

EMERGENCE

"Pilot"

Written by

Michele Fazekas & Tara Butters

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ACT ONE

EXT. PECONIC BAY - NIGHT

Looking out over dark, choppy waters toward the Long Beach Bar lighthouse. It's windy, and the sky is clear enough that we can see the Milky Way sprawling above.

As we watch, the lighthouse beacon flickers for a brief moment.

EXT. NORTH FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT

The passenger terminal is closed and dark, a couple floodlights point at signs that show ferry rates. A heavy metal gate blocks access to the wooden dock, and an outboard motorboat, suspended on a lift, knocks against the pilings as it sways in the wind.

Then, the metal gate begins to rise as a clanging warning bell sounds.

EXT. SOUTHDOLD - MAIN RD. - NIGHT

Shops are closed, not a soul to be seen. Tree-lined, but the trees are bare, bending in the wind. A traffic light blinks red. In the distance, we hear the ferry bell.

The traffic light flickers. Then the red, yellow and green all glow at once.

EXT. TORRES HOUSE - NIGHT

An older but well-kept house, like the rest of the homes on the street. The only light is from the street light, which dims briefly. Just barely, we can still hear the ferry bell.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - JO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cozy, not overly decorated, just the right amount of messy. JO TORRES is alone in the queen-sized bed, though sleeping to one side as if she's not. Wind rattles the windows, and even then we can still make out the ferry bell, endlessly clanging.

We slowly creep toward the bed. The red numbers on the digital alarm clock say 3:10 am. The clock flickers and dims... but when it brightens again, the digits aren't right.

And they keep changing, cycling through weird hieroglyphics.
Jo does not stir.

As we get closer to the clock, we notice a small safety pin on the bedside table. Slowly, the pin begins to slide across the surface on its own... And then FLIES across the room, sticking to the radiator.

Jo stirs, but does not wake.

EXT. PECONIC BAY - NIGHT

The water is now dead calm. The lighthouse beacon suddenly glows brilliantly -- and then goes out.

EXT. NORTH FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT

The clanging stops, and all the lights go dark. The wind is gone, as is the sound of the surf.

EXT. SOUTHDOLD - MAIN RD. - NIGHT

The traffic light goes out, as do all other visible lights.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - JO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock goes black, and the light from outside is gone as well. Any other ambient noise -- the furnace, the dishwasher, the refrigerator -- goes silent. No sound of wind, not even a cricket.

We hear one, tiny *plink* -- the safety pin dropping to the floor.

And then a distant -- but not too distant -- BOOM.

Jo shoots up in bed, finally awake, trying to figure out what she just heard. We hear stirring from the rest of the house, footsteps and doors opening.

BREE (O.S.)
Mom? What was that?

JO
Hold on...

Trying to get her bearings, Jo fumbles for her cell phone. Nothing happens -- that's dead too. Weird.

ED (O.S.)
Power's out.

JO
Yeah.

Jo crawls out of bed, throws on the nearest clothing.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jo comes out of her bedroom, finding BREE (14) and ED (60s), both bleary-eyed.

BREE
What was that noise?

Jo is looking out a window, trying to get a glimpse of the horizon.

JO
I don't know.

ED
Transformer coulda blown.

Jo looks at her dead cell phone in her hand.

JO
Maybe. Stay inside. I'm gonna take a look.

She heads down the stairs. Ed and Bree exchange a look that says "Um, no, we are not staying inside" and immediately follow her.

EXT. TORRES HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Jo heads out her front door, Ed and Bree not far behind. As Jo makes her way down the driveway, we can see a few other NEIGHBORS coming out of their houses too. Every light in the vicinity is out.

Everyone starts looking toward the same spot on the horizon. A faint orange glow can be seen, about a mile away.

And all at once lights come back on and Jo's cell rings loud. Everyone jumps a mile. Jo looks at her cell, recognizes the number and answers.

JO
Yeah. I see it. I'm on my way.

She clicks off.

JO (CONT'D)
I've gotta get dressed and go to
work. Go back to bed.

BREE
Can I come?

JO
Sure can't. Bed.

ED
What is it?

JO
I'll call.

Jo hurries inside. As she passes her SUV in the driveway, we now see the insignia on the doors: *Police - Town of Southold*.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Untilled farmland along the shore of the Long Island Sound; the formerly clear night has changed, and now heavy fog rolls in off the water.

Jo's vehicle pulls into an already active scene -- fire, ambulance, and other Southold P.D. radio cars are clustered near one end of the field.

She gets out of her car and is greeted by OFFICER CHRIS MINETTO, two years out of the Academy, not exactly at the top of his class but a hard worker. They've known each other since Jo used to babysit for Chris, and in some ways that dynamic hasn't changed.

CHRIS
Doesn't look like anybody on the
ground was hurt, luckily we're out
in the boonies. No survivors.

They slow and Jo takes in the scene -- the ground is covered with small, smoking pieces of debris, a few hotspots still glow. The wreckage is spread over the area of a couple football fields.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Appears to be a small craft, FAA's
trying to figure out who it was.
Closest airport's Mattituck,
they're not missing anybody.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

PSEG's looking into the blackout,
think the plane might've clipped
one of their lines.

JO

That doesn't explain why my cell
phone stopped working.

CHRIS

I'll bug them first thing.

JO

Alright. Nice work, Officer.

CHRIS

(pleased)

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Jo crouches down to pick up a smooth, black piece of debris.

JO

Jeez. This thing got pulverized.

CHRIS

There's not a lot to do tonight,
Chief. I can call you if anything
develops.

Jo rises, tosses the plane debris on the ground.

JO

I'm gonna take you up on that,
Chris. Thanks. 'Night.

She heads back toward her vehicle, and Chris waves after her.

CHRIS

Okay. G'night.

(then)

Sweet dreams!

Ooof. Bridge too far. Chris immediately winces at himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Why? Why would you say that? Why?

Behind him, a couple of the other OFFICERS chuckle -- he has
a bit of a work crush, and it's not quite a secret.

EXT. FIELD - ALONG THE TREELINE - NIGHT

Jo makes her way toward her vehicle, passing along a dark thicket of trees. The fog has gotten dense, obscuring the ground, clinging to the branches. As she digs for her keys, a distinct sound of rustling comes from the brush.

Jo glances toward the sound, thinking it's probably an animal -- until she spots something large moving in the shadows.

She freezes. Tries to peer through the fog. We hear what may be shallow breathing, and see the silhouette of what is obviously a person.

JO

Come out.

More rustling and movement. Jo's hand goes to her belt and she pulls out a Mag-Light, clicking it on.

In the beam of the light we see a young GIRL. Wide-eyed and trembling.

Jo crouches, lowering the light so the girl isn't blinded.

JO (CONT'D)

(soft)

Hey. It's okay. Are you hurt?

Jo inches forward, reaching out a hand. But the girl flinches back, almost bolting. Jo stills, smiling. She notes the girl's clothing -- a thin t-shirt and jeans.

JO (CONT'D)

Kind of cold out here. Want to borrow my coat?

Jo starts to remove her jacket as behind her, Chris and a few other OFFICERS approach.

CHRIS

Chief -- everything okay?

Jo waves them back, not wanting to scare her more.

JO

Yep. Just talking to a new friend.

(pointing)

You like that movie?

Jo is indicating the Toy Story t-shirt the girl wears. The girl glances down, doesn't reply.

JO (CONT'D)
I love it. My favorite character
is Woody.

Jo holds up her jacket, where her badge is pinned.

JO (CONT'D)
See? I'm like Woody. I can help
you.

This seems to have connected for the girl. Jo slowly reaches out her hand and moves closer. The girl reaches out too... as soon as their hands touch, the girl bursts out of the brush and leaps into Jo's arms, clinging to her neck.

JO (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay. I've got you.

Jo stands and turns back toward Chris and the other officers as they surround them.

CHRIS
Where'd she come from?

JO
Can we get some paramedics over
here?

An OFFICER trots off toward the ambulances as Jo wraps her coat around the girl.

CHRIS
(quietly)
Was she on the plane?

JO
Don't know.
(to girl)
My name is Jo. Can you tell me
your name?

After a long beat, the girl replies, hardly above a whisper.

GIRL
I don't know...

She grips Jo tighter. Two PARAMEDICS jog up.

PARAMEDIC
She wasn't on that plane?

JO

We're going to have some people
check you over, just to make sure
you're not hurt, okay? Can you let
go for a sec?

The girl shakes her head. The Paramedic considers the
options.

PARAMEDIC

Looks like you're coming in the
ambulance with us, Chief.

Jo sighs, just as another OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

Chief, NTSB is here. They're
saying we need to clear everybody
out.

He indicates a group of MEN wearing navy NTSB jackets and
matching baseball hats. They're pulling equipment out of a
couple black Suburbans.

CHRIS

I'll handle it. Go ahead.

Jo reaches into her pocket, pulls out car keys and tosses
them to Chris.

JO

Have somebody bring my car to the
hospital when they can.

The Paramedics guide them toward the waiting ambulance as
Chris heads toward the NTSB team.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL'S FACE

Staring straight up at us. She's lying inside a CT scanner,
wearing a hospital gown, and very, very still. We hear the
voice of pediatrician DR. ABBY FRASIER.

ABBY (O.S.)

Good news is she's physically fine.
No contusions, no head trauma, not
even a paper cut.

The scanner fires up loudly. It's scary, but she stays
still.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Bad news is, she says she doesn't remember anything. Not her name, not where she's from, not her parents. Definitely doesn't remember a plane crash.

INT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Abby walks with Jo -- they're friends, and Abby has been Bree's doctor since she was born.

ABBY

I'd put her age around 9 or 10.

JO

Why doesn't she remember anything?

ABBY

I'm waiting for the psych attending, but my guess is dissociative amnesia. Something traumatic happened and her brain is protecting itself.

JO

Traumatic like being in a plane crash?

ABBY

I can't imagine that's possible. She doesn't have a scratch on her. She could've witnessed it I guess, but that doesn't explain where she came from.

(then)

You have any more information on this crash? It played hell with our backup generators.

JO

NTSB's on site now. Hopefully we'll know more by morning.

They reach a door and Abby knocks, she and Jo enter --

INT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where a RADIOLOGY AIDE (ex-linebacker, friendly) is just settling the girl into a bed. She's still in her gown, and wary, but she perks up when she sees Jo.

ABBY

There she is. Wasn't too scary,
was it?

RADIOLOGY AIDE

She did great. Super brave.

The aide hands Abby a chart and exits.

GIRL

It was okay.

ABBY

(gently mocking)
'It was okay.'
(checks over chart)
Everything looks great. You're a
perfectly healthy girl.

GIRL

Can I go home?

ABBY

I would love that. Where's home?

The girl thinks, then points to Jo. Jo's a little surprised,
but Abby smiles easily.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Great choice. But I think tonight
you're gonna stay with me so I can
make sure you're okay. Sound good?

Not really. She shakes her head.

JO

Abby's one of my best friends.
She'll take great care of you.

ABBY

Maybe Jo can stay until you fall
asleep?

JO

Sure. I can do that.

Abby rises, heads out.

ABBY

(low)
I'm hoping the memory will come
back in the next day or so.

Jo nods and Abby exits. Then Jo takes a seat near the girl's bed. She looks nervous and near tears.

JO
Stopped by the vending machine while
they were looking in your head.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out -- a bag of Skittles. The girl seems suddenly interested.

JO (CONT'D)
Oh. You know candy when you see
it. Glad you remember the
important stuff.

Jo fishes one out, but hides it in her palm.

JO (CONT'D)
What color?

GIRL
Let me see.

JO
Guess. What color is it? If you
guess right, you can have it.

A beat as the girl smiles a bit.

GIRL
Red.

Jo holds up the Skittle.

JO
Yellow.

And she pops it in her own mouth. The girl gasps, surprised, but Jo's already holding another one.

JO (CONT'D)
Guess again.

GIRL
Yellow.

JO
(holding it up)
Green.

And she pops it in her mouth again. This is both amusing and outraging for the girl. Jo holds up another one.

GIRL
Orange!

JO
(it's red)
Nope.

She eats it before the girl can snatch it out of her hand.

GIRL
(laughing)
No fair!

JO
Hey, not my fault you're bad at
this game.

She's laughing hard and trying to peek at Jo's hand. Under this, Jo is becoming aware of raised voices out in the corridor.

GIRL
Red. Purple! I meant purple.

Jo holds up the candy -- it's purple.

JO
I'm gonna give it to you this time.

The girl grabs it triumphantly.

GIRL
Do another one!

But Jo is now focused on the shouting coming from the other side of the door. And one voice begins to jump out clearly --

ABBY (O.S.)
-- this is my patient, and I'm
telling you she's not in any
condition to be interrogated --

Jo hand the Skittles to the girl, who can also hear the shouting.

JO
It's okay. I'll be right back.

She exits to --

INT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Where Abby is physically blocking the path of three MEN whom we'll recognize by their NTSB attire. The Radiology Aide is backing her up.

NTSB LEADER
Doctor, you are interfering
with a Federal investigation,
and we are well within our
rights --

ABBY
My only concern is for the
well-being of my patient, and
you certainly don't have any
right to her private medical
files --

JO
What is this?

ABBY
They're demanding to speak to her
and look at her chart.

JO
Okay, hold on. I'm Jo Torres,
Chief of Police. Who are you?

The NTSB Leader barely spares Jo a glance.

NTSB LEADER
(to Aide)
Sir, you will be in federal lockup
tonight if you don't get out of my
way.

RADIOLOGY AIDE
Well let's see how that goes for
you.

JO
NTSB doesn't have arrest authority.
But I do.

Two UNIFORMED HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARDS approach, but this is
pretty far out of their frame of reference.

ABBY
Escort these men out of here.

Abby reenters the exam room.

JO
Sir, I suggest you go back to the
crash site and do what you're
supposed to do --

Abby immediately reemerges, panicked.

ABBY

She's gone.

Jo rushes to the doorway, looks inside the room. It's empty.
PRELAP the sound of thunder as we --

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's raining hard now. HOSPITAL STAFF can be seen searching with flashlights in the parking lot.

HOSPITAL PAGE (O.S.)

(over PA system)

This is a code yellow, female aged
9, last seen in emergency --

INT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - NIGHT

Abby is on the phone barking orders, as Jo gives instructions with several SECURITY GUARDS, along with some additional UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

JO

-- work in teams, be systematic,
every room on every floor.
Frankie, sit in their CCTV room and
go through the footage from the
last hour.

Jo's cell buzzes.

JO (CONT'D)

Get me radio cars along Route 25,
and issue an Amber Alert.

OFFICER

Harbor's just a hop, skip and jump.

It's an unpleasant thought, but Jo nods.

JO

Yeah. Tell the Marine Unit to get
a boat out there.

(into cell)

Torres.

The officers and security guards split up and head further into the hospital.

CHRIS (O.S.)
(over phone)
Chief -- I'm still at the crash
site? And, uh... NTSB is here?

JO
(impatient)
Yes, Chris, I'm aware of that --

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Where it's a downpour. Chris looks both worried and like he
might puke.

CHRIS
No... it's kind of... a different
NTSB?

He's standing near a group of MEN and WOMEN, also in NTSB
jackets and hats -- but these are not the people from before.
And they look pissed off.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
And they're saying they don't know
who those first guys are.

INT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Close on Jo, as this sinks in. She lets the phone slowly
drop from her ear as she scans the vicinity intensely.

JO'S POV

Near the exit, she sees the three men in NTSB jackets.

Jo starts walking. Then starts running.

JO
Hey... hey!

The men walk out the exit. Jo runs harder, but is cut off by
a gurney as it's pushed off an elevator.

JO (CONT'D)
Stop those men -- stop!

But her voice is barely heard in the confusion. She finally
pushes past the gurney and takes off toward the exit.

EXT. EASTERN LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jo bursts through the doors, just in time to see a black Suburban pulling out of the parking lot fast. The rain is coming in sheets as she runs to her SUV, gets the door open and jumps inside.

INT. JO'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Jo flips down the sun visors, and her keys drop out. She puts the keys in the ignition, turns them -- but the car won't turn over.

JO
Come on, are you kidding me...

She tries again. Then stops, noticing something odd.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The rain drops that streak down the glass seem to slow down. Bending strangely. Jo leans forward to get a closer look. As she does, a few strands of her hair seem to rise of their own volition, as if charged with static electricity.

Jo tentatively reaches toward the windshield. And then jumps out of her skin as the car engine starts up.

Then a soft voice from behind her --

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't be mad.

She turns and looks in the back seat. There, huddled on the floor, still in her hospital gown, is the girl.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TORRES HOUSE - DEN - NEAR DAWN

Ed sits on the couch, lightly dozing -- the sound of a key in the lock wakes him. He goes to the door, where Jo enters. She's not surprised he's awake, but she's not happy about it.

JO

Dad, you shouldn't have waited up.

ED

Eh, you know I don't sleep. How'd it go?

As Jo steps aside, Ed now sees the girl with her. She's swimming in Jo's coat, underneath she's still in her hospital gown. And right now she's shy, half hiding behind Jo's body. Ed is puzzled, but he smiles at the girl.

ED (CONT'D)

Hello.

JO

We have a guest.

ED

I see that.

JO

Let me get her settled.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Which also serves as a home office. Jo is on her cell, wrapping up a call with Abby as she tosses the hospital gown in the trash. The girl looks tiny in the queen-sized bed, and wears an old nightgown of Bree's. She still has Jo's coat, which she clutches like a security blanket.

JO

(into cell)

... she seems good, but very tired.

GIRL

I'm not tired.

Jo waves for the girl to be quiet.

JO

(into cell)

I'm...

(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

gonna keep this off the books for
the time being. Thanks, Abby.
I'll tell her.

(clicks off)

Abby says she'll come check on you
tomorrow. And she says you should
sleep.

GIRL

I'm awake. Really awake.

JO

Well just rest then. Sun's coming
up soon.

GIRL

Where are you gonna be?

JO

In my bed right upstairs.

GIRL

Okay.

JO

How'd you know it was my car?

The girl points to the police insignia on the coat.

JO (CONT'D)

Smart cookie.

(re: door)

Open or closed?

GIRL

Closed.

Jo shuts off the light and begins to shut the door.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(quickly)

I mean a little bit open.

Jo leaves the door open a crack.

JO

Like that?

GIRL

A little bit more.

(the door opens wider)

Okay that's good.

JO
Sleep. 'Night.

Jo leaves. The girl looks out the window at the gray light coming in, but does not close her eyes.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ed hands Jo a glass of water from the sink, which she downs. He refills it for her.

JO
I didn't know what to do. I don't know who those guys were. Who the hell goes around impersonating the NTSB?

ED
You think she was on the plane?

JO
I don't know. Abby didn't think so. I don't know.
(then)
I'm supposed to call Child Protective Services, but I can't just put her in the system. If somebody's after her...

ED
So you're just gonna keep her forever? What's the plan?

JO
I don't have a plan, Dad. I just have to figure out what's going on.

Ed eases up, seeing that Jo has just about hit the wall.

ED
You did the right thing.

JO
Or, I kidnapped a kid.

Ed takes the water glass out of her hand and guides her toward the stairs.

ED
You did the only thing you could do at the time. Let's leave it till the morning.

JO
Which is in about...
(checks her watch)
Forty-five minutes. Perfect.

ED
Make it a full hour. I'll get Bree
up.

Jo shuffles off to bed. Ed watches after her. PRELAP the sound of a cell phone buzzing...

INT. TORRES HOUSE - JO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Blinding sunlight streams into the room, where Jo lies comatose in bed. The cell buzz finally penetrates and she grabs it, answering before she's fully awake.

JO
(into cell)
Torres.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Chris is on the perimeter of the crash site, which now looks more like a construction site -- a bulldozer and a backhoe are pushing the crash debris into a dump truck.

CHRIS
Chief, sorry to wake you.

JO
It's fine -- the hell is that
sound?

CHRIS
That's the NTSB cleaning up the
debris and carting it away.

JO
They already identified it?

CHRIS
It wasn't a plane. Unmanned drone.

Jo hauls herself out of bed. She begins to notice the sound of laughter coming from downstairs.

JO

Like a spy drone? Where'd it come from?

CHRIS

National Science Foundation, I guess they're mapping forest coverage. Drones like that can be as big as a commuter jet.

JO

They have any insight into who the fake NTSB crew was?

CHRIS

If they did, they weren't inclined to share, given the events of last night. For which I apologized.

(rehearsed)

And I would also like to apologize to you, Chief, this was 150 percent my fault, I'm willing to accept all responsibility for my failure to --

JO

Save it, we all got fooled.

(thinking)

So we're supposed to buy this was a scientific drone.

CHRIS

You don't?

JO

Doesn't explain where the girl came from.

CHRIS

What happened with her?

Jo opens her bedroom door, curious -- she can hear Bree's voice, happily chatting downstairs, and the young girl laughing.

JO

That's... kind of a weird story. She's with me.

CHRIS

With you?

JO

Temporarily. Until we get to the bottom of this.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jo comes up the hallway, dressed for work, hearing --

BREE'S VOICE (O.S.)
... okay, would you rather have no
thumbs? Or only thumbs?

Jo enters to find Bree and the girl sitting at the kitchen table, giggling. Bree's dressed for school, the girl is still in her borrowed nightgown under Jo's jacket. Ed makes pancakes, and wears a t-shirt that says *Suffolk County Fire Rescue and Emergency Services*.

GIRL
Only thumbs.

BREE
Obviously. Would you rather be
paralyzed from the ankles down, or
the wrists down?

Jo takes in the scene for a beat, trying to catch up -- the instant sibling vibe is a little odd, but sweet.

ED
(handing Jo coffee)
Morning.

JO
Hi. What's, uh, what's everybody
doing?

BREE
Oh, Mom -- what do you like better
-- Ariana or Millie?

ED
Or Marilyn.

BREE
That's not even a name.

ED
That's a great name.

JO
What are you talking about?

BREE
(re: girl)
She needs a name.

JO
I imagine she already has one.

BREE
But she can't remember and we have
to call her something.

The girl is nodding emphatically in agreement.

JO
Well, what name do you like?

GIRL
I can't decide.

BREE
Then it's Ariana.

JO
I always liked Piper. That was
almost your name, Bree.

GIRL
(pleased)
I like that one.

BREE
(mock angry)
Well how come I'm not Piper? How
come I have the same name as
cheese?
(hops up)
I have to meet Whitaker before
class. Mom, we gotta go.

Bree leaves to gather her stuff, yelling over her shoulder --

BREE (CONT'D)
See you later Piper.

The girl -- now Piper -- smiles at the sound of her new name.
But Jo is frowning. She hadn't thought through the logistics
of how this day was going to go.

JO
So, I have to go back and check out
the crash site. Couple things
aren't adding up for me.

ED
Go ahead. We'll be fine.

Piper looks uncertain.

ED (CONT'D)

I've got a bunch of projects to do today, I could really use a helper.

Piper nods at this. Trying to be brave.

PIPER

Okay. I'll do that.

ED

Atta girl.

He clears plates and takes them to the sink. Jo joins him.

ED (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it, I'm feeling good, doc says I can resume normal activities.

JO

I know. I would just... stay close to the house. Maybe stay away from the windows.

ED

I thought you said nobody knows where she is?

JO

They don't. But they're looking.

EXT. TORRES HOUSE - DAY

Jo and Bree head toward the SUV.

BREE

It's so crazy she can't remember who she is.

JO

Dr. Abby says her memory should come back soon. She won't be crashing with us for long.

BREE

I don't mind. It's like the only way I'll get a little sister now that you and Dad got divorced.

She gets into the car. There's a bite behind Bree's statement, even though she's acting cool. Jo sighs, reaches for the door -- but stops when she sees something O.S.

A dark sedan with blackout windows drives slowly past the house. Impossible to see who's in the car.

Jo takes a step toward the street, but the car just passes without incident. Probably nothing.

Behind her Bree beeps the car horn. Jo takes one last look at the car, which has turned the corner, then gets in.

EXT. MAIN BAYVIEW ROAD - DAY

Jo's SUV in what Southold calls "rush hour," which is mostly parents taking their kids to school. Two bays flank either side of the road.

BREE (O.S.)
But why is it a secret?

INT. JO'S SUV - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Jo is trying hard to keep things vague, not wanting to scare Bree, but she is her mother's daughter.

JO
It's not a secret. It's just...
safer for her. For now. I want to
know what's going on first.

BREE
Safe from who?

JO
I don't know, Bree. Can you keep
it under your hat or what?

BREE
Fiiiine.
(then)
What about Dad? I'm staying with
him tonight.

JO
Right. Right. I'll tell him.

They pull into the school and get into the drop-off line.

JO (CONT'D)
You were very sweet with Piper. I
think it really helped. Thank you.

BREE
(shrugs)
It's easy. She's cute.

JO
I didn't know you'd wanted a
younger sister.

Jo treads carefully here. This is getting close to
conversations Bree doesn't want to have.

BREE
Mom. It was a joke.

JO
I know your life seems different
than you imagined it would be three
months ago...

BREE
I didn't mean anything, Mom.

JO
And it's okay to be sad about it,
or mad about it. Your dad and I
aren't together anymore, but we
both --

The car has barely come to a stop before Bree is opening the
door and getting out as fast as she can.

BREE
Okay, thanks Mom, see you later.

SLAM. The door shuts and she's gone. Jo shakes her head.

JO
Great talk.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A pill organizer with about twenty different compartments is
on the table, and Piper looks at it with great interest as Ed
goes through the inventory. Piper is wearing some of Bree's
old clothes, which are big on her, and still wearing Jo's
jacket. In the den in b.g., the TV is on playing the news.

ED
This one I have to take first thing
in the morning an hour before I eat
or it makes me puke.

He downs it with a swig of coffee.

ED (CONT'D)

This one makes my pee smell like rotten eggs. Which is better than the one I took last year that made my pee blue.

Piper giggles.

ED (CONT'D)

These I take every other day, supposed to make you get hair all over, so I'm pretty excited about that because I always wanted to be a werewolf.

Piper considers Ed with concern.

PIPER

Why do you take all that?

ED

Well, I was a firefighter and was around a lot of bad stuff that burned. Got a thing called cancer. These are making me better.

PIPER

No they're not.

She says this matter-of-factly, but it's pretty weird. Ed takes it in stride.

ED

Ooo-kay.

(then)

So -- don't suppose you know how to install a garbage disposal?

PIPER

No.

ED

Too bad. Was hoping you knew something about it. Guess we'll have to wing it.

He moves to the counter, where his toolbox lies. He opens it and hands different tools to Piper.

ED (CONT'D)

This here's a socket wrench. These are needle-nose pliers.

He wriggles his nose for her, and Piper does the same back.

ED (CONT'D)

I think my Allen wrench is in the basement. Be right back. Don't start without me.

PIPER

Okay.

Ed heads toward the stairs to the basement. We stay with Piper, who inspects the tools in her hands.

Over her head we can see the television, showing a table of PUNDITS yelling at each other. The image on the screen warps a bit. Then the screen goes black. Piper does not notice.

But then a soft, staticky sound begins to emanate from the television. Piper slowly turns and looks at the screen.

Every few seconds, a ghost of an image seems to flash within the black.

ON Piper, as she seems exquisitely focused on this. The sound and images are meaningless to us. But not to her.

She sets down the tools inside the toolbox (below frame, so we hear this more than see it). And starts to slowly walk toward the screen, drawn to it.

The static sound seems to get louder, and more complex, pulsing with the flashing frames that increase in frequency.

Now right up close to the television, she reaches out her hand. Just before her fingertips touch the screen --

ED (O.S.)

Piper!

Piper jumps and pulls her hand back -- Ed is right behind her. He's smiling, puzzled.

ED (CONT'D)

You okay? I was calling you.

PIPER

Oh. I didn't hear -- I'm sorry.

Piper looks back at the screen -- which is showing the same news program as before.

ED

Ugh. These guys. Shut up.

He picks up the remote and shuts off the television. Piper stares at her own reflection in it a beat longer.

ED (CONT'D)
You got my tools?

Piper looks down at her hand. She is no longer carrying the same tools from before -- she's holding a box cutter, the blade out. Ed does not see it.

ED (CONT'D)
Here they are. Come on little girl, let's get to work.

Piper retracts the blade. And slides the box cutter in her pocket. With one last glance at the television, she turns and joins Ed.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jo exits her vehicle to find charred vegetation and deep gashes in the soil, but the NTSB has cleared out. Every piece of debris larger than a thimble has been removed.

She goes back toward the thicket of trees where she found Piper, pokes through the brush, but there's nothing of note.

This seems like a dead end. But as Jo looks out over the site, something catches her eye -- way on the other side of the field, something flashes, like sunlight reflecting off of glass.

Jo heads for her car.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF FIELD - DAY

A MAN takes pictures of the crash site on a camera with a long lens, then bends down to pick up tiny pieces of metal debris, putting them in his pocket.

JO (O.S.)

Excuse me.

The man turns to see Jo walking toward him. He smiles and waves, not at all acting like he's been caught doing something he shouldn't be doing.

JO (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

MAN

No thank you. All good.

JO

This is private property.

MAN

Oh, this? Right here? Actually it's a county park. I bet you didn't even know that.

He's perfectly pleasant, which is pissing Jo off.

JO

Show me your identification.

MAN

Sure, sure thing.

He pulls out a wallet and hands it to her. Inside is his New York State driver's license, along with a business card: *BENNY GUZMAN, Investigative Reporter, Reuters*. Jo eyes him suspiciously.

JO
What are you doing here, Mr.
Guzman?

Benny looks at her like it's a crazy question to ask.

BENNY
(pointing)
I mean... that's a plane crash. I
report news. Plane crashes are
news.

JO
Not what the NTSB said.

BENNY
Really? What are they saying?
Don't tell me: unmanned drone.

Jo purses her lips. He's a little too smart for his own good.

JO
I'm not gonna be a source for you,
Mr. Guzman.

She heads back toward her car, but Benny follows.

BENNY
I'm sorry. We got off to a bad
start. Do over. I'm Benny Guzman,
and you're Chief..?

JO
Leaving.

BENNY
We could help each other.

JO
Doubt it.

BENNY
I have sources. Sources you don't
have. How do you think I even
heard about the crash?

JO
How did you hear?

BENNY

Well... alright, Twitter, which is a bad example, but I guarantee we can share information.

JO

I can't imagine you have any information I'd want.

BENNY

What about where the plane took off from?

That stops Jo. She turns and looks at him. He's smiling. He knows he's hooked her. Benny points toward the east.

BENNY (CONT'D)

It wasn't a drone. It was a plane. And it took off from Plum Island. About 3 miles off the tip of the North Fork. I'm sure you know, that island houses a U.S. Department of Agriculture research facility.

Jo considers him.

JO

You have proof?

BENNY

Not yet. But I'm right.

JO

Let me know when you do.

She gets in her car and starts it up. Benny comes to her window.

BENNY

You know, usually local law enforcement really likes me. Just a thing that happens --

She pulls away. Benny yells after her.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Sometimes it takes a little while! Building the foundation of a relationship. And whatnot. Gonna be great!

Behind the wheel, Jo can't help but smile. What a weird, but admittedly cute, guy.

EXT. TORRES HOUSE - EVENING

Jo parks her vehicle and exits, starts walking toward the door. She glances toward the street, and sees a car that's familiar to her parked on the curb. Jo freezes, then rushes inside, cursing to herself.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jo enters to find her ex, ALEX, sitting at the counter, the kids and Ed putting dinner on the table. Alex and Jo are in the early stages of not being married to each other, which means they're very careful with one another.

JO
Hey. Hi.

ED
Grab a plate. Spaghetti and meatballs.

JO
(to Alex)
I meant to call you and let you know we had company.

ALEX
Bree explained. She also said she's decided to stay here through the weekend.

JO
Wait -- what?

BREE
Mom, I just decided I can't leave, it's too traumatic for Piper.

JO
Too... traumatic.

BREE
Um, yeah. She needs security and consistency, which all children need, which I learned from my therapist so you should be so psyched about that.

Jo and Alex exchange a look.

JO
This is the first I've heard of this.

BREE
You need this Piper. Don't you?
(low)
Just say yes.

PIPER
Yes.

BREE
Dad's totally fine with it.

Jo glances at Alex. He's not totally fine with it, but he's also putting his therapy into practice.

ALEX
Well, we do have a schedule for a reason, but it's also important that all of us are comfortable with the arrangement...

JO
Okay. What about this: next school break, Dad takes my days and you guys could go fishing?

Alex considers and nods.

ALEX
Sounds like a good plan.

BREE
Yay!
(to Piper)
You are gonna love fishing.

Piper looks thrilled. Alex gets up and Jo walks him to the door.

JO
I'm sorry. This wasn't planned.

ALEX
I know. And I want to be flexible.
(then)
So -- are you fostering this kid or something?

JO
Not... officially.

Alex raises an eyebrow.

JO (CONT'D)

She doesn't have anybody. I thought it would be safest to keep her with me. I know it sounds crazy. I just couldn't abandon her.

Alex nods, softening a bit, suddenly understanding this means more to Jo than just a function of her job.

ALEX

Ah. Now it makes sense.

JO

Don't 'ah.' Anybody would do this.

ALEX

If you say so.

JO

This isn't about me. And it's temporary anyway.

ALEX

Bree thinks I'm taking them both fishing next month.

JO

Well, who doesn't like fishing.

Alex smiles a little, and so does she.

ALEX

I think it's nice. Just be careful, okay?

He looks like he might go in for a hug -- like an old reflex. But he stops himself and exits.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHOLD - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT FALLING

Establishing shots of the town, the lighthouse, as the sun goes down.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jo knocks softly, opens the door. Piper is already in bed. Now a few stuffed animals are in the bed with her, along with a pink fuzzy blanket.

JO
Got everything you need?

PIPER
Yep.

Jo picks up one of the stuffed animals.

JO
Little Bear. Haven't seen him in a while.

PIPER
Bree let me borrow it. And the blanket. And this.

She shows Jo a pretty gold necklace with a gold heart, inset with a small blue sapphire.

JO
Ah, this is one of her favorites. She must really like you. She won't even lend me stuff.

Piper snuggles in, happy to hear this.

JO (CONT'D)
How'd it go today?

PIPER
It was fun. I learned how to spot weld.

JO
Impressive.
(then, gently)
And how's that head of yours? Any memories starting to come back?

PIPER
Nope.

JO
That's too bad. I bet your parents are very worried. Your friends probably miss you.

Piper shrugs. She does not want to talk about this.

PIPER
Would you rather be invisible, or be able to fly?

Jo recognizes the diversion tactic, but plays along.

JO
Fly. What about you?

PIPER
Invisible.

JO
Why invisible?

PIPER
So nobody could find me.
(thinks)
I would let you see me though.

JO
Thanks.

She sits on the bed and considers Piper. She's very gentle with her. Piper busies herself arranging stuffed animals.

JO (CONT'D)
Do you think you're afraid of remembering?

PIPER
(shrugs)
I don't know.

JO
I would be. Because it could be scary. Or sad.
(beat)
But the thing about memories is, they can't really hurt you anymore. And sometimes not thinking about them makes it worse.

PIPER
Maybe I won't remember ever.

JO
Maybe.
(beat)
Something sad happened to me when I was about your age. A little bit older.

That gets Piper to look at her.

PIPER
What?

JO

I woke up for school, like usual.
And my mother was just... gone.
Left me a note and said she was
going on a trip. And she never
came back.

Piper's eyes go wide at this.

PIPER

You were all alone?

JO

No. I had my dad. And my family.
But I never saw my mom again. I
don't even know where she is.

Piper bites her lip and looks like she might cry. Jo tucks a
bit of hair behind Piper's ear.

PIPER

(whispered)

That's so sad.

JO

It was. And for a really long time
I never wanted to talk about it, or
even think about it.

PIPER

Why did she do it?

JO

I don't know. But it doesn't
really matter. The thing I learned
was it was okay to remember her,
and think about her, and it
wouldn't hurt me. It's just a
memory.

Piper sits up and gives Jo a big hug. After a moment --

PIPER

If I remember, then I have to go
away. And I want to stay.

Jo pulls back, then touches a finger to the necklace around
Piper's neck.

JO

Well, I can guarantee you Bree is
gonna want this back. So you're
not getting rid of us any time
soon.

(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

(then)

You can tell me anything. Okay?

Piper smiles and nods, and hugs Jo again. The moment is broken when Jo's cell buzzes -- she checks the number.

JO (CONT'D)

This is work. It's late -- go to sleep.

She tucks Piper in, shuts off the light and exits to the hallway.

JO (CONT'D)

What's up, Chris?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SOUTHDOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Chris at his desk, looking at something O.S. and speaking excitedly.

CHRIS

You better get in here.

JO

Something wrong?

CHRIS

Actually I'm calling with some good news. There's a man and woman here. And they say they're the girl's parents.

REVEAL a young COUPLE, giving a report to another OFFICER.

Jo looks back toward Piper's room, not entirely sure how to feel about this.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SOUTHDOLD POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jo enters, seeing Chris in the waiting area with the young couple -- Chris waves her over.

CHRIS

Here she is now -- Chief Torres,
this is Freddie and Caitlyn Martin.

They are both anxious and teary, shake Jo's hand. They're dressed for camping -- layers of fleece, hiking boots, and Caitlyn clutches a worn stuffed animal and a photo of a smiling girl -- it's Piper.

FREDDIE

They won't tell us anything. Have
you found Olivia?

Jo subtly reacts to hearing that name. She smiles.

JO

I think we have good news for you.

CAITLYN

Oh, thank god...

JO

My office is this way, let's talk
for a moment.

She indicates the door to her office, Freddie and Caitlyn walk toward it.

CHRIS

You didn't bring the kid?

JO

Get us some coffees, will you?

CHRIS

Sure. Sure thing.

INT. SOUTHDOLD POLICE DEPARTMENT - JO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Various pieces of documentation -- two North Carolina driver's licenses, a passport with Piper's photo (under the name Olivia Ann Martin), are placed onto Jo's desk.

FREDDIE

We only have her passport with us,
but we have her birth certificate
at home, whatever you need.

CAITLYN

We tried calling 911 when we
figured out she was missing, but
couldn't get through. So we just
drove here.

Jo looks at their licenses. Chris enters with mugs of
coffee, hands one to each of them and exits, under --

JO

Charlotte. Pretty down there.
What brings you to Long Island?

CAITLYN

I grew up nearby, we came to do
some camping. Can we see Olivia?
Is she alright?

JO

Wow. Mid-week camping in the
middle of a school year. Lucky
kid.

Jo is being totally friendly and conversational, not at all
combative, but it's becoming clear she's not buying their
story. Freddie and Caitlyn don't seem to register this.

FREDDIE

We home school. Or I should say,
Caitlyn does.

JO

Good for you. I could never do
that. How'd you get separated?

FREDDIE

I have no idea. She was in the
tent when we went to sleep. The
next morning she was gone.

JO

So she went missing last night.

CAITLYN

(getting upset)

Yes. I didn't know what happened.
We were close to a stream, we kept
checking to see if she fell in...

FREDDIE
We walked for miles.

JO
Sounds awful.

CAITLYN
I know you must think we are
terrible parents.

JO
I don't think that at all, Mrs.
Martin. Kids wander off. I just
wish you'd called us sooner.

FREDDIE
Like Caitlyn said, we tried. No
signal out here -- I still don't
have one.

Freddie hands Jo his cell phone to show her his lack of bars.
All their answers seem genuine and unrehearsed, their
emotions seem raw and real.

JO
(re: cell)
Do you like this model?

FREDDIE
Uh, yeah. It's fine.

JO
How's the camera on it?

FREDDIE
It's... fine. Regular camera.

JO
I only ever take pictures with my
cell anymore. And like ninety
percent of what's on it is pictures
of my daughter.

Freddie just blinks at her.

JO (CONT'D)
I bet you're the same. Can I see
your pictures of Olivia?

There is a long, uncomfortable beat. Freddie takes the phone
out of Jo's hands. His attitude has subtly hardened.

FREDDIE

We've answered your questions,
Chief Torres. I want to see my
daughter right now.

JO

You absolutely have, Mr. Martin.
I'll be right back.

Jo rises and starts to head out of the office. Then, like
it's an afterthought --

JO (CONT'D)

Oh, let me warm those up for you.

She grabs their two mugs of coffee by the handles and brings
them with her.

INT. SOUTHDOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The mugs are placed on Chris' desk. Jo is intense, speaking
quietly. He reaches for them.

JO

Don't touch the sides.

CHRIS

What?

JO

Pull prints and run them
immediately.

CHRIS

Wait. What happened?

JO

They're lying. They're not who
they say they are.

CHRIS

They had a passport --

JO

I know --

She's cut off by a brief power hit -- the lights dim, but
come back on again. It's enough that all the computers
restart, beeping as they boot up again.

Jo looks around, suddenly suspicious.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SOUTHDOLD POLICE DEPARTMENT - JO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to Jo's office opens with a bang. Jo looks inside.
It's empty.

INT. SOUTHDOLD POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jo tears back into the bullpen, not stopping.

JO
They're gone.

CHRIS
What?

JO
Lock the building down. Pull up
all the security footage. I don't
know where they went.

Jo beelines for the exit.

EXT. SOUTHDOLD POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Jo comes out of the building and scans the vicinity,
listening. It is quiet. And not a soul around. Chris comes
out of the building, looking grim.

CHRIS
Chief. The security cameras don't
have anything.

JO
They didn't just disappear into
thin air. Check the footage again.

CHRIS
No, I'm saying there's no footage.
It's like all the information got
fried, or erased. We have nothing.

Jo absorbs this, and Chris is starting to freak out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I know I sound crazy, but I think
it was that power hit. I think
they did this, Chief.

Off their sense of dread at what lies ahead --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close on Alex, sound asleep, as he's startled awake by his cell ringing. He looks at the caller ID, then answers.

ALEX
(into phone)
What's wrong?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SOUTHDOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Jo paces. Behind her is a hive of activity, the DESK SERGEANT is on the radio ordering units to search the area.

JO
I need you to go to my house. Get Bree, Dad and Piper.

ALEX
Wait. When?

JO
Right now.

ALEX
Jo, what the hell is going on?

JO
Alex. Can you do this or not?

Alex tries to keep his anger in check.

ALEX
Where am I taking them?

She thinks about her answer, paranoid that this conversation may not be private.

JO
Go to the place where we set the kitchen on fire. Do you know what I'm talking about? Say yes or no.

ALEX
Yes. Jo --

JO
I'll call you as soon as I can.

ALEX

And I want an explanation, Jo.

JO

Yeah. So do I.

She clicks off just as another officer, PEARSON, enters the bullpen.

OFFICER PEARSON

Woke up the bank manager, got the
footage from the ATM across the
street --

She holds up a jump drive.

JO

Let's see it.

Pearson jams the drive into the nearest computer, opens the file. It's a fisheye lens, grainy and black and white. Jo and Chris huddle behind Pearson as she points to the upper left corner of the screen.

PEARSON

That's our parking lot.

She scrolls through the footage, where an occasional CUSTOMER totally obscures our view as they take cash out of the machine. As the hour gets later, this happens with less and less frequency.

She stops scrolling when she gets to the time code she's looking for.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

This is right around the time they
disappeared.

After a moment, a dark vehicle pulls out of the parking lot and turns onto the street. The image freezes.

CHRIS

That's a black Suburban. Same kind
of car the phony NTSB guys had.

Pearson goes frame by frame, trying to get a clear view of the passengers in the vehicle -- we can only see silhouettes.

PEARSON

Okay, they're going southwest on
Main -- we can pull every security
cam along the way and see if we can
track them.

JO

Hold on -- what's that?

Jo points at something on the screen -- a white placard hanging from the rearview mirror.

PEARSON

I can't read it.

Jo takes over on the computer, finding a frame that shows the clearest image of the placard. It's unreadable, save for a large, scrolling "M" at the center. Jo takes a breath.

CHRIS

What is that, an M?

JO

Manhaden Hotel. That's where Alex and I decided to split up.

PRELAP: The BANG, BANG, BANG of someone pounding on a door.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Southold Police, open the door!

INT. MANHADEN HOTEL - ROOM 19 - NIGHT

A small beep is heard as the keyless lock unlatches, and the door flies open. The HOTEL MANAGER steps aside as Chris and other OFFICERS stream in, guns drawn. Jo enters behind them.

The room is clearly empty, and it looks like it's been left in a hurry -- drawers left open, hangers strewn in front of the closet. Chris heads for the bathroom, comes out soon after, shaking his head to Jo.

JO

When was the last time you saw them?

HOTEL MANAGER

Only when they checked in. Seemed very nice. All the way from North Carolina.

Pearson appears in the doorway.

OFFICER PEARSON

Got a black Suburban in the parking lot.

CHRIS

They must've ditched it.

JO

May we get a look at your security cameras?

HOTEL MANAGER

You know, they're on the fritz. Stopped working yesterday. I've got the service guy coming tomorrow.

Chris and Jo exchange a look.

CHRIS

What a surprise.

Chris and the other officers search through the room, pulling up bedding and going through drawers.

JO

(to Pearson)

Get everything the hotel has on them. Credit cards, contact numbers.

HOTEL MANAGER

I've got it all on the computer.

Pearson and the Hotel Manager start to head out.

CHRIS

Hold on -- what's this?

Chris is crouched by the back of the bedside table, where he's found a sleek, metallic card. Heftier and larger than a hotel keycard, no markings or writing on it.

HOTEL MANAGER

That's not ours.

The Manager continues off with Pearson, and Chris hands the card to Jo, who looks it over.

JO

Heavier than it looks.

CHRIS

We can check for other surveillance cameras in the area. But there's not a lot around. And... we don't know what car they're driving.

She nods, hands the card back to Chris.

JO

See if we can figure out what it is.

(looks him over)

Then get home. I don't know how you're still standing.

CHRIS

You too, Chief.

She exits.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, older house on the water, surrounded by newer and bigger places. Always, there is the sound of the surf hitting the shore. No one is here at this time of year, so everything else around is dark.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rustic but cozy, dominated by a large, stone fireplace, where a big fire crackles. Alex throws a few more logs on. The girls are set up with piles of blankets and pillows on the floor, another bed is made up on the sofa. Ed scrounges around the small kitchen.

ALEX

See? How much fun is this? So fun. Like camping but inside.

Alex is trying to stay upbeat for the sake of the girls. But it is not working. They watch him sullenly.

BREE

Yeah. I really love middle-of-the-night beach trips on school nights. Super normal.

ED

Got some hot chocolate fixings in here. Who wants some?

BREE

Grandpa, seriously, hot chocolate? You're lying to us about what's going on and you think that's gonna fix it?

PIPER

(quietly)

I would like some hot chocolate.

BREE

Well I mean yeah, so do I.

ALEX

I swear, honey, I have all the same questions you have.

We hear the sound of tires on gravel, and headlights flash across the windows. Ed peeks outside, and relaxes some.

ED

It's her.

He opens the door and Jo enters, looking beat, but happy to see everyone is okay.

JO

This looks fun. Hey, guys.

Bree goes up to hug her tight. And then, to Jo's amusement, so does Piper.

PIPER

We're having hot chocolate.

JO

Ooo, I'll have some too.

Jo goes to an armchair and sinks into it. After a beat, she notices that everyone is staring at her, waiting for her to speak. She smiles a little.

JO (CONT'D)

I suppose you're all wondering why I've called you here today.

ALEX

Jo. Not funny.

BREE

Whatever I'm imagining is probably way worse than the truth, Mom.

Jo leans forward, folds her hands. Time to come clean.

JO

Tonight two people came to the station. And they said they were Piper's parents.

Piper gasps a little. It only seems to scare her.

JO (CONT'D)

But they were lying. I don't know who they are, and I don't know why they're looking for you. That's why I wanted Dad to take you here tonight.

(to Alex)

I will never be able to thank you enough for that.

After that, it's hard for Alex to stay annoyed.

ALEX

I'm glad I could help. But you guys can't just stay up here forever. What are you going to do?

Jo looks to Piper.

JO

I won't let them take you. I'll keep you safe, and Grandpa will.

BREE

I will too.

ALEX

And me.

Piper's lip trembles, and she goes to Jo, climbing into her lap.

PIPER

Why do they want to take me?

JO

I don't know. But I bet the answer is right in here.

She touches Piper's forehead.

JO (CONT'D)

And when you're ready, you'll remember. Let's get some sleep.

(looks around)

Are we all gonna be in this room?

ED

Safety in numbers. Take the couch.

ALEX

I think there's a couple cots upstairs.

ED
I'll help you.

Alex and Ed go to retrieve the cots, Jo lays Piper down in the pile of blankets on the floor.

PIPER
I'll try to remember. I'll try really hard.

JO
I know.

She tucks Piper in, does the same for Bree.

BREE
It wasn't worse.

JO
What?

BREE
What I was imagining. The truth is pretty scary.

JO
We'll be okay.

She kisses both girls on the forehead, gets up and takes off her coat, sits back on the couch and closes her eyes.

There is a quiet sound. A creak of a floorboard. You could almost ignore it.

Jo opens her eyes. Bree lifts her head at the same time.

BREE
Mom?

And with that, the lights go out.

CUT TO BLACK.

BREE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom!

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. BEACH HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark, with hardly any light from outside -- Jo pushes the girls ahead of her down the hall, her sidearm out and down.

PIPER
What's happening --?

JO
Shh. Quiet now.

BREE
Is someone out there?

They round a corner and almost smack into Alex and Ed, just coming down the stairs.

ALEX
What happened to the lights?

CRASH -- somewhere in the house, a window has broken.

JO
Back door, come on, real quiet.

Jo leads the way, they huddle and low-walk through the winding hallways, reaching the back door to the house. The top half of the door is a window, covered with a curtain.

Jo motions for them to be quiet as she approaches the door, leans her back against the wall, and slides the nose of her gun between the curtain and the window, trying to peek outside.

A hulking silhouette is right on the other side. Jo ducks and turns back, pushing everyone ahead of her.

JO (CONT'D)
Go. Go, go --

PIPER
Was someone there? Is it them?

From the floor above we hear loud footsteps. They're coming down the stairs.

Jo detours everyone away from the foot of the stairs, down the hall toward the utility room -- laundry, water heater, shelves of tools and old toys. She shuts the door to the room, then crosses to a window, trying to open it, but years of paint and ocean air have sealed it shut.

Ed picks up a blanket, and searches for something heavy -- finding only an old push broom.

ED

Step back. Cover your eyes.

He pins the blanket up against the window with one hand, and uses the end of the broom's handle like a spear, driving it into the glass. WHAM! WHAM!

Piper and Bree are huddled together with Alex. Piper's eyes are squeezed shut -- she's terrified. She jumps with every hit.

The knob on the laundry room door jiggles. Someone is trying to get in.

JO

(yelling)

Police! I'm armed!

She flips the safety off, prepared to blow away whoever's on the other side -- when a new sound begins. A rumbling, like an earthquake. Jo and Alex look at each other in alarm --

Things in the room begin to shake -- the washer and dryer, toys on the shelf, the water heater pops and groans. Anything made of metal is trembling. Old loose screws and nails start to rise of their own volition, one by one flying toward the water heater with a *CLINK*. On the shelf, an old Simon game fires itself up.

BREE

Mom... Mom, what's happening?

ANGLE ON PIPER -- though no one else clocks this, we start to believe that she's the source of this phenomenon.

WHAM -- Ed finally smashes the window. He uses the broom to knock the remaining shards of glass out of the frame. The metallic items all drop in place.

ED

Let's go, let's go --

JO

Alex, you first -- careful.

Alex hoists himself out with Ed's help, then reaches back in for Piper. She's afraid, but reluctant to leave Jo.

JO (CONT'D)

Go on, I'm right behind you.

Bree is next, and Jo tries to get Ed to go ahead of her.

ED
Like hell. Go.

Jo hauls herself out the window, reaches back for Ed.

BREE (O.S.)
Mom! Mom!

Jo turns to see, several yards away, Bree kneeling over Alex, who's flat on his back.

ED
Go -- I'm good.

She races to them -- Alex cradles his head, woozy.

JO
What happened?

ALEX
Something hit me... I don't know.
I'm okay...

JO
(realizing)
Where's Piper?

The sound of an engine starting up at the front of the house is the answer to that question. Jo stands, horrified.

BREE
Mom, go! Go get her!

Jo takes off running.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

She streaks around the corner, just in time to see a dark Jeep roar away. Jo only lets herself panic for a second, before racing to her SUV and giving chase.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

Fog has begun to roll in. Jo's SUV barrels past us, its engine straining, the tires sliding with every turn.

JO (O.S.)
Dispatch, this is Torres.

DISPATCH OPERATOR (O.S.)
(through radio)
Go ahead, Chief.

INT. JO'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Jo floors it, can get occasional glimpses of taillights ahead of her, but the roads are windy and the trees dense. Jo grabs her radio.

JO
Child abduction in progress, I need available units to the utility road parallel to County Road 48, I am eastbound in pursuit of a black or charcoal Jeep Cherokee, suspects have the child in the vehicle --

DISPATCH OPERATOR (O.S.)
Copy Chief --

We hear the Dispatch Operator blast a wide directive to available units. Jo rounds a hairpin curve and guns it.

JO'S POV

Of the Jeep as they hit a straightaway, and now Jo is gaining on them. It's about 100 yards ahead of her now.

And then the Jeep seems to hit an invisible brick wall at 90 miles an hour.

The front end SMASHES inward, sending the rear tires up and over. The car flips forward, spinning in the air, before landing with a sickening CRUNCH on its roof.

Jo has to jam on her brakes and wrench the wheel in order to avoid plowing into the wreck. She winds up skidding off the road, clipping a tree. The crash deploys her airbags.

And then it's quiet, save for the ticking of her engine. Jo lifts her head -- a small line of blood trickles from her temple. She gets out with difficulty -- the door is blocked by a berm of dirt -- but she shoves it open.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

The wheels of the Jeep spin slowly in the air, and smoke rises from the engine block. Jo approaches, dreading what she'll find. The entire roof of the Jeep has collapsed on itself. It seems impossible that anyone could have survived.

She hears a small sound -- a cough, and movement. Jo goes to the other side of the vehicle. There, through a small space where the rear window had been, we see Piper pulling herself out of the car.

Jo is overjoyed, amazed. She helps pull Piper out and looks her over, frantically.

JO
Are you okay? Are you hurt?

Piper can only shake her head. Jo looks her over, checking limbs, torso, head. There is not one scratch on her.

Jo looks at the girl strangely. Then rises and moves toward the front of the Jeep.

She gets a brief, grim glimpse of the driver and passenger -- Freddie and Caitlyn Martin -- who are very dead. She turns back to Piper.

JO (CONT'D)
How...?

Piper looks lost, and isn't lying when she replies.

PIPER
I don't know.

INT. SOUTHDOLD POLICE DEPARTMENT - JO'S OFFICE - LATER

Jo is at her desk, holding an ice pack to her head, looking at something on her computer screen. Her cell rings. She checks the caller ID, and sighs.

JO
Hey Abby.

ABBY
How's the kid? Her memory come back?

JO
She's okay. But no, no memory yet.

ABBY
Well, we've had a theft at the hospital. And guess what's missing?

Jo shuts her eyes. She knows the answer before Abby speaks.

ABBY (CONT'D)

All her records. Blood samples.
Any computer files are mysteriously
corrupted. It's like she never
existed. What the hell is going on
here, Jo?

JO

That is what I am trying to
determine. Let me call you
tomorrow.

ABBY

Okay. 'Night.

Jo hangs up -- stunned by this revelation. There's a knock
at her door. She looks up to see Chris standing in the
doorway.

CHRIS

As expected, Freddie and Caitlyn
Martin's identities were fakes, and
their prints were not in the
system. So whoever those dead
people were tonight -- they're
pretty much ghosts.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the strange card found
at the hotel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And this was a dead end. No
circuitry, no apparent function.
To be honest, we don't even know if
it's related. Could've been in
that hotel room for months.

He sets it on her desk. Jo picks it up thoughtfully.

JO

That's true.

CHRIS

Chief, you look exhausted. Why
don't you go home? And if you
want, I can call CPS, get the kid
into the system tonight.

Jo nods and thinks about his offer. Thinks about how much
further she wants to go down this rabbit hole.

JO

That's nice of you Chris. But I
already took care of that.

Her lie comes easy here.

CHRIS

Alright. Hope she's okay.

Chris leaves. Jo considers the path she's just put herself on, then turns back to her computer.

On the screen is dashcam footage from her car. It's of the moment the Jeep went airborne. Jo runs it back and forth, trying to figure out what the hell she's seeing.

INT. RON'S FISH FRY - NIGHT

A rustic, local institution with peanut shells on the floor and great fish fries. Find Benny the reporter eating fried oysters alone and taking notes. Someone sits in the chair across from him -- he looks up, surprised to see Jo.

BENNY

How'd you find me?

JO

I have sources too.

Benny raises an eyebrow.

JO (CONT'D)

Also I've had a tail on you since the first time we met.

(turns)

Thanks Frankie.

A plain-clothes cop, FRANKIE (we met him at the hospital), gets up from the bar area and waves.

FRANKIE

No problem, Chief.

He exits. Benny can't even be mad -- he's impressed.

BENNY

Well played. Oyster?

Jo considers him for a beat.

JO

Under normal circumstances, I would never trust you.

BENNY

That is an excellent policy to have. I don't trust anyone.

JO

But I don't know what else to do here. And these are not normal circumstances. I'm doing things I've never done before. Up to and including talking to you.

BENNY

If it helps, I've got more information: the fake NTSB team took the black box and took the human remains.

JO

And the medical records from the hospital.

BENNY

(surprised)

I did not hear that. See -- we make a good team.

JO

So what are you waiting for? Write your article. Tell people what's going on.

BENNY

You never write it until you have the whole story.

Jo nods. Then sets the metal key card on the table.

JO

Maybe you can find out what this is.

Benny picks it up and turns it over in his hands.

BENNY

I'll let you know.

EXT. TORRES HOUSE - NIGHT

Like the first time we saw it, except a light on the second floor is on. The rest of the world is asleep.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Jo tiptoes up the stairs, trying not to wake anyone, and enters her bedroom.

She stops when she sees that her bed is already occupied. Bree sleeps soundly, sprawled all over the place, but Piper is awake. She's back to wearing Jo's police jacket.

JO

Oh. That's how it is. I go to work and you steal my coat and my bed.

PIPER

Bree said it was more comfortable.

Jo sits on the edge of the bed, brushes back Bree's hair -- Bree stirs in her sleep, but doesn't wake. She does the same to Piper.

JO

You okay?

Piper shakes her head. She's upset.

JO (CONT'D)

Those people are gone. Forever. They can't ever get to you again.

PIPER

I know.

(a beat)

Do you think I crashed that plane?

Jo is surprised Piper is asking this -- but it's a question Jo has been asking herself too.

JO

No. I don't think that at all.

Piper sighs, and smiles. Just hearing Jo say it is all she needed. Jo rises, walks toward the master bath.

JO (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get changed.

PIPER

I have to go to the bathroom.

Piper climbs out of bed and goes out into the hallway.

INT. TORRES HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Piper flips on the lights. She looks at herself in the mirror. She's intense, seems to be scrutinizing herself. She reaches behind her ear, pressing against the skin.

Then she reaches into the jacket pocket and pulls out the box cutter.

She looks at it for a long time. Then slowly pushes out the blade and presses the tip against the soft spot behind her ear. She sets her jaw hard against the pain, determined and unafraid. She presses harder, until a trickle of blood runs down her neck.

ANGLE ON THE COUNTER TOP

As the bloodied box cutter hits the surface with a clatter. Next to it something tiny is dropped -- metal, rectangular, mostly covered in blood, but beneath you can see some sort of circuitry.

Piper picks up the piece of metal and snaps it between her fingers. Then picks up a Kleenex and wipes the box cutter and countertop clean of blood.

She looks at herself in the mirror, cleaning up the blood on her neck. She nods to herself. Satisfied with the job.
PRELAP:

BENNY (O.S.)
They must've left it behind.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A cheap but clean room with a king bed taking up the majority of the room. Benny sits at the desk in the corner. He holds the metal card and looks at it curiously. He's on the phone.

MAN'S VOICE
(through phone)
That feels like a trap to me.

BENNY
Maybe. Or maybe they were just in a hurry. They're not perfect. They can make mistakes.

MAN'S VOICE
Be careful. Let me know what you find.

Benny hangs up and puts down the metal keycard. He heads into the bathroom. The sound of the shower can be heard.

But over that, we start to hear the sound of something vibrating. It's the metal card, which trembles on the desk, sliding across it until it sticks to the metal lamp. *Clink.*

INT. TORRES HOUSE - JO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jo comes out of her bathroom, dressed for bed. She finds Piper lying in the middle of the bed, smiling; Bree is out cold on the far side of the bed.

JO

Scoot over.

Jo lies down, shuts off the light.

JO (CONT'D)

Try to get some sleep.

PIPER

Okay.

Jo rolls over and within moments starts snoring.

Piper lies on her back, in the center of the bed, staring straight up at us. She does not shut her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE