FREQUENCY "Pilot"

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

A female voice. Halting. Revealing unspeakable truths.

RAIMY (V.O.) Some things I've never told you. About my father.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

A TERRIFIED MAN runs for his life. Greasy hair, beard, bleeding from a gunshot wound. Looks like a criminal. This is FRANK SULLIVAN, 28.

BOOM! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Frank drops, hit, as we--

SLAM TO BLACK.

RAIMY (V.O.) He was a bad man.

A sharp, distant LIGHT cuts through the blackness. And we realize we are--

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT - 1996

Far beneath the surface. The SHARP LIGHT approaches through the murk as Raimy continues.

RAIMY (V.O.) You know he left us when I was six years old. I never told you why.

The light moves closer. It's a NYPD DIVER holding an underwater spot.

RAIMY (V.O.) He was deep undercover for the NYPD. (then) They said he went too deep. Forgot which side he was fighting for.

The Diver pulls up. His eyes go wide with discovery--

RAIMY (V.O.) One night, he didn't check in. EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

A CRANE hauls an OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS out of the water, deposits it on this godforsaken waterfront as a shit show of NYPD Marine units, Detectives and Brass look on.

> RAIMY (V.O.) They found his body in the East River, two days after my eighth birthday. Some said his death was a tragedy. (then) Others said he got exactly what he deserved.

TWO FIREFIGHTERS approach the car, deploy forcible entry tools to pry open the trunk. As it POPS OPEN--

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

RAIMY SULLIVAN, 28 -- the voice we've been hearing, sits here in her kitchen, soaked to the bone. Stares off.

> RAIMY All my life I've hated him for it. For leaving us. For going bad. All my life I've been trying to cover up this stain. (a long beat) But now-- I don't know what to think.

Her boyfriend, DANIEL BADOUR -- 28, French -- sits across from her at the small table. Deeply worried.

> DANIEL What happened?

RATMY (after a beat) I spoke to him.

DANIEL Your father?

Raimy nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

When?

RAIMY Last night.

DANIEL In a dream? (then) Because-- lots of people-everyone's spoken to a dead loved one in their dreams--

RAIMY It wasn't a dream.

A long moment.

DANIEL Then... what was it?

Raimy finally brings herself to look at Daniel. As she prepares to answer, we--

GO TO TITLES:

FREQUENCY

FADE IN:

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - MORNING - 2016

A modest home in this working class neighborhood of Bayside, Queens.

SUPER: 72 HOURS EARLIER. OCTOBER 20, 2016.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING - 2016

Raimy straddles Daniel in the early morning light. As he stares up at her--

DANIEL Happy birthday.

But Raimy's crazy into this.

RAIMY

Shut up.

A beat. Daniel starts to giggle. So does she.

On the bedside table, RAIMY'S CELLPHONE CHIRPS. Piled next to it: a holstered SERVICE PISTOL, a DETECTIVE'S SHIELD.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING - 2016

Raimy, half-dressed, talks on her CELL while discovering her deodorant is kicked. She searches around--

RAIMY (into phone) Detective Sullivan. (after a beat) Location?

As she listens, she roots into Daniel's DOPP KIT. She pulls out DEODORANT and then... a RING BOX. Inside the box is an ENGAGEMENT RING. Her eyes widen--

> RAIMY (CONT'D) (to herself) Holy crap. (into phone) Yes-- sorry. How many deceased?

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 2016

Raimy enters the bedroom. A bit dazed (in a good way) by her discovery. Daniel looms behind her, out of focus. For the briefest moment, it's unsettling.

DANIEL Do you know who I am?

Raimy turns, the image sharpens. Daniel is completely naked, making that finger mask we all used to make as kids.

RAIMY The Kissing Bandit?

DANIEL

Yes. And you, you are very afraid.

A beat. Raimy moves for him--

DANIEL (CONT'D) No, no-- <u>afraid</u>--

--and kisses him so hard they fall to the floor, as we--

EXT. FOUNTAIN AVENUE MARSH - DAY - 2016

Raimy kneels in this low, spongy marshland along the Brooklyn-Queens border, takes in the desolate surroundings, the darkening storm clouds.

Beside her, a knot of UNIFORMS and TECHS work around partially exposed, SKELETAL REMAINS. A tech carefully scrapes the muck away from the bones, while TOMMY "MAC" McGUIRE, a crusty, uniformed cop stands next to her.

CONTINUED:

MCGUIRE In his dopp kit? Weird.

RAIMY Why-- where would you hide it?

MCGUIRE I don't know. I just think it's weird.

RAIMY You think it's weird because he's French.

MCGUIRE He is weird because he's French. This is like a whole other level. (then) When's he gonna do it?

RAIMY I'm meeting his parents. Maybe after?

MCGUIRE No pressure there.

RAIMY Why? You don't think I give good parent, Mac?

MCGUIRE Sure. They're French, you're from Bayside. They eat brie, you carry a sidearm. They'll love you.

Raimy knows he's right. A parental fantasy she's not.

SATCH (0.S.) Sullivan. Got a sec?

RAIMY

(to Mac) Push out the canvas another mile. Dog walkers, birdwatchers. Gotta be someone old as these bones still around.

MCGUIRE You got it, Detective.

Raimy walks out to meet LIEUTENANT SATCH DELEON -- late 40s, a surrogate father to Raimy.

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 6. CONTINUED: (2) RAIMY Everything good, Lieutenant? SATCH Oh, yeah. Balls deep in a marsh, what's not to love. (re: the body, ironic) Happy birthday, kid. RAIMY Thanks, Satch. I feel the love. Satch smiles. SATCH How's Pepe? RAIMY Daniel? Fine. I'm meeting his parents in a few days-- Why is everybody asking about my boyfriend? SATCH You're the only cop out here still in a relationship. Bask in it. First meet with the parents? (off her shrug) That's big, right? Raimy shrugs again, non-committal. But he can tell. Yeah, it's big. He can't help but chuckle. RAIMY What? SATCH Nope. She makes a look. Spill it. SATCH (CONT'D) You may not wanna hear this but-- I think your dad actually woulda liked him. RAIMY SATCH You're right-- I don't want You don't want to hear it. I to hear it. know, I know. SATCH (CONT'D) Twenty years gone, Raim.

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> RAIMY No, that how long it's been?

SATCH Just saying. Some point you're gonna have to catch the man a break. Make peace.

RAIMY I'll do that.

She turns back toward the body. Satch watches her, mix of concern, paternal pride.

SATCH

Yup.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy pulls into the driveway.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy enters the kitchen. Her mother, JULIE SULLIVAN - late 40s - cooks. Julie wears Nurse's Scrubs. Her bond with Raimy is unshakable. Tough, honest, funny -- they've spent a lifetime holding each other up in the face of great loss.

> RAIMY Ma-- you don't live here anymore. You don't have to cook. (re: Julie's scrubs) And you're working graveyard?

JULIE <u>Stop</u>. C'mere, birthday girl.

They kiss.

RAIMY Where's Daniel?

JULIE No clue. I sent him and Gordo out to the garage for beer an hour ago.

Raimy heads for the back door, Julie stops her with --

JULIE (CONT'D) Uh uh. (off Raimy) Wanna tell me why you were blowing up my phone all day?

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 8. CONTINUED: Raimy weighs whether to tell her now or not--RAIMY You can't freak. JULTE You're pregnant. RAIMY What did I just say? JULTE Fine, you don't wanna tell me don't tell me. RAIMY I found a ring in his dop kit. JULIE Shut up. (then) In his dopp kit? RAIMY Forget the dopp kit. A beat. The emotion of it hits Julie. JULIE Holy crap. Raimy nods, Julie's rare show of emotion only fuels hers. RATMY Yeah. That's what I said. EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016 GORDO HERSCH - early 30s, teddy bear -- balances atop a

ladder by the BACK SHED, futzes with wires to a MASSIVE ANTENNA. Gordo is Raimy's neighbor and lifelong friend.

> GORDO (to inside the shed) I don't think this is gonna work.

DANIEL (O.S.) Don't give up on me, Gordo!

Gordo sees Raimy exit the back door. He watches her expression harden as she realizes what's going on.

CONTINUED:

GORDO (to himself) Yep, she's pissed.

Gordo does damage control as he scrambles down the ladder.

GORDO (CONT'D)

Hey, Raim. Hey-- so, remember Tammy Tiehel's Y2k barbecue, Eddie O'Neill asked if you were a boy or a girl? Who kicked his ass?

RAIMY Really? You're playing that card? I was twelve, it was my G.I. Jane phase, he was just as confused as I was-- did you really think I'd be okay with this?

GORDO You think this was my idea? (re: Daniel) I tried to tell him.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - DAY - 2016

Daniel futzes with an old HAM RADIO on the desk, tries to get it to operate. Raimy enters.

DANIEL Did you know there was a ham radio in the garage?

RAIMY

I did.

DANIEL

I was obsessed with these when I was a kid. Before cell phones, before the internet, you could talk to anyone in the world with one of these!

RAIMY

Aw, how 'bout I buy you one for <u>your</u> birthday? How 'bout a flip phone?

Daniel, not catching her sarcasm, shakes his head.

DANIEL I will fix this up and you and Gordo will write songs about me. "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 10. CONTINUED:

Gordo, leaning against the doorjamb, grimaces.

RAIMY Daniel. <u>Stop</u>. (off his look) The ham was in the garage because I wanted it in the garage.

Daniel looks from Raimy to Gordo, who wants no part of this.

DANIEL (to Raimy) I don't understand.

RAIMY It was my father's.

A beat. Daniel's still not sure what this means.

JULIE (O.S.) Hey! We doing this?

Julie sticks her head out the back door.

JULIE (CONT'D) Gordo. Rally the girls. Let's get this pathetic excuse for a birthday going.

EXT./INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

THROUGH THE WINDOW. An intimate, warm birthday feast for Raimy. Daniel, Julie, Gordo and his wife and young daughter.

Gordo's Daughter carries the BIRTHDAY CAKE to the table and the group breaks out in 'Happy Birthday' to Raimy's dismay--

WE PULL BACK. Across the yard. Up atop the shed to that HUGE ANTENNA. The wires Gordo was futzing with flap in the pre-storm wind.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy is wrapped in Daniel's arms on the front porch. They idly watch Gordo chase his YOUNG DAUGHTER around his yard across the street.

> RAIMY My dad loved that ham. We'd spend hours in the shed, try and bounce signals off the moon-- he said if you did it right you could talk to astronauts on the space shuttle.

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DANIEL

Did you?

RAIMY

(nah...) I didn't care. Just being with him... whole shed stinking from his cigar... wasn't til I was a cop I realized how much he must have needed it. How it relaxed him. Giving him some place to go that wasn't the job.

DANIEL

It sounds nice.

RAIMY

It was. He was my hero, my friend. (then) And then he went undercover. To "save the world". He and my mom broke up. And then he died. (then) And I realized he was something else entirely.

Daniel can't help a small smile.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

What?

DANIEL Nothing. Thank you. Two years, that's the most you've ever told me about your dad.

RAIMY That's not true.

But as they sit there, Raimy knows it is. The storm picks up. Gordo scoops up his daughter. Heads inside before the rains hit.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

CLOSE on the Antenna atop the shed as the now-raging storm pounds it. Lightening flashes, and SHARDS of ELECTRICITY crackle. WE MOVE down the antenna to the shed window, where all is dark within.

Inside, the supposedly-defunct HAM RADIO LIGHTS UP. It's on?

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INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2016
Daniel sleeps. Raimy looks through CRIME SCENE PHOTOS from
today's case. Makes notes. Distracted, she looks off.
INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - 2016
Raimy drinks a glass of water. Texts Mom.
                    RAIMY
              (texting)
          How's work?
                    JULIE
              (text)
          Kill me.
Raimy smiles. And then notices the LIGHT in the shed.
INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016
The ham glows. A VOICE crackles over the speaker, tinny at
first, growing clearer. As Raimy enters--
                    VOICE (V.O.)
          CQ, CQ, calling CQ, this is WQ2YV.
Raimy stares at the ham.
                    VOICE (V.O.)
          Is this frequency clear? This is
          WQ2YV. Whiskey Quebec Two--
Raimy keys the mic.
                    RAIMY
          Hello?
                    VOICE (V.O.)
          Hey, hello -- what's your call?
                    RAIMY
          My what? Sorry-- I didn't even
          know this thing was working.
                    VOICE (V.O.)
          That's no problem. I mean-- so you
          know, it's illegal to be on the
          bands without a license, but we're
          good.
                    RAIMY
          Okay...
                                                   (CONTINUED)
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VOICE (V.O.) Where you from?

Raimy reacts. This guy on the other end, he really wants to talk. Just a hint of desperation there: a need to connect.

RAIMY Queens, New York.

VOICE (V.O.) Get out. Bayside born and bred right here. Mets fan?

RAIMY Uh, sure. Was. Don't follow baseball much anymore.

VOICE (V.O.) Still, you gotta love watching the Yanks get slapped around, right?

RAIMY The Yankees? Who doesn't?

VOICE (V.O.) I mean, Maddux was ridiculous tonight.

RAIMY

Okay. (after a beat) Greg Maddux as in Atlanta Braves Greg Maddux?

VOICE (V.O.) Game Two? World Series? Queens, you're breaking my heart.

RAIMY No, no. I get it. Yanks-Braves, World Series. In <u>1996</u>.

VOICE (V.O.)

There ya go.

Raimy stares at the mic. Seriously?

RAIMY

As in, Game three, Bernie Williams jacks a two run shot in the bottom of the eighth, Yanks take the series in six? VOICE (V.O.) But you don't follow baseball. Okay, let's do it. I'm good for twenty on that.

RAIMY It's not a prediction.

VOICE (V.O.) Whoa-- I didn't realize it was <u>Nostradamus</u> from Queens I was talking to. My bad--

The radio begins to intermittently cut out. Raimy's not sure she heard him right

RAIMY Wait-- what? I'm the crazy one?

VOICE (V.O.) Look, Queens, you seem nice. But my eight year old daughter has a better chance of talking to shuttle astronauts than the Yanks do of

taking this series. But, hell, I'm loving your optimism.

Raimy reacts--

RAIMY Your daughter... What was that part about your daughter?

VOICE What? She turned eight today. On my mind, I guess? (after a beat) Hello?

RAIMY What's your name?

VOICE (V.O.)

Frank.

RAIMY Frank from Queens.

VOICE (V.O.) There it is. We agree on something. "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 15. CONTINUED: (3)

> RAIMY Who the hell is this?

> > VOICE (V.O.)

What?

And the signal futzes out. Raimy scrambles with the mic.

RAIMY Hello? Hello?

She stares at the mic -- what the hell just happened?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

A HAND toggles the MIC of a HAM RADIO. And now we reveal, the VOICE is FRANK SULLIVAN... the man we saw earlier running for his life. He looks rough. Strung out. Two years in as an undercover cop has taken its toll.

> FRANK Hello-- Queens? Come in, Queens. (then) Or not. Freak.

Frank gives up, sits back at the small card table in this awful flop pad of an apartment. Tiredly rubs his face. Next to him are a beer and a cigar. His eyes fall on a SPARKLY STUFFED PONY next to the ham.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

THROUGH A WINDOW - we watch Frank turn off the lights, exit, as we follow WIRES jutting through the window, up to the roof, landing on ANOTHER HUGE ANTENNA. Similar to the one on the back shed of the Sullivan house.

Frank hops on a Triumph Bonneville and takes off. SUPER: UPSTATE NEW YORK. OCTOBER 21, 1996.

EXT. NY STATE THRUWAY/PARKING LOT - NIGHT - 1996

Frank pulls in, dismounts the bike. Takes a quick look around to make sure he's not being watched, then quickly walks to a BEATER CAR. Frank takes off in this car, onto the Thruway again, passing under a road sign: NEW YORK CITY/BOROUGHS.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - 1996

The same Sullivan house as 2016. The pre-dawn neighborhood is still. A HOODED FIGURE cuts through backyards, arriving here. It's Frank.

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He glances at the house. Lights off, nobody's up. Day-old BIRTHDAY FAVORS dot the yard. Frank grabs a nearby shovel and quietly starts to dig.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY- 1996.

Morning. A ten year old boy - YOUNG GORDO - sits on the front porch with his school backpack. Wears a METS CAP. A few deflated BIRTHDAY BALLOONS sag against the front gate.

The front door opens, Young Julie -- Mom as a younger woman, mid-20s -- steps out. She wears scrubs and a jacket.

YOUNG JULIE (calling inside) Raims! Hurry up. Gordo's here! (then) Morning, kid.

YOUNG GORDO Morning, Mrs. Sullivan.

INT./EXT. RAIMY'S BEDROOM/BACKYARD - DAY - 1996

Young Raimy -- 8 years old -- pulls back a curtain and peers into the backyard where Frank was just a few hours before.

A small AMERICAN FLAG is tucked into the fence where he was digging.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1996

Young Raimy bursts from the back door to the backyard. She grabs the shovel and starts to furiously dig. After a coupla scoops, she hits something. She falls to her knees.

UNKNOWN POV - THE SULLIVAN'S FRONT YARD

Watching Young Julie sit on the steps next to Gordo.

UP THE STREET -- FRANK'S CAR

Frank watches them from low in his car seat. A quiet resignation on his face. ON THE RADIO: Yanks down 2-0 in the World Series, Game 3 is tonight; a recent rash of killing targeting nurses. Been tagged the Nightingale murders.

And then Frank sees Young Raimy circle into the front yard. She shyly holds the Stuffed Pony. And for a moment, just, Frank's heart lifts, seeing the small, satisfied smile on his daughter's face.

AT THE HOUSE

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Young Julie notes the toy but doesn't say anything. She hustles them both out of the yard and up the sidewalk.

YOUNG JULIE No bodega, no candy. Gordo, her life is in your hands.

Raimy gives her a kiss, Julie watches them go. Then turns, anxiously scans the street. But Frank's car is gone.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - 1996

Salvadorean dive. Frank drinks a beer at the bar. TV plays Game 3 of the World Series. YOUNG SATCH - late 20s - enters, finds a stool next to Frank. Great friends, cops, they're anonymous in a place like this. Still, they barely acknowledge one another.

> YOUNG SATCH Looking good, Frank. Straight up thug.

Frank raises a beer to that. Exactly. Satch smiles.

FRANK Whaddya make of this Nightingale thing?

YOUNG SATCH It's a bitch, I know that. Brass starting to freak, press calling him the next Son of Sam...

FRANK Only targeting nurses?

YOUNG SATCH

So far. (then) Jules is okay. She's smart.

FRANK How was the party?

YOUNG SATCH You know how Jules does it. Raims was smiling ear to ear. It was a nice birthday, Frank. (after a beat) Look, man, I hate getting in the middle of this... but Jules wanted me to pass something on if I saw you. So-- (don't get angry at me) CONTINUED:

FRANK Satch. I'm a big boy. YOUNG SATCH Word is you've been swinging by the house? I don't know the details. All I know is, she asked me to ask you to stop. (then) I think Raimy's asking her questions that she can't answer--FRANK --I get it. Frank takes a deep pull. This cuts him deep. YOUNG SATCH My two cents? Jules is confused too. FRANK And I'm not? YOUNG SATCH Have you told her that? FRANK Would it make a difference? YOUNG SATCH I'm just sayin', and this is just my gut talkin' -- I wouldn't be the only person happy to see you back in the world. FRANK (after a beat) Yeah, well, I'm working on that. YOUNG SATCH For real? When? (off Frank's look) You can't tell me when. I get it. Good, this is good. (then, rising) Alright, man. Stay safe. Young Satch leaves. Frank ponders, not so sure if it's good or not. His attention drifts to the television. ON THE TV--

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World Series Game 3. Eighth inning. Bernie Williams steps up to the plate. As he sends a two-run homer over the fence--

ON FRANK. As bar patrons around him jump to their feet. But Frank never moves. Not believing what he just saw.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

The Ham Radio crackles to life--

FRANK (V.O.) This is WQ2YV, calling Unidentified Operator from Queens, New York--

--as a hand slams down on the transmitter. It's Raimy.

RAIMY

Hey. It's me.

She's coiled. Unsure. Been waiting for this.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996 - INTERCUT

Frank is amped to reconnect. He's got a drink and his cigar.

FRANK Queens, hey! How'd the hell you call that homer?

RAIMY It happened 20 years ago.

FRANK Come on. Still with this?

Raimy stares at the mic.

RAIMY

Game four, Yanks come back from sixzero, Wade Boggs pinch-walks the winning run in the bottom of the tenth. They run the table from there. (then) Are you screwing with me?

FRANK <u>Me</u>? Are you serious?

RAIMY Frank from Queens. Daughter who tries to talk to astronauts. And you're not trolling me. "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 20. CONTINUED:

FRANK <u>What</u>-ing you?

RAIMY Frank what? What's your last name?

FRANK Uh-- because we're friends?

RAIMY What's your daughter's name?

FRANK

O-kay. It's been fun, Queens--

RAIMY What's your call sign?

 $\label{eq:FRANK} FRANK $$ I told you my call sign. W-Q-2-Y-V. $$$

Raimy shoots a look at the PAPER LICENSE attached to the Ham Radio box. WQ2YV. What. The. Fuck.

FRANK (CONT'D) And I'm out--

RAIMY

--<u>wait</u>. (then) My name is Raimy Elizabeth Sullivan. My father's name was Frances Joseph Sullivan--

FRANK

What--?

RAIMY --I live at 810 Browning in Bayside, Queens--

FRANK --what is this--

RAIMY --where I've lived my whole life.

FRANK --who the hell are you--

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RAIMY

--which is the same house where my father, Frank -- <u>after</u> he left my mother, Julie -- used to leave me birthday presents in a coffee can.

Which stops Frank cold. He doesn't notice his cigar drooping onto the wooden cover for the ham, which starts to char...

As Raimy, in 2016, sees a BURN MARK forming on the wooden cover.

RAIMY (CONT'D) You burnt the box!

FRANK

What?

And Frank realizes, shit! He scoops up the errant cigar.

RAIMY You burnt the box! Tell me you didn't just burn the box!

But Frank is up on his feet, checking the windows. Somebody's watching him. Fucking with him--

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Frank?

Frank slams back into the chair.

FRANK

Whoever this is, you come on this frequency again, if you attempt to contact me again or so-help-me-god go near my family, I will hunt you and I will kill you. You copy that?

RAIMY

Wait.

But Frank flips the ham off. Freaked to all hell.

RAIMY sits there a moment as well. Holy shit.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Dad?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

EXT. STREET - DAY - 2016

Raimy runs in the early morning. Unsettled. Remembering--

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1994 - FLASHBACK

Young Raimy (actually SIX here) sits with Frank in the backyard. He shows her the COFFEE CAN and a small AMERICAN FLAG. He's doing his best to keep this upbeat:

> FRANK Stick the flag where I can see it, I dig up your message. (then) It's our own super-secret communication system.

> RAIMY Mommy said you're not coming back.

Frank looks to Julie. What to say?

EXT. STREET - DAY - 2016

Raimy runs harder. Remembering--

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1994 - FLASHBACK

Young Julie clutches Young Raimy as Frank walks away.

RAIMY No! No! Let me go! Dad! Don't go!

SLAM TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY - 2016

Raimy snaps from the memory as the M.E. -- IVAN DAMJANOV, 50s -- talks her through the SKELETAL REMAINS dug up yesterday from the marsh.

> DAMJANOV It's a female, yes, most likely in her late-twenties, early thirties. Maybe dumped there twenty, twentyfive years ago? But that's not what sent the tingle up my leg.

RAIMY You still get tingles up your leg, Ivan?

DAMJANOV I do, yes. But it takes a very attractive set of remains.

He uses medical tongs to lift a set of crusted ROSARY BEADS.

DAMJANOV (CONT'D) Two sets of rosaries, one bound around her wrists, one around her ankles.

RAIMY Ritual killing?

DAMJANOV

I worked a serial murderer who was active for a hot minute in the 90s. They called him the Nightingale Killer.

RAIMY Sure. He targeted nurses. He used rosaries?

DAMJANOV That was not made public, but yes. All three victims, the same.

RAIMY So maybe there were four.

DAMJANOV If I were a hotshot detective, I might start there.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY - 2016

Raimy sits at her desk, surrounded by OLD CASE FILES from the Nightingale Killer case: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, a POLICE SKETCH of a SUSPECT and a list of MISSING PERSONS - women reported missing around the same time, who have never been found.

She hesitates, surrounded by this morass. Pulls up Google on her desktop and enters: "FRANK SULLIVAN. POLICE OFFICER".

A spate of ARTICLES appear: "Undercover Detective Found Dead in East River", "How Deep Is Too Deep?", "When Good Cops Go Bad".

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She exhales deeply. I'm not nuts-- he's actually dead. Which gives her a wackier idea. She types in: "Communicating with the dead". And now a boatload of wacky-ass shit pops up: MISS CLEO PSYCHIC HOTLINES, STOREFRONT MEDIUMS, PORN.

Raimy reacts and hastily deletes it all. Looks around. Jesus. I'm outta my goddamn mind.

EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD - DAY - 1996

WE ARE CLOSE on the back of a MAN'S HEAD as we arm around to see it's FRANK. Idling on his Triumph, lost in thought. Unable to shake the conversation from last night. What the hell is going on?

As a HEAVY-GAUGE GATE rolls back to grant him entry, his face shifts. At once, he is cool, relaxed. This is Frank in full UC mode.

He pulls in next to Ricky Corrado. Mid-20s, affable, midlevel soldier. Frank's closest friend in the life. Ricky anxiously awaits news from Frank.

> RICKY So? Don't hold out on me, bro.

Frank takes his time removing his helmet, playfully teasing out the suspense for his buddy.

RICKY (CONT'D) Yeah, that's good, fix your hair real nice, <u>is this thing going down</u> <u>or not?</u>

Frank breaks into a wolfish grin.

FRANK It's going down.

RICKY I <u>hate</u> you, man. Come here.

Ricky, grinning like an idiot, pulls Frank into a bro-hug.

INT. SCRAP METAL YARD - DAY - 1996

Ricky leads Frank through to an office. Inside, three men. Hard. One of them is LITTLE JAY. 30s. The boss.

> RICKY 'scuse me. Little Jay? (re: Frank) (MORE)

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 25. CONTINUED:

RICKY (CONT'D) This is the guy. His hook-up's good to go.

Little Jay sizes Frank up for a long beat. All three guys do. Nobody says shit.

STAN (V.O.) What'd Little Jay say?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - 1996

Frank slumps in a folding chair, sits across from STAN HOPE - 30s, plainsclothes - his NYPD handler. The warehouse has been converted into a makeshift operations center for Frank's undercover operation.

FRANK He wants a case. Tomorrow night.

STAN Twelve keys? We can do that. (then) Yeah, okay. We can do that.

Stan turns-- looks at an ORGANIZATIONAL CHART of the underworld gang Frank's been in with. At the very top is a picture of Jason "Little Jay" Garza. The boss. Somewhere below him - Ricky Corrado. Stan does his best to put a lid on his excitement, can't. Jabs at Little Jay's pic.

> STAN (CONT'D) We got you. (then) I gotta make calls.

Frank nods. He's putting on a good front... but his mind is elsewhere. Wrestling with this whole ham radio thing.

FRANK Hey. You believe in that Twilight Zone stuff?

Stan, phone in hand, has a million other things on his mind.

STAN I don't know what that means.

FRANK You know. Time travel. Communicating with the future. You think it's possible?

Stan stares at Frank. Puts down the phone.

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 26. CONTINUED:

STAN

Bro. We take down Little Jay? That's the head of the snake. And we go home. And I <u>really</u> want to go home. So please, please tell me you're squared away.

Frank shrugs. 'Course. But of course we know he's not. As he stares off again....

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1996

WE LOOK ACROSS a swatch of tightly-set backyards, to see Frank digging away again, in the pouring rain.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY- 1996

Frank leans over the ham. A SOLDERING KIT is spread out on the table. He's focused on the ham cover that was burnt the night before, but we can't see what he's doing. The window shades are tightly drawn.

EXT./INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE/RAIMY'S CAR - DAY - 2016

Raimy sits in her car, stares out through the driving rain at the back shed. On her face: *thisiscrazythisiscrazy--* THUNK! She opens the car door.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - DAY - 2016

Raimy enters. She freezes when she sees ---

A SHAPE being burned into the ham radio cover. The shape of a FLAG.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1996

Frank finishes the flag. Sits back. Let's settle this.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Daniel arrives home. Moves through the house to the kitchen.

DANIEL Raim? Raimy?

We follow Daniel out the back door to--

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - 2016

The backyard. Where he finds Raimy digging furiously in the rain. From his perspective... it's downright bizarre.

"Frequency Pilot" CONTINUED:

> DANIEL What are you doing?

RAIMY It's him, Daniel!

DANIEL

What?

CLUNK. Raimy hits something with her shovel. She drops to her knees, scrabbles through the dirt to pull out the COFFEE CAN. She's stunned. Exhilarated.

She rips off the top, fishes out something inside. We can't tell what it is yet. A PHOTO? She falls back onto her butt. Overcome with emotion. Stares at that thing in her hand.

> RAIMY (PRE-LAP) It wasn't a dream.

DANIEL (PRE-LAP) Then what was it?

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy sits at the table, soaked to the bone, staring off. In front of her, the dirt-crusted coffee can. This is the continuation of the teaser. Daniel sits across from her.

RAIMY

(after a beat, deflecting) I thought you were picking up your parents from the airport.

DANIEL I am. What do you mean it wasn't a dream?

RATMY (after a beat) The ham radio. The other night, a voice came on.

DANTEL The ham radio doesn't work.

RATMY It works for me-- Don't-- I don't have answers, I really don't. (then) We talked a few times, he said his name was Frank.

CONTINUED:

DANIEL He "said" his name was Frank--

RAIMY --There were other things. Trust me. Neither of us believed it at first either. (piecing it together) He's smart. Leaving clues only I would know.

She's talking about the coffee can. She hands the photo to Daniel. It's a PHOTO of FRANK.

> DANIEL This is your father.

RAIMY Look at the date on the newspaper.

CLOSE ON - THE PHOTO. Frank holds a newspaper with today's date: October 22, 1996.

FLASH TO-- Frank, in '96 takes the photo; Frank, in 1996, pulls up the coffee can from the dirt, puts in the same picture (but new, not aged) of himself into the can.

Resume Daniel and Raimy. He doesn't get it.

RAIMY (CONT'D) He took the picture today.

Daniel looks again.

DANIEL This says 1996.

RAIMY Because time is moving parallel. He's in '96, I'm now-- this proves he's the one on the ham. (off Daniel's look) This is what I do, Daniel.

DANIEL I know-- which is why-- it's just--

RAIMY

--Impossible? Thank you. Except this proves it isn't. But let's say it's impossible. Let's go with that. Okay? That would mean I'm losing my mind.

"Frequency Pilot" CONTINUED: (2)

Daniel just stares at her.

RAIMY (CONT'D) This is the part where you say I'm not losing my mind.

DANIEL

Raim--

RAIMY Please don't look at me like that. You have no idea how it makes me feel to have you look at me like that.

Whatever he's really thinking, Daniel flips into caretaker mode. Helper. Friend.

DANIEL

You're not crazy. Okay? And I mean-- there are definitely, I mean-sure. There are theories.

RAIMY

What theories.

DANIEL I'm not a scientist, I'm an architect.

RAIMY I'm a cop bear-hugging a coffee can. You're good.

DANIEL You're talking about communicating across time? (grasping) Elements of quantum mechanics address this. String theory. There's Einstein... Spooky action at a distance. They just proved that was true... (then) Point is, you wouldn't be the first person to believe this.

Raimy allows a small, grateful smile. And then breaks into sobs. Daniel takes her in his arms. His comforting face drops. She's scaring the shit out of him.

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INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Frank paces. RAIMY'S VOICE sounds over the ham.

RAIMY (V.O.) CQ CQ... this is WQ2YZ--

Frank races to it.

FRANK (V.O.) --It's me. I'm here.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016 - INTERCUT Raimy reacts. What to say? Finally--

RAIMY

Dad?

Frank sits there, poleaxed.

RAIMY (CONT'D) Don't take this the wrong way or anything... but you look horrible.

Frank smiles, he's overcome, he doesn't know what to think.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Hello?

FRANK Yeah-- here. I'm here.

RAIMY Um-- I'm not exactly sure where to start with this-- you're twentyseven, right? Birthday next month?

FRANK I am. What-- where are you?

RAIMY

2016.

Frank doesn't even know what to say to that. Holy crap.

RAIMY (CONT'D) (re: his shock) I know.

FRANK So-- what-- you'd be twenty-eight then. Birthday was yesterday...

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RAIMY

I am.

FRANK So-- you're older than me.

RAIMY

I am.

Which takes them both by surprise. The absurdity of it.

RAIMY (CONT'D) And I'm a cop.

FRANK Get out. So, what-- you're telling me I'm on the job with my daughter?

And Raimy goes cold with realization.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

RAIMY

No.

FRANK No, what? I'm retired?

Raimy stares at the mic. How to say this...

RAIMY

You die. (then) You die tomorrow.

Off Frank. Not sure he heard that right.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank sprints through the night. Same shot as teaser. A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Frank careens out of frame.

SLAM TO:

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

RAIMY

October 23, 1996. Game four of the series. You were shot at 9:12pm.

FLASH ON: The Boatyard. 1996. Frank falls, shot. His watch hits the ground. Cracks. 9:12pm.

> FRANK Tomorrow night. Where?

> RAIMY College Point. Queens.

FRANK That makes no sense ...

RATMY They pulled you out of the East River. You and another guy.

FLASH ON: The Boatyard. 1996. Ricky Corrado begs for his life. An UNSEEN MAN stand before him with a qun.

FRANK

Who?

RAIMY Ricky Something.

FRANK

Corrado?

FLASH ON: BAM! Ricky is shot. RACK TO Frank. Horrified.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who does it?

RAIMY

You tell me.

FRANK

Because I'm the one living in the future. The hell does that mean?

RAIMY

I'm not eight years old, Frank. You don't have to pretend. (then) You crossed the line, it got you killed.

FRANK

Whoa. Tell me what you really think. I'm dying and I'm dirty.

RAIMY You know what? Good luck tomorrow.

FRANK

Hold up. Hold up. Who the hell do you think you are?

RAIMY

You're seriously asking that? Maybe if you hadn't abandoned us, you'd know.

Frank is frozen for a moment. Confronted for the first time with the wreckage of what he's done.

FRANK

I'm going to say a few things, and then we're done here. I'm not dirty. Wherever you got that, it's a lie.

RAIMY Then tell me what you're doing tomorrow night--

FRANK The job. And every cop on this sting with me can vouch for that.

RAIMY A sting? What kind of sting?

FRANK Can I speak?

RAIMY I've read the files -- Nobody ever said there was a sting that night -- CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

--I wonder why? Maybe because I'm undercover? And <u>it's a secret</u>? (then, switching gears) I know what kind of father I've been. Okay? I've lost everything. My wife, my little girl. Believe me, I know what I've lost. And I know what I need to do to get it back.

RAIMY

You can't get anything if you're dead.

FRANK

I appreciate that, I do, but I can't go knocking on my wife's front door with nothing to show for all the pain I've caused. That's just the way it is.

RAIMY

Don't. Dad. Don't go.

FRANK I'm not walking away from the people in my <u>life</u> because of a voice from the future. No matter who she is. I'm sorry. I just--(can't).

Raimy's stricken. Realizes: he's doing this, no matter what.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy sits there. Lost. Can this really be happening? Daniel enters. Tentative.

DANIEL

Hey.

Raimy goes immediately to him, embraces him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

It's okay...

But Raimy stares off, past his embrace. It's anything but.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 1996

Frank sits in his car. Watches his darkened home. The bedroom where his little girl sleeps. Can this really be happening?

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 2016

Morning. Raimy exits the back door, girded for work. Julie sits in the backyard. She's been waiting.

> JULIE (O.S.) I almost killed him when he came home with that thing.

She's talking about the Antenna looming over the back shed.

RAIMY Ma-- What are you doing?

Julie taps the seat next her: sit. Raimy does.

JULIE

He loved that ham so much. Made him feel like he was connected to something bigger, you know? And he absolutely loved the way you took to it. God. Your father was a hard man to love. Not when he was with you.

RAIMY Daniel told you I was having a nervous breakdown.

JULIE Don't you dare blame that boy. I thank God in heaven every day for that young man. What he's brought out in you. He turned the lights back on, Raim. (then, lighter) And I met him first, never forget that. He'll always be more loyal to me.

Raimy eye-rolls. They sit there for a moment.

RAIMY You ever wonder what would have happened if Dad hadn't died?

JULIE Oh. I don't know. Maybe when I was younger. Maybe a lot. (then) For an asshole he was a hell of a guy.

They share a smile. Julie takes Raimy's hand.

JULIE (CONT'D) Your father and I agreed on one thing before we separated. When you were old enough, you'd get this house. So maybe you could find the happiness we couldn't. It was the only thing we had to give to you. (then) And it worked. Despite all of it. (growing emotional) I was so sure it worked.

RAIMY

Ma--

Julie squeezes Raimy's hand. Collects herself.

JULIE You don't have to tell me what's going on. But just tell someone, okay? I'm old, Raim. I've seen too much of this. Too many good people slip away. (after a beat) Don't do that.

Another moment. Raimy leans her head on her mother's shoulder.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - 1996

Stan huddles with Frank, and two other undercover cops -- CHESTER DAY, 30s, and MIKE RAINEY, 40s -- in front of a tactical street map.

STAN First things first, Frank, meet Chester, your hook-up. (re: Rainey) This is Rain Man, he'll have eyes on you at the bar.

As Stan moves to the tac map, WE STAY ON FRANK. Not sure of any of this. Hyper-aware.

CONTINUED:

STAN (CONT'D) (re: tacmap) Chester will be holding the product here. Your basic auto garage, Bushwick. One entrance and exit. Frank brings Little Jay and pals, makes sure Little Jay trades the cash for Chester's fine product and you duck. Cause we're comin' in hot and nasty. Questions so far?

CHESTER

I'm set.

STAN

Frank?

Frank stares at the tacmap a beat longer. He nods.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY - 2016

Raimy knocks at Satch's office.

SATCH Hey. M.E. got a match on those remains. Nurse who went missing in '96, Rose Cairone.

RAIMY

Cairone?

SATCH

What?

RAIMY My mom worked with her. I remember when she went missing. (then) We calling this a Nightingale kill?

SATCH Not that there's anything we can do about it.

RAIMY I'll take a look.

1 11 Jano a 100m

SATCH He's been inactive for two decades.

RAIMY So he's dead. Or relocated. Lemme cross-check with other localities.

SATCH Knock yourself out. In the meantime, contact next of kin, give 'em some closure.

RATMY Absolutely. Ask you a question?

SATCH

Shoot.

RAIMY

You ever hear any talk back in the day of my Dad arranging a sting the night he got shot?

SATCH

News to me. All he told me was he thought he'd be coming out from under soon. Where'd you hear that?

RAIMY Maybe just gossip, I dunno. I was thinking of running down some of the guys in his operation.

SATCH

Why?

RAIMY Hey-- this was your idea. I'm looking for some closure of my own.

SATCH (after a beat) And you want from me? (of course) You want names.

Raimy stands there. Yes I do.

INT. POLICE HQ - DAY - 2016

Raimy stands in front of a secretary. She's in the upper echelons of NYPD brass here. Various ARTICLES, etc. featuring Older Stan Hope adorn the walls.

> SECRETARY I'm sorry, Detective. Deputy Chief Hope isn't in today. Would you like to make an appointment?

> > (CONTINUED)

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RAIMY

No. Thank you.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Game Four, Yanks-Braves, plays on the TV. Early innings, the Braves have jumped to a 6-0 lead. Frank half-listens as he gears up for whatever's coming: Gun in his belt. Gun in an ankle holster. Switchblade. Etc. If it's happening, he's not going down without a fight.

EXT. RAILYARDS - NIGHT -2016

Raimy makes her way across a godforsaken patch of railyard to a security guard mobile trailer.

INT. SECURITY TRAILER - NIGHT

OLDER CHESTER DAY -- 50s, looking rough -- hunches down in his chair. Dressed in Security Guard garb. Watches TV. He looks Raimy over as she enters, turns back to his show.

RAIMY

Chester Day?

CHESTER You on the job?

RAIMY Raimy Sullivan. Detective, 34th.

CHESTER Ways from the nest, aren't you?

RAIMY I'm not here officially. My father was Frank Sullivan.

Chester stares at the TV. Sighs. Like he's been expecting this for some time.

CHESTER

Okay.

RAIMY (re: chair) You mind?

He shrugs; she sits.

RAIMY (CONT'D) I was hoping you could help me better understand what happened the night my father was killed.

CHESTER What's the write up say?

RAIMY The write up doesn't say anything.

CHESTER Okay. Cause everything I had to say? Was in the write-up.

Translation: go hump a stump. Raimy doesn't flinch.

RAIMY You left the force in 2002.

CHESTER

Yes, I did.

RAIMY You'd racked up enough misconducts to be let go for cause. But they let you leave quiet. Keep your pension. Someone gave you the easy way out and I'm just curious why.

CHESTER What can I say? I'm blessed.

RAIMY Oh, I agree. Attempted rape. Perversion of a minor-- all just swept away. (then) How do your kids feel about Daddy's time on the job?

CHESTER Don't do this, Detective.

RAIMY

Because I had to read in every paper in New York what a bad guy my father was. Starting the day after he was shot. When I was eight years old. (then) Look. I'm just trying to find out the truth. (MORE)

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 41. CONTINUED: (2) RAIMY (CONT'D) Surely you can understand that. All children deserve the truth about their parents, don't they? Chester stiffens. Finally looks at her. Ask. RAIMY (CONT'D) Was my father dirty? CHESTER Not a clue. RAIMY Was there a sting arranged the night he was killed? CHESTER (a beat) No. RAIMY Why would someone tell me there was a sting that night if there wasn't? CHESTER "Someone?" You're kidding, right? RAIMY Your son, Michael, his shift at the rest home starts at 8am. I leave now I'm there by lunch. What do you think-- I-95 or the turnpike? CHESTER (after a beat) I'm just not going there. RAIMY Who are you protecting? Same person who protected you when you left the force? Chester's starting to break. CHESTER Man, you do not want to be messing with these people --RAIMY --Why would someone assume there was a sting if there wasn't?

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 42. CONTINUED: (3)

> CHESTER (after a beat) Maybe that's what "someone" was told.

RAIMY Told? You mean led to believe. My father was told there was a sting, but there was no sting, was there. (then) It was a set-up.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - NIGHT - 1996

Frank sits at the bar. The bar is packed. Game Four on the TV. Yanks mounting a stunning comeback as Wade Boggs stands at the plate, winning runs on base.

Up the bar from Frank sits Rain Man. Totally blends. His eyes flicker from the TV to a spot just beyond Frank. As--

Ricky taps Frank on the shoulder. Time to go. Frank follows Ricky to the exit, his dread increasing. As Wade Boggs walks in the winning run and the bar goes bonkers...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT./EXT. SUBWAY STATION/STREET - NIGHT - 2016

Daniel climbs the steps to the street above. He's totally at a loss as he speaks to Raimy on his cell.

DANIEL Raimy-- I can't-- I'm about to pick up my parents--

INT. RAIMY'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING - 2016

Raimy races back to Queens, cell phone to her ear. Panicked but doing her best to keep it together.

RAIMY It's very simple. You go to the ham. You pick up the mic. If he's there, you tell him who you are, you tell him I told you to contact him--

DANIEL --I'm in <u>midtown</u>--

RAIMY --<u>It's my father</u>. Okay? <u>It's my</u> <u>father and it's his life and you</u> <u>have to try!</u> (reining it in) And you tell him -- this is important -- it's a set up. Don't trust Chester Day, don't trust Stan Hope. Okay? Can you tell him that? (then) Daniel?

Daniel just stands there. Certain now -- I've lost her.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Daniel?

And she realizes too: He thinks I've lost my mind.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - 1996

Stan's on the phone.

STAN (into phone) Rain Man. Talk to me. "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 44. CONTINUED:

RAINEY (V.O.) They're moving.

STAN Get your ass over here.

Stan hangs up. Chester sits next to him, head in his hands.

CHESTER This is messed up, bro.

Stan doesn't answer. Leans back on the table. It's done.

INT. RICKY'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING - 1996

MUSIC BLASTS. Frank stays outwardly stoic... but realizes they're heading in a different direction than they should be.

FRANK What are we doing?

RICKY Relax. Picking up Little Jay.

Frank nods like he's cool with it. Even as they pass a ROAD SIGN that reads: ENTERING COLLEGE POINT.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy SCREECHES into the driveway, bolts from her car, leaves the door open.

Across the street, Gordo looks up from unloading his family from his car.

GORDO Hey-- Raim? Where's the fire?

But Raimy ignores him, heads for the back shed. Gordo turns to his wife. What do we do here?

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Ricky and Frank pull up. Little Jay stands outside his car with the same two guys from before. Call them Thug 1 & 2.

Frank doesn't like this. As he and Ricky step from the car--

FRANK

Yo, my guy's gonna bolt if we don't-

WHOOMPH! Ricky slams Frank against the hood. Frank jerks back but Ricky slams him back. Starts to frisk him.

(CONTINUED)

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 45. CONTINUED:

> FRANK (CONT'D) Whoa-- easy! (beat) Somebody wanna tell me what's up?

THUNK. THUNK. Ricky drops each piece of Frank's private arsenal on the car hood. Frank meets eyes with Little Jay-- and Frank knows he's fucked.

Ricky sticks a gun into Frank's side. Ricky's eyes glisten. He's angry and embarrassed by the betrayal.

> RICKY I'll tell you what's up. You're a cop.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy frantically calls for Frank on the ham.

RAIMY WQ2YV, WQ2YV. Come in-- Frank!

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Empty.

RAIMY (V.O.) <u>Are you there?</u>

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Ricky marches Frank through winterized boats. Gun trained on him. Frank's eyes swivel, looking for any way out.

FRANK Use your head, Ricky. Does any of this make sense? I'm a cop? What's that make you? You really that dumb?

RICKY

Shut up--

FRANK

And if I was-- you think this ends with you shooting me? Little Jay's not gonna come at you? Other <u>cops</u> aren't gonna come at you? "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 46. CONTINUED:

> RICKY <u>Other</u> cops? You mean the ones working with Little Jay? That sold you out?

Frank's barely able to react to Ricky's bombshell when they enter a small clearing between boats and Frank stops, frozen by what he sees in front of him.

INT. SULLIVANY HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT -2016

Raimy looks at the clock. 9:12pm. She slaps the microphone away. Overcome, she slides to the floor.

Gordo hovers outside the screen door. Unsure.

GORDO Raim? You okay?

She looks up-- what can she possibly say?

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank stares at HEAVY DUTY PLASTIC laid purposefully on the ground. Gets it. It's for his him. His body. This is where it happens.

RICKY I let you into my home, man. My daughter's christening-- my <u>sister</u>. What am I gonna tell my sister, Frank? You and her, that was all fake, too? Trust me, man. This? This is good for you. This is the easy way out--

Suddenly, Frank dives beneath a boat--

Ricky races after him-- WHOOMP! Frank slams Ricky against the hull! They wrestle-- Frank gets control of the gun.

Frank draws down on Ricky -- but hesitates. As--

BAM! Frank is shot! He falls to the ground as--

BAM! BAM! Ricky is shot dead!

Frank wheels -- spots Thug #1 barreling through an opening, gun up-- BAM!BAM!BAM!-- as Frank sights him and BAM!BAM! takes him out.

Bleeding heavily, gasping, Frank sees LEGS circling behind a boat. Thug #2.

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 47. CONTINUED: WITH THUG #2. As he rounds to take a shot at Frank--But Frank isn't there. EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996 Frank runs. The image from the teaser. Except now WE WIDEN -- now he runs with a gun ... INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016 Raimy perks up. She can't place it. Senses something ... EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996 Frank cuts up a small rise, charges Little Jay's car as the HEADLIGHTS FLARE and the car charges forward. BAM! BAM! Frank takes out Thug #2, who tries to cut him off from the car, as--TATTATTATTAT! Little Jay sprays bullets in Frank's direction as he whips by, Frank falls to the ground as Little Jay's car speeds away. A beat. Frank on his back, eyes open, not moving, shot... INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016 Raimy stands. What the hell is going on ... EXT. ABANDONED BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996 Frank, still. And now gasping for air. Alive. As--INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016 Raimy reels. Her brain fills with NEW MEMORIES: Frank and Young Raimy [8] on a Coney Island Roller Coaster. Frank coaches Young Raimy [15] in a softball game. Frank and 18-year old Raimy at her High School graduation. Frank and Raimy drinking beers. Watching a sunset. Her head leans against his. EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016 Raimy bursts from the shed. Gordo follows.

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 48. CONTINUED: GORDO Hey. Whoa. Raims. Slow down. RAIMY Can you feel it? Everything's different. My dad wasn't murdered. GORDO Okay. (a beat) What? RAIMY You don't remember? GORDO I remember the <u>accident</u>. (then) Your father died five years ago in a car accident. Just after his 43rd birthday. Tell me you remember that, kiddo. Raimy's mind races at this new information. RAIMY I remember. (then, holy crap) I remember it both ways. Life when he was murdered, life when he wasn't. Gordo stares. GORDO I don't know whether to get you to a hospital or a bar. But Raimy just beams. Kisses Gordo on the cheek. RAIMY Everything's changed, Gordo. Raimy stands there a moment. Flushed. She can't believe it herself. But-- yeah. She bearhugs Gordo as we--BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. QUEENS SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy rushes onto a subway car, dressed for dinner. She slips into a seat, flushed with excitement. She texts her Mom:

RAIMY (texting) 911. Urgent. (a beat) Not pregnant.

She smiles, pushes send just as the train enters a tunnel.

On the phone - "Message Undelivered'.

Raimy sighs, sits back.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Frank lies in a hospital bed. On a boatload of painkillers.

Stan Hope sits in a chair. Wrung out. Nothing tonight went as planned.

STAN Needless to say, you're blown, pal. They're rolling up the whole operation. (then) What happened out there, Frank?

Frank just stares back for an uncomfortable moment -- it's impossible to tell if he trusts Stan or not.

FRANK Hard to say.

And then -- the door opens. It's Young Julie and Young Raimy.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy shifts in her seat as this NEW MEMORY hits her.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Frank, eyes shining. As Young Raimy stares at him, wideeyed. Young Julie puts on a brave smile.

YOUNG JULIE

Неу...

(CONTINUED)

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 50. CONTINUED:

FRANK

Hey, yourself.

Stan bends down to Raimy.

STAN Your dad's a real hero, you know that?

All pretty unsettling, coming from this guy. Stan exits.

FRANK (to Raimy) Hey. C'mere.

Young Raimy goes to Frank. He touches her cheek. Gestures for her to move closer.

FRANK (CONT'D) I'm okay, little girl. C'mere.

He whispers something into her ear.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy reacts. Her eyes begin to water as she hears her father's words, spoken now, for the first time, to her younger self.

FLASH TO-- Young Raimy's POV, 1996. As Frank whispers only for her ears. This time we hear what he says.

FRANK You did good, kiddo.

RESUME RAIMY on the train. As this new memory pierces her like a bullet.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Young Julie and Young Raimy wait for the elevator. There's a knot of cops and brass holding court outside Frank's room.

The elevator opens, Young Satch steps off. He embraces Young Julie, whose brave facade is starting to crumble.

YOUNG SATCH Hey. How we doing?

YOUNG JULIE They're shipping his personal effects to the house. Everyone seems to assume he's coming home.

(CONTINUED)

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YOUNG SATCH But no one asked you.

Bingo. Young Julie pushes past her conflicted emotions.

YOUNG JULIE He'll be happy to see you.

YOUNG SATCH Me and Leah'll come by tomorrow. See you then, Raim?

Young Raimy nods. She and Young Julie are about to step onto the elevator when--

VOICE (O.S.) Hold that!

Young Julie holds the elevator for another Nurse -- ROSE CAIRONE, 20s -- who comes rushing up.

YOUNG JULIE Cairone. Where's the fire?

ROSE I'm slammed. Orienting a new RN with her head up her-- whatever. (then) I heard about Frank.

YOUNG JULIE (stiff upper lip) He's good. Little out of it but he'll live. (to Young Raimy) Right?

Raimy nods. Julie notes the lab samples in Rose's hands.

YOUNG JULIE (CONT'D) Lemme get those.

ROSE

No--

YOUNG JULIE Stop. We're going to three anyway.

ROSE

You are awesome.

Young Julie takes the samples, she and Raimy head into the elevator, <u>Rose does not take the elevator as intended</u>.

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> ROSE (CONT'D) I totally owe you some codeine. Joking. (mouthing) Not joking.

Young Julie smiles as the doors close. As Young Julie and Young Raimy stand there, we become aware of ANOTHER PERSON in the elevator. Wearing scrubs. Could be a nurse, orderly, janitorial. We never see this person's face or any identifying features. But we do see--

THE UNKNOWN PERSON'S POV. And it is creepy. His eyes linger on Young Julie's neck, her back. Her ID BADGE. As if she were a newfound toy.

And now we see hands. Idly kneading a set of ROSARY BEADS--

DING! The doors open. Young Julie and Young Raimy exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy moves through the bustling restaurant to find Daniel and his parents, finishing dessert and after-dinner drinks.

> RAIMY I am so, so sorry. (to the parents) Hi, I'm Raimy.

Daniel's parents smile politely, if not with some mild confusion.

RAIMY (CONT'D) I truly am so excited to be meeting you both.

Daniel stands, guides her away from the table. Raimy doesn't realize it but he's doing his best to diffuse an odd situation, to create separation between them and the other diners.

DANIEL Can we talk this way?

RAIMY Okay... (then) Are you angry at me?

DANIEL What? No, not at all.

"Frequency Pilot CONTINUED:

> RAIMY Because all that other stuff, there's an explanation-- I'm sorry if I scared you--

Daniel has led her to the front of the restaurant.

DANIEL --Miss... I think there's been a mistake.

RAIMY

<u>Miss</u>? You're seriously doing this? I'm not nervous enough meeting your parents, you're screwing with me <u>now</u>?

DANIEL I think you may be mistaken. Maybe you are confused. You and I don't know each other.

But Raimy assumes this is another of his jokes. Deadpan--

RAIMY

Okay.

--and turns back to the table, when she freezes. Seeing--

ANOTHER WOMAN, about her age, slip into the empty seat -- her seat -- at the table with Daniel's parents.

Daniel exchanges looks with the Maitre'd, who has overheard and assures Daniel with a nod he'll take care of it. Daniel attempts to slip by Raimy back to his table--

MAITRE' D

Miss..

--when Raimy grabs Daniel's arm.

RAIMY .

--<u>Stop</u>. Your name is Daniel Badour. We live together in Bayside, Queens. Say you know who I am.

DANIEL How do you know my name?

RAIMY <u>I'm your girlfriend</u>. "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 54. CONTINUED: (2)

And now it's really dawning on Raimy. Something seriously screwed up is happening here.

MAITRE' D Miss, you really can't--

RAIMY --don't touch me. I'm a detective with the NYPD. Do not touch me. (to Daniel) My mother. Julie Sullivan. She was your nurse when you got into a car accident two years ago. She introduced us.

Daniel doesn't know what to say. Raimy pushes up his sleeve. There is a JAGGED SCAR on his forearm.

> RAIMY (CONT'D) Your arm went through the window.

> > DANIEL

I--

RAIMY Tell me your arm went through a window in a car crash two years ago.

And now it's becoming a full-blown scene.

DANIEL Yes, yes-- Okay? But I don't know your mother. And I've never been to Queens. And I don't know you. (then) I'm sorry.

He takes his arms from hers. And turns back to his table. As the staff begins to close ranks between Raimy and the rest of the restaurant.

As the enormity of what is happening hits her--

RAIMY Daniel. (off his back) Daniel....

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

<u>ACT SIX</u>

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT - 2016

London Grammar's "Nightcall" begins as Raimy steps into frame. Dazed, stricken, cellphone to her ear. As an AUTOMATED MESSAGE PLAYS.

> RAIMY Mom? Why is your message screwy? You have to call me right now-- you hear me? <u>Call me right now</u>. I'm coming over.

She disconnects, hails a cab. Her cell chirps. She looks at the Caller ID, composes herself, answers.

RAIMY (CONT'D) Detective Sullivan. (then) Now? Did he say what it was about? (then) Fine... <u>fine</u>. I can be there in twenty.

A cab pulls beside her. As she enters, RACK FOCUS TO--

A FLYER. Stapled to a lightpole. It's a "Wanted" flyer posted by the police. On it, the same SKETCH ARTIST FACE we've seen before... in 1996. <u>The Nightingale Killer</u>.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy steps out of the elevator. Satch waits for her.

SATCH Okay, look. There's no other way to say this. I know it's been a long, painful journey for you, and I'm hoping, somehow, this can help that. (then) We've ID'd the remains from the marsh.

RAIMY Rose Cairone. The nurse missing from '96. We talked about this.

SATCH No, I wanted to speak to you in person for this-- "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 56. CONTINUED:

RAIMY --we spoke this <u>afternoon</u>.

SATCH Forensics came back an <u>hour</u> ago. (then) I'm sorry, Raimy. It's your Mom.

Raimy stares at Satch. Does not compute.

RAIMY

--what?

SATCH I know it's cold comfort after 20 years-- but we found her. And I'm gonna move Hell and high water to let you get her buried as soon as possible. Give her a proper goodbye.

Raimy still says nothing. She can't utter a word.

SATCH (CONT'D) Go home. Me and Leah'll come by tomorrow.

But Raimy doesn't move. Barely a whisper--

RAIMY

How?

SATCH Go home. That's an order. Task force can wait til tomorrow.

Raimy reacts to that.

RAIMY The <u>Nightingale</u> task force?

Satch: come on, man, don't do this to yourself. But Raimy bores into him -- once again, a woman on the edge:

RAIMY (CONT'D) The Nightingale hasn't killed in 20 years.

Satch stares at her a long beat.

SATCH I'm gonna get you some water. "Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 57. CONTINUED: (2)

Satch exits toward the bullpen. A beat later, Raimy follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Frank lays zonked out on drugs. Totally helpless.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy enters the bullpen -- except it looks different now. One entire wall set up like a war room. <u>All about the</u> <u>Nightingale</u>. But there aren't three murders...there are 20. And he never "disappeared", <u>he's been active since 1996</u>.

Raimy looks closer, finds her Mom's picture on the wall, the word "CONFIRMED" newly scrawled across her face. The date of Mom's disappearance is listed: January 10th, 1997. Meaning, in our 1996 time period, Mom is going to be abducted <u>eleven</u> weeks from now.

Raimy, totally spooked, backs up into a desk. Things spill. Other cops watch her, feel for her, as she brings her hands to her head, squeezes her eyes as if to wish it all away as--

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Police Techs empty his apartment. One TECH boxes up the HAM RADIO. As he places the top on the box, we--

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1996

Young Julie makes a sandwich, watches the TV news. It's two days after heroic undercover cop Frank Sullivan survived a shoot-out with the drug gang he'd infiltrated. Just last night, various members of the gang, including Jason "Little Jay" Garza, were found dead from what authorities are assuming was a hit from a rival gang--

YOUNG RAIMY (O.S.)

Mom?

Young Julie quickly turns off the TV. Young Raimy is there.

YOUNG RAIMY (CONT'D) Does this mean Dad is coming back?

JULIE You have to stop asking me that. I don't know.

RAIMY Are you two getting back together?

"Frequency Pilot" Rev. Network Draft 1/4/16 58. CONTINUED: Young Julie sighs. She truly has no answers here. INT. BACK SHED - DAY - 1996 Young Raimy opens the shed door. Stares down at Dad's belongings that were brought here by the police. Her eyes land on the ham. MOMENTS LATER. Raimy has gotten the ham set up. Her fingers move over the dials, just the way dad taught her. She reaches for a box of Frank's old cigars. Places one atop the ashtray, just like Dad would. And keys the mic. YOUNG RAIMY (into mic) CQ, CQ, calling CQ, this is WQ2YV. I'm trying to reach the space shuttle Columbia. Come in, Columbia. (a beat) Space Shuttle Columbia, do you copy? A long beat. And then the unmistakable HISS of an incoming transmission. And then a voice we recognize: RAIMY (V.O.) WQ2YV this is same. Who is this? Young Raimy's eyes grow wide. Holy crap--YOUNG RAIMY My name is Raimy Sullivan. (beat) Are you an astronaut? INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - DAY - 2016 - INTERCUT

Raimy, looking strung out and sleep-deprived, much the way Frank did in 1996, sits frozen in front of the ham. Stunned to be talking to her younger self.

YOUNG RAIMY (V.O.)

Hello?

RAIMY I'm here. I'm-- no. I'm a friend of your father's. Frank Sullivan.

YOUNG RAIMY (V.O.) He's in the hospital. CONTINUED:

RAIMY

I know.

WE SEE before Raimy: OLD ARTICLES about the shooting.

RAIMY (CONT'D) But I need you to do something for me, can you do that? I need you to tell your father that his friend on the radio needs him now.

And now we see the entire shed is covered with Nightingale paperwork. Pictures, statements, clues. A war bunker for what's coming: the fight to save Mom.

> RAIMY (CONT'D) Can you tell him that?

As Raimy waits for an answer...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - 1996

Frank still in bed. The door opens. It's Young Julie with Young Raimy, who purposefully places the boxed ham on his bed. As Frank wonders what the hell is going on ...

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy drinks a glass of water at the kitchen sink. Watches the darkened back shed for a sign, anything. She sighs, turns away, hope sinking. And then, over her shoulder --

Through the kitchen window, in the back shed, A GLOW APPEARS.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...