

TRINITY

2x06 "Realm" - Sneek Peek Preview

Written by
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FADE IN:

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cynthia and Hank are having their morning coffee. Cynthia takes a sip, then looks curious.

CYNTHIA

You haven't talked much about
Valentina. What she was like when
she was... me...

HANK

I guess there's not much to talk
about. You know as much as I do.
She was a bit on the crazy side.
But, I guess that's what confusion
does to you.

CYNTHIA

It's almost like I know her
somehow. I'm sure it's just what's
left from whatever she did to my
head in the future... it's hard to
explain, but I've been seeing
memories that aren't mine. I think
they're hers.

HANK

Maybe Quentin could help you out.

CYNTHIA

Oh no... I'm not sure me bringing
up the woman he thought to be dead
until a few days ago would pass as
casual conversation.

HANK

Well, make it casual. You two are
friends again, right?

CYNTHIA

Well, he doesn't hate me. At least,
I don't think he does. But I
wouldn't go so far to call us
"friends."

HANK

Cynthia, you've got to stop blaming
yourself for whatever happened
between you two.

CYNTHIA

I have to blame myself. It was nobody's fault but my own. I let a mad woman get inside my head... and I'm not even talking about Valentina. I knew Amanda wasn't all that she said she was, but I didn't care. It was better than going back to the way things were.

HANK

The way things were?

CYNTHIA

I don't wanna talk about it.

HANK

Fine... we don't have to. I'm just trying to figure you out. The more and more I try, the harder it gets.

CYNTHIA

Then stop trying.

Cynthia stands to her feet, then walks to the other side of the room, arms crossed. She sighs. Hank walks up behind her.

HANK

Listen... I don't know about your past. I couldn't begin to guess how hard your life was, but what's done is done. I know it might not seem that way, but that's the way it is.

CYNTHIA

Henry, I'm not like you. I can't just move on.

HANK

Why not?

CYNTHIA

Because every time I let myself forget how much my life sucks, I get a really painful reminder, that ends with someone close to me getting hurt.

HANK

So that's what this is about. You're worried about me?

CYNTHIA

You... Lana, Quentin. Yes.

Hank smiles.

HANK

Look Cynthia, I'm glad you care. But you can't let the bad things that have happened in your life define who you are. At least not all of you. When you find something good, you hold onto it for as long as you can.

CYNTHIA

What if "as long as I can" isn't long enough for me.

HANK

Then too damn bad.

Hank leans forward, and kisses Cynthia on the forehead. Cynthia grins.

HANK (CONT'D)

And when it comes to Quentin... I don't know he very well, but I'm good at reading people, and I can tell that he's happy to have you around. You're needed there, and more importantly... you're wanted too.

CYNTHIA pauses for a moment, then nods.

CYNTHIA

Thank you.

HANK

Anytime.

They both smile, then there is a hard knock on the apartment door. Hank walks over to the door, and opens it, revealing PETE on the other side.

HANK (CONT'D)

Pete...

PETE

I think I'm going insane.

HANK

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around. Come in.

Hank steps out of the doorway, and Pete walks inside. He closes the door.

PETE

Hey Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Did I hear that right? You're going insane?

PETE

I don't know, but I've been...

(Beat)

Hey, you colored your hair.

Cynthia grins, then touches her brown locks.

CYNTHIA

Oh, yeah.

PETE

It's nice.

Pete smiles, and Hank rolls his eyes slightly, then clears his throat. Pete notices, then gets back on topic.

PETE (CONT'D)

Right. I've been seeing things. Things that aren't really there, or haven't actually happened.

CYNTHIA

Like visions?

PETE

More like delusions. Weird things in the back of my head. People, popping up in the corner of my eye.

HANK

People? What people?

PETE

Uhm... nobody important.

PETE chuckles slightly, obviously lying.

PETE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was hoping you would be able to tell me something. You seemed pretty well informed when you projected yourself from your coma-vision.

CYNTHIA

I still don't remember any of that. All I can see is Valentina Vostok. She's like a disease.

PETE

Don't tell Quentin that.

CYNTHIA

I won't if you want.

HANK

Okay, between the both of you, this is starting to get kind of serious. I think the solution to our problem is right in front of us.

CYNTHIA

I'm not following.

HANK

Well, you said it yourself... you're having flashes... images of a life that's not yours. It all started when Valentina took control over you.

CYNTHIA

With the month I was supposedly trapped in an everlasting vision, who knows when it started.

HANK

All I'm saying is, she has been presumed dead for how many years? Then she makes her reappearance the same day you wake up? Whatever's going on, I bet she can give us some answers.

PETE

The only thing we know about her is she's really good at staying hidden.

HANK

We know that Quentin has a connection to her, which means he may be able to tell us something we don't know.

CYNTHIA

So... I've got to have that casual conversation, after all.

HANK

You don't have to. But it might be the only way to make sense of what's going on, and get your memories back.

CYNTHIA

And what if I don't want them back?

HANK

That's fine too. But I'll leave it up to you.

Cynthia's gazes turns to Pete, before she releases a long sigh. Off that image, we...

BLACKOUT:

END OF SNEEK PEEK