

IN BETWEEN LIVES

"Pilot"

Written by

Moira Kirland

THIRD DRAFT

December 21, 2017

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT (DAY ONE)

Small, old-fashioned; this place knows when it comes to orange juice, you really don't need more than three choices. CASSIE GALLAGHER, 28 and lovely, giving off a "go away" vibe she only half intends, is pushing her cart, ambling with the somnolent pace of someone who has nowhere better to be. She stops for a moment in the LIQUOR AISLE. Stares at the bottles of vodka, lined like sentries on the shelf. A MOMENT, and then she moves on, but as she rounds the corner into the freezer aisle the store's SPEAKER SYSTEM comes to life with a sharp crackle, and a song begins to play. Immediately, you'll realize this isn't your typical Muzak, it's a tinny, slowed down version of a 1960's pop ditty by Dee Jay and the Runaways called "Peter Rabbit" (look it up, it's terrible). Listening now, one can imagine this is how it felt up at Spahn Ranch when Charlie Manson would grab a guitar to play his acoustic rendition of "Little Deuce Coupe". The chipper lyrics, sung in a low, raspy drawl, suddenly seem sinister...

*MALE SINGER (O.S.)*

*Peter Rabbit and the little red  
hen, talking things over in the  
high wired pen, along came  
MacDonald with his trusty gun  
And he goes... everybody run...*

ON CASSIE, who knows immediately that she is the only one who can hear the music. She looks around. Steadies herself for what's about to come. Then with a sickening drop... THE SUPERMARKET SUDDENLY FALLS AWAY and Cassie is standing on...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Off-season; cloudy sky, the surf is choppy. She reorients herself, sees...

A WALK-IN FREEZER sitting by itself on the sand. Brushed aluminum and a huge, thick door. Imposing. She sighs and, with the weary determination of a child who has been assured it will hurt less if you rip the Band-Aid off quickly, heads for the freezer, YANKS OPEN THE HEAVY DOOR, and enters...

INT. FREEZER - DAY

Metal shelves with packages of meat and seafood. A WHITE PLASTIC SHEET hangs at the rear, blocking the back of the room, rippling ominously. Cassie PUSHES THE SHEET ASIDE to reveal...

A WOMAN, lying on an exam table, her wrists and ankles restrained. A LITTLE BOY, about five years old, stands beside her. Cherubic. Frightened. Shivering.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

BOY

I can't wake up my mom.

Cassie steps to the woman, who appears to be deeply asleep or, let's face it, dead. Then, as Cassie leans in the woman's eye lids suddenly FLY OPEN, but where her eyes should be are black, BLOODY HOLES. Cassie jumps back, and we HARD CUT TO...

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLE - NIGHT

The ROW OF VODKA BOTTLES is still patiently waiting, as Cassie pulls up her cart and grabs one. Then another.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT - NIGHT

A shaken Cassie, the vodka bottles rattling in her basket, pushes her cart to the registers. She crosses through the frame, taking us to BLACK and then we hear...

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Wake up.

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN (DAY TWO)

A small, cozy Craftsman. Quaint. Well worn. ON THE SOFA, an afghan moves, then is pushed aside and Cassie emerges looking worse for wear. Nearby is AN EMPTY VODKA BOTTLE and several bags of still packed groceries.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you awake?

A YOUNG GIRL, about eight years old, sits on the staircase across the room. Hair uncombed. Pajamas wrinkled. Cute as a button. But look deep into her brown eyes, and you'll see a very grown up thousand yard stare. This is ABIGAIL.

CASSIE

Yes, *why*?  
(struggling for patience)  
Why am I awake?

ABIGAIL

You told me to. Early, you said.

CASSIE

"Early" means before The View does their Hot Topic segment, not the crack of... what time is it?

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

ABIGAIL

I don't know, *early*. You *said* early.

CASSIE

When did I say that?

ABIGAIL

Last night. Before you started drinking.

(then, re: the room)

This is all a big mess.

Cassie looks around at the groceries, the bottles...

CASSIE

I didn't mean to snap at you.

ABIGAIL

That's okay.

CASSIE

Did you need me for anything?

ABIGAIL

Uh-uh. I'm watching cartoons.

CASSIE

(going for casual)

So what else did I do last night? Drunk dial an old boyfriend? Get into a Twitter war?

ABIGAIL

You talked about Shannon Bell. The missing girl.

CASSIE

I did, huh.

ABIGAIL

Only she's not missing anymore.

OFF Cassie, as this sinks in...

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Old Hollywood. Crown moulding. Casement windows. We find...

A WOMAN, partially dressed, lying motionless in the middle of the room. She stirs, rises. Retrieves her clothes, pulls on a pencil skirt, buttons a white silk blouse, heads into...

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The woman, let's call her LYLA, pushes open the bathroom door, revealing original avocado green and pink tile, and...

DAMIEN PARRISH, 38, standing at the sink doing a quick splash and dry before pulling on last night's shirt and a pale gray suit jacket. Damien is handsome, albeit perpetually rumpled. The impression is not one of carelessness, but of a mind occupied with more urgent matters.

DAMIEN

Hey.

(reaching, finding it)

Lyla. You're awake, great. I gotta get to work.

LYLA

So early?

DAMIEN

No rest for the wicked.

He kisses her cheek, squeezes past her into...

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

She follows as he heads for the open kitchen counter.

DAMIEN

You can lock up, right?

LYLA

Sure, unless... I mean, do you want to take the place?

DAMIEN

Was this my favorite? We looked at so many.

LYLA

This was your favorite.

DAMIEN

Yeah, okay. Do you have any cologne or deodorant or anything?

Lyla pulls a SPRAY BOTTLE out of a briefcase. Hands the bottle to Damien. He sniffs. *Not bad.* Sprays a little on his hands, dabs, as she takes out a sheaf of DOCUMENTS, a credit card machine and a pen. Hands him the pen and indicates...

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

LYLA

Landlord wants first month's and security. 4,800 should do it.

DAMIEN

(hands her a credit card)  
What about your commission?

LYLA

Landlord takes care of that.  
(off the machine)  
You're approved. Send the moving trucks anytime.

DAMIEN

No trucks. Just me.

LYLA

(sees an opening)  
When you're ready to settle in, give me a call. I'll take you to Bed, Bath and Beyond.

DAMIEN

Wasn't that last night? I have to say, I particularly enjoyed the beyond part.

LYLA

Me too. But I hope you don't think I do this with everyone.

DAMIEN

Let me tell you a little something about me, Lyla: You don't need to work hard at all to convince me I'm special.

LYLA

Good to know.  
(gives him a kiss, then)  
Welcome to L.A.

And she's gone. OFF Damien, as his phone buzzes with a text. He looks, reacts, grabs his keys and we UPCUT TO...

EXT. VERMONT CANYON DRIVE - DAY

The rising sun, pushing it's way through the clouds, spills like clear water over this empty residential street as Damien's convertible makes its way up the hill. A sign reads, "Welcome to Griffith Park," as we INTERCUT WITH...

INT. DAMIEN PARRISH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Damien follows the navigation on his phone, leading him up the hill. He presses the accelerator down, speeds around one last curve as the peaceful landscape gives way to a BARRAGE OF LIGHT AND NOISE revealing...

THE GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, its parking lot transformed into a major crime scene. POLICE CRUISERS block the road, sirens off, cherries spinning. NEWS CREWS jockey for space.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Damien approaches a UNIFORM, but before he can speak...

UNIFORM

Press is behind the barricade.

Damien flashes his badge. The uniform points to a a small knot of LAPD DETECTIVES on the hillside. Damien moves toward them, calling...

DAMIEN

Morning.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The others eye him warily. One steps forward. This is DETECTIVE JACEY VASQUEZ, 29. 110 pounds of attitude.

JACEY

Help you.

DAMIEN

I'm looking for Hackett.

Jacey nods. The others move aside, revealing...

DETECTIVE TOM HACKETT, 53. Round-faced, military haircut, his eyes squinted in perpetual suspicion, this man would never be confused for anything other than a career cop. He takes a look at Damien and scowls.

TOM

Aw, crap. Who called in the feds?

DAMIEN

Former fed. Current LAPD. As of this morning anyway.

(off Hackett's look)

Damien Parrish.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
I'm assigned to your squad.  
Lieutenant Swanstrom said --

TOM  
(remembering; not happy)  
Right, Parrish.

DAMIEN  
Hell of a day to start, I know. So  
I'm good to just observe, and  
assist where I can.

An awkward moment. Jacey extends her hand and they shake.

JACEY  
Jacey Vasquez. Sorry about before.  
Didn't know you were with us.

DAMIEN  
No problem.

JACEY  
Bureau, huh.

DAMIEN  
Criminal Analyst with ISU. Spent  
the last eight years in Miami.

TOM  
(tense)  
Hey, maybe later you two can get  
acquainted over drinks.  
(to Damien)  
She's down this way.

Tom nods a little further along the hillside, where we see...

A YOUNG WOMAN'S BODY, is lying facedown on the ground. She's wearing a long, loose beige dress. One arm is over her head, obscuring her face, fingers twisted in her clean hair.

NOTE: This is NOT the woman from Cassie's vision. However...

DAMIEN  
That's the missing girl? Shannon  
Bell.

TOM  
Not sure. We were just about to  
turn her over.

Tom glances away. Clearly the subject is tough for him.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

JACEY

She's the same height and approximate age. Same dark hair.

DAMIEN

Looks like she's not in full rigor yet.

TOM

M.E. thinks time of death was between 1:00 and 4:00AM.

JACEY

But Shannon's been missing for over a week...

(then)

Two hikers stumbled over her this morning and called it in.

DAMIEN

Any video up top?

(Jacey shakes her head)

So he drives all the way up the hill, parks his car, carries her over here and drops her -- boom -- not ten feet from the lot... doesn't walk a little further into the trees to hide her better...

(off their looks)

He *wanted* her found. And quickly.

TOM

No shit. What's your point?

DAMIEN

Just that maybe he stayed to see it happen. Have unis check the hill for evidence he was here a while -- cigarette butts, a coffee cup...

TOM

I'll make sure and put that in my report: Per Detective Parrish, we established a perimeter and searched the area around the body, due to the possibility *there might be clues there*.

JACEY

(aside, to Damien)

Yeah. We're already on it.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (3)

DAMIEN

Keep an eye out for evidence of masturbatory activity. Sometimes the anticipation gets them excited.

TOM

For someone who said he'd just observe and assist, you're doing an awful lot of talking.

(then, done with him)

We're turning her over now.

Tom waves over MEDICAL EXAMINER JUNE AUGUSTUS, 50's and no-nonsense. With her are TWO EMS TECHNICIANS. They rotate the body, revealing the face of a pretty young woman. BLOODY BANDAGES are secured to her eyelids with surgical tape. June reaches down and peels away the bandages, revealing DARK HOLES where her eyes should be. Tom drops his head. Exhales.

DAMIEN

That's her?

TOM

Yeah. That's Shannon.

OFF Tom, clearly pained...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cassie enters. AT THE TABLE, Abigail sits with her chin on her folded hands, intently staring at a small SALT SHAKER.

CASSIE

What're you doing?

ABIGAIL

Trying to move this thing with my mind. I saw it on TV.

CASSIE

I guess that's better than watching cartoons all day.

(then)

When I was about your age, I read the book "Carrie" and gave telekineses a try. That's what it's called when you can move things with your mind... Telekineses. I never got it to work.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

ABIGAIL

(sighs)

You're kind of messing with my concentration.

CASSIE

Right. Sorry.

Cassie doesn't leave. Abigail sighs again.

ABIGAIL

Can I get some privacy?

CASSIE

Sure but, you know, this is *my* house. If you're feeling crowded you don't have to stay here. You could go be with your mom.

ABIGAIL

She's all about the new baby.  
(with distaste)  
Crystal.

Abigail returns to her task. A LONG MOMENT, and then every so slightly, it moves. Cassie reacts. OFF Abigail's smile...

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Damien trails Tom toward their cars, past a group of LOOKEY-LOOS. Tom spots someone in the crowd and pulls up short, waves Jacey over and points to...

A MAN IN THE CROWD, wearing a suit, holding a Starbucks.

TOM

Invite him down for a talk.

She nods and heads off as Damien turns to Tom, questioning.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's Kyle Archer. Shannon's ex-boyfriend. We've talked to him before but now we're going at him again. I'm going to tell you exactly what to do.

DAMIEN

I've done interrogations before.

TOM

(*shut up*)

Exactly what to do.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

OFF Tom, grim, heading to his car...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Tom sits across from KYLE ARCHER, 33, Ted Bundy in a thousand dollar suit. Damien is behind Kyle, flipping through a file.

KYLE

I was on my way to work when I heard the news. That they found a girl... a body... so I drove up, just to see if it was Shannon.

(then)

Is it her?

TOM

It's her.

Kyle reacts, but Tom is unmoved.

TOM (CONT'D)

You can save the tears, Kyle. It was only three months ago Shannon had to call 911 on you.

KYLE

That was an *accident*. I told you all this before.

DAMIEN

So tell me. I just got here.

KYLE

We were having a fight. I tried to leave, she grabbed my arm, I jerked back and she fell and hit her head on the coffee table. She's all hysterical, calls for an ambulance. The EMT's come out, but then she doesn't want to go to the hospital, so they patch her up there. I'm in the other room, giving them space... But then she starts to tell the EMT's what happened, you know, and suddenly I'm hearing a lot of phrases I don't like.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

KYLE (CONT'D)

Phrases like, "Alert the proper authorities," and "document the abuse," and "evidence trail." I didn't want to get arrested, so I left. Figured we'd work it out later.

DAMIEN

Instead, she filed a TRO.

KYLE

Which was the end for me. I didn't see her again after that.

TOM

But you started calling her.

KYLE

That's what she said, yeah. Some heavy breather on the line. I thought she was making it up, trying to get me busted for violating the order.

TOM

The calls were real. We traced the number to a pay phone in the parking lot of a coffee shop on Vermont. Coincidentally, just a couple blocks from your apartment.

KYLE

A *pay phone*? Who uses them anymore?

TOM

People who don't want to get tracked remotely through cell towers, Kyle. Smart people. You're a smart guy, right? You make a good living...

Tom throws Damien a look, and Damien steps closer to Kyle...

DAMIEN

Women must be lining up, but none of that matters when you lose the girl you want the most.

(then)

Shannon broke your heart when she left you.

TOM

Why'd she do that, I wonder? Why'd she walk away?

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

Damien takes A FEW PHOTOS out of the file and lays them down. Shannon with a black eye. Shannon's bruised arm.

TOM (CONT'D)

Maybe because it wasn't that one fight. And it wasn't an accident. You were beating the crap out of her on the regular.

DAMIEN

Tech got into Shannon's computer, found these photos. Here's a fun fact, Kyle. 75% of abused women murdered by their partners are killed *after* they leave.

Kyle's jaw clenches, but he maintains his cool...

KYLE

Look, I gave you my alibi for the morning Shannon went missing.

TOM

(dry)

Right. You were with your mom.

KYLE

We were at that cafe on Hillhurst until after 10:00AM.

(then, confident)

You searched my place. What more do you want?

Tom slides a PAD OF PAPER and pen across the table.

TOM

Write down where you were last night. Start from when you left work. Take me through to the sunrise...

OFF Tom, we UPCUT TO...

INT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Damien is with Jacey, watching through the glass as...

IN THE BULLPEN, Tom sits with Shannon Bell's parents, MARCUS and JANET, 50's, Midwestern. Tom's empathy is clear; he leans forward, engaged. Janet, emotional, squeezes his hand in thanks as they go. Tom heads for the conference room, as...

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

JACEY

Don't let him catch you staring.

Damien nods, and moves away from the window, over to a LARGE PIN BOARD covered in maps and photos detailing the Shannon Bell case. Tom enters and hands the pad of paper to Jacey, who glances at it, as...

TOM

Archer's alibi for this morning.

JACEY

The gym and Starbucks. On it.

She exits, crossing with LIEUTENANT TIM SWANSTROM, 55, slim and affable. He and Damien shake hands, as...

DAMIEN

Lieutenant Swanstrom.

LT. SWANSTROM

Parrish. Welcome. You settling in all right?

DAMIEN

Just getting caught up.  
(then, off the board)  
The theory is Shannon was grabbed Thursday morning on her way to the train...

LT. SWANSTROM

When she didn't show up for work her boss called in a well check. Officers found no sign of an intruder or a struggle at her place, but the hood of her car was up. Battery was dead. On days she didn't have her car, she typically took the train, but there's no sign of her on the Hollywood Station cameras.

DAMIEN

And no eye witnesses. If you don't know where or what time she was grabbed, then how solid is Kyle Archer's alibi?

TOM

We pulled her cell records. She was turning it off at night, because of the creepy phone calls.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

TOM (CONT'D)

At 7:05AM it went on, pinged the tower closest to her house. At 8:50 she placed a call to AAA, probably after her car wouldn't start, but she hung up before they answered. Phone turns off again at 9:46...

(shrugs, unhappy)

Kyle and his mama are on the security video at that cafe, sipping chai lattes from 7:15 to just past 10:00AM.

LT. SWANSTROM

We were thinking maybe Kyle had a partner who grabbed her up somewhere on Western.

DAMIEN

No, whoever the killer is, he works alone. He doesn't leave things to chance.

(then)

Look, if I were still at the bureau and consulting on this case, I'd be putting together a profile for you. Normally that can take weeks, but there are already a couple of things I know for sure: He's smart and he's organized. Only an organized killer could grab a woman, keep her alive and undetected for a week, then dump her body in a public space without being seen. But it takes more than intelligence and careful planning to pull this off. It takes *practice*.

(then)

Shannon's not his first. She sure as hell won't be his last.

Tom and Swanstrom take a moment to absorb this fresh bad news, and then Tom takes out his phone and starts to dial...

TOM

Be right back.

He leaves them, heads into...

INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom wanders to a private spot in the hall, as the call connects and now we INTERCUT WITH...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie lies on her stomach, rolling a marble across the hardwood floor as...

ABIGAIL, who is lying on the other side of the room, concentrates on stopping the marble and reversing its direction without using her hands. As it skitters back to Cassie, her cell rings. She answers without looking.

CASSIE

Hey, Tom. Been a while.

TOM

I was afraid you'd send me to voice mail.

CASSIE

You'd just call back.

TOM

Yeah, I'm persistent like that.  
(then, hates to ask)  
I've been working a missing person's case. Shannon Bell. This morning, we found her in Griffith Park.

CASSIE

I'm sorry, I don't know anything.

TOM

Can I come over with a photo? Maybe it'll trigger something.

CASSIE

That's kind of what I'm afraid of.

Tom smiles, if somewhat mirthlessly. A moment, then, as close to begging as he can get...

TOM

I know you said you were out for good, and I respect that... but the thing is, this girl was grabbed a week ago and it turns out, all that time she was still alive... Makes me think of Josie, you know...

CASSIE

That wasn't your fault. You gotta let it go.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

TOM

(wry)  
Yeah, I'll get right on that.  
(then, the truth)  
I promised her parents I'd do  
everything I could...

A moment. He waits. And then...

CASSIE

Okay, come over. But no promises.

Abigail does a cartwheel. Throws her arms up, pleased.

ABIGAIL

Tell him to bring his friend.

CASSIE

(nods absently, then into  
the phone)  
...and bring your friend.

TOM

What friend?

Tom looks back and sees, down the hall...

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM, Damien at the murder board...

CASSIE (O.S.)

The new guy.

OFF Tom, processing this information, we...

END TEASER

ACT ONEEXT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 2, CONT'D.)

Damien and Tom step up onto the porch, which was once a cheery lavender, but is now rotted and peeling.

DAMIEN

You gonna tell me what we're doing here?

TOM

Just relax, Parrish. Go with the flow.

Cassie opens the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, kid.  
(making introductions)  
Cassie, this is Damien Parrish.  
Parrish, Cassie Gallagher.

The two nod to each other, mutually wary, as we UPCUT TO...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie folds herself into an armchair, across from Tom and Damien. Tom takes out a photo and hands it to Cassie.

CASSIE

That's Shannon Bell?  
(he nods)  
I'm sorry, I haven't seen her.

DAMIEN

Her picture's all over the news.

CASSIE

I don't watch the news. And that isn't what I meant.

She hands the photo back to Tom, but he shakes his head.

TOM

Hang onto it. Maybe something'll come to you...

CASSIE

Yeah, okay...

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DAMIEN

So, you're an informant.

Tom and Cassie look at him.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to understand what we're doing here, asking for help from someone who claims she doesn't even know who the victim is.

TOM

What happened to going with the flow?

DAMIEN

I'm not good at that.

TOM

(to Cassie)

Parrish is a little eager. He just joined the LAPD this morning.

CASSIE

(glances away)

Right... Miami. FBI?

The penny drops for Damien. He grimaces with disgust.

DAMIEN

You're a psychic.

CASSIE

Maybe. Or maybe the suit you're wearing is a little pastel for LAPD, your hair is little long and you once had an ear pierced. At the same time, there's an ingrained reserve which only comes from working for years within a culture that values strict conformity. To me that says federal agent... from a tropical locale.

(then)

Listen, I'm kind of busy. Got a full day planned, so --

She stops, as she turns to see...

ABIGAIL, is descending the stairs, singing to herself...

ABIGAIL

*Peter Rabbit and Little Boy Blue,  
hidden in the brush with Mr. Magoo.*

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
*Along came MacDonald with his  
 trusty gun and he goes, everybody  
 run.*

Abigail reaches the penultimate step and jumps, lands with a flat BAM! on the floor. Pleased, she heads up to do it again.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
*Peter Rabbit Peter Rabbit Peter  
 Rabbit he'll be hopping along --*

Jumps again -- BAM! And we see Tom is paying no attention to the noise, but quietly studying Cassie's expression. He follows her gaze and she appears to be intently watching...

THE EMPTY STAIRCASE. Only Cassie can see Abigail.

DAMIEN  
 (to Tom)  
 Is that her "psychic" face?

CASSIE  
 No, that's my irritated face.

CASSIE'S POV - Abigail is there again. She looks up, hurt.

ABIGAIL  
 Fine. I'll leave you alone.

Abigail heads back upstairs as Cassie stands.

CASSIE  
 I'm sorry, but we're done.

She opens the door but before Tom walks out...

TOM  
 You keep telling me to let it go,  
 but Josie's got a grip on you too.  
 Help me with this. You might buy  
 back a little peace...

CASSIE  
 Wow, you play dirty.  
 (a moment, then)  
 Did he do something to her eyes?

Tom nods, throws a look at Damien who mouths, "news."

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
 Did she have a little boy? About  
 five years old.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (3)

TOM

No, no kids. No siblings.

Damien rolls his eyes at her mistake. Cassie notices. Lifts her chin, defiant.

CASSIE

Peter Rabbit.

TOM

What about Peter Rabbit?

CASSIE

He'll be hopping along, for one thing. I don't know the rest, but... It's a song, or something. It's important.

(then)

I'm sorry, I won't go any deeper.

DAMIEN

Why not?

CASSIE

Because it's dark.

Tom lays a hand on the crown of her head. Paternal. Then...

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Can you just go? Please?

They do, and she shuts the door after them.

EXT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Damien and Tom head for the car. Damien shakes his head.

DAMIEN

I gotta say, Hackett, I'm a little shocked. Took you for an old school law man. Did you hear yourself in there?

(faux urgent)

*What about Peter Rabbit?*

TOM

You're a skeptic. Duly noted.

DAMIEN

Answer me one thing: How much does she charge?

(off Hackett's look)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Not to the cops or to people in real trouble. That wouldn't look right. But private clients. People off the street who just want to know when true love is coming along, or when that dream job will happen. What does she charge to lie to someone when it *doesn't really matter*?

TOM

She doesn't have clients. She's a bartender at the Columbia Hotel.

(then)

I've known Cassie since she was a kid, and she's good people. I've known you six hours and I think maybe you're a shit bag.

DAMIEN

(nods, then)

Who's Josie?

Before Tom can respond, his phone rings and he answers...

TOM

Yeah.

(listens, then)

Okay, we're on our way.

(signing off, to Damien)

M.E.'s done with the autopsy. And Josie's none of your damn business.

Tom climbs into the car. After a moment, Damien follows.

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Cassie enters, still holding the photo of Shannon. She drops it into a trash can, then rethinks. Takes it out and puts it face down on the counter as she turns on the shower. She shuts the bathroom door and we see...

A GREY BATHROBE, hanging on the back of the door.

ON CASSIE, as she steps into the shower and shuts her eyes. We hear a noise. A creak, like furniture moving. Cassie looks around and realizes with a start that she is now in...

INT. SHANNON BELL'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is completely different. Shadows through the window make it clear the sun has set.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

Cassie turns off the water and steps out. She grabs A WHITE BATHROBE off the back of the door and wraps herself in it. Listens. Hears that noise again. CREEEE-AAAK. Pulls open the door. Steps into...

INT. SHANNON BELL'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Everything seems normal. The sliding door that leads to the porch is just slightly ajar. So is her bedroom door. Cassie moves toward it. Stops as she hears a noise in the living room. *Is that a television playing?* Looks outside. Shadows move. *Is someone out there too?* She quietly closes and locks the bedroom door, then the patio door too. Backs up against the bed. Reaches blindly for her cellphone. Starts to dial 9-1-1 when suddenly...

TWO HANDS, shoot out from under the bed and grab her ankles. They yank her backward, pulling her feet out from under her. Cassie goes flying forward. Lands hard on the floor. Before she can orient herself...

A MAN IN A HAZMAT SUIT slithers on top of her and pins her to the ground. He reaches around and presses A CLOTH over her mouth. She collapses, unconscious, as...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Cassie opens her eyes. Looks around. She's back in her own shower. She shuts off the water and steps out. Pulls her bathrobe from the hook and wraps herself in it. OFF Cassie...

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Damien and Tom are with M.E. June Augustus. Shannon Bell lies face up on the exam table, covered to her neck with a white sheet. Augustus goes off her notes.

M.E. AUGUSTUS

Cause of death was manual strangulation. There's bruising on her neck and her hyoid bone was crushed. Body clean. Hair washed.

(then, indicating)

Ligature marks on the wrists and ankles indicate she was restrained. Her bloodwork tests positive for Ketamine, and the injection mark looks professional. Your guy has had some medical training.

DAMIEN

Sexual assault?

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

M.E. AUGUSTUS

No bruising or tearing, but I found residue of casein and glycerine.

TOM

He used a condom.

M.E. AUGUSTUS

If she was raped, he was polite about it.

DAMIEN

When did he take her eyes?

M.E. AUGUSTUS

Not sure. There are cuts on the orbital bone, but those could be perimortem defensive nicks, or post-mortem just him being sloppy.

TOM

Why bandage her eyes if he was going to kill her anyway?

DAMIEN

It's an undoing.

(off them)

A defense mechanism. In the moment, he feels remorse for what he's done, so he tries to... make it better.

TOM

Oh, the humanity.

DAMIEN

Take it up with Dr. Freud.

(then)

Ever heard of a guy named Ed Roven?

Tom shakes his head. Augustus too.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Serial killer from the early '80's. Raped and murdered three women in Galveston. He'd charm them into his car, then bring them to this motel where he worked. Middle of nowhere. He'd stay there with them for days. When he was done he'd take out their eyes, bandage them up and strangle them.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

TOM

Where's Roven now?

DAMIEN

He was executed in '95 by the great state of Texas. It's a long shot, but our guy could be a copycat. I'll reach out to Quantico, have them send the file.

TOM

(to Augustus)

Anything else?

M.E. AUGUSTUS

The dress she was wearing, that beige, Amish number... Her father says it wasn't Shannon's.

TOM

(to Damien)

He bought her a dress? What for?

DAMIEN

That's a new one on me.

M.E. AUGUSTUS

This was in the pocket. Mr. Bell says it isn't hers either.

Augustus hands Tom an EVIDENCE BAG with a small PLASTIC FIGURINE inside.

M.E. AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Forensics thinks it's at least 15 years old. Part of a play set for kids. They sold them all over the country.

TOM

(showing Damien)

Recognize that little fella there?

Damien looks. It's a bunny, dressed in a blue jacket. It's...

DAMIEN

Peter Rabbit.

OFF Damien, taking this in we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - NIGHT (DAY 2 CONT'D.)

Cassie, dressed in black, her hair in a ponytail, is on her phone as she enters this boutique West Hollywood hot spot.

CASSIE

No, I didn't see the guy's face. He was wearing one of those suits. Like an exterminator. Or CDC.

(then)

Anyway, I don't know if it helps, but I thought you should know...

INT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As Cassie crosses the lobby, we INTERCUT WITH...

EXT. TOM HACKETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom, on the phone with Cassie, pulls his car into the driveway of a stunning Mid-Century Modern in the Hollywood Hills. Only cops in movies live like this.

TOM

It does help. I appreciate it.

(then)

Sorry to go and trigger you.

CASSIE

The things I do for my friends.

(then)

You are still my friend, right?

TOM

Always.

They hang up, and we stay with Tom as he enters the house...

INT. TOM HACKETT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and immediately A NURSE in a starchy uniform which is covered with food heads toward him. Tom tenses. This won't be good news.

NURSE

Are you Mr. Hackett? You're late.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

TOM  
(nods, looking around)  
Where's Patsy?

The nurse starts to get her things together.

NURSE  
She had an emergency so they sent me. If she's not back tomorrow they'll send someone else. I don't need to take this abuse.

TOM  
He had a bad day.

NURSE  
Your father, Brian --

TOM  
He's not my father.

NURSE  
Brian is stage seven. Maybe you should consider assisted care.

TOM  
(opens the door for her)  
I'm sorry he gave you a hard time.

She exits. OFF Tom, we CUT TO...

INT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Cassie is mixing drinks, tending to A GROUP OF REGULARS AND TOURISTS while a bar-back, a handsome man in his 20'S, stacks glasses on a shelf. This is WILL. He turns to Cassie, as...

WILL  
I'm gonna get some more highballs from the back.

Cassie nods as A MAN enters and sits. Wearing a suit and tie, carrying a small overnight bag, he's clearly been through the ringer. Cassie sets a napkin down in front of him.

MAN  
Give me a gin and tonic.

Cassie nods, pours the drink, as...

MAN (CONT'D)  
My wife kicked me out.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

CASSIE

Yeah, huh.

MAN

I never did anything but be good to that woman. Brought my check home every week. Spent Saturdays "antiquing" with her in Santa Barbara. Now she decides she wants a divorce. She wants the house, she wants the car, and she wants 50% of everything else I have in the world, up to and including my dirty jocks. What do you think of that?

CASSIE

I think you shouldn't have sent your wife a dick pic that was meant for your girlfriend.

(re: the G&T)

Eight dollars.

She sets the drink down. Blindsided, the man gulps it, throws a twenty on the bar and scurries off. Cassie is about to ring up the charge when she hears...

DAMIEN (O.S.)

Nice tip.

She turns. Damien is sliding onto one of the bar stools.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

What's your secret?

CASSIE

He was carrying a suitcase and a guilty conscience. You don't need extra-sensory-perception to read his mind, just a little life experience.

DAMIEN

You were very specific about the dick pic.

CASSIE

Lucky guess.

DAMIEN

Okay then, try this: what do I want to drink?

CASSIE

Dubonnet with a twist.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

DAMIEN

Scotch neat, but that was close.

She smiles in spite of herself. Starts to fix his drink.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about this morning. I didn't mean to insult you, it's just that the psychics I've dealt with, publicity hungry con artists, looking for press, claiming they solved cases for the FBI... Those people --

CASSIE

I know the people, man. Forget it.

DAMIEN

If it makes you feel better, Hackett was *pissed*.

CASSIE

He's protective. No apologies necessary.

DAMIEN

Okay, but at least let me buy you dinner.

OFF Cassie, considering, we CUT TO...

INT. TOM HACKETT'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom, now carrying a cocktail and a small can of Ensure with a straw, enters a small guest room that has been outfitted with a hospital bed and a large Barcalounger. In the chair sits BRIAN SINCLAIR, British, 78, staring straight ahead.

TOM

You scared off the nurse, Bri.

BRIAN

She was a nasty bitch. Who are you?

TOM

It's me. Tom.

BRIAN

You're not Tom. You're an old man.

TOM

We're both old now. It goes like that.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

BRIAN  
Speak for yourself, grandpa.

TOM  
Here. Drink this.

Tom hands him the Ensure. Grabs a PHOTO ALBUM off the table.

BRIAN  
I don't want that. Where's my dinner?

TOM  
You threw it at the nurse, you troublemaker.

Brian laughs, takes it as a compliment. Then he sees the book in Hackett's hand and snatches it away.

BRIAN  
I'll show you my Tommy.

As he opens the book we see photos of YOUNG TOM HACKETT, with the very dashing Brian. Laughing on the dock of a ship. At dinner in Paris. Celebrating Christmas in their living room, and standing beside Tom is a teenage CASSIE, laughing. Her face is open in a way we've never seen. But Brian only has eyes for young Tom...

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Isn't he handsome? I really robbed the cradle, didn't I?  
(then, in wonder)  
What a magnificent lay.

TOM  
Good to know.  
(points to Cassie's photo)  
Hey, remember this little waif? I saw her today. She's all grown up.

BRIAN  
(nods vaguely, then)  
Tom arrested her for... something.

TOM  
Drinking underage. She was running the streets...

BRIAN  
We practically adopted her.

TOM  
That's right, we did.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

Their eyes meet, and for a moment Tom thinks they've made a connection, but then Brian looks around, sad and afraid...

BRIAN

When can I go back home?

...and it's gone. Tom gestures to the Ensure.

TOM

You are home, babe.

(then)

One sip. Come on...

OFF Tom, as Brian takes an obligatory sip...

INT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Cassie and Damien are ensconced in one of the back booths. Cassie has wrapped a napkin around her head and is pressing her fingertips to her temples like a sideshow swami.

CASSIE

How's this:

(trance-like voice)

I see water near the body --

DAMIEN

And railroad tracks. Always  
railroad tracks.

CASSIE

-- and railroad tracks. And a  
bridge. The letter "S" will be very  
important, and the numbers six,  
seven, twelve, nineteen and twenty-  
two.

DAMIEN

But they won't have anything to do  
with the killer's name, or his  
address.

CASSIE

Well, there might be a two in the  
phone number. Better check them all  
just to be safe.

She pulls the napkin off her head and smooths her hair.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Here's my favorite: Go through the  
evidence again. There's something  
you've missed.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DAMIEN

Oh, that's good. Nice and vague.

(and then)

Or this one: Somebody you've interviewed already has more information that you need. Figure out who that person is among the hundreds you've talked to, and go talk to them again.

(downs his drink)

Like I need a psychic to tell me to be thorough. I have a mother for that.

Cassie laughs. A moment, as Damien studies her.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

You're very pretty when you smile.

Embarrassed, she glances away.

CASSIE

Cut it out, Parrish.

DAMIEN

What, don't guys tell you you're pretty?

CASSIE

You're not a guy, you're a cop.

Damien grins. A moment between them. If they were different people, or maybe if there just wasn't a table in the way, he might lean over and kiss her. But instead...

DAMIEN

This afternoon, Peter Rabbit made a surprise appearance in our case. I'm wondering how you knew.

Cassie is mildly stung that this nice dinner is turning into a hunt for information, but she covers it well.

CASSIE

A little bird told me. Only in this case, "bird" is a euphemism.

DAMIEN

For what?

CASSIE

For dead girl.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I try to be circumspect with most people, but I'm guessing you don't spook easy.

DAMIEN

The FBI trained all of that out of me, along with most human emotions.

He expects her to smile, but she doesn't.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

This case is an odd one. The killer is behaving in ways that are counter intuitive. Things aren't adding up like they should...

CASSIE

Yeah, huh.

DAMIEN

Yeah. Like when's the last time a young woman disappeared off a busy street in broad daylight with no witnesses? And why was she found wearing a dress that wasn't --

CASSIE

(interrupting)

I'm sorry. I gave you the impression that I wanted to hear about it, but really I don't. At all.

(then, can't help herself)

Except that first part's wrong. It wasn't day. It was night time.

DAMIEN

How do you know that?

CASSIE

I saw it. She was getting out of the shower.

DAMIEN

You "saw" it... when?

CASSIE

Now you sound skeptical.

DAMIEN

No, I just...

(then)

I guess I don't understand how this works... how it comes to you.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (3)

CASSIE

What a shame I don't have the time  
or the inclination to explain it.

(then, standing)

Thanks for dinner.

OFF Damien, watching her walk away...

EXT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cassie exits the front door. Spots a TOYOTA PRIUS parked in  
the valet line. She climbs in.

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

As Cassie shuts the door behind her and the car pulls away,  
we reveal the driver is Will, the bar-back, now off-duty.

CASSIE

Hey. Sorry to keep you waiting.

WILL

I thought you were gonna bail on  
me, catch a ride home with that  
guy... dinner guy.

CASSIE

Not my type. I like 'em young and  
stupid.

WILL

Speaking of which, Abnormal Psych  
paper came back today. What'd I  
get?

CASSIE

A solid B.

WILL

(slaps the wheel)

How do you do that? You're, like,  
never wrong.

CASSIE

I'm a lucky guesser, that's all.

WILL

Okay, alright... Guess what I'm  
gonna do to you first...

She smiles as he reaches over and slides his hand up her leg,  
and we HARD CUT TO...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Cassie and Will half tumble inside, kissing and tugging at each other's clothes. He pins her up against the door as Cassie surreptitiously looks around at...

THE EMPTY ROOM. No visitors or surprises. Cassie smiles, gives in, wraps her legs around his waist as we CUT TO...

EXT. SHANNON BELL'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Damien drives up and exits his car. A strip of YELLOW POLICE TAPE is across the door, marking it as a crime scene. Damien gloves up, breaks the seal, puts a key in the lock.

INT. SHANNON BELL'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neat and sparsely furnished. The cops have been through here recently. Fingerprint dust covers almost everything.

INT. SHANNON BELL'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

He pushes open the door and enters. Sees the towels on the rack. Looks behind the door. A hook for a robe, but there's no robe hanging. OFF Damien, his mind working, we PRELAP...

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

I know what you were doing.

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie is sleeping. Abigail sits at the foot of the bed. Cassie stirs. Opens her eyes.

ABIGAIL

You were doing sex. My Grandpa Jimmy showed me movies. The people had no clothes on, and they were rubbing each other and making noises... he said only whores do sex, and it's dirty.

CASSIE

Yeah, your Grandpa is a real paragon of virtue.

ABIGAIL

Where is he? I want to see him.

CONT'D:

CASSIE

Why? He can't see you.

Abigail frowns, then looks over at A BOOKCASE. Concentrates, and after a moment A BOOK flies off the shelves and straight for Cassie's head. She puts her arms up to ward it off.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Someone's been practicing.

ABIGAIL

You're just like my mom... you don't care about me.

(glances away, then)

Last time I went home, baby Crystal was in the bath. Crystal's daddy wanted something, but mom was busy. "I only have two hands," she said, and he said she was just a lazy bitch and "don't make me come in there." And she knows what *that* means... so she got up to get him whatever...

(then, upset)

And she walked *right through me*. Like she does *every time*, like I'm not even there, and Crystal was all alone in the tub and I just...

Abigail pushes her hands away from her, in a shoving gesture. Cassie feels the air move, a charge that's almost electric...

CASSIE

...you just what?

ABIGAIL

I pushed. And she plopped right over. The water was on her face. She was splashing her little arms and legs and coughing and I was like... *good*.

(a moment)

But then mom came back.

(then)

Did you leave the TV on? I wanna watch cartoons.

Cassie nods. Abigail leaves. OFF Cassie, unnerved...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. DAMIEN PARRISH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (DAY THREE)

An air mattress and blanket have been added to the decor. Damien is dressed and ready to leave when his cell phone rings. He checks the number. Answers.

DAMIEN

Parrish.

CHIPPER GIRL (O.S.)

Mr. Parrish this is Casey from Biscayne Bay Flowers. According to our records it's Sally's birthday this week, and we were wondering if you wanted to send her the same arrangement from last year.

Damien takes a moment to absorb this information. And then...

DAMIEN

Yeah, I would.

CHIPPER GIRL (O.S.)

Perfect. That was the rose bouquet with baby's breath at 150.00. Same card? "With love from Damien"?

DAMIEN

Yes.

CHIPPER GIRL (O.S.)

Is she still at 222 Ocean Drive?

DAMIEN

No. No, she's not there anymore.

CHIPPER GIRL (O.S.)

Okay, where should they go?

OFF Damien, as he seems to be considering the answer...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Cassie rouses from sleep. Hears the television playing...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY

The TV is on, running cartoons, but the room is empty. Cassie looks around. Makes a decision...

EXT. TOM HACKETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom opens the door and is surprised to see Damien on the stoop, holding two takeout coffees.

TOM

It's you.

DAMIEN

Yeah. Just me. I hope it's alright  
I came by without calling.

(holds out a coffee)

I wasn't sure, but I assumed you  
take it strong and black.

TOM

Light and sweet, but thanks anyway.

DAMIEN

This is a really nice house.

TOM

Thanks.

A moment, as Tom waits for Damien to begin. Once it's clear he's not going to be invited inside...

DAMIEN

A few things about this case have  
been bugging me. Why were there no  
witnesses who saw Shannon walking  
to the train... no one who saw her  
get grabbed... So I went by her  
bungalow last night. On a hunch.

TOM

Yeah, huh.

DAMIEN

There's a hook in the bathroom for  
a robe, but no robe in the house. I  
called her father. He said she had  
one... it was a Christmas present.

TOM

And you think what, our bad guy  
stole it?

DAMIEN

I think she was wearing it when he  
grabbed her. That beige dress we  
found her in, the one he must have  
bought for her... it's like he  
wanted her to be comfortable.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

TOM

Because he's thoughtful like that.

DAMIEN

Maybe her battery really was dead.  
Maybe he tampered with it, I'm not  
sure...

TOM

Okay, then. I was just on my way  
out. You wanna come along?

DAMIEN

Where to?

TOM

Impound yard. Last night I made an  
appointment with Shannon's  
mechanic, to look at her battery.  
(off Damien's look)  
I had a hunch too. How 'bout that?

OFF Tom, heading for his car...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Benches are filled with YOUNG MOTHERS as CHILDREN scamper  
across the well-used monkey bars and see-saws. We find...

CASSIE, sitting on a bench. She scans the gates, spots...

A BLONDE WOMAN, pushing a baby in a stroller. They settle on  
a bench, and then the blonde gathers up the baby and puts her  
in a swing as she greets a FRIEND, pushing her own child  
further down the row.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

You said you were my friend.

Cassie turns. Abigail is sitting next to her on the bench.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Now you're gonna snitch to my mom?  
(firm)  
She won't believe you.

CASSIE

I'm not going to let you hurt a  
baby, Abigail...

ABIGAIL

Nobody lets me do anything. Not  
anymore.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

Abigail stands and approaches the swings. Cassie watches, ready to intervene as Abigail locks eyes with the baby, swinging gently. She smiles, then, sing-song...

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Cry-stal... Cry-stal... Wanna swing? Huh, baby?

Abigail puts her hands out, palms facing the baby, and... PUSHES THE AIR in front of her. The swing shudders, and then rises, ever so slightly higher. The baby giggles. Abigail does it again. Harder. The swing arcs up. The baby laughs. The blonde woman, distracted by her conversation, feels the swing shoving past her fingertips as her friend gestures...

FRIEND

Hey, careful.

Cassie stands, starts to move as Abigail pushes once more. HARD. The swing arcs up, to the right, and then Crystal's little shoe SMACKS her mother in the eye. She shrieks in pain. The swing twists and jerks, and finally settles as Crystal claps, happily oblivious. The woman grabs Crystal out of the swing and hurries off, as Abigail turns and looks to Cassie, smiling. Triumphant. OFF Cassie...

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND YARD - DAY

An old Subaru has its hood up. Damien and Tom wait while A MECHANIC checks something against a sheaf of paperwork.

MECHANIC

It's the same brand I put in her car three months ago. But the serial doesn't match.

DAMIEN

It's not tampered with...

TOM

It's a completely different battery.

MECHANIC

Yeah, and I don't get it. The one I sold her was brand new. Why replace it with this piece of junk?

Damien and Tom share a look. *Good question.*

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

TOM

Thanks for your time. An officer will take a statement before you go.

The mechanic nods and moves off, as Tom turns to Damien...

TOM (CONT'D)

So he comes to Shannon's house at *night*. Swaps out her good battery for a dead one. Leaves the hood up to make it look like she tried the car the next morning but it wouldn't start.

DAMIEN

Then he goes inside and grabs her. He's keeping her close by, because the next day he turns on her phone to place the phony call to AAA, and it pings her usual tower. The whole thing was staged, just so we'd be working off a false time line.

TOM

And there's only one reason for him to go to that kind of trouble: He's got an alibi for the morning we *thought* she went missing, but not for the night before.

DAMIEN

He needs an alibi because he knew we'd be looking at him... because he wasn't a stranger.

TOM

The ex-boyfriend. Kyle Archer.

OFF Damien and Tom, with their first solid lead...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. CASSIE DONOVAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 3 CONT'D.)

Cassie is getting dressed for work. Hears the television playing down the hall...

INT. CASSIE DONOVAN'S HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY

The TV is on, running cartoons, but the room is empty. No Abigail. Cassie looks around, worried. She makes a decision as we CUT TO...

INT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kyle Archer sits at the table, tapping his fingers anxiously as we reveal...

INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Damien and Tom, with Lt. Swanstrom and A.D.A. PEGGY ARTHURS, 32, poised and seasoned, are watching him through the two-way glass. Peggy sighs as she reads the report they've given her.

PEGGY

There's not enough here for an arrest warrant. And when I say "not enough," I really mean nothing.  
(tossing the report aside)  
You have nothing.

TOM

Kyle Archer's alibi no longer tracks. If she was grabbed on the night of the 15th --

PEGGY

*If.* You're not even sure.

DAMIEN

We're sure. Kyle says he was home. Alone. Not on the computer, not making calls... no way to verify.

PEGGY

But yesterday morning when Shannon Bell's body was being dumped in Griffith Park, five people saw him at the Starbucks making a scene because his latte wasn't non-fat.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Do you think he outsourced the body drop?

(Damien shakes his head)

M.E. says the killer has medical experience.

LT. SWANSTROM

Oh hell, these days anyone with access to WebMD has "medical experience."

PEGGY

The fact remains, I can't go in front of a judge with no P.C. You gotta cut Archer loose.

A moment, and then Swanstrom nods. Damien and Tom share a look of frustration as Peggy exits, crossing with Jacey who enters with a FedEx package.

JACEY

This just got dropped off.  
(intrigued)  
It's from Quantico.

DAMIEN

(taking it, To Tom)  
Pulled a favor from a friend, he sent me the Ed Roven file.

LT. SWANSTROM

Who's Ed Roven?

TOM

Serial killer. From Texas.

LT. SWANSTROM

You like him for this?

DAMIEN

Sadly, no. He's been dead for about two decades.

TOM

But Parrish thinks there's a connection.

JACEY

Why?

DAMIEN

It's a hunch.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

LT. SWANSTROM  
We are so screwed.

OFF Tom and Damien, as Swanstrom heads out...

INT. DINER - DAY

Cassie, dressed for work, sits in a booth as the waitress approaches with her coffee and a bagel. As she sets it down we reveal that the waitress is the woman from the park, Abigail's mother, now sporting a black eye from getting kicked by baby Crystal.

CASSIE  
Thank you.

ABIGAIL'S MOTHER  
Let me know if you need anything else.

CASSIE  
(nods, then)  
I don't know if you remember me. My daughter went to school with Abigail...

The woman reacts. Gives Cassie a polite smile.

ABIGAIL'S MOTHER  
Sure, I remember you.

CASSIE  
She was such a special little girl.

Abigail's mother smiles wanly and moves off, revealing...

A FURIOUS ABIGAIL, sitting across from Cassie.

ABIGAIL  
Now you're a snitch and a liar.

CASSIE  
I'm your friend, Abigail, and I don't want you to do something terrible. So if I can't talk you out of this business, then I'll have to go to your mom...

ABIGAIL  
My mom doesn't want to talk to you.

ANOTHER ANGLE, reveals Cassie alone in the booth, sipping her coffee. She doesn't speak, but we can hear her voice...

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

CASSIE (V.O.)

And I don't really know how I'll explain any of this, but here's the thing: you're not really mad at Crystal. She didn't hurt you, she didn't take away your life.

We're back with Cassie and Abigail who looks off, upset.

ABIGAIL

I can't remember.

CASSIE

Because it's scary, and because you were asleep when it happened. But mostly because the person who did this to you was someone you loved... and trusted.

A moment, and then Abigail nods. Acknowledges the truth.

ABIGAIL

When my mom would go out, Grandpa Jimmy would come and babysit, and we'd watch TV and he'd make hot chocolate from scratch. But I would always get so sleepy... I couldn't move my arms and legs...

CASSIE

One night, he gave you too much. You fell sleep and then you didn't wake up again.

ABIGAIL

(nods, looks away)

If I talked to him, could he hear me?

CASSIE

I don't know. Probably not.

ABIGAIL

Can you do it for me?

OFF Cassie, realizing a deal is in the offing...

INT. DAMIEN PARRISH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Damien enters with A TAKE OUT DINNER, a SIX-PACK OF BEER and the FedEx package which he opens, revealing A FLASH DRIVE. He plugs it into his laptop and the video begins while Damien cracks a beer, as we INTERCUT WITH...

INT. DALLAS POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A small room, designed to make one feel claustrophobic and uneasy. Nothing but a table and two chairs.

ED ROVEN, 45, burly and bitter, sits in a chair as A DETECTIVE ENTERS and hands Roven a coffee.

DETECTIVE

Careful now, that coffee's hot. You want anything else? Cigarettes?

ROVEN

Nah, I'm good.

DETECTIVE

Okay, state your name.

ROVEN

Edward Roven.

DETECTIVE

You know why we brought you in, right?

ROVEN

Someone's dead. You think I did it.

The detective TAKES A PHOTO from a folder.

DETECTIVE

This is Meghan Waterman.

ROVEN

Well, she's *definitely* dead. But it wasn't me.

The detective shows him another photo, which we don't see...

DETECTIVE

This is Meghan Waterman with her little boy, David. Somebody kidnapped them. Took them down to Galveston, to the Bay Shore Hotel.

ROVEN

I used to work there, but I don't know anything about a dead woman and kid.

DETECTIVE

Somebody tortured Meghan to death, then locked her and David in the kitchen walk-in freezer.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
I guess whoever did it figured  
David would die of exposure...

ROVEN  
That's a real shame.

DETECTIVE  
It is. It's a terrible way for a  
child to die. But here's the  
thing...  
(leans in)  
That little boy found the safety  
latch... got himself out.

A LONG MOMENT, and then Roven smiles.

ROVEN  
Come to think of it, I will have  
one of your ciggies.

The detective gets out his pack, but Roven shakes his head.

ROVEN (CONT'D)  
I'm partial to menthol.

DETECTIVE  
Anything else?

ROVEN  
Whopper with cheese. Fries. Extra  
ketchup. Co'cola.  
(grins)  
I'm going away for a long time,  
according to you. Better get my fix  
while I can.

A moment, and then the detective stands and exits, leaving  
Roven alone. Damien is about to fast forward, when...

ROVEN turns his gaze toward the camera. Starts to sing to  
himself...

ROVEN (CONT'D)  
*Peter Rabbit and Goldilocks, out in  
the toolies eating porridge by the  
pot. Along came MacDonald with his  
trusty gun and he goes, everybody  
run... Peter Rabbit Peter Rabbit...*

OFF Damien, chilled, as Roven's voice takes us to BLACK...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY FOUR)

Cassie, still in her pajamas, comes down the stairs to answer a RINGING DOORBELL. As she opens the door she finds...

DAMIEN, on the stoop, looking slightly ragged, holding A BAG OF PASTRIES. He gives her his most charming smile.

DAMIEN

I know, it's the crack of dawn.  
I've been up all night. Bear claw?

CASSIE

What?

DAMIEN

(re: the pastries)  
I brought you a bear claw. It's  
kind of a bribe.

CASSIE

I can work with that.

OFF Cassie, letting him inside, we UPCUT TO...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Cassie enjoys her bear claw with a cup of coffee as Damien pulls an envelope from his jacket pocket.

DAMIEN

The other day, you asked if Shannon  
had a little boy. Five years old.

CASSIE

You rolled your eyes at me.

DAMIEN

Right. That's why I brought the  
bear claw. It's an apology.

CASSIE

I thought you said it was a bribe.

DAMIEN

The bear claw is a Venn Diagram  
where both bribery and apologies  
meet.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Does the name Meghan Waterman mean anything to you.

(she shakes her head)

What about David Waterman?

CASSIE

Nope, sorry.

He takes SIX PHOTOS from the envelope, all of mothers with their children on their laps, and lays them on the table.

DAMIEN

The little boy you saw, is he here?

Cassie glances at the array, immediately spots a photo of the woman she saw in the freezer. The little boy is sitting on her lap. She slides it over to Damien.

CASSIE

That's him.

OFF Damien, working it out in his head...

INT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tom enters with a take out coffee to find Damien pinning photos to the board.

TOM

What's the story, morning glory?

DAMIEN

Ed Roven.

Tom looks closer at the photos...

A MUG SHOT OF ROVEN, the photo of MEGHAN AND DAVID, and then MEGHAN'S BODY lying in the morgue...

TOM

Your hunch paid off.

(Damien nods)

Alright, take me through it.

DAMIEN

There are similarities in the signatures and the M.O. of both Shannon's killer and Ed Roven: The length of time he keeps them alive, the business with the eyes, the strangulation... But it's more than a copycat. It's personal.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

Damien indicates the photos...

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Roven got caught because he left his last victim's son alive. David Waterman gave the cops a description, told them what Roven did to his mother. He said Roven gave him a toy to keep him occupied. A little play set with Peter Rabbit figurines...

(then, off Tom's reaction)

Our killer was copying Roven, but not because he admired him. Because he knew him. He watched him work.

TOM

(as the penny drops)

Did you run Waterman?

DAMIEN

I did.

(indicating a map)

That pay phone the calls to Shannon came from? Waterman works at the hospital across the street. And there's more... he knew her.

OFF Tom, ready to hear the rest...

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

Cassie sits at a long table, separated from the other side by a sheet of Plexiglass. An old man shuffles in wearing cuffs and ankle chains. This is JIMMY. A guard helps him to sit, and Jimmy picks up the receiver to talk with Cassie, who picks up on the other side. He gives her a toothy smile.

JIMMY

Guard said a pretty girl was waiting, I just figured he was messing with me.

(then)

Do I know you?

CASSIE

We've never met, no. I'm here about Abigail.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

JIMMY

You from the Innocence Project? I keep writing and writing... I just need an advocate. Someone who believes in me.

(leaning in)

I swear on my life, I never hurt that child.

CASSIE

Sure you did. I saw you.

(off his look)

I saw what you did to her while she was sleeping. Then, when you realized she was dead, you rocked and cried and promised to be better if the Lord would only bring her back, but he didn't... so you tucked her into bed and left her there until morning. You let your own daughter find her little girl, cold and dead.

(then, glancing away)

Yeah, I'm not from the Innocence Project. I'm just here to deliver a message.

(an exhale)

In the next few days, you're going to start to feel the world shifting beneath your feet... it'll be hard to keep your balance, to walk a straight line, or keep steady at the top of the stairs. When you lie down at night, you'll feel a weight pressing on your chest, slowly squeezing the breath out of you. Abigail wants you to know... that's her.

Cassie hangs up, stands and starts to head out as...

JIMMY, behind the Plexiglass, starts to yell at her and gesture, but she can't hear him. Keeps walking.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

An ambulance screeches to a halt and TWO EMT'S, one MAN and a WOMAN, pile out with their gear. Focus on the man, who is tall, blonde and sweet-faced. He may seem familiar. Sharp eyes will have noticed him earlier, in Griffith Park. They rush up to the front door and knock.

(CONT'D)



CONT'D:

As Cassie watches, Jimmy emerges from inside. Squints in the sunlight. He's still pissed off from his encounter with Cassie as Abigail rushes over and gives him a HARD SHOVE. Jimmy rocks on his feet, ever so slightly. He looks around, furious. *Who did that?* Abigail pushes him again and he teeters over. She laughs and sprints away as Jimmy slowly gets to his feet, frightened. Abigail looks up and sees Cassie in the window. She waves. OFF Cassie, smiling, raising her hand to say goodbye...

INT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Damien and Tom are with Lt. Swanstrom and A.D.A. Peggy Arthurs, watching through the two-way glass as...

DAVID WATERMAN sits at the table with his hands folded in front of him, staring straight ahead.

PEGGY

He won't say a word?

LT. SWANSTROM

Not even to ask for a lawyer.

PEGGY

What about physical evidence.  
Anything we can use to tie him to  
Shannon Bell's murder?

DAMIEN

His apartment's clean. He must have  
held Shannon at another location,  
but so far we haven't found it.

PEGGY

So you've got nothing.  
(then)  
New suspect, same problems. You  
people are killing me.

DAMIEN

He's not a suspect. This is the  
guy.

TOM

We'll get there.

PEGGY

(shouldering her bag)  
Get there before his arraignment at  
9:00AM. Because I'm telling you  
now, no judge will hold him.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

Peggy exits, as Tom turns to Damien.

TOM

She's just a breath of fresh air,  
isn't she?

LT. SWANSTROM

She's not wrong. We need to find a  
way to open this guy up.  
(to Damien)  
Any ideas?

Damien shakes his head, watches David Waterman through the  
glass...

DAMIEN

How do you break the guy who fought  
a real-life monster when he was  
five years old and won?

TOM

(a moment, then)  
I think I know...

OFF Damien, intrigued...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIXINT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

David still sits quietly as Damien and Tom, a file folder under his arm, enter the room. Tom sits across from David.

TOM

David, my partner's got a theory about you.

DAMIEN

It's called Trauma Control. Painful events in your childhood caused you to have low self-esteem which manifested into violent fantasies, eventually leading to homicidal behavior.

TOM

Impressive, right? Me, I think you just got tired of being a victim.

Tom leans in. David meets his gaze.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ed Roven raped and tortured your mom to death, and there was nothing you could do about it. Then that cousin you went to live with, after the murder... he knocked you around, didn't he. For once, you wanted to be in charge. You wanted the power to hold someone's life in your hands. Then you saw Shannon...

DAMIEN

Three months ago, paramedics were dispatched to her house when her boyfriend knocked her down and she cut her head. Kyle Archer says one of the EMT's was trying to get her to call the cops on him. That was you.

TOM

Shannon was a girl in trouble. You wanted to help her. I get that. Did you ask her out? Give her the chance to date a man who would treat her right? She said no.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

DAMIEN

Shannon was too pretty, too smart for you. And she wasn't a victim, either. She wasn't afraid. But you took care of that.

David clenches his jaw, angry. Tom notices. Leans in.

TOM

You started calling her. You'd leave work at the hospital, head across the street to the coffee shop to grab some breakfast and call Shannon from the pay phone... just to hear her voice on the other end of the line. Until that wasn't enough anymore. So you made a plan. Practically foolproof. And then she was yours.

DAMIEN

Now Shannon was helpless, and you were finally in charge. You took your time. As much time as Roven did with your mom, and then you even went a step further. You dumped Shannon's body in Griffith Park right before your shift, knowing your team would be called to the scene by 911 when she was found. You saw the whole thing.

TOM

(sick)

We had you turn her over.

The slightest twitch on David's face. He's proud of himself.

DAMIEN

Once you joined the ranks of the bad men, did you feel like you had beaten them? Who's got the power now, right David? No one broke you. You're just fine.

And then we hear a CRACKLE OF SOUND, as the speaker between the interrogation and viewing rooms comes alive, and a voice from the past, softly singing...

ED (O.S.)

*Peter Rabbit and the little red hen, talking things over in the high wired pen...*

(CONT'D)

CONT'D: (2)

David looks around. Unnerved. The smile dies on his lips.

DAVID  
Turn that off.

TOM  
(to Damien)  
It speaks...

OFF Tom, ready to go in for the kill, we INTERCUT WITH...

INT. DETECTIVES BUREAU - VIEWING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jacey is playing Ed Roven's confession tape on a small player into the two-way microphone.

ED (O.S.)  
*Along came MacDonald with his  
trusty gun and he goes, everybody  
run... Peter Rabbit Peter Rabbit...*

DAVID  
Turn that off!

Damien takes photos out of the file... David on his mother's lap, Shannon smiling at her high school graduation... Shannon dead, lying in the morgue... and finally, Roven's mug shot. David reacts, doesn't want to see that...

ED (O.S.)  
*Peter Rabbit Peter Rabbit Peter  
Rabbit he'll be hopping along --*

TOM  
You'll never beat Ed Roven, David.  
He'll always be stronger.

David fights the tears. Damien moves in, sympathetic...

DAMIEN  
He got inside you, made you like  
this. There was nothing you could  
do.

DAVID  
I was just a kid.

DAMIEN  
It's not your fault...

TOM  
Now tell us what you did to  
Shannon.

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

David nods. He's ready. OFF Tom's grim satisfaction...

INT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Damien and Tom enter to find Cassie behind the bar.

CASSIE  
Hey, Tom. The usual?

TOM  
Bourbon rocks.

CASSIE  
(to Damien)  
Apple martini?

DAMIEN  
Still scotch neat, but thank's for trying. Pour one for yourself too.

CASSIE  
Ah, we're celebrating. You must have caught the guy.

TOM  
And we owe you a debt of gratitude.

CASSIE  
I don't know what I did, but you're welcome.

She sets down the drink. Damien slides over two 20.00 bills as Tom raises his glass...

TOM  
Here's to entering our homes justified.

They toast, then drink.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Next round's on me.

DAMIEN  
Thanks, but I gotta go.

CASSIE  
You got a hot date, Parrish?

DAMIEN  
Why do you say that?

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

CASSIE

You strike me as a guy who doesn't  
spend many nights alone.

Then, as Cassie picks up the bill suddenly the hotel falls away and we are inside...

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. Red roses with baby's breath. About 150.00 dollars worth. The flowers jostle gently back and forth as they're carried by a delivery man, and we REVEAL...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The man carries the flowers to a door, enters...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

An UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN lies in a bed, attached to a myriad of machines, including oxygen and a heart monitor. As the delivery man sets the flowers on a bedside table we see...

THE CARD, which reads, "With love from Damien." And then we're back to...

INT. COLUMBIA HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Cassie blinks. Damien downs his drink and gives her a smile.

DAMIEN

Who knows, maybe one of these days  
I'll surprise you.

CASSIE

Yeah, maybe you will...

He leaves as Cassie turns to Tom...

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You know, your boy has a secret.

TOM

Don't we all, kid. Don't we all...

OFF Cassie and Tom, enjoying this moment, we CUT TO...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie is asleep. She stirs, looks around. Nothing there. Then she hears it, the strum of a guitar, a man singing...

(CONT'D)

CONT'D:

*MALE SINGER (O.S.)  
Peter Rabbit and the little red  
hen, talking things over in the  
high wired pen...*

Cassie climbs out of bed and heads into...

INT. CASSIE GALLAGHER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She makes her way to the TV room, where a soft light flickers. As she reaches the doorway we see...

ED ROVEN is sitting on the sofa, softly playing a guitar. He sees Cassie and smiles, and we glimpse the man beneath the monster, the one who could lure a young mother into his car.

ROVEN  
I was hoping you and me could talk.

CASSIE  
It's late, mister, and I'm not in  
the mood.

ROVEN  
I was hoping we could work out a  
deal. Quid pro quo. I help you, you  
help me...

CASSIE  
I know what it means, and I don't  
need your help.

ROVEN  
Okay, you help me.  
(off her disinterest)  
Come on now. After y'all used me to  
catch the bad man?

CASSIE  
I didn't use you. I don't even know  
you.

ROVEN  
Well, let's take care of that then.  
I have a feeling you and me, we're  
gonna be great friends...

Roven gives her his most charming smile. OFF Cassie, a feeling of dread rising over her...

END EPISODE