you won't do your
sister's will/You ran off and
married, but I love you still*

At first, people are confused. But then some start to get into it. A few begin a spontaneous dance floor near the piano, paving the way for more to join -- a much-needed cathartic relief.

Mildred is with Hayden near the door. Hayden bops his head to the music, and Mildred grins watching everyone --

MILDRED

Old people are far-out.

Hayden can see she's really into it, gives her a little nudge to go out on the dance floor. She holds out her hand for him to come, but he shakes his head. She shrugs and heads out to the dance floor, where Rev Johnson greets her warmly, including her.

ANGLE ON: Shanice sways a little, observing. Andre walks over --

ANDRE

Am I to ascertain ragtime is no
longer *en vogue*?

SHANICE

Wait till you hear the Thong Song.

ANDRE

Well, Mrs. Williams is quite a
surprising talent, perhaps she'll
play it for us. In the meantime,
would you care to dance?

He offers his hand, formal. She hesitates a beat, then puts her hand in his, ready to set down her worries for a bit.

ANGLE ON: LaDonna sexy-club-dances alone, incongruous to the music and the setting. But Claudette gives her an encouraging wink. And Steve the Guard is enamored. LaDonna *revels* in it...

As everyone is preoccupied, Hayden slips out the door...

Claudette gets caught up in the music, knocking over the stool and playing with her whole body. Rev Johnson eyes her from the dance floor, completely in awe. He sees Asshole Guard approach her, realizes belatedly that the Guards have closed in.

ASSHOLE GUARD

You're going to have to stop playing, ma'am.

Claudette pretends not to hear him as she sings --

CLAUDETTE

Lucille, please come back where you belong/I been good to you baby, please don't leave me alone
(shouts with the music)
She ain't goin' back, y'all!

ASSHOLE GUARD

I said *STOP*.

He steps towards her, menacing, and she instinctively lurches back. But her foot catches on the bench and her elbow SLAMS into the piano. An abrupt, jarring, off note CLANGS as everyone turns to see what happened. Claudette grabs her elbow, in pain. Rev Johnson steps up, furious with Asshole Guard --

REV JOHNSON

Hey, what is wrong with you?

ASSHOLE GUARD

I didn't touch her.

REV JOHNSON

Is there some rule against playing the piano nobody knows about?

ASSHOLE GUARD

This isn't summer camp. We have a schedule.

(to the crowd)

Line up for dinner, we'll be rotating you out there in five. The piano is off-limits.

Claudette and Rev both look like they want to fight, but the Guards spring into action and everyone goes along with moving out for dinner. Rev Johnson turns to her, reaching for her arm --

REV JOHNSON
You okay? Let me see --

But suddenly Andre is there, looks to Claudette pointedly --

ANDRE
I'll examine her, but it looked benign to me.

REV JOHNSON
Really? 'Cause it sounded bad --

Claudette holds her arm close, knows she has to keep her "condition" hidden --

CLAUDETTE
Just hit my funny bone is all. But thank you for your concern.

Her gratitude is genuine, but she quickly walks away with Andre. Rev Johnson's about to walk away too when he notices a SMEAR OF BLOOD on the piano where Claudette's elbow hit a sharp edge in the wood. He turns to stare after Claudette and Andre, puzzled and concerned -- *what are they hiding -- and why?*

INT. CORKTOWN WINE BAR - NIGHT

Keisha approaches Jharrel, who drinks alone at the bar.

KEISHA
This seat taken?

JHARREL
(not looking up)
Not interested.

KEISHA
(snorts)
And I'm *definitely* not interested.

Jharrel looks up -- *what the hell is she doing here?* She shrugs -

KEISHA (CONT'D)
I'm good at tracking people down.
You work next door. Your habits are kinda sad, but predictable.

He grunts -- *true*. He's a few drinks in. The BARTENDER sets down a WHISKEY in front Keisha --

KEISHA (CONT'D)

I have to turn in a report tomorrow morning about what went down today. Anything you want to tell me? A reason you were so protective of Shanice Mitchell?

JHARREL

I'm protective because I've seen what happens when a powerful government machine treats people like problems instead of human beings.

KEISHA

That's not what's happening --

JHARREL

We don't *know* what's happening. We know people saw green lights in the sky. And some of them are from the *past*. How's our government going to react to that? You might be a good person. The people we report to might be. But even good people justify very bad things in the name of doing their jobs. In the name of *keeping people safe*.

Jharrel sighs, nothing to lose at this point --

JHARREL (CONT'D)

And the truth is, I thought... My brother Manny is missing and I thought... For the first time in a year I had *real hope*. And now I have to face the fact that I'll probably never see him again.

(drains his beer)

Welp, it's been real.

He starts to get up, but she stops him, affected by his story --

KEISHA

I'll fix it with DHS. I've got...connections.

JHARREL

Oh, so that's what's up with you and Agent Timmer...*connections*.

The hint of a smile as Keisha sips her drinks, shakes her head -- *screw you*. A beat of companionable silence, then she takes a deep breath --

KEISHA

My sister was killed walking home from the library five years ago. Gunfire, not meant for her. A parolee who shouldn't have had access to a weapon.

JHARREL

Keisha, I'm sorry.

KEISHA

My mom took in my nieces and I help, but... I know what it's like to lose someone you were supposed to protect. Makes you not want anyone close, anyone you might let down like that again.

JHARREL

Easier to protect strangers.

Keisha nods -- they've both taken this path in their own ways.

KEISHA

After an insane day like this? No one I'd rather talk to than her.

Jharrel takes that in, knows the feeling. The moment is broken as the bartender turns up the TV's volume --

REPORTER (ONSCREEN)

-- following up on explosive allegations about that mysterious gathering on Belle Isle two nights ago. A whistleblower tells us a number of the people have been identified as missing persons who appeared at the same location for reasons unknown. We are told the total number of "returnees" is 4400, staggering if true...

Jharrel and Keisha look at each other -- *holy shit.*

REPORTER (ONSCREEN) (CONT'D)

The government has not corroborated...

INT. INDIAN VILLAGE HOME - NIGHT

Logan watches the news, dumbfounded --

REPORTER (ONSCREEN)

So far they say only that they are assessing the situation in Detroit and that they are working in the interest of national security.

Mariah comes up behind him --

MARIAH

Was she telling the truth? She didn't leave?

Logan looks at his daughter, doesn't know what to say...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Keisha arrives, peers into the conference room packed with Agents, all on the phone or speaking over each other. Jessica spots Keisha, steps out. Keisha hands her a STARBUCKS CUP --

KEISHA

I got 'em to write 'black coffee' on the cup, but it's pumpkin spice. News vans outside, you holding up?

Jessica takes it, grateful. She's weary and overwhelmed --

JESSICA

Hounded by the press, the White House, people who want to know if we have their loved ones... All the damage control we did with Shanice Mitchell's husband for nothing --

KEISHA

Do you think it was him? Or someone else she made contact with? I'm sorry, I know you can't say any --

But Jessica is spiraling, has to get it off her chest. She glances at the conference room, pulls Keisha into the shadows --

JESSICA

I think we have a *leaker*. Which is the last thing we need right now. Keisha, we are in the *dark* with these people...

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - DINING AREA - NIGHT

FOCUS ON LADONNA, who now presides over a small table of "old-timers," pantomiming for them how cell phones work.

JESSICA (V.O.)

The ones we can find data on follow no clear pattern. Just standard missing persons cases.

FOCUS ON ANDRE AND REV JOHNSON as they chat in line for food.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Others match up with records that defy every logical explanation.

FOCUS ON MILDRED, idly spinning her eco-spork around on the table. Shanice sits next to her, thanks her for her help escaping. Mildred gets it didn't go as planned, but hugs her anyway, happy to have her back.

JESSICA (V.O.)

These people are *our* responsibility by default but...

FOCUS ON CLAUDETTE, headed to a table. She locks eyes with Asshole Guard -- and it's clear the confrontation over the piano won't be their last. Rev Johnson watches her, notes her elbow -- which seems completely fine. *Something doesn't add up there...*

INT. BOIS BLANC - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Back with Jessica and Keisha. Jessica is raw, unfiltered --

JESSICA

Whatever happened, whatever's *happening*...we haven't even scratched the surface yet. The Pentagon is exploring every theory...they're reading in NASA --

KEISHA

What? Why? They think this is something...extra-terrestrial?

JESSICA

I *know* it sounds crazy, but the time period discrepancies? The green lights? The way none of this makes sense or is even *possible*? What if it *is* something alien? The truth is...a lot of us are *scared*.

Keisha takes a deep breath, troubled. RAISED VOICES from the conference room cause Jessica to look over then back at Keisha --

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're here. But be careful.

Jessica squeezes Keisha's arm before she goes back in. Keisha catches a movement out of the corner of her eye. She peers down the hallway, spots Hayden in the shadows.

KEISHA

Hayden? What are you doing out here? C'mon, let's get you back.

She starts walking and he falls into step beside her. She notes he wears a faded Missy Elliott t-shirt.

KEISHA (CONT'D)

Glad they found you something else to wear, I heard they were gonna hit up the Salvation Army.

(a beat)

My sister and I saw her at Ford Field when we were kids. She was gonna be a rapper slash mogul slash collaborator just like Missy.

She laughs a little, but Hayden senses it's tinged with sadness.

KEISHA (CONT'D)

You'd like her daughter, my niece. She's prickly around the edges, but most of you all are at that age, aren't you?

Hayden makes a face -- *duh*. Keisha laughs, for real this time.

INT. WANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jharrel slips into bed, not as drunk as he wants to be. Someone stirs beside him, roused from sleep --

WANDA

Wha...? Jharrel?

JHARREL

Can I sleep here tonight?

Wanda sits up, turns on her bedside LAMP --

WANDA

Did you find Manny? Is he here?

Jharrel can't answer, but she sees it in his expression. Her face falls, his pain mirroring her own. She leans over, holding her to him, as they both grieve this gutting disappointment.

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - OUTSIDE DINING AREA - NIGHT

Keisha and Hayden arrive near the dining area. Keisha flashes her badge at the Guards and they nod. She turns back to Hayden --

KEISHA

Get some dinner while it's still hot. And don't wander off.

Hayden leans up, puts a hand by her ear, whispers --

HAYDEN

Tell Jharrel that Manny's alright. And he's sorry for everything.

Keisha stares at Hayden, shocked and confused -- how the hell does Hayden know about Jharrel's missing brother?!

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Shanice sits with Andre, her mood considerably improved --

SHANICE

Now who would've thought you'd dance a mean Charleston, Doc?

ANDRE

My mother insisted on teaching all her children how to dance.

SHANICE

Smart woman. Wanted you to snag all the finest ladies of the day.

ANDRE

Something like that. And your mother? What did she insist on teaching you?

SHANICE

She taught me...to face the day in front of me. And that's what I'm gonna do.

She meets his eyes, a hint of sadness, but mostly resolve. He nods, understanding. But suddenly she's struck by a piercing headache, Logan's voice sounding like an echo --

LOGAN (V.O.)

You can't leave!

She drops her fork, grabbing her head and we FLASH TO:

INT. SHANICE'S OLD HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Shanice frantically packs a BAG. Logan looks stricken nearby --

SHANICE

I'm drowning here, I can't breathe.
I just need some time, I need...

LOGAN

What? Please tell me, I'll do
anything. I know it's been hard
since you quit your job --

SHANICE

I quit because Zaleski made my life
hell. And trashed me at every firm
in town! All I ever wanted was to
be a lawyer --

LOGAN

I know. I know. But we'll get
through this. Don't walk out on us.
I know your father --

SHANICE

Don't bring him up. I'll come back.
This isn't about him.

LOGAN

Isn't it? Why would your first
instinct be to run --

The door CREAKS open and little Mariah, now 5, walks in --

MARIAH

Why are you yelling? You're not
supposed to yell.

Logan looks too upset to speak. Shanice goes over, hugs her
tight -- too tight.

SHANICE

I'm sorry, baby. I love you so
much, you know that right?

MARIAH

Ow, too hard, Momma! 'Gnight...

Shanice lets go and Mariah shuffles off. A heavy silence as
Logan and Shanice are left alone. She can't look at him. She
zips up her bag, final and deafening --

ANDRE (V.O.)

Mrs. Mitchell. Shanice.

INT. BOIS BLANC HOTEL - DINING AREA - RESUME - NIGHT

BACK TO: Shanice snaps to, shaken. Andre pats her back, sees Asshole Guard look their way, *too interested*. He shields Shanice from view, speaks low and urgent --

ANDRE

Shanice, what's wrong?

SHANICE

I just saw something...*remembered* something. But I can't, it's *impossible*. I wasn't there. I was *missing*...wasn't I?

Andre takes this in, concerned -- *another "impossible" manifestation within the 4400*. And off Shanice's panicked, terrified face --

END OF EPISODE