

EXHIBIT 1

ON BLACK:

A tiny circle of LIGHT appears. It grows as it moves towards us, or as we move towards it, dancing, spiraling.

We pass through the light--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAY

DREAMLIKE: *We run first person, frantic, the trees and brush a blur. A figure follows, silhouetted, black gloves. We fall as the figure reaches. We hear SCREAMING, CHOKING.*

We cut to a voyeuristic angle, high above, the figure hunched over his victim, unseen except for her long black hair.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOWELL HOME, REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Reflected in a dresser mirror we see REBECCA LOWELL, 9, pretty, TOSSING in bed, a terrible nightmare. Her mother, LAURA LOWELL, 28, bursts into the room.

Rebecca CHOKES. Laura shakes her awake. Rebecca opens her eyes, disoriented.

LAURA

I'm here. I'm here.

Rebecca cups her throat.

REBECCA

(traumatized)

I can't breathe--

LAURA

(overwhelmed)

You're safe. You're in your own room, in your own bed, safe and sound.

She looks at her mother as if she's a stranger. Laura pulls Rebecca to her breast, rocking her, watching their reflection in the mirror, nervous, her eyes bloodshot.

INT. PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Detective Jack Ridge's office door. We move inside.

Sitting at his desk, slumped over from exhaustion is JACK RIDGE, 49, sickly looking, pale, a deep gravel voice.

He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. On his desk we see photographs of Angelina, a map of Lansing Michigan, notes scribbled everywhere, opened envelopes marked 'evidence'.

We circle in front of Jack, revealing a figure standing in the doorway.

JOHN HARRINGTON, 31, muscular, sharply dressed. Went right from high school football to law enforcement.

HARRINGTON

You look terrible. Why don't you go home and get some rest?

JACK

What's the date?

HARRINGTON

5th.
(looking at watch)
...6th.

We get a good look at Jack's pasty complexion, the thinness in his jaw, the dark circles under his eyes. He does look terrible.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Results from the DNA search. No matches, so at least she's not a Jane Doe somewhere. Couple of similar case hits, might be worth something.

He drops it on Jack's desk.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I didn't read through it yet. Tomorrow.

Harrington checks his watch again, rubs his tired neck.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I can't even keep my eyes open.

Jack opens the folder and slides out the report.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

She's not wandering around with amnesia from a bump on the head, Jack. She's gone.

Jack slides the picture of Angelina into Harrington's line of sight.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

I got 3 of my own.

Harrington moves to the door.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

...No one will ever accuse you of
not giving your best, Jack.

Harrington exits. Jack turns his attention up towards a MAP on the wall. A pain causes him to sit up straight. He opens a pill bottle and pops two, washing them down with club soda.

A beat, then the door OPENS again.

Harrington re-enters and turns the light on at his desk. He lumbers over, snatches the new case file from Jack and sits back down.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

(guilty)
Asshole...

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE, WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Rebecca sits on a bench, drawing skillfully on a pad. Dark circles under her eyes.

A SECRETARY, 30, types behind a computer desk.

SECRETARY

Would you like some candy?

REBECCA

No thank you.

We see Rebecca is drawing a sketch of the secretary. It is INCREDIBLY DETAILED, she is an artist WAY beyond her years.

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE, DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Laura sits in a chair opposite DOCTOR LEONARD HELLERMAN, 55, gray, distinguished. In this light now we see Laura is attractive, soft features which are beginning to show premature signs of age from too many cigarettes and stress.

LEONARD

I think terminating Rebecca's sessions now would be a mistake. In fact, I was going to recommend you bring her in twice a week.

LAURA

I just don't think this is helping.

LEONARD

The regressive therapy is working, I think we're close to a breakthrough.

LAURA

I haven't slept in days, I'm up every night with her now.

LEONARD

Have you been giving her the medication I prescribed?

LAURA

(no)

She's getting worse, not better.

LEONARD

The best advice I can give you is to stay the course. As I said early on, it's going to get worse before it gets better--

LAURA

--She was fine until we moved here. There's been so much stress, the divorce, new house, new school...

LEONARD

Ms. Lowell, Rebecca isn't reacting to the stress of a new environment. Her episodes were triggered by some sort of traumatic event. Until we know exactly what happened to her, we'll never get to the root of the problem.

LAURA

(defensive)

Nothing happened to her.

Beat. He studies her as she fidgets in the chair.

LEONARD

Look, Laura, if it's the money, I'll even waive my fee.

LAURA

(suspicious)

Why are you so interested in her?

LEONARD

...I want to help you.

Laura abruptly grabs her coat and stands up. She makes a beeline for the door.

LAURA

I'm sorry...Thank you.

She moves through the waiting area, grabbing Rebecca's hand without stopping. Rebecca shuffles her feet to keep up. She drops her sketch pad on the floor.

REBECCA

(O.S)
My book...

They bolt through the door, stomping down a staircase.

The secretary comes around her desk to pick up the book. She sees the drawing of herself and GASPS, covering her mouth.

Leonard comes out of his office. He looks at the sketch, and then towards the door.

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jack and Harrington speak with BRIAN JOHNSON, 19. They stand, he sits out in the open, vulnerable, no table between them. The conversation is calm, almost dull, as if it's been spoken a few times already, repetitive.

BRIAN

I dropped her off at work.

JACK

That's the last time you saw her...

BRIAN

I spoke to her on the phone. She said he was there again.

JACK

The strange man?

HARRINGTON

How come nobody else saw this guy?

BRIAN

She worked the ticket booth. Alone. They only come when she needs refills and change.

HARRINGTON

A witness across the street at the laundromat said she saw a girl that matched Angelina's description climb into a tan car, not sure the model. Didn't get a look at the driver.

JACK

Why would she voluntarily get into the car of someone she doesn't know?

HARRINGTON

You drive a tan car. 2005 Pontiac.

BRIAN

I was working late, you know where I was.

JACK

One of your deliveries took over an hour and a half.

BRIAN

I had a flat tire. How many times are you gonna ask me this?

Brian puts his head in his hands, tired, frustrated. Harrington and Jack retreat to a corner.

Brian watches them.

HARRINGTON

What are you doing?

JACK

The father never trusted him. There's something we missed, I'm close.

HARRINGTON

There's nothing to hold him on.

JACK

Every day that passes we're losing--

HARRINGTON

It's been over three months, Jack. She's gone. Her picture goes up on the wall with all the others.

JACK

So we just sit around until it happens again?

HARRINGTON

There's no proof of any pattern.

JACK

Three girls in two years, all Hispanic, all around the same age--

HARRINGTON

Two--until we find a body she's still just another missing person--

JACK

Which means she might still be alive.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
If it was your child--

HARRINGTON
Don't make it personal Jack, it'll
eat you alive, you know better.

Lieutenant CLARENCE LAFAVE, 58, enters.

CLARENCE
Jack, I never cleared this.

JACK
Just five more minutes.

CLARENCE
We're done here. Release him. Then
go home and get some sleep, you look
terrible.
(on Jack's protest)
I'm not asking.

In this light we get a good look at Jack's pasty complexion,
dark circles under his eyes. He does look terrible.

BRIAN
(sullen)
You guys don't know anything at all,
do you?

INT. CARL ROSA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- MORNING

Carl Rosa, 39, thick Spanish accent, sits at a small table,
his hands clenched in grief. Jack hovers nearby.

JACK
I understand how you must feel.

Beat.

CARL
You got any kids?

JACK
...No.

CARL
You have no idea how I feel.

Jack lowers his head.

CARL (CONT'D)
She's out there, waiting for me...

JACK
Mr. Rosa, it's November. In cases
like this, after the first 48 hours,
the odds of finding--

Carl turns to Jack, his eyes solemn.

CARL
She's alive. I know it.

INT. JACK'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jack's home is cold, empty looking. Jack enters the kitchen. Angelina's case file spread across the kitchen table. He picks up a prescription pill bottle, one of several. It is clearly labelled, "DO NOT mix with alcohol."

He opens his fridge, empty except for a few BEER cans. He grabs one, shoves the pills in his mouth, then POPS the lid.

His answering machine is BLINKING. He presses it.

SOLICITOR
(on answering machine)
There's never been a better time
than now to get term life insurance
for only--

Jack skips to the next message.

ROBERT
(on answering machine)
Hi Jack, it's Robert again.

Jack turns to the machine, his face still. Next to the phone we see a framed PHOTOGRAPH of Jack, SMILING (the only time we'll ever see him smile) his arm around a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(insecure)
I don't know if you're getting these
messages, I know how busy you are.
Please call me, we need to talk.
Something a brother should know,
anyway. We're still at the same
number....be really great to hear
from you. Trish sends her best.

Jack hits the ERASE button. He moves to the BEDROOM.

He opens his closet and puts away his jacket and gun holster. There is a BLACK SUIT hanging, wrapped in plastic. Jack pauses to glance at it, an impending look.

INT. JACK'S HOME -- LATER

Jack lays on his bed, wearing the suit, arms folded in front, like a corpse. He closes his eyes. LONG BEAT.

ON BLACK

We HEAR COMMOTION, muffled, distant.

PARAMEDIC
Blood pressures dropping.

PARAMEDIC 2
We're losing him.

PARAMEDIC
Pulse rate?

PARAMEDIC 2
We're losing him!

WOMAN'S VOICE
(in our ear, softly)
There's a reason...

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- DAY

A yellow kite floats in the blue sky. It disappears in the glare of the sun. We run towards a tree by a small pond.

There are two pairs of legs sticking out from behind the tree. We can't see who they belong to, but they are apparently locked in a rolling embrace.

We look into the still water. We see a reflection of a YOUNG BOY, about 6 years old.

A telephone RINGS, shattering the dream.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOME -- MORNING

Jack has overslept. The phone RINGS again. He opens his eyes, reaching over some beer bottles to grab the phone.

JACK
Hello?

LEONARD
Jack? It's Leonard. Dr. Leonard
Hellerman?

JACK

Leonard. They miss you around the courthouse.

LEONARD

Jack, I need to speak to you. It's about your case.

JACK

What about it?

LEONARD

I'd like to speak to you in person. Can you come to my office?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Jack enters Leonard's office. Behind him in the hall, we see several children fussing on their parent's laps, a teenage girl moping. Jack closes the door, shutting out the noise.

LEONARD

Hello Jack.

JACK

You running a nursery?

Leonard does a double take upon seeing how Jack's appearance has disintegrated since they last met.

LEONARD

I...only treat children now.

JACK

Got tired of patients putting you in headlocks?

LEONARD

It's less money, but yes, the risks are few, thanks for hashing that up. Please sit down.

Jack sits. He coughs into a handkerchief.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

That doesn't sound good.

JACK

(ignoring)
You said you have something for me?

Beat. Leonard inhales.

LEONARD

I'm not supposed to divulge anything about patients. But under the circumstances, I feel an obligation. Can I trust your discretion?

JACK

That depends...

Beat.

LEONARD

(measured)

Jack, I think one of my patients may have witnessed a murder.

Leonard waits for Jack's reaction. Jack sits back.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

She was brought to me suffering from night terrors, erratic behavior, blackouts. The elementary school psychologist referred her. I've been putting the child through regressive hypnotherapy to try and get to the root cause.

Jack is intrigued.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Without provocation she recounted witnessing a brutal attack in graphic detail. The girl she described ...matches Angelina's description.

JACK

Maybe she saw something on TV. They don't censor details like they used to.

LEONARD

If I can recognize anything after all those years of examining witness testimony, it's how to discern the difference between imagination, and real memories.

JACK

Who is she? Can I speak to her?

Leonard stands up and opens a very large file cabinet.

LEONARD

The mother concluded her treatment.
(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I don't think I'll be seeing her
again.

He pulls a folder.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The sessions were recorded. Most of
the dialogue is random and obscure,
but you'll know it when you hear it.

He hands jack an audio TAPE. Jack takes it and stands.

JACK

(skeptical)

I'm working against time here. If
you think it's worth looking into,
maybe I should just go speak with--

LEONARD

(dissuading)

She has no conscious recall of the
incident.

Jack heads for the door.

JACK

You said the school recommended you?

LEONARD

Jack, I'm violating a trust by telling
you this.

Jack opens the door. A young boy is SMASHING his head on
the other side of it.

Jack glances at Leonard, the irony not escaping him.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack drives along the entrance to an elementary school.

The sun is shining, and hundreds of kids are enjoying recess
in the large playground. He turns into the parking area.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Jack walks by the playground slowly, a profound longing and
emptiness visible in his eyes as he watches them play.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Jack sits in the office of AARON PHILLIPS, 30, school
psychologist.

MR. PHILLIPS

She's exceptionally bright. Off the charts as we say. When she started here, she seemed fine. Then overnight her teachers noticed a sudden, disturbing change in her behavior. It got to the point where her episodes became a distraction to the class.

JACK

What's wrong with her?

MR. PHILLIPS

I can't say. There's only so much we can offer here. Doctor Hellerman comes highly recommended.

JACK

Any problems at her last school?

MR. PHILLIPS

They were surprised to hear about it.

A woman sticks her head in.

SECRETARY

Mr. Phillips? She's here.

MR. PHILLIPS

I'll need to document the nature of your visit, detective--?

JACK

(deflecting)

Ridge. This won't take a minute.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits across from Rebecca at a small table. Her clothes are thrift store.

JACK

(slow and paced)

Rebecca, My name's Jack Ridge, I'm a police detective.

Rebecca gives him an odd look.

JACK (CONT'D)

Mind if I ask you a few questions?

She wrinkles her nose.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello?

Rebecca stares at him in a way that makes him uncomfortable, not an easy feat, considering Jack could probably stare down the barrel of a gun without flinching. Jack COUGHS. He shakes two pills into his hand and swallows them dry.

REBECCA

You take pills too?

Their eyes lock.

JACK

Sometimes.

REBECCA

Do they make you sleepy?

JACK

Sometimes...Are you ready to--

REBECCA

You look funny.

JACK

I do?

REBECCA

You look just like my grandfather did before he died.

Jack hardens a moment, not sure how to respond to that. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a PICTURE of Angelina.

JACK

Do you recognize this girl?

He shows it to her. She stares at it.

JACK (CONT'D)

A lot of people are looking for her.
It's my job to bring her home.

Beat. She looks up at Jack and slowly NODS.

JACK (CONT'D)

(encouraged)
Where did you last see her?

REBECCA

On TV.

JACK
(disappointed)
TV...

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
Anything else you can tell me?

She shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Something maybe you felt uncomfortable
telling someone else?

She shakes her head no.

JACK (CONT'D)
Her family is worried sick. They're
afraid something bad might have
happened to her.

Rebecca stares at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
I promise, if you tell me, nothing
bad will happen to you.

No response. Jack gets impatient.

JACK (CONT'D)
I hear you have terrible nightmares.
Is that true?

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
About a girl? About something bad
happening?

She shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you think maybe you're having
these dreams because of something
you saw on TV?

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)
Rebecca?

She stares.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ok...

REBECCA

How do you know I have nightmares?
Did my mother tell you?

Jack is caught off guard.

JACK

(closing)

I appreciate you taking time out of
class to come and talk to me, Rebecca.

REBECCA

(shrugging)

We were doing fractions.

JACK

You like math?

REBECCA

No.

JACK

Why not?

REBECCA

The teacher yelled at me.

JACK

She did? What for?

REBECCA

Correcting her.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

The last bell has rung, and children file out each door of
the school, racing to get home.

Rebecca climbs down the steps, trying to avoid any attention.
Two rude boys, JEFF and TOMMY, same age, push past her.

TOMMY

Watch out, she's mental.

JEFF

I think she's foaming at the mouth.

Rebecca ignores them. Another classmate, SARAH, looks on,
feeling sorry for Rebecca, but too afraid to say anything.

Rebecca unlocks her weather beaten BICYCLE from a bike rack.
She climbs on and pedals, but the chain FALLS OFF.

In the background merciless child LAUGHTER, especially Tommy and Jeff, who never miss an opportunity.

SARAH
Leave her alone!

Rebecca looks over at Sarah. She toughs it out, marching her bike away defiantly, but the hurt is visible.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca walks her wounded bike past an entrance to a wooded area. She slows, a look of apprehension. She HURRIES past.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- LATER

Laura sits at the kitchen table. She spots Rebecca angrily TOSSING her bike down on the grass. She enters the house and storms right past Laura.

LAURA
Hey, where've you been? I was worried sick.

Laura looks up the staircase.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Becky?

INT. LOWELL HOME, REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Adorning Rebecca's room is a gallery of artistic PAINTINGS, each more detailed than the last, truly amazing.

Rebecca throws her book bag on the bed and sits down at an ART EASEL in the center of the room. She takes a brush and dips it in a waiting jar of water.

She continues a painting of a tree, half completed. We rise up to see it is a pixel perfect replica of the tree growing outside her window. *A true prodigy if there ever was one.*

Laura enters the room.

LAURA
You ok?

No answer. She moves around to where Rebecca can see her.

LAURA (CONT'D)
That bike was broken when I rode it to school. I'll get you a new one. I promise.

She looks at her new painting.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Pretty soon we'll have to open a gallery for your collection.

REBECCA

(still painting)

Mom, why'd we have to come here?

Laura sighs, she's had this conversation already. She caresses Rebecca's face. Rebecca lets her.

LAURA

Warm milk isn't doing the trick, so I brought home some herbal teas from work. Maybe we can try it, huh?

She kisses the top of Rebecca's head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Try and get some sleep tonight?

No answer. Laura puts her arms around her, getting emotional. She looks at a photograph on Rebecca's dresser of her, her ex-husband, muscular, tattooed, and Rebecca in the middle, all smiling. Rebecca has outlined the picture with a heart.

Rebecca is WINKING at the camera.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry baby. I screwed everything up, didn't I...

INT. PRECINCT -- MORNING

Jack walks through the hallway. Another officer, JENNIFER TATE, 33, sitting behind a desk, calls out to him.

JENNIFER

Ridge, you got a call on line two. He says he's your brother?

JACK

(sour)

Tell him I'm dead.

Jack enters his office.

JENNIFER

(into phone)

I'm sorry, he's dead.

Beat.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Just now. You wanna leave a message?

INT. PRECINCT, JACK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack sits at his desk. He takes a CASSETTE PLAYER from a desk drawer and pops Rebecca's tape inside. He presses play.

LEONARD

(on tape)

Subject's name Rebecca Lowell, 9 years old. Initial observations bright, articulate, yet difficulty with social interaction. Suffers from persistent insomnia, stomach ailments, blackouts. Having trouble procuring source of her distress, so far unresponsive to open dialogue & session Q&A.

Jack fast forwards the tape.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I believe the problem is being obscured by a defensive subconscious. Ruled out possibility of parental abuse, however the query is not completely off the table. I'll attempt to probe deeper, possibly regress into early stages of development.

Jack fast forwards some more.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

That's good, just relax. Listen to the sound of my voice.

He fast forwards some more.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

When you were a little girl, what was your favorite doll?

Rebecca's responses are slow and groggy.

REBECCA

Mimmy.

LEONARD

Think about Mimmy, think about the first time you saw her. Think back. Can you see her, hold her?

REBECCA

Yes.

LEONARD
How old are you?

REBECCA
Three.

LEONARD
Are you happy here?

REBECCA
Yes.

LEONARD
Now, I want you to move to the time
when you were most frightened, and
remember, it's just a memory, you're
safe with me.

Long Beat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Rebecca?

Rebecca's voice suddenly changes, DEEPENS.

REBECCA
I'm cold. I hear a train. It's
loud.

LEONARD
Tell me what you see.

REBECCA
The river. There's a willow. All
black. Burned. It's falling into
the water.

LEONARD
What else?

REBECCA
...I'm scared.

LEONARD
What are you scared of?

Rebecca starts to breathe rapidly.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Is someone there with you?

REBECCA
Yes.

LEONARD
Is it your father?

REBECCA
No.

LEONARD
Your mother?

Beat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
What happened here, Rebecca? What
frightened you?

Beat.

REBECCA
(reliving the moment)
She's hurt.

LEONARD
Who?

REBECCA
(rapid breathing)
She's not breathing.

LEONARD
Who's hurt?

She hyperventilates.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
What does she look like?

REBECCA
(stuttering)
Pretty...black hair. There's blood.
Blood coming out her nose!

LEONARD
Do you know her?

Long Beat.

REBECCA
(very distressed)
She has no clothes.

LEONARD
Stay calm.

REBECCA
(shouting at someone)
She can't breathe! She can't breathe!
Stop it!

LEONARD
Rebecca, who are you shouting at?

REBECCA
I want to go home...

LEONARD
Remember, they're just images, let
my voice guide you.

REBECCA
(shrieking)
No! She's not dead! Don't!

LEONARD
Who is harming the girl Rebecca?
Can you see a face?

REBECCA
No, please--

Rebecca makes a CHOKING sound.

LEONARD
Concentrate on my voice, Rebecca!

REBECCA
(choking)
Stop!

LEONARD
On the count of three I'm going to
bring you out, one, two--

REBECCA LETS OUT A BLOOD CURDLING SHRIEK.

Jack STOPS the tape. He unclenches his fist, exhaling.

He takes a moment to gather himself.

NEW ANGLE

Jack stands before the large map on the wall. He searches with his finger till he finds the Twin Rivers. His tongue pokes through his lips as he takes a thumbtack and presses it where his finger was.

He takes a marker and measures with his finger three inches. He draws a radius, then a full circle around the thumbtack.

He picks up the phone.

JACK
Clarence. I want to do another sweep.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
I know, I know. Different area this
time, north, by the river.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- DAY

Rebecca sits on the grass, trying to fix her bike. She turns a wrench, then rights it on it's wheels. She gets on and pedals a few feet. The chain falls off again, and she HOPS OFF before crashing.

JACK (O.S.)
You'll hurt yourself.

She looks up to see Jack standing over her.

JACK (CONT'D)
Remember me? We spoke at school?

REBECCA
I'm 9, not 90.

Jack motions towards the bike.

JACK
What's wrong?

REBECCA
I think the chain got stretched.

JACK
Here, let me see.

Jack carefully kneels down. He grabs the screwdriver from Rebecca and starts bending the freewheel.

JACK (CONT'D)
Looks like someone was screwing around
with this.

REBECCA
The rear derailleur is bent.

Jack pauses, raises his eyebrows, then bends the metal back and starts threading the chain.

JACK
Tough being the new kid, huh?

REBECCA
They all think I'm crazy.

Jack glances at her.

JACK
I was the new kid once. My dad was
in the army, so we traveled a lot.
I was small, prime target.

He leans in and unspools the chain.

JACK (CONT'D)
They teased me, called me names.
One day I just decided I wasn't going
to let it get to me anymore.

REBECCA
(empathetic)
What did you do?

JACK
I just ignored them.

REBECCA
What happened?

JACK
They pulled my underwear over my
head and tossed me in a trash can.

Rebecca frowns.

JACK (CONT'D)
But after a while they gave up. The
trick is no matter how bad it makes
you feel inside, always stay strong
on the outside. And if that doesn't
work there's always option number 2.

REBECCA
Option number 2?

JACK
Hit em where it hurts, then run.

REBECCA
I like that option better.

Jack finishes threading the chain. He rights the bike,
straining from the effort. Rebecca notices, curious.

JACK
There. Try that.

Rebecca gets on. She pedals, gliding down the sidewalk.
Jack looks at his palms, covered in grease.

Laura exits the front door of the house and approaches.

LAURA
(cautious, suspicious)
You just saved me 100 bucks.

JACK
Mrs. Lowell?

Laura is caught off-guard.

LAURA
(her smile draining)
Ms. ...Can I help you?

JACK
Detective Jack Ridge.

He shows his greasy hands as a reason not to shake hers.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm investigating the disappearance
of Angelina Rosa.

LAURA
(one eye on Rebecca)
I've seen it on tv.

JACK
You recently brought Rebecca to see
a Doctor Hellerman?

Laura's friendly demeanor evaporates even more.

LAURA
(how did you know)
What's this have to do with my
daughter?

JACK
He ever discuss his concern that
what was troubling Rebecca could be
repressed memory of an actual crime?

Tense Beat. Laura looks at Jack like he has two heads.

LAURA
What?

JACK

(calming)

Doctor Hellerman used to deal in criminal psychiatry. We worked together on several cases, he provided competency evaluations of defendants we were prosecuting. He's got a lot of experience with witness testimony.

LAURA

...He never mentioned anything--what right does he have to discuss my daughter's--

JACK

(continuing)

Anytime there's information that can help prevent or solve a serious crime, disclosure is warranted.

LAURA

What crime?

Jack looks over at Rebecca.

JACK

Angelina's been missing over 3 months now. College student, straight A's, good home. Not the kind to just run away.

LAURA

How could Rebecca know anything about it?

JACK

I don't know.

Laura shakes her head incredulously.

LAURA

She never leaves my sight, except to go to school and back.

JACK

You're saying you don't think there's any chance--

LAURA

Rebecca would have told me.

JACK

Perhaps she was scared to? Or threatened?

LAURA
I can't believe I'm having this
conversation...

Rebecca pulls up to them.

REBECCA
It's working great now!

LAURA
Becky, go inside.

Rebecca thinks of protesting, but senses her mother's serious tone. She walks her bike into the garage.

JACK
I'll admit, I was skeptical myself--

LAURA
This is ridiculous. She's been having
nightmares, and trouble at school.
We've both been through a lot lately.
It's hard on a child.

JACK
I didn't mean to push...You get to
the point of frustration I am with
this case, you'll listen to anything
on the slim chance that--

LAURA
He wanted to prescribe all these
pills...

JACK
Is that why you stopped seeing the
doctor?

LAURA
There's nothing wrong with her.
Nothing we can't work through
ourselves.

Jack takes out his card.

JACK
I see. Well, if you think of anything--

Jack begins to COUGH violently. Laura takes a step back.

JACK (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
Don't worry. I'm not contagious.

Laura takes the card.

LAURA

Is this why he was so interested in her?

JACK

How do you mean?

LAURA

He offered to treat Rebecca for free. Called several times, left messages on my machine, even offered to come here. Don't you think that's strange?

JACK

Yes I do. Please...feel free to call me. Anytime.

Jack hobbles off.

LAURA

Thanks...for fixing the bike.

Laura watches him a moment then turns toward the house. Rebecca looks out through the window.

Jack climbs into his car. He coughs into his handkerchief again. He removes it from his mouth. It's filled with BLOOD.

The look on Jack's face tells us that's a new symptom.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Through the branches of a tree, we angle on a window in a doctor's office building.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jack sits alone on an examination table. DOCTOR WEXLER, 45 enters the room, a look of concern.

Jack puts on a brave face.

DOCTOR WEXLER

It's spreading faster than we expected.

Jack grimaces.

JACK

What now?

DOCTOR WEXLER

Well, there's still the option of surgery--

JACK

No.

DOCTOR WEXLER

At this stage there's few alternatives.

Jack looks down, scared.

JACK

How long?

DOCTOR WEXLER

It's hard to say, everyone's different--

JACK

--About.

The doctor takes a step towards Jack.

DOCTOR WEXLER

(gently)

You might want to think about getting your affairs in order.

Jack takes a deep breath. He looks up at the ceiling, trying to contain his emotions.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you a new prescription, at a higher dosage.

Jack slides off the table and starts to get dressed.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)

I'll contact the department, recommend that you be placed on disability--

JACK

No.

DOCTOR WEXLER

You're entitled.

JACK

(adamant)

I can't leave, not yet.

Beat.

DOCTOR WEXLER

Alright.

The doctor scribbles something on a PAD.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)
 Jack, the final stages can be
 very...difficult. Is there someone
 at home to help you out?

JACK
 No.

DOCTOR WEXLER
 No family? Sister? ...Brother?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
 ...No-one.

DOCTOR WEXLER
 I know a very good hospice provider.
 I can put in a good word for you,
 they sometimes have a waiting list.

The doctor hands him the prescriptions.

DOCTOR WEXLER (CONT'D)
 Take some time, think about it.

Jack buttons his shirt, staring out the window as RAIN begins
 to fall.

INT. JACK'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jack stares into a bathroom mirror, as if examining his soul.
 He's had too much to drink.

JACK
 Defective...you're defective,
 detective.

Jack grimaces at himself, pathetically.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jack is asleep in his easy chair. He doesn't look
 comfortable.

The phone RINGS. Jack looks up at the clock on the wall.
 It says 5 a.m.

He shakes his head slowly.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAWN

The blast of HELICOPTER ROTORS scream across the screen, hugging the terrain.

INT. HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

Through the pilot's P.O.V. we see several police officers marching across a field, searching...

EXT. WOODED AREA, RIVER -- LATER MORNING

A once tranquil spot is now teeming with police and forensics.

Jack approaches a sea of volunteers and police personnel part, revealing a team EXCAVATING A BODY. We can't see any details of it's condition.

JACK STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

The area dug up is beneath a large WILLOW TREE, split in two from a lightning strike, burned black. Half of its limbs drape across the rushing rivers edge, submerged.

In the distance we hear the whine of a freight train WHISTLE. Jack turns to it, his mind racing.

EXT. WOODED AREA, RIVER -- LATER

Harrington smokes a cigarette, speaking to Jack. The team continues to comb the scene for clues.

HARRINGTON

Last year I took the boys fishin' up in Roanoke, not a nibble the whole freakin' day. The kids were bored, drivin' me nuts.

Jack stares out at the river, deep in thought.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Finally, I'm just about to call it a day when BAM, I hooked this Pickerel, man what a fight. I got it up out of the water, but before I could net it, the squirmy fucker snapped my reel. Can you believe that?

Jack turns around.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Must have weighed 15 or 16 pounds.

JACK
He buried this one. He just dumped
the others. Why so concerned with
this one?

Jack eyeballs the news helicopter circling overhead.

HARRINGTON
Jack, how did you know?

JACK
Know what?

Harrington takes a long suspicious drag on his cigarette.

HARRINGTON
Clarence said you told them to search
this area, said you were very
specific.

JACK
...Gut feeling.

Harrington takes a long suspicious drag on his cigarette.

HARRINGTON
Just like that. Maybe they should
change your title to Jack Ridge,
psychic detective?

The Coroner approaches.

CORONER
Judging by the level of decay, I'd
say the body's been down there 10
years.

Jack's expression hardens.

JACK
Ten years? That's impossible.

Jack turns away, his thoughts scattering.

HARRINGTON
Jack?

JACK
(walking away)
I have to make a phone call.

INT. CARL ROSA'S HOME -- DAY

We frame an empty living room. The phone RINGS.

Carl Rosa, haggard and spent, meanders out from behind a door and crosses the room. After a few rings, he picks up.

CARL ROSA
(bracing)
Hello?

JACK
(on phone)
Carl...Detective Ridge.

CARL ROSA
(dread)
...Yes.

JACK
I wanted to call you personally before
you heard about it on the news.

Carl shuts his eyes, his heart sinking. He sits down.

CARL ROSA
(voice cracking)
Yes?

JACK
...We found the body of a young girl
today.

CARL ROSA
(weak)
Oh God...

Carl wipes his face with his hand, trying to keep it together.

JACK
We don't have a positive ID on the
body yet.

Carl stares at the floor, going limp.

JACK (CONT'D)
But...we're almost certain...that
it's not Angelina.

After a moment, Jack's words resonate, and Carl looks up again, a trace of hope and color returning to his face.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jack hovers over the exam table, Skeletal remains OBSCURED from view. Opposite is the Medical Examiner, SAM, 55, CHINESE, glasses. Harrington stands off to the side.

SAM

Multiple knife entry wounds through the breastplate, second and third rib.

Sam moves up towards the neck area.

SAM (CONT'D)

No cavities, these missing front teeth were not from poor hygiene.

Jack exhales painfully.

SAM (CONT'D)

The Hyoid bone was crushed.

Sam points to something, drawing Jack's attention.

SAM (CONT'D)

Those marks on the wrist were caused by some sort of restraint, a wire. Lab's testing the residue. She must have pulled so hard it dug right through the skin, serrated the bone.

JACK

Tough kid...

Jack coughs hard. Sam notes it, concerned, but he continues.

SAM

The trauma to the patella and feet are consistent with the others.

JACK

Held captive?

SAM

Those marks were caused by being kept immobile on a hard, wiry surface for an extended period of time. Definitely same pattern, same M.O.

Jack stares at Harrington, who looks down.

JACK

Likes to have his way with them for a while. Take his time.

HARRINGTON

Control, a power thing...

JACK

Which means Angelina might still be alive.

SAM

The years of decay make it hard to determine the exact cause of death. But it doesn't appear to have been quick and painless.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- MORNING

Laura parks the car and drops Rebecca off at school.

LAURA

Be good. Try and have fun sweety.

REBECCA

Ok, mom.

Laura watches as Rebecca approaches the entrance. A boy rudely pushes past her, knocking her aside.

Laura grimaces, shaking her head.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca spots Sarah. Sarah smiles back, timidly.

REBECCA

Hi.

Sarah goes to speak, but a mean spirited girl, CHRISTINA, barks at her.

CHRISTINA

What, you friends with this weirdo?

Sarah quickly shakes her head, and looks away. Rebecca keeps walking, upset, terrified someone might notice.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Psycho.

Sarah looks back towards Rebecca, ashamed.

INT. PRECINCT -- DAY

Jack sits at his desk. He puts two pills into his hand. Then a third. He swallows them with water.

Harrington enters.

HARRINGTON

I took the over on Denver last night. Drinks are on me.

Jack puts the bottle away discreetly.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot, you don't go out. In fact you don't socialize at all, do you?

Harrington drops a folder in front of Jack, a picture affixed on top with a paper clip.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Id on the body, name's Carmen Muniz, she was 19. Family hasn't been notified yet.

Jack's eyes gravitate towards the picture of Carmen. Plain, young, sweet. Resembles Angelina. He throws his coat on.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Oh, you volunteer? Good.

Jack moves towards the door.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

They want you to do a press thing this afternoon.

JACK

You love to talk.

HARRINGTON

Only about football.

After Jack leaves, Harrington reaches over and examines Jack's pain medication. A concerned look. He places it back behind the book where Jack keeps it.

INT. JACK'S CAR, DRIVING -- DAY

Jack turns down an urban street. Through Jack's POV, we pass a sign that reads "Woods Avenue".

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- ESTABLISHING

A crowded apartment complex, run down, neglected.

INT. HESTER MUNIZ HOME -- DAY

Jack stands with HESTER MUNIZ, 50. Hester wipes her eyes with a handkerchief, sniffing. In an adjoining apartment, a couple ARGUES in Spanish.

HESTER MUNIZ

All these years I pray she living her life somewhere.

JACK

I'm truly sorry for your loss.

HESTER MUNIZ

I see that pretty young girl on TV every night. They never once mention Carmen when she disappear.

JACK

I read her missing person's report. What can you remember about the night she disappeared?

Hester sits down. She shakes her head.

HESTER MUNIZ

(tearful)

We had a fight. I pray and pray she come home. All these years, I beg Jesus, please, just let me speak to my baby one more time, tell her I'm sorry.

JACK

Who else lives here?

HESTER MUNIZ

My husband die two year ago.

Hester begins to cry. An old White-fur COLLIE enters. Jack touches the dog's head. It paws him, he like's Jack.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

Faucet, no!

She puts the dog outside. Jack wipes away slobber on his pants.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

(a grin)

Carmen name him Faucet, his nose always running.

Jack straightens himself up. He examines several artistic PAINTINGS on the walls. Another incredible artist.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

She was so talented. Her father work himself into the grave to keep us here. She get scholarship for her art, he was so proud.

There's a framed high school graduation photo of CARMEN, her arm around Francisco, her brother, age 10. In the photograph, we see she is wearing a gold cross around her neck.

Jack moves to another photo. We see Carmen smiling with her arm around another young girl, her age. Jack looks closer and we see the other girl is a young *LAURA LOWELL*. Jack picks it up, intrigued.

Carmen is smiling with a WINK.

JACK

Who's this?

HESTER MUNIZ

Her friend...I forget her name.

Jack studies the picture, his mind racing. Hester takes a gold cross on a chain from a framed photo of Carmen as a little girl.

She hesitates a moment, revering it's sentimentality, then puts it into jack's hand and closes it, holding it with him as if she can't bear to let it go.

Jack looks into her tearful eyes.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

(choking up)

This was Carmen's. Go with God.

Bring justice for my daughter.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

Rebecca sits on the playground cement, drawing a DOG in chalk. Tommy STEPS on her drawing. She looks up.

TOMMY

(sing song)

Reba, the retard.

Rebecca ignores him. Another boy joins the taunting.

JEFF

I hear she's crazy. Had to go to a brain doctor.

REBECCA

Get lost.

JEFF

Why don't you make me?

Rebecca stands up. A crowd begins to form. Christina circles like a vulture.

CHRISTINA

You gonna draw us a picture?

Christina steps up in her face and pushes her. Rebecca goes to push back, but something restrains her and she thinks twice. She stands her ground.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

What's the matter, you scared?

They tauntingly circle her. Sarah sees what is happening and heroically approaches.

REBECCA

(calm)

You don't bother me.

CHRISTINA

You think you're so smart, don't you?

TOMMY

Think you're better than us?

JEFF

Watch it, I think she's foaming at the mouth.

TOMMY

Let me see.

Tommy GRABS Rebecca by the arm, and she pulls away. The other two join in and start WRESTLING her, refusing to let her ignore them.

A crowd of curious children encircles them, shouting taunts.

REBECCA

Get away!

CHRISTINA

Grab her hair!

Sarah pushes through the crowd, but it's too late.

SARAH

Leave her alone!

They tumble to the ground, Rebecca underneath the pile.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(hysterical)

Stop it!!

JEFF

(laughing)

Hold her down!

SARAH
You're hurting her!

Through Rebecca's P.O.V., we see a flash of LIGHT, then flashes of something like a waking dream, large HANDS groping her, fingers choking her, blood and terror.

We reverse to her face, now in the throws of a violent SEIZURE, flailing about as if drowning.

Tommy lets up, frightened. He slowly backs away.

MRS. WATSON, a teacher's aide, spots the melee and rushes over, blowing her WHISTLE. She wades through the sea of tiny onlookers.

MRS. WATSON
What's going on? Break it up!

The three troublemakers back away, alarmed at the damage they have caused.

TOMMY
We didn't mean it. We were just kidding.

Mrs. Watson kneels down and cradles Rebecca's head, which is SHAKING violently, her body quivering. Several children burst into tears, frightened.

She blows her WHISTLE again, a long breath like an ALARM.

P.O.V. REBECCA

Inside Rebecca's mind, she looks up through the branches of a tree. The vision spins, faster and faster, turning blood red.

FADE TO BLACK, except for a SMALL CIRCLE OF LIGHT, dancing back and forth, slowly.

NURSE SMITH
(on black)
Just follow the light, that's it.

The tiny ball of light dances, swirling towards us. The rest of the frame brightens, as we slowly focus on NURSE SMITH'S face, 35, attractive, shining a PENLIGHT into Rebecca's eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

We reverse to see Rebecca, dazed, vacant.

Laura stands nearby, still wearing her Super Saver apron from work. She bites her nails as she looks on helplessly.

INT. HOSPITAL -- LATER

Laura paces in the hallway. Jack turns the corner, spots Laura, hobbles towards her.

JACK
(calling out)
Ms. Lowell.

LAURA
Detective?

JACK
(calm)
I went to your job, they told me you were here.

LAURA
(surprised)
What's going on?

JACK
I was just about to ask you.

Laura looks back at Rebecca's room.

LAURA
(none of your business)
She got into a fight. Bunch of God damn animals.

Jack attempts to peer in at Rebecca.

JACK
We found a body, a girl. Down by the Twin Rivers.

Beat.

LAURA
I heard...on the radio.

JACK
The victim's name was Carmen Muniz.

Laura's face drops.

LAURA
(familiar)
...Carmen.

JACK
Ring a bell?

LAURA
God...I knew her.

Laura sits on a bench. Jack rubs his chin, unsure how to proceed.

JACK
Laura, the location we found the body...it matched Rebecca's account.

LAURA
What account? I don't understand.

Beat. Jack wants to say something but refrains.

JACK
...Neither do I.

Laura shakes her head, confused.

LAURA
Look I told you, there's no way Rebecca could know anything about it.

JACK
(suspicious of her)
I agree...

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
The girl we found...was murdered about 10 years ago.

A doctor exits Rebecca's room, interrupting the standoff.

DOCTOR HARRIS
Mrs. Lowell?

LAURA
(unnerved)
Yes?

DOCTOR HARRIS
I'm Doctor Harris.

LAURA
Is she ok?

Jack takes a courteous step back, interrupted.

DOCTOR HARRIS
 She's doing fine. She had a blackout,
 nothing too serious. Has she suffered
 any before?

LAURA
 Yes, several.

DOCTOR HARRIS
 Is she on any medication for them?

Beat.

LAURA
 (guilty)
 No...

DOCTOR HARRIS
 I'd like to keep her here a little
 longer for observation, run a few
 tests, try and get a more definitive
 answer as to what's causing these
 spells.

LAURA
 Can I see her?

Laura follows him into the room. Jack hangs back. Rebecca
 is tossing in her sleep. She SPEAKS in mumbling tones.

A HISPANIC orderly walks in and dumps the garbage as the
 doctor examines her vitals.

Jack listens, attentively. Rebecca gets LOUDER.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 What's she saying?

The doctor shakes his head, unsure.

DOCTOR HARRIS
 I don't know.

The Hispanic orderly looks over.

ORDERLY
 (Thick Spanish Accent)
 She praying.

Laura looks down at Rebecca with confusion. Rebecca's SPANISH
 words grow more and more audible.

REBECCA
 (whispered, repeatedly)
 Santa María, Madre de Dios, ruega
 por nosotros, pecadores, ahora y en
 la hora de nuestra muerte. Amen.

Laura's eyes are wide. Jack watches silently from the doorway.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

We slowly push in on Leonard's office window.

LEONARD (O.S.)
 Jack, I risked my practice by
 confiding in you. I was trying to
 help you.

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack paces in front of Leonard's desk.

JACK
 Something very strange is going on,
 Leonard. I feel like you're not
 telling me everything.

There's a newspaper on Leonard's desk. The headline reads:
 "Body of girl missing 10 years found." There's a picture of
 Carmen under the headline.

LEONARD
 I've already said more than I should
 have. You didn't tell the mother I
 gave you the tapes did you? I never
 even let her listen to them.

JACK
 (impatient)
 You were right, Rebecca's descriptions
 were vivid.

LEONARD
 A credible recollection, not a vivid
 imagination, I told you.

Jack grows intense.

JACK
 It's not possible...how?

LEONARD
 You mean how could a nine year old
 girl describe a murder that took
 place...before she was even born?

Jack moves towards Leonard's desk.

JACK

How could she have known? Where'd she get it from?

LEONARD

You heard the tapes. That wasn't her imagination re-creating something she overheard. She was there.

JACK

That doesn't make any sense!

LEONARD

They've positively identified the body?

JACK

We couldn't release it otherwise.

LEONARD

You've visited the family?

JACK

What's going on here, Leonard?

Jack scowls. Leonard sits back and exhales.

SECRETARY

(on intercom)

Doctor, you have a call on 1, Mrs. Burke has a question about her son's prescription.

LEONARD

(to Jack)

I've exposed my practice too much already.

JACK

You called me. I could cite you with obstruction.

LEONARD

But you won't.

JACK

Why?

LEONARD

...Because you want to know just as much as I do.

JACK

You knew this had nothing to do with my case, didn't you?

LEONARD

If it has nothing to do with your case, why are you backtracking your investigation as if these crimes are related?

SECRETARY

(on intercom)

Doctor?

Leonard studies Jack, who stands impatiently. He leans towards his intercom.

LEONARD

Mary, clear my afternoon.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jack and Leonard sit in an adjoining room, across a large oak desk. Volumes of books line the walls on both sides.

LEONARD

(excited)

At first I was convinced I was looking at a clear cut case of some sort of abuse, physical, mental. I noticed she had these marks on her neck, the mother said they were birthmarks. I was suspicious.

Jack listens.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

No matter what I tried I just couldn't get Rebecca to open up. I suggested regression therapy.

Leonard stares at Jack.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The sessions began normally. But as I regressed her further backwards, she became very distressed. I knew I was getting somewhere. Then, something happened...

Leonard sits forward in his chair.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Something that altered my entire belief system, not just as a doctor, as a human being.

JACK

Get to the point.

Leonard rubs his hands briskly.

LEONARD

Do you believe that the complexity of our bodies, our world, our universe is too great to be just mere coincidence?

JACK

Never thought about it.

LEONARD

You a religious man?

Jack looks towards the window.

JACK

(tiring, impatient)

No.

LEONARD

Well, I'm Jewish. And my faith doesn't allow for the possibility of transmigration of the soul. So you can imagine my dismay when this nine year old girl began to recount, in wrenching detail, how she was brutally attacked and viciously raped.

(beat)

She went so far as to describe the pain of having her windpipe crushed, blood rushing out her nose and ears.

JACK

There has to be a logical explanation--

Leonard leans forward.

LEONARD

(intense)

There are two explanations. One is the possibility of transmigration, the other is demonic possession. However I gravely doubt that a demon would possess a young child with intimate knowledge of the problems a

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Dominican immigrant faces in a predominantly white American high school, or fond memories of another loving family and mother. And to my knowledge, no one in her immediate family speaks Spanish, yet I had to translate almost half our session.

Jack leans back.

JACK

It's just not possible.

LEONARD

She even went so far as to recall her fear of dying "unclean" for God. I'm sure I don't have to elaborate. Does that sound like the imagination of a nine year old to you?

Beat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The attention to detail and the forensic pathology with which she described her experience of death virtually eliminated any possibility of an overactive imagination. The evidence of xenoglossy alone should have been enough but I still wasn't convinced. I looked into the identity of this person she described. I found her listing under missing persons.

He reaches into a drawer and hands Jack a printout of the report. It includes a photo of Carmen.

JACK

I've seen it.

LEONARD

I knew if somehow her body was found, it would prove beyond a doubt that what this girl was telling me was real.

Jack's eyes narrow, suspiciously.

JACK

(used)

So you called me. I find the body, give your research credibility. Unbiased validation.

LEONARD

(excitable)

Do you have any idea how important this is? If I can prove it irrefutably, it could rewrite Judeo-Christian dogma as we know it!

Jack stares, his eyes narrow.

JACK

You're crazy.

The doctor leans back in his chair.

LEONARD

In the following weeks I did some research into the subject. Doctor's who risked their practice to publish articles on their experiences. Articles I would have normally dismissed suddenly had a profound resonance. I discovered that an overwhelming majority of these children recall suffering through a painful, untimely death. Usually very violent and traumatic. There's nothing more traumatic than murder.

JACK

What does it prove?

LEONARD

Do you remember your dreams?

JACK

Not really.

LEONARD

But I'm sure in your line of work, you've awoke on several occasions from a terrible nightmare.

JACK

Yes.

LEONARD

Most of us pass away having lived out our dull, normal, boring lives. Ones many of us might WANT to forget. But should you be taken before your time, perhaps stabbed and strangled as you repeatedly begged for your life. That might be something too painful to ever forget.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

We lose most of our childhood memories, but we retain the painful ones in intricate detail. Many of my adult patients come to me because they're plagued by traumatic events from their adolescence. Most of us have difficulty living with just the problems of this life.

JACK

(resisting)

You really believe this?

LEONARD

It took awhile to discard my scientific ideals, but after your discovery by the river, how can I dispute it?

Jack takes another look at Carmen's picture.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I've always been fascinated by how some children come out of the womb with an uncanny ability to speak and read before they can walk. Or to--

Leonard opens his desk drawer and removes the SKETCHPAD Rebecca dropped in his waiting room. He tosses it at Jack.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

--*Draw and paint*, with skills it takes many artists a lifetime to acquire?

Jack flips through it, each sketch more brilliant than the last. Jack exhales, his resistance being worn down.

JACK

Something in the brain chemistry.

LEONARD

...In 1962, in Glasgow, a 5 year old child was placed in front of his aunt's piano for the first time at a party. The child proceeded to belt out excerpts from Beethoven's Appassionata. Neither of the parent's came from any musical background. A noted physician who attended the party documented the case. There are hundreds of these on file.

JACK

What about these people who get hit in the head and can suddenly remember what the weather was like every day of the year for the last 20 years, memorize entire volumes of encyclopedias?

LEONARD

Photographic memorization is far different than being able to recall something you've never been exposed to.

JACK

If it was her death she was describing, why was she talking in the third person?

LEONARD

She was recalling the moment of detachment from the physical state. Looking down at her own body, unable at that point to make the distinction of self, since we had yet to make that connection.

Jack stares.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Many children who have this experience lose the ability to recall these memories after age 6. Coincidence that age coincides with the onset of the childhood latency period? I now believe this regression is the stage where old and new merge, and the soul accepts it's new identity.

Jack shakes his head.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

In Rebecca's case, her episodes were triggered when she arrived in Monroe County. New to her. Grievously unforgettable to Carmen.

JACK

The tape you gave me of Rebecca. It seemed like parts were missing.

LEONARD

They're not missing...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jack listens as Leonard plays back the session on a portable
TAPE PLAYER.

REBECCA
No, please, don't!

LEONARD
(on tape)
Rebecca, detach yourself.

REBECCA
(violated)
No!

LEONARD
(on tape)
Rebecca, he can't hurt you!

Rebecca begins to CHOKE violently on the tape. Jack winces
from the disturbing audio.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
(on tape)
You're safe Rebecca. They're just
images! I want you to move away
from here. Go back, before this
happened. How did you get here?

Beat.

REBECCA
Mi madre y yo tuvieron una pelea.

LEONARD
(translating for jack)
My mother and I had a fight.

REBECCA
Ella piensa que soy no más larga una
virgen. Pero no es verdad. Es una
fantasía que compuse.

LEONARD
She thinks I'm no longer a virgin,
but it's not true. I'm clean. It
was a fantasy I made up.

REBECCA
Pienso que mi hermano lee mi diario.

LEONARD
I think my brother read my diary.

REBECCA
It's raining. I don't want to go
home. I'm scared.

Long silence.

LEONARD
(on tape)
Rebecca?

REBECCA
(regret)
Trusted him...

LEONARD
(on tape)
Who?

REBECCA
Oh God! Please...No!

LEONARD
(on tape)
Who's trying to hurt you?

REBECCA
(escalating)
Catch her. Catch her! No! Stop!

Jack clenches. Rebecca is crying now.

LEONARD
(on tape)
Take a deep breath. Float past this.
What do you see?

REBECCA
(hyperventilating)
It's dark. My hands are tied. Legs
hurt. My hair is wet. Blood! My
blood! Can't move! Can't Move!!!

LEONARD
(on tape)
Try, Rebecca. What is this place?

REBECCA
(through tears)
There's a light. A window.

LEONARD
(on tape)
Can you see through it?

Beat.

REBECCA
I see a road.

LEONARD
(on tape)
What else?

Jack listens.

REBECCA
It's getting dark. Church bells.

LEONARD
(on tape)
Where are you?

REBECCA
Bendito es el fruto de tu vientre,
Jesús. Santa María, Madre de Dios,
ruega por nosotros pecadores, ahora
y en la hoar de nuestra muerte.
Amén.

Beat. Leonard reads from his notes.

LEONARD
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for
us sinners now...and at the hour of
our death.

REBECCA
(groggy)
The fruits of our labors...find Jesus
on the hill.

LEONARD
(on tape)
Rebecca?

Leonard STOPS the tape.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
She just kept rambling prayers after
that.

JACK
What does it mean?

LEONARD
You're the detective.

JACK
She never gives a name? Something
specific?

LEONARD

In one of our sessions, she only responded to the name Carmen. She never names her attacker. But I believe she knew him.

Jack is deep in thought. He wipes his mouth, then rubs his hands together.

JACK

Doesn't amount to much more than chance.

LEONARD

No. That's too dismissive.

JACK

A bizarre coincidence.

LEONARD

(impatient)
There are no coincidences.

Beat.

JACK

The mother, Laura. She knew the victim.

LEONARD

Some believe there's a synchronicity between birth and death, life and loved ones, remaining within the same circle. Changing roles, learning, growing. Who are we to know these things?

JACK

Why burden a little girl?

LEONARD

Perhaps Rebecca is God's way of rectifying an oversight.

Jack opens the tape player. Leonard thinks of protesting.

Jack gets up. He grabs Rebecca's sketch pad, and the tape from the machine. He moves towards the door.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Jack, if word of our discussion, the nature of it, were to get out, it could...my practice would be...

Jack gives him a once over.

JACK
 Don't worry. I have no intention of
 humiliating you...Or myself.

He exits.

INT. PRECINCT, JACK'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Jack sits listening to the tapes.

REBECCA
 Santa María, Madre de Dios, ruega
 por nosotros pecadores, ahora y en
 la hoar de nuestra muerte. Amén.
 The fruits of our labors...find Jesus
 on the hill--

Jack's office door slowly OPENS in the background. Jack's
 brother, ROBERT, 45, neatly dressed, working man, enters.

ROBERT
 (o.s.)
 Heard you were dead.

Jack spins around. His stare turns ice cold.

JACK
 What are you doing here?

ROBERT
 You don't return my calls.

Jack turns back to his work.

JACK
 We have nothing to talk about.

Beat.

ROBERT
 All these years and we have nothing
 to talk about? At least--

JACK
 (cold)
 Get out.

Jack goes about his work as if Robert is not even in the
 room. Robert retreats back towards the door.

ROBERT
 Just thought you'd like to know you're
 going to be an uncle. Trish is pretty
 far along now.

Jack scratches his head, retaining his composure.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We tried for years. I guess God
finally decided we were ready.

Robert opens the door a little.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We're...gonna be relocating to Austin.
Got a good job lined up. Trish has
family there so it works out great.

Beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You know how it is when people move
far away. You say you're gonna come
visit, but...well, I guess with the
way things are, you and I might never
see each other again.

Robert closes the door and takes a step closer to Jack. He
tosses a small invitational envelope on Jack's desk.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We're having a little get together.
Little...celebration. It would really
mean a lot to Trish and me if you
could make it.

No response.

Robert wipes his mouth, then runs his fingernail along a
SCAR above his eye.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(heartfelt)
Jack...there isn't a day goes by I
don't feel sorry about what happened.

Jack can't contain his emotions any longer. He spins around,
venom behind his eyes.

JACK
Are you finished? Are you through?

Jack starts to COUGH, heavily.

ROBERT
(retreating)
...Alright.

Robert moves towards the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 (exiting)
 Hope you change your mind.

The door closes. Jack simmers a moment, then SMASHES his fist down, TOSSING papers all over the floor.

INT. LAURA'S HOME -- DAY

Laura PACES on the phone, smoking.

LAURA
 No, I didn't get it.

Laura taps her foot, takes a drag.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 What you say, and what you do are two totally different things.

There's a knock on the door.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Someone's at the door, I gotta go.

She opens the door. It's Jack.

JACK
 May I come in?

EXT. LAURA'S HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

We pan to reveal Rebecca, on a swing, her head down.

LAURA (V.O.)
 He actually said that?

JACK (V.O.)
 He's convinced himself.

INT. LAURA'S HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

They talk while looking out the back window at Rebecca.

LAURA
 (disbelief)
 That's why he wouldn't leave us alone.

He needs his own head examined.

Jack nods, not necessarily agreeing. Withholding. He looks out the back window, Rebecca is sitting on the swing, alone.

JACK
 How's she doing?

LAURA

She's gotten worse since we came back from the hospital. I never know what to expect. I feel like I don't even know my own child anymore.

JACK

You say this all started when you moved back here to Monroe?

LAURA

That's right. I grew up here. This was my father's house. Promised myself I'd never step foot in here again.

JACK

How did you know Carmen?

LAURA

We were best friends. My father kicked me out when I got pregnant. We tried to stay in touch. She went missing a few months later.

JACK

Did you ever talk about Carmen to Rebecca?

LAURA

No.

JACK

Maybe she overheard something? Kids can have incredible imaginations. Especially bright ones like her.

LAURA

Never.

JACK

So you don't think there's any chance...

Laura stares at Rebecca on the swing.

LAURA

(unsure)
...No.

JACK

How do you explain what happened at the hospital?

Laura's eyes begin to tear up, she's emotionally spent.

LAURA

I can't.

JACK

Whoever murdered your friend Carmen went to great lengths to make sure she was never found. Without Rebecca, she wouldn't have been.

Laura turns away, not wanting to hear it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Whatever power granted her this window into the past, did it for a reason.

LAURA

...What do you want?

JACK

These types of...criminals, often have a pattern to the way they operate. Comfort zones, familiar places, types of victims.

LAURA

So?

JACK

Well you said this all started when you returned here. Which means Rebecca must have seen something that set her off. Something that triggered a memory. Maybe there is a pattern, maybe Carmen and Angelina suffered the same fate.

Laura's eyes begin to tear up, she's emotionally spent.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need to know.

Jack notices an old PHOTO ALBUM on the table. Several old pictures of Carmen and Laura pulled out. A phone book open to Carmen's name, a heart circled around it, next to the number.

JACK (CONT'D)

...I think you do too.

Emotional Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

There's a chance Angelina could still be alive.

Laura exhales long and hard.

Suddenly there is a loud CRASH upstairs. Jack follows Laura as she races up the staircase.

Laura bursts into the bathroom. The shower is on, the curtain drawn. Jack waits behind her. Steam fills the room.

The mirror is shattered, stained with a speck of blood.

LAURA
(nervous)
Rebecca?

Laura reaches and throws back the curtain. Rebecca sits in the shower under the water, in her nightdress. Her right hand is bleeding.

LAURA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Laura looks back at the shattered mirror.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Why did you break the mirror? Give me your hand.

Rebecca pulls away.

REBECCA
I don't want to go to any more doctors.

LAURA
What are you saying?

REBECCA
I heard you talking.

Laura straightens.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I don't want to go!

LAURA
That's not what we were talking about. Detective Ridge was just asking for our help.

REBECCA
(her voice deepens)
No one helped me!

Rebecca stands, soaking wet, a CRAZED LOOK IN HER EYES. She glares at Jack.

LAURA

Rebecca--

Jack stares back in astonishment. Laura tries to put a towel around her, but Rebecca begins to SHRIEK loudly.

REBECCA

Don't touch me!!!

JACK

Laura, can I--

LAURA

Maybe you should go. I need to be alone with her. I'm sorry.

Jack goes to say something, but refrains. He exits the room.

INT. MONROE COLLEGE, ART DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Jack stands in a room full of sculpture and paintings. A teacher, MICHAEL, 49, is putting away supplies. Another teacher, HELEN, 36, is replacing paper on several easels. A class has just filed out.

MICHAEL

(looking at photograph
of Carmen)

We see so many students each year.
But few as naturally gifted as Carmen.

He hands the photo to Helen.

HELEN

Some of her work still hangs in the
gallery downstairs.

JACK

Do you remember anything bothering
her before she disappeared? Was she
having trouble with another student?

HELEN

I can't say. It was so long ago.

JACK

Was it common for her to stay late
after classes had ended?

MICHAEL

(remembering)

Carmen was often engrossed with her
work. I remember I volunteered a
lot of free time to help her.

HELEN

Whenever a student shows extra effort to succeed, we like to reciprocate. Talent has to be nurtured.

JACK

So she wasn't a troubled student?

MICHAEL

...Not when she was in here she wasn't.

JACK

(deep in thought)

...I see.

Helen examines the photograph of Carmen.

HELEN

All that talent, gone. Such a shame.

The classroom fills, getting noisy.

JACK

Well, I appreciate your time.

Jack turns to leave.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh. One more thing.

He opens his case. He takes out Rebecca's SKETCH PAD.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have a friend whose daughter is an aspiring artist herself. Would you mind taking a look at these, give me your professional opinion?

Helen and Michael flip through a few of Rebecca's renderings.

HELEN

They're exquisite. What school does she attend?

JACK

Eastbrook elementary.

MICHAEL

A child did these?

JACK

Have you ever seen work like this from a child that age?

MICHAEL

I've read about it, never actually met one with this kind of talent so young.

HELEN

The attention to detail...Incredible.

MICHAEL

She's a prodigy. I'd love to meet her.

JACK

I'll see what I can do.

Jack stares at one of Rebecca's sketches. A picture of a girl dissolves into--

--The Imaging screen of a SONOGRAM. A small baby's head visible.

INT. OBSTETRICIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

MARTHA

(o.s)

Sure you don't wanna know the sex?

TRISH, 38, soft features, easy to smile, lies on her back, as MARTHA, her obstetrician, glides the sonogram device over her petroleum slicked belly.

Trish smiles, wincing from the cold tickle of the experience. She is 38, pretty, red cheeks.

Robert is beside her, proud, wide eyed, lost in the moment.

ROBERT

We've waited so long, we want it to be a surprise.

TRISH

Like opening a present.

MARTHA

I understand. Well, he...or she, is doing excellent. Size, weight look normal for 34 weeks.

(to Robert)

I recommend you stay close to home from here on in.

Robert smiles.

TRISH

Oh, we have our route mapped and everything.

MARTHA

You want to hear the heartbeat?

They both nod. Martha turns a dial, and the electronic sounding squelch of the baby's heartbeat fills the room. Robert squeezes Trish's hand.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR, DRIVING -- LATER

Robert drives, Trish sits in the passenger seat.

TRISH

My mom's so upset about the move, she's treating this get together like a damn funeral.

ROBERT

She can always visit.

TRISH

You know she won't get on a plane.

Robert smiles victoriously. Trish frowns.

Long Beat.

TRISH (CONT'D)

...You see Jack?

Robert's smile loses its luster.

TRISH (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter.

Robert suddenly seems preoccupied with driving.

TRISH (CONT'D)

This is a very positive moment in our lives. If he doesn't want to be a part of it, that's his loss.

Trish takes his hand. Robert stares at the road.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Laura moves through the hallway, passing Rebecca's room. She opens the door, quietly, afraid to wake her.

Rebecca is SITTING UP IN BED, a vacant look in her eyes. Her catatonic stare is frightening.

LAURA

Becky?

No response.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Did you try to sleep honey?

Rebecca blinks. Laura tenses.

REBECCA

(dreamy)

I can't find my necklace...

LAURA

...What necklace, baby?

No response.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Rebecca?

Laura moves to the bathroom. She opens a cabinet and removes a bottle of pills. She shakes two into her hand and fills a Dixie cup with water.

She returns down the hall to Rebecca's room. When she peers inside, Rebecca is lying down, fast ASLEEP.

Laura stands over her, feeling helpless and frightened. She turns and sees a new PAINTING on her easel.

It's a portrait of CARMEN, half finished, wearing the cross necklace. The newspaper article of Carmen lies on the floor.

Laura puts her hand over her mouth.

NEW ANGLE

Laura reaches into the garbage and retrieves Jack's CARD.

EXT. URBAN AREA - DAY

Jack and Laura walk with Rebecca through a Latino. Neighborhood.

JACK

I think this could actually help her.

LAURA

I just want her to be herself again.

They turn a corner.

JACK

This was one of the last area's where
Angelina was seen.

LAURA

Carmen and I used to go to a park
not far from here.

She looks around.

LAURA (CONT'D)

...A lot's changed.

They pass a store with a picture of Angelina in a window.

Jack enters.

INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jack approaches a clerk behind the counter.

CLERK

Can I help you?

Jack flashes his badge and a picture of Angelina.

JACK

Jack Ridge, Homicide. I'm looking
for this girl, have you seen her?

CLERK

You were in here a few weeks ago.

JACK

I know. I thought maybe you might
have remembered something since then.

CLERK

I told you, she came in here, asked
for an application. I gave her one
and she left.

JACK

Right.

CLERK

...Well, she hasn't been back.

A MAN passes by. He purchases a pack of cigarettes. Jack
looks at him.

He exits. He passes Rebecca and Laura. Jack watches him
get in a white and blue van.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAY

Jack walks with Laura and Rebecca. Rebecca is nervous, apprehensive.

LAURA
I don't know about this.

JACK
Almost there.

Rebecca squeezes Laura's hand.

EXT. WOODED AREA, RIVER -- LATER

They arrive where Carmen's body was found. Rebecca Starts to panic.

REBECCA
I want to go.

JACK
(probing)
Why? What is it?

REBECCA
Please!

Rebecca starts to tremble.

LAURA
What's wrong, why are you scared?

Jack kneels down to her.

JACK
Do you remember this place? Think!

REBECCA
I'm scared--

JACK
Please Rebecca, it's important.

LAURA
Jack, stop it.

JACK
You can help me. Another girl is in danger, you can help me find her, think Rebecca!

REBECCA
No!

JACK

These memories aren't yours, they're
Carmen's. Carmen Muniz! The girl
from your dream. Remember?

Jack takes out the cross from his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)

What about this?

Rebecca starts to SCREAM.

LAURA

That's enough! Take us home, please.

Jack's backs off, his head droops.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

We glide down a dimly lit hallway. A door at the end OPENS.

A hand reaches around, grasping the wall to pull the rest of
the body forward.

A woman staggers to her feet, balancing herself. She is
TERESA MASON, 22, WHITE, slightly overweight. Covered in
blood, her hair wet, her face cut. She is a mess.

She stumbles down the hall, each step seeming like it will
be her last.

TERESA MASON

(whisper)

H...help...

Another apartment door opens, and an elderly woman peers
out, too afraid to help. She covers her mouth in shock.

The bloody woman COLLAPSES in front of a neighbor's door.
The door opens, and a young man sees her lying face up,
gasping for breath, blood oozing from her nose and mouth.
He RUSHES to her side.

MAN

(to elderly woman)

Call an ambulance!

The elderly woman hesitates, then retreats into her apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

A COMMERCIAL VAN screams down the highway, WEAVING in and out
of traffic.

Several Highway Patrol officers follow in hot pursuit, lights flashing.

The van sideswipes another vehicle, causing it to veer off the road onto the shoulder.

The van accelerates, blowing a tire from the high speed. Sparks fly as he rides on a rim of metal.

He SWERVES, losing control, and finally CRASHES into the divider.

The Highway Patrol swarms the disabled vehicle. They exit their cars, GUNS DRAWN.

STATE TROOPER

Out of the van, now! NOW!

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- LATER

Jack and Harrington walk down the hall, briskly.

HARRINGTON

Name's Teresa Mason, 22, She managed to give a description before she passed out.

JACK

How is she?

HARRINGTON

Critical condition. HP cornered the bastard on the interstate. I think we got him Jack.

JACK

Who, our guy?

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Jack enters the room. He approaches a table slowly. Harrington follows.

We turn towards the table. Sitting slouched is EDWARD BISHOP, boyish, wiry, dark brown eyes, almost black. A thin, spitsy nose. Unattractive, ordinary. He looks disinterested.

Jack reads from a clipboard.

JACK

You live at 223 Washington?

No answer.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is that your residence?

Harrington GRABS Bishop's hair, forcing him to look up.

JACK (CONT'D)
It says several emails sent to Teresa
Mason were traced to an IP address
registered to your computer.

HARRINGTON
She had a personal ad running on an
internet dating service.

Jack studies Bishop, who sits stoic.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Claims he was home all day.
(at Bishop)
Let me guess, didn't match your tall
dark and handsome profile, things
went downhill from there?

BISHOP
(coy)
I have no idea what you're talking
about.

JACK
She's clinging to life at Mercy
General. Claims you attacked her.

BISHOP
Who?

Beat.

HARRINGTON
You're a plumber, Bishop?

BISHOP
So?

HARRINGTON
Ever use your uniform as a ruse to
gain entry into a woman's home?

Bishop goes to stand up and Harrington sits him down with
one push from his powerful arm. Bishop shrinks, sensing
Harrington's immense strength, he's overmatched.

JACK
You say you were home all day?

BISHOP

That's right.

HARRINGTON

So what happened between 7 and 9 pm that caused you to race onto the expressway headed towards Ohio?

JACK

Right now I've got you on aggravated assault, weapons possession. If she dies, you're looking at murder.

BISHOP

I want my lawyer.

JACK

I hope he's a good one.

INT. PRECINCT, HOLDING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Harrington watch Bishop through a two way mirrored partition. Jennifer and several other officers stand nearby.

JENNIFER

They scraped DNA samples from underneath the victim's fingernails, the lab's running a comparison. Bishop has some defensive wounds that match her statement.

HARRINGTON

We have two witnesses who put him at the scene around the time of the attack. Troopers also found a black duffel bag in his car, gloves, rope, knives, and wire.

JACK

What about his history?

JENNIFER

We're running his record now.

Jack peers in at Bishop, sitting idle.

HARRINGTON

We have the victim's account. He fits the profile.

JACK

She doesn't fit the profile.

HARRINGTON

Maybe he got bored of Latinos.

JENNIFER
Forensics is also examining his
vehicle for blood and trace evidence.

JACK
Ok--

Jack begins to COUGH, he looks pale.

JENNIFER
You alright?

JACK
(lying)
I'm fine...Just give me room to
breathe, will ya?

An officer pokes her head in.

OFFICER
Jack, there's a call for you.

JACK
(to Jennifer)
Let me know when those reports come
back.

Jack exits.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack answers the phone.

JACK
(into phone)
Hello?

LAURA
(Distraught)
Jack, she's gone--

JACK
Laura?

LAURA
I don't know, I've searched
everywhere. Her bike is missing--

JACK
Ok, slow down. Where are you?

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Laura stands in the rain as Jack's car pulls up.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack drives, Laura sits in the passenger seat.

JACK
What happened?

LAURA
I put her to bed. When I went to
check on her, she was gone. I looked
everywhere.

JACK
Don't worry, we'll find her.

LAURA
I don't know how to handle it anymore.
I haven't slept in days, I can barely
see straight--

JACK
What's the last thing she said?

Beat.

LAURA
(nervous, denial)
She keeps asking to go home.

Jack looks at Laura.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

The rain pours down. Jack's car turns onto another road.

INT. JACK'S CAR, DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Through Jack's POV, we pass a sign that reads "Woods Avenue".

LAURA
I know this road...

Jack shines his light as he searches the street.

JACK
Is that her?

We see a bike upended, the tire still spinning.

LAURA
Oh my God!

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Jack pulls over. Jack and Laura exit the car. They pass the bike, the chain has come undone again.

A few yards away they find Rebecca, face down in the mud.

Jack turns her over.

JACK
Rebecca?

Her eyes flutter.

LAURA
Becky?

Rebecca opens her eyes, face full of mud, looks up at Jack.

REBECCA
(groggy)
It broke again.

JACK
Let's get her in the car.

They carry her towards the car. Jack struggles to keep up.

Laura lies Rebecca in the back seat.

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

LAURA
You had me worried sick! What brought you out here?

REBECCA
(about to cry)
...Just a feeling. Like before.

JACK
Like a gut feeling?

She looks out the window.

REBECCA
You think I'm crazy too.

Laura looks at Jack.

JACK
No. I don't.

REBECCA
I don't want to be scared anymore.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- NIGHT

Rebecca lies asleep on the couch in the living room. Laura places a blanket over her.

NEW ANGLE

Laura enters the kitchen. Jack sits at the table, a coffee cup in front of him.

LAURA

She's asleep.

She sits across from Jack.

JACK

Good.

LAURA

(emotional)

...I just don't know what to do.

Jack looks up at some of Rebecca's artwork hanging on the wall behind Laura. There is one of a dog, familiar.

JACK

Maybe it's like when a child finds out they're adopted. Suddenly they have to go back and re-imagine their entire life as it might have been. Their first instinct is to try and find out who they really are. Where they come from.

LAURA

But I'm her mother. I raised her.

She sips her coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You want some more coffee?

JACK

(shaking his head)

I really should get back. We're holding a suspect in custody--

Jack pushes out his chair a little. Laura pours some coffee into his cup anyway.

LAURA

How long have you had it?

Jack plays dumb.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I know what cancer looks like.

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)
My father had it. Thin as his sheets
when he died.

JACK
They didn't tell me how long I've
had it. Just how long I will have
it.

LAURA
I'm sorry.

Jack shrugs indifferently.

JACK
When did your father pass away?

LAURA
June. It took him getting sick for
us to finally reconcile.

She sips her coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)
He had scotch for breakfast. I left
home to escape the abuse, then married
into it. When my father got sick, I
refused to visit, until he was
admitted into the hospital. I figured
I could keep my distance there.

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I saw that big, frightening force
reduced to a helpless pile of bones.
I almost felt sorry for him. And
for the first time, we actually had
a normal conversation, father-
daughter. He commented on how nice
my hair looked. He never paid me a
compliment my whole life. It was
such a simple gesture, but...

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I realized all this time, he was
like a prisoner in a bottle.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

I know I shouldn't use it as an excuse to justify what he did, but, that's how I was able to find it in my heart to forgive him.

Jack listens.

LAURA (CONT'D)

The day they prepped him for surgery I had to work late. I arrived just as they were taking him into the operating room. He smiled, "see ya soon". I wanted to say I love you so badly, but all that came out was..."good luck."

Jack nods, knowing how the story will end.

LAURA (CONT'D)

When the doctor came out...I just knew...

Beat.

LAURA (CONT'D)

My father was a very bitter man. Looking back he wasn't blessed with much luck in his life. Just one disappointment after another. I think in the end that bitterness just ate him up inside.

Jack stares into his coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)

How's you're family taking it?

Jack shrugs.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Don't you have any family?

Jack reflects a moment.

JACK

...I have a brother.

LAURA

Does he help out--

JACK

We don't speak.

LAURA
What happened?

JACK
Long story.

LAURA
Sometimes it's easier to talk to a
stranger...

He looks into her eyes.

JACK
I don't consider you a stranger.

Long Beat. Jack drifts.

JACK (CONT'D)
Bout 12 years ago, we were at a
restaurant, it was my birthday. Me,
him, his wife Trish and my
wife...Sarah.

It pains Jack just to mention her name.

JACK (CONT'D)
We were all pretty liquored up. I
got called in to the station. I
should have never answered the
page...My brother said he'd drive
her home. I was so wrapped up in my
case, I didn't...

Jack beats himself up emotionally.

JACK (CONT'D)
They stayed late. He dropped Trish
off, then drove Sarah home. Trish
asked her to just stay the night,
but she had to get up for work in
the morning. My brother was in no
shape to drive.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
I got a call at the station. Their
car had veered into oncoming traffic.

Laura covers her mouth with her fingertips.

JACK (CONT'D)
When I arrived at the hospital, Sarah
was in surgery.

Jack's expression hardens.

JACK (CONT'D)

...Standing next to me in the lobby were two sisters discussing their father who had been shot during a holdup at his jewelry store. The bullet miraculously missed his heart. They praised God for watching over him. At that moment the surgeon came out and told me they had done all they could, but she was gone.

Jack drifts in thought and emotion.

JACK (CONT'D)

And...all I can remember thinking was...does that mean God wasn't watching over Sarah? God didn't love my wife, too?

Beat. The emotion hangs in the air.

JACK (CONT'D)

My brother and I never spoke again. I wouldn't even let him attend her funeral.

LAURA

You haven't spoken for 12 years?

Jack studies his coffee cup.

JACK

(not exactly)
Actually, I'm going to be an uncle.

LAURA

Then now's your chance.

JACK

For what?

LAURA

To make things right.

Beat.

JACK

Never thought I'd be afraid.

LAURA

Of what?

JACK
 (shrugs)
 ...Dying.

Laura gets up and sits in the chair next to him.

LAURA
 Don't carry that anger with you.
 Get rid of it. While there's still
 time.

Jack gazes at Laura, as if no-one has listened to him in a long time. She gives off the same feeling to him.

For a moment it appears as if they have connected on a deep level, and might kiss, but then--

Jack's cell phone RINGS, shattering the moment. Jack answers.

JACK
 Ridge.

JENNIFER
 (on phone)
 Jack. Teresa Mason is dead.

Jack nods solemnly.

JACK
 I'm on my way.

Jack hangs up.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I have to go.

They stand up.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Are you gonna be ok?

LAURA
 Jack, if you need anything...

She touches his arm. Jack turns to leave.

He passes by Rebecca, fast asleep on the couch. He takes out Carmen's gold cross necklace that Hester gave him and leaves it on the table beside her. He exits.

After he's gone, Laura picks up the necklace. She examines it, then looks at Rebecca. She caresses her cheek.

INT. PRECINCT, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jack walks and talks with Jennifer.

JENNIFER

After Harrington confronted him with the news, he started babbling about how lucky we were. Said he was ready to confess.

JACK

Confess to killing Teresa Mason?

JENNIFER

All of them.

Jack turns to her, surprised.

JACK

What about his history, did the report come back?

INT. PRECINCT, RECORDS ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer speaks to Jack, holding a printout in her hands.

JENNIFER

Had to reload the paper tray for this file. Edward Bishop, 38, plumber. He's also works part time for Baxter Mills Inc. They contract out bonded cleaning services to offices, municipalities, schools. They're under contract to several universities in the area.

Jack looks at her. She hands him the report.

JACK

Someone should speak to Baxter about their employee vetting process.

JENNIFER

He spent time at Northville Psychiatric hospital on four separate occasions. Self admitted. Has a long track record of sexual offenses. Most recently did time for sexual assault, paroled a little over 3 years ago.

Jack puts pieces together in his head.

JACK

Would explain the gaps in time between the murders. Where is he now?

JENNIFER

Holding area. Harrington leaned into him pretty hard. They've been at it for over an hour.

INT. PRECINCT, HOLDING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Bishop is pretty worked over. Jack takes a breath. He watches on a monitor.

HARRINGTON

(on monitor)

I want to hear it again.

Bishop, exhausted, beaten, mumbles.

BISHOP

(on speaker)

The sedation began to wear off. I knew she would scream so I choked her until she went unconscious again. But she wouldn't stay out, so I hit her in the head with a rock I grabbed nearby. I used too much force. She started bleeding from everywhere, wouldn't stop screaming so I kept hitting her.

HARRINGTON

You used a rock to crush her skull.

BISHOP

I had no choice.

HARRINGTON

Where is she now?

BISHOP

(mumbling)

You won't have to dig to find her.

HARRINGTON

Speak up!

BISHOP

...The reservoir.

HARRINGTON

State for the record, Mr. Edward Bishop has just confessed to the murder of Angelina Rosa.

Jack winces. His head droops, hope receding from his body, leaving him deflated looking.

JACK
I want to speak to him.

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Bishop sits silently. Harrington looks on.

Jack places a PICTURE of CARMEN in front of Bishop.

JACK
Tell me about her.

BISHOP
I already told them everything.

JACK
I want you to tell me.

Bishop leans back. Long Beat.

Bishop looks at the picture. A smile creeps across his face. He picks at his teeth.

JACK (CONT'D)
Did you know her?

BISHOP
I seen her around.

Beat.

JACK
Did you rape her?

Bishop grins an ugly grin.

BISHOP
(proud)
Look at that mouth.

Jack clenches his jaw.

JACK
How did you kill her?

BISHOP
Strangled her?

JACK
Are you asking me? Or you can't remember.

BISHOP

I remember she smelled sweet like an
avocado. Ripe and fresh. Pretty
for a Spic Whore.

Bishops eye twinkles with a macabre delight. Jack sees red.

He uncharacteristically gets up and REACHES over the table
for Bishop. Harrington grabs Jack, mildly restraining him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I told them at the clinic I had
problems. They wouldn't listen.
Maybe now you'll listen to me.

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION AREA -- LATER

Jack's shoulders droop. Jack watches Bishop through the
glass. Bishop's eyes seem like black sockets in the overhead
light of the interrogation room, a frightening expression of
emptiness on his face.

JENNIFER

Ketamine is a common date rape drug.
We found traces of it in his van. He
also drives a Tan Buick Skylark.

Bishop stares back as if he can see Jack. Bishop SMILES.

Harrington enters.

JACK

We'll need to get a recovery team
over to the reservoir tomorrow
morning.

Jack checks his watch.

HARRINGTON

I expected more intelligence from
someone so meticulous and patient.

JENNIFER

Could be a ruse, they're master
manipulators.

JACK

(to himself)
Dammit...

JENNIFER

You did everything you could Jack.

HARRINGTON

We've been working around the clock
to catch this guy.

Jack turns away.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

He finally made a mistake and we got
him.

JACK

(frustrated)

We didn't do shit! He's been coming
and going as he pleases, getting
away with murder for over 10 years.
And the only reason we have a suspect
in custody is because some brave
young girl defended herself long
enough to hand him to us!

Jack SLAMS his fist down on a desk in frustration, then clears
it of its contents with one swipe, sending papers FLYING.

He takes a moment and calms.

JACK (CONT'D)

...Jen, get Carl Rosa on the phone.

Beat.

JENNIFER

No need. He hasn't left since this
morning.

INT. PRECINCT, HALLWAY -- LATER

We watch from a distance as Jack approaches Carl, asleep on
a bench in the hallway.

Carl gets up and stands. Jack motions for him to sit back
down but Carl refuses, animated.

Jack speaks, Carl listens, his facial expressions run amok.

After a few moments, we see Carl collapse into Jack's arms.
Jack eases him into a chair. Carl weeps into his hands.

INT. PRECINCT, JACK'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jack sits at his desk, listening to the tape player.

LEONARD

(on tape)

Rebecca?

REBECCA
Trusted him...Lied to me...

Jack fast forwards.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(on tape)
It's getting dark. I hear church
bells ringing. Santa Maria, Madre
de Dios--

Beat. Jack forwards the tape again.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
The fruits of our labors, find Jesus
on the hill.

Jack stops the tape, frustrated. Harrington opens the door
and leans in.

HARRINGTON
You never gave up. Everyone knows
that.

No response.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Carl Rosa knows that. You're a good
man.

JACK
I'm a coward.

Jack turns and looks at Harrington.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'd rather work 25 hours a day...than
face those few seconds, that brief
moment...right before you give someone
news that's going to destroy the
rest of their lives.

HARRINGTON
That's our job.

Jack is distant.

JACK
No.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
Our job...is to try and prevent those
moments from ever happening.

Harrington concedes, never intending to have a long conversation, he is wearing his coat already.

HARRINGTON

I gotta go, gotta explain to my wife why there was 1300 dollars stuffed in my sock drawer. One of my kids told her I won it on the Denver game. Believe that? These kids and their crazy imaginations.

Harrington exits. Jack nods, a slight grin.

JACK

Yeah...

INSERT TAPE PLAYER.

Jack reaches down, places his finger on the eject button.

C.U. on the tape popping up and ejecting.

Jack holds the tape a second, frowns with disappointment, then tosses the tape on his desk, scattering a few pictures and papers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

The sun is shining. A car passes.

INT. LAURA'S CAR, DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Laura drives with Rebecca in the passenger seat.

REBECCA

Where are we going?

LAURA

To see an old friend.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

Laura parks and they exit. Rebecca, seeing where they are, tenses up, afraid. Laura climbs the steps, Rebecca hangs back.

LAURA

Come on.

Rebecca hovers at the bottom of the staircase, nervous.

Laura knocks on the door. After a moment, FRANCISCO, 20, wearing a military uniform, opens the door.

FRANCISCO
Yes?

LAURA
Francisco?

FRANCISCO
...Yes?

LAURA
You don't remember me.

No reply.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Laura Lowell. I was a friend of
your sister, Carmen.

HESTER MUNIZ
Who is it now, Francis?

Hester enters the doorway.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)
(recognizing, pleased)
Yes?

LAURA
Hello. I don't know if you remember
me. I'm Laura, I was a friend of
Carmen's.

Hester takes Laura's hands.

HESTER MUNIZ
Laura...Yes. Please come in.

Laura steps aside, revealing Rebecca, hovering a few feet
down the steps.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)
You daughter?

LAURA
Yes. Her name's Rebecca.

Rebecca climbs the steps, like a child afraid of being
punished.

HESTER MUNIZ
How are you?

Rebecca stops and stares, mute.

LAURA
It's ok, Rebecca.

HESTER MUNIZ
Oh, so pretty...Come in.

INT. HESTER MUNIZ HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

All four enter the kitchen. There are flowers on the table from family and friends. A picture of Carmen in a frame.

LAURA
(to Francisco)
The last time I saw you, you were
this tall.

She motions to her waist. Francisco smiles.

HESTER MUNIZ
My big man now. He took two week
leave when we get the news.

Laura nods.

Rebecca enters, hopeful, yet apprehensive. She looks around the room, pausing at every item she looks at, each invoking a different expression from her face.

She studies a collage of snapshots of Carmen and family on the wall. She turns and looks at Francisco. Their eyes meet. Francisco looks back, stoic, curious.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)
Would you like something to drink?
Some tea?

LAURA
Sure, thank you.

Hester puts the kettle on the stove.

HESTER MUNIZ
(checking fridge)
How about you, Rebecca?

Rebecca stands in the corner of the room, studying Hester.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)
I think I have some juice in here...

Rebecca looks up at a painted PORTRAIT hanging on the wall.

REBECCA
The color has faded.

Hester moves to Rebecca.

HESTER MUNIZ
My daughter paint this. Do you like?
It's of Saint Peter.

She goes to touch Rebecca, who steps away.

REBECCA
(correcting)
Saint Joseph.

She looks down at Rebecca, insulted. Tension.

Hester spots the CROSS around Rebecca's neck. Her expression clouds.

HESTER MUNIZ
Where did she get that?

LAURA
A friend gave it to her.

HESTER MUNIZ
...The detective?

Beat. Laura puts two and two together.

LAURA
...Yes

Hester BLINKS a few times, registering.

HESTER MUNIZ
That belong to Carmen...

Rebecca smiles.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)
(angry, confused)
Why she wearing it?

Rebecca retreats a step.

LAURA
(measured)
I'm so sorry. Rebecca, give her
back the necklace.

REBECCA
But it's mine.

LAURA
Rebecca please.

Laura stands up and approaches Rebecca.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (careful)
 I'm sorry. We've been having some
 problems. Rebecca, now--

REBECCA
 (to Hester, protesting)
 You gave it to me, for my first
 communion.

HESTER MUNIZ
 ...What does she mean?

Hester stares, confused. Rebecca holds up the cross. There is an INSCRIPTION on it. She reads it.

REBECCA
 El te bendice con us amor. Dios te
 bendiga, hoy Y siempre.

As Rebecca recites those words, Hester *mouths the same*, simultaneously in silence.

Laura is dumbstruck.

Rebecca reaches for Hester. But Hester doesn't reciprocate. Instead she pulls away, frightened.

Rebecca recoils, hurt. Laura looks on in confusion.

HESTER MUNIZ
 Why are you...?

LAURA
 I know it sounds crazy, but...
 Rebecca thinks she remembers this
 place. She has these dreams that
 she and Carmen...are the same person.

Rebecca looks at the photo of Carmen amongst the flowers. A yellow flag in the center reads: "In loving Memory".

REBECCA
 (to Hester)
 It wasn't my fault. Please don't
 hate me.

Hester turns to Laura, a look of utter disbelief.

LAURA
 I don't know what to do anymore...

HESTER MUNIZ

(tears)
How...

LAURA

(mind racing)
I don't know--

HESTER MUNIZ

How dare you...

LAURA

What?

HESTER MUNIZ

Get out.

LAURA

But--

HESTER MUNIZ

(sobbing)
Please, get out of my home...

Laura pulls Rebecca to her. Rebecca grabs at Hester's apron.

Hester SMACKS Rebecca's hand away.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

(furious, crying)
How...how dare you come here, and
tell me that my Carmen is anywhere
but by the side of Jesus!

Hester collapses in a chair from the emotion.

FRANCISCO

(reaching for Hester)
Cuidado!

Francisco comforts Hester.

HESTER MUNIZ

(weeping)
My Carmen, sits beside Jesus in
heaven...

LAURA

(sniffling)
Rebecca, come on.

HESTER MUNIZ

Jesus cradles her in his arms...

LAURA
 (to Francisco)
 I'm so sorry--

Francisco nods in understanding. Laura pulls Rebecca in tears out the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS

They descend the steps, but Rebecca pulls away from Laura. Laura turns, confused.

LAURA
 (sniffling)
 Rebecca, let's go.

Rebecca, engulfed in emotion, returns back inside the house.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Rebecca!

INT. HESTER MUNIZ HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Hester sobs at the kitchen table. Rebecca reaches out and gently places Carmen's CROSS beside Hester's hand.

Hester looks up, eyes filled.

Laura re-enters the house.

REBECCA
 She...never lied to you.

Rebecca looks at the photo of Carmen amongst the flowers. A yellow flag in the center reads: "In loving Memory".

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 She never betrayed...the love of the Lord.

Hester's dog enters the room. He goes right to Rebecca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Faucet!

Rebecca pets the dog, an instant bond.

The room goes quiet. Hester looks at Laura, surprised. Hester's eyes shift back and forth.

Rebecca laughs as the dog slobbers all over her.

FRANCISCO
 (breaking the tension)
 That dog won't die, just sleeps and
 eats. Faucet, venir aquí, let's go.

Francisco pats his leg for the dog to follow him outside.

But the dog stays by Rebecca's side, much to Rebecca's
 delight.

Hester looks at Laura.

HESTER MUNIZ
 You told her about the dog?

LAURA
 No...

Hester slowly approaches Rebecca and the dog.

HESTER MUNIZ
 Rebecca, how you know my dog's name?

Rebecca looks up at Hester, her expression is solemn, mature
 looking.

REBECCA
 She used to ruin my dress.

Hester goes still.

She kneels down to Rebecca. She turns her towards her and
 gazes deeply into her eyes. She recognizes something familiar
 in them.

HESTER MUNIZ
 ...No.

Hester looks back at the photograph of Carmen on the table,
 wearing the gold cross. She touches the same cross around
 Rebecca's Neck.

Hester lets out her grief, a decade of longing. She embraces
 Rebecca tightly. The room goes silent for a long time.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)
 (eyes filled)
 ...Jesus...he give me another chance.

Laura cups her mouth and nose with her fingers.

Hester squeezes Rebecca, tears flowing.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

Oh Dios, que has respondido a mis rezos.

REBECCA

It wasn't her fault. Please don't hate her.

Hester exhales deeply.

HESTER MUNIZ

No. Never. Me vida... Jesus bring you back...

Rebecca slowly puts her arms around Hester, reciprocating.

HESTER MUNIZ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Forgive me.

Laura holds back tears. Francisco touches His mother's shoulder. Hester squeezes his hand, not letting go of Rebecca.

FADE OUT:

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- MORNING

Bishop is led out of a police van wearing a white coverall jump suit, his hands cuffed behind his back. Two burly officers lead him past a throng of reporters and cameramen into the courthouse.

Bishop seems calm, almost serene in the chaos of microphones and flashbulbs, the attention not disagreeing with him.

Every reporter SCREAMS a question simultaneously, but Bishop is whisked away too quickly to answer any.

INT. COURTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

As Bishop and fanfare appear at one end of the long hallway, we see Carl Rosa, sitting on a bench, watching the melee, his eyes dark, his expression hard, burning.

EXT. RESERVOIR -- MORNING

The sun rises, painting the sky orange.

Jack stands next to Harrington, both leaning on Jack's car, overseeing the investigation.

HARRINGTON

Carl's not coming?

JACK

He's at the arraignment. Refuses to believe she's down there.

HARRINGTON

I'll be real happy when this one is over. I spend anymore time at work, I'm gonna come home and find the wife with the mailman.

Jack watches the divers go under and resurface.

JACK

Looks like rain.

HARRINGTON

All that hard work, And dumb luck that cracks it.

JACK

It's never what you expect.

HARRINGTON

What were you expecting?

Jack stares out at the lake.

JACK

(deep in thought)

I don't know. You stare at something long enough, your mind starts to play tricks on you.

Beat. Jack looks up at some black clouds gathering.

HARRINGTON

This is taking too long, maybe we should just drain it.

JACK

Call me when they find something. You're in charge now.

HARRINGTON

What do you mean I'm in charge now? You make it sound like you're not coming back. Where are you going?

Jack climbs in his car and starts the engine. Harrington backs away from the vehicle.

Divers come up and go under. One looks over at Harrington and shakes his head "no".

EXT. ROBERT'S HOME -- DAY

A modest blue collar suburban home.

There are many cars parked outside. We angle on a window in the front. We see Robert look outside as a couple approaches the house, climbing the steps, carrying gifts.

Robert opens the door and greets them. We see TRISH standing in the kitchen. They enter. Patricia holds her pregnant stomach, concerned, but smiling.

Robert stands at the door, searching both ways expectantly. His expression dims. He retreats inside and closes the door.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jack stands in a mirror. He adjusts his tie, he's dressed for a casual affair.

He brushes his hair.

NEW ANGLE

He sits in his easy chair. He gets up, moves a few feet, then sits back down again.

The clock dissolves from 3 pm to 4 pm.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jack walks slowly to his car. He reaches for the handle, then stops. He turns to walk back inside, then turns around again and opens the car door.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- DAY

Jack gets out and enters the store.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack picks out a small Teddy Bear.

NEW ANGLE

He passes a row of children's BICYCLES. He backs up.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- DAY

Jack pulls up to Laura's house. Rebecca is on a SWING SET.

Jack exits the car. He approaches her.

JACK

Hi.

REBECCA

Hi.

JACK

You're mom around?

Long Beat.

REBECCA

She's inside.

JACK

I got something for you.

Jack moves over to his car. He takes a shiny new BIKE from the back seat. He wheels it over to Rebecca, whose face lights up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hope you like it.

She holds the handlebars, squeezing the brakes, elated.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's got 21 speeds. And a chain guard. You like pink? Cause I wasn't sure--

REBECCA

You look nice.

JACK

(caught off guard)
...Thanks.

Laura exits the house. She approaches.

JACK (CONT'D)

Get on, give it a spin.

Rebecca gets on and pedals away. Laura gets a look at Jack in his suit.

LAURA

A little loose.

Jack looks himself over.

JACK

I'm half the man I used to be.

She smiles a melancholy smile, not allowing the reality of the statement to dampen their spirits.

LAURA

I was watching the news, they won't
leave that poor father alone.

Jack nods, bitter.

JACK

Tragedy is entertainment when it's
someone else's.

LAURA

You did all you could.

Laura looks over at Rebecca, who is zipping around on the
new bicycle.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You didn't have to do that.

JACK

How is she?

LAURA

(looking at Rebecca)
Better. We had a little...
breakthrough. She slept all night.
First time that's happened in I don't
know when...

JACK

I'll keep my fingers crossed.

Beat.

LAURA

Where you off to?

JACK

I've decided to give peace a chance.

LAURA

Good for you.

Jack fidgets with his tie.

JACK

Go with me.

LAURA

Why?

JACK

If I decide to leave, it'll give me
an excuse, I can say you're--

LAURA

No, Jack. This is something you need to do on your own. Besides, those teachers you showed Rebecca's artwork to at the university called, asked if they could stop by and meet her.

JACK

Might be good for her self esteem.

LAURA

Yeah. They said some people will pay a fortune for unique artwork like hers. Maybe I'll retire.

Jack smiles. Rebecca approaches on the bike.

REBECCA

I love it.

JACK

Sure you won't change you're mind?

LAURA

Just make sure *you* don't.

Jack nods.

JACK

Well...Take care.

An awkward beat. Jack turns to leave.

LAURA

Jack?

He looks at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger.

He limps towards his car. Rebecca rides up next to Jack.

REBECCA

Jack!

We watch them from Laura's perspective, out of earshot. Rebecca motions for Jack to lean over, and she whispers in his ear. What she says makes Jack look back at Laura.

He grimaces at Rebecca as if to say "ridiculous", and climbs in his car.

He drives off, watching them in his rear view mirror. Rebecca and Laura embrace. Laura kisses Rebecca's forehead.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Can I go riding?

LAURA

Not too long, ok?

Rebecca rides off.

EXT. RESERVOIR -- AFTERNOON

Harrington stands eating an apple, watching the divers surface and descend over and over.

He checks his watch.

EXT. ROBERT'S HOME -- LATE AFTERNOON

Several cars line the street, making it crowded. Jack finds a place to park.

He sits in his car a beat, then finally gets out. He walks a few steps, then retreats back to the car and retrieves his wrapped gift.

He climbs the steps, hesitates, then KNOCKS. After a moment, the door opens. Trish's mother, EDITH, 69, stands in the doorway.

EDITH

(recognizing)

My God...

JACK

Hello Edith.

EDITH

Jack. I can't believe my eyes.

Jack smiles and nods.

JACK

Am I too late?

EDITH

I'm afraid so.

Jack frowns.

JACK

I see--

EDITH
(quickly)
No. Robert took Trish to the
hospital.

JACK
Hospital?

EDITH
Her water broke. Guess the baby got
tired of waiting, eh? Must have
been all the excitement.

A man in the background recognizes Jack.

MAN
(in the BG)
Is that Jack?

JACK
Which hospital did they go to?

INT. JACK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack speeds back towards the highway. He opens his CELL
PHONE. He grabs a piece of paper from the passenger seat
and reads it.

He puts the paper down and DIALS a number.

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Robert stands next to a bed where Trish is wincing in pain.
Doctor's and nurses come and go.

ROBERT
Try to stay calm. Breathe.

Robert turns to a passing nurse.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Is our doctor here yet?

NURSE
She called, she's on her way.

Robert nods, frustrated. Then his cell phone RINGS. The
same nurse reverses towards him.

NURSE (CONT'D)
(adamant)
You can't use cell phones in here.

Robert turns off his cell phone.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack snaps his cell phone closed, frustrated.

JACK

Damn...

EXT. RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

Harrington closes his coat as RAIN begins to fall. He holds his hand out, letting a few drops splash into his palm.

A diver surfaces.

DIVER

Got something!

INT. JACK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack gets back onto the highway. The rain gets heavier.

Jack slows. The traffic is snarled. Up ahead in the distance we see red and blue lights everywhere. It's an accident.

JACK

Shit...

He takes out a road map, fusses with it.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Jack drives onto the shoulder. He passes several cars and takes the exit ramp.

INT. COURTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The courtroom is packed with onlookers, relatives of victims.

We angle on Carl Rosa, who grits his teeth as Bishop is led in. He eyeballs Bishop, who looks away.

EXT. ROAD -- DUSK

The rain continues to pour. Jack's car swipes the screen, splashing a wave of water towards the camera.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack Checks the signs along the road. His cell phone RINGS. He answers.

JACK

Yeah.

HARRINGTON

(on phone)

Jack. We found something. They're bringing it up now.

Jack clenches his jaw, his expression clouds.

JACK

Ok.

HARRINGTON

Where are you?

JACK

(straining to see)

Lost...

Jack hangs up. He sees a turn and takes it.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Laura watches TV. The arraignment of Bishop is on.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Edward Bishop has confessed to killing at least four women, including the rape and murder of Teresa Mason, and most recently, the abduction and murder of Angelina Rosa, who's remains have still not been recovered. The arraignment's scheduled for 4:30-- Oh, I think they're bringing him in now--

On TV we see BISHOP being led into the courtroom in handcuffs.

The doorbell RINGS. Laura gets up and goes to the door.

Standing in the rain is Michael, the art professor, holding a briefcase.

MICHAEL

Ms. Lowell? Michael Ketcher, from the university? We spoke on the phone, about Rebecca?

LAURA

Yes, hi, won't you come in?

MICHAEL

Thanks.

He steps inside, soaking wet.

LAURA
Can I take your coat?

MICHAEL
Thank you.

LAURA
She went out riding,
(looking out door)
She should have been home by now.

MICHAEL
Well I can't wait to meet her. I've
been a teacher in the arts for over
20 years, I've never seen talent
like hers at such a young age. I'll
be honest, I'm a little skeptical.

LAURA
Would you like to look at some of
her work while we wait?

MICHAEL
Sure.

She leads him into the other room.

EXT. RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

The divers surface with something.

HARRINGTON
You got it?

DIVER
(disappointed)
Yeah, we got it...

INT. JACK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack passes a few rural homes. He presses his nose to the
windshield to see through the pouring rain.

JACK
Come on, come on...

Jack passes a SIGN showing the direction back to the main
highway. He heads for it when something catches his eye to
his left. High up on a hill in the distance is a rusted
white WATER TOWER.

Painted on its side is a worn slogan:

"Find Jesus."

He slows to a stop.

He rolls down the window and stares a moment. He puts the car in REVERSE and turns down the road headed towards it.

He passes a large brick CHURCH. He turns with the road. Up ahead on his left is a FRUIT STAND, long since closed down.

----HE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

EXT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack stares in stunned disbelief, the rain splashing on the door into his face.

Reverse to the long deserted fruit stand. Angle on SIGN:

"The Fruits of Our Labors."

Jack opens his car door and gets out. He takes a few slow steps towards the old, abandoned fruit stand. We RACK FOCUS to the "Find Jesus" slogan on the rusted water tower up on the hill, directly behind it.

JACK IS STUNNED, Rain drips off his face.

He turns around in place. There is a small white house across the street. One light on inside.

Jack looks down the road at the church. He turns towards the house. He notices a basement window facing the road.

He approaches the house, checking that his GUN is in it's holster.

He goes up the steps and knocks. The door SWAYS OPEN.

JACK

Hello?

No answer. He takes a cautious step inside. We hear a TV.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack moves through the kitchen. There are dirty dishes everywhere.

He moves into the dark living room. A TV is on but no one is watching. There are food trays everywhere. And pill bottles. And a WHEELCHAIR in the corner.

We hear a toilet FLUSH.

An ELDERLY WOMAN exits the bathroom, using a walker. She is deplorably malnourished and disheveled.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Turn up the heat, will you? It's cold in here. Aren't you cold?

JACK

(confounded)

I'm sorry ma'am. The door was open. My name is Jack Ridge. I'm a police detective.

ELDERLY WOMAN

So cold in here, is it cold?

JACK

Is there anyone else here ma'am?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Where's that damn remote. What time is it?

JACK

Do you mind if I look around?

She sits down very slowly.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hand me my water will you?

Jack sees a glass of water half full nearby on a table. He hands it to her.

JACK

Ma'am?

She is lost in her TV, not even aware anymore that Jack is in the room.

Jack turns towards a door leading to the basement.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Laura lays out several paintings for Michael to look at. One disturbing picture gives him pause. It shows an ANGEL floating above a tree next to a river. A girl covered in blood on the ground below.

We hear a screen door slam.

LAURA

I hear Rebecca.

Laura exits the room.

Rebecca is in the kitchen, Scooping ice cream into a bowl. Laura enters.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You're soaking wet. Why didn't you come right home?

REBECCA

Whose car is that outside?

LAURA

Someone I want you to meet.

Laura walks Rebecca into the living room.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Rebecca, I'd like you to meet Mr. Ketcher, he's an art professor.

Michael turns around.

MICHAEL

Hey darlin'. Whatcha got there, ice cream?

THE BOWL TUMBLES IN SLOW MOTION TOWARDS THE WOOD FLOOR, SHATTERING INTO PIECES.

Rebecca's face contorts as she belts out an ear piercing SHRIEK.

Michael's smile quickly fades into confusion.

Laura is frozen. Rebecca SCREAMS, backing away. Michael stands up straight, his expression suddenly serious, nervous.

INT. HOUSE, BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Jack climbs down the steps into the damp basement. It is a modified apartment. Very messy. He reaches for the handle of one door, locked. He steps back and KICKS it open.

There is a passageway to a large STEEL DOOR. It is locked from the OUTSIDE. He releases the lock and opens it.

Jack has to cover his nose from the rancid smell.

Inside is a makeshift studio, with lights and a camera. A painting on an easel of a young girl. Jack examines a shelf full of photographs, girls in various states of undress.

Jack pops open a box of polaroids. He flips through them carefully. He finds one of a girl tied up, half naked. He examines closer. It's a picture of ANGELINA.

He turns and spots several pictures on the wall, a man posing with various people. The man in the pictures is MICHAEL KETCHER.

Jack's eyes go wide. He goes to rush out of the room when a noise stops him in his tracks.

Beat. Jack breathes.

We HEAR a fluttering sound, flesh and metal, like an animal in a cage. He turns and follows the sound.

The room is dark, just a sliver of light that spills in from a window. Jack looks through the window. We see clearly the fruit stand across the street, the water tower on the hill.

Jack wipes his mouth, his eyes wide, out of breath.

He quiets. We hear someone else's BREATHING.

He turns and to his horror, sees a young GIRL locked inside a cage not much bigger than her body.

She has black hair. She is naked, bruised, bloody. There is a bucket under the cage for human waste.

Jack approaches the cage, carefully.

JACK

My name is Detective Jack Ridge, Can you speak?

The girl turns her bruised and battered face towards him.

It is ANGELINA ROSA. She's ALIVE!

JACK (CONT'D)

Christ...

EXT. RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

Harrington's cell phone RINGS. He recognizes the number and answers it.

HARRINGTON

(into phone)

Yeah, Jack, false alarm, it was only animal bones. ...You what?

Beat.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

My God...

Harrington looks over at the other men and makes a "wrap it up" swinging motion with his arm.

EXT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

EMT'S wheel Angelina into a waiting ambulance. Several police cars pull up to the home. It's still raining heavy.

The elderly woman stands in the doorway on her walker, confused as all hell. A police officer questions the delirious woman.

Jack makes a beeline to his car.

JACK

Listen to me, I need you to get a few patrol cars and meet me at 175 Forest Circle over in Monroe.

HARRINGTON

Why would Bishop lie--

JACK

Linking himself to a pattern of homicides makes it easier for him to plead an insanity defense.

Jack reaches his car and hangs up. He drives off *FULL SPEED*.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Through the window, we see Michael taking something out of his car, looking around nervously.

We pan down to reveal Rebecca on the ground, dazed.

Laura is also on her back, her face bloody and bruised. She rolls over and tries to move towards Rebecca, dazed.

LAURA

Becky...

On the kitchen counter, we see a reporter on the TELEVISION.

REPORTER

With the apprehension of Edward Bishop, the public can finally exhale knowing the killer which had this community on edge is no longer roaming the streets.

The front door SWINGS open, thunder CRASHING outside. Michael enters carrying a spool of wire. He begins wrapping up Laura's hands.

Laura SCREAMS and fights. Rebecca blinks, and begins to cry.

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack's car swipes the screen at top speed.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack calls Laura on his cell phone.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The phone RINGS. We hear SCREAMS in the background.

INT. JACK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs up.

JACK
(panicked)
Dammit!

The rain has picked up again, making it hard to see.

INT. COURTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bishop stands before the judge as he reads out the charges.

JUDGE
Of the rape and murder of Teresa
Mason, how do you plead?

LAWYER
My client pleads not guilty by reason
of insanity.

JUDGE
Of the charge of rape and murder of
Angelina Rosa, how do you plead?

LAWYER
My client pleads not guilty by reason
of insanity your honor.

In the stands, Carl Rosa squirms with rage and grief in his seat. An officer enters the room and whispers to the bailiff. The bailiff approaches Carl and whispers to him, motioning for him to follow.

Carl, confused, gets up out of his seat.

He follows the bailiff out of the courtroom. There's a lot of mumbling and murmuring, an excitement building.

INT. COURTHOUSE, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Carl is led towards a group of people gathering.

CARL ROSA
 (to officer)
 What's going on?

OFFICER
 (smiling)
 There's a call for you.

Carl takes the phone, wondering what all the excitement is about. Several onlookers point at him and talk amongst themselves.

CARL ROSA
 (confused)
 Hello?

Beat. Carl's face drains of color.

CARL ROSA (CONT'D)
 (stammering)
 Is this...some kind of joke?

He begins to shake with joy.

CARL ROSA (CONT'D)
 Oh my God...Oh my God...

Carl drops the phone, speechless, tears of joy in his eyes. He collapses to the floor in a rapture of elation.

EXT. LOWELL HOME -- LATE AFTERNOON

Thunder BOOMS. Lightning crashes. Rain pours.

Jack's car screams into the yard. Jack exits. We HEAR police sirens in the distance approaching. Jack hobbles towards the front door, Gun DRAWN.

He looks through a window, then goes around the back.

NEW ANGLE

He reaches the side door, holding his stomach, panting for breath. He opens it, carefully.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Inside it is dark. Jack moves slowly through the kitchen, arms extended, gun leading the way. He sees the broken bowl on the floor, ice cream melted.

He enters the living room. The furniture has been tossed. He hears a noise. He looks and finds--

LAURA. She is alive, bound and gagged. Her eyes bulging. Jack swoops down and removes her gag.

LAURA
(exhausted)
Upstairs...

Jack cuts her loose.

JACK
Is he armed?

LAURA
My kitchen knife.

JACK
Stay here.

Jack heads for the staircase. Laura pulls the rest of her bindings off.

He climbs the steps, completely winded, each step like ten. Just going on sheer adrenaline.

We see Rebecca's door is closed. A light shines from underneath the door. Jack peers inside. He takes a breath and opens the door.

Michael stands, holding a knife to Rebecca's throat, as if waiting for him.

MICHAEL
You're right. There he is. How did you know he'd come? You're just full of surprises.

JACK
Let her go.

He angles the blade under her chin, drawing blood.

MICHAEL
I don't like guns.

He presses the blade threateningly, and Jack tosses his gun.

JACK
Don't be afraid, Rebecca.

MICHAEL
We're old friends. She told me. Isn't that right, Rebecca?

Michael smiles at Jack, circling the knife by his ear, implying Rebecca is "crazy".

JACK
Don't do this.

MICHAEL
Why not? You already caught the
killer.

Jack looks into Rebecca's tear stained eyes, keeping her
focused on him.

REBECCA
(whispery)
Jack...

JACK
Rebecca, look at me, keep your eyes
on me.

Rebecca struggles, Michael angles the blade tighter beneath
her chin. Laura appears on the stairs behind Jack.

LAURA
Rebecca!

JACK
Stay there, Laura!

MICHAEL
Back!

JACK
It's over. Let her go.

Michael's face is a rotation of emotions, disturbing.

MICHAEL
Carmen was my best student. So
brilliant. So shy...

Beat. Tears drip from Rebecca's terrified eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
She never screamed once, the whole
time I had her.
(admiring her)
All she would do is pray. And when
I hurt her, she would just pray
louder. What a prize.

Jack plots.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(gloating)

Even as I squeezed the life out of her body, she just kept looking me right in the eye, almost as if, she wanted to remember my face...

Michael's grip on Rebecca loosens as he gets distracted by his own story.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But the thing that sticks with me the most, begging me to let her die a virgin. For God. I'm not religious but, I gotta tell you, When I penetrated her, it was as if I was hurting God himself.

Michael smiles at Jack.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That was the only time she screamed...

Jack spots Michael's loose grip on the knife.

JACK

Rebecca, remember what we said about bullies?

MICHAEL

(to Jack)

That was my property you stole by the river.

JACK

Remember option number two?

Rebecca nods.

Michael catches on to their little back and forth just as Rebecca ELBOWS HIM IN THE GROIN.

AS SHE TUMBLES AWAY, JACK USES WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS STRENGTH TO LEAP AT MICHAEL, GRABBING HIS KNIFE HAND.

Michael easily overpowers Jack, getting the better of it. But it gives Rebecca enough time to get clear.

JACK (CONT'D)

Rebecca run!

Jack and Michael struggle, Jack's body suddenly goes limp.

Jack FALLS backwards, clutching his BLOODY stomach.

HARRINGTON

(o.s.)
Get down!

Rebecca turns and sees Harrington aiming his GUN at Michael. She drops to the floor, holding her ears.

HARRINGTON FIRES, HITTING MICHAEL IN THE SHOULDER. HE FIRES AGAIN, AND MICHAEL IS HIT IN THE LEG. HE GOES DOWN HARD.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Move! Move!

Two officers rush in and subdue Michael, who FLAILS and SCREAMS as he is handcuffed both hands and feet.

Rebecca rushes to Jack's side.

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Call an ambulance!

Jack turns onto his back. Blood drips from his mouth.

REBECCA

Jack!

Laura rushes past several officers.

OFFICER 1

(restraining her)

Ma'am--

LAURA

Let me through!

Laura pushes past and kneels down next to Jack.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(seeing the blood)

Oh God!

Jack coughs up BLOOD. His stomach oozes red, a mortal wound.

HARRINGTON

Hold on, Jack.

JACK

(glazed)

Robert...Robert...

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Trish is suffering through labor pains. She winces and spits, rolling back and forth on the bed, moaning.

Robert looks over at the obstetrician.

ROBERT
Is there something wrong?

MARTHA
(looking up)
She still hasn't fully dilated.
Just breathe, Patricia. Breathe.

Robert squeezes Trish's hand.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
That's it. Good.

INT. LOWELL HOME -- CONTINUOUS

A team of EMT's rush into the room.

HARRINGTON
(to everyone)
Back away!

Laura is moved aside as an EMT team surrounds Jack. They check his vitals.

PARAMEDIC
We need a stretcher!

Jack opens his eyes. Rebecca holds his hand. The paramedics go to work on Jack.

REBECCA
Don't be afraid.

Jack looks into Rebecca's eyes. He squeezes her hand as if to say he's not.

LAURA
Jack...

JACK
(regretful)
Just a little more time...

The paramedics work frantically on Jack. Jack closes his eyes, unresponsive, the oxygen leaving his brain.

PARAMEDIC
Pulse rate?

Jack starts to SHAKE, his hands and legs FLUTTER.

PARAMEDIC 2
We're losing him!

He loses Rebecca's grip.

LAURA
Oh God. No!

HARRINGTON
Fight it Jack!

A single tear drips from Jack's closed eye.

JACK'S POV

WE SEE EVERYONE HOVERING OVER US. THE PARAMEDICS WORK ON THE BLEEDING, OXYGEN OVER OUR MOUTH.

The scene begins to fade out.

ON BLACK.

PARAMEDIC 2
(controlled)
Blood pressures dropping.

PARAMEDIC
(o.s.)
We're losing him!

Now the sound begins to FADE. Until it is DARK. AND SILENT.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(in our ear, softly)
There's a reason...

After what seems like an eternity of silence and darkness, a small CIRCLE OF LIGHT appears. We glide towards it.

Then we see a FLASH OF BRIGHT WHITE, and we find ourselves floating over a field of grass.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- DAY

There is no sound, only the gentle caress of the wind cascading through the trees and grass. Everything seems to move in slow motion.

A yellow KITE floats in the breeze. It crashes into the ground.

A young boy turns. He drops the cord and races towards a tree near a lake. He stops and turns to see--

JACK. Watching. His face still.

The boy smiles at Jack. He touches Jack's hand. He pulls Jack with him.

We approach the tree. Standing there are Robert and Patricia, slightly older now. They call to the boy.

Jack turns to the boy. The boy looks up at him and smiles. The boy runs to Robert and Patricia and they hug each other.

Jack watches, a look of relief and desire in his eyes.

Then everything goes DARK again. The CIRCLE OF LIGHT begins to drift down, illuminating only Jack.

Jack shields his eyes. It drifts closer, pulling us towards it. It begins to spin, creating a TUNNEL OF LIGHT.

The light GLOWS, expanding, as we drift closer...closer...

It spirals towards us, growing bigger and bigger.

MARTHA
(o.s. distant, muffled)
Push.

A muffled SCREAM of pain.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
(o.s.)
I see it. One more. One more.

Another SCREAM of pain as we move through the tunnel of light.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
(o.s.)
Almost there--

We move closer to the light. Closer, it brightens.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
That's it, push!

The bright white light finally envelops the screen, blinding.

We pass through the BIRTH CANAL to--

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

The bright white lights of the hospital room blind us. The silence is shattered by the din of the doctor's and nurses, and then by--

A baby's CRY.

The nurse cradles the crying baby boy in her arms. She approaches the mother and father, Trish and Robert.

NURSE

It's a boy.

She hands Trish her baby.

TRISH

He's beautiful.

We angle on the screaming baby. Then on Robert and Trish smiling, joyful. The baby CRIES.

C.U. of the baby's eyes. The baby SCREAMS and WAILS.

CUT TO BLACK