

MANIFEST

"Pilot"

Written by

Jeff Rake

Directed by

David Frankel

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White Production Draft

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MANIFEST

"Pilot"

CAST

Character

MICHAELA	MELISSA ROXBURGH
BEN	JOSH DALLAS
GRACE	ATHENA KARKANIS
DET. JARED VASQUEZ	J.R. RAMIREZ
OLIVE (16 YRS OLD)	TBD
CAL	TBD
SAANVI BAHL	PARVEEN KAUR
GRANDPA STEVE	MALACHY CLEARY
DR. BRIAN CARDOSO	JOEL DE LA FUENTE
Capt. Bill Daly	Frank Deal
Co-Pilot Danny Clarke	Stephen Hill
Flight Attendant Bethany Radd	Mugga
Hal	Curtiss Cook
Kelly	Rich Topol
NSA Director Vance	Julienne Hanzelka Kim
Lead Investigator	Daryl Edwards
Aaron Glover	Erika Rolfsrud
Grandma Karen	Marquis Rodriguez
Young Olive (10 Yrs Old)	Geraldine Leer
Rector Dave Hynes	TBD
Jerry Elkins	Jim True-Frost
Capt. Riojas	Andrew Sensenig
Sgt. Robertson	Alfredo Narciso
Uniform Cop Diaz	Mark Kenneth Smaltz
Saanvi's Dad	Omar Torres II
	TBD

Character

Saanvi's Mom	TBD
Garrison	John Wojda
Hallie Pylar	Onata Aprile
Samantha Pylar	Lacey Delafuente
Dr. Williams	Thursday Farrar
Bus Driver	TBD
Airline Gate Agent	Allyson Kaye Daniel
Local News Anchor	TBD
Med Student	TBD
Animal Control Officer	TBD

ACT ONE

1

INT. SANGSTER INT'L AIRPORT - JAMAICA - DAY

1

A jam-packed TERMINAL. TRINKET VENDORS, criss-crossing transpo CARTS, bronzed VACATIONERS sitting and standing and moving about everywhere.

CHYRON: **APRIL 2013**

We land on the STONE FAMILY:

Suburbanite couple BEN and GRACE, both 33, with their bickering 10-year-old twins CAL and OLIVE. (Cal has the thin hair and physique of a leukemia patient.) Ben's sister, MICHAELA, 26, sits brooding next to her and Ben's parents STEVE and KAREN, late-50s.

It's the end of a family trip and this family is anything but relaxed. For starters, Olive and Cal are managing to argue about their tongues--

OLIVE

You're doing it wrong, doofus. It's not even curling. Give up.

CAL

You give up. This is what it's supposed to look like.

OLIVE

You don't know! You can't even see!

CAL

(turns to Ben)

Dad, whose tongue is better curled?

They both stick out their tongues at Ben, who is crouched over his LAPTOP, concentrating.

BEN

(playfully)

Mine.

He CURLS his own tongue, never glancing away from the screen. Grace chuckles at Ben's response, then turns to her son.

GRACE

Cal, eat your protein bar, babe. We go back in day after tomorrow -- you're not gonna have an appetite.

OLIVE

Whose is better?

Now both tongues are stuck out at mom.

GRACE
They're each perfectly curled.

OLIVE
(exasperated)
His is so not. Grandma!

The kids zip off to the next judge. We stay with Grace, as we see Ben has been scrolling through a PEDIATRIC CANCER RESOURCE WEBSITE. She rubs her husband's neck. *Sotto* warmly--

GRACE
Give yourself a break. You've had your face in that screen all trip....When you spend every minute trying to save him, you miss out on being with him.

BEN
(nudges her, affectionate)
I'm right here being with all of you.

GRACE
I'm serious. This was supposed to be a week for all of us to forget about real life and...exhale.

Ben looks up, gently pulls Grace close, kisses her head.

BEN
(compassionate, *sotto*)
There's not time for all of us to exhale. That's why there's two of us: nurturing cop, and buzzkill cop.

Grace laughs, grateful for the levity he manages to provide even in their stress. As Ben turns back into Research Cop--

ACROSS THE AISLE, as (Grandpa) Steve reads a magazine, (Grandma) Karen -- vibrant and fit, a quintessential Jewish mother who happens to be Lutheran -- braids Olive's hair while gently bullying distant Michaela.

KAREN
It's not just about you. This family needs something to celebrate.

MICHAELA
That's a pretty backward reason for a wedding.

Michaela's dad Steve chimes in, glancing up from reading. Tag-team parental pressure.

STEVE

How's this for a reason? Jared loves you.

KAREN

(to Michaela, piling on)
And I know you love him.

MICHAELA

You're psychic, now?

She catches Ben's eye, makes surreptitious eye-contact, as if to say "I'm dying over here." Ben smiles in sympathy.

KAREN

(tugs on Olive's braid)
Honk honk. All done, pretty.

Olive scoots off, leaving mother and daughter alone. A beat.

MICHAELA

(subdued, raw)
I'm not ready to get married....Not sure I deserve to.

Karen takes her daughter by the hand, dispensing tough love with utter warmth and empathy--

KAREN

Michaela Beth. Even people who make mistakes deserve happiness. Which you'd remember if you'd get off your butt and come back to church with me. You know my favorite verse: "All things work together for good--"

MICHAELA

(cuts her off, terse)
I don't believe that anymore, mom.
(then, half to herself)
How can I?

As we tee up the mystery of Michaela, the conversation is interrupted by a FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT.

AIRLINE GATE AGENT

All passengers for Flight 537 to New York John F. Kennedy Airport, your attention please. This flight is oversold.

(MORE)

AIRLINE GATE AGENT (CONT'D)

We are offering travel vouchers in
the amount of \$400 for anyone
willing--

Michaela pops out of her seat, raising her hand.

KAREN

No offense taken.
(then insightfully)
Go ahead and put it off a few more
hours, but you're gonna have to
give Jared an answer.

From Michaela's expression, we see her mom knows her too well. Still she bee-lines to the desk. BEN turns to Grace.

BEN

Let's volunteer.
(off her skeptical look)
\$400 per person is our next trip
down to the Mayo Clinic.

GRACE

And we can pay like we always do.

BEN

(incredulous)
It's free money.
(then eyeing his sister)
And Michaela could use the company.

GRACE

(sotto)
I need to teach in the morning.
Michaela has to sit at a desk and
point people to the precinct
bathroom.

BEN

(sotto protective)
That's not fair.

GRACE

I'm just saying...

OLIVE

(chiming in)
I can't be late for school.

BEN

Fine. You guys go. I'm staying.

Grace gives him a look -- really? Cal brightly chimes in--

CAL

I'll stay with dad!

BEN

There we go. Man time. Boom.

He high-fives his son, who's visibly excited by the bonding.

2 INT. SANGSTER INT'L AIRPORT - DAY/NIGHT - M.O.S. MONTAGE 2

Quick, casual hugs and kisses as the rest of the family
BOARDS the plane, while Ben, Michaela and Cal remain behind.

We STAY WITH the threesome at the now desolate gate as they
while away the hours in JUMP CUTS: BEN coaching CAL on the
intricacies of tongue curling; MICHAELA, lost in her head. In
CUTS, the near-empty terminal REPOPULATES.

Finally, the next flight home boards and our trio trudge down
the JETWAY among the new batch of PASSENGERS.

3 INT. AIRPLANE - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT - HOURS LATER 3

Another full flight. Camera follows the cheerful Flight
Attendant (BETHANY) up the aisle, handing out PEANUTS. As she
offers a bag to a Jamaican Man (RADD) in a rumpled suit--

RADD

Could I trouble you for two, my
dear? I'm a bit protein deprived.

BETHANY

You had me at "my dear."

She slips him three more, moves on. Two aisles up, terse
Soccer Mom (KELLY), scowls at the peanut bag offered to her--

KELLY

Do you have anything sodium-free?

BETHANY

(sympathetic smile)
We pour a heavy drink, but sadly
Trader Joe's we are not.

Overhearing ACROSS THE AISLE, BEN smiles to himself, CAL
asleep next to him, Michaela in the window seat. As Ben sips
his COCKTAIL and cruises through the New York Times CROSSWORD
PUZZLE, pensive Michaela scrolls through iPHONE SELFIES of
her and Jared. Ben notices Michaela obsessing. A beat, then--

BEN

Mom's not wrong. Jared won't wait
around forever. Get married,
already.

MICHAELA

You do realize it's less than a year since the accident.

BEN

No one's keeping track except you.

MICHAELA

I can just see the wedding announcement: The groom is a police officer. The bride is barely a police officer, ever since she thought she failed her patrol test, proceeded to get point-zero-one below sloshed on cheap beer, and T-boned a telephone pole, leaving one dead and one scarred for life.

A beat, that disturbing story hanging in the air. Finally--

BEN

(with good humor)

You through?

(then)

You know what your problem is?

MICHAELA

I know you're gonna tell me.

BEN

Your problem is you don't believe in yourself. Of course you aced that test.

A beat, Michaela thrown by the compliment. We become subtly aware of THUNDER and LIGHTNING outside, as--

MICHAELA

Thanks.

BEN

It was a statistical near certainty. You have the same DNA as me.

He smirks. So much for the compliment.

MICHAELA

Minus the luck. If I'd met my perfect match in college and started a baby factory--

BEN

(cuts her off, scoffing)
Luck? I worked my ass off to convince Grace I was marriage material.

MICHAELA

And luckily, she was duped....Then she met the black sheep.

BEN

Oh, come on. Grace loves you.

MICHAELA

Grace judges me.

BEN

We're family. That's what we do.

MICHAELA

Great marriage pep talk. Thanks.

BEN

(smiles, then)
Trust me, smart-ass. Marriage is the best thing that ever happened to a crank like me. Imagine what it'll do for a genuinely excellent human being like you. Why are you fighting this when all it's gonna do is make you happy? That's all we want for you.

Outside, the lightning and thunderstorm starts to BUILD.

MICHAELA

(again thrown, touched)
That was really sweet. I think you're drunk.

BEN

Definitely....Say yes to Jared, have a wedding, a honeymoon, turn the page. It's time.

(then)

And yes, you deserve it. Truly.

As he turns back to his crossword, we STAY ON MICHAELA, digesting her brother's advice. She subtly nods, a smile of acceptance creeping onto her face. She's sold.

But her reflective moment is interrupted by a startling barrage of off-the-charts

TURBULENCE. GASPS and SCREAMS, overhead compartments pop open, BAGS FALL out, Flight Attendant Bethany nearly clocked in the head.

CAL WAKES UP with a start, his own nerves not helped by the fact that Michaela is shitting bricks. As the SEATBELT ALERT chimes, Ben puts a calming hand on Cal, his other hand still working the crossword until he loses his pen.

OUTSIDE, lightning flashes with startling brightness, the effect exaggerated when the CABIN LIGHTS FLICKER and then momentarily BLACK OUT, causing another burst of SCREAMING. As the lights return--

CAPTAIN (DALY) (O.S.)
Sorry folks, just a little surge
there, weather patch wasn't on the
radar. Fasten those seat belts.

As suddenly as it started, the PLANE SETTLES. Some nervous laughter, murmurs of relief.

FAR UP THE AISLE, Bethany makes her way to a woman, SAANVI BAHL, Indian-American, 20s, whose LAPTOP just got smashed.

BETHANY
Anything crazy important on there?

SAANVI
Only my entire life. I'm presenting
my thesis next week....

Another row back, an annoying BUSINESSMAN (HAL) calls out--

HAL
Stewardess! I'm gonna need another
drink.

BETHANY
(fake smile)
You and me both.

4

INT. AIRPLANE - COCKPIT - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

4

CAPTAIN BILL DALY and his CO-PILOT DANNY CLARKE chat away.

CAPTAIN DALY
--great spot. They do a fettucine
porcini mushroom deal....killer.

CO-PILOT CLARKE
Nice. Might check it out tonight.
(noticing controls,
casually)
Fifteen.

CAPTAIN DALY
(flips on RADIO)
New York approach, this is Montego
828, level one five thousand.

FLIGHT CONTROL (O.S.)
(beat, then)
This is New York approach. Repeat
your call sign, please?

CAPTAIN DALY
We are M.A. eight two eight.

A long beat. The pilots exchange looks.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Repeat. Montego Air eight two
eight. Montego Bay to JFK. Copy
that?

Another long beat. Danny rolls his eyes.

CO-PILOT CLARKE
Anytime now.

Finally--

FLIGHT CONTROL (O.S.)
Can I get your name, Captain? And
number of souls on board?

Now the pilots exchange chuckles. Wtf?

CAPTAIN DALY
This is Captain William Daly. We
have one-hundred-ninety-one souls
on board. All of whom would love to
touch down on one of your runways.

5 INT. AIRPLANE - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER 5

As the plane turns and descends, the passengers hear--

CAPTAIN DALY (O.S.)
Folks, apologies and a half, but
we've been redirected to Stewart
Airport up in Orange.

Grumblings. Ben glances out the WINDOW in annoyance, as--

CAPTAIN DALY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Spitting distance from the city,
but for anyone who was trying to
make a connecting flight, we owe
you one. Flight attendants prepare
for landing.

6 EXT. STEWART AIRPORT - NIGHT - NEXT 6

The plane TOUCHES ground at this remote airport upstate.

7 INT. AIRPLANE - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 7

A smattering of applause. Ben squeezes Cal's hand. Michaela exhales. Home.

BETHANY (O.C.)
Yes we did, people. Welcome to New
York, where local time is--

As the announcement continues, Ben and Michaela promptly take out their phones, turn off Airplane Mode. They're thrown to find **No Cellular Service** messages appear on their screens.

BEN
Seriously? No service.

MICHAELA
Same.

We CUT AROUND and see perplexed others are experiencing the same. The plane comes to stop in a corner of the airfield.

CAPTAIN DALY (O.S.)
(casual good humor)
And the inconvenience continues.
We've been asked to disembark right
here on the tarmac.

CAL
(perks up, loving this)
Cool.

Michaela gets Ben's attention, indicates OUT THE WINDOW. We see a CARAVAN of EMERGENCY and MILITARY VEHICLES approaching.

8 EXT. STEWART AIRPORT - NIGHT - NEXT 8

FLIGHT CREW assist the last few deboarding onto the TARMAC. All 191 passengers stand huddled together, ENCIRCLED by the VEHICLE CARAVAN.

Federal AGENTS, STATE POLICE, and NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS stand at the ready. We are TIGHT ON MICHAELA, BEN, and CAL, watching as CAPTAIN DALY confers with OFFICIALS--

MICHAELA

When do they ever do this?

BEN

Never.

(*sotto*, half to himself)

Something's happening.

Michaela -- seeing weak, exhausted Cal falling asleep in his dad's arms -- can't help but shout out--

MICHAELA

Excuse me! There are sick people here! What exactly is the problem?

An OFFICIAL (NSA DEPUTY DIRECTOR ROBERT VANCE) turns from bewildered Daly to the group. The official gulps air, then calls out to the group--

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

The problem, ladies and gentlemen, is your plane departed from Montego Bay, Jamaica on March 10th, 2013.

(then)

Today is November 7th, 2018.

Silence. We PAN ACROSS the THUNDERSTRUCK CROWD.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE (CONT'D)

You've all been missing -- presumed dead -- for five-and-a-half years.

We land on

CAL, BEN, and MICHAELA, digesting the impossible news.

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD -- **MANIFEST**

9

EXT. STEWART AIRPORT - MORNING

9

Among others, a manic, tearful GRACE SPRINTS across the TARMAC along a CORDONED OFF PATH. In the distance, endless NEWS MEDIA hover outside the perimeter FENCE.

CHRYON: 31 HOURS LATER

10 INT. PASSENGER HOLDING HANGAR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 10

Deer in headlights, Michaela, Ben, and Cal wander through the chaos of REUNIONS happening all around them, until--

GRACE (O.C.)

BEN!!!!

--he's spotted by sobbing Grace, who pushes through the crowd and envelops the returning trio in their arms. On Grace's heels, we now see a weepy STEVE make his way to them. He bear hugs Michaela, smothering her in his tight embrace.

MICHAELA

Hi Daddy.

Grace is a wreck, laughing and crying. It's an emotional if off-balance reunion, the returnees almost amused by the outpouring of love for them. Still mid-embrace with his wife--

BEN

It's okay. We're okay.

(with good humor)

Other than being poked and prodded and interrogated like war criminals for a day-and-a-half.

Grace clings to her husband and son, feels their faces. Awe.

GRACE

I don't understand. How? How are you the same? You haven't aged a day.

This as Ben and Cal FREEZE, only now noticing the joyously weeping TEENAGE GIRL next to Grace. It's OLIVE, now 16! She towers over her brother. Ben is thunderstruck.

BEN

Olive. Oh my god.

Cal, visibly traumatized by the sight of his grown-up sister, turns and RUNS OFF, quick-reacting Grace on his heels. He dodges and weaves, but the crowd provides too many obstacles and Grace soon catches up. She kneels down to her teary son, searching for some nugget to cheer him up.

GRACE

Hey! Guess what? There's now Playstation VR. As in virtual reality.

Cal can't help but smile. Drenched in tears, bewildered Grace feels his hair, his limbs, caresses his face, marveling.

GRACE (CONT'D)

My sweet, sweet boy.

ACROSS THE HANGAR, Michaela glimpses SAANVI the grad student being mobbed by her family, all screaming joyfully. She turns to her dad.

MICHAELA

Where's mom -- and Jared?

STEVE

(beat, evenly)

I texted with Jared. He couldn't make it over. Work emergency.

Michaela digests that foreboding news, then asks again.

MICHAELA

And mom?

As Grace and Cal return, Steve steels himself, then gently explains to his son and daughter--

STEVE

Your mom got sick. She fought, so hard...

Ben quietly absorbs the devastating gut-punch, but Michaela's eyes widen as she chokes up, a mix of incredulity and despair--

MICHAELA

What're you talking about, sick--

STEVE

She loved you kids more than life itself. You were--

MICHAELA

(cuts him off, reeling)

No! She, she was just running with me on the beach! I was walking out here right now to tell her she's right about me and Ja--

She FALLS APART, uncontrollably heaving. Steve holds her, the others wrapping arms around them. We pull HIGH AND WIDE over the family, grieving together among the celebrating masses.

11 EXT. BEN & GRACE STONE'S HOME, HOLLIS HILLS, QUEENS - DAY 11

As they pull up to their house on this tree-lined, middle-class residential street, a CROWD of curious NEIGHBORS hover.

There's a smattering of applause, some hoots and hollers, and plenty of stares as numb Michaela, Ben, and Cal step out. Grace and Olive and Steve instinctively latch on to their returned family as if precious jewels. CAL avoids eye-contact with some GAWKING TEENAGED BOYS and bee-lines inside.

Michaela tries to follow, but is cut off by a poker-faced man, JERRY ELKINS, 60s, who approaches from next door.

JERRY ELKINS

Amazing. Still the same age as Evie, last time I saw her. How is it you get my daughter killed and walk away with barely a bruise, then you die and come back again?

Spotting the confrontation, Ben intervenes.

BEN

Okay, Jerry. Leave her alone.

He leads a shaken Michaela to the house, as Jerry calls out--

JERRY ELKINS

Michaela! Your life doesn't deserve a second chance!

12

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM, STONE HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

12

Cal enters his room and freezes. What we presume was once a postered, cluttered boy's bedroom is now a GENERIC GUESTROOM. The SUPERHERO BEDDING and a stack of BOARD GAMES suggest a fast attempt at a room face-lift, and yet what the hell? Noticing his sister appear in the doorway--

CAL

Where's all my stuff?

Her eyes distant and tone guarded, we sense a young woman who never recovered from the loss she endured five years ago.

OLIVE

It's my fault....Mom didn't get rid of a thing for years. I told her it was weird. She finally listened.

Cal sits on the bed, glum as can be. Olive joins him, catches his eye with a conspiratorial smile, confiding--

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Last night I saw her online ordering that ridiculously giant Derek Jeter Fathead you wanted.

Hearing this, Cal cracks a slight smile. Olive places an arm around her now "little" brother, wipes away her tears.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I missed you.

CAL
I think you mean "I missed you,
doofus."

OLIVE
(chuckles, remembering)
No. I don't.

She now hugs him tight. OFF the mismatched twins--

13 INT. HALLWAY, STONE HOME - DAY - SAME 13

Dumbstruck Ben eyes PHOTOS on the wall of Olive through these lost years -- school pictures, soccer team, holiday pageants.

14 INT. DEN, STONE HOME - DAY - SAME 14

Michaela, numb, drained, puts her carry-on bag down and drops into a couch. Her eyes land on an embroidered PILLOW.

It reads: *All Things Work Together For Good - Romans 8:28.*

GRACE (O.C.)
Your mom crocheted it. After...

Michaela looks up, sees Grace in the doorway.

MICHAELA
She loved that cheesy verse.
(realizing)
It's pretty much the last thing she
said to me.

She sits in a daze as Grace anxiously makes up the SOFA-BED--

GRACE
Sorry to stick you down here....We
kept your apartment for the longest
time. Eventually we had to let it
go. Anything you need, please raid
my closet.

We sense Michaela's a million miles away.

MICHAELA
Can I use the phone?

GRACE

Of course. We gave up the land-
line. Here--

She hands over her CELL. As preoccupied Grace finishes the bed, Michaela steels herself, then DIALS. A beat. We hear--

JARED'S VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

Hey, it's Jared Vasquez. I can't--

She HANGS UP, his incommunicado absence a looming cloud. Michaela stewes in her thoughts, until she's distracted by--

GRACE

All set.

Grace smooths out the bed sheets. We sense the hospitality making Michaela uneasy. A beat, then--

MICHAELA

Grace, I know you don't love having
Ms. Bad Influence around the kids.
I'd get it if you want me to--

Grace, heart breaking for Michaela, cuts her off--

GRACE

Michaela. This is your home as long
as you like. That's ancient history.

MICHAELA

It was two days ago. For me. I'm
still the same screw-up you said
goodbye to in Jamaica.

Grace approaches and puts arms on Michaela's shoulders, looks her in the eyes. Firmly, all compassion--

GRACE

Hey. The universe just gave all of
us a do-over. Everything that
happened before goes out the window.

Grace hugs her. As Michaela accepts the warm embrace, she's
startled to hear a VOICE in her head.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

All things.

It's her own INNER VOICE -- but sonically overwhelming, as if in an echo chamber. Off her flinch and visible reaction--

GRACE

You okay?

Michaela nods, though we sense she's not at all sure she's okay. Her eyes are drawn back to the ROMANS 8:28 VERSE on mom's pillow. *All Things Work Together For Good*. All things. OFF Michaela, trying to process, mystified, overwhelmed, we--

15 INT./EXT. OBSERVATION ROOM - STEWART AIRPORT - DAY - SAME 15

The PLANE has been relocated to inside the HANGAR, now a PLASTIC TENTED, HAZMAT suit-filled LAB straight out of *ET*. We QUICK CUT through endless INVESTIGATORS scraping bacteria off the fuselage, examining mountainous piles of LUGGAGE, extracting fuel from the tank, etc. CAMERA LANDS on the mystified LEAD INVESTIGATOR, among other OFFICIALS, briefing NSA DIRECTOR VANCE.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR

We interviewed every last one of them. Nothing. And still haven't come across a single substance dating from any time between the day the flight took off and the day it returned. It's as if the plane never left the sky.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

Do I need to say out loud that that's impossible?

LEAD INVESTIGATOR

Director, no one on that plane aged a day. There's an infant who's still an infant. I think we've taken impossible off the table.

OFF the bewildered investigators, the PLANE, the mystery--

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. STONE HOME - DAY - NEXT 16

More curious ONLOOKERS now hover, joined by two NEWS VANS, REPORTERS and CAMERA OPERATORS setting up to broadcast.

17 INT. STONE HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS 17

Anxious Michaela exits the bathroom, having changed clothes and applied make-up. She heads for the FRONT DOOR. But taking in the growing circus outside, she thinks better of it and instead heads through the kitchen and slips out the back.

18 INT. 129TH POLICE PRECINCT, BAYSIDE QUEENS - DAY - NEXT 18

More than a few heads turn when a tense Michaela enters the BULLPEN. A kindly Desk Sergeant, ROBERTSON, gapes in awe.

SERGEANT ROBERTSON
As I live and breathe.

MICHAELA
Hey, Sarge.

He comes out and gives her a hug.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
Wow. Getting a lifetime supply of hugs today.

SERGEANT ROBERTSON
Course you are. Come back from the dead, you earn yourself a hug....Didn't expect you getting back to work this fast.

We sense work is the farthest thing from her mind.

MICHAELA
Oh. Yeah, probably not yet.
Assuming I still have a job here.

SERGEANT ROBERTSON
Technically you remain on Desk Duty....Guessing we can drum up a desk when you're ready.

MICHAELA
(nods, grateful)
I'll let you know.

Her eyes drift deeper into THE BULLPEN--

COPS STARE in gaping disbelief. It doesn't take long for whispers of Michaela's presence to make their way to DETECTIVE JARED VASQUEZ, 30s, who -- mid-pow wow with other cops hovered around a cluttered CASE BOARD -- looks over and freezes, LOCKING EYES with Michaela. She offers a small wave, her expression guardedly neutral.

19 EXT. 129TH PRECINCT - DAY - NEXT

19

Michaela and Jared stand face to face outside the building, both oblivious to street traffic out on Queens Blvd. It's intimate but also tense. A romantic reunion this is not. We sense in his tone and expression awe and a tortured heart.

JARED

You're so young. You're exactly the same.

MICHAELA

Yeah....You look even better. How do men do that?

The joke provides only a moment of levity, then--

JARED

I'm sorry I didn't come to the airport. I'm lead detective on an abduction case. Every hour counts.

MICHAELA

Detective. Wow.

JARED

(nods, beat)

A lot's happened while you were gone.

Which is when Michaela sees the RING on his finger. As she expected. But still gut-wrenching. A beat of pained silence.

MICHAELA

Who is she?

Jared has to look away when he says the name.

JARED

Lourdes.

Michaela nods, fighting off tears.

MICHAELA

Makes sense. She always told me how lucky I was.

Overwhelmed, wracked with guilt, beyond torn, Jared resists the urge to hold her, then, quietly pleading--

JARED

Michaela. It was two years before I even looked at another woman--

--but it's all white noise for Michaela, who can't take another second and walks away. OFF Jared, Michaela--

20 EXT. APARTMENT - QUEENS - DAY - SAME - ESTABLISHING 20

Bustling street life in this working-class neighborhood.

SAANVI'S MOM (O.S.)

Saanvi!

21 INT. BEDROOM, BAHL HOUSEHOLD - DAY - CONTINUOUS 21

A cramped, low-rent unit. We hear a boisterous meal in the other room. But grad student Saanvi sits at an old DESKTOP COMPUTER, trying to log on to the SUNY Student Portal. She types, then we see INVALID PASSWORD.

SAANVI'S MOM

Saanvi! Come already!

Saanvi turns, sees her smiling, exasperated mom beckoning.

22 INT. MODEST LIVING ROOM, BAHL HOUSEHOLD - DAY - NEXT 22

As her gleeful extended family eats and talks, SAANVI picks at her food, then anxiously turns to her parents, who sit on either side of her, gazing at their daughter in delight.

SAANVI

This is lovely. But I need to get back to campus to discuss my thesis with my advisor. It's urgent.

SAANVI'S DAD

So much for a week on the beach to calm your nerves.
(with good humor)
Plus five years in the Twilight Zone.

SAANVI

It was research -- not a week on the beach. And my nerves are fine.

SAANVI'S MOM

Your thesis has waited five years. Another hour will be okay. Eat.

Saanvi rolls her eyes, eating, but then is distracted hearing something from ACROSS THE TABLE. To a relative, bewildered--

SAANVI

I'm sorry. President who?

23 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CANCER CENTER - DAY - SAME 23

CAL undergoes a BLOOD DRAW, parents hovering, Grace holding her boy's hand.

24 INT. ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE - CANCER CENTER - DAY - NEXT 24

An awed DR. WILLIAMS reviews the results with apprehensive Ben and Grace. The poker-faced doctor is incredulous.

DR. WILLIAMS

His cell count's exactly the same,
we're right where we were.

(eyes glued to report)

Amazing. Truly amazing.

BEN

So...we pick up with the same
regimen right where we left off?

DR. WILLIAMS

(thrown, almost chuckles)

No. My goodness, no. Folks, there's
a new treatment protocol for
pediatric cases within Cal's
profile. It's a game-changer. We
get a jump on it, start him in the
morning -- the odds are excellent.

A beat, the couple digesting this mind-blow of a pronouncement. Grace gasps, welling up--

GRACE

Oh my god.

Ben's heart pounds, but he remains circumspect. To Hernandez--

BEN

Can we manage some expectations
here? You said six months. You
implied it would take a miracle.

Grace takes him by the shoulders and SHAKES him, beside herself with delighted exasperation.

GRACE

Earth to Ben! You all came back to us! You're standing right here! A miracle just happened!

She impulsively KISSES him on the lips. Digesting his son's prognosis, for the first time since we've met him, BEN SMILES, stupefied.

25 INT. TARGET - DAY - NEXT - JUMP CUTS 25

Walking the AISLES in a daze, Michaela picks out underwear, deodorant, a toothbrush. In the LIQUOR AISLE, she picks up a bottle of vodka, then thinks twice and puts it back. Fuck.

Walking by ROWS OF TVs in Electronics, she can't help but notice an airing NEWSCAST--

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Coverage of Montego Air Flight 828 will continue. First this NBC4 update -- Sisters Hallie and Samantha Pylar of Astoria were abducted from their back yard early Sunday morning. The case has resulted in thousands of calls to NYPD, according to 129th Precinct Detective Jared Vasquez.

Thrown Michaela looks up. There's Jared, ONSCREEN.

JARED (ON TV)

We're working nonstop, pursuing all viable leads. Please keep eyes and--

Having to see his face yet again is a bad joke. Desperate for his love, knowing she can't have it, Michaela walks away.

26 EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY - SAME 26

ON CAL -- smiling ear to ear, brand new NERF FOOTBALL in hand. Ben and Grace follow him across the street, each carrying SHOPPING BAGS from various stores. Ben has GRACE'S CELL at his ear, on a call.

BEN

Denver? What the hell? You never left the office, let alone the east coast.

Cal runs ahead, then turns to play catch, arm back as--

CAL

Dad!

GRACE
(laughingly chiding)
Shopping now, playing later.

But good sport Ben hands Grace his bags, beckons Cal to throw. They TOSS THE FOOTBALL back and forth even while Ben continues his call, walking along the perimeter of CENTRAL PARK, Grace quietly delighting in her men. Ben, however, looks tense, forcing a laugh and a casual tone.

BEN
Listen, Ted, I doubt Homeland's inclined to hire back an Intel Analyst from the last Administration who fell off the face. If you'd lob in a call, a good word from the former Regional Director's gotta count for--
(beat, not going well)
Understood....Nope, makes sense, I get it...Will do...You too....Yep.

He HANGS UP, beyond demoralized. Grace smiles empathetically.

BEN (CONT'D)
Moving on.

GRACE
You don't have to move on today.
That was your dream job. Worrying about work can wait.

BEN
When have I ever put off worrying?

GRACE
I forgot there's a funny bone lodged somewhere inside you....

Ben shrugs, that's fair. He eyes Grace, as if for the first time -- or at least the first time in a long while.

BEN
I forgot that smile you're sporting.
I fell in love with that smile.

He KISSES her, but it seems to make Grace uneasy. She breaks eye-contact, calls out to Cal after a precarious throw.

GRACE
Careful...
(beat, then to Ben)
For a long time there hadn't been much to smile about in this family.

BEN
Or joke about.

She nods, touché. Cal has now spotted an ICE CREAM VENDOR.

CAL
Can I?

He smiles, hands in mock prayer. Ben hands him money, then, as the kid runs off, mom and dad regard their beloved boy.

BEN
I need a job. His treatment is gonna cost a fortune -- your work insurance won't cover it.

GRACE
We don't know that. It covers Olive's therapy...

BEN
She goes to therapy?

GRACE
(beat, really?)
Twice a week. For years, now.

BEN
What do they talk about?

GRACE
A lot. Early on she didn't want to leave the house, let alone ride in a car, go to school. She couldn't have sleepovers because of her nightmares. Most of it's gone away, thank god. Now she takes care of me.

BEN
(beat, processing)
She grew up too fast.

GRACE
She had no choice.

27 INT. CITY BUS - QUEENS BLVD. - DAY - NEXT

27

Seated up front, Michaela stares out the window at her changed city. A beat. Her momentary calm ends when she's startled to hear a VOICE in her head.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)
SLOWER.

Michaela looks around. Is anyone else hearing this? Within seconds, the voice recurs again, LOUDER.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

SLOWER!

Bewildered, Michaela turns to the BUS DRIVER, calls out--

MICHAELA

Excuse me -- could you slow down?
(off his silence)

Excuse me.

BUS DRIVER

Do I come to your work and tell you
how to do your job?

A beat. This time, the recurring voice is so PIERCINGLY LOUD that Michaela holds her head, writhing in pain.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SLOWER!

MICHAELA

Slow down!! NOW!!!

The startled, exasperated Driver HITS THE BRAKES, just as--

28 EXT. QUEENS BLVD. - DAY - CONTINUOUS 28

--a TODDLER follows a big bouncy ball right INTO THE STREET, in the direct path of the bus, which miraculously GRINDS TO A HALT. As a panicked PARENT scoops up the unharmed kid--

29 INT. CITY BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS 29

--the stunned bus driver stares through the windshield AT THE BOY, then at equally bewildered Michaela.

BUS DRIVER

How'd you see him coming?!
(off her silence)

Lady! How the hell?

OFF Michaela -- something is happening.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

30

EXT. BACK YARD, STONE HOME - DAY - LATER

30

Agitated Michaela sits on the worn SWING SET in the yard, lost in thought. Concerned Ben comes out and joins her.

BEN

You all right?

MICHAELA

(beat, how to explain?)
Is your mind...messing with you?

BEN

Where to begin.

MICHAELA

Ben, this is serious. Earlier--
(whispers, disbelieving)
--I heard a voice. In my head.

BEN

Whataya mean, voice? Whose voice?

MICHAELA

My own voice. But...talking to me.

BEN

So, like a schizophrenic voice.

MICHAELA

Can you not diagnose me and just listen?! Normally I'd go to mom but now I'm stuck with you!

BEN

Hey, I lost my mom, too.

MICHAELA

I didn't mean--

BEN

I know. I'm sorry....You wanna know what I think? ... I think it sounds like you're losing your mind.

MICHAELA

Of course you do.

BEN

I'm not being glib. Keep it to yourself --

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

--before you end up in a government psych ward having exploratory brain surgery.

(off her scoff, firm)

I worked for these people. You think they just sent us home and forgot about us? Who knows what they'll try in order to find out what happened. I don't want anything to happen to you....That's what I think.

OFF Michaela, weighing his words--

31 EXT. ASTORIA PARK, EAST RIVER - DAY - LATER 31

Michaela goes for a RUN along the water. The MANHATTAN SKYLINE in b.g. glistens in the afternoon sun. A natural athlete, she pushes herself to the limit.

32 EXT. RIVERFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD, ASTORIA - DAY - NEXT 32

Sweaty, exhausted Michaela walks off the RUNNING PATH onto a street of downscale homes and businesses. Passing a METAL SHOP, she nearly jumps out of her skin when two BARKING DOBERMANS come tearing toward her, slamming against the FENCE.

Michaela hurries off, only to FREEZE as she again hears her own inner voice, this time telling her--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Set them free.

Bewildered, she looks back at the raging dogs. Set them free? Hell, no. She walks on, baffled.

33 EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - DAY - SAME 33

An anxious Saanvi crosses the street and bee-lines for her MEDICAL SCHOOL campus.

34 INT. LECTURE HALL - SUNY MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY - SAME 34

FIFTY MED STUDENTS attentively take notes, most on LAPTOPS, as DR. BRIAN CARDOSO, 40s, elegant suit, cufflinks, open collar, dynamically lectures up front--

DR. CARDOSO

--prior to the C-3 model, in a typical case, patients with chromosomal alterations would metastasize at a devastatingly rapid rate--

Until he sees SAANVI standing in the back of the hall,
smiling down at him. OFF Cardoso, eyes wide in delight--

35

INT. HALLWAY - SUNY MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY - NEXT

35

Anxious motormouth Saanvi and exuberant Dr. Cardoso walk down
the bustling corridor, students and faculty all around.

SAANVI

I wanted to come straight away. My
hard drive crashed, literally, and
only minutes after I'd input the
last of the data from the Montego
control group, then of course I try
to log onto the portal and--

DR. CARDOSO

Take a breath. I got all your files
off the portal five years ago.

SAANVI

(wide-eyed shock)
You did not.

DR. CARDOSO

I did.

SAANVI

Oh thank god!

DR. CARDOSO

You did excellent work down there. I
even tried applying your
recommendations in clinical trials,
which didn't bear out, but your
approach showed incredible promise.

SAANVI

(somewhat deflated)
I sensed I might be overreaching...

DR. CARDOSO

Hey. That was PhD level analysis.
For a Masters candidate, you're on
fire. And just getting started--

SAANVI

(smiles, flattered)
I do have a laundry list of other--

They enter into--

36 INT. DR. CARDOSO'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 36

--his spacious office, decked out with AWARDS, high-end desk and furniture. Saanvi is still caught up in her thoughts--

SAANVI

--proposed methods for genetic code reformatting that could--

Closing the door, finally alone, smiling Cardoso interrupts her with a KISS, which she eagerly returns.

DR. CARDOSO

I never stopped loving you.

They devour each other. OFF this illicit affair--

37 INT. DINING ROOM, STONE HOME - THAT NIGHT 37

A bountiful feast on the table. Michaela, Ben, Grace, Cal, Olive, and Grandpa Steve all JOIN HANDS.

GRACE

Who wants to lead? Olive?

A bit grimy, still in her school SOCCER UNIFORM, Olive considers, then offers an impromptu grace. Her introverted vibe makes her a less than dynamic public speaker, but the words are heartfelt, still deeply inspiring to her family.

OLIVE

Dear Lord....This is crazy. For weeks, months after, I'd pray every night....Then, at some point, I guess I stopped praying and started... accepting....But hashtag insanity--

(some laughter)

--after all this time, my prayers came true. Our prayers.

As she goes on, we circle the table, see joy and bewilderment.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

So thank you, Lord, for Cal, totally still the smart one between us--

We see the props earn her a small smile from Cal.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

--but now that I'm older, I can teach him some things, and maybe we can finally stop annoying each other and just be friends....

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

For Aunt Michaela, who I always
pictured hanging out with when I
got older. And now we will... And
for my dad.....we didn't create as
many memories as we could've...

She's unsure what else to say about Ben. An awkward beat,
both father and daughter aware of the chasm between them.

STEVE

Amen! Eat!

They all echo Grandpa's "Amen," Olive retaking her seat as the
family digs in, passing dishes, *ad libbing*.

ON BEN, heartbroken for Olive, the daughter he barely knows--

38

INT. DEN, STONE HOME - LATE NIGHT

38

Quiet in the house. Michaela sleeps restlessly on the couch
when she suddenly JOLTS AWAKE, her eyes wide, hearing--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SET THEM FREE.

Like the "Slower" reprise earlier, again the voice is
startlingly LOUD. Then once again--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

SET THEM FREE.

BLARING, almost shattering her eardrum. Eyes wild in pain,
holding her head, she knows she has to go. OFF Michaela--

39

EXT. METAL SHOP - LATE NIGHT - NEXT

39

Desolate on the street, the lights of Manhattan illuminating
the distant sky. Breathless Michaela hops off a BICYCLE,
cautiously approaches. The dobermans come BARKING, pounce on
the fence. Michaela braces herself. Is she really doing this?

Considering her next move, she's distracted by an approaching
CAR. To Michaela's surprise, rather than passing by, the car
slows to a stop right in front of her. Blinded by the glaring
HEADLIGHTS, she nonetheless gazes in confusion. Who is it? A
beat. The DOOR OPENS. And out steps BEN. Michaela's thrown.

MICHAELA

How'd you find me?

Visibly agitated Ben searches for a response. Beat.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

Ben! What're you doing here?

He looks away, steeling himself, then turns back to concede--

BEN
Setting them free.

Michaela stares back, floored.

BEN (CONT'D)
I've been hearing it ever since I
drove by here this afternoon.
That's why you're here. Right?

For Michaela, utter surprise quickly gives way to accusation.

MICHAELA
Screw you. You said I was losing my
mind. Why'd you lie to me?

BEN
Maybe because I don't want to be a
circus freak! I don't have time for
it! I need to help Cal! And find a
goddamned job! And reclaim my life!

MICHAELA
You think I'm any happier about
this? Who would even want to
reclaim my life? Part of me wishes
we hadn't come back at all....
But here we are.

A beat. Resigned, Ben pops open the car TRUNK, takes out a hefty BOLT CUTTER. Glancing around to confirm there's no one around, he joins Michaela at the fence.

BEN
To be clear, this is a felony.

MICHAELA
I'm a police officer. I think I
know what a felony is.

Ben proceeds to CUT OPEN the LOCK securing the fence gate.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
What if they attack us?

BEN
They'd be doing their job.

He pulls off the lock and OPENS THE GATE, Michaela bracing herself. But the dobermans approach with an eerie calm, STARING DOWN Michaela and Ben, then RACE OFF into the night. Beat, the siblings watching the dogs disappear into darkness.

MICHAELA
That was...bizarre.

BEN
Ya think?

MICHAELA
Now what?

BEN
I dunno. But hearing a voice in
your head one time's a fluke.
Twice? Now happening to both of us?

MICHAELA
Not a fluke.

OFF Ben, Michaela, onto something monumental, but what?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

40 INT. 129TH PRECINCT - MORNING - SAME 40

In the back of the BULLPEN, we PAN ACROSS a team of DETECTIVES working the PHONES, then others hovering in front of the Pylar Girls CASE BOARD, debating theories and suspects. Continuing our PAN, we LAND ON

JARED, crossing through the frenetic activity, a young REPORTER, AARON GLOVER, 22, right on his heels.

AARON GLOVER

Come on, Detective. All my senior peeps are at the airport and the FAA and whatnot working the story of the millennium and I'm stuck working a missing girls case.

JARED

Kidnapped girls.

AARON GLOVER

What I meant. Hook a young brother up with at least a quote I can dangle in front of my editor.

JARED

You're a pain in my ass, Aaron.

AARON GLOVER

If that's the quote, I meant something case related.

As Jared responds, he's approached by a Uniform Cop, DIAZ.

JARED

There's no quote because there's no update.

(turns to Diaz)

What's up, Diaz?

UNIFORM COP DIAZ

(discreetly)

I need you.

41 INT. ACROSS THE BULLPEN - MORNING - NEXT 41

Jared and Diaz now cross over to a VIDEO MONITOR, as--

UNIFORM COP DIAZ

Older lady marches in this morning,
says she witnessed a break-in last
night at a commercial property
across from her residence.

JARED

(less than interested)
Hell of a story. And you need me on
this because...

UNIFORM COP DIAZ

She was very resourceful, recorded
the whole thing on her phone...

Diaz presses PLAY on the monitor. ONSCREEN, we see

MICHAELA AND BEN

letting out the dobermans. Jared stares, incredulous.

UNIFORM COP DIAZ (CONT'D)

They never enter the property. Only
release the dogs, which were just
picked up by Animal Control. I can
go ahead and process the complaint.

(beat, discreet)

Unless you want to handle it.

OFF Jared--

SMASH TO:

42

EXT. OUT FRONT, STONE HOME - MORNING - NEXT

42

Michaela -- still in the sweats and tank she woke up in --
and Jared face off, she at a loss for words.

JARED

If you're thinking about denying
it, think again. It's all on tape.
I saw it myself.

(off her silence)

Michaela, I've got three detectives
and eight uniforms waiting on my
direction to find those abducted
girls -- and I'm here trying to put
out your fire! Help me out here.
What the hell were you thinking?
And Ben? Really?

Michaela considers confiding in the man she still loves, who
perhaps still loves her. But she doesn't dare.

JARED (CONT'D)
So, no explanation whatsoever.
(then, gently floating it)
Does this have to do with me?

MICHAELA
(vaguely annoyed, huh?)
Excuse me? How?

JARED
I don't know. Acting out. Trying to
get my attention? Get back at me?

MICHAELA
(rolls her eyes, pissed)
You are such a guy. I break open a
fence and it's because you married
my best friend? Lourdes is amazing!
You're both amazing! And I was gone!
How can I blame either of you?

The words are conciliatory, but the tone is heated, her
underlying despair painfully evident.

JARED
Fine. Then what?

She shakes her head, incredulous, then ramps up, intense--

MICHAELA
"What?" Hmm. How about -- I take
off in a plane, and when I land, my
mother is dead? Thank you for your
condolences, by the way. How about --
- I no longer have a home? Or
underwear? Or any possessions to my
name? How about I missed five
years, seven months, and twenty-
eight-days of the world! Of life!
(wells up)
How about, nevermind what my lawyer
convinced a judge, I will never
stop believing I committed murder
when Evie died sitting next to me
in my car....So as I stand here, I
don't know whether to feel grateful
for being back and alive, or to
just feel guilty, which is where
I'm leaning! I'd say those are some
viable alternative reasons for my
"acting out!" Don't you think?

She's now in tears. Jared can't help himself and wraps his arms around her. For a brief moment, we see who they once were -- a couple in love.

Finally, she can endure the cruel facade of being in his arms no longer and extricates herself. A beat. He responds gently.

JARED

I'm sorry about your mom, Michaela. About everything. I'm still trying to get my head around this, too. Believe me....But I still need an answer. Why'd you and your brother break open that fence?

MICHAELA

(beat)

I can't explain it. I wish I could.

Jared shakes his head.

JARED

That's not gonna cut it. Go throw some more clothes on.

MICHAELA

Why?

JARED

(seriously?)

Because you're coming with me to try to make this go away and save your career. Or what's left of it.

43 INT. TREATMENT WING, SUNY CANCER CENTER - MORNING 43

A DOZEN CHILDREN sit in recliners, playing VIDEO GAMES while receiving chemotherapy. We see Dr. Cardoso touring a small group of MED STUDENTS.

DR. CARDOSO

--each regimen is distinct as with traditional chemo, but with C-3, by tracking genomic profile--

Bright-eyed Saanvi enters, bee-lines to the doctor and entourage, discreetly apologizing--

SAANVI

Sorry to barge in. I have a lot of catching up to do.

DR. CARDOSO

You can barge in whenever you like.

He turns to his students, bragging on her behalf.

DR. CARDOSO (CONT'D)
Meet your not-exactly-new
classmate, Saanvi Bahl, one of the
first on our campus to attempt
genomic editing in pediatric cases.

SAANVI
(smiles, clarifying)
Unsuccessfully.

DR. CARDOSO
(chuckles, warmly)
Enough brow-beating. Rarely does
one crack the code on their own.

A listening MED STUDENT chimes in, good-natured--

MED STUDENT
Present company excluded.
(off Cardoso's look)
You cracked tricellular
regeneration on a hunch. You
mentioned in your TED Talk.

DR. CARDOSO
(beat, then dismissive)
Did I? It's a blur. I was heavily
caffeinated that day.

This draws a few laughs, though not from Saanvi, who seems
thrown by the exchange. But as they all walk along, she is
distracted by a familiar looking KID receiving treatment.

It's CAL. He clearly recognizes her, too. Off their shared
curious gaze, we RACK FOCUS through a GLASS PARTITION to

44 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE, CANCER CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 44

BEN AND GRACE sit side by side, observing Cal, flooded with a
rare feeling. Hope.

Ben in particular looks newly energized, his mind racing,
somehow awakened. Grace on the other hand is visibly on edge.
Ben regards her, then gently--

BEN
You okay?
(off her unconvincing nod)
You're usually the optimist and I'm
doom and gloom, remember?

His small attempt at humor hits the mark. She smiles.

GRACE

I am optimistic. And so grateful.

BEN

Said the woman looking like she's about to toss her cookies.

This attempt at humor, not so much. A tense beat.

Welling up, Grace stares ahead, avoiding eye-contact with Ben even as she tells him--

GRACE

I have so much to apologize to you for.

A beat, as this lands on Ben. He considers, then--

BEN

We don't have to get into this now.

GRACE

(still no eye-contact)
I know, I just....

Tears streaming, she forces herself to face him, plows ahead.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I spent every day of the last five years blaming you -- not only for taking that later flight, but for making Cal so desperate for your attention that he wanted to stay with you. I only had maybe six months more with him and even that you took away from me.

Ben, not one to delight in criticism, stiffens hearing this.

GRACE (CONT'D)

But the thing is, now I realize, for him to be here, today...for Olive, who's been so shattered, lost...to have her twin alive...Cal had to be on that plane. He had to.

Seeing that she's trembling, Ben holds her, regards his wife.

BEN

(*sotto* compassion)
What you've both been through....

Those five simple words open the floodgates for Grace. She cries in his arms, Ben gently, silently consoling her. Then--

BEN (CONT'D)

When you think about it, the only reason we were on that trip in the first place was because you insisted -- and bribed me with sex.

(off her chuckle)

So if anyone saved Cal, I'm pretty sure it was you.

She smiles gratefully. He wipes her tears away. She considers, then--

GRACE

No. This is bigger than us.

OFF Ben, Grace, finding their way back to each other--

45 INT. SCREEN/AUDITORIUM - DAY 45

We're watching TIGHT ONSCREEN FOOTAGE of Cardoso, speaking--

DR. CARDOSO

I wish there were a better story, but the truth is I ran my first tests for C-3 on nothing more than a hunch. My gut simply told me tricellular regeneration would succeed where other models failed.

REVEAL we are in the COMPUTER LAB at the Cancer Center. Saanvi watching Cardoso's TED Talk, her stomach sinking.

46 EXT. METAL SHOP - DAY - SAME 46

Jared and Michaela, riding in his car, pull up to the shop just as ANIMAL CONTROL arrives with the dogs. Jared exits the car, leans back in to hesitating Michaela.

JARED

Come on.

MICHAELA

Is this really necessary?

JARED

Yeah. You're doing this. I'm just along for the ride.

She begrudgingly exits the car, as Jared approaches the ANIMAL CONTROL AGENT--

JARED (CONT'D)

Hey man, thanks. I got it from here.

--and takes the agitated DOBERMANS by their leashes. The Agent returns to his van and drives off as Jared and Michaela start toward the shop.

JARED (CONT'D)
Get ready to grovel.

MICHAELA
(enough already)
I get it.

JARED
Let's just hope he doesn't wanna
press charges.

But as they approach the storefront, Michaela is suddenly hit again with an ear-splitting--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)
SET THEM FREE!

She stops, holds her head, eyes wide, wincing from the pain.

JARED
(eye-roll, skeptical)
Michaela. Don't mess with me.

MICHAELA
I'm not mes--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)
SET -- THEM -- FREE!!!

She now STAGGERS, eyes bulging. Scrutinizing her, it occurs to Jared that maybe she's returned from her ordeal mentally damaged. A beat, then gently, resigned--

JARED
Go sit in the car.

He walks ahead into the shop.

OFF Michaela, sensing utter urgency, desperate for clarity--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

47 EXT. SOCCER FIELD, QUEENS - DAY - SAME 47

Just across the river from Manhattan, Olive and her VARSITY SOCCER TEAM are mid-practice. As the team takes a water break, Olive is stunned to see BEN -- the lone parent standing on the sidelines. She jogs over to him, bewildered.

OLIVE

Dad? What're you doing here?

BEN

Just checking out the team. You guys look good.

OLIVE

(grateful if also self-conscious)

Thanks. Parents don't usually show up to practice...

BEN

Well, this parent has some catching up to do.

Demeanor restrained -- Ben's an old dog trying a new trick -- he nonetheless speaks directly from the heart.

BEN (CONT'D)

Listen, I just wanted to say....
I'm so sorry. For everything.

OLIVE

(awkward, how to put it)

Dad...you don't have to apologize for something that happened to you.

BEN

(shakes his head)

I made the choice to stay behind.

OLIVE

(gently dismissive)

It was a long time ago, Dad.

BEN

I know. And here you've been all this time stuck with picking up the pieces.

He looks away, shaking off emotion, then turns back to her.

BEN (CONT'D)

Even before I got on that plane,
I'd been so caught up in trying to
help make Cal better, so he can
live a long life, I lost sight of
your life. A kid shouldn't have to
worry about making memories with
her dad. That's my job. I dropped
the ball. And now...I know you
probably feel like you don't know
me. But we're gonna fix that. I'm
not going anywhere.

(seeing practice resuming)

You better get back out there.

Moved, Olive wraps her arms around her dad, holding on for
dear life before, finally, running back to her team.

OFF Ben, marveling at his resilient daughter--

48

INT. METAL SHOP - DAY - SAME

48

Distant SPARKS and sporadic bursts of MACHINERY as Jared
enters the worn industrial workspace.

He calls out to the lone person in here, strapping and quirky
shop owner GARRISON, 50s.

JARED

Hello?!

(over noise, again)

Hello! ... Mr. Garrison!

Garrison hears, shuts off his machine and pops off his
protective helmet as he approaches. Spotting the DOGS--

GARRISON

There those adventurers are!

As he drops to his knees, warmly embracing the dobermans--

JARED

I'm Detective Vasquez, NYPD.

GARRISON

Well then thank you detective.

(kissing his dogs)

Yes you are happy to see me. And
I'm happy to see you. Good boys.

JARED

Harry and Jack, huh?

GARRISON

Yesiree.

(indicating which dog)
Harry as in Belafonte and Jack as
in Be Nimble, which he isn't, but
whatchya gonna do?

JARED

Listen, Mr. Garrison--
(trying for diplomacy)
I have to disclose that we're aware
of who broke open your gate.

GARRISON

(pleasant surprise)
Are you now.

JARED

They're two people who've just been
through a hell of a crisis.
(then)
I'd consider it a favor if you'd be
willing to forego pressing charges.
I'll of course pay for the repairs.

He braces himself as Garrison considers. Finally--

GARRISON

Not a problem. I'm not looking to
put anyone behind bars.

JARED

(swallowing his relief)
Thank you, sir.
(dawns on him)
Speaking of, we were surprised you
didn't file a police report when
you discovered the break-in.

GARRISON

(laughs, dismissive)
I'm not much of a paper-pusher.
Teenage good-for-nothings bust in
now and again. Doggies always find
their way home one way or another.

49

EXT. METAL SHOP - DAY - SAME

49

OUT FRONT, Michaela, steadying herself against the hood of
Jared's car, remains overcome by the incessant refrain--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SET--
(louder)
(MORE)

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

THEM--

(louder still)

FREE!!!

Holding her head, sliding down onto the ground, her eyes LAND ON the shop's STREET ADDRESS--

828

TIGHT ON MICHAELA, realizing, we FLASHBACK TO--

50 INT. SANGSTER AIRPORT - NIGHT - MICHAELA'S POV 50

Boarding her flight, she sees FLIGHT 828 on the WALL SCREEN.

SMASH TO:

51 INT. STONE HOME - DAY - MICHAELA'S POV 51

TIGHT ON her mom's embroidered pillow: All Things Work Together For Good. Romans 8:28.

SMASH TO:

52 EXT. METAL SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS - BACK TO PRESENT 52

A rush of adrenaline propels Michaela to stand.

Had she and Ben misunderstood?

Finding her balance, she ENTERS INTO

53 THE SHOP YARD 53

She SCANS THE AREA -- overgrown with weeds, strewn with scraps of metal, crates, tall shipping containers -- creating a MAZE of sorts throughout the yard.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SET--

(louder)

THEM--

(louder still)

FREE!!!

She methodically WALKS THROUGH the serpentine yard, laser focused, her eyes taking in every object she passes. As she proceeds deeper into the makeshift labyrinth, the VOICE REPETITION QUICKENS, urging her along.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

SET -- THEM -- FREE!!! SET -- THEM

-- FREE!!!

As she turns a corner, faster--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
SET THEM FREE!!! SET THEM FREE!!!

Another turn, faster still--

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
SETTHEMFREE!!! SETTHEMFREE!!!
SETTHEMFREE!!! SETTHEMFREE!!!

Finally, she makes her way AROUND BACK to a worn and faded
STORAGE SHED. And perched on either side of it, we see
THE DOBERMANS

Silently STARING DOWN Michaela once again. One of the dogs
then PAWS the shed door, as if asking to be let in.

This time, her inner-voice finds its calm, firm and resolute.

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Set -- them -- free.

Michaela bee-lines for the SHED. Finding it locked, she grabs
a nearby piece of IRON and starts BANGING with all her might
on the lock.

Startled Jared and Garrison RUSH OUT from inside the shop.
Spotting her, the incredulous men call out--

GARRISON
The hell you doing?!

JARED
Michaela, stop it!

But she ignores them, now BASHING the lock harder and harder--

JARED (CONT'D)
(approaching)
Michaela!

--until finally the storage shed DOOR POPS OPEN, revealing

TWO YOUNG GIRLS

who we recognize from TV footage and precinct photos as
abducted HALLIE AND SAMANTHA PYLER -- gagged, filthy and
emaciated, but very much alive. As floored Jared stares in
disbelief, Garrison reaches for an IRON ROD, ready to attack.

But Michaela sees him, immediately shouts--

MICHAELA

JARED!

The detective WHIPS AROUND just in time to evade Garrison's violent LUNGE, then FACE-PLANT and CUFF the assailant. This as Michaela gently embraces the traumatized girls--

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

It's over. You're going home.

OFF Michaela, Jared, and the miracle of these found children--

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

54 EXT. METAL SHOP - NIGHT

54

Now a busy, sprawling CRIME SCENE. SQUAD CARS, AMBULANCES, NEWS VANS, roaming REPORTERS -- including Aaron, who we earlier saw hounding Jared at the precinct.

We see the Pyler girls -- each tended to by PARAMEDICS -- reunited with their deliriously joyful PARENTS.

Michaela -- spent, exhausted -- sits on a low wall on the periphery. She's approached by the precinct's CAPTAIN RIOJAS.

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

Officer.

MICHAELA

(noticing him)

Hey, Captain. Long time. For you, at least.

The small joke is lost on the Captain.

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

Sounds like congratulations are in order. According to Vasquez, this was all you.

MICHAELA

(shrugs)

If he says so...

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

It's a big deal. You made the precinct, the city, look good. Doesn't happen too often these days.

MICHAELA

Happy to help.

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

Take a few days, catch your breath. Then come in and we'll talk. See if we can figure out getting you back on the beat.

MICHAELA

(thrown)

Thank you.

As he turns to go, he regards the Pyler Girls and their parents, now in a loving, emotional huddle. Back to Michaela--

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

Those girls are alive because you
came back. Lucky for all of us.

We STAY ON MICHAELA, beyond moved by the Captain's words, as
he walks off, crossing paths with approaching JARED, who
stops in front of Michaela, eyes her curiously.

A beat, still awkward between them.

MICHAELA

Thanks for putting in a good word.

JARED

Least I could do.

(then)

I suppose you're not gonna explain
to me what happened here today.

MICHAELA

Like I said -- wish I could.

She stands to go. Jared, we sense, is tempted to literally
sweep her off her feet and run away together. But he can't.
So he settles for--

JARED

It's so good to see you, Michaela.

Raw and overwhelmed and still hurting, Michaela's had enough
affectionate platitudes thrown at her for today.

MICHAELA

Say hi to Lourdes for me.

She blows by him, heading out of the crime scene.

Spotting her, reporter AARON eagerly calls out--

AARON GLOVER

Officer Stone! How'd you track the
girls down?!

As she passes by without comment, it dawns on Aaron--

AARON GLOVER (CONT'D)

Aren't you that cop from the plane?
(now doubly eager)
Officer! Throw me a bone, here!

But Michaela just keeps walking.

55 INT./EXT. HANGAR, STEWART AIRPORT - NIGHT - SAME 55

In the HANGAR, as AGENTS continue examining the plane's contents, a TRANSPOR TECH in a PUSHBACK TUG moves the plane OUT OF THE HANGER onto the AIRFIELD. We CUT TO

The plane's ENGINES REVVING. REVEAL the LEAD INVESTIGATOR and NSA DIRECTOR VANCE observing, among others. After a beat, the COCKPIT TECH radios down--

COCKPIT TECH (O.S.)
Getting normal readings across the board up here.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR
(into WALKIE)
Copy.
(then to NSA Deputy)
Everything checks out.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE
Then tomorrow we take it apart piece by piece. This isn't close to over.

The two regard the plane, utterly mystified--

56 INT. DR. CARDOSO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SAME 56

Dr. Cardoso is packing up his things for the night when SAANVI ENTERS, several stapled ARTICLES in hand.

DR. CARDOSO
I thought you left hours ago.

SAANVI
(poker-faced)
Oh. No. I was just catching up on the *C-3 Regeneration Model*. Turns out it's shorthand for the *Cardoso Tricellular Regeneration Model*. But I guess you know that, given that you're Cardoso and you named it.

DR. CARDOSO
(feigns confusion)
What's your point?

SAANVI
(are you fucking kidding?)
My point, Brian, is that's my regeneration model.

DR. CARDOSO
(scoffs, riffing)
Your model was deeply flawed.

She tosses the articles on his desk, as--

SAANVI
Why are you even trying to lie? You plagiarized my research. Three articles? Two patents? All solely in your name? If I hadn't come back, my parents would never have had a clue.

Cardoso moves in close, dismissive, trying to charm.

DR. CARDOSO
Saanvi, there's zero evidence to support that claim. Who would believe you? But it's irrelevant. Now that you're back we can be together. We can share everything.
(beat, pointed)
Besides, what did you care about anyway? Getting credit? Or saving lives?

It doesn't take long for Saanvi to decide.

SAANVI
Both.
(then, simply)
I'll prove it. If you think I won't, you underestimate me.
(beat, then)
I lost more than enough already.

OFF Saanvi, upset, overwhelmed, torn--

57 INT. DINING ROOM, STONE HOME - NIGHT - SAME

57

Grace, Ben, Olive and Cal are playing the word-tile game BANANAGRAMS. A basketball game is on TV in the background. Cal finishes his tiles, grabs one from the pile, calls out--

CAL
Peel!

They all comply, taking another tile as well. Olive glances at Cal's words on the table, then exasperated--

OLIVE
How are you so fast?!

GRACE

Dump.

She gets rid of a tile, takes three more per the rules. Beat.

CAL

Finished.

Game over. A mix of GROANS and CHEERS.

GRACE

Cal, amazing!

OLIVE

That's ridiculous! You just learned how to play!

Cal smiles and shrugs.

BEN

Not bad for the tiniest fifteen-year-old on the pla--

He pauses mid-syllable, suddenly OVERCOME, holding his head. Grace rushes over to him in concern, as--

GRACE

Ben, are you all right?

A beat, as whatever he's experiencing subsides. Then--

BEN

Yeah. Just got dizzy for a sec.
(off her skepticism)
I'm fine, really. Don't worry.
Everything's great.

He KISSES her, smiles reassuringly. Again, we sense her slight unease in response to his show of affection.

GRACE

Drink your water. I'll get some more snacks.

She walks out. While the kids reset the tiles, Ben takes a calming breath, only to notice a NEWS ALERT on TV:

KIDNAPPED GIRLS RESCUED, BETHESDA METAL SHOP OWNER ARRESTED.

Ben perks up, eyes wide in amazement, watching LIVE COVERAGE of the familiar-looking crime scene.

58

INT. KITCHEN, STONE HOME - NIGHT - SAME

58

Visibly preoccupied, Grace picks up her phone. A beat. Finally, we see her TEXT:

I'm not ready to tell.

After a beat, the reply:

You did nothing wrong. He was gone. We fell in love.

A beat. Grace torn by indecision. Another reply:

If you can't tell him, I will.

Grace looks up, phone in hand. REVEAL OLIVE, here in the kitchen, eyeing her mother with knowing compassion.

OFF the mystery of who Grace's lover is, now a shared secret between mother and daughter--

59 INT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH, QUEENS - NIGHT - NEXT 59

Taking her mom's counsel after all, Michaela sits alone in a PEW of the empty church. Paging through a BIBLE, she makes her way to Romans 8:28.

All things work together for good...to them who are the called according to his purpose.

The RECTOR (DAVE HYNES) ENTERS from his OFFICE. Recognizing his congregant, he smiles, wanders over and takes a seat.

RECTOR DAVE HYNES

Welcome home.

(then amiably)

Kismet seeing you here. You're the subject of my sermon on Sunday.

Michaela can't take her eyes off the verse, finally asking--

MICHAELA

How do we know if we're the called?

The Pastor doesn't hesitate, answers matter-of-factly.

RECTOR DAVE HYNES

We know in our heart.

Michaela considers the words, then STARTLES. This time we see--

60 EXT. HANGAR, STEWART AIRPORT - NIGHT - MICHAELA'S VISION 60

The tented PLANE glows under klieg lights.

61 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 61

Michaela stands, holding her head. The Rector's concerned.

RECTOR DAVE HYNES

You okay?
(off her silence)
Michaela?

Heart and mind racing, Michaela looks at the bible in her hands.

MICHAELA

Can I take this?

The Rector nods.

RECTOR DAVE HYNES

As long as you put it to good use.

OFF Michaela--

62 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - NEXT

62

Michaela bee-lines out of the church, thrown to find BEN exiting his car. And a Ben we haven't seen before -- his deep-seeded skepticism giving way to a genuine fervor.

BEN

You saved those girls.

MICHAELA

We saved those girls.

A beat, the two digesting the significance of their actions.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

How'd you know I was here?

BEN

(beat, realizing)
I just knew.

Michaela nods, not surprised, wipes away a tear.

MICHAELA

I think she's guiding us.

BEN

(confused)
She as in god?

MICHAELA

Mom.
(tears now streaming)
I feel her all around me.

BEN
(beat, then gently)
I like that theory.

Michaela smiles, grateful for his open-mindedness. A beat.

MICHAELA
There were a lot of people on that
plane. Why you and me? What makes
two head-cases like us so special?

BEN
What's the probability it's just
you and me?

They lock eyes, considering this together--

63 INT. SAANVI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SAME - MONTAGE 63

A determined Saanvi sits at her COMPUTER, searching the
internet for legal counsel, when she STARTLES. SMASH TO:

64 EXT. SIDEWALK, NYC - NIGHT - SAME - MONTAGE 64

PEDESTRIANS obliviously crisscross by a Bach VIOLIN sonata.
REVEAL RADD seated on the ground, playing with focus. Until
he STOPS playing mid-stanza, holding his head. SMASH TO:

65 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME - MONTAGE 65

Serene BETHANY lies in bed, cozily snuggled against her
sleeping WIFE, watching TV. She freezes, eyes wide--

66 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - STEWART AIRPORT - NIGHT - LATER 66

Michaela and Ben exit his car, walk along a CHAIN-LINK fence,
the glow of RUNWAY LIGHTS in b.g. Reaching their destination,
they stop in their tracks, gaze in stunned wonder, Michaela
welling up in heartfelt relief, as we WIDEN to REVEAL

TWENTY OTHER PASSENGERS AND CREW

including SAANVI, BETHANY, RADD, KELLY, Businessman HAL, and
CAPTAIN DALY.

Over MUSIC, in an emotional sequence, the group of strangers
variously SMILE and WEEP and NOD and EMBRACE in shared
recognition -- they are not alone.

And yet, why are they here? Unsure, their eyes are drawn to--

67 EXT. TARMAC - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 67

THE AIRFIELD, where the PLANE still sits outside the desolate hangar. A beat. Then it suddenly

EXPLODES in a spectacular FIREBALL.

OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER FENCE

The group reacts in utter shock--

68 INT. CAL'S BEDROOM, STARK HOME - NIGHT - SAME 68

Asleep, Cal's eyes suddenly POP OPEN in startled alarm.

69 EXT. STEWART AIRPORT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 69

As the plane BURNS INTO OBLIVION, Michaela, Ben, and their newfound compatriots come together as one -- bonded now not only by time lost, but also by the as-yet-unexplained calling that brought them here. Whatever force is behind their return doesn't intend to be scrutinized.

OFF MICHAELA AND BEN, front and center among the group, some of whom they'll come to know as well as they know themselves, the distant flames reflected in their enlightened eyes--

Something is happening.

END OF PILOT