

INT. NTSB BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on DUSTIN as he stares at LOLA through the massive glass window between the conference room and the lobby... DIANA waits beside her, rubbing her arm comfortingly. A voice speaks to him, interrupting his train of thought.

AGENT POOLE (O.S.)
...And you two have never met
before? Not once?

Dustin doesn't even look as he replies;

DUSTIN
(simply)
No. Never.

AGENT POOLE (O.S.)
Look at me.

Dustin slowly turns to look at the agent -- POOLE's eyes lock on Dustin. An expression of seriousness and bewilderment.

AGENT POOLE (CONT'D)
These old eyes have seen the true
horrors of man... Unspeakable
things.
(beat)
But what I saw on that ship...
(pause)
I can't even BEGIN to explain what
I saw on that ship.

No response from Dustin -- he can't believe it either.

AGENT POOLE (CONT'D)
So I want to know, Dustin... How
did you know?

Poole reads off of a paper that he lifts out of a manilla folder --

AGENT POOLE (CONT'D)
You warned everyone on that plane
they had everyone buckle down...
That they were gonna kill people.
Can you explain that?

DUSTIN
Can I be honest here?

Poole leans in, INTRIGUED.

AGENT POOLE
...I'd love nothing more.

DUSTIN
I have absolutely no fucking clue.
I'm sorry for my bluntness, but
I've had one hell of a long day and
I just wanna go home.

Poole frowns.

AGENT POOLE
So what was it? A hunch?

DUSTIN
No...

Dustin sits on it, trying to scramble for the right words.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
A... a... premonition.

AGENT POOLE
(scoffs)
So, what -- you're a psychic?

DUSTIN
That's not what I'm trying to say --

AGENT POOLE
I'll let you know right now, son, I
don't believe in any of that
garbage. I won't hear a word of
it... If you're joking around with
me, I swear, Dustin...

DUSTIN
(deeply offended)
Why would you even suggest that?
People are dead and I don't even
know how to explain it. Sure, you
and your people had to scrape the
place up but you're not the one who
was in the plane that killed them.
How do you think that makes ME
feel?

Poole winces -- Dustin stares back at him seriously.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Now can I go home please?

REVERSE ON LOLA

At the table now. A new session has begun.

Lola stares into the styrofoam cup of coffee she must've gotten in the lobby. Poole can see that she's TREMBLING.

AGENT POOLE

So you and Dustin both have these premonitions often?

LOLA

No, we've already been through this... This has never happened before. Ever.

AGENT POOLE

No pre-meditation? This wasn't an act of terrorism conspired between you and Dustin Graham?

LOLA

If it was, why would I warn the people on the boat? Why would I try to save them? Why would Dustin warn his friends? The whole terrorist angle makes zero sense... With all due respect.

Poole crosses his arms with a sigh. He gets on his feet and reveals --

Behind him, a wall is papered with photos of the aftermath of the plane crash on the cruise.

CLOSEUP on the PICTURES.

Lola shakes -- turns away from the wall quickly.

AGENT POOLE

These photos seem to bother you. Or is this all a ruse, just like your little scheme to make me think you and Dustin had these premonitions? Because to me, it's all a little too convenient.

Lola and Poole stare each other down, Lola scoffs with the roll of her eyes.

LOLA

(sarcastic)

Well maybe next time a freak accident occurs, fate will make it a little more convenient to appease you.

AGENT POOLE
I don't believe in fate.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

AGENT POOLE stands amongst the chaos around him. Plainclothes DETECTIVES, uniformed COPS, and the occasional PARAMEDIC walk by in the background. Guilt covers his face -- it's happened AGAIN and he couldn't stop it... AGAIN.

AGENT TANNER approaches.

AGENT POOLE
Any updates?

AGENT TANNER
Evidence of a struggle.

AGENT POOLE
The victim?

Poole and Tanner turn to see the covered gurney being rolled away by the CORONERS into their van...

AGENT TANNER
One of the cruise ship survivors.

AGENT POOLE
Damn it... Another?

AGENT TANNER
Yeah but this isn't like the previous ones. This wasn't an accident.

Poole's face twitches.

AGENT POOLE
Homicide?

Tanner nods. Reporters start to swirl onto the scene and we CLOSE on Poole's grim expression.

AGENT POOLE (CONT'D)
I'm going to find Dustin Graham and Lola DeSousa...

AGENT TANNER
You think they had something to do with this?

AGENT POOLE
(almost reflectively)
Just a "hunch".