

# DEJA VU

written by

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FIRST DRAFT  
May 17, 2004

FADE IN:

A CHILD'S DOLL, FLOATING FACE DOWN

in dark green water. It bobs there, limbs splayed, hair waving in easy ripples.

Around the doll, REFLECTIONS in the water: people walking along a pier, blue skies on a sunny day ...

RISE UP TO REVEAL:

EXT. ORIENT POINT FERRY DOCK - DAY

Fourth of July weekend. The dock crammed with PEOPLE AND VEHICLES -- rows of cars, RV's and trucks in line to board the *Sea Bride*, a huge PASSENGER FERRY.

It's clearly the Fourth: flags tied to cars and strollers, ice cream and picnic baskets, scores of FAMILIES with cameras around their necks and kids in tow.

A young girl, JANICE, looks down over the railing.

JANICE  
Mommy, I lost my doll ...

The young girl's mother, BETH, pulls her away from the rail --

BETH  
Don't worry, baby, we'll get you another one.

FERRY WORKERS wave a military transport vehicle into the car deck through an open BOW DOOR. Other cars follow --

EXT. FERRY - FORWARD SUN DECK - DAY

A group of ELDERLY VETERANS with potbellies and thick glasses greet several YOUNGER, LONG-HAIRED VETS with hugs and backslaps. A sign reads:

HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY!  
ORIENT POINT V.F.W., POST 7447  
DEFENDING OUR COUNTRY, SERVING OUR COMMUNITY.

Behind them, the sun deck fills with holiday passengers. KINDERGARTNERS crowd the rail with their harried TEACHER, eager kids on a summer field trip.

INT. FERRY - BRIDGE - DAY

The weatherworn FERRY CAPTAIN scans the harbor with cautious eyes. Behind him, the PILOT glances at the ship's clock.

PILOT  
Five minutes past the hour, sir.

The Captain nods. The Pilot SOUNDS THE HORN, throttles up --

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

The *Sea Bride* cuts a wide wake as it churns past the Orient Point Lighthouse.

As the ferry passes, we might notice a LONE FIGURE at the base of the lighthouse, watching the ship as it departs ...

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

Well underway, the ferry passes a COAST GUARD CUTTER. The cutter's crew waves to the holiday crowd; ferry passengers wave back. A FANFARE STRIKES --

EXT. SUN DECK - DAY

A NAVY BAND -- two dozen sailors in dress whites -- plays a John Philip Sousa tune for the passengers. Above them hangs a banner, 'WELCOME SUBASE NEW LONDON FAMILIES!'

Nearby, a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR sits next to a KID IN A STROLLER, both of them asleep.

The young mother, Beth, hoists Janice up on her shoulders for a better look at the band. Janice laughs, delighted, the lost doll forgotten --

INT. RESTAURANT DECK - DAY

FILLED WITH PEOPLE -- reading, playing cards, scolding their kids, eating hot dogs.

INT. CAR DECK - DAY

Over a hundred vehicles parked end-to-end, on two levels along the hull and down four center lanes. A FERRY WORKER leans against a school bus, catching a smoke on the sly. All's quiet down here.

Then, from somewhere forward, a CAR RADIO starts --

RADIO DEEJAY (V.O.)

(filtered)

It's ten forty-eight on Endless Summer  
Sunday ... now let's go back in time  
to 1964 and the Beach Boys! On Long  
Island's 98 FM!!

The opening chords of the Beach Boys' 'Don't Worry, Baby' echo in the chamber, sounding almost ghostly.

The Ferry Worker looks annoyed -- some idiot is going to have a dead battery. He walks toward the sound ...

A WHITE FORD EXPLORER sits parked on the second level hull ramp, its RADIO BLARING as the worker approaches.

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)

(filtered)

*Well, it's been building up inside of  
me for, oh I don't know how long ...  
I don't know why, but I keep thinkin'  
Somethin's bound to go wrong ...*

The Worker cups his hands over his eyes, peers into the passenger window -- that's weird --

No keys in the ignition.

He walks around the back, checks the license number, frowns --

The plate's been removed.

Weirder. He glances in through the back window --

FOUR ORANGE BARRELS inside. He ponders that for a moment.

Because a moment is all he has ...

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)

*But she looks in my eyes ... and makes  
me re-a-lize when she says --*

THE EXPLOSION tears through him so fast we don't even see pieces, just WHITE DEATH BLASTING OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS --

EXT. SUN DECK - DAY

The FLOOR ERUPTS UNDER THE CROWD, obliterating the band, the passengers, Beth and Janice on her shoulders, everyone --

INT. CAR DECK - DAY

The blast punches through the hull like a shotgun charge, BLOWING THE FORWARD CAR RAMP CLEAR OFF ITS HYDRAULICS and out over the Sound. The gaping bow is open to RUSHING SEAWATER --

BURNING CARS are swamped by the sudden tide -- THE CAR DECK IS FLOODED IN SECONDS --

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

The entire ship lurches downward, the ship's prow digging into the blue waters as her main fuel tanks rupture --

-- AND THE ENTIRE FERRY, ALL FOUR STORIES OF HER, IS BLASTED APART IN A CATAclysmic EXPLOSION. Huge chunks of hull, flaming deck panels, a thousand ragged fragments scatter over the water in a sudden apocalypse.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Dust floats down through the water, followed by debris, then a car ... two cars, twelve cars, more ... the SONG still playing eerily as they pass ...

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)  
*Don't worry, baby ... Don't worry,  
 baby ... Everything will turn out all  
 right ...*

More wreckage sinks, falling past us, a nightmare, until the water turns black ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISASTER RECOVERY SITE - DAY

Rain pours down. Frenzy and hysteria -- BODIES on stretchers are carried from the Coast Guard cutter. RED CROSS and EMS CRISIS TEAMS swarm the pier. NEWS CREWS dodge ambulance trucks --

SHRIEKING LOCALS push forward, begging CROWD CONTROL POLICE for information --

COP  
 -- we don't know yet, ma'am, please,  
 we don't know --

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 My daughter's on that ferry, oh God my  
daughter! --

CRYING MAN  
 Just let us ask, maybe they're here,  
 maybe someone saw them --

PARAMEDICS pass by, revealing --

SPECIAL AGENT DOUG CARLIN standing next to a black sedan, motionless amid the chaos, indifferent to the rain. Mid-thirties, a cold intelligence, Doug's eyes miss nothing:

TWO POLICE DOGS, led by detectives, sniff at a broken, scorched life-preserver --

Doug's eyes shift.

AMBULANCE WORKERS stand ready, but with nothing to do, helpless --

Doug registers this, eyes moving on.

A pair of COAST GUARD CREWMEN try to console a group of NAVY CADETS, several of whom are in tears.

Doug looks past the Cadets -- near the dock, a SHELL-SHOCKED WOMAN is standing alone, looking lost as the chaos swirls around her.

Doug notices -- a WHITE SATELLITE VAN creeps along, comes to a stop. It's marked BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL LABORATORY.

Doug frowns --

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
Agent Minuti!

Doug turns. Another agent, ANDREW PRYZWARRA, stands there, notebook over his head against the rain.

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)  
Are you Larry Minuti?

He steps toward Doug, smiling.

DOUG  
No. Larry is my partner.

PRYZWARRA  
Andy Pryzwarra, New York Field Office.  
Where's Larry?

DOUG  
On vacation for the Fourth.

PRYZWARRA  
Not anymore. The Bureau's calling back  
half the eastern seaboard on this one.  
I'm sorry, your name?

DOUG  
Doug Carlin.

Pryzwarra's smile fades.

PRYZWARRA  
Ah. Carlin, right. Evidence recovery.  
We need you back at the field office,  
and your partner if you can find him.

Doug nods, continues scanning the area. Pryzwarra looks out.

PRYZWARRA  
Quite a scene, huh? What are you  
looking for?

DOUG  
Anything that doesn't belong.

Pryzwarra registers the rebuff. He looks out -- nearby, the shell-shocked Woman is still standing alone, crying in the rain. Pryzwarra starts to move toward her:

PRYZWARRA  
Miss? Are you --

DOUG  
Don't.

PRYZWARRA  
I'm just -- I was going to get her a blanket or something.

DOUG  
Each of these people is a piece of evidence. And we don't touch evidence.

Doug resumes his surveillance. Pryzwarra watches him.

PRYZWARRA  
Damn, that's cold.

DOUG  
It's not our job to care about these people. It's our job to catch the one who did this.

The sudden muffled sound of a CELL PHONE. Both men turn --

They're standing near a LINE OF BODIES laid out by paramedics. The cell phone RINGS AGAIN, inside one of the body bags. Never to be answered.

Doug stares at it. Then he turns away, back toward his car. Pryzwarra stares at the body bag, cell phone still RINGING.

PRYZWARRA  
Jesus.

DOUG'S SEDAN moves through the crime scene, passes by --

A LARGE MAN in jeans and T-shirt stands at the open door of the white Brookhaven van. He juggles a backpack, cell phone, and umbrella. His name is GUNNARS.

Gunnars opens his umbrella. Then extracts an odd-looking pair of high-tech night-vision style goggles from his backpack.

Gunnars puts them on, scans the area, looking this way and that, like some giant bug-eyed fish on land. He comes close to CAMERA, talking into his cell phone, speaking low --

GUNNARS

Nope. Empty. Totally empty.

(beat)

I don't see a soul ...

He moves off ... and past him, of course, are cars, trucks, emergency workers yelling, victims' family members crying ...

... the place is full of people.

INT. FBI OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Doug moves along amid a swirl of activity: ringing phones, ANALYSTS and ASSISTANTS rushing between desks, the frenzy of a crime unit in the wake of a national disaster.

Doug's assistant, DONNELLY, falls in step alongside him.

DOUG

Has Minuti called in yet?

DONNELLY

He's not answering his cell, we left him a message at home --

Doug is already dialing his own cell phone. Donnelly hands him something:

DONNELLY (CONT'D)

-- and here's yours from last night. Say, did that girl ever get ahold of you? She sounded cute.

DOUG

What girl?

DONNELLY

(a beat, then he laughs)  
Right, right ...

Donnelly walks away, smiling. Doug glances at the message --

DOUG

Whose number -- What is this, a candy wrapper? Donnelly!

RECORDING (V.O.)

(from Doug's phone)

'This is Larry Minuti. I can't come to the phone now -- '

A SECRETARY waves from her desk:



SECRETARY

Doug! Suffolk County on Line One, they pulled a body out of the water and want you to coordinate a profile!

DOUG

(under his breath)

Already ...

(calling)

Take a message, Kathy!

(the phone beeps)

Larry, it's Doug! Vacation's over, buddy. Get your ass in here, there's work to do.

INT. FBI OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Special Agent in Charge (SAC) JACK McCREADY, seated at a crowded conference table. An imposing man, he reads from loose pages, tough words coming from a gentle face --

McCREADY

At approximately 10:50 this morning, the passenger ferry *Sea Bride* exploded in the waters of Long Island Sound, seven miles southwest of New London, Connecticut. Early estimates place the number of casualties at eight hundred and forty-three men, women and children.

Shock and anger from those present. Doug enters at the back, unnoticed and unimportant. Standing room only, he looks over the shoulders of two taller agents to see --

McCREADY

Men, ladies -- this happened on July Fourth. The *Sea Bride* was carrying servicemen and their families to a special event at Groton Sub Base. We consider this a deliberate act of terrorism against the United States Navy. The President concurs with our assessment.

McCready shuffles to a new piece of paper --

McCREADY

Uh, I'm also told that someone claiming to be a Federal Agent stole an ambulance out of Brookhaven Medical last night. So whoever took it, just leave the keys on my desk, and there'll be no questions asked.

Polite laughter from the room. Nice try, boss.

McCREADY

Folks, this is a perfect act of terrorism. There were no baggage checks, no flight data recorders, maximum casualties, and all the evidence is under 90 feet of seawater. Don't overlook anything.

INT. FBI OFFICE - LATER

Doug is at his desk rushing through a phone message, candy wrapper in hand:

DOUG

(into phone)

This is Special Agent Doug Carlin returning your call, the number here is 516-753-0130 --

SECRETARY

(calling out)

Doug! Suffolk County on Line One again. They still need a profile for that floater --

DOUG

They don't need a profile, just have 'em bag it and -- shit, never mind --  
(he punches the line)  
Sheriff Reed?

SHERIFF (V.O.)

(over the phone)

Agent Carlin, I know you've got your hands full right now ...

DOUG

That's okay, tell me what you have.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Couple of kids found a woman face down in the water off Plum Island -- she's got burns over 80 percent of her body, just totally black --

DOUG

You're gonna see a lot of that over the next few weeks, Sheriff. We're still setting up an E.C.C. Just have Crime Scene bag it for us and --

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Already done. Body's on its way to the M.E. right now.

DOUG  
 It's on its -- ?  
 (what? wait a minute ...)  
 Crime Scene's already been there?

SHERIFF (V.O.)  
 Been and gone.

And now Doug gives this his full attention, because something is definitely not right:

DOUG  
 Sheriff ... exactly what time did this woman wash up on shore?

SHERIFF (V.O.)  
 Kids called it in at ... Ten forty-two a.m.

DOUG  
 You mean eleven forty-two.

SHERIFF (V.O.)  
 No, ten forty-two. Got the sheet right in front of me, and got my reading glasses on, too.

Doug ponders that for a moment. Then:

DOUG  
 Which M.E.?

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY MEDICAL - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Sterile, metal, white. The MEDICAL EXAMINER leans over an autopsy table, eyes closed, almost in prayer. He whispers to the form under the sheet:

M.E.  
 My name is Doctor Philip Vavala.  
 Tell me.

That ritual observed, he gently pulls the sheet away --

-- revealing the CHARRED BLUE BODY of a young WOMAN, wearing what used to be a pretty summer dress. She stares up at us -- cold, angelic, dead.

Doug stares at her, standing a few feet back. The M.E. gestures him closer, as if to say, 'come take a look.'

Doug moves to the woman's side -- suddenly she turns to look straight into his eyes. The M.E. has rolled her head to one side.

M.E. (CONT'D)  
(into a hanging mike)  
This is the body of an adult female,  
Caucasian, in her late twenties or  
early thirties. Weight of the body is  
78 pounds resident, 64 inches in  
length ...

Doug stares at the dead woman's face, entranced.

Her eyes are lifeless, skin pallid, lips bluer than ice.  
Under the circumstances she can't possibly be beautiful --  
but she once was. The kind of beauty that grows on you.

M.E. (CONT'D)  
Immediately evident is heavy focal  
charring of the limbs and torso;  
anterior chest, face and neck are  
intact though swollen from apparent  
immersion in seawater.

The M.E. glances along the woman's arm, down to her hands.  
Frowns. Picks up a Polaroid camera. Indicates to Doug --

M.E. (CONT'D)  
Would you hold that up for me please?

Doug blinks -- who, me? He gingerly takes the woman's  
blackened hand, lifts it off the table.

As the M.E. aims the camera, Doug looks down at the hand  
resting in his own:

All five fingers have been sheared away, leaving ragged  
stumps.

Doug looks away. Several FLASHES as the M.E. snaps photos.

M.E. (CONT'D)  
Each digit of the left hand has been  
severed between the middle and distal  
phalanges -- angle of shearing  
indicates a single sharp force trauma,  
possibly caused by shrapnel ...

Doug looks back to the woman's face. He notices a SINGLE BLUE  
PEARL EARRING in one ear. He glances at her other ear --  
pierced but empty.

M.E. (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
... posterior charring gives off a  
strong diesel odor, suggesting  
perimortem immersion in burning fuel.

An odd, hypnotic look comes over Doug -- almost as if he knows her. He brings his hand up to the Woman's face ... until the tips of his fingers rest softly on her lips.

M.E.

What are you doing?

Doug doesn't seem to hear. He brings his fingers off the woman's mouth -- her lips stick lightly to his fingertips.

M.E. (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOUG

Do you have a UV gun?

M.E.

Second shelf behind you.

Doug goes to the shelf. Intrigued now, the M.E. moves to the head of the table, turns off the overhead lamp.

Doug brings a hand-held ULTRAVIOLET GUN to the table. Aims it at the woman's face, pulls the trigger --

-- illuminating a WIDE BAND OF CHEMICAL RESIDUE across her mouth and cheeks, glowing like yellow neon. The shape is a perfect rectangle.

M.E. (CONT'D)

Duct tape ...

Doug nods. They stare at the dead girl's mouth.

DOUG

What's that stippling ... see that?

He points: within the band of tape residue, numerous TRACE PARTICLES stand out under the light like tiny stars. The M.E. brings the magnifying lamp over, leans in for a closer look --

M.E.

Adhesive probably retained some substance against the seawater --

The woman's eyes suddenly sparkle; light spills across the body from an OPEN DOOR. A LOCAL COP steps in --

LOCAL COP

We may have a name. Missing Persons has a 'Claire Kuchever' reported missing this morning, when she didn't pick up her parents at JFK. The report's being faxed.

Doug nods. Turns back to the body.

DOUG  
 Claire ...?

No answer, of course.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Doctor, I want you to perform a full  
 autopsy. Pretend you never heard about  
 a ferry explosion -- concentrate on  
 time and cause, full spread of lab  
 tests, everything.

M.E.  
 Absolutely.

Doug picks up the Polaroid camera, centers it on the woman's  
 face. He hesitates, looks at her almost apologetically ...

Then aims the camera again, holds it there. A FLASH --

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Wood porch, nice lawn, mailbox by the fence. The rain has  
 become a constant drizzle, a grey tarp over the scene.

Doug sits in his car, looking out at the house, reluctant.

INT. PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A SHRIEK of pure grief. CLAIRE'S MOTHER is crying  
 hysterically; CLAIRE'S FATHER rocks and hushes her, weeping  
 himself. They cling to each other on the couch.

On the coffee table in front of them rests the Polaroid photo  
 of their daughter, dead on an autopsy table.

Doug picks up the photograph, waits quietly as Claire's  
 parents try to cope.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 OH GOD! I was so mean to her on the  
 phone! Oh Claire! I'm sor-ry ...

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 No-no-no, shh, shhhh ...

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 It can't be. It can't. It can't ...

Doug looks away, uncomfortable, focusing on the decor. His  
 gaze comes to rest on several framed photographs on the  
 mantle. He notices one in particular --

A PHOTO of a young woman: CLAIRE KUCHEVER. Pretty hair, a  
 beautiful smile. The kind of beauty that grows on you.

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 (realizing)  
 The ferry disaster. She was on the  
 ferry. Oh, God.

DOUG  
 We don't know yet, sir. But anything  
 you can tell me about your daughter's  
 activities this weekend will help.

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 (barely hanging on)  
 I don't know, she -- she was supposed  
 to meet us this morning, we've been  
 away all week -- when her car was  
 gone, we thought maybe she sold it --  
 she'd been trying to for awhile --

DOUG  
 She lives alone?

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 Yes -- her fiancé broke up with her in  
 March. She wanted kids, but he didn't.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 (barely audible)  
 She had a date ...

DOUG  
 What?

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 (sits up, sniffing)  
 A blind date. Last night, on the  
 phone, she told me, she was going to  
 go out. On a date. In Connecticut. Her  
 friend Beth set it up.

DOUG  
 Beth?

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 Beth Harris.

Doug nods, mental note made.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 Claire babysits her daughter, Janice,  
 during the week sometimes ... Oh God!

And she breaks again, weeping convulsively. Her husband holds  
 her, giving what comfort he can.

DOUG  
 We'll, ah ... we'll need a recent  
 photo, and keys to her house if you  
 have them.

They don't hear him anymore, lost in naked grief. Doug waits,  
 profoundly uncomfortable. Finally:

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Someone will be in touch.

He gets up to leave.

EXT. PARENTS HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Doug comes through the door -- suddenly Claire's father  
 reaches for his arm.

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 Mister Carlin?

DOUG  
 Doug, please. You can call me Doug.

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
 Listen ... Doug ...  
 (he struggles for words)  
 Claire ... wrote funny poems in her  
 Christmas cards. She loved Cary Grant  
 movies. She used to dance with her cat  
 sometimes, she named it Ginger, you  
 can guess why.  
 (a plea)  
 I know how these things go, but please  
 ... I need her to matter to you.

Doug blinks, motionless. Claire's Father hands him a  
 photograph -- the one from the mantle -- and a set of keys.

Doug looks at them. A wail of anguish from inside and Doug  
 looks up -- and meets the eyes of Claire's Father.

The door closes.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - CAR - EVENING

Still light out, but barely. Doug stares through the  
 windshield out at a tree-lined street, a quaint one-story  
 house. The driveway is empty.

Doug pulls a pair of plastic gloves out of his pocket and  
 gets out of his car, approaches the house.



INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A key turning in the lock. Doug pushes the door, lets it open and looks into the house, not stepping inside.

There, as if to greet him, standing in the center of a carpet, is a CAT with black and white fur.

DOUG  
Hello, Ginger.

The cat steps forward ... then suddenly leaps up into Doug's arms; he has no choice but to catch it.

Doug is startled a moment, not sure what to do. Then shrugs, steps inside, scratching the cat's head. He looks around --

The decor is feminine, inviting, furnished with antiques thoughtfully rescued from thrift shops and farmers' markets.

Doug sees an ANSWERING MACHINE by the door, light blinking. He sets the cat down, pulls a pen from his pocket, uses it to press PLAY. Walks through the room as the TAPE REWINDS.

A CLICK, A BEEP:

FIRST MESSAGE (V.O.)  
Hi Claire, this is Helen French at Pennylane Books. We're putting together a Language Arts series for grades K through 8, and I'd like to see if you would do some illustrations for us! Give me a call!

Doug comes to Claire's work area. Pages rest on the table, ORIGINAL COLOR DRAWINGS of kids at a playground, a day at the circus, a schoolyard. One drawing stands out: a color rendering of an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL with braids.

ANOTHER BEEP:

CLAIRE'S FATHER (V.O.)  
Hi, Claire, it's Dad. Our flight gets in at 8:05 tomorrow morning -- your mother asked me to remind you, don't stay out too late ... thanks, bye.

Doug grimaces. Moves to the fireplace -- next to it is a basket full of dolls (same type as the one we saw floating face down in the water).

A BEEP, then a hang-up. Doug kneels to examine the toys. Glances into the fireplace ... and sees A SINGLE SHEET OF LAVENDER STATIONERY burned up in there, one corner intact. He touches the corner with his pen.

Another BEEP, another hang-up. Doug looks up, and the cat leaps out of his arms, races to the kitchen. Another BEEP:

BETH (V.O.)

(concerned)

Claire? Hi, it's Beth, are you there?  
I'm sorry to call so late, but you  
said you were going to call me when  
you got home, and when you didn't, I  
started to get worried --

-- there's the 'click' of someone picking up the phone:

CLAIRE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Is this a joke?

Doug frowns -- she sounds distressed --

BETH (V.O.)

What? No! I was worried about you,  
that's all. How'd the date go --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I can't talk right now, someone's  
here. I'll call you tomorrow.

BETH (V.O.)

Claire -- !

The hang-up cuts Beth off in mid-sentence. Doug goes to the machine, hits REWIND, then PLAY again:

CLAIRE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Is this a joke?

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)

What? No! I was worried about you,  
that's all. How'd the date go --

CLAIRE'S VOICE (V.O.)

I can't talk right now, someone's  
here. I'll call you tomorrow.

BETH'S VOICE (V.O.)

Claire -- !

Doug hits STOP. He looks away, thinking. Suddenly there is a very loud MEOW from the kitchen. Doug smiles --

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Doug walks in, notices: on the table, TWO GLASSES, filled with water.

Ginger, the cat, is on the counter. She bumps a rather absurd-looking tomato-shaped cooking timer. Rubs up against a particular cabinet.

Using a gloved hand, Doug opens the cabinet. Cat food. Of course. He drops a handful of cat food into a dish for the starving cat. Turns to the refrigerator --

A CHILD'S CRAYON DRAWING is affixed to the door; we can make out the words 'JANICE HARRIS, Gr. 2' scrawled at the bottom. Next to it: a newspaper ad for a 'White FORD EXPLORER, low miles, excellent condition.'

Doug glances up -- the freezer door is littered with words from a magnetic poetry kit. In the middle, a sentence:

YOU CAN SAVE HER

Doug stares at the words. Pulls out his notebook --

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Doug looks in, notebook in hand. He surveys the room. The bed is made but crumpled, as if somebody fell onto it. He steps in -- and something CRUNCHES under his foot. Looks down:

SHATTERED PORCELAIN ON THE FLOOR. Doug kneels. DROPS OF BLOOD on the fragments.

Doug looks back at the bed. Crumpled -- as if somebody fell onto it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Doug starts the machine with his pen, takes notes as the rest of the MESSAGES play:

CLAIRE'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Claire, it's your mother. We've been waiting at the airport for forty minutes now. If you're not coming I hope you're sending Beth or someone ... call us.

We read Doug's notes, one under the other: CAR MISSING. EX-FIANCE. BLIND DATE IN CT (FERRY?) LATE CALL, BETH HARRIS. FIREPLACE NOTE. KITCHEN MESSAGE (PRINTS?) STRUGGLE. BLOOD.

He adds: "SOMEONE'S HERE." Circles it, closes the pad. Heads for the hallway when he hears one last BEEP:

DOUG'S OWN VOICE (V.O.)

This is Special Agent Doug Carlin returning your call, the number here is 516-753 --

Doug spins in a hammer shock of disbelief. Then it comes to him. He rips off one of his gloves, digs into his pocket --

-- and pulls out the CANDY WRAPPER WITH THE PHONE NUMBER WRITTEN ON IT. He holds the wrapper up to the machine, with his gloved hand, presses the ANNC button:

CLAIRE'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello! This is 462-8423. I'm sorry I missed your call, but if you say something nice, I'll call you back!

The number on the wrapper is 462-8423. BEEP, CLICK, silence.

Doug stands in the middle of the room, staring at the dead girl's telephone.

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - NIGHT

Wreckage on the water, rotors in the night. SEARCH AND RESCUE HELICOPTERS sweep the floating debris with searchlights.

A CRANE lifts a submerged CAR from the sea --

EXT. CALVERTON HANGAR - TARMAC - NIGHT

TELEVISION NEWS CREWS make their reports from a long row of satellite vans. A troop truck carrying NAVY DIVE TEAM members rolls past the giant hangar --

-- and past DOUG, who stands outside staring at the doors, hesitating for some reason. He takes a deep breath -- once, twice -- then holds it and opens the door into --

INT. CALVERTON HANGAR - NIGHT

A cavernous makeshift morgue.

ROWS AND ROWS OF BODY BAGS lie across the floor awaiting identification; more are being laid out by FBI FORENSICS TEAMS. A harvest of death under black plastic.

Doug marches past them, past a handful of POLICE and FAMILY MEMBERS moving among the bodies, down the long center aisle.

He passes a PERSONAL EFFECTS AREA: shredded backpacks, soaked purses, a child's blackened sneakers. He never breaks stride, doesn't look, keeps moving toward --

INT. HANGAR - RECONSTRUCTION AREA - NIGHT

FBI CREWS and NTSB INVESTIGATORS have begun to reconstruct the ferry from recovered debris. A flatbed truck backs up bearing A HUGE SLICE OF HULL like a giant ragged melon rind.

At a long table, several AGENTS -- McCready and Pryzwarra among them -- are gathered around a collection of small pieces of metal, none bigger than a quarter:

AGENT STALHUTH

... our early guess is that the bomb vehicle was a minivan or SUV. Possibly white or silver --

MCCREADY

Make and model?

STALHUTH

No way to tell yet.

BROOKS (O.S.)

Hey, I got a partial on the license plate ...

All eyes turn to AGENT BROOKS -- he holds up a tiny sliver of metal with a pair of tweezers and smirks.

A few tired groans at the gallows humor. McCready turns back to Stalhuth.

MCCREADY

How long?

Stalhuth looks over the debris.

STALHUTH

Could be weeks. Months.

MCCREADY

Check all SUVs and minivans registered in the state, anything recently rented or purchased, anything tied to a theft or missing persons report --

DOUG (O.S.)

Agent McCready?

McCready turns -- Doug is there.

DOUG

I'm Agent Carlin, LIRA Evidence Recovery --

MCCREADY

(cold)

Douglas Carlin. I remember you. Flight 800 investigation.

The other agents look up at that. Doug blanches, stands his ground. Pryzwarra wonders at their reaction, steps forward:

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)

Hello, Doug. You have something?

Doug stares at the others, then to Pryzwarra:

DOUG

This afternoon I witnessed the autopsy of a young woman who washed up off Plum Island, with heavy fuel burns and traces of thermite powder on her face. She'd also lost several fingers in what appeared to be blast damage.

McCready catches the slight inflection:

MCCREADY

'Appeared.'

DOUG

When I checked the tide tables against the position of the blast ... sir, this woman was killed at least two hours before the ferry exploded.

DENNY (O.S.)

Before?

Doug turns to see a civilian approaching the table: ALEXANDER DENNY. Black T-shirt, tennis shoes, long wispy hair. Standing with the agents in their suits, he looks like a crazed genius scientist or an aging rock star.

DENNY (CONT'D)

You say she died before the explosion?

Doug blinks -- who is this guy? -- then:

DOUG

Her name is Claire Kuchever. Her body washed up before the explosion and against the tide.

Doug has everyone's attention now. McCready is dubious, stares at him.

PRYZWARRA

You have a scenario?

DOUG

I believe someone abducted her from her home, taped her mouth and wrists, then severed her fingers -- probably because she had his DNA under her nails.

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)  
 Then he burned her alive and dumped  
 her into the Sound, where she would  
 appear to be just another disaster  
 victim --

DENNY  
 A disaster that hadn't happened yet.

STALHUTH  
 (to Doug)  
 You refer to the killer as 'he.'  
 Why not 'they?'

DOUG  
 I work Evidence Recovery as needed. My  
 main field is victimology. I believe  
 we're looking for a lone individual,  
 most likely a paranoid sociopath. No  
 group has claimed responsibility?

Pryzwarra shakes his head 'no.'

MCCREADY  
 Why this woman?

DOUG  
 Her SUV is missing. It could have been  
 stolen to drive the bomb onto the  
 ferry.  
 (checks his file)  
 New York license CHB 4470. A white  
 Ford Explorer.

The agents look down at the pieces, then at each other --  
 yeah, that fits. Doug holds out his report to McCready.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Something else ... The victim placed a  
 call to the Long Island field office  
 the night before she was killed.

Denny's eyebrows go up at this. McCready takes the report.

MCCREADY  
 Thank you. We'll look into it.  
 (Doug stands there)  
 Thank you.

Doug has been dismissed. He turns, walks away ... and notices  
 for the first time a row of cars parked against the far wall.  
 Doug stops and calls back --

DOUG  
 Hey, where's Minuti?

PRYZWARRA  
 What?

Doug indicates a particular car, parked down the line: blue early model BMW. Boston Red Sox cap visible through the back window. A bumper sticker: WHITE CANE POST 56.

DOUG

My partner, Larry Minuti. That's his car.

Pryzwarra looks ... then closes his eyes in an 'aw, fuck' expression. Even McCready looks solemn.

MCCREADY

Agent Carlin ... those cars were brought here from the ferry parking lot. Vehicles that remain unclaimed.  
(a beat)  
I'm sorry.

Doug stares at McCready as realization sinks in. He looks at the other agents ... none of them can meet his eyes.

Doug turns. Walks away, between the rows of bodies.

Denny watches him leave, thoughtful.

DENNY

May I see that report?

EXT. CALVERTON HANGAR - DAY

Doug leans on the driver's side window of his car, head down, not moving. In the glass, the distorted reflection of an ARMY HELICOPTER moves past. Doug closes his eyes.

MP (O.S.)

Agent Carlin?

Doug opens his eyes. Reflected in the glass are now the distorted shapes of two MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS.

Doug turns. One is tall and muscular. The other short and even more muscular.

MP (CONT'D)

Would you come with us, please?

Doug regards them. They're serious, there to do a job.

DOUG

I have a choice?

The MP cracks a smile.

MP

As a matter of fact, sir, no, you don't.



INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Doug sits in a straight-back chair in front of an empty desk. Looks like he's been there a while.

The room is dominated on one side by a long TWO-WAY MIRROR. Doug stares at it. The mirror seems to stare back.

The door opens. Pryzwarra enters, sits down.

PRYZWARRA  
I'd guess you've got some questions.

DOUG  
For me to have questions, first I'd have to know something.

Pryzwarra grins.

PRYZWARRA  
I've been put in charge of a newly created special investigative unit. Our first case is the ferry bombing. I want you on the team.

DOUG  
Why me?

PRYZWARRA  
You know the area. We need someone local, who also has the proper security clearance.

Doug nods at the two-way mirror.

DOUG  
That's what you told the people back there. Why me?

Pryzwarra smiles, leans forward.

PRYZWARRA  
I'm a good field agent. But this investigation has ... unique requirements. We need someone who can take exactly one look at a crime scene and tell us what's wrong, what's missing, what we can ignore and what we should pursue.

Doug frowns. The mirror is still a strong, silent presence. Pryzwarra lowers his voice.

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)  
They won't say it, but you impressed the hell out of somebody.

DOUG  
They told you my history?

PRYZWARRA  
I'm not worried about that.  
(beat)  
Can't change the past, right?

EXT. ARMY HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - MORNING

Streaking over miles of thick forest, crossing the Long Island Pine Barrens.

INT. HELICOPTER

DOUG stares out the window, seated between two MPs, silent. Pryzwarra sits across from him. Suddenly:

PRYZWARRA  
You're gonna need this.

He hands Doug a CARDKEY bearing Doug's name and photo.

Doug regards the logo:

DOUG  
Brookhaven ... home of the big  
particle collider?

PRYZWARRA  
That's the one!

Pryzwarra points -- Doug looks out the window:

EXT. RHIC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The chopper streaks over a wooded rise TO REVEAL -- the RELATIVISTIC HEAVY ION COLLIDER, a massive, two-mile ring carved out of the Long Island Pine Barrens. So vast it's literally visible from space.

DOUG  
Okay, now I do have some questions.

INT. HUMVEE - MOVING - DAY

Doug glances outside. The HumVee rolls past a guarded checkpoint, onto what looks like a college campus. Stately brick buildings amidst stately oak trees.

A Brookhaven satellite van, the same he saw arrive in the rain at the disaster site, passes by in the other direction.

Doug takes note of the van, stares ahead, thoughtful --

INT. BROOKHAVEN - RHIC MAGNET STATION - DAY

Pryzwarra leads Doug toward a three-story MAGNET ARRAY, where a group of ENGINEERS is making last-minute adjustments under Denny's direction. Denny turns at their approach:

PRYZWARRA

Doug, this is Dr. Alexander Denny.

DENNY

Charmed. We're about to open the Window, hurry up.

Denny swipes his cardkey through A SEALED SECURITY DOOR --

INT. RHIC CORRIDOR

Doug, Pryzwarra and Denny walk down a curved cement corridor. They duck under an air duct and some wiring.

DOUG

What is it that's special about your special team?

PRYZWARRA

Really, it'll be easier to show you than to tell you ...

Pryzwarra stops at an unmarked door. He can't help but smile.

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)

Get ready for the world to change.

He opens the door --

Revealing a JANITOR'S CLOSET. Doug glances in at the dusty cleaning supplies.

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)

Uh -- wrong door.

DENNY

(amused)

This way --

Doug and Pryzwarra follow Denny around the ring to a second door; it looks very much like the first. Denny pulls it open. There is a slight WHOOSH as the seal is broken --

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

Doug steps through. Revealed before him is --

THE TIME WINDOW

-- tall and wide, a sleek metallic frame, curved like an IMAX movie screen, suspended in mid-air.

The area in front is cordoned off by rails and yellow caution stripes. Behind the imposing structure is a very mundane brick wall; they're in the basement of the facility.

Crowded around the Time Window are technicians, monitors, consoles; at once the highest of high tech and a spaghetti mix of wires, cables and jury-rigged photon-pushing stuff. The steady low background hum of high voltage.

Denny slides into an open chair, pulls a headset on. The chair next to him is empty.

DENNY

What are we waiting for?

GUNNARS leans back from his console. We recognize him as the man wearing the weird goggles at the disaster site.

GUNNARS

Ready to rip.

DENNY

Let 'er rip.

Denny watches the monitors instead of the screen. Doug notices, mounted above his console: a small pink flyswatter.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ALL ALONG THE RHIC

The shunting arrays come alive as the magnets within are energized. Components slide into place, extra power is routed through the ring --

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

SHANTI, a female technician, calls out:

SHANTI

Symmetries not yet matched. Catching up in four, three, two, one ... okay, symmetries are matched.

IN THE WINDOW, the brick wall DISAPPEARS as static resolves into a crystal clear IMAGE of the Orient Point Ferry Dock. The ferry is there, unharmed, intact. A bright sunny day. Crowds of WEEKDAY COMMUTERS getting on board.

It's as if the machine has ripped open a hole in reality.

Doug stares at the scene. Turns to Pryzwarra:

DOUG

Is this video?

PRYZWARRA

Nope.

DENNY

Where's my audio?

Gunnars remembers that's his job, scans his console.

GUNNARS

Uh, compensating for audio delay, just a second --

Suddenly a WALL OF SOUND hits them, LOUD -- people chattering, cars revving as they drive forward, the ferry horn BLARING. Doug and Pryzwarra jump.

GUNNARS (CONT'D)

Uh, now compensating for major technical blunder by idiot tech guy on the pre-set audio gain.

(over his shoulder)

Sorry.

He lowers the sound.

SHANTI

We're locked. Minus four days, six hours, three minutes and forty-five seconds.

Doug looks up at the MISSION CLOCK behind Shanti's console -- 07/01 08:25:05AM and counting. He turns to Pryzwarra again:

DOUG

Digital re-creation?

PRYZWARRA

(smug)

Nope.

DENNY

(to Gunnars)

The guy with the backpack, blue jacket.

GUNNARS

I'm on him.

Doug watches as Gunnars manipulates the round spin controls: horizontal, up/down, and forward/back. Like the spin controls used on a camera dolly, hooked up to be read by computer. A rocker arm above adjusts to different magnitudes of movement.

Gunnars spins the controls --

IN THE WINDOW: the VIEW CHANGES, follows the man with the backpack through the crowd. Doug is astonished.

DOUG

You can't do that. You can't change the angle on video shot four days ago.

PRYZWARRA

You can't do this, either. Keep your eyes at the edge of the screen ...

He pulls Doug sideways, as Doug watches the screen --

DOUG'S POV: as he moves sideways, more of the scene is revealed; he can see 'around the corner' of the Window.

Doug moves his head back and forth, confirming the effect.

He takes in the room again, thinking.

ON SCREEN: the man with the backpack meets up with his family. Denny frowns.

DENNY

Not our guy. Back to general surveillance.

Denny tosses his headset aside, comes over to Doug:

DENNY (CONT'D)

All right, Doug. Let's get you up to speed --

DOUG

You've developed a working time window. You can look into the past. From the looks of things its a prototype machine, developed on limited funds --  
 (slight smile)  
 -- probably no more than ten billion. You're using it as an investigative tool, trying to find a clue to the identity of the ferry bomber.

Denny and Pryzwarra are impressed.

DOUG (CONT'D)

The only thing I don't understand is why you're looking at four days ago, and not yesterday when it happened.

PRYZWARRA

We can only look back four days.  
 (nods at mission clock)  
 Four days, six hours and change.

(MORE)

PRYZWARRA (cont'd)  
But that's it. No more, no less. We  
can't see ten minutes ago --

GUNNARS  
We can't look back and see if there  
was a second gunman --

DENNY  
We can look anywhere. But the when is  
always four days ago. A single  
trailing moment of 'now' in the past.

Doug thinks a moment.

DOUG  
So -- three days from now -- you'll be  
able look back to -- yesterday.  
(realizes)  
You'll be able to see the explosion,  
see who did it. You'll see him as he  
does it.

DENNY  
Yes.

PRYZWARRA  
But three days could be too late. The  
guy might have left the country by  
then. Or he might strike again. We  
need to do what we can now.

Doug looks up at the screen. He looks at the Window, at the  
people in the crowd.

DENNY  
We know he's back there, somewhere,  
planning this. We just need to know  
where to look.  
(to Doug)  
So -- Agent Doug Carlin. Where do we  
look?

Doug sits down in the chair next to Denny --

DOUG  
Claire's house.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Numerous FBI vehicles are parked in front of Claire's house.  
A BROOKHAVEN SATELLITE VAN pulls up behind them and parks,  
idling.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB

IN THE TIME WINDOW: the view TILTS DOWN at the ground ... then PULLS BACK up into the air. Quickly a good section of the state of New York can be seen below.

Shanti types. ON HER MONITOR, a grid appears over a video feed of the scene. Superimposed are various CIRCLES that show the range of the Time Window.

A small DOT appears on the edge of the largest sphere.

SHANTI  
Within range.

DENNY  
Go.

IN THE TIME WINDOW: the view PLUMMETS down to find a residential housing track, keeps going, comes to a jolting STOP just above the asphalt of the street.

The view TILTS UP to reveal: CLAIRE'S HOUSE.

The view CREEPS over the lawn ... right up to the wall --

-- and then THROUGH THE WALL to reveal: CLAIRE KUCHEVER, lovely, young, very much alive. She wears a conservative bra and panties and is just pulling on a blouse.

IN THE LAB: A complete shock to Doug ... this is the woman he saw dead in the morgue.

IN THE TIME WINDOW: Claire starts to button up the blouse, turns and looks directly INTO CAMERA.

CLAIRE  
(smiles)  
Hello there!

IN THE LAB: Everyone freezes. What the hell?

IN THE TIME WINDOW: Claire waits, thinks a moment. Tilts her head, an even bigger smile INTO CAMERA:

CLAIRE  
(bright, friendly)  
Hi, how are you?

She waits, but of course there's no answer. Claire looks off, chews her lip. Takes a breath. This time a bit more formal.

CLAIRE  
Hello. I'm Claire.  
(corrects herself)  
My name is Claire.



IN THE ROOM: Uneasy glances. Gunnars is freaked.

GUNNARS  
Too weird ... can she see us?

PRYZWARRA  
That's not possible.  
(to Denny)  
Is it?

Only Denny seems to be enjoying himself.

DENNY  
Let's just see what happens.

IN THE TIME WINDOW: Claire frowns, sighs. Tries again.

CLAIRE  
Hi, I'm Claire, but you guessed that  
already, right?  
(she cringes)  
God, that's terrible.

Doug suddenly figures it out.

DOUG  
Rotate the view. I want to see what  
she's looking at.

IN THE TIME WINDOW: The view moves to reveal -- a MIRROR on the wall. Claire is looking at her own reflection, practicing her smile and greeting, not happy with any of them:

CLAIRE  
(coy)  
Claire. Pleased to meet you.  
(with attitude)  
Right, I'm Claire. So, how am I doing  
so far?  
(a la Bond)  
My name is Kucheever. Claire Kucheever.  
(she grimaces)  
God this is pathetic. It's the blouse.

Claire pulls the buttons undone, turns to pick out a new shirt.

IN THE LAB, Doug stares at the screen. Perhaps he's remembering her father's words as he says her name:

DOUG  
Claire Kucheever ...

Gunnars notices his intense focus.

GUNNARS  
Did you know her?

DOUG  
We held hands once. But no, I've never met her.

Gunnars frowns at that. A thought hits Doug, and he pulls out his cell phone. Hits a button --

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

AGENTS pore over the interior of the house, investigation in progress. STALHUTH has a plastic evidence bag filled with bloody swabs, answers his phone as he moves down the hall:

STALHUTH  
Stalhuth here.

DOUG (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
This is Doug Carlin. Where are you?

STALHUTH  
At that house you found. Female murder victim. Claire --

DOUG  
Right. What room are you in?

STALHUTH (O.S.)  
Bedroom. We found bloody cotton swabs in the bathroom -- oh, and Carlin, when did you completely forget how to investigate a crime scene?

DOUG (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
What do you mean?

STALHUTH  
The place is lousy with your fingerprints. All over the place.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

Doug frowns at that. He stares up at the screen, into the bedroom, where Claire picks out another blouse, slips it on.

DOUG  
Describe what you see. Just humor me, okay?

STALHUTH (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Uh, woman's bedroom, bed made, mirror  
 on the wall, dresser, tissue box,  
 perfume bottle --

DOUG  
 Is anyone there?

STALHUTH (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Yeah. Agent Hendricks is here, leaning  
 over the bed and right now I have a  
 mighty fine view of the crack of his  
 ass. Jesus, Hendricks.

DOUG  
 Uh ... okay. Great, thanks.

Doug closes the phone, looks over -- Denny has been watching  
 him, amused.

DENNY  
 Satisfied?

DOUG  
 Can you blame me?

DENNY  
 Not for a second.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - LATER

IN THE TIME WINDOW, Claire stirs pasta, dinner for one. Her  
 PHONE RINGS --

IN THE LAB, the agents sit up, attentive.

CLAIRE  
 Hey ... No, that's day after tomorrow.  
 Yeah, Saturday ... Nope, first time!  
 I always thought blind dates were for  
 desperate losers, you know? Then I  
 realized, hey, I am a desperate loser!  
 Desperate losers need love too!

Faint laughter on the phone.

CLAIRE  
 At least I think it's the day after  
 tomorrow, ohmigod --

Claire reaches for an appointment book, opens it --

DOUG  
 Show me the book!

IN THE TIME WINDOW, the VIEW MOVES FORWARD and TWISTS DOWN to 'look' into the book -- too late, Claire snaps it shut.

SHANTI

Damn!

CLAIRE

Yeah, it's Saturday. I'll be sure to call you with all the gory details. Okay, 'bye.

Claire hangs up, finishes the pasta preparation. Scoops some out onto a dish, sits down to eat and read.

IN THE LAB, Doug turns to Pryzwarra.

DOUG

I want her appointment book brought here ... also any notes, diaries, checkbook, photos, any record of any kind. I want to know everything there is to know about her.

PRYZWARRA

I don't see the point of this. We should be concentrating on the ferry.

DOUG

It's likely our man scoped out the ferry, yes. But we don't know when, or what he looks like. We could look right at him and not know.

(back to the screen)

But we'll notice a change, even a small change, in this woman's life.

Pryzwarra looks where Doug looks -- staring at Claire, who just sits at the table, reading. Pryzwarra shrugs.

PRYZWARRA

Someone order Chinese. Looks like this might take a while ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - NIGHT

Items from Claire's life are spread out around Doug. Purse, photographs in a shoebox, appointment book, bank statements, journals, checkbook, a box of drawings, letters, etc.

Doug has Claire's notebook computer in front of him. He clicks on a photo: Ginger, her cat, grabbing onto the couch; Claire has added that timeless caption 'Hang in there, Baby!'

Doug smiles, glances up --

IN THE TIME WINDOW, Claire dabs off her makeup. Turns on the shower, checks the water. She steps out of her skirt.

IN THE LAB, some embarrassment among the observers.

SHANTI

Tell me ... is there any scientific or forensic insight likely to be gained by spying on this woman in the shower?

GUNNARS

She might sing us a clue.

Shanti frowns at the joke. IN THE TIME WINDOW, Claire continues to disrobe.

DOUG

We'll do what any normal, average house guest would do ...

(smiles)

Let's check out her medicine cabinet.

He nods to Gunnars, who (somewhat reluctantly) moves the Time Window view away from Claire, toward the mirrored medicine cabinet. A brief, out-of-focus glimpse of Claire's nude form in the reflection --

-- and then the view MOVES PAST the mirror, into the cabinet. There is just enough light coming in around the edges to see there's not much there.

GUNNARS

Aspirin, dental floss, cough drops ... not even a sleeping pill. This woman needs a vice.

IN THE LAB, Pryzwarra sighs heavily. It's pretty obvious he thinks they're wasting their time. Doug checks a box, confirms the same medications.

DOUG

What's on the other side of the wall?

SHANTI

Kitchen.

DOUG

Let's check it out.

IN THE TIME WINDOW, the view pushes THROUGH THE WALL into the kitchen. The view does a slow 360 scan. Doug frowns --

DOUG

Huh. No tomato timer.

SHANTI

Say again?

DOUG

I noticed it when I was in the house before. This funky little ... food timer, in the shape of a tomato. Next to the microwave. It's not there.

GUNNARS

Maybe she's going to buy one. Or borrow one. Or get one as a gift --

PRYZWARRA

Great! Let's all keep an eye out for the funky tomato timer, I'm sure it's the key to the whole goddamn case --

IN THE TIME WINDOW, Claire suddenly appears, wearing a bathrobe and towel.

CLAIRE

Is someone there? Hello?

IN THE LAB, everyone pays sudden attention.

IN THE TIME WINDOW, Claire goes to the door, checks to make sure it's locked.

SHANTI

She heard a noise, maybe?

GUNNARS

Probably the cat.

DOUG

Follow her.

IN THE TIME WINDOW, Claire enters her bedroom, lays down in on the bed. Opens up her journal, starts to write.

IN THE LAB, Doug searches, finds, opens up the same journal. He flips through pages --

IN THE TIME WINDOW, the view shifts to over Claire's shoulder, looking down at the page as she writes --

'Nothing much special today. Got that weird I'm-being-watched feeling again, but I'm sure it's nothing. Need to install lights outside the house. Trade the cat in on a German Shepherd. I feel like a goldfish. It's like someone's out there.'

CLOSE ON: the same journal page. Doug watches her write what she's already written. Weird.

PRYZWARRA

Maybe someone is out there. Could be she's being stalked.

IN THE TIME WINDOW, the view shoots upward, then tilts, looking down at the house. It ZOOMS DOWN, quickly around the perimeter of the house.

GUNNARS

Nope. Nobody there. Nobody's watching her.

DOUG

Not true. We are.

IN THE TIME WINDOW, the view peers in through the Window, then moves through, centered on Claire.

She's set the journal aside, turned the light off. Laying on her side, she stares out at the dark. Eyes open, but no way to tell what her thoughts might be.

Doug watches her ...

Claire's eyes close and her features relax. Her expression is pure, no one around, no one to see. Simple, unaffected, no artifice, no agenda.

Naked and vulnerable.

Doug's expression softens as well ... lost in her features, in the beauty of her peaceful expression ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEASIDE CEMETERY - DAY

A wind-blown cliff dotted with white crosses and tombstones. Mourners dressed in black; Claire's funeral in progress.

PRIEST

(reading from  
Ecclesiastes)

"Everything God does will remain forever. There is nothing to add to it and there is nothing to take from it. God has done this so that men should be in awe before Him ...

Doug stands away from the crowd, watches the faces of the people at the grave. Near him, a GROUNDSKEEPER works, laying down strips of sod.

DOUG

(low)

The ex didn't show.

STALHUTH (V.O.)  
 (over Doug's earpiece)  
 Would you?

PRIEST  
 "Whatever is, has already been, and  
 what will be has been before. God  
 calls forth the past."

The PRIEST nods; CLAIRE'S MOTHER steps up next to the coffin.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 Claire loved lighthouses. Ever since  
 she was little. They made her feel  
 safe, and whenever it rained she'd  
 listen for the foghorn.

Doug scans the crowd: somber looks, red eyes, silent tears  
 ... but nothing that doesn't belong. Then he notices --

A LANKY MAN in a white windbreaker comes into view in the  
 distance, approaches from across the green. The man carries a  
 bright bouquet of flowers.

DOUG  
 (low)  
 White jacket from the south road.

STALHUTH (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 We see him.

The lanky man keeps coming. Doug keeps watching ...

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 Many of you know we grieve for three  
 people today. Claire's best friend  
 Beth, and also her lovely little girl  
 Janice. Claire loved taking care of  
 Janice ... she was the daughter Claire  
 never had.

The lanky man suddenly stops, kneels at a grave. He places  
 the flowers down, begins praying there. Doug moves over next  
 to the Groundskeeper.

DOUG  
 (indicates the man)  
 Ever see him before?

The Groundskeeper looks.

GROUNDSKEEPER  
 Oh, yeah. Poor guy comes here every  
 week. Flowers every time. Roses. Waste  
 of money, if you ask me.



DOUG  
 (into his headset)  
 False alarm, everybody. The guy is a regular.

GROUNDSKEEPER  
 Guy needs to learn to let go.

The Groundskeeper goes back to laying sod.

STALHUTH (V.O.)  
 Shit. Okay, keep an eye out.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
 Claire ... there are so many things you never got to do. So much that you wanted to share. I'm sorry that you never found the right person to share it with.

ON DOUG, as he turns back to the funeral.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 And you never got to start the family you wanted ... But I know that you never lost hope.

She loses it a little bit; her eyes come up, and happen to find Doug. He gives her a slight nod of encouragement.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 That's who you are. You will always have hope.

She can't continue. Claire's Father goes to her side.

Doug watches ... and then his eyes shift to Claire's coffin. He stares at it, hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIME WINDOW - DAY

IN A GROCERY STORE, Claire stops her half-full shopping cart in front of the cake mix shelf, looking pensive, sullen.

Other shoppers move past, not noticing anything. Claire is alone in the store, lost in some private moment.

IN THE LAB, Doug frowns. He has Claire's journal open in front of him --

ON THE JOURNAL PAGE, in Claire's hand: 'Went shopping today, shopping for one, made me feel alone -- I hate when that happens.'

Gunnars looks closely at Claire.

GUNNARS

Weird how much you can tell about a person when you really look at them.

DENNY

And when they think no one is looking.

ON THE JOURNAL PAGE, mostly blank. A hand comes in -- Claire, writing onto the page. 'Still looking for someone who ... just someone.'

IN THE WINDOW, Claire is lying by her fireplace now, a glass of wine in one hand, her journal open. She stops writing, stares at what she's written. 'Just someone.'

Then she tears the page out of the journal and tosses it into the fire. She hugs her knees, watching it burn.

DOUG looks down: the journal page is missing, torn away.

The rest of the book is blank. Claire will die before she can write anything more.

Doug sets the book aside ... stares at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN THE WINDOW, later. Claire is in the kitchen, washing dishes, when THE PHONE RINGS. Claire answers:

CLAIRE

Hello?

OERSTADT (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey, are you the lady with the SUV for sale? I saw your ad in the paper!

IN THE LAB, Doug sits up suddenly.

DOUG

That's him.

PRYZWARRA

How do you know?

IN THE WINDOW, Claire smiles. She opens the refrigerator, pours a drink:

CLAIRE

Yes, that's me.

OERSTADT (V.O.)  
Well hello there! Lemme tell you,  
first off ...  
(slight laugh)  
I'm what you could call a real  
motivated buyer. I'm ready to get  
something by the weekend.

Pryzwarra jumps out of his chair:

PRYZWARRA  
Match that call! See if it's one of  
the numbers we tracked. I want a  
recording of the conversation sent for  
analysis --

CLAIRE  
That sounds just fine to me.

OERSTADT (V.O.)  
The price, model and mileage look  
right, where can I come by and see it?

CLAIRE  
I'm at 329 Larkspur Road in  
Willowpoint. Need directions?

OERSTADT (V.O.)  
Don't worry, I'll find you.  
Is tomorrow night good?

PRYZWARRA  
(to Doug)  
Tomorrow?

DOUG  
He's waiting ... he wants to steal the  
car as late in the game as he can, so  
there's no time to track it --

CLAIRE  
Wouldn't you know, that's the one  
night all month I'm going to be out!

OERSTADT (V.O.)  
Right, Saturday night, must be a hot  
date.

CLAIRE  
(laughs)  
Blind date, actually. Can we make it  
Sunday?

A pause in the conversation. Doug whispers to Pryzwarra:

DOUG  
 He's thinking ... a date means someone  
 who's expecting her, who would miss  
 her. Which could ruin his plans ...

OERSTADT (V.O.)  
 See, I need the vehicle for Sunday.  
 Is there anyone else there who can  
 show me the car?

CLAIRE  
 No, I live alone ...

Shanti gasps. The others are just as appalled --

OERSTADT (V.O.)  
 I'll tell you what -- there's a Jeep  
 Cherokee I've had my eye on. How about  
 I come see you if it doesn't work out?

CLAIRE  
 Sure! See you later!

Claire hangs up, goes back to the dishes ... with no clue at  
 all to what's coming.

IN THE MAIN LAB, everyone sits there, a bit stunned at how  
 fast it all happened.

PRYZWARRA  
 All right, everyone, we've just heard  
 the voice of our killer. Let's find  
 out who he is --

STALHUTH  
 Checked the number. One of the ones we  
 couldn't track. Outdoor phone booth --

DOUG  
 Wait -- we got surveillance video on  
 that one, didn't we?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Doug, Pryzwarra, the other agents gather before a MONITOR  
 that displays TIME-CODED SURVEILLANCE VIDEO.

STALHUTH  
 This is from an ATM camera across the  
 street. Already been checked, though --

DOUG  
 Scan ahead to exactly the time of the  
 phone call.

The video BLURS, people coming and going, slows to where a NAMELESS WOMAN fills most of the frame, pushing buttons.

PRYZWARRA  
Where am I looking?

STALHUTH  
Background, over her left shoulder.  
That's the phone booth.

ON SCREEN: a fuzzy BLOB that might be a phone booth. It's a bad angle, no way to tell if anyone is there.

PRYZWARRA  
Can you enhance this?

STALHUTH  
This is enhanced.

The video is maddening -- blurry, dark, and obscured by the bank customer every time she shifts position.

PRYZWARRA  
Shit. This is useless --

DOUG  
What's that on the ground?

Doug points. ON SCREEN, at the base of the phone booth: a dark blob with a blurry white logo.

STALHUTH  
Huh. Camcorder bag, maybe?

DOUG  
You have access to face-recognition software, right?

STALHUTH  
Yeah.

DOUG  
Use it on the bag. How many hours of video have been logged?

STALHUTH  
About a billion ...

Stalhuth types busily on his laptop. Hits a final key. Waits for the search to complete ...

STALHUTH (CONT'D)  
Don't think it's ever been used this way --

ON SCREEN: a long list of matches.

STALHUTH (CONT'D)  
See, it's too simple an image to  
create a single --

DOUG  
Go through them.

Stalhuth nods, starts clicking through --

ON SCREEN, video footage of a kid carrying a bag on the dock.  
Obviously wrong. NEXT MATCH, a woman walking across an  
intersection, bag over her shoulder. NEXT MATCH --

Security video shows a NIGHT VIEW of the ferry at dock -- the  
rolling timecode reads 07/03 04:40AM and counting.

A FIGURE steps into view, holding his camcorder, his back to  
the camera. A camera bag over one shoulder --

PRYZWARRA  
Same bag ...

DOUG  
Same guy. What is this?

STALHUTH  
Security camera at the Orient Point  
ferry dock --

ON SCREEN: A WASH OF HEADLIGHTS passes over the figure,  
startling him, causing him to step back out of view --

PRYZWARRA  
Freeze it there!

The video pauses on the empty dock. The timecode in the  
corner reads 07/03 04:40:38AM.

Pryzwarra smiles. Looks at Doug:

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)  
Two nights before the explosion ...

DOUG  
And seven hours from now.

IN THE WINDOW, Claire sits at her desk, working on an  
illustration. She erases a small error. Glances down, where  
Janice sits on the floor, drawing with magic markers.

IN THE MAIN LAB, Doug watches the scene. Glances around at  
the others --

Pryzwarra confers with Stalhuth and Denny.

PRYZWARRA

... we'll get a look at his face, for certain. If we're lucky, a license plate. If not, we follow him ...

IN THE WINDOW, on the floor, Janice sits up suddenly.

JANICE

Oh no!

CLAIRE

What is it?

JANICE

Mom asked me to say a prayer for her meeting today, but I forgot!

IN THE MAIN LAB, as Doug watches the scene, his expression softens. He looks on with empathy, compassion ... for the first time, even sadness.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

That's okay, we'll say one now.

JANICE (O.S.)

But it's too late, it already happened!

BACK TO DOUG, as he glances over -- Gunnars and Shanti watch their monitors. Nobody is looking his way.

Doug reaches into his jacket, and pulls out what looks like a pen. Unnoticed, he points it at the Time Window --

CLAIRE

Then we'll just pray that it went well.

JANICE

Does that work?

CLAIRE

Don't see why it shouldn't!

Doug takes the pen, aims it at the screen, clicks it on.

It's a LASER POINTER.

IN THE WINDOW, A DOT APPEARS on the wall close to Claire's head --

AND CLAIRE TURNS TO LOOK AT IT.

Doug looks on in shock -- as the view suddenly WAVERS and ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE --

SHANTI  
Power spike, I'm red!

GUNNARS  
 I see it --

DENNY  
 Bring it down, ease off --

GUNNARS  
 Got it, got it, I've got it --

Suddenly all of them are punching keys, every screen is alive with activity, around them GIANT CIRCUIT BREAKERS ARE SLAMMING like church doors --

PRYZWARRA  
 What happened?

DENNY  
 Shanti? What happened?

SHANTI  
 Something broached the field ...

Doug SLAMS the laser pointer onto Denny's console:

DOUG  
 When were you gonna tell me?

Silence. They all look up at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 This thing's not just a window, is it?

The team members look to Pryzwarra.

PRYZWARRA  
 I'm, I'm not sure what you mean --

DOUG  
 She saw it, Andy! I aimed a light at her JUST NOW, and she reacted to it FOUR DAYS AGO!

No one speaks. The team members exchange side glances.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 We can send things back, can't we?

PRYZWARRA  
 No, we can't --

DOUG  
 We could GO back!



PRYZWARRA  
No, we can't.

GUNNARS  
Not a person --

DENNY  
(jumping in)  
He's right -- we can't. Not yet.

DOUG  
Why not?

DENNY  
We still haven't beaten the physics.  
The tachyon field nullifies all  
complex electrical impulses, including  
heartbeat and brainwave activity.  
(beat)  
Anything that goes through comes out  
dead on the other side.

DOUG  
You've tried?

Denny and Pryzwarra exchange a look.

PRYZWARRA  
I cannot confirm or deny that.

DENNY  
Trust me, Doug. There's no way around  
it. Not even theoretical. You go  
through, you die.

DOUG  
What about a warning? A radio signal --

GUNNARS  
It's too complex --

SHANTI  
The field would scramble it --

DOUG  
(exasperated)  
Then what about a note?

They all look at each other.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
A note. A single piece of paper,  
one sheet.

Again the team looks to Pryzwarra --

PRYZWARRA

We're under strict orders. The Window is approved for use as a retroactive surveillance tool only --

DOUG

But it is possible?

GUNNARS

If we keep the mass low ...

PRYZWARRA

(whirling)

No, no, NO ...

The group erupts into heated debate, everyone but Denny --

GUNNARS

I'm just talking about tolerances, I think it's possible!

PRYZWARRA

Do you have any idea the metaphysical can of worms --

SHANTI

But we have to try, don't we?

DOUG

We could stop this, Andy! We could save all those people --

PRYZWARRA

Don't you think I want that? Suppose we do save the ferry -- great! So instead the guy blows up a hospital -- or the Brooklyn Bridge at rush hour. Only this time we never catch him, and he does it again and again --

DOUG

Then we'll have to send a warning that gets him apprehended and put away for good, prior to the first explosion.

Pryzwarra thinks about that.

PRYZWARRA

How?

DOUG

We send it back to ourselves. To me, at the Bureau. An anonymous tip that someone is planning to bomb the Orient Point ferry on July 4th.

(thinking it through)

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)  
 We know the suspect was at the dock  
 with a camcorder the night before.  
 Instant search warrant -- they find  
 the bomb -- we could have him in  
 custody before he even meets Claire --

PRYZWARRA  
 We could also create a paradox that  
 rips a hole in the fabric of Time and  
 Space and wipes out mankind.

DENNY  
 Which would probably cost us our  
 funding.

Doug and Pryzwarra both turn to look at Denny.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
 Well, it would ...

PRYZWARRA  
 You're not worried about changing the  
 past?

DENNY  
 No. Because you can't.  
 (a beat)  
 Anything you're gonna do, you already  
did. Whether you send a note back, or  
 don't send a note back ... it doesn't  
 matter. You can't change the past,  
 it's physically impossible.

GUNNARS  
 (at his console)  
 Window's back up ...

IN THE WINDOW, Claire kneels with Janice, coaching her  
 through a child's prayer. Doug watches for a moment. Then:

DOUG  
 What if there's more to it than  
 physics?

DENNY  
 You mean something "spiritual?" Fine.  
 Look it this way ...  
 (he leans in close)  
God's mind is made up about this.  
 Call it fate, destiny, whatever -- it  
 already happened. And it always will.

DOUG  
 Maybe. But I've spent my entire career  
 chasing people after they've done  
 something horrible.

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)  
For once, I'd like to stop someone  
from ever hurting anybody in the first  
place. Can you understand that?

Doug looks over, sees that Pryzwarra has been listening.  
They exchange a look.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - DAY

Giant SHUNTING MAGNETS -- huge circular arrays -- are  
recalibrated and lowered back into place --

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

A BROOKHAVEN SATELLITE VAN pulls up in the parking lot --

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

Gunnars designs an armature to hold the warning note in  
place.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Pryzwarra writes out the warning while Doug dictates:

DOUG  
You know, this would go faster if I  
did it myself --

PRYZWARRA  
Yeah, and then you recognize your own  
handwriting and the universe blows up.  
Continue.

DOUG  
"Terror suspect will be at Orient  
Point dock, 4:40am ...

PRYZWARRA  
We can't be that specific. It has to  
hold up in court that someone could  
have phoned this in without using a  
time machine.

DOUG  
It'll hold up. Just don't leave any  
prints on the note.

Pryzwarra looks at his fingers, glares at Doug -- 'now he  
tells me.' He crumples the note and starts over.

PRYZWARRA  
(writing)  
How can you be sure you'll take this  
'anonymous tip' seriously?

DOUG

There was, ah ... there was a reporter I worked with a few years back. The way we're phrasing this, I'm pretty sure I'll think it's from him.

PRYZWARRA

Would this reporter be David Campbell?

Doug doesn't answer. Clearly this is a sore subject --

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)

Flight 800?

DOUG

You read my file.

PRYZWARRA

No. McCready told me. I'd be curious to hear your side of it.

Doug looks grim. But it had to come up, sooner or later.

DOUG

The official word on Flight 800 was that degraded wiring under the main fuel tank caused a short and triggered the explosion. But Campbell suspected a cover-up -- that the plane was in fact shot down during a Navy exercise four miles south of the flight path.

PRYZWARRA

And you believed him, so you stole evidence --

DOUG

I did not believe him, I wanted to prove that he was wrong.

PRYZWARRA

So you stole evidence --

DOUG

I took a seat cushion from the forward cabin, to run independent tests on the fabric for missile residue.

(beat)

Yeah, I stole evidence.

PRYZWARRA

What did you find?

DOUG

The Bureau arrested Campbell and confiscated the samples before we could finish the tests.

PRYZWARRA

And what happened to you?

DOUG

Read the file.

Shanti approaches:

SHANTI

We're ready.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

Every screen is active, every station manned. Doug, Pryzwarra, Denny and his team are all at their places.

Suspended before the Time Window, held by a thin glass armature: the warning note.

GUNNARS

Ring's hot.

DENNY

Shanti?

SHANTI

Good to go here.

DENNY

All right, let's get superluminal.

Doug and Pryzwarra watch as the Time Window brightens in a furious mix of particles, coming into focus.

PRYZWARRA

What do you think will happen if this works?

DOUG

To us?

(Pryzwarra nods)

I imagine we'll all instantly pop into some other part of our lives with no memory that any of this ever happened ... and you and I would never meet.

Pryzwarra ponders that for a moment. Then:

PRYZWARRA

Hey, that's worth the ten billion right there!

Doug and Pryzwarra laugh. Watch as --

THE WINDOW ANGLE ROTATES from a NIGHT VIEW of the parking lot to the exterior of the FBI LONG ISLAND FIELD OFFICE. The Bureau symbol visible on the glass doors.

GUNNARS

This is zero station. We're on top of the satellite van, hang on --

Gunnars works the joysticks -- the WINDOW VIEW RUSHES FORWARD, into the face of the building and THROUGH IT ... down hallways, through walls and floors --

DOUG

Go to the third floor, southwest corner --

The VIEW RISES THROUGH ANOTHER FLOOR and into the main office pen -- the same open area of desks where Doug took the first call about Claire --

DOUG (CONT'D)

That's it, stop-stop-stop. Right here ... now pan over to the right by the wall ...

The office is nearly deserted, many of the desks unoccupied as the VIEW PANS ACROSS them, but two voices can be heard:

MINUTI (O.S.)

Look, I am not playing this game with you again. There are protocols here, Carlin. There are procedures.

DOUG (O.S.)

I don't play games, Larry.

IN THE LAB, Doug's face goes slack as he watches the screen --

IN THE WINDOW, is -- HIMSELF.

Four days ago, Doug is having a barely-contained argument with his partner, LARRY MINUTI.

MINUTI

It's this lone wolf shit. You have to let me know what you're doing. Let me in on what you're thinking.

DOUG

I told you, it was just a hunch --

MINUTI

You told me, yeah, after the fact ...

IN THE LAB, Doug watches, fascinated. He glances over at the team -- Everyone else in the room is staring at him. Heads turn away quickly, looking back at the screen --

GUNNARS

Eerie, man ...

PRYZWARRA

Is that Minuti?

DOUG

Yeah. That's Larry. My partner.

(he watches)

Jesus, I'd forgotten about this.

Denny shoots a glance to Doug at that. Checks his monitor:

DENNY

Okay, let's find a nice friendly surface to push this note onto ...

Is that your desk?

DOUG

Mine? Yeah.

DENNY

Line us up, Goon ...

The WINDOW VIEW SHIFTS, veering and dipping until the surface of Doug's desk comes into perfect alignment with the warning note mounted before it.

DOUG (ON SCREEN)

I'm tired of having to explain myself every time I manage to do the job ...

DENNY

That's good. Shanti? We need the field to be rock solid.

SHANTI

High but stable.

DENNY

All right ... start pushing. Get the wave frame past the note.

The team punches keys in a flurry, boosting the gain on the Time Window field --

ALONG THE RHIC, the magnet arrays begin to realign --

IN THE LAB, power surges through field emitters. Denny and his team work their stations in a low-level frenzy. The Window appears to WARP OUT, like wind filling a sail. The argument in the Window continues:



MINUTI (ON SCREEN)

How can I expect you to look out for me when you don't let me look out for you?

Doug winces at that.

GUNNARS

Good?

DENNY

I gotta have more cowbell ...

More keys are punched. The Time Window WARPS OUTWARD more --

DOUG (ON SCREEN)

Look, I told you before -- and I'm telling you now -- I don't go outside proper channels anymore. If I peg a guy on a hunch, that's police work, not some conspiracy to keep you out of the loop.

MINUTI (ON SCREEN)

Yeah, well my hunch is you stopped caring about anyone else a long time ago. And it's affecting more than just your work.

DOUG

(to Denny)

We'd better hurry! If memory serves, I storm outta there in about a minute.

SHANTI

Starting to redline!

DENNY

Give it ten more seconds. Push ...

Doug watches the note, now IN THE WINDOW, seemingly sitting on Doug's own desk.

DOUG (ON SCREEN)

I don't have time for this. You do what you have to do, Larry. And have a nice vacation.

DOUG

(watching himself)

No ...

IN THE WINDOW, Doug marches away -- from his desk, his partner, and the note. A collective sigh of futility.

DENNY  
 (defeat)  
 That's it, then. Dial the ring down.

The WHINE OF MACHINERY SUBSIDES ...

IN THE WINDOW, Minuti glances down and, so casually it almost doesn't register, plucks the warning note from the desk.

DOUG  
 Whoa!

PRYZWARRA  
 I don't believe it --

GUNNARS  
 It's through! It went through!

SHANTI  
 Fantastic!

DOUG  
 We don't know if it's fantastic yet,  
 everybody quiet!

They watch as MINUTI reads the note. He frowns, looks off -- to where Doug has just left, slamming a door.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Larry ...

Minuti checks his watch, looks at the note again. The team watches, breathless.

Then Minuti comes to a decision: he folds the note and grabs his jacket, heading out.

PRYZWARRA  
 Follow him!

GUNNARS  
 I'm on him ...

The WINDOW VIEW MOVES WITH MINUTI, down the stairs. Doug and Pryzwarra exchange smiles -- this could work.

LATER - THE WINDOW shows Minuti's car (the same car that was found later at the ferry dock) driving down a highway at night. The IMAGE IS SHAKY as Gunnars works the controls, struggling to keep up with a moving target.

Pryzwarra looks worried as they watch. He whispers to Doug:

PRYZWARRA  
 Why would he go without backup?

Doug grows pensive.

DOUG  
Because he thinks that's where I'm  
going. He thinks I went without  
backup.

(a look)  
"Lone wolf shit."

ON SCREEN, Minuti passes Exit 30, eastbound on the L.I.E. A  
CRACKLE OF STATIC comes from the screen:

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What's happening ...

The image of Minuti on the road FILLS WITH STATIC.

SHANTI  
We're losing the signal.

DENNY  
Goon, keep up with him!

GUNNARS  
I can't, he's driving out of range.

DENNY  
(off Doug's look)  
The mobile satellite rigs only have a  
range of about five miles.

PRYZWARRA  
Can we get some more antennae out  
there?

SHANTI  
We've only got the goggle rig left.

Doug glances up at the mission clock: 4:20am in the past.

DOUG  
Cut away from Minuti. The bomber's due  
at the dock -- we'll pick up Larry  
when he gets there.

IN THE TIME WINDOW, A WIDE ANGLE, taking in most of the FERRY  
DOCK AND PARKING AREA. The ferry itself is in view, moored  
and silent. Doug and the team watch intently.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Where is he ...?

Doug checks his laptop: A FREEZE FRAME of the security camera  
video. The timecode reads 04:40:37AM.

PRYZWARRA

We should be able to see him by now.

DOUG

Maybe he didn't park in the lot.

(to Gunnars)

Bring it around in a circle.

The WINDOW VIEW pans across the side of the lot, past lightposts, trees, hedges --

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hold it! Right there. Move in ...

The VIEW NARROWS until they all see it -- a man in a dark sweatshirt, climbing through one of the hedges.

DENNY

Son of a bitch!

DOUG

I wanna see his face.

IN THE WINDOW, the man has a camera bag over one shoulder. As he steps onto the dock, the light reaches his face --

Doug goes dead pale.

DOUG (CONT'D)

He was at Claire's funeral!  
The groundskeeper!

The man -- his name is CARROLL OERSTADT -- lifts a camcorder to his eye and begins taping, scoping the facility.

PRYZWARRA

That's it, that's our p.c. right there! Where's your partner?

DOUG

(to Gunnars)

Pull back. Show me the back of the hedge, but don't lose the suspect.

The Window retreats to a WIDE DOWN ANGLE, revealing the back of the hedge -- where a red JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE is parked.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Move in on the license plate --

Suddenly another car drives past --

SHANTI

That's your partner!

DOUG  
Wait, follow Minuti!

PRYZWARRA  
We need the plate --

DOUG  
There is no plate, follow him --

THE WINDOW follows Minuti's car into the dock parking lot.  
Doug looks up at the clock: 4:39AM and counting --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
No wait, back over to the dock, hurry!

THE WINDOW PANS OVER to Oerstadt, who is still taping the  
ferry as Minuti pulls into the lot. The wash of Minuti's  
HEADLIGHTS passes over him --

-- exactly as they did in the security video, startling him  
exactly as they did before, causing him to step back out of  
view exactly the same way --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
(yelling at Gunnars)  
Move it over, stay with him!

THE WINDOW catches up with Oerstadt as Minuti's car suddenly  
cuts him off from the hedge --

MINUTI (ON SCREEN)  
Freeze!

Oerstadt halts in his tracks, camcorder still in hand.

Minuti gets out of the car, weapon drawn:

MINUTI (CONT'D)  
Federal Agent! Put the camera down and  
drop the bag!

Oerstadt starts screaming, absolutely terrified:

OERSTADT  
(a thin mousy whine)  
Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!

MINUTI  
Drop the bag! NOW!

OERSTADT  
(bursting into tears)  
I'M SORRY! DON'T KILL ME! TAKE THE  
BAG, TAKE IT, DON'T KILL ME --

MINUTI  
 (trying to shout over him)  
 I'm not -- listen, I'm not going to hurt you! Listen! I'M A FEDERAL AGENT!

OERSTADT  
 (wailing like a baby)  
 DON'T KILL ME, DON'T KILL ME!  
 PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

In the lab, Doug and Pryzwarra look at each other -- could this actually be the wrong guy? The man tries to drop his shoulder bag but it's caught on his sleeve --

MINUTI  
 CALM DOWN!  
 (moving closer)  
 I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, DROP THE BAG --

OERSTADT  
 I'M TRYING, I'M TRYING --  
 (the bag's still caught)  
 DON'T KILL ME I'M SORRY I'M SORRY --

And it happens too fast to see: Oerstadt transfers the camera to his other hand, revealing a TAZER GUN and FIRES --

Both darts fly into Minuti's chest, wires trailing. Minuti jerks and spasms in electrical shock, HIS GUN FIRING WILD --

DOUG  
 Larry!

PRYZWARRA  
 Jesus!

Glass shatters. Minuti falls to his knees -- Oerstadt pulls a crowbar from the bag -- the tears and hysteria instantly gone -- and bashes Minuti across the face once, twice --

SHANTI  
 Oh my God!

DOUG  
 No, no, no --!

Minuti falls face-first to the ground. Oerstadt hauls his body off the blacktop, drags him back through the hedge --

THE WINDOW FOLLOWS to Oerstadt's SUV -- which now has a thick bullet hole in the back window, so does the side window, an apparent exit wound --

Oerstadt dumps Minuti's body into the back of the Cherokee and slams it shut, runs to the driver's side --

PRYZWARRA  
 Jesus, what do we do?

Doug watches the screen, paralyzed.

IN THE WINDOW, Oerstadt pulls away from the dock and onto the road, picking up speed fast.

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)  
 What are we gonna do?!

DENNY  
 I don't know ... but pretty soon he'll  
 drive out of range.

The Cherokee races down the empty road, the TIME WINDOW barely keeping up in the pre-dawn light.

Doug stares at the screen, wheels turning, fighting panic -- until suddenly:

DOUG  
Goggles!

GUNNARS  
 What?

Doug races to the wall where the 'goggle rig' hangs on a rack with its backpack. He tears them down and races for the door, swiping the lock with his cardkey --

DOUG  
 Keep the phones clear, stay with him!

EXT. TIME WINDOW LAB - DAY

Doug bursts through the door and out into broad daylight, temporarily blinded. He hauls the backpack rig over to his car and hurls it into the passenger seat --

INT. DOUG'S CAR - DAY

Doug pulls out his cell phone as he peels out of the lot.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

A frenzy of crosstalk as Denny's console phone RINGS --

DENNY  
 Quiet, everybody, it's him!  
 (he hits a button)  
 Agent Carlin?

DOUG (O.S.)  
 (on speakerphone)  
Where is he now?

PRYZWARRA  
Turning onto Churchill! Headed for the  
Expressway!

INTERCUT - DOUG'S CAR/TIME WINDOW MAIN LAB

Doug makes a hard right turn, at the same time reaches over to the backpack, pulls the goggles out of their holster --

DOUG  
(into headset)  
Keep him in sight as long as you can  
and feed me directions! I'll track him  
with the goggle rig!

IN THE LAB, the team members all look at each other.

PRYZWARRA  
Can he do that?

DENNY  
If he can catch up to the image, and  
keep it in sight ... yeah, that could  
work!

DOUG (O.S.)  
Somebody tell me how to turn this  
thing on!

ON THE EXPRESSWAY, Doug's car rockets out of the on-ramp, speeding and weaving past HEAVY MIDDAY TRAFFIC --

IN THE LAB, they're watching Oerstadt's car while Denny feeds instructions to Doug. The image starts to BREAK UP.

SHANTI  
Going out of range.

DENNY  
Doug, we have your signal. Try the  
goggles --

DOUG (O.S.)  
Hold on --

PRYZWARRA  
(watching Oerstadt)  
He's approaching Exit 33! We're losing  
him ...

IN THE CAR, Doug struggles to pull on the goggles, passes a sign for 'Exit 33 Ahead.'

DOUG  
Is he getting off the freeway?



PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
Can't tell yet --

DOUG  
Did he take the exit? Did he take it?

DENNY (O.S.)  
We lost the signal! We're blind here.

Doug hits a switch on the side of the goggles and brings them up to his eyes, and as he does --

DOUG'S POINT OF VIEW - THE ROAD AHEAD

-- and full of cars, WIPES SEAMLESSLY into A PERFECTLY-MATCHED VIEW of the same highway, rain-slicked and empty, still going by at 90mph.

DOUG slips the goggles down his nose, then up again, trying to get used to this. Without the goggles: daylight and traffic. With the goggles: rain and empty highway.

DOUG  
Holy ...

He puts them back on just in time to see a RED JEEP CHEROKEE, barreling past in the opposite direction --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Shit!

IN THE LAB, Shanti switches the Time Window over to the VIEW FROM DOUG'S GOGGLES as the Jeep passes --

SHANTI  
That's it -- whoa, there he goes!

DOUG jams the wheel into a high-speed U-turn, crossing the grassy meridian, tires spewing earth. He reverses course --

-- vaults onto the westbound lanes, not another car in sight on the empty highway --

DENNY (O.S.)  
Doug, traffic!

DOUG pulls the goggles down as a SCREAMING 18-WHEELER BEARS DOWN ON HIM, horns blaring, cars swerving all around --

DOUG  
WHOA!

Doug spins the wheel hard -- the big rig roars past him, filling the highway -- Doug's car fishtails --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Shit-shit-shit-shit-shit -- !

IN THE MAIN LAB, the WINDOW VIEW veers wildly, matching Doug's head movements --

DOUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I lost him, I can't see past this truck!

PRYZWARRA  
We see him!

DENNY  
Doug, look straight ahead! We've got the Window slaved to your goggles. He's a quarter mile ahead of you!

Doug checks the real-time traffic around him and looks at the truck, timing his move -- then quickly pulls the goggles up --

DOUG'S POV - THROUGH THE GOGGLES

as the truck VANISHES, REVEALING Oerstadt's Cherokee pulling into the middle lane, a quarter mile ahead.

DOUG weaves through traffic, speeding after him -- pulling the goggles down to watch the road, pulling them back up to check on Oerstadt, back and forth between the present and the past -- A SPLIT-LEVEL CAR CHASE four days apart.

IN THE MAIN LAB, Denny watches as Oerstadt's Cherokee tops a slight rise, then dips out of view for a second --

DOUG approaches the same rise, traffic all around him --

THE WINDOW VIEW tops the rise, revealing Oerstadt and several other cars stopped dead in the middle of the highway by an early morning CONSTRUCTION CREW.

PRYZWARRA  
(reflex)  
LOOK OUT, STOP!

DOUG slams on his brakes, squealing rubber in a 90mph skid --

CARS VEER AND SWERVE around him, horns blaring, narrowly missing him --

Doug's car comes to a dead halt in the center lane, CARS SCREAMING BY HIM ON ALL SIDES.

DOUG  
What the hell?!

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, he stopped!

DENNY (O.S.)  
The Jeep's stopped in the middle of  
the highway, Doug! There's some kind  
of construction going on --

DOUG  
Jesus, I'm gonna get killed--!

Doug pulls the goggles on --

-- to discover that he's literally in Oerstadt's back seat.

DOUG stares forward in shock. His car has almost completely overlapped the Jeep, both of them stalled in the middle of the highway. He stares at the back of Oerstadt's head, oblivious to the HORNS AND SQUEALING TIRES all around him.

Oerstadt turns, slowly, a figure in sinister silhouette. He turns until he's gazing back, back at Doug it seems ... then down into the back seat.

Doug follows his gaze down: to LARRY MINUTI, lying on the floor where Doug's feet should be ... bleeding from the head ... moaning at the edge of consciousness.

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
He's alive! He's still alive --

Minuti's image is SUDDENLY WHISKED AWAY as Oerstadt applies the gas and wheels the Jeep hard over. Doug falls backwards through the image as Oerstadt's back seat and rear door RUSH FORWARD AND PASS THROUGH HIM -- leaving him on the road outside watching the Jeep's taillights recede.

A BELLOWING HORN AND SQUEALING TIRES snap Doug out of it in time to yank the goggles down --

A TWO-STORY CHARTER BUS FILLS HIS REAR WINDOW, squealing toward him in an uncontrolled skid. Doug floors the gas and turns out of the way, but too late --

The bus clips the back of Doug's car, smashing out his rear windshield and crushing the left side of his trunk. Doug is thrown into the steering wheel --

IN THE LAB, THE WINDOW VIEW spins over and THROUGH the stalled cars, the construction site --

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)  
Doug -- !

DOUG'S CAR spins across two lanes of traffic, finally slams to a halt halfway up a drainage ditch. He pulls himself off the wheel, forehead bleeding. A VOICE is shouting in his ear:

DENNY (O.S.)  
Are you all right? Doug, are you all right?!

DOUG  
Where is he?

Doug pulls the goggles on -- nothing but white static.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
The goggles are smashed! I can't see anything --

IN THE MAIN LAB, they've still got a view. The WINDOW shows a SKEWED ANGLE of the shoulder where Doug's car is stalled.

DENNY  
We still have a signal here!

PRYZWARRA  
We can talk him through it --  
(into phone)  
We'll talk you through it! Can you still drive?

DOUG (O.S.)  
Which way?

SHANTI  
(jumping in)  
He took the exit ramp behind you!

DOUG (O.S.)  
Are you sure?

SHANTI  
Yes!

GUNNARS  
Just before the spin-out, I saw it, too --

EXT. DOUG'S CAR - DAY

Wheels spray dirt as Doug's car plows up the side of the ditch and onto the roadbank --

IN THE CAR, Doug sets the broken goggles on his dashboard facing out.

DOUG'S CAR lands on the exit ramp, back on solid road. Gaining speed, he's headed for a fork --

DOUG  
Left or right?

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
We can't see that way -- !

Doug grabs the goggles, aims them one way, then the other --

IN THE WINDOW, the road to the right is empty. To the left, a PAIR OF TAILLIGHTS disappears around a bend --

EVERYBODY IN THE LAB  
LEFT, LEFT, GO LEFT -- !

DOUG skids through a left turn -- back in pursuit. In pursuit of a Jeep he can't see.

DOUG  
Somebody talk to me!

DENNY (O.S.)  
You're on him --

THE WINDOW VIEW winds along the road, shows Oerstadt's Jeep plowing across railroad tracks, toward the Pine Barrens --

PRYZWARRA  
He just crossed the railroad tracks  
two hundred yards ahead!  
(a beat)  
Doug?

ON DOUG as he stares blankly ahead: there's now a COMMUTER TRAIN approaching the same crossing. He's seconds away from a collision --

Doug jams the wheel hard, plows off road and parallel to the tracks -- he's racing the train. Pulls even. He times his move, spins hard over --

DOUG'S CAR jumps the tracks mere inches from the speeding train. Crunches earth on the opposite side, fishtails, plows through someone's backyard and back out onto the road --

IN THE WINDOW, Oerstadt's Jeep is now dead ahead, coming around the curve that Doug just skipped.

PRYZWARRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You've got him! Great shortcut!

Doug takes a deep breath, lets it go in a shaky rush.

DOUG  
Yeah! Great shortcut.

DENNY (O.S.)  
He's headed into the Pine Barrens.  
From here it should be a much slower  
ride.

Doug's car decelerates to a manageable 45mph, heading off  
down the road into winding woodland.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PINE BARRENS - DAY

Tall trees, dirt roads ... deep, deep woods. DOUG'S CAR winds  
through pine and brush, approaching a clearing.

DENNY (O.S.)  
He's slowing down considerably now ...  
Do you see that?

A BURNED-OUT, COLLAPSED BUNGALOW fills the clearing,  
surrounded on all sides by steep evergreens. The place is  
blasted to ruin, a roofless black shell.

DOUG  
Yeah, I see it. What's he doing now?

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
He's pulling over to the right of the  
bungalow ... he's parking there.

Doug stops the car a few dozen yards away and gets out, the  
goggles around his neck. He surveys the wreckage:

DOUG  
Looks like another bomb went off.

DENNY (O.S.)  
Really? We're seeing a finished house.

DOUG  
No damage?

DENNY (O.S.)  
None.

Doug pulls out the backpack, puts it over one shoulder.

GUNNARS (O.S.)  
You've got about ten minutes' charge  
left in the pack ...

DOUG  
Can you still see this way?

DENNY (O.S.)  
Yeah, this works.

Doug approaches the blackened facade of the bungalow, his shoes crunching over charred timber. Something stops him:

Skid marks deep in the forest soil. His gaze follows them over to a LARGE HOLE in the bungalow's front wall.

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)

Doug, he's pulling Minuti out of the car.

Doug looks to where Oerstadt parked -- now an empty area of flattened grass. He watches, listening. Over his headset, he can FAINTLY HEAR the sounds from the Time Window:

DOUG

Can you boost the audio?

The hiss over Doug's headset JUMPS IN VOLUME. He hears A MAN straining with a burden. Then something dragging ... being dragged. Through the grass, towards the house.

Doug follows, tracing every invisible step as it happens, a scene straight out of Rebecca.

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)

He's taking him inside ...

DOUG

Is Larry moving?

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)

Can't tell yet.

THE SOUND OF A SCREEN DOOR slapping shut. Doug follows to the front of the house, retracing Oerstadt's steps, through the hole and into what's left of the interior ...

INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

The charred remains of a stolen ambulance lie nose-first in a deep sinkhole in the middle of the floor. Doug surveys the blackened hulk.

DOUG

Do you see a vehicle inside?  
An ambulance?

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)

No, nothing.

THE SOUND OF A BODY BEING DRAGGED continues, past Doug, across the floor.

The room beyond the wrecked ambulance is almost featureless, save for ragged shards of wall, black debris ... and A SINGLE METAL ARMCHAIR bolted to what's left of the floor.

In Doug's ear, the chair creaks.

PRYZWARRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He's putting Larry into a chair.

DOUG  
I see it.  
(he calls out)  
Larry?

No answer. Doug starts to look around --

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
Don't turn away -- !

DENNY (O.S.)  
We need to stay wide on the chair.

Doug puts the backpack down, sets the goggles on top of it, facing the chair.

DOUG  
Let me know if he moves out of frame.

A LOUD TEARING SOUND suddenly fills the headset.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What is that -- is that duct tape?

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
Ah, yeah ... he's, ah ...  
(clears his throat)  
He's taping Larry to the chair.

Doug approaches that chair, dread building in him. He looks down at it -- and notices dark bands on each armrest, where residual adhesive has trapped extra soot. He looks closer:

Not just soot. Blood. A lot of it. Down the arms of the chair, down the legs --

Lying in the soot, he spots A PAIR OF GARDEN SHEARS, the kind with big rubber handles, thick enough to cut bone ...

Over his headset, A WEAK MOAN.

SHANTI (O.S.)  
Oh God, he's waking up ...

The moan is SUDDENLY MUFFLED by another stretch of duct tape. Doug's face goes dead slack.

Picks up the sheers ... notices a metal floorplate. He drops to his knees, pounds on the plate:



DOUG  
Larry! LARRY!

OVER HIS HEADSET, a new sound: LIQUID SPLASHING HEAVILY onto the chair. Members of the team can be heard gasping.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What's that? What is that?!

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
(clearing his throat  
again, voice thick)  
That's, ah ... he's pouring some kind  
of accelerant over Agent Minuti.

Doug is frantic now, running his hands through the soot, brushing the plate clear, until suddenly he finds a handle:

DOUG  
I found something, hold on!

Drawing his weapon, Doug grabs the handle, holds his gun ready, and heaves the plate up and open with a crash --

ON DOUG, as he stares down into the hole in blank horror. Finally he finds words.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Everyone, brace yourselves ... you're  
about to witness a murder.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB

Pryzwarra spins away from the Window:

PRYZWARRA  
Everybody out! Out! NOW!

Shanti, Gunnars and all the other technicians abandon their stations, heading for the door -- everyone but Denny --

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)  
You, too!

DENNY  
I can't.

PRYZWARRA  
You DO NOT want to watch this, Doctor--

DENNY  
Somebody has to stay with the machine!

Suddenly the sound of BLOODCURDLING SCREAMING spins them back to the Window -- both men look absolutely horrified --

INT. BUNGALOW

Doug tears his headset off -- in horror, in rage, in sheer helplessness -- fists jammed into his eyes as the SCREAMING CONTINUES. It's all he can do to hold on ...

Then he catches sight of something else, something in the floorboards near the chair. He grows silent, almost numb as he reaches out for it. He pulls it free ...

It's a single earring. Blue pearl.

EXT. BUNGALOW - EVENING

The bungalow is now an official FBI crime scene, cordoned off by INVESTIGATORS and CSI TECHS.

One agent reaches into the pit where Minuti's body was found. Pulls out a folded packet of what look like blueprints ... and a thick scrapbook overflowing with photos and clippings.

EXT. BUNGALOW - EVENING

Doug stands, stares out at the forest. An AGENT wearing a headset approaches him.

AGENT

If it makes a difference -- and I know it doesn't -- we've identified him. His name is Carroll Oerstadt, and he's booked on a flight to Paris tonight.

Doug nods.

AGENT (CONT'D)

You found him just in time.

Doug just looks at him.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Doug drives back to Brookhaven, his face a sullen mask.

INT. TIME WINDOW LAB - NIGHT

Pryzwarra and the team are arguing as Doug enters:

SHANTI

If we hadn't sent him there, he wouldn't be dead now ...

GUNNARS

No, he was already been dead from the ferry, we just changed how he died --

PRYZWARRA

How do you know that? We just used a Time Machine! For all you know, he was standing right next to you till the second we sent that note back!

DENNY

We didn't change anything. We can't. That's what I've been trying to tell you --

DOUG

We changed one thing.

Everyone turns. Doug walks past them, faces the Window.

DOUG (CONT'D)

The suspect was driving a stolen Jeep Cherokee when he cased the dock. It was big enough to drive the bomb onto the ferry, and he'd already changed the plates. He already had an SUV.

(beat)

Then Larry showed up and put bullet holes in the windshield and left blood all over the back seat.

The team members wait. Doug turns to look at the Window --

DOUG (CONT'D)

So now ... he needs a new car.

The team members grow silent as the full implication of that fact hits them.

PRYZWARRA

(a whisper)

No ...!

IN THE WINDOW, Claire enters her house with a bag of groceries and dumps her keys into a dish near the door. Her cat trots off after her as she heads into the kitchen.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hey, lil' scruff ...

Doug watches the screen. Helpless.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Carroll Oerstadt sits comfortably in an airport chair, travel bag at his feet. Just another passenger waiting for a flight.

But the longer we watch the more obvious it is: Oerstadt is highly aware of everything around him.

Other passengers, the ticket counter, a pair of flight attendants strolling past ... his eyes miss nothing.

And so he notices when --

An AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD reaches for his pager. He reads the display, looks surprised. Moves away quickly, just as --

At the ticket counter, a black phone BUZZES, and a SUPERVISOR hurries to pick it up. Listens a moment, nods. Hangs up, goes to the nearest COUNTER ATTENDANT, speaks low in her ear --

Through the windows, in the street, a POLICE TRUCK pulls up --

Oerstadt doesn't hesitate. He picks up his bag, walks quickly toward a BAGGAGE INSPECTOR. Oerstadt is suddenly DISTRAUGHT --

OERSTADT  
I only left my bag for a minute!  
I swear! A minute!

INSPECTOR  
Is there a problem?

Oerstadt drops his bag, pushes it at the Inspector.

OERSTADT  
I came back from the bathroom and  
a man was doing something with it. He  
ran away.

INSPECTOR  
Did he take anything?

OERSTADT  
(sudden panic)  
NO, he DIDN'T take anything! You think  
he left something? I was only gone for  
a minute! What if he planted a bomb?

Oerstadt said that a little too loud --

INT. AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY

The Inspector, carrying Oerstadt's bag, leads Oerstadt toward the Security Office --

INT. AIRPORT - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Oerstadt enters and waits. SECURITY PERSONNEL hurry past on their way out, but take no notice of him.

IN THE FOREGROUND, a printer prints out a photograph: a black and white enlargement of OERSTADT'S DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO. A SECRETARY takes the photo to a copier, passing by Oerstadt but not making the connection --

The Inspector gestures to a small waiting area. Heads off with the travel bag.

INSPECTOR  
This will be just a minute.

Oerstadt looks over toward the waiting area. Plastic chairs along a wall, beyond them, a door marked EXIT.

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - DAY

Oerstadt, alone, moves quickly down the corridor.

INT. TUNNEL WALKWAY - DAY

Oerstadt exits a door into the wide public walkway. He is very aware of the security camera up near the ceiling. Walks briskly away from the airport, toward the parking garages.

Oerstadt arrives before an elevator. He looks longingly toward the stairs, but no, a normal passenger would take the elevator. Hits the button.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors close. Oerstadt punches the button for Parking Level One, and waits.

The lights flicker off. Then back on again.

Oerstadt punches 'P1' again, several times. No movement.

He hits the 'Door Open' button -- nothing. Looks up, sees the security camera --

POV: SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE, BLACK & WHITE, looking down at Oerstadt. He smiles ruefully, nods his head, resigned. Slides down the side of the elevator to a sitting position, arms on his knees.

Confined in the small space by four close walls, he already looks like he's in jail --

-- as the doors split and FBI agents race in, guns raised --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Oerstadt sits on his hands, rocking on his chair. His eyes shift to McCready as enters and sits opposite, next to Doug. Pryzwarra hangs by the wall.

MCCREADY  
I'd like to know why you did it.

OERSTADT  
Did what?

McCready just stares at him.

OERSTADT  
Oh gosh! I'm in trouble, aren't I?

MCCREADY  
Why did you cut off her fingers?

Oerstadt hesitates, looks slyly at McCready. His hand comes up, rubs at the mostly-healed scratches down one cheek.

OERSTADT  
(whispers, their secret)  
You know that.

MCCREADY  
Why did you pick Claire Kuchever in  
the first place?

OERSTADT  
I needed a car!

MCCREADY  
That's it?

OERSTADT  
(worried)  
I think so.

MCCREADY  
And that doesn't bother you?

OERSTADT  
Should it bother me?

MCCREADY  
Yes.

OERSTADT  
Okay! It bothers me!

Oerstadt leans down, as if for the benefit of the microphone.

OERSTADT  
I went to her house on the pretense of  
buying her car. And then I taped her  
mouth and then I threw a hood over her  
head. And then I stole her car, and  
then I took her to my cabin, and then  
I soaked her in gasoline and ...

DOUG  
Then?

OERSTADT  
 (smiles at Doug)  
 I think you know what happened after  
 that!  
 (back to McCready)  
 And now ... now I feel really bad.

MCCREADY  
 She was innocent. They all were.

OERSTADT  
 I know, but ... you don't understand  
 ... the whole story.

MCCREADY  
 Why don't you tell us the whole story?

OERSTADT  
 Gosh, I don't know the whole story!  
 Maybe, maybe, she, could have gotten  
 drunk the next night, swerved over the  
 line and killed five people. So when I  
 killed her, I saved them!  
 (nods, like it makes  
 sense)  
 See?

Pryzwarra can't take it any more. He gets in Oerstadt's face:

PRYZWARRA  
 Fuck that! By far the most likely  
 scenario is that if you weren't a  
 goddamn psychopath, those people would  
 be alive today!

Oerstadt's voice drops to a whisper.

OERSTADT  
 Unlikely things happen to me all the  
 time.

DOUG  
 Like a plane that blows up, without  
 explanation, in mid-air?

Doug dumps Oerstadt's scrapbook onto the table. Photos and  
 yellowed press clippings spill out in a fan ... all of them  
 about the Flight 800 disaster.

Oerstadt looks over -- and we see the intelligence behind his  
 eyes for the first time, unmasked. He sits up straight.

OERSTADT  
 Yes. Like that.  
 (smiles)  
 Are you the good cop?

DOUG  
Is that why you did it?

Oerstadt thinks ... all pretense of fear gone.

OERSTADT  
Sure, why not? An angry man,  
distraught over losing a loved one on  
the 'ill fated' Flight 800, blames the  
military for the disaster and  
subsequent cover-up. He strikes back  
through a senseless terrorist act.  
(shrugs)  
Tell that to the families, they'll  
appreciate the closure.

MCCREADY  
You didn't lose anyone on that flight.

Oerstadt taps a finger onto one of the press clippings, pulls  
it clear of the pile and slides it over to McCready.

OERSTADT  
I did. Her name was Melissa Jean  
Brooks, she was twenty-six years old  
and she died on that flight.

Doug leans over, spins the press clipping around and shoves  
it back at Oerstadt:

DOUG  
No. We already checked with her  
friends and family. You never knew  
her. You picked a woman at random on  
that flight to obsess over, and that's  
all.

OERSTADT  
She was the love of my life.

DOUG  
You never even met her.

Oerstadt leans forward.

OERSTADT  
If that plane hadn't gone down ... how  
do you know I might not have met her?

Doug stares back. He has no answer to that. Shakes off the  
question.

DOUG  
You admit that you set a bomb onto the  
Orient Point ferry?



OERSTADT  
Yes, Agent Carlin. I set a bomb onto  
the Orient Point ferry.

A straightforward confession. It's a bit of a shock to all  
three men.

PRYZWARRA  
You don't seem very ... concerned.

OERSTADT  
Yeah, weird, huh?

DOUG  
How is that?

OERSTADT  
I don't know. But somehow, I know that  
I'll never be convicted for any of  
this. In fact ... I don't think this  
case will even go to trial.

He smiles at Pryzwarra ... then McCready ... then Doug.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - DAY

Jack McCready stands before the team.

MCCREADY  
We're shutting you down.

Everyone in the lab is stunned.

DENNY  
Will you tell us why?

MCCREADY  
We've got what we need. The forensics,  
the suspect, a confession. We're done.

Everyone talks at once --

SHANTI  
You can't --

GUNNARS  
We can't stop now --

PRYZWARRA  
Sir, I really think we need more  
evidence to make a conviction stick --

DOUG  
(off Pryzwarra)  
He's right!

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)  
The confession could be ruled inadmissible. We need to keep gathering evidence --

MCCREADY  
Gathering evidence would have been fine, Agent Carlin, but you went further than that, didn't you?

Doug starts to say something, stops -- he has no defense.

MCCREADY (CONT'D)  
We had protocols in place, Agent Carlin. Strict protocols. But you had to push. And now an agent's dead.

DENNY  
That would have happened anyway --

MCCREADY  
We're done here, people. Power it down, lock your stations, and surrender your cardkeys outside. Experiment's over.

McCready marches out, headed for the door --

DOUG  
What about Claire Kuchever?

McCready stops.

MCCREADY  
Charging Oerstadt in the Kuchever murder would raise too many questions about how we obtained the evidence. We can't risk it.

DOUG  
So we're dropping the case?

MCCREADY  
We have him on the ferry bombing, and killing a Federal Agent. That's enough.

DOUG  
What do we tell her family?

MCCREADY  
Nothing. Her case will remain open, and her murder will go unsolved --

DOUG  
You can't do that! He's going to kill her in six hours --

MCCREADY

He killed her four days ago! You were  
at her funeral. What's wrong with you?

A final look at Doug ... then McCready exits. Doug watches  
him go ... then turns and glares at Pryzwarra.

INT. BROOKHAVEN - RHIC RING - DAY

Doug marches away from the lab. Pryzwarra catches up to him.  
Doug spins around, about to deck him when --

PRYZWARRA

I swear, Doug, I didn't say anything  
about the warning!

DOUG

Then how did he find out?

PRYZWARRA

I don't know -- maybe he fired up the  
Window four days from now and watched  
us do it and sent himself a note!  
I don't know!

Doug's glare softens. He claps Pryzwarra on the shoulder, a  
silent apology. As he turns to go:

PRYZWARRA (CONT'D)

Doug ...  
(Doug waits)  
It's not your fault Claire dies.

Doug tries to smile.

DOUG

Yeah ... that's one theory.

He heads away up the ring. Pryzwarra watches him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIME WINDOW LAB - LATER

Denny, Gunnars and Shanti are the last of the team to finish  
powering down their stations. Shanti glances up at the clock,  
opens a VIDEO FEED WINDOW on her monitor.

ON SCREEN: a MEMORIAL SERVICE in progress --

MAYOR

Airman Steven Healy. Patricia Hewitt.  
Megan Ann Hewitt. Sonar Technician  
Lamont Hicks.

Each name is accompanied by a PHOTOGRAPH -- wedding pictures, grade school photos, sailors in uniform.

The tally of the dead continues, name after name, THROUGH:

INT. CALVERTON HANGAR - DAY

The harvest of body bags has grown. More are being added.

MAYOR (V.O.)

Lieutenant Junior Grade Dianne Kerry.  
Martin Kyle. Commander Francis Lacey,  
retired. Elaine Lacey ...

EXT. DEBRIS FIELD (UNDERWATER) - DAY

Navy divers descend into the murky waters, silhouettes against rippling sunlight.

MAYOR (V.O.)

Chief Petty Officer Darren McAndrews.  
Lorraine McAndrews. Electronics  
Technician Lisa Melville. Chaplain  
Rabbi Benjamin Mendelsson.

EXT. FERRY DOCK - DAY

A flag at half-mast whipping in a grey wind. Hundreds of people are gathered at the dock in silence, many holding candles, many holding each other.

MAYOR

(over speakers)

Seaman Apprentice Clarence Pittman.  
Coretta Pittman. Duane Pittman.

XEROXED PHOTOGRAPHS, HANDWRITTEN POEMS, CRAYON DRAWINGS cover every available surface of the dock gates. Beneath them, candles, flowers, several rosaries, a teddy bear.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Operations Specialist Joanne Van Epp.  
Fireman David Watts. Carol Watts.

DOUG stands alone, staring at the memorials, wind whipping his hair. He looks to the horizon -- where a lighthouse stands on the Sound.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Crime Scene people have left their mark: police tape, evidence markers, etc. Janice's dolls lie in their corner basket. Claire's illustrations remain tacked over her desk.

DOUG stands in the middle of the room, silent.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug wanders the kitchen like a fading ghost. He picks up Claire's tomato timer, rolls it in his hand as he walks.

He notices the cat bowls at the foot of the refrigerator, empty. Looks up, sees -- the magnetic poetry on the refrigerator door, undisturbed. Four words:

YOU CAN SAVE HER

His eyes narrow. Underneath it is one of Claire's sketches, a girl playing with her dog. The caption reads "Play Dead!"

Doug suddenly whips around. He marches through the living room, is running by the time he hits the front door --

INT. DOUG'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Doug speeds through traffic, practicing something aloud.

DOUG  
 "Hi, you don't know me ... I'm Special  
 Agent Doug Carlin."  
 (shaking it away)  
 No, shit ...

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Vavala looks up as Doug suddenly strides in --

VAVALA  
 Agent Carlin! What can I do for you?

DOUG  
 I need to obtain someone's complete  
 medical records. And I need them as  
 quickly as possible.

VAVALA  
 All right. Whose?

DOUG  
 (a beat)  
 Mine.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - MOVING

Doug speaks aloud to no one again:

DOUG  
 "What if you had to tell someone the  
 most important thing in the world, but  
 you knew they'd never believe you?"  
 (grins)  
 That could work ...

EXT. BROOKHAVEN - GUARD SHACK - EVENING

Doug is at the security gate, the guard at his window:

GUARD

We were told that the project ended earlier today.

DOUG

It is ending today, it's still ending, and I'm on my way in there to help it finish ending.

The guard hesitates ...

DOUG (CONT'D)

Come on, Kenny, I bought you guys pizza!

EXT. BROOKHAVEN - MAIN LAB - EVENING

Doug strolls a bit too quickly to the outer security door of the facility. Swipes his cardkey through the reader --

DOUG

Come on, come on, still work.

A RED LIGHT flashes a zero tone at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Shit!

He swipes the card again -- gets the red light again. He's about to try a third time --

DENNY

Do that one more time, and you set off every alarm they've got.

Denny reaches past Doug, swipes his card, gets a green light.

DENNY (CONT'D)

The only thing I haven't figured out is ... how are you gonna do it?

Doug looks surprised ... then walks in without a word. Denny follows.

INT. TIME WINDOW LAB - MINUTES LATER

Denny moves between stations, activating the Time Window.

On his console is a folded-out map of Long Island with one area circled in red. Denny manipulates Shanti's console until the display shows the same area.

DENNY  
 We've only got a few minutes before  
 they bust in here and shut us down.  
 Again.

Doug stands in front of the Time Window. Apprehensive.

DOUG  
 You don't have to do this --

DENNY  
 (laughing)  
 Oh yes I do! You're going to try to go  
 back, no matter what I say, correct?  
 (doesn't wait for an  
 answer)  
 If I don't want you to ruin our  
 collider in the process I absolutely  
 have to do this.

DOUG  
 What makes you so sure?

DENNY  
 (a laugh)  
 You'll see.

For some reason, Doug has Claire's tomato timer in his hands.  
 He turns it over and over as he waits.

Behind him, THE TIME WINDOW ACTIVATES in a burst of static,  
 coalescing, resolving. Doug looks back --

IN THE WINDOW: a view of SEVERAL PEOPLE IN ROBES AND PAJAMAS,  
 watching a baseball game on TV?

DENNY (CONT'D)  
 Is that it?

DOUG  
 Yeah, that's it.

DENNY  
 Hah! Unbelievable.

Doug takes his gun from under his jacket. Hikes up his pant  
 leg and sticks it into an ankle holster. Hiking up his other  
 pant leg, he does the same with his Bureau I.D.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
 Almost ready ...

Doug waits, growing restless as the HUM OF MACHINERY around  
 him increases. He turns the timer in his hands.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Now?

DOUG  
Yeah. No. Wait ...

Doug takes something from under his jacket -- a typewritten sheet of paper -- and pins it to his lapel.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Yeah.  
(Denny just stares at him)  
What.

DENNY  
You know ... you're gonna die here.  
There's no way around that, you are going to die.

DOUG  
I know ...

Doug looks sick. Denny keys in the final sequence. Doug starts taking air in shallow gasps, heart pounding. Then --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Doctor?  
(Denny looks up)  
If you ever manage to perfect this thing ... I'd really love to know what happened to that plane.

It takes Denny a moment to understand. Then he nods.

A SUDDEN BUZZING at the door startles them both. The door remains locked. Someone has just been denied access to the lab by the re-coded security lock.

LOUD POUNDING follows. Denny checks his console.

DENNY  
Ten seconds.

The HUM of machinery becomes a HIGH WHINE. Doug winds Claire's tomato timer. Puts it into his jacket pocket.

MORE POUNDING at the doors.

PRYZWARRA (O.S.)  
(faintly)  
Doug! Doug!

Doug closes his eyes as the WINDOW BENDS OUTWARDS, like a sail filling with wind, just as it did with the note.



PRYZWARRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (barely audible)  
 Don't do it! Don't!!!

Doug whispers something under his breath -- it could be a prayer, it could be a curse, we'll never know -- as the WINDOW ENVELOPS HIM -- the LIGHT BECOMES BLINDING, the WHINE BECOMES DEAFENING -- and at the last moment Doug opens his eyes and screams ...

Suddenly EVERYTHING RECEDES INTO DARKNESS. Denny, the lab, all of it becomes A TINY DOT OF WHITE LIGHT and winks out.

Silence for a moment.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)  
 Shit!

SOMEBODY ELSE (O.S.)  
 Get it back.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)  
 I'm tryin'.  
 (more silence)  
 Damn remote ...

PULL BACK SLOWLY from the darkness, revealing:

A dead television screen. On a wall-mounted TV. In what looks to be a waiting room ...

INT. BROOKHAVEN MEDICAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Populated by people in robes and pajamas. Some of whom have I.V. bags, all of whom are shouting:

PEOPLE  
 Come on! Get the game back on! What's the problem?

ELDERLY MAN  
 (clicking the remote)  
 I'm tryin'! Damn thing's broken!

The man CLICKS the remote -- and a LOUD RINGING STARTS.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)  
 What's that? Did it work?

But the RINGING sound isn't coming from the television. The Elderly Man turns, listening ...

SOMEBODY ELSE (O.S.)  
 What is it, Tee?

The Elderly Man shuffles toward the RINGING, sees --

-- a STONE COLD CORPSE slumped on the floor behind a chair, arms limp, skin pale blue.

Special Agent Doug Carlin is lying dead in the corner of the emergency room at Brookhaven Medical Center. Eyes wide open, CLAIRE'S TIMER RINGING in his pocket ... and a sheet of paper pinned to his lapel. In big letters:

PLEASE REVIVE ME

The group of patients loom over him in disbelief --

INT. BROOKHAVEN MEDICAL - OPERATING ROOM

Double doors burst open as Doug is wheeled-in on a gurney surrounded by a TRAUMA TEAM. They reach an operating table:

DOCTOR

On three! One -- two -- three!

Doug's body lands hard. Doctors tear his shirt open, calling out vital signs, prepping the crash cart. One of them tears the paper off of his lapel and does a double take:

NURSE

Doctor, this looks like his medical history.

DOCTOR

What?!

NURSE

Look, it's one of our forms --

The doctor scans it quickly --

NURSE (CONT'D)

The name's blacked out!

DOCTOR

All right, I'm gonna shock him! Stand back everybody -- Clear! --

The Doctor applies the paddles --

DOUG'S POV -- A FLASH OF VISION. Bright lights, doctors shouting ... then it all fades to BLACK.

ANOTHER FLASH: Doctors shouting, rush of noise ... and it all fades to BLACK.

Then ... a FAINT BEEPING, growing louder. Steady. The beep of a HEART MONITOR. And light ... hospital lights above.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Doug's eyes open slowly.

He's lying on a bed, shirt torn but still fully clothed. He blinks harder, completely disoriented. He stares at --

The heart monitor. Numbers on it keep changing. A RED DIGITAL READOUT. Just like a clock.

INT. BROOKHAVEN MEDICAL - CORRIDOR

A DOCTOR and NURSE walk down the hall -- when Doug bursts through the door and into the hallway.

Doug hits the wall opposite them and careens away up the corridor, still groggy but running as fast as he can --

DOCTOR  
(behind him)  
Hey! HEY! Clara, call Security, get two orderlies up here now! --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Doug lurches into the stairwell and runs, all but falling down the steps, racing for the first floor --

EXT. BROOKHAVEN MEDICAL - AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

TWO PARAMEDICS sit on the bumper of their ambulance, having a smoke. DOUG erupts from a side door. He runs toward them hopping on one leg, pulls a badge from his sock:

DOUG  
Federal Agent! I need a vehicle!

PARAMEDIC ONE  
Whoa! Fine, keys are in there!

PARAMEDIC TWO  
Ho, wait a minute, you can't take an ambulance, what are you, crazy?

Doug hops on his other leg long enough to draw his gun:

DOUG  
I said I need a vehicle! NOW!  
STEP AWAY!

The Paramedics back off. Doug gets in the driver's side, peels out of the lot in a drunken swerve --

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Doug struggles with the wheel, sideswiping several parked cars as he maneuvers out of the lot and into traffic.

DOUG

Time, time, what time is it --

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

The ambulance roars down the highway, passing Exit 34 --

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Doug plugs a cell phone charger into the dash, powers it up.

DOUG

Come on, come on, come on!

The face of the cell phone lights up: "07/04 1:07AM"

DOUG (CONT'D)

No! Shit-shit-shit--

He leans on the gas harder, throws the siren on --

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Doug's ambulance barrels down the road, siren blaring.

INTERCUT FLASH IMAGES - AMBULANCE AND BUNGALOW

The bungalow door swings open -- Oerstadt's silhouette fills the frame, dragging something behind him.

DOUG'S EYES narrow at the wheel.

Oerstadt drags A SCREAMING WOMAN across the floor. Her screams are muffled, face hidden under a muslin hood.

DOUG makes the turnoff for the Pine Barrens, tires squealing.

OERSTADT drags the woman over to the metal chair bolted into the floor. Her heels scrape the floor as she screams.

DOUG wipes the sweat out of his eyes, squints, searching --

Oerstadt heaves the woman off the floor -- she gets an arm free and claws at his face. Deep gouges, a rush of blood. He punches her in the head -- a BLUE PEARL EARRING falls --

DOUG swerves down a wooded dirt road, fighting panic --

OERSTADT tapes the woman's wrists to the chair -- she struggles, he ignores it --

DOUG is lost. He slams the brakes, throws into reverse, wheels spinning dirt, backing up --

DIESEL FUEL pours onto the woman, splashing her hood, dousing her clothes -- Oerstadt empties a five-gallon drum over her --

The woman seizes and gasps, her cries muffled; she's struggling to breathe. Oerstadt looks down at her hands, at her splayed fingers:

Blood under her nails.

He goes to a workbench, takes a pair of GARDEN SHEARS from its hook. Brings the shears to her fingers until all five are between the blades, just above the knuckle. She screams, in a kicking frenzy, unable to move.

He grips the handles, squeezes --

AND AN AMBULANCE COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WALL BEHIND HIM. Oerstadt whirls in shock, pelted by splinters and glass. He drops to the floor, crawls for cover --

DOUG pushes out of the ambulance, weapon up and out:

DOUG  
Freeze! Federal Agent!

He aims into every corner, spinning, searching.

Oerstadt is gone. The ambulance lights strobe red-and-white, casting eerie shadows, its headlights shining bright.

A FIGURE DARTS THROUGH THE LIGHTS. Doug tracks it --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I SAID FREEZE!

Doug fires a round. The silhouette freezes --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
DOWN ON THE GROUND! NOW! ON THE  
GROUND!

OERSTADT  
Oh my gosh ... oh my gosh! I'm sorry!

Oerstadt shuffles out of the headlights, hands up, crying --

OERSTADT (CONT'D)  
DON'T KILL ME, DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE  
DON'T KILL ME -- !

And it happens too fast to see: he fires a tazer at Doug. Who catches the wires and yanks, pulling Oerstadt off his feet -- where Doug headbutts him full in the face.

Oerstadt staggers, falls back. Doug yanks him forward again and punches him in the mouth. Oerstadt crashes onto his back.

                                DOUG  
            FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND! NOW!  
            ROLL OVER!  
                    (he kicks Oerstadt over)  
            NOW!

Oerstadt rolls over. Doug kicks the tazer away, circles him with his gun -- it's taking everything he has not to shoot this guy.

Doug reaches into his jacket for his phone, never taking his eyes off Oerstadt -- when suddenly the ambulance dips behind him, its front wheels CRACKING THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS --

And Oerstadt is on him instantly, slashing with the garden shears, KNOCKING DOUG'S GUN AWAY --

Doug falls, Oerstadt lunges, blades snapping at Doug's face.

Doug jumps up onto the hood. Oerstadt bears down with the shears, aiming at Doug's neck --

Doug grabs the blades, holds them open with his bare hands. He cries out in pain -- blood appears between his fingers -- yanks hard to one side --

The blades punch through the metal hood next to Doug's neck ... and then there's a loud SPLINTERING SOUND, the ambulance DIPS VIOLENTLY --

THE ENTIRE FLOOR GIVES WAY, TIPPING THE AMBULANCE NOSE-FIRST INTO A SINKHOLE.

Oerstadt rolls off, but Doug falls in -- looks up to see the ambulance SLIDING DOWN TO CRUSH HIM. He ducks, it stops short -- but now he's trapped under the vehicle.

FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS above. Doug edges out. He hears SOUNDS: something heavy rolling across the floor. Crunching grass. A door slams, a motor starts.

Doug stands up just in time to see TAILLIGHTS DISAPPEAR OUTSIDE. His face goes slack.

Oerstadt got away.

Failure. Doug retrieves his gun -- then whirls --

The woman is still taped to the chair. Hooded and bound.

Doug approaches. She turns suddenly beneath the hood, her breath freezing at his approach.

Doug halts, a mix of fear and wonder. Is it really her?

He reaches for the hood -- stops suddenly to wipe his face and fix his hair, a kid on a prom date, ridiculous moment -- reaches for the hood again.

The SHADOW OF HIS HAND brings a whimper from the woman.

Doug takes the hood in his fingers and lifts ... revealing duct tape ... lifts it off of her face completely ...

Douglas Carlin and Claire Anne Kuchever stare into each other's eyes for the first time. Doug is breathless.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Jesus, you're real.

Claire SCREAMS THROUGH THE TAPE, eyes bright with terror --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
No-no-no, IT'S OKAY, IT'S ALL RIGHT!  
Look, I'm a Federal Agent! -- wait --  
(fumbles with his jacket,  
thrusts his I.D. at her)  
I'm a Federal Agent! I'm here to get  
you out, it's okay, he's gone!

Claire's screams trail off into violent sobbing. Doug pulls the tape off of her mouth --

CLAIRE  
GET ME OUT OF HERE!

DOUG  
I will, I promise! Hold still --

Doug peels at the tape around her wrists but can't get his fingers under it. He scratches at it, fumbling. Claire's tears subside. He smiles awkwardly at her.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Just be a minute. Hi ...

CLAIRE  
Hi ...

DOUG  
I'm Doug Carlin ...

CLAIRE  
Claire Kuchever.

DOUG  
Hi.

CLAIRE

Hi ...

He shakes her bound hand, a dainty little tug. Then looks at her fingers and smiles -- all ten still there.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where is he? Did you catch him?

DOUG

No. He drove off ...  
(a beat, it hits him)  
In your car.

Doug ponders that for a moment. Which is when THE INCENDIARY BOMB GOES OFF BEHIND HIM.

FIRESHOT scatters through what's left of the bungalow. THE FLOOR IGNITES AT ONCE, flames running across spilled fuel --

CLAIRE

Oh my God -- !!

Doug claws at the tape, Claire strains at her bonds --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Get me out!

Doug looks around, frantic -- the wrecked ambulance protected them from the blast but now it's burning, too --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

GET ME OUT! HE Poured GAS ON ME!

Doug runs through the flames, jumps onto the burning ambulance. Pulls at the GARDEN SHEARS buried in the hood --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

HURRY! HURRY!

Everything around Claire is on fire. Doug races back to her with the shears --

DOUG

Okay, pull up on your arms! As hard as you can!

Claire cringes -- Doug cuts away the tape from her arms, her ankles.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Now don't run or you'll catch fire!  
Wait! Okay?

CLAIRE

Okay!



He pulls her to her feet. They scan the room together. THE PLACE IS AN INFERNO. They have seconds to live.

DOUG  
Grab my neck! Both arms, that's it --  
Here we go! --

Doug hauls Claire off the floor and runs into the flames, carrying her like a bride through a burning house:

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Cover your face, don't look!

Claire buries her face against him -- he runs for the open front wall -- everything is burning, everything's falling --

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Doug pulls Claire out of the bungalow just as the AMBULANCE EXPLODES, throwing both of them to the ground. Doug rolls off of Claire; they sit up, gasping for breath.

DOUG  
Are you all right?

CLAIRE  
Uh-huh ... Yeah. I'm okay. Thank you.

Claire takes a breath, trying to compose herself. Doug stares at her. She notices his gaze. Manages a brief smile.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm okay. Really ...

DOUG  
Sorry, I'm just amazed that you're ...  
okay.

CLAIRE  
No kidding ...  
(she looks around)  
Where is this?

DOUG  
The middle of the Pine Barrens. About  
forty miles from your house.

CLAIRE  
Forty miles from --  
(she looks at him)  
You know where I live?

Oops. Doug nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You're a marshal?

DOUG  
FBI, Special Agent.

CLAIRE  
And -- I'm sorry, you told me your  
name but I was so --

DOUG  
It's okay! You were busy. It's Doug.

Doug stands, gazes out into the woods, worried. She looks out into the darkness.

CLAIRE  
What ... who did this?  
(it starts to flood out of  
her)  
And why? And why me?

DOUG  
Take it easy --

CLAIRE  
What did I do?

DOUG  
Claire -- you didn't do anything. All  
right? None of this is your fault.  
Let's just get you away from here.

EXT. BUNGALOW - JEEP - NIGHT

Doug crawls into Oerstadt's Jeep, pulls open the steering column. Goes to work hot-wiring the ignition.

DOUG  
Just be a minute ...

Claire stares at the bullet holes in the windshield.

CLAIRE  
(spooked)  
Take your time.

A spark -- the engine turns over --

INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Claire stares out the window as they drive through the night, barely lit by the glow of the dashboard.

CLAIRE  
Where are we going?

DOUG  
Back to your house.

CLAIRE  
Not to the police?

DOUG  
(hesitates)  
You're covered in gasoline. I'll get  
you home, and then let me handle the  
police.

Claire looks down at her clothes. It suddenly hits her:

CLAIRE  
Oh God. Oh God. I could have died back  
there ... I should be dead right now.

DOUG  
Don't say that!

CLAIRE  
I should be dead ...

DOUG  
No, Claire ... you escaped, you got  
away from the bad guy. You survived,  
you're going to be all right.

Doug looks at Claire, into her eyes.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I know.  
(beat)  
It was a close call. And now ... it's  
in the past.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doug and Claire enter. Claire's cat runs under the couch.

CLAIRE  
Ginger! Hey, Gigi, it's okay ...  
(to Doug)  
She always runs away the first time  
she meets someone --

Doug crouches, coaxing the cat from under the couch.

DOUG  
Come on out, lil' scruff --

CLAIRE  
(laughing)  
That's so funny, I call her that --

Her smile freezes for a moment, but Doug doesn't notice.  
Claire smiles again when he looks up at her.

DOUG  
Here she comes! Hey, kitty ...

He reaches out, scratches the cat's ears.

CLAIRE  
Oh, no wonder she's spooked -- I still  
smell like a tanker truck!  
(she laughs)  
Do you mind if I change?

DOUG  
Of course not. I'll get you a glass of  
water?

CLAIRE  
Sure. I'll just be a minute.

DOUG  
Okay.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug fills two glasses at the sink. Glances at the counter  
next to the refrigerator, blinks -- there's nothing there.

He pulls the tomato timer from his pocket. Stares at the spot  
where he'll find it tomorrow ... a spot which is now empty.

He puts the tomato timer in that exact spot, then steps back.  
He snorts in sudden laughter, giddy at the paradox.

Doug can't help himself, goes to the refrigerator. Rearranges  
the magnetic poetry to read, 'YOU CAN SAVE HER.' Smiles --

The sound of A WASHING MACHINE calls his attention -- he  
heads back into the living room --

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Doug sets two glasses down. Claire drops the lid on her  
closet washer and comes in from the hallway.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Thanks for letting me change. I guess  
I'm all right now, if you need to go.

DOUG  
I can stay a few minutes if --

Doug's face goes dead slack. She's changed into the same blue  
summer dress she was found dead in.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
That dress!

CLAIRE  
What?

DOUG  
That dress! Don't wear that!

She stares at him. Doug catches himself.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I know this sounds weird,  
but ... you should put on something  
else. A different color. Red, you have  
a red and white dress, right?

CLAIRE  
Okay ...

DOUG  
I'm sorry -- there was ... a victim on  
this case, who wore a dress like that.

CLAIRE  
Oh. That's understandable. I'll be  
right out.

She disappears into the bedroom again. Doug shakes his head.

DOUG  
(under his breath)  
Shit, Carlin, when did you get so  
sloppy?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Doug? Could you come in here for a  
moment?

DOUG  
Sure --

Doug walks into Claire's bedroom --

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- and Claire BASHES Doug across the back of the head with a  
porcelain vase, SHATTERING it.

Doug falls onto the bed, dazed. Claire lunges at him, grabs  
his holster. He rolls over, she screams, pulls his gun free --

CLAIRE  
STOP! STOP RIGHT THERE!!

Doug fights to not pass out. Claire's got both hands on the  
gun, two fingers on the trigger, and she is terrified.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 DON'T MOVE!  
 (breathing hard)  
 I'm calling the police!

DOUG  
 I am the police ...

CLAIRE  
 No you're not! You're not! You didn't  
 ask me any questions -- you didn't  
 take a statement -- you didn't even  
 have a car! And you knew where my  
 house was, and my cat's name, and  
 what's in my closet?

DOUG  
 Claire ...

CLAIRE  
 WHO ARE YOU?

DOUG  
 Can I sit up? I'm not going to do  
 anything.

Claire doesn't answer. Doug sits up slowly.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 I am a Federal Agent ... part of a  
 special investigative unit. We're  
 working a terrorism case, tracking the  
 man who tried to kill you.

CLAIRE  
 How do I know that? How do I know  
 you're not him? I had a hood over my  
 head!

DOUG  
 (thinks about it)  
 Look at my face. You scratched his  
 face, right?

Claire nods, starts to look doubtful.

CLAIRE  
 I wanna see your I.D. again.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doug enters ahead of Claire. Starts to go to his jacket --

CLAIRE  
 No! Go sit down. There -- on the  
 couch.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
(an idea)  
Sit on your hands!

Doug can't help but smile -- this lady has seen her cop shows. He sits on his hands, as directed. Claire digs into his jacket, pulls out his cardkey, risks a glance at it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
This says Brookhaven National  
Laboratory.

DOUG  
The other one.

Claire puts the cardkey in her skirt pocket. She digs again, pulls out his FBI badge. Glances at the picture. Picks up the phone, hits '0.'

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Operator --

CLAIRE  
Yes, please connect me to the Long  
Island Field Office of the Federal  
Bureau of Investigation, please.

Doug waits, nervous -- how's this gonna go?

DONNELLY (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Long Island Field Office, this is  
Agent Donnelly.

CLAIRE  
Yes, is there an Agent Douglas Carlin  
working out of that branch?

DONNELLY (O.S.)  
Ah, yes there is, but he's not here at  
the moment, would you like to leave a  
message?

CLAIRE  
Please ask him to call me back, at 462-  
8423.

DONNELLY (O.S.)  
Oops, wait a sec, phone pad's empty.

Doug has an idea:

DOUG  
(softly)  
Ask him to call me on my cell phone.

CLAIRE  
 Pardon me, Agent Donnelly? Could you  
 try him on his cell? It's important.

DONNELLY (O.S.)  
 Ah, okay, please hold --

A click on the line as she's put on hold. Doug smiles grimly,  
 waiting. A moment later --

Doug's cell phone RINGS in his jacket. Claire checks: the  
 caller display on the cell phone reads FBI LI FIELD OFC. She  
 locks eyes with Doug. The ringing STOPS.

DONNELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm afraid he's not available.

CLAIRE  
 I'll try back later. Goodbye.

She hangs up. Lowers the gun ... holds it with two fingers,  
 offers it to him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry ...

Doug stands, a little woozy ... takes the gun.

DOUG  
 Don't be. It was the right thing to  
 do.

CLAIRE  
 (wincing at the sight of  
 his head wound)  
 Are you okay?

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Claire has a bottle of disinfectant and some cotton balls.  
 Doug sits on the edge of the tub. Claire dabs at the back of  
 his head, throws the cotton ball in the trash.

DOUG  
 The man who attacked you is Carroll  
 Oerstadt. He's planning to blow up the  
 Orient Point ferry.

CLAIRE  
 Oh my God.

DOUG  
 It'll be all right. I know his plan.  
 I know exactly where he's going to be  
 and what he's going to do.



CLAIRE

How do you know that? How did you know those things about me?

Doug thinks it over -- where to start? He looks at her.

DOUG

What if you had to tell someone the most important thing in the world, but you knew they'd never believe you?

CLAIRE

I'd try. You don't know for sure what someone might believe.

She dabs his head again, throws another cotton ball away.

DOUG

(a beat)

You won't believe me, but ... Just for the sake of argument, let's pretend that the FBI has this special device, and that I know what's going to happen in the next six hours.

CLAIRE

I don't believe you.

(catches herself, smiles)

Wow. I guess your first prediction just came true.

Claire dabs his head again, throws the cotton ball away.

DOUG

It'd make things a lot easier if you just go with me on that --

CLAIRE

(a sudden thought)

Wait a second. If you know what's going to happen, how come you didn't you know I was going to hit you?

Doug pauses -- good question. Claire smiles (gotcha!) and throws another cotton ball away --

Doug glances down at the wastebasket. It hits him. Cotton balls with blood on them.

DOUG

Oh, no. No.

CLAIRE

What?

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug stares at the pieces of the broken vase:

DOUG  
Shit. I haven't changed a thing ...

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doug comes in, stares at the two glasses (with his fingerprints on them). He closes his eyes, trying to think things through ... comes to a decision. One he doesn't like.

DOUG  
Claire ... you have to come with me.

CLAIRE  
What?  
(backs away from him)  
I thought you said I was safe!

DOUG  
I was wrong. Claire, I do know what's going to happen, some things, anyway.  
(looks at her)  
I have to go ... and I can't leave you alone.

That brings fear to Claire's eyes.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Claire ... just ... look at me.  
There's no argument I can make that will get you to believe me. But can you just look at me, and see that I'm telling the truth?

Claire looks at him ... her expression softens a bit. As bizarre as this is, she does believe him --

The phone RINGS. Claire moves to answer it:

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Wait, don't answer that! Let me prove this -- let the machine pick it up.  
(a beat)  
Okay, now that's your friend Beth calling. Right? To check up on you after your blind date.

CLAIRE  
How do you know that ...?

Claire's machine clicks and plays her outgoing message:

CLAIRE'S MESSAGE (V.O.)  
 (on the machine)  
 Hello! This is 462-8423. I'm sorry I  
 missed your call ...

DOUG  
 Okay now, watch me -- listen to Beth  
 leave her message and watch my lips --

Claire frowns. Her machine BEEPS -- and Doug lip-synchs  
exactly the words that Beth says over the speaker.

BETH (O.S.)  
 Claire? Hi, it's Beth, are you there?  
 I'm sorry to call so late, but you  
 said you were going to call me when  
 you got home, and when you didn't, I  
 started to get worried --

He does it complete with gestures -- utterly ridiculous comic  
 moment -- Claire pulls the phone off its base --

CLAIRE  
 (into phone)  
 Is this a joke?

BETH (O.S.)  
 What? No! I was worried about you,  
 that's all. How'd the date go --

CLAIRE  
 I can't talk right now, someone's  
 here. I'll call you tomorrow.

BETH (O.S.)  
 Claire -- !

Claire hangs up the phone. Doug looks at her imploringly.

DOUG  
 Believe me. The only place you're safe  
 is with me.

Claire stares. Comes to a decision. One she doesn't like.

CLAIRE  
 What do we have to do?

INT. JEEP - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

Doug drives. Claire, in the passenger seat, peppers him with  
 questions.

CLAIRE  
 Why not just call the police and just  
 arrest him at the ferry?

DOUG  
I've seen the plans for the bomb.  
There's a remote detonation device. If  
we confront him, we're just killing a  
different group of people.

CLAIRE  
So, arrest him before he gets to the  
ferry?

DOUG  
In the city?  
(shakes his head)  
I don't know where he is, until he  
gets to the ferry. Then it's too late.  
No, the safest way to separate him  
from the bomb ... is to let him put it  
in place.

CLAIRE  
You know how to defuse a bomb?

DOUG  
(smiles)  
I do that one.

Claire shakes her head; it's all too wild ... but she is  
fascinated.

CLAIRE  
So ... you said you were part of a  
special surveillance unit.  
(Doug nods)  
And you've been watching me?  
(Doug nods)  
What else do you know about me?

Doug grows quiet. He sighs.

DOUG  
Everything ...

He glances over at her.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I know that you support yourself as a  
children's book illustrator. I know  
that eight months ago your fiancé  
suddenly broke it off and refused to  
return your phone calls. I know that  
you've been turned down by three  
adoption agencies since January  
because they won't place a child with  
a single woman on a freelance income.

Claire gasps.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I know that you put your Explorer up for sale because you've given up on ever having a big family. And that you say grace before meals even when you dine alone. That you write poems in your Christmas cards. That you love Cary Grant movies. That you got stood up tonight.

(beat)

And I know that you dance with your cat sometimes, when it's late and you've been alone all day.

Claire is blown away. Doesn't know what to say.

CLAIRE

You know all those things about me ...  
I don't know anything about you.

DOUG

I'm ... I'm a guy who likes the fact you do all those things.

They share a smile. Doug looks back at the road.

Which lets Claire study his face ...

EXT. ORIENT POINT SIDE STREET - DAY

Doug parks the Jeep on a side street, well away from the ferry. Angles it in behind a large DUMPSTER.

DOUG

We can walk from here.

CLAIRE

Why here?

DOUG

We can't let Oerstadt see his own car.  
We want him to think everything is going perfectly.

EXT. FERRY - BOARDWALK - DAY

Flags tied to cars and strollers, couples hand in hand, scores of FAMILIES with cameras and kids in tow.

DOUG AND CLAIRE keep watch on the ferry from a safe distance, standing next to a cotton candy stand.

The dock is crammed with PEOPLE AND VEHICLES -- rows of cars, RV's and trucks in line to board the *Sea Bride*.

Suddenly Claire's breath catches:

CLAIRE  
There. Look.

IN THE AUTO CUE, Oerstadt rides by in Claire's Explorer, heading into the parking deck.

DOUG  
Yeah. That's him.

Claire stares at her killer's face for the first time, quietly terrified.

CLAIRE  
Oh God. Just like you said ...

FERRY WORKERS wave a military transport vehicle into the car deck through an open BOW DOOR. Other cars follow --

-- including Oerstadt, driving off the dock and onto the ferry, passing by a waiting SHUTTLE BUS.

Doug and Claire watch from outside, waiting.

CLAIRE  
No. Forget it. We need to call the police --

DOUG  
No --

CLAIRE  
All these people --

DOUG  
Claire ... in a minute Oerstadt is going to get off that ferry. He's going to get on that shuttle bus, and ride it out to the tip of Orient Point. There he's going watch the ferry from shore as it sails out of trigger range, then he'll wait to see the bomb go off.

AT THE FERRY, Oerstadt appears. Scans the crowd.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
If at any point before that, he suspects anything, he will set it off immediately.

Oerstadt wears his camera bag, stands with one hand in his pocket. Then walks purposefully through the crowd, straight toward the shuttle bus ... and gets on.

Claire lets out her breath. But Doug waits, still watching. Claire looks at him, questioningly. Doug still waits --

AT THE FERRY, the shuttle PULLS AWAY. Doug smiles.

EXT. DOCK AUTHORITY - CONTINUOUS

Doug escorts Claire to the Dock Authority.

DOUG

Twenty-two minutes after the ferry leaves, it's going to pass a Coast Guard cutter. We'll hail the cutter and evacuate everyone from the ferry, then I'll disarm the bomb.

CLAIRE

Will you have enough time?

DOUG

It's the only time we've got.

Claire starts to protest --

DOUG (CONT'D)

We're trying to cheat fate here, Claire. This guy's got everything else covered.

They reach the door.

CLAIRE

Do I tell them about you?

DOUG

Me, the bomb, everything -- including where to find Oerstadt now. Show them the Jeep if they don't believe you. Just wait until after the ferry's well underway.

CLAIRE

Doug, I know this sounds silly, but ... I'll say a prayer for you.

Doug smiles and grasps her hand.

DOUG

Stay ridiculously safe. I'll see you later.

Doug heads off toward the ferry. Claire watches him go.

EXT. SHUTTLE BUS - WINDOW - DAY

Oerstadt rides along, gazes absently out his window -- and then the bus suddenly STOPS. Oerstadt leans, tries to look ahead to see what happened --

THE BUS DRIVER frowns, looking ahead --

THROUGH THE WINDOW, there is roadwork in the way; a large orange sign reads DETOUR.

The Bus Driver sighs, turns the big wheel ...

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Again the bus comes to a stop. A large MOVING VAN blocks the road ahead. Oerstadt gazes out the window --

He's looking down the exact street where Doug and Claire hid his Jeep. He can't see it though, because the Jeep is well-hidden behind the dumpster.

But just then, a GARBAGE TRUCK moves its forks into place beneath the dumpster, and LIFTS IT UP --

-- giving Oerstadt a brief glimpse of his shattered Jeep, parked along the street.

Oerstadt stares.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

CLOSE ON: A doll, floating face down in the water -- we're right back to the opening of our story.

At the rail above, Janice looks down. Beth pulls her away.

BETH

Don't worry, baby, we'll get you another one ...

Beth and Janice merge into the crowd -- as DOUG pushes past them, stepping onto the ferry.

INT. BUILDING - PORT AUTHORITY - DAY

A wide foyer with ticket windows, long benches, waiting passengers. Claire, visibly nervous, paces near the Police Help Desk. The DESK CLERK looks up at her:

DESK CLERK

Can I help you?

CLAIRE

(glancing up at the clock)  
Not for another ten minutes,  
thank you.

She moves away. The Desk Clerk watches her an odd moment, then turns to help another customer.

Claire pauses at the windows, looks out at the ferry --



-- as Oerstadt hurries past the window, heading back to the boarding ramp.

Claire jumps back. A million thoughts race through her head -- what to do? She looks toward the Police Desk, then back out to the ferry --

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Claire steps out of the building. In the crowd ahead, there's Oerstadt, moving quickly onto the ferry.

Claire agonizes in quiet terror. Comes to a decision. Curses under her breath ... and RUNS toward the boarding ramp.

EXT. FERRY - SUN DECK - DAY

A group of ELDERLY VETERANS with potbellies and thick glasses greet several YOUNGER, LONG-HAIRED VETS with hugs and backslaps. CLAIRE moves past, searching for a way down to the auto level. Suddenly:

JANICE (O.S)

Claire!

Claire spins, mortified. Janice is waving her arms:

JANICE (CONT'D)

Claire! Look, Mom, it's Claire!

Claire shakes her head no, backs away. Beth spots her.

BETH

Claire, over here! Claire!

People are turning to look now. Claire spins, frantic, spots a gangway -- dodges through the crowd, disappears.

Beth frowns.

BETH (CONT'D)

Huh! Wonder what that was all about?

Beth turns away -- revealing Oerstadt standing right behind her, looking after Claire. He steps forward, following her --

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The FERRY CAPTAIN looks out through the forward windows. Behind him, the pilot looks over his shoulder:

PILOT

Five minutes past the hour, sir.

The Captain nods. THE HORN SOUNDS --

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

The *Sea Bride* cuts a wake as it churns past the Orient Point Lighthouse, heading out into Long Island Sound.

EXT. FERRY - SECOND LEVEL DECK - DAY

Doug stands along the ship's rail as the ship passes the lighthouse. He checks his watch:

DOUG

Damn. Running late already ...

He edges past the GROUP OF KINDERGARTNERS and their teacher, finds a ladder and climbs out of view --

-- just as CLAIRE steps onto the walkway, too late to see him. She hurries by, casting glances behind her --

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY

Well underway, the ferry passes a COAST GUARD CUTTER. The cutter's crew waves to the holiday crowd; the ferry passengers wave back. A FANFARE STRIKES --

EXT. BRIDGE TOWER - DAY

Doug taps on the glass door to the ferry's control cabin. The men inside are startled; one of them comes to the door:

FERRY OFFICER

Sir, this area is off-limits --

DOUG

(flashing his I.D.)

I'm a Federal Agent, this is an emergency. I need to speak to the Captain.

CAPTAIN

What emergency?

DOUG

Captain, I need you to hail that cutter we just passed and advise them that there may be a bomb onboard -- tell them to come alongside --

CAPTAIN

What?!

PILOT

Jesus --

DOUG  
We're gonna need to evacuate every one  
of these people --

As he gestures at the Sun Deck below him, Doug naturally glances down -- and sees OERSTADT on deck, walking past the Navy band, intent on something out of view.

Doug's eyes go wide in utter disbelief.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
(going on behind him)  
In the middle of the Sound? Onto a  
cutter half our size?! I'm not hailing  
anyone until you tell me exactly how  
you know --

DOUG  
Never mind.

CAPTAIN  
And where it's -- what?

DOUG  
Never mind! You're right -- don't do  
anything until I confirm the threat.  
Understand? Don't do anything  
differently! I'll be right back!

Doug vaults down the ladder. The Captain and Pilot look at each other, then the Captain grabs the conn mike:

CAPTAIN  
Calling any Coast Guard, calling any  
Coast Guard, this is CSF Sea Bride,  
please come in, over --

INT. RESTAURANT DECK - DAY

FILLED WITH PEOPLE -- reading, playing cards, scolding their kids, eating hot dogs --

CLAIRE ducks in, glancing behind her, weaving through the crowded tables towards the back exit --

EXT. SUN DECK - DAY

A NAVY BAND -- two dozen sailors in dress whites -- plays a John Philip Sousa tune for the passengers. Above them hangs a banner, 'WELCOME SUBASE NEW LONDON FAMILIES!'

A man in a wheelchair sleeps next to a kid in a stroller. Doug lands on the deck next to them, moves past --

EXT. FERRY PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Claire emerges from the restaurant as a FERRY WORKER (the same guy we saw smoking at the opening) passes by. She touches his arm --

CLAIRE

Excuse me, how would I get down to the car deck from here?

FERRY WORKER

Car deck's closed, ma'am.

CLAIRE

Yes, I know that but --

He walks away without listening. Claire watches, turns away ... and walks into OERSTADT, who stands before her, smiling.

OERSTADT

You're looking for the car deck, miss?  
I can show you where that is.

Claire seizes in terror. He smiles, friendly in the confidence that she can't possibly know who he is.

Claire realizes he thinks she doesn't know him. Tries to keep her voice even.

CLAIRE

Can you? I left my purse in my car.

She forces her eyes up to his. Meets his gaze. He looks straight into her soul. His smile melts. Frozen moment.

Oerstadt's sudden lunge for her, and the struggle that follows, is masked by THE CRASH OF CYMBALS and A JOHN PHILIP SOUSA TUNE from the deck band --

EXT. SUN DECK - DAY

Doug spins, pacing through the crowd. He passes the band and suddenly notices something out on the water --

In the distance, THE COAST GUARD CUTTER TURNS, coming back around pursue the ferry.

DOUG

No, no, no, damn it ...!

Doug checks his watch, gives the deck one last look for Oerstadt. Pushes off the rail and runs down the walkway --

INT. CAR DECK - DAY

Over a hundred vehicles parked end-to-end, on two levels along the keel and down four center lanes.

Doug vaults a chain barrier. Looks around: the parking bay seems deserted, all the cars empty.

Doug pulls his gun. Edges through the parking bay, trying to keep hidden while searching for the Explorer. Not an easy task -- there are military vehicles and at least one school bus obscuring his views.

He hears something -- someone trying to strike a flint, over and over. Doug comes around a vehicle with his gun --

Surprising the Ferry Worker, trying to light his cigarette.

FERRY WORKER

Aaaa! What the --

DOUG

Get out. Now.

The Ferry Worker scrambles to his feet, runs out of the bay. Doug never gives him a second glance --

ON THE SECOND LEVEL HULL RAMP

Claire's Explorer rests on an incline above the main car deck, three cars away from the hydraulic door-ramp that leads to open water --

-- and ten feet above Doug, who stands looking up at it.

MOMENTS LATER -- Doug is on the second level, edging toward the vehicle. He glances at the bumper -- the license plate has been removed.

He looks through the back window -- FOUR ORANGE BARRELS inside. He looks through the front windshield.

Where his eyes meet CLAIRE'S, staring back at him in wet terror, wrists bound to the steering column, duct tape over her mouth, a thin whine building in her throat --

DOUG (CONT'D)

CLAIRE! Jesus --

He claws at the door handle --

-- when TWO TAZER WIRES fire into his back, zapping him into a seizure. Doug jerks spasmodically, drops the gun, falls over the rail --

Doug lands on a car, shattering its windshield. He's on his back, eyelids fluttering at the edge of consciousness --

DOUG'S POV - the underside of Claire's car -- and OERSTADT, wearing an orange life vest, looking down at him from the ramp above.

Oerstadt reaches into his camera bag, no hurry. Pulls out a pipe bomb. Doug moans, tries to move -- Oerstadt pounds the pipe bomb once on the rail, and tosses it at him --

Doug slides off the hood just as the pipe bomb falls through the shattered windshield. THE CAR EXPLODES, debris flying --

Doug slides under a military transport truck, crawling for his life. Another pipe bomb pounds the rail, another toss -- THE TRANSPORT TRUCK EXPLODES --

ON THE RAMP, Oerstadt holds another pipe bomb but can't see which car Doug is hiding under. The PARKING DECK IS FILLING WITH SMOKE -- OTHER CARS ARE CATCHING FIRE --

Doug crawls beneath another vehicle, trying to make his way back under the ramp. A POOL OF BURNING FUEL spreads after him -- another pipe bomb falls, EXPLODES --

CLAIRE glares out the windshield as Oerstadt walks by her window -- he bends out of view, comes up with Doug's gun, paces in front of the vehicle, looking for Doug --

Claire struggles to pull her wrists free of the wheel, her fingers straining to reach the GEAR SHIFT, just out of reach.

DOUG drags himself out from under a station wagon, climbs onto it. Oerstadt paces above --

Doug sees his chance, leaps for the overhanging ramp above and grabs the edge. He pulls himself up --

-- and finds himself staring into the barrel of his own gun. Doug hangs there in resignation -- it's over.

Oerstadt stares at him, about to fire --

DOUG  
I have a message for you ... from  
Melissa Jean Brooks.

Oerstadt blinks, momentarily dumbstruck.

OERSTADT  
What?

DOUG  
Go to Hell.

Oerstadt's shock becomes sudden fury -- he aims the gun into Doug's forehead --

-- as Claire suddenly pulls the Explorer out of gear and rolls into him from behind, knocking him off-balance. Oerstadt spins and falls hard, his camera bag slamming into the rail with A METALLIC BANG --

-- and with THE DISTINCTIVE SOUND OF ONE OF OERSTADT'S PIPE BOMBS SUDDENLY PRIMING. He and Doug exchange looks.

OERSTADT  
Oh my gosh -- OH MY GOSH!!!

Oerstadt struggles with the camera bag but it's stuck on his shoulder. OTHER PIPE BOMBS SPILL ONTO THE RAMP, rolling down the incline toward the big hydraulic door --

DOUG  
CLAIRE, LIE DOWN!!!

Doug drops to the floor and rolls for cover --

OERSTADT EXPLODES, taking half the second level ramp with him. The cars between Claire's Explorer and the bay door SPILL AND TUMBLE off of the ramp, landing on the cars below --

Doug rolls to his feet, checks his watch --

It's 10:45.

Another explosion rocks the entire deck, BLOWING THE FORWARD CAR RAMP HALFWAY OPEN TOWARDS THE WATER, exposing a swath of sky and a rolling horizon.

Doug runs back under where the upper ramp is still solid, climbs onto it --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Claire! Claire!!

He runs along the edge to the Explorer. Pulls out Claire's keys, unlocks her passenger door and gets in --

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Claire is still bound to the wheel, a roll of duct tape on the seat beside her. Doug tears it from her mouth --

CLAIRE  
(gasping)  
I'm sorry! I saw him get on and I didn't know what to do -- I had to warn you --

DOUG  
 It's okay! You just saved my life!  
 (he smiles, pulls at her  
 taped wrists)  
 Are you all right?

CLAIRE  
 I'm okay --  
 (she tries to make a joke)  
 How come whatever we do, we end up  
 like this?

Doug freezes at that. He looks at his watch -- 10:46 now.

DOUG  
 Less than two minutes ...

CLAIRE  
 Two minutes ...?  
 (then)  
 Oh my God! Can you stop it?

DOUG  
 Not enough time.

He gets her hands free, starts to work on her ankles --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Help me, hurry!

CLAIRE  
 (pulling at the tape)  
 What are we gonna do? What do we do?

He leans over with her keys, puts them in the ignition and turns the motor over.

DOUG  
 You are gonna get topside as fast as  
 you can --

He cranks it again -- the MOTOR STARTS.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 I'll take care of this!

CLAIRE  
 How -- ?

Suddenly they're interrupted by the CRACKLE OF A BULLHORN:

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
 STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE!

Doug and Claire spin, look out her window:



COAST GUARDSMEN flood the parking deck, take position, weapons drawn and ready to fire.

COAST GUARD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR AND STEP OUT  
OF THE VEHICLE IMMEDIATELY!

Doug and Claire look at each other in complete dread.

COAST GUARD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
OUT OF THE VEHICLE! NOW!!!

Claire looks to Doug. Doug shakes his head no, whispers:

DOUG  
If we get out of this car, everybody  
dies.

Claire swallows, fighting panic:

CLAIRE  
What do we do ...?

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
YOU HAVE TILL THE COUNT OF THREE!  
(beat)  
ONE!

They're nearly surrounded now. Doug and Claire look forward out the windshield, at the only clear path left:

The open bay door, what's left of the car ramp, the wide ocean beyond. They look into each other's eyes, a shared moment.

COAST GUARD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
TWO!

Doug slides over in the seat, closes his hands over hers on the wheel. Claire steps on the gas, revving the engine to a high idle. The Coast Guardsmen shout to each other ...

And suddenly the CAR RADIO snaps on all by itself.

RADIO DEEJAY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
It's ten forty-eight on Endless Summer  
Sunday ... now let's go back in time  
to 1964 and the Beach Boys! On Long  
Island's 98 FM --

Doug pops the gear shift into DRIVE and Claire floors it.

INT. PARKING DECK - DAY

The Explorer's wheels spin smoke on the metal ramp and it shoots forward, jumping the jagged edge and clipping several cars beneath it.

The Coast Guard OPEN FIRE -- the Explorer races up the bow door like a boat over a stunt ramp and LAUNCHES OUT INTO SPACE --

EXT. FERRY - IN THE BAY

The Explorer bursts from the ferry's bow like a cannon shot. Its wheels spin in mid-air -- its nose dips, plows into the water --

INT. EXPLORER

Doug and Claire are thrown into the dashboard, nearly out of their seats --

EXT. BAY

The Explorer bobs in the water and comes to rest ... not sinking. Seeming like it won't. Then --

THE FERRY'S BOW SMASHES into the side of the car and plows over it, SHRIEKING METAL-ON-METAL, forcing it underwater --

INT. EXPLORER - UNDERWATER

Doug and Claire tumble like socks in a dryer, rolling with the submerged car -- THE BARRELS ROLL AND SMASH INTO EACH OTHER, rupturing, splashing fuel all over Claire's back --

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)

*Well, it's been building up inside  
of me for, Oh, I don't know how long --*

EXT. UNDERWATER

The Explorer SCRAPES AND ROLLS ALONG THE KEEL as if tumbling down a mountain upside-down -- the side windows SHATTER AND COLLAPSE, FLOODING THE CAR --

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)

*I don't know why, but I keep thinkin'  
Somethin's bound to go wrong ...*

INT. EXPLORER - UNDERWATER

SEAWATER ENGULFS THEM. Claire can't see. Her breath escapes in a rush of bubbles, she's panicking --

DOUG'S HAND appears, pulls her to the door, to the window, it's open -- she flails and kicks through broken glass --

-- clawing for the surface as the ferry passes overhead, churning, deafening, so far above -- she'll never make it, she's too far down, starts choking -- and beneath her --

THE BOMB EXPLODES.

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND

Claire is hurled up through white water and ERUPTS FROM THE FERRY'S WAKE. She tumbles end-over-end in a SLOW MOTION FREE FALL high over the Sound, limp, weightless, plummeting.

She hits the water face-first in a TREMENDOUS SPLASH and disappears into the simmering water. It closes over her, smoothes out, becomes still.

CLAIRE'S BODY floats to the surface, hanging face down in dark green water. It bobs there, hair waving in easy ripples, not moving.

Floating wreckage, flames on the water. Stillness. Then --

Claire convulses, head thrown back in a wrenching gasp. She takes air in huge breaths, coughing, sputtering, violent for life -- struggles to tread water as a SHADOW PASSES over --

-- and suddenly THREE COAST GUARD CREWMEN splash into the water around her. Arms across her chest pull her into a back float, away to safety.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER DECK - DAY

Claire is brought onto the deck with other FERRY PASSENGERS; more are still coming aboard, coughing and sooty. Behind them the ferry BURNS; FIREBOATS spray water into its bow as black smoke billows forth.

Claire doesn't hear any of it, just sits trembling. Her hands shake as she brings them up and stares at them ...

Ten fingers, all fine.

She pulls her hair away from her eyes, blinking. As she does, her eyes focus on something, something in the distance.

Out there, in a pool of burning fuel --

DOUG'S BODY lies face up in the tide. His eyes are lifeless, his body blackened; his legs and lower torso are in flames. There can be no question that he's dead.

CLAIRE watches, frozen.

Doug sways with the waves, then begins SLOWLY SINKING FROM VIEW, one arm floating out at a cruel angle. Just before he vanishes forever, we see Doug's hand.

All five fingers have been sheared away, leaving ragged stumps.

The water closes over him completely, then ripples and smoothes out, until only flames remain.

ON CLAIRE

In shock. She blinks, trembling. Her eyes begin to fill.

Then suddenly she's surrounded -- an oxygen mask is placed over her mouth -- MEDICS are there, calming her, checking her out, pulling her away ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISASTER RECOVERY SITE - AFTERNOON

The cutter has docked; ferry passengers are unloaded as EMS WORKERS and NEWS CREWS swarm the pier. Claire wanders down the ramp, dazed. Stops at a familiar voice --

BETH  
 Claire? Claire!  
 (to Janice)  
 Honey, look, there she is!

It's Beth and Janice. Janice runs up to Claire, slams into her. Claire barely flinches, still in shock.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Claire ... Claire.  
 (Claire looks at her)  
 My God, you're drenched. What happened? Are you all right?

Claire's eyes focus. She looks down at Janice, looks around:

A SMOKING FERRY WORKER is coming down the ramp, helping a man in a wheelchair. Next to them a kid in a stroller is also being wheeled down, still sleeping.

At the base of the ramp, a harried TEACHER tries to get a head count as her KINDERGARTNERS crowd around her. Nearby:

COP (O.S.)  
 -- we don't know yet, ma'am, please,  
 we don't know --

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 My daughter's on that ferry, oh God my daughter--!

CRYING MAN  
 Just let us ask, maybe they're here,  
 maybe someone saw them --

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 (suddenly a gasp)  
Chrissie!

The teacher spins at hearing her name, smiles as the elderly couple rush over to meet her. Around them OTHER PARENTS run to the group and to their own children ...

... as the SHELL-SHOCKED WOMAN runs across the blacktop to embrace her husband ...

... and the GROUP OF CADETS exchanges hugs and backslaps with the NAVY BAND, all of them laughing now.

CLAIRE sees it all, an epiphany of gratitude and relief. Everyone who had died before is fine. Everyone.

BETH (O.S.)  
 So was he the man of your dreams?

Claire spins.

CLAIRE  
 What ...?

BETH  
 The guy you met. Last night?

Suddenly Claire can't speak. But she nods "Yes."

BETH (CONT'D)  
 Claire, I'm sorry but I have to call David and let him know we're okay ...

CLAIRE  
 That's okay -- Go! Oh, and Beth?  
 (Beth turns)  
 Can you call my parents for me?

BETH  
 (smiles)  
 Of course!  
 (taking Janice)  
 Come on, baby, we're gonna call Daddy.

Janice looks back; Claire smiles and gives her a wave.

Claire watches them go, off together across the blacktop ... past the families, past Search and Rescue vehicles, past the black FBI car where DOUG IS STANDING WATCHING THE DOCK --

Claire gasps so violently she nearly faints.

It's Doug. The Doug who we saw in the opening scene, who has never been through the Time Window ... who has never met Claire.

He stands by his car, watching the dock, taking it all in. Just as he did before.

CLAIRE  
OH GOD! -- oh God, oh God! --

Claire struggles to breathe, ready to pass out --

Doug is talking to ANDY PRYZWARRA, who has just introduced himself. Doug asks him to step aside slightly and looks out over the dock again.

Pryzwarra scans the dock with him.

PRYZWARRA  
What are we looking for?

DOUG  
Anything that doesn't belong.

Doug notices a shell-shocked woman -- CLAIRE this time -- standing alone. She's staring at him, drenched and trembling.

ACROSS THE DOCK

Claire sways on her feet. Doug is looking at her now. Claire doesn't move.

ACROSS THE DOCK

Doug looks unsettled -- that woman is still staring at him. He stares back, curious now.

Doug heads over to an EMS worker, grabs a blanket.

Claire's breath freezes -- because now he's walking TOWARDS HER. Claire doesn't move.

Doug walks right up to Claire and puts the blanket around her shoulders:

DOUG (CONT'D)  
It's all right, miss. You're in shock.

AND CLAIRE BREAKS DOWN, crying so hard she can't speak. She throws her arms around Doug and weeps into his neck, bawling.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
It's okay. You're okay now.

Doug puts his arms around her, awkwardly, bewildered.

CLAIRE  
I don't understand!

DOUG  
Shh, shhhh ... you're gonna be fine.

She starts to calm down in his arms. Over her shoulder, Doug sees a group of RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS, waves to one of them behind Claire's back. Takes Claire that way.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Miss, these people can help you --

CLAIRE  
NO!

She clings to him, he pulls her hands away --

DOUG  
It's okay, you're going to be fine.

CLAIRE  
No, wait!

DOUG  
Look, you're safe, I have to go back over there --

CLAIRE  
Doug!

Doug stops -- she knows his name? Claire gathers herself:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
What would you do ... if you had to tell someone the most important thing in the world ... but you knew they'd never believe you?

She stands open to him, still in tears.

DOUG  
(suspicious now)  
Do you have something to tell me about what happened here today?

Claire swallows, finally nods. Doug considers, looks around.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay. Hold that thought.

He takes her arm. They walk together -- Doug brings her over to his car, opens the passenger door for her --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Watch your head, that's it ...

INT. DOUG'S CAR - DAY

The door cuts off sound from outside. Claire watches through the windshield as Doug goes to Pryzwarra and confers silently with him, pointing at Claire.

As she watches, she feels something in her dress pocket, takes it out:

A BROOKHAVEN LAB CARDKEY bearing Doug's name and photo, tomorrow's date clearly visible. Claire stares at it, beginning to comprehend.

She hides the card as Doug slides behind the wheel.

DOUG  
You're not under arrest, but I'm going  
to need to take a statement --

As he keys the ignition his CAR RADIO STARTS -- he reaches for the knob but stops mid-reach:

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)  
*She told me, "Baby, when you race today  
Just take along my love with you ...  
And if you knew how much I love you,  
Baby, nothin' could go wrong with  
you ..."*

Doug stares at the radio, transfixed somehow. Claire watches him. Does he know? Does he remember?

Doug turns to Claire, looks at her as if seeing her for the first time. It's almost as if he knows her somehow but can't figure out how. A look of *deja vu*.

Claire looks into his eyes. (Does he know? Does he remember?)

Doug looks away, dazed, then notices something new. He looks out through the windshield, out at the sky.

CLAIRE  
What is it?

Doug blinks, unsettled.

DOUG  
It was supposed to be raining by now.

Claire looks out the window -- it's a bright blue sky, not a cloud anywhere. She shrugs:

CLAIRE  
I guess God changed His mind.

They look at each other.



EXT. DOCK - WIDE

Their car heads out of the recovery area, past hundreds of people. Doug and Claire look out as they weave past.

THE BEACH BOYS (V.O.)  
*Don't worry, baby, Don't worry, baby,  
Everything will turn out all right ...  
Don't worry, baby, Everything will  
turn out all right ...*

They pull out of the lot and drive away.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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