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THE RETURNED

"Pilot"

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THE RETURNED
"Pilot"
#101

TEASER

OVER BLACK we HEAR A POP TUNE --

FADE UP ON:

MOUNTAINS

FLYING OVER THEM.

Majestic. Magnificent. Epic.

The Cascade Range in Washington State -- the peaks still dappled with snow even now as summer is starting.

We SOAR RIGHT OVER THE TOP OF A RIDGE -- close enough to see the ridge is covered in an explosion of wildflowers, and cut by --

A ROAD. A ribbon of winding asphalt climbing through the mountains.

And from the helicopter, WE ZERO IN ON A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS.

SMASH CUT TO:

CAMILLE

Beautiful. Freckles. Blue eyes like mountain lakes.

She is 16, poised at the perfect moment between childhood and womanhood where both versions of her can still be seen -- mischievous and cute turning to adventurous and beautiful...

KATY PERRY is playing in her EAR BUDS. She is staring out the window --

TEACHER (O.S.)

Camille --

A paper drops on her lap.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

This is due Monday. You can hear me, right?

Camille's eyes shift up to the teacher as she pulls out the ear buds --

CAMILLE

Yes.

TEACHER

Thank you.

She heads on up the aisle distributing the assignment to the other kids on the bus. None of them looking too happy.

Camille looks down. A choice of ESSAY QUESTIONS. NO FUN.

I/E. SCHOOL BUS - SAME

The school bus downshifts through a switchback.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SAME

The bus turns down through a series of SWITCHBACKS carved into the steep mountain. It descends along the straightaway toward another tight corner...

FROM A LOW ANGLE the BUS ROARS BY CLOSE.

SUDDENLY -- THE BUS SWERVES AND THE TAIL LIGHTS BLAZE ON.

THE TIRES SKID. SEARCHING FOR GRIP. SMOKING RUBBER.

THE BUS HEADS FOR THE UPCOMING CORNER --

BUT IT DOESN'T TURN AT ALL. IT GOES STRAIGHT -- SMASHING RIGHT THROUGH THE CURVED METAL BARRICADE --

AND GOES ARCING OUT INTO THE AIR.

From inside: STUDENTS SCREAM.

BLACK.

PRESENT DAY

FADE UP ON:

OUT OF BLACK WE BEGIN TO SEE STARS. FADING IN. Twinkling. Thousands and thousands of them. They spray the night sky with a clarity you only see in remote places.

We DRIFT THROUGH THEM, STARS PASSING ALL AROUND US...

Then the CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN until we see that the stars cap the sky over the towering peak of Caldwell Mountain.

Below the peak on the right is Summit Lake, starlight reflecting on its mirror smooth black surface. The lake is held in the ravine by a HUGE CEMENT DAM.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER to see that at the base of the mountain is the town of CALDWELL, WASHINGTON, glowing a warm amber color against the cold clarity of the mountains, the dam, the stars, and the night sky.

We HOLD ON this beautiful tableau. The town nestled in the mountains and dwarfed by nature all around it.

Then --

THE TOWN LIGHTS FLICKER. AND THE LIGHTS ALL GO OUT.

The town disappears into darkness. In the darkness the STARS MULTIPLY against the shadowed silhouette.

Then, THE LIGHTS FLICKER AGAIN -- COME BACK ON IN PATCHES UNTIL THE TOWN IS FULLY LIT.

SMASH CUT TO:

HANDS

Climbing an embankment. From rock to rock. Carefully making progress. Moving upward. And now the fingers touch asphalt.

A GUARD RAIL

The hands grip it. Pulling up. Revealing --

CAMILLE

The exact same Camille we saw on the bus. But wait -- didn't she... DIE? AND didn't that super say -- PRESENT DAY??

Camille climbs over the guard rail. She's a little dirty from climbing the hillside, but uninjured, healthy -- and in every way the same girl we saw on the bus.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SAME

She looks up and down the mountain road. CONFUSED. NERVOUS. She doesn't know what's going on.

She begins to walk hurriedly down the road...

At the end of the switchback something comes into view.

The amber lights of CALDWELL shimmering in the valley below.

CLOSE ON CAMILLE. Town located, she begins to run down the deserted road.

Wanting to get home.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. DOG STAR TAVERN - NIGHT

A very cool, rustic two-story building just off Main Street. Outdoor deck, big windows. Backed by the mountains -- if you happened by, you'd want to stop in for a drink.

But this is no tourist bar. And this is not a tourist town. Caldwell is a former mining town, that never got the big, fancy ski resort. And as beautiful and cool as it is -- it's a town that has been PASSED BY.

A COOL LOCAL BAND IS PLAYING IN THE DOG STAR. A car pulls up and a group of outdoorsy guys and girls in their early 20s pile out and head inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG STAR TAVERN - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A PAIR OF JEANS is pulled on and zipped up. A western belt bucked. A shirt pulled over a pale slightly large belly that belongs to JACK WINSHIP, 40s.

LUCY

Sorry, it doesn't always work.

Sitting on the bed across from him fastening her bra is LUCY MCCABE, late 20s. She's pretty in an unconventional way. A free spirited traveler who's made her own way in the world from a young age living by her wits.

JACK

It's all right.

LUCY

Usually I get something... But today... weird... nothing.

Jack runs his hand through his long hair. He's sporting a few days of beard growth. He's got a rugged, handsome outdoorsman's face but he's obviously let himself go to seed. And he can't hide the pain in his eyes.

JACK

(smiles)

It was pretty good anyway.

LUCY

Just pretty good?

JACK
(smiles)
You set the bar high...

He lights a cigarette --

LUCY
Don't smoke in here. You're going
to piss Tony off.

JACK
(shrugs)
I own the building.

LUCY
Yeah, but it's his lease -- he's
the one letting me stay here. And
I don't want him to throw me out.

Jack goes over and opens the paint peeling slider window,
blows his smoke out of it.

JACK
So can I see you on Thursday?

LUCY
I have to drive down to Seattle to
meet with my lawyer.

She pauses. Silent. Looking over at him, uncomfortably.
Jack knows where this is going, but he's relaxed about it.

JACK
You need cash...

It's half a question, half a statement.

LUCY
Jack, you've been so awesome to me.
My Ex is such an asshole. He's
getting the custody hearing
postponed again, because he knows I
can't afford to keep paying for
these depositions.

JACK
I'll bring you a check.

Lucy looks very relieved -- and happy -- and grateful --

LUCY
How about Wednesday?

JACK
 Let me check my schedule...
 (does nothing)
 Works for me.

LUCY
 -- And it's a loan. All of it.
 I'm paying you back everything.

She kisses him. And for a moment, her affection -- real or not -- cuts through the unhappiness hanging over him.

INT. DOG STAR TAVERN - SAME

A LOCAL BAND plays on the small stage. And they're fucking GREAT. The place is crowded. Everybody's having a great time. A door opens and Jack and Lucy emerge into the main bar area.

Sitting at the crowded bar is LENA, 20, very pretty -- a head turner with a wild streak. She's with a few of her friends: SARA, TRACE, HUNTER, ABBY and BEN -- all in their early 20s --

HUNTER
 (spots something)
 Hey, Lena. Your dad's seeing Lucy again...

Lena looks over -- watches her dad emerging with Lucy. They go their separate ways. Lena watches her dad with a cool, detached expression -- not the shock or hurt we'd expect.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 I see them go up there 2 or 3 times a week.

Ben clocks the pain in Lena's eyes -- he's always clocking Lena --

BEN
 (annoyed)
 Really, Hunter?

HUNTER
 What? It's true.

Meanwhile, Lucy returns to the bar, watched carefully by TONY DARROW, 40s, the owner/bartender. He eyes her darkly. Obviously not happy with what she's just done with Jack. Lucy grabs a bar tray and towel, grabs some empties, blends back into work.

BACK TO LENA. Watching her father make his way out of the bar through the crowd of younger people.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMIT LAKE DAM - NIGHT

The road back to town runs across the top of the huge dam. Camille walks across it, not another soul in sight.

On one side is a sheer drop. On the other is SUMMIT LAKE, held back in the mountain gap by the dam. Camille looks over at the black water, shimmering in the starlight.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CALDWELL TOWN COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

The Caldwell Community Center was built 40 years ago by the Caldwell Silver Mining Company, now defunct, when the town knew better economic times. Lights burn from inside.

A rusted and dented-up Range Rover pulls up out front and Jack gets out. He heads inside.

INT. CALDWELL COMMUNITY CENTER - SAME

A COUPLE DOZEN PARENTS sit in a circle of chairs. Leading the group is PETER LATTIMORE, 40s, kind and empathetic.

PETER

...Jamie, you're next... But first
Kris has something that she wants
to tell us all...

Jack enters but doesn't sit with the parents. He hovers behind them, outside of the circle. KRIS, late 30s, gets up, collecting her emotions --

KRIS

Thanks, Peter. So, I... well,
actually Matthew and I -- we wanted
to let you know... we're having a
baby.

The PARENTS in the circle react. CLAP. Congratulate her. Perhaps it's a little tinged with other emotions, but they do seem genuinely happy for her. Kris clutches the hand of Matthew, who is sitting next to her --

KRIS (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy, but we wanted you to know first. And we wanted to thank you for all your support -- especially you, Peter.

Peter waves it off with genuine modesty --

KRIS (CONT'D)

I think these meetings really helped us after the accident. And because of all of you, we've been able to... not exactly get over our loss but to carry on, to move forward. And now we have this.

(wiping her eyes; pressing on)

What I've learned is that life prevails. What we all have -- it's a beautiful gift.

PETER

Your news is a gift to us, Kris.
You too, Matthew.

They all APPLAUD again, except Jack, who looks skeptical.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CALDWELL - NIGHT

Camille approaches the outskirts of town. A car BLOWS BY HER. She looks tired but is undeterred.

She passes the bright neon oasis of a GAS STATION. As she walks by -- all the lights in the GAS STATION FLICKER OFF AND ON a few times -- then GO OUT.

She walks by, oblivious. On a mission...

EXT. CALDWELL - NIGHT

A wide panorama VIEW OF TOWN, glowing at the foot of the mountain. NOW ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Not all at once. They disappear in chunks. Until the town goes completely black.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WINSHIP HOUSE - CAMILLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A candle is LIT. The CANDLE is used to light several other CANDLES. The wick is carefully cupped by CLAIRE, 40ish -- beautiful without effort. There is a lot going on in her eyes. She's smart, wise, tough -- and a little stubborn.

By the candlelight we see a DRESSER covered with other candles in front of FRAMED PHOTOS of a happy-go-lucky CAMILLE, from before the bus accident.

A well-used memorial for her lost daughter.

Claire walks to the window and looks out at the DARK TOWN.

PETER (O.S.)
Looks like the whole town is out...

CUT TO:

INT. CALDWELL COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Peter and some of the other parents are standing at the big glass windows of the community center holding CANDLES.

PETER
I don't know what's going on...
There's not a cloud in the sky...

Just then -- the LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON.

PETER (CONT'D)
Well, they're back on now. Nina,
you want to finish up?

As they take their seats, NINA, 40s, goes to an easel showing a DRAWING of a MEMORIAL TO THE BUS CRASH on a POSTER BOARD.

NINA
So, anyway, as I was saying, the
monument comes out of the foundry
next week and will be ready for
installation...

She picks up a FOAM MODEL of the CIRCULAR MONUMENT.

NINA (CONT'D)
You'll be able to enter through
this arch here and then look out
any of the 38 holes. One for each
student... It's going to be really
beautiful.

PETER

Thanks, Nina. Does anyone have any questions?

Peter looks over and sees Jack raising his hand. Peter can't fully hide his exasperated expression, because he knows Jack too well, knows what's coming --

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes, Jack...

JACK

That model is pretty accurate, right?

NINA

Yes.

JACK

No offense, but I just need to say this: I don't think it's beautiful. We need to re-think this.

(beat)

Now if you all think it's nice -- and looks good -- I'll keep my mouth shut.

Clearly the Parents DO like it. They are GRUMBLING. Jack is alone in his point of view --

MATTHEW

Excellent plan, chief.

JACK

So I'm not entitled to my opinion?

Peter, ever the soothsayer, jumps in --

PETER

Jack, you made your thoughts very clear when we first discussed this. We listened to you, we voted. Can we move on?

Jack needs to clarify his stance --

JACK

No -- back then I said it was pointless -- now I'm saying it's ugly. There's a difference.

KRIS

(so angry and emotional)
If you -- if you think all of this
is so ridiculous, then why do you
bother coming to these meetings?

JACK

I come to these meetings because
they do me a lot of good, believe
it or not. Just like for you,
Kris. And maybe one of these days
life will bring me a beautiful gift
too.

Jack stares at the group absorbing all of the hostility
shooting back his way.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The lights are back on here also. Claire leaves Camille's
room and heads down the hall, into another bedroom.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lena's room is a complete mess. Claire picks up some of her
skimpy underwear and a bra, throws them in a laundry bin.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Camille walks down her street, the stars shimmering above the
tall mountains. She passes her neighbor's houses. She's
cold and hungry and just wants to get home.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Camille walks up the driveway of a MODERN STEEL AND GLASS
HOUSE. Built in the early 2000s with Jack's family money, in
happier times. It needs maintenance.

Camille opens the FRONT DOOR.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clair is folding a pair of Lena's jeans when she hears the
FRONT DOOR SLAM SHUT --

CLAIRE

Lena?

She puts down the jeans on the stack of clothes she's folded.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Claire walks down the hallway.

CLAIRE

Lena?

No answer. She heads down the stairs, CAMERA FOLLOWING HER THE WHOLE WAY...

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Claire rounds the corner into the kitchen.

She stops cold.

She sees Camille rooting around in the fridge. She steps into view with turkey, lettuce and mayo -- puts it on the counter where she's got bread to make a SANDWICH.

Claire IS FROZEN. No idea how to process what she's seeing. It's beyond any realm of comprehension.

Camille looks up -- notices her mom.

CAMILLE

Don't get mad at me. It's not my fault. Something really weird happened...

The understatement of ALL TIME --

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I know you were probably worried. I would've called you, but I lost my phone...

Claire just stares at her daughter -- stricken -- amazed -- speechless -- oh, and fucking TERRIFIED.

Camille makes her sandwich, notices her mother's expression --

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Please don't look at me like that. It was totally weird. I woke up in the mountains -- way up above the dam.

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
 It took me like two hours to walk
 home. I swear to God, Mom. I'm
 not making any of this up...

Claire slowly moves towards her daughter.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
 And I didn't have anything to eat.
 I'm starving --

Camille takes a big bite out of the sandwich, notices her
 mother is still staring at her, OVERWHELMED --

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

CLAIRE
 Yeah, I'm okay.

Claire's not sure how she even got out the words.

CAMILLE
 (another bite)
 Is Lena home?

CLAIRE
 No. She's at a friend's house.

Camille finishes the first half of the sandwich. She
 examines a ceramic mug on the counter.

CAMILLE
 This is really ugly.

Claire doesn't respond. Camille puts the other half of the
 sandwich on a plate.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
 I'll clean up later.

She takes the rest of the sandwich and heads upstairs.

CLAIRE IS MINDFUCKED.

After a minute, she follows after Camille -- heading up the
 stairs, but it's almost like she's sleepwalking. *This must
 be a dream, the craziest dream of my entire life...*

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - STAIRS/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Claire gets to the top of the stairs. Hears BATH WATER
 RUNNING. As she approaches the bathroom door it opens and
 Camille steps out wrapped in a bath towel --

CAMILLE

Can you get me my bathrobe, please?

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CAMILLE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire heads into Camille's room -- OH SHIT -- she sees the MEMORIAL to her dead daughter. She quickly BLOWS OUT THE CANDLES, sweeping the PHOTOS and still smoking CANDLES into a dresser drawer. She slams it closed.

Grabs Camille's BATHROBE, from the back of the door.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Claire walks back to the bathroom. KNOCKS. Camille opens the door and takes the robe.

CAMILLE

Thank you.

Camille closes the door. Claire slowly backs away. *This can't fucking be happening.*

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire walks backstairs and into the kitchen. She sees the remnants of the sandwich making. Touches the mayonnaise jar. *That's real.* She pulls out her cellphone and dials --

INT. CALDWELL COMMUNITY CENTER - INTERCUT

Another grieving parent ANDY, 40s, is now talking --

ANDY

After the ceremony the barbecue will be in the front area here. If anyone wants to help, we need more volunteers...

Peter FEELS his CELLPHONE BUZZ. He reaches his hand into his pocket without checking it and clicks it off, not answering.

Claire gets Peter's voice mail --

PETER'S VOICE

Hi, this is Peter Lattimore. Please leave me a message, and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Thanks much.

CLAIRE
 (into phone)
 Peter, it's me. Could you come
 over here, please?

Claire hangs up. THINKS. DECIDES. Dials another number.

INT. CALDWELL COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Andy is still talking --

ANDY
 It's a remembrance, but we don't
 want this to be depressing and
 morose -- we've done that -- we've
 lived through that --

Still standing behind the circle of parents, Now Jack's
 CELLPHONE BUZZES. He sees who's calling, quickly heads out --

EXT. CALDWELL COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

-- Jack blows out the doors into the night air. Answers.

JACK
 (into phone)
 Hey Claire...

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Claire is relieved to get him on the phone.

CLAIRE
 Jack. I need you to come over here
 right now.

He knows Claire intimately, hears the TERROR in her voice --

JACK
 (worried)
 What's wrong? Is it Lena?

CLAIRE
 No, it's Camille.

She HANGS UP. Jack is hugely CONFUSED. But he's immediately
 IN MOTION. Heading for his car.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CALDWELL - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A woman walks down Main Street. We only see her from the back. A few other people -- outdoorsy types -- are walking along the town streets.

But unlike them, she moves with a slow deliberateness. Taking in the town. Examining one side of the street -- CAMERA ALWAYS STAYING BEHIND HER -- then the other.

She walks along -- absorbing downtown Caldwell.

EXT. CALDWELL - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

She turns down a side street, lined with the town's old, original houses. The CAMERA FOLLOWS BEHIND HER to one.

EXT. GODDARD HOUSE - NIGHT

She walks up the driveway past the front porch, goes to the back/kitchen door. Like most houses in rural America, it's not locked. She turns the knob...

INT. GODDARD HOUSE - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

Still TRACKING BEHIND HER the woman walks through the house. Starting with the kitchen. Taking note of things.

This is an old person's house, evident from the furnishings and the MEDICINE BOTTLES on the kitchen counter.

She heads UP THE STAIRS. Eyeing the PHOTOS HANGING ON THE WALL. Most of them are of a young couple in their 30s, looking very happy -- but these photos are 35 years old.

At the top of the stairs, the CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND HER toward the master bedroom. And now we HEAR OCEAN WAVES THUMPING ON A BEACH AND SEAGULLS CALLING. *What the fuck??*

INT. GODDARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

She enters the master bedroom. FULL OCEAN NOISE in here. We see someone sleeping in bed. RAY GODDARD, 73 years old. Next to his bed --a NOISE MACHINE: The source of the OCEAN SOUNDS.

The Woman starts undressing. She unzips her dress and steps out of it. Then out of her shoes.

She has a good figure and is somewhere in her late 30s. Now in just her bra and panties. She turns to look at herself in a MIRROR.

And now finally we see her. HELEN GODDARD. In fact, she's 38. Large eyes, porcelain skin. And the VERY SAME, UNAGED WOMAN IN THE STAIRWAY PHOTOS.

Helen pulls back the covers and gets into bed. Leans over, and turns the SOUND MACHINE OFF.

Wave noises gone, Raymond stirs. Sensing her presence, coming into consciousness, lifting his head, smelling perfume, confused... He looks over, sees --

Helen's head resting on a pillow. Her big eyes looking over at him calmly. Intently. *Almost as if this moment was inevitable.*

OFF RAYMOND. His mouth falling open. HORROR, SHOCK and DISBELIEF all crossing his face.

SMASH CUT TO:

E./I. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

SIMON BLACKSHAW, 25, a good looking musician type. He's wearing a black suit with an open collared white shirt. He stands outside a nice three story wood apartment building in Caldwell. He rubs his arms, shivering a little bit in the night air.

Through the lobby windows he sees a MAN IN A HAT, 50s, coming out of the elevator walking his dog. Seeing his chance, Simon hurries and catches the open door --

SIMON
Has the code changed?

MAN IN THE HAT
No...

Simon walks on in, doesn't even say thank you. He hurries to the elevator, punches the button five times -- anxious -- waiting for the doors to open. They do. He steps in --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Simon gets off the elevator, hurries to the door of one of the apartments. He KNOCKS FAST.

Now we see Simon in FISH-EYE PERSPECTIVE from the PEEPHOLE across the hall. The lights in the hallway FLICKER ON AND OFF. Impatient, Simon KNOCKS AGAIN.

Now the peephole door opens. Out steps ANNIE YARDLEY, 30s, round, wearing too-fussy-for-a-mountain-town clothing. The proverbial nosey neighbor --

ANNIE YARDLEY
She's not here. She has clinic on
Thursday nights.

SIMON
(confused)
What? What do you mean -- when
will she be home?

ANNIE YARDLEY
Why, did you have a date?

Simon shoots her an annoyed look.

ANNIE YARDLEY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Julie's love life is none
of my business. I have enough
trouble with my own.

SIMON
Julie?

ANNIE YARDLEY
That's Julie's apartment. Aren't
you here to see her?

SIMON
No.

ANNIE YARDLEY
Then who are you looking for?

SIMON
Rowan. Rowan Archer.

Annie is bewildered. She's the building snoop -- knows everyone. She has no idea who Rowan Archer is.

ANNIE YARDLEY
You sure this is the right place?

SIMON
Yeah. Of course. This is her
apartment.

We hear some CATS MEOWING behind her, from inside Annie's apartment. *Of course, she's a fucking cat lady...*

ANNIE YARDLEY
(looking back)
Sorry, I have to go.

She gives him a very unabashed once over. Then --

ANNIE YARDLEY (CONT'D)
Coming babies... Good luck with
Rowan.

She goes back inside and shuts her door.

OFF SIMON. Very fucking CONFUSED.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Claire opens the front door and lets Jack inside.

CLAIRE
Come on in.

He doesn't right away. He's cautious. Hurt. Not quite ready to accept the invitation to enter his own house...

JACK
What's the matter?

Claire thinks about how best she can say this --

CLAIRE
You should come inside.

He still doesn't move. She looks at him, realizes there is no roundabout way to do this -- so she just SAYS IT --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Camille's here.

Jack looks at her. Torn up by whatever would lead Claire to say something that fucking crazy --

JACK
Claire...

Claire knows him intimately; these two are so on edge with each other; she rankles at his judgement --

CLAIRE
 She's in the bathroom. Do you want
 to see her?

Claire holds open the door, and now finally Jack steps
 inside. He looks around at the familiar surroundings with
 discomfort. Claire heads for the stairs --

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Jack follows her up the stairs towards the bathroom. She
 leads him to the closed bathroom door --

CLAIRE
 Listen.

They hear water SPLASHING from a bath tub. They walk to the
 CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR. Claire turns to him -- See? --

JACK
 (calling out)
 Lena?

CAMILLE (O.S.)
 No, it's me.

Jack hears Camille's voice. HOLY SHIT. It's like an
 ELECTRICAL JOLT to his spine. He doesn't understand. He
 opens the bathroom door to see --

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camille taking a BUBBLE BATH. She is horrified that her dad
 has barged in on her --

CAMILLE
 (covering herself)
 What are you doing?! Get out!

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Jack shuts the door. IN DISBELIEF. SHOCK. He looks over at
 Claire. Her expression says *I told you so*.

Jack looks like he's been shot with a tranquilizer dart.

And Claire? She feels RELIEF. *Someone else saw what I saw.
 I'm not fucking crazy...*

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - YARD - NIGHT

Claire and Jack stand out in the yard. Jack smokes a cigarette.

CLAIRE

She doesn't remember anything. Not the accident, nothing that happened -- only that she was on a school bus trip. Then she just woke up in the woods...

JACK

It's not possible.

CLAIRE

No, it's not. But you just saw her.

JACK

There must be some explanation.

CLAIRE

Like what? We're both going crazy at the same time?

Claire sees something inside, gestures to Jack. Jack turns.

Through the floor-to-ceiling glass walls, they see Camille, in her bathrobe, padding down the stairs into the living room, her hair wet.

She sees her parents standing outside -- staring at her. She walks over, opens the glass door and comes outside --

CAMILLE

What's the matter? Is something wrong?

She walks up to them. Notices her dad's cigarette --

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Since when are you smoking again?

He doesn't respond.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Did Mom tell you what happened to me today? It's weird, isn't it? It's like some kind of coma or neurological thing. Maybe I should see a doctor...

Jack can barely find words --

JACK
How do you feel now?

CAMILLE
Fine. But you guys are acting very weird.
(then)
Where's Lena?

CLAIRE
I told you. At a friend's.

CAMILLE
What friend's?

CLAIRE
I don't know, she didn't say.

CAMILLE
(annoyed)
And you just let her do that?

She leaves her parents and goes back inside.

Claire looks over at Jack -- *How in God's name is this POSSIBLE?!* Claire follows her back inside the house, Jack right behind her.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Camille picks up the house phone, Claire and Jack watching her every move --

CLAIRE
Who are you calling?

CAMILLE
Ben. I told you, I lost my cellphone.

CLAIRE
(quickly)
I don't think you should do that.

CAMILLE
Why not?

CLAIRE
It's late.

CAMILLE
It's not that late.

Camille dials the number by heart --

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOG STAR TAVERN - NIGHT

A dozen shots are lined up on the bar, where Lena, Ben, Hunter, Abby, Trace and Sarah, etc. are CHEERING EACH OTHER ON and playing a drinking game.

TRACE turns and DOWNS A SHOT to CHEERS -- then slides the next one in front of Lena --

TRACE
Lena, your turn...

Flirting with her. Much to Ben's annoyance. *Because he's in love with Lena.* But Lena? She does NOT feel the same way.

Ben's CELLPHONE is VIBRATING on the bar, but in all the commotion, it goes unnoticed.

Lena takes the shot and DOWNS IT. She grabs Trace -- *Your turn again.* But he passes, so she DOWNS HIS SHOT. Everyone is very amused. Lena shines her million-watt smile.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Camille gets BEN'S VOICE MAIL --

BEN'S VOICE
Hey, Ben here. Leave me a message.

Camille hangs up, disappointed.

CAMILLE
I'm going to bed. Good night.

Camille leaves the room and walks up the stairs.

CLAIRE
Good night.

OFF CLAIRE, staring after her departing daughter. At a loss as to what to make of all of this.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CALDWELL NATURAL FOODS CO-OP - NIGHT

Caldwell's funkier answer to Whole Foods. It sits on Main Street, mountains shadowed behind it.

INT. CALDWELL MOUNTAIN MARKET - NIGHT

An array of good-looking PACKAGED SALADS. The salads are examined by DR. JULIE BERNSTEIN, early 30s, beautiful without a touch of make up. No time or inclination for it. She's wearing blue scrubs and a Patagonia down sweater.

She picks out the salad she wants and puts it in her arm basket next to a tray of sushi and a couple of bottles of kombucha.

She cruises down an aisle. Adds a container of ice cream and some cookies. Heads to the front, flips through a remainder bin of DVDs. Picks out a copy of Stephen King's MISERY.

All these items together constitute her social life.

She goes to the register where she's greeted by PILAR, 28, blunt hair cut and nose-studded grocery clerk --

PILAR

Dr. Bernstein, working late, huh?

JULIE

Hey, Pilar -- yeah, I had clinic tonight.

Pilar rings her up --

PILAR

(it's late)

Isn't that supposed to be over at like eight?

JULIE

I know -- I just can't rush anybody through.

Pilar bags the groceries into Julie's recyclable bag.

PILAR

Cool. Well, enjoy your movie.

JULIE

(tired; smiles)

My goal is to last ten minutes...

Pilar is amused. Julie heads out.

I/E. JULIE'S FORD F-150 PICK UP - NIGHT - DRIVING

Julie's rolls home through Caldwell, which is very quiet at this hour of night. Her dinner on the seat next to her.

She turns off the main road onto the street leading to her apartment building, passing a BUS KIOSK.

Sitting there is an 8 YEAR-OLD BOY. T-shirt. No coat.

All alone.

Julie's head swivels as she passes. *That's fucking strange.* But what's even stranger? The BOY'S EYES FOLLOW HER. COMPLETELY LOCKED ONTO HERS... as she drives by.

Before she really can react, she turns into her building parking lot. Parks her truck.

She's not the type of person who can leave this alone. She turns and walks out away from her building -- to where she can see the bus kiosk. But THE BOY IS GONE.

A little creeped out, Julie turns around and walks back to her building.

E/I. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Julie walks into her apartment building. And we realize this is the same lobby where we saw Simon earlier. Julie goes to the mailboxes to retrieve her mail. She unlocks her box, takes her mail out. Sensing something -- she looks up --

Through the glass windows of the lobby --

SHE SEES THE BOY AGAIN.

Standing 40 feet away. STARING IN AT HER. RIGHT AT HER.

OFF JULIE. Staring back.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

E/I. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Julie marches out the front door toward THE BOY --

JULIE

Hey. What are you doing out here?

He just stares at her. Doesn't move. But in the slightest way his expression changes -- he seems happy she's coming.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Where are your parents?

She walks right up to him.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Are you lost?

The boy looks up at her, but doesn't move.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You must be cold. Where's your coat?

He looks cold. But won't acknowledge it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

Still nothing.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Here. C'mon inside...

She takes THE BOY by the hand and he lets her lead him. Maybe in a tiny way, he looks pleased.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HER FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Julie and THE BOY step out. As they move for the apartment, we see them through the FISH EYE of the always spying, Annie Yardley.

Now Annie's door opens --

ANNIE YARDLEY

Well well, who's this?

Julie is normally tolerant of Annie's overbearing presence, but not now. She doesn't answer -- trying to retrieve her keys as quickly as she can from her bag.

ANNIE YARDLEY (CONT'D)
What a cute boy. What's your name?

THE BOY stares at her with a cool detachment. Says nothing.

ANNIE YARDLEY (CONT'D)
What's his name?

Julie just wants to be *fucking rid of her* --

JULIE
Victor.

It just sort of pops out of her mouth. It surprises Julie herself that she said it. Annie presses on --

ANNIE YARDLEY
Someone knocked on your door a little while ago.

JULIE
(*where are my fucking keys?*)
Who was that?...

ANNIE YARDLEY
I don't know. Mid 20s, very good looking? Artsy? Black suit? Ring a bell?

Julie gets her keys, gets the door unlocked. Victor walks right into Julie's apartment -- very assumptive --

ANNIE YARDLEY (CONT'D)
(pressing on)
He was looking for Rowan Archer.
(teasing)
Is that your name on match.com?

JULIE
She lived here before me.

ANNIE YARDLEY
Ohhhh.

Annie's always glad to have another piece of information.

JULIE
Good night, Annie.

ANNIE YARDLEY
 Good night, Julie.

Julie hurries inside. CLOSES the door.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julie walks into the kitchen to find Victor helping himself to a bag of CHIPS. He's obviously very hungry.

Julie stares at him; Victor stares right back at her. Not inhibited. NOT how a normal 8 year-old reacts.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE DOG STAR PUB - NIGHT

THE BAND JAMS. The place going full throttle.

Simon enters. Wanders among the crowd, presumably looking for Rowan. He see's people drinking, talking, kissing, horsing around -- a whole panoply of humanity that Simon is feeling very alienated from right now.

Especially because he's NOT seeing any familiar faces -- and that DISTURBS HIM. He makes his way to the bar.

SIMON
 Excuse me...

Lucy looks up from pouring someone a BEER.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Is Rowan here?

LUCY
 Rowan? I don't know her.

SIMON
 She's a waitress here.

LUCY
 I don't think so.

SIMON
 (annoyed)
 Yeah. She is.

LUCY
 If a Rowan worked here, I think I would know.

LENA (O.S.)
I know Rowan...

Simon turns to discover he's landed next to Lena (and her pals) at the bar. She gives Simon a sort of blatant once over -- alcohol removing any inhibitions -- of which she has few --

LENA (CONT'D)
Tall, green eyes, long brown hair?

SIMON
Rowan Archer.

LENA
I don't remember her last name.
But how many Rowan's can there be?
I know where she lives.

OFF SIMON, trying to process all of this.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

VODKA poured on the rocks. Jack is making himself a healthy drink. Claire is cleaning up the sandwich making. She clocks Jack drinking -- but holds her tongue. If there was ever a time anyone (even with a drinking problem) needed a large stiff vodka, this is it.

Jack hears a car pulling up. Looks out to see a SUV pulling deep into the driveway, *which you don't do unless you're a very familiar visitor*. Out hops Peter.

JACK
What's he doing here?

Claire looks happy and relieved to see him. Jack clocks this -- emotions on her face he has not gotten from her in a long, long time. She goes to the door and opens it.

Peter moves in for a kiss, but she turns out of it -- with a small gesture -- *Jack is here*.

Peter steps in, sees Jack, drinking his vodka. The two men acknowledge each other.

Peter looks over at Claire, the unspoken questions hanging there --

Why'd you call me? Especially when Jack is here.

Claire turns back to Peter. Her voice is intimate --

CLAIRE
Camille has come back.

The way she says it, she's expecting Peter to believe her. Peter takes this in. And whatever skepticism he might be feeling, he does an excellent job of hiding it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(softly)
Do you want to see her? She's in
her room. She's so beautiful.
(beat)
Come and see.

She pulls Peter with her toward the stairs. Jack watches them go. *Good time to down the rest of the vodka.* Which he does, clanking the ice to get every last drop.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CAMILLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Camille is getting clothes from her dresser. Opens a drawer to find the stashed collection of framed photos and the candles. *HUHHH?*

She HEARS KNOCKING ON HER DOOR.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Honey? Can we come in?

Camille goes over and opens the door --

CAMILLE
What are all those photos of me and
candles doing in my drawer?

Now Claire sees Peter. Doesn't know him.

CLAIRE
Camille, this is Dr. Lattimore.
He's a psychologist. He's here to
help you.

Peter is trying to stay totally neutral but seeing Camille fills him with SHOCK -- and a stomach dropping DREAD.

But he pulls it together.

PETER
(matter-of-factly)
Hello, Camille.

CAMILLE
Why isn't Dr. Nadler here?

CLAIRE
Because I asked Dr. Lattimore to
come over.

They go and sit on Camille's bed.

PETER
Can I ask you a few questions,
Camille? About what happened?

CAMILLE
There's nothing to tell you. I was
on the bus, then I woke up in the
mountains. That's all I remember.

Peter absorbs this thoughtfully.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
Maybe I have a brain tumor.
(beat)
You think it's a brain tumor?

PETER
No, I don't think so.

CAMILLE
Well, you're not a real doctor,
right? So how would you know?

CLAIRE
(annoyed; don't be rude)
Camille... Why do you think you
have a brain tumor?

CAMILLE
How else do you explain it? Unless
you think I'm crazy.

PETER
I don't think you're crazy. Do you
know what craziness is? It's
denying reality.

(beat)
We invent fictions when the truth
becomes too painful.

(beat)
Sometimes we do it intentionally,
sometimes it just happens to us,
and we can't control it...

Camille isn't quite following but she's listening --

PETER (CONT'D)

But Camille, I don't think that's what's happening to you here.

And the way Peter says it with such authority -- does he know more than he's letting on? Camille is feeling overloaded by the scrutiny --

CAMILLE

Whatever. I'm really tired...

CLAIRE

Of course. C'mere, honey, hop in bed.

(quietly to Peter)

I'll meet you downstairs...

Peter nods, exits. Claire pulls back the bed covers. It's a ritual that's so old between them -- and so poignant -- the simple normalcy of their old life. Camille climbs under the covers. At this moment just a little girl, happy to be receiving her Mom's comfort...

CAMILLE

(a confession --)

I feel tired, but I can't fall sleep.

CLAIRE

(soothing and full of deep love)

I'm sure you will once you just close your eyes and relax... I promise.

Camille trusts her Mom. And in this last moment of the day, she is grateful for her Mother and all that she means to her.

CAMILLE

(a familiar ritual)

Thanks. Love you.

CLAIRE

(overcome; trying to not let the emotional dam break here)

I love you, too.

Claire kisses her and gets out of there before Camille sees her tears.

OFF CAMILLE. She stares at the ceiling, no chance she's going to fall asleep. *What happened to me?* -- It's churning through her brain.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - YARD - NIGHT

Jack stands out in the yard smoking another cigarette, talking on his cell.

JACK
 (into phone)
 Lucy, it's me. I need to talk to
 you. Call me back.

He sees Peter inside staring out at him. Now Claire comes back downstairs. He tucks away his phone, stubs out his cigarette. Heads back in.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire, Jack and Peter discuss the situation.

JACK
 So Peter, I'm curious... especially
 with your degree in psychology...

A dig that Peter lets go --

JACK (CONT'D)
 Since the accident you've been
 counseling us -- all of us parents--
 to find some form of acceptance.
 (quoting Peter)
 "We should remember our children
 with a smile on our faces instead
 of with pain in our hearts?"
 (beat)
 Isn't that how you put it? See, I
was paying attention...

Claire looks over at him, pissed --

CLAIRE
 Jack, I don't know what you're
 doing but --

JACK
 -- I'm just wondering what sort of
 acceptance we should have now? How
 do you explain this?

Peter gives him a look with *EDGE TO IT* -- *don't fuck with me--*
 but Claire doesn't see it -- and in a flash it's gone.
 Instead, Peter turns the proverbial other cheek --

PETER

(kind and earnest)

Honestly, Jack? I have no idea. As far as I know, this has never happened before. Unless you know otherwise...

CLAIRE

Why are you so angry, Jack? Why aren't you happy? Why are you trying to ruin this?

JACK

I'm not trying to ruin anything. But after four years of watching you consumed by grief... Watching you pray and hope and wish for the life you had before... I thought you'd know how to welcome her back.

JESUS. As that LANDS --

JACK (CONT'D)

I may not know what to do, but I never prayed for this to happen.

That's when Jack gives out. Emotionally spent. He doesn't want to break down in front of Peter, so he takes off. Just walks out. The door closes behind him.

Peter and Claire are left alone. There is a moment of silence, then Peter speaks with authority --

PETER

When she finds out what's happened to her you need to tell her to not be afraid. What she's going through is terrifying, but it's also wonderful.

(sincere)

We're all going to be there for her.

CLAIRE

You're going to tell her?

PETER

No, you are. You and Jack.

OFF CLAIRE. Contemplating these unfathomable events.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

The CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN into A PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL that cuts under the main highway into Caldwell. In contrast to the pristine mountain town, the tunnel is scarred with graffiti and empty liquor bottles -- the underbelly of the town showing here.

Simon hurries down the steps two at a time, looks back waiting for someone. Now Lena comes into view.

She follows him into the pedestrian tunnel --

LENA

Why are you walking so fast?

Lena's kind of BUZZED -- moving at her own speed. Simon waits impatiently for her to catch up.

SIMON

You're sure you know where she lives?

LENA

(annoyed)

No, I just walked all the way out here to get even more mountainy mountain air.

(challenging him)

How come I've never seen you at the pub before?

SIMON

I've never seen you there either.

LENA

Really? Well, I practically live there, so if you did go there, I'd know you. Explain that.

Simon is flustered -- can't.

LENA (CONT'D)

How long have you lived in Caldwell?

SIMON

I was born here.

LENA

Then where did you move?

Simon doesn't answer, frustrated and annoyed because it doesn't make sense to him either. They walk on through the tunnel.

LENA (CONT'D)
You're a little weird, you know that? Cute, but a little weird.

Simon ignores her flirtations as they climb the stairs on the far side of the tunnel --

EXT. CALDWELL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

-- And now start walking down the lonely highway.

SIMON
How do you know Rowan?

LENA
When I was in high school she tutored me for the SATs, which was a complete waste of time. What about you? She tutor you?

It's a double-edged question.

SIMON
No.

That's all he says. Lena stops.

LENA
If she's so important to you why don't you know where she lives?

Simon still doesn't answer. Lena gives up, exasperated --

LENA (CONT'D)
That's her townhouse over there.
The one on the far left.

Lena points down to a row of neat townhouses tucked against a mountain stream.

Simon takes off running cross-country toward the complex. Leaving Lena DUMBFUNDED and PISSED --

LENA (CONT'D)
You're welcome, asshole!

Lena turns and walks off. Hurt. But not showing him that.

EXT. ROWAN'S TOWNHOUSE COMPLEX - NIGHT

Wanting to get there, Simon doesn't bother to walk all the way around. He SPLASHES THROUGH THE CREEK and clambers up the embankment to the townhouses. He heads for the one at the far left.

As he approaches, he slows -- STUNNED and AMAZED.

BECAUSE HE CAN SEE Rowan THROUGH THE BACK WINDOWS. But not the way he remembers her.

Because now she's in her early 30s with dark hair, green eyes -- and a luminosity about her.

Simon IS TOTALLY STUNNED TO SEE HER. Tears fill his eyes. LOVE AND CONFUSION all roiling together.

Rowan is looking at herself in a mirror --

INT. ROWAN'S HOUSE - SAME

-- As she raises up a WEDDING VEIL. Tries it on. Frowns. Not sure she likes it.

Suddenly, SHE STOPS WHAT'S SHE'S DOING -- BECAUSE SHE SEES A REFLECTION OF SIMON IN THE MIRROR -- staring at her.

She spins around --

NOTHING. Through the windows she sees the dark shadows of the pine trees and mountains. But Simon isn't there.

She turns back to the mirror.

Gone here too. *Did she just imagine that???*

Maybe. But then she hears KNOCKING on the front door.

Rowan sets down the veil. HOLY SHIT. Gets up cautiously... Not quite sure what is going on here...

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

She walks to the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - INTERCUT

Simon is KNOCKING on the front door.

SIMON

Rowan?

Rowan startles at the sound of his voice. *It's so immediate and real.* She's completely SHELL-SHOCKED.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Rowan! Rowan! Rowan, it's me!

HIS KNOCKING TURNS TO POUNDING --

SIMON (CONT'D)

Open up! Rowan!...
(anxious and emotional)
Rowan!

Rowan backs up a step, muttering a prayer --

SIMON (CONT'D)

Rowan! Rowan, what's going on? I know you're in there. C'mon! Open up the damn door!

Rowan looks up, eyes wet. And just fucking FREAKS OUT --

ROWAN

No! NO! Go away!

Rowan's screaming and crying --

ROWAN (CONT'D)

-- Just leave me alone! Go away!
Go away! GO AWAY!!

Now she starts pounding on HER side of the door --

ROWAN (CONT'D)

GO AWAY! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

She's going fucking Borneo. Simon stands there, utterly baffled, not understanding what's going on here...

Rowan falls to her knees SOBBING. Overloaded. Overwhelmed. This is all way too much for her. Behind her CHLOE, her cute 6 year-old daughter, comes down the stairs --

CHLOE

Mommy? Are you okay?

Rowan turns and sees her. Pulls herself together.

ROWAN

Yeah, I'm okay. I'm sorry.
C'mere, honey...

Rowan pulls Chloe close -- into her arms.

Outside, Simon's mouth falls open. STUNNED. Hearing the voice of Rowan's little girl.

CHLOE
Please don't cry, Mommy.

ROWAN
(wiping her nose; smiling)
I won't anymore. Okay?...

Simon is OVERWHELMED. He backs away, then takes off -- running back down the embankment splashing off through the creek, running off into the night.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BEEEEEEEEEP. Julie pulls a frozen dinner out of the microwave. Sets it in front of Victor.

He digs in, stuffing his face like he hasn't eaten in a week.

Julie watches him. Victor focused only on his food. Julie sits down at the kitchen table across from him --

JULIE
If you don't want to talk to me,
then I'll call the police. I'll
let them take you to the police
station, and they'll find your
parents.

Victor just keeps eating.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Is that what you want me to do?
Okay, I'm dialing...

Julie holds up her cellphone. Victor still won't look --

JULIE (CONT'D)
Here we go. 9-1-1...

She punches in the numbers. Now Victor stops. Turns. Looks at her with an expression that is both plaintive and very forboding --

VOICE (O.S.)
 (from phone)
 911 Operator. What's your
 emergency?... Hello?...

They stare into each other's eyes. Julie is both drawn to him and a little freaked out.

JULIE
 (into phone)
 -- Sorry -- I dialed by accident.
 Everything's fine.

Julie hangs up. Victor's expression doesn't change --

JULIE (CONT'D)
 You can stay here tonight. But
 tomorrow I'm taking you to the
 police.

ON VICTOR. Is he pleased? Well, he's certainly not scared. His enigmatic expression is impossible to read. He turns back to his food and scrapes up the rest of his dinner.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOG STAR TAVERN - NIGHT

The customers are all gone. Tony is methodically putting all the chairs up on the tables and sweeping the floors.

INT. DOG STAR TAVERN - UPSTAIRS ROOM - SAME

Lucy is in her simple apartment room with Jack.

LUCY
 Okay, so here we are. What's the
 big emergency?

JACK
 We have to do it.

LUCY
 (tired; no interest)
 Jack... I just had to work a double
 shift...

JACK
 No, this is incredibly important.
 I need you to talk to Camille.
 Something's happened... I need you
 to talk to her for me.

LUCY
Why -- what's happened?

JACK
Ask her. She'll know.

LUCY
What does that mean?

Jack pauses for a minute, then --

JACK
Claire claims she saw Camille
today. I need to be able to tell
her why. Please, Lucy. Please...

Now Jack pulls out a check.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here. A check for your lawyer...

FUCK. Lucy wants the money...

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is on top of Lucy and they are going at it -- except Jack seems more focused on his questions than on the sex --

JACK
Why is Camille here?

Lucy stares up at the ceiling.

LUCY
For Claire... She wants Claire to
know that she's okay...

JACK
Will I be able to see her?

LUCY
No... She had to go back.

Jack takes this in, smelling full on bullshit now --

JACK
Back where?

LUCY

To the other side. But she's thinking about you and Claire and Lena all the time. She knows what you and Claire are going through...

We see the darkness in Jack's eyes as he gets confirmation that Lucy's been fucking scamming him --

JACK

Just one more question...
(beat)
What kind of sandwich did she have?

LUCY

(confused)
What?

JACK

Camille... Was it roast beef?
Turkey? PB&J?

The sex stops.

LUCY

What are you doing, Jack?

JACK

It was so totally (fucking) believable... How do you do that? How do you learn how to do that?... Sincerely. I want to know.

Lucy pushes off, climbing out from under him.

LUCY

Get out of here. Take your check and get out of here.

JACK

I'm such a total idiot...
(realizing)
You don't even have a kid, do you?

Lucy winds up and SLAPS HIM. Jack touches his face. That seriously fucking HURT. He FLASHES WITH ANGER. SERIOUS FUCKING ANGER.

LUCY

Get your clothes on and get out!

He grabs her wrist. Squeezes tight.

JACK
Not yet. Are there others like me
or am I the only one?

LUCY
(it really hurts)
Let go of me...

JACK
Answer me.

LUCY
No. There isn't anybody else.

That lands for Jack. It might be even worse. She tries to pull her arm away. No chance. She swings with her other arm. He catches that one. Ties her up in a vice grip, barely able to contain his seething RAGE --

LUCY (CONT'D)
Part of it was the truth.
(beat)
I could hear her sometimes. I'm
not lying.

JACK
(forboding)
Do you have a (fucking) clue what
you've done to me?!

And with that Jack flings her across the bed with surprising strength. She bounces off the wall. That hurt. He looks at her, eyes are cold as ice.

OFF LUCY. Genuinely terrified.

INT. DOG STAR TAVERN - NIGHT

Tony comes out of the kitchen with a broom, just in time to see Lucy blasting out of the door to upstairs. Tony sees her motoring off --

TONY
Hey, Lucy! Hey --

She runs out the front door; it SLAMS closed behind her.

OFF TONY. His eyes darken and narrow.

EXT. CALDWELL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Lucy runs along the empty main road -- just trying to get away. Now she stops. CRYING. She's a mess. Doesn't know what to do.

She's full of the emptiness and self-loathing that comes when the con runs out. When she's forced to confront what she has to do to survive, to live...

She approaches a set of stairs. That lead down to the UNDERPASS. She heads down the stairs.

EXT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Lucy walks along the tunnel, still crying. She's lost, trying to sort out what she's going to do now...

Coming the other way is A MAN IN A HOODIE, his face shadowed.

The graffiti-scarred fluorescent LIGHTS FLICKER OFF AND ON.

As they pass, Lucy gets an uncomfortable feeling. He walks on by. To her relief.

But what she doesn't see is that HE TURNS AROUND. COMES RUSHING UP BEHIND HER FLASHING A KNIFE.

HE GRABS HER AROUND THE NECK. SHE STRUGGLES.

LUCY

Stop! Let me go!

HE STABS HER. AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

THE MAN HOLDS HER UP. SHOCK AND PAIN FLOOD HER TEAR-STREAKED FACE --

MAN IN HOODIE

(hoarsely whispers)

There... it's over.

HE HOLDS HER UP UNTIL ALL THE LIFE DRAINS RIGHT OUT OF HER.

LUCY STARES OFF GLASSY-EYED. The Man lets Lucy slowly slide out of his grasp down to the ground.

He lays her gently down in a pool of her own blood on the cement floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lena walks up to her house. Looks in the windows, puzzled to see her mother is still up, standing in the kitchen, drinking tea. Looking agitated. Lena looks at her watch. Why is she up?

Whatever's going on, Lena wants no part of her scrutiny for coming home late and buzzed.

She goes around to the side of the house and climbs up the latticework to her room.

She carefully slides her window open and drops inside.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lena climbs in, sliding the window closed behind her. It SQUEAKS as she closes it.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CAMILLE'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Camille hears it. Lying WIDE AWAKE.

Camille jumps out of bed. Goes to the wall separating their two bedrooms. Puts her ear against it. Hears Lena moving around...

In Lena's room, Lena pulls her shirt off, down to her bra, looks around for her sleep shirt.

That's when she hears a KNOCKING on the wall.

KNOCK KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK KNOCK.

A pattern. Camille now listens.

Lena walks to her wall. *What the fuck?! How is it possible she just heard what she heard?* Her old sisterly code -- part of the special communication they used to share.

Lena can't help herself. She knocks back:

KNOCK KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK KNOCK.

Nothing. Then her bedroom door slowly hinges open -- revealing Camille. She steps into Lena's room.

The two sisters stare at each other.

-- Camille, the unchanged 16 year-old from the day she died.

-- Lena, in her bra, a fully developed 20 year-old woman.

They are both MESMERIZED and MIND FUCKED.

Lena SCREAMS.

It's a scream of FEAR AND HORROR from the depth of her soul.

Camille looks shattered. She drops to her knees at the sight of her sister, now four years older, screaming in fear. No comprehension for *how any of this is even fucking possible...*

CAMILLE
(freaked out and scared)
Lena...?

She moves toward her -- but Lena backs away --

LENA
No!...

CAMILLE
(screaming in terror)
MOM!!!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Claire jumps to her feet. Takes off, running up the stairs.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire rushes into Lena's room -- sees her two TERRIFIED GIRLS facing off. She doesn't know what to do except comfort them both.

She drops to her knees and pulls a sobbing Camille into a hug. At the same time, she reaches out for Lena and grips her hand -- all three of them, CRYING TOGETHER.

OFF CLAIRE. Holding her two daughters. Not knowing what to do here. Not even close.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. SUMMIT LAKE DAM - NIGHT

The huge concrete dam arcs for a quarter mile across the mouth of the mountain lake. The face of the dam is 300 feet high.

We see A MAN, looking very small against the vast size of it, walking down the highway across the dam.

It's MR. GODDARD. Walking steadfastly.

INT. DAM MONITORING STATION - SAME

A TECHNICIAN sits in the monitoring station atop the dam. He idly watches through the window the old lone guy walking across the dam. Suddenly, his EYES WIDEN --

EXT. CENTER OF THE DAM - SAME

Mr. Goddard gets to dead center. Then climbs over the railing. He looks up for one moment. Then, without hesitation -- he pitches himself off.

MR. GODDARD FALLS ALONG THE STEEP CONCRETE FACE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE CHURNING WHITE WATER SPILLING FROM THE TURBINES BELOW.

INT. DAM MONITORING STATION - SAME

-- HOLY FUCK. The Tech can't believe he just saw that. He picks up his phone and dials.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMIT LATE DAM - NIGHT

AFTERMATH. The Caldwell Volunteer FIRE DEPARTMENT has a couple of trucks parked at one end of the dam. Lots of other SHERIFF CARS, SUVs and other official vehicles are here also. LIGHTS AND SIRENS. COPS and FIRE FIGHTERS doing rope work to recover the body.

A SHERIFF'S SUV PULLS UP. Out steps TOMMY MORAN, 40s, the town sheriff. Caldwell's version of Gary Cooper.

He's met by NIKKI BANKS, his chief deputy. She's in her 30s, whip smart but carries a bit of a chip on her shoulder.

NIKKI

Pretty indisputable suicide. One of the dams workers saw the whole thing.

She points over to the shaken-up dam worker who is being interviewed by DEPUTY MARK BAO, 30s. Tom is affected by his death. Knew this guy... Then, PERPLEXED --

TOM

Why would Ray Goddard jump off the dam?

NIKKI

Wish he was around so we could ask him.

CUT TO:

I/E. THOMAS'S SHERIFF SUV - NIGHT

It's later. Tommy rolls down the streets of Caldwell in his Sheriff's SUV.

He pulls off the main highway into a townhouse complex, parks in the driveway of one of the units.

INT. ROWAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

He comes in, sets his gun and keys on the table, surprised to find the place nearly dark.

TOM

Rowan?

He FLIPS THE LIGHTS ON. Sees her now -- sitting on the couch. Previously in the dark. He's comes over, CONCERNED --

TOM (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

ROWAN

(taking his hand and holding it tight --)

It started again.

TOM

(realizing...)

Simon?

She nods. Miserable and shaken by it --

ROWAN
 (distraught)
 I thought it was over.

TOM
 Don't worry, baby. I'm here. I'm
 here for you.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

The WIND ruffles the trees surrounding this old cemetery that houses the dead going back 150 years to Caldwell's origins as a silver mining town.

Simon is standing in the middle of the cemetery in his black suit straddling HIS OWN GRAVE. He looks down at the marker:

SIMON BLACKSHAW
Born: March 1, 1979
Died: June 12, 2004

Pretty indisputable proof.

OFF SIMON. No clue as to why this has happened.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON LUCY'S BODY, lying on the ground. The way the body is splayed, it's almost an angelic repose, a beauty about it, despite the blood around her.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Victor sits on the couch. Finds the REMOTE. Turns on the TV to an OLD CARTOON. One of the cartoon characters bashes another one on the head with a huge hammer. Victor watches with interest...

Julie, woken up by the TV, comes out of the bedroom -- picks up the remote -- and turns it off.

JULIE
 No TV. It's time for you to go to
 sleep.

Victor just stares back at her with a placid, unflinching expression. This is NOT how any normal 8 year-old reacts. She sits on the couch next to him --

JULIE (CONT'D)

Please... at least tell me your real name.

He looks up at her with his big, full eyes. Connected to her, but also weirdly detached --

VICTOR

Victor.

Wow, he speaks! Julie looks over at him. It can't be possible that I intuited his real name, can it?

Victor gazes over at her -- intense and sincere.

OFF JULIE. Emotionally torn up.

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

FOUR YEARS EARLIER

FADE UP ON:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Claire is bustling around the kitchen, making breakfast for her family. Jack comes in and pours himself coffee. He looks a lot healthier and cleaned up. She passes him a plate of eggs, he adds toast and butter, then sets it down at the table for Camille -- a comfortable and happy routine --

CAMILLE

I don't see why I have to go on this stupid trip.

CLAIRE

Because it's mandatory, because everyone in your class is going, and because I paid for it. Other than that, no good reason...

CAMILLE

Lena's not going.

JACK
Lena's sick. She has a
temperature.

CAMILLE
Yeah, right. She doesn't seem that
sick.
(then)
I don't feel that well either.

Claire smiles, a knowing mother. She comes over and cups
Camille's face, feeling her cheeks and her forehead -- loving
her daughter so much right now.

CLAIRE
You feel fine.
(kissing her)
I promise, you're going to have
fun.

CAMILLE
I promise you I'm not. This is so
unfair.

JACK
(checks watch)
Eat up, Camille. You're going to
miss the bus.

CAMILLE
I hope I do.

OFF CAMILLE. Reluctantly eating her breakfast.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

From a SECOND STORY WINDOW we watch Jack, Camille, and Claire
leaving the house.

PULL BACK to reveal YOUNG LENA at the window. She looks
exactly like Camille does now.

HOLY SHIT. THEY'RE TWINS.

Once Lena sees them driving off in the car, she pulls out her
phone and sends a text.

SMASH CUT TO:

E/I. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

YOUNG BEN RAPS on the back door. The same BEN who was pining after Lena in the pub in present day, but he's only 17. Young Lena opens it and pulls him inside.

And they start kissing.

YOUNG LENA
(finally coming up for
air)
Hi there.

YOUNG BEN
I see you're feeling better.

YOUNG LENA
Much.

She smiles, takes him by the hand and leads him upstairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS ABOVE CALDWELL - DAY

KATY PERRY PLAYS. THE SAME SONG over the same SCHOOL BUS we saw in the opening -- working it's way down the switchbacks of this vertiginous road.

INT. BUS - DAY - DRIVING

Camille is sitting by herself staring out the windows at the spectacular, mountain landscape. Ear buds in.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - DAY

Young Lena and Young Ben are making out on Lena's bed. Ben's hand moves down, slowly undoes her zipper, his fingers start to creep into her jeans...

Lena puts her hand down there and stops him --

YOUNG BEN
Don't you want to?

YOUNG LENA
It's not that.

YOUNG BEN
What? Is it Camille?

YOUNG LENA
(guilty)
We sort of made a promise to each other.

YOUNG BEN
Why?

YOUNG LENA
Because we both liked you.

Young Ben processes this --

YOUNG BEN
Yeah, but I'm sort of in love with you, so how is that fair to me?

YOUNG LENA
(mock offended)
Sort of?

YOUNG BEN
Yeah, sort of ... a lot.

He stares at her. That's all it takes. He leans in slowly, meeting her lips...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

TEACHER (O.S.)
Camille --

A paper drops on her lap.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
This is due Monday. You can hear me, right?

Camille's eyes shift up to the teacher as she pulls out the ear buds --

CAMILLE
Yes.

TEACHER
Thank you.

She heads on up the aisle distributing the assignment to the other kids on the bus. None of them looking too happy.

Camille looks down. A choice of ESSAY QUESTIONS. NO FUN.

Now Camille STARES OFF. It's like she's being pulled by some unseen force to another place. Her expression changes...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - DAY

Young Ben closes the BLINDS. He's stripped down to his boxers. He gets in bed with Lena, who is now just wearing her underwear.

He rolls over and pulls her next to him --

YOUNG BEN

Lena, have you ever done it?

YOUNG LENA

No, have you?

Ben doesn't answer. He leans over the bed, pulls up his jeans. Takes out a CONDOM. Tears open the wrapper.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - SAME

Camille's face flushes. Nervous. Scared. Her eyes are seeing something we cannot see.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LENA'S ROOM - SAME

Lena looks flushed. She is nervous and excited and terrified as Ben fits on the condom under the covers.

Now he climbs up on top of her, her legs coming up around him and as he enters her (under the covers). Her eyes close...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

Camille's eyes are closed. She feels an emotional JOLT. Her eyes pop open, a look of HORROR AND BETRAYAL on her face...

She's FEELING exactly what Lena is experiencing... And it's completely OVERWHELMING HER. She SNAPS OUT OF IT and --

-- Takes off running down the aisle of the BUS.

TEACHER
Camille? Camille!

Camille runs to the front -- and down into the door well. She starts pounding on the BUS DOOR --

CAMILLA
Let me off! Let me off! I have to get off!

BUS DRIVER
You have to sit down!

CAMILLE
-- Let me off!

The driver is switching his look between her and the road --

BUS DRIVER
You can't get off now. Go back to your seat!

CAMILLE
(screaming)
LET ME OUT!!

The teacher hurries up the aisle to help --

TEACHER
Camille -- get back in your seat right now! It is NOT safe for you to be down there!

CAMILLE
-- Let me out!
-- Let me out!
-- Stop the bus!
-- I NEED TO GET OUT!

-- Camille! That's enough!
Let's go!

The bus driver glances back at the highway. HOLY MOTHER OF GOD... WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!?!?!?!? --

VICTOR IS STANDING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE BUS.

OVER VICTOR -- WE SEE THE BUS RUSHING HEADLONG TOWARD HIM --

THE BUS DRIVER SWERVES --

VICTOR SHUTS HIS EYES --

BUS TIRES SKID FUTILELY --

AND THE BUS EXPLODES THROUGH THE GUARD RAILING.....

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME

THE BUS ARCS OFF INTO SPACE. ALL SOUND FALLING AWAY AS THE
BUS NOSES DOWN AND PLUNGES --

FALLING...

FALLING...

NOW IN SLOW MOTION...

THE YELLOW ROOF GLIDING DOWNWARD THROUGH FRAME...

EXITING THE BOTTOM OF THE FRAME...

AND WE HEAR THE DULL THUD OF IMPACT.

THE CAMERA HOLDING ABOVE IT -- FOCUSED ON THE SLOPE WHERE A
FEW TREES IMPROBABLY HAVE FOUND PURCHASE.

NOW DUST FROM THE UNSEEN CRASH RISES UP INTO FRAME, THE
DRIFTING ETHEREAL DUST PARTICLES WAFTING ON AIR CURRENTS.

AND NOW WE HEAR THE SOFT RIFFLE OF THE MOUNTAIN WIND --

SENDING THE DUST DRIFTING AWAY...

-- AS THE SCREEN WASHES TO WHITE.

END OF PILOT