

MANIFEST

Pilot

Written by

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Imagemovers/Warner Bros.
NBC

1.3.18 Draft

ACT ONE

INT. SANGSTER INT'L AIRPORT - JAMAICA - DAY

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

CHYRON: **APRIL 2013**

We land on the STARK FAMILY:

--Suburbanite couple BEN and GRACE, both 33, with their bickering 10-year-old twins CAL and OLIVE. (Cal has the thin hair and physique of a leukemia patient.)

--Ben's sister, MICHAELA, 26 -- with her twin hotel mini-fridge vodka bottles.

--Ben and Michaela's parents STEVE and KAREN, late-50s.

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

OLIVE

(re: Cal's tongue-contortion)

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

CAL

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

OLIVE

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

CAL

(turns to Ben)

Dad, whose tongue is better curled?

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

BEN

(playfully)

Mine.

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

GRACE

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

OLIVE

Whose is better?

Now both tongues are stuck out at mom.

GRACE

They're each perfectly curled.

OLIVE

(exasperated)

His is so not. Grandma!

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

GRACE

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

BEN

(nudges her, affectionate)

I'm right here being with all of you.

GRACE

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

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

BEN

(compassionate, *sotto*)

There's not time for all of us to exhale. That's why there's two of us: nurturing cop, and buzzkill research cop.

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

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

KAREN

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

MICHAELA

That's a pretty backward reason for a wedding.

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

STEVE

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

KAREN

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

MICHAELA

You're psychic, now?

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

KAREN

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

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

MICHAELA

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

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

KAREN

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

MICHAELA

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

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

AIRLINE DESK ATTENDANT (O.C.)
All passengers for Flight 527 to
Baltimore, your attention please.
This flight is oversold. We are
offering travel vouchers in the
amount of \$400 for anyone willing--

Michaela pops out of her seat, raising her hand.

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

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

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

GRACE
And we can pay like we always do.

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

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

BEN
(sotto protective)
That's not fair.

GRACE
I'm just saying...

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

BEN
Fine. You guys go. I'm staying.

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

CAL
I'll stay with dad!

BEN
There we go. Man time. Boom.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. AIRPLANE - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

Another full flight. Ben and Michaela finish off her VODKA,
Cal sound asleep between them.

As Ben cruises through the New York Times CROSSWORD PUZZLE,
pensive Michaela scrolls through iPHONE SELFIES of her and
Jared. Ben notices Michaela obsessing. A beat, then--

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

Michaela fishes out another VODKA BOTTLE from her bag, as--

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

BEN
No one's keeping track except you.

MICHAELA
I can just see the wedding
announcement: The groom is a police
officer.

(MORE)

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

The bride is barely a police officer, ever since she thought she failed her patrol test, proceeded to get point-zero-one below shit-faced on cheap beer, and T-boned a telephone pole, leaving one dead and one scarred for life.

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

BEN

(gently as he can muster)
You know what your problem is?

MICHAELA

I know you're gonna tell me.

BEN

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

A beat, Michaela thrown by the compliment.

MICHAELA

Thanks.

BEN

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

He smirks. So much for the compliment.

MICHAELA

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

BEN

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

MICHAELA

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

BEN

Oh, come on. Grace loves you.

MICHAELA

Grace judges me.

BEN

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

MICHAELA

Great marriage pep talk. Thanks.

BEN

(utter sincerity)

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

MICHAELA

(again thrown, touched)

That was really sweet. I think you're drunk.

BEN

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

(then)

And yes, you deserve it. Truly.

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

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

TURBULENCE. GASPS and SCREAMS, overhead compartments pop open, BAGS FALL out.

Cal wakes up with a start, his own nerves not helped by the fact that Michaela is shitting bricks.

Ben puts a calming hand on Cal, his other hand still working the crossword until he loses his pen.

CAPTAIN (DALY) (O.S.)

Sorry folks, this one wasn't on the radar. Please fasten your seat belts. Flight attendants take--

As he continues, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT, BETHANY, hanging onto her Beverage Cart for dear life, jokes to Michaela--

BETHANY

Normally we make that announcement
before the plane shakes like a leaf.

Michaela polite-smiles, too unnerved to comment. As the plane settles, Bethany moves on to a woman, SAANVI BAHL, Indian-American, 20s, an aisle back, whose LAPTOP just got smashed.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Anything crazy important on there?

SAANVI

Only my entire life. I'm presenting
my dissertation this week.... Thank
god for the cloud.

BETHANY

Amen to that.

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

BUSINESSMAN (HAL)

Stewardess! I'm gonna need another
drink.

BETHANY

(fake smile)
You and me both.

INT. AIRPLANE - COCKPIT - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

Calm restored, CAPTAIN BILL DALY and his CO-PILOT DANNY LING chat away.

CAPTAIN DALY

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

CO-PILOT LING

Nice. Might check it out tonight.
(noticing controls,
casually)
Fifteen K.

CAPTAIN DALY

(flips on RADIO)
Baltimore approach, this is Island
828, level fifteen thousand.

BWI FLIGHT CONTROL (O.S.)

This is Baltimore approach. Repeat
your call sign, please?

CAPTAIN DALY
We are IA eight two eight.

A long beat. The pilots exchange looks.

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

Another long beat. Danny rolls his eyes.

CO-PILOT LING
Anytime now.

Finally--

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

Now the pilots exchange chuckles. Wtf?

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

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT - NEXT

As the plane touches ground, there's a smattering of
applause. Ben squeezes Cal's hand. Michaela exhales. Home.

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

As the announcement continues, Ben and Michaela promptly take
out their phones, turn off Airplane Mode.

They're thrown to find **No Cellular Service** messages appear on
their screens.

BEN
Seriously? No service.

MICHAELA
Same.

We CUT AROUND and see perplexed others are experiencing the
same. They're twice as perplexed when the plane turns away
from the TERMINAL and instead taxis into DARKNESS.

BEN
(half to himself)
Where the hell we going?

The plane ultimately comes to a stop far out on the CORNER OF THE AIRFIELD. A beat.

We hear the plane POWER DOWN as if at the jetway. But we're nowhere near it. Disconcerted looks all around. Ben presses the overhead CALL BUTTON. We hear CHIMES of others doing the same. Finally, over the LOUDSPEAKER--

CAPTAIN DALY (O.S.)
Folks, I'm not sure what's up, but we've been asked to disembark right here on the tarmac.

CAL
(perks up, loving this)
Cool.

EXT. BALTIMORE-WASHINGTON INT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT - NEXT

Flight crew assist the passengers in deboarding DOWN EMERGENCY SLIDES onto the TARMAC. Soon all 191 passengers and crew stand huddled together in the night air. People SHOUT to the crew -- confused, alarmed, cold. A baby wails. Brewing chaos.

We are TIGHT ON MICHAELA, BEN, and CAL, as all around them--

VARIOUS PASSENGERS (O.C.)
Excuse me?! Now what?! EXCUSE ME!

MICHAELA
(to Ben, perplexed)
When do they ever do this?

BEN
Never.

CAL
Dad...

He points. Dad and aunt look out, now mystified to see a CARAVAN of MILITARY, POLICE, and FIRE VEHICLES approaching. Ben checks his cell -- still no service -- eyes the caravan.

BEN
(sotto, half to himself)
Something's happening.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR, BWI - NIGHT - THREE HOURS LATER

A vast HOLDING AREA. The natives are beyond restless. As a gathering of OFFICIALS confer outside, the agitated mob of passengers and crew sit and stand and pace. ANGRY SHOUTING--

AT THE HANGAR ENTRANCE

where a DOZEN PASSENGERS get in the faces of several SOLDIERS and COPS standing guard. Among the complaining group, we PAN ACROSS a terse MOM in sweats--

SWEATSUIT MOM (KELLY)

My father is eighty-years-old and exhausted! Meanwhile, my daughter--

PAN OVER to a grim-faced MUSLIM MAN (RADD), 20s, in a traditional garment and prayer cap --

MUSLIM MAN (RADD)

They will not wait for me. I have one chance and if not, I might as well go home.

Next to Muslim Man, anxious BEN interrogates a soldier.

BEN

Was there an attack? They hit the grid? I work for Homeland Security. I'm aware of emergency protocol -- and this has all the markings.

PAN OVER to OTHERS, voices raised, a cacophony of ALARM BUILDING. Until, finally--

INT. HANGAR, BWI - DAWN - NEXT

Deputy NSA Director HELEN VANCE introduces herself to the exasperated, exhausted group.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Helen Vance. I'm Deputy Director of the NSA. Thank you for your patience--

Michaela -- seeing weak, exhausted Cal literally falling asleep in his dad's arms -- interrupts, calling out--

MICHAELA

Excuse me. I'm sorry, but we're out of patience. There are sick people here. What exactly is the problem?

Vance nods, gulps air, then--

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

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

(then)

Today is October 7th, 2018.

Silence. We PAN ACROSS the THUNDERSTRUCK CROWD.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE (CONT'D)

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

We land on

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

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD -- **MANIFEST**

INT. HANGAR, BWI - DAWN - NEXT

With law-enforcement still standing point, a long line of
SHELL-SHOCKED PASSENGERS and CREW sit slumped against the
endless hangar wall, waiting to be INTERVIEWED in a room we
glimpse at the far end. People are crying, whimpering. One
WOMAN SCREAMS uncontrollably, MEDICAL PERSONNEL struggling to
contain her. CAMERA LANDS ON

BEN, MICHAELA, and CAL, huddled together, numb, out of tears,
Ben's arm around his son. A beat. Ben checks his watch, then
turns to Cal, gently--

BEN

Hey. Meds.

He takes out a water bottle and a PILL CASE from a carry-on,
opens it to reveal a DOZEN pills. Cal, resigned, swallows
them down in handfuls like a pro. A beat.

CAL

When can we leave?

Drained Michaela turns to Cal, tries to put on a smile.

MICHAELA

Soon, buddy. They're gonna talk to
us, take a closer look at us, then
we'll be outa here.

CAL

(beat)

If it's really been five years, how
am I still alive?

Ben and Michaela exchange a private, tortured look -- neither knows how to answer that one. Ben wipes away a lingering stray tear, pulls his son close, musters a calming smile--

BEN

You feel five years older?
(off Cal's head shake)
Me neither. Don't worry.

OFF Ben, Michaela, trying to mask their own profound worry--

INT. HANGAR, BWI - DAY/NIGHT - NEXT - MONTAGE

We SMASH TO stylized, rapid-fire INTERVIEW segments. We're in the P.O.V. of an INTERVIEWER, rotating through DOZENS of dazed, exhausted, bewildered passengers and crew. (*A few follow; we'll add more to script later.*) We hear first from--

CAPTAIN DALY

Landed?! We never landed anywhere
until we landed right here!

SMASH TO:

CO-PILOT LING

Took off on-time, arrived three-
hours and nineteen minutes later!

SMASH TO:

BETHANY

Is this a stunt, for god's sake?!

SMASH TO:

SWEATSUIT MOM, tears streaming, unable to get words out.

SMASH TO:

MUSLIM MAN (RADD)

Turbulence like the roof is going
to come right off. You know?

SMASH TO:

CAPTAIN DALY

(angry, defensive)

Clear-air, heavy chop. Instruments
never picked up a thing.

SMASH TO:

BUSINESSMAN (HAL)
(hyperventilating)
I...am gonna...sue this airline
into the ground!

SMASH TO:

SAANVI
(wipes tears)
It makes no sense....I need to get
home, to school. It's urgent.

SMASH TO:

CAL
(scared, barely a whisper)
I want my mom.

SMASH TO:

MICHAELA
(emotion rising)
I need to make a call, okay? I need
to call my boyfriend.
(quickly corrects herself)
My fiancé.

OFF Michaela, saying the word aloud for the first time--

INT. HANGAR, BWI - DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

Another RAPID-FIRE sequence, dozens of passengers and crew undergo HIGH-TECH PHYSICAL EXAMS conducted by surgical-masked CDC AGENTS working in STATIONS throughout the hangar. We see people BODY SCANNED; hair, skin and blood SAMPLES taken, etc. As an agent lifts a SCANNER to Cal, Ben intervenes, angry.

BEN
My son has leukemia. He isn't about
to submit to gratuitous radiation!
This is not okay, do you hear me?!

He's now losing his shit, shouting at the top of his lungs.

BEN (CONT'D)
MY BOY NEEDS TO GO HOME! WE ALL
NEED TO GO HOME!

Michaela approaches shaking Ben, holds him, as he holds Cal.
OFF the threesome, huddled protectively together--

EXT. BWI AIRPORT - MORNING

TIGHT ON MICHAELA, BEN and CAL -- three deer in headlights -- emerging from the TERMINAL into seemingly endless THROGS of anxious relatives and friends, MEDIA, police, crackpots and lookiloos, crowding the BARRICADES, many shouting. It's a zoo.

We CHYRON: **51 HOURS AFTER ARRIVAL**

Scanning the crowd, Michaela is thrown to see someone in the distance holding up a SIGN that reads "**Romans 8:28.**" But before she can give it a second thought--

OLIVE (O.C.)
AUNT MICHAELA! DADDY!

--they're spotted by sobbing Olive (now 15!), Grace, and Grandpa Steve, who push through the crowd and envelop the returning trio in their arms. Weepy Steve bear hugs Michaela, smothering her in his tight embrace.

MICHAELA
Hi Daddy.

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

BEN
It's okay. We're okay.

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

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

This as Ben and Cal get a good look at Olive, who now towers over her brother. Ben is thunderstruck.

BEN
Olive. Oh my god.

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

GRACE
Hey! Guess what? Playstation 4 is out. Comes with a virtual reality headset!

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

GRACE (CONT'D)
My sweet, sweet boy.

Meantime, Michaela glimpses SAANVI the grad student being mobbed by her large family, all screaming joyfully. Michaela turns to her dad.

MICHAELA

Where's mom -- and Jared?

STEVE

(beat, evenly)

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

Michaela digests that foreboding news, then asks again.

MICHAELA

And mom?

Stuck, Steve looks to returning Grace, who gently explains.

GRACE

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

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

MICHAELA

What're you talking about, sick--

STEVE

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

MICHAELA

(cuts him off, reeling)

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

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

EXT. BEN AND GRACE STARK'S HOME, BETHESDA - DAY - NEXT

As they pull up to their house, we see yet another CROWD of curious NEIGHBORS milling about. Sitting on the porch is PASTOR DAVE REDMOND, 40, blue jeans and clerical collar.

There's a smattering of applause, some hoots and hollers, and plenty of stares as numb Michaela, Ben, and Cal step out.

Grace and Olive and Steve instinctively latch on to their returned family as if precious jewels. CAL avoids eye-contact with some GAWKING TEENAGED BOYS and bee-lines inside.

Michaela tries her best to follow, but is cut off by a poker-faced man, JERRY ELKINS, 60s, who approaches from his own house next door. He regards Michaela.

JERRY ELKINS

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

Spotting the confrontation, Pastor Dave gently intervenes.

PASTOR DAVE

Okay, Jerry. Let her be.

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

JERRY ELKINS

Your life doesn't deserve a second chance!

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

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

OLIVE (O.C.)

It's my fault.

Cal turns, sees his sister in the doorway. Her eyes distant and tone guarded, we sense a young woman who never fully recovered from the loss she endured five years ago.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Mom didn't get rid of a thing for years. I told her it was weird and there were poor kids who could use your stuff. She finally listened.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Last night I saw her online ordering that ridiculously giant Cal Ripken Jr. Fathead you wanted.

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I missed you.

CAL
(not buying it)
I think you mean "I missed you,
doofus."

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

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

INT. KITCHEN, STARK HOME - DAY - SAME

As Grace busily makes SANDWICHES for everyone, Ben and his dad lean against the counter, shoulder to shoulder.

STEVE
Almost two years now. We caught it
late, she went fast. Firecracker to
the bitter end.

BEN
(reeling, to himself)
I barely looked up from my screen
to say goodbye to her.
(wells up)
Shit.

Steve places a consoling arm around his grieving, shaken son.

STEVE
She's smiling today, I can tell you
that.

Ben notices PHOTOS on the fridge of Olive through these lost years -- school pictures, soccer team, holiday pageants...

BEN
Olive plays soccer?

GRACE
I know. After fighting us all those
years. I started working more so she
had to stay after school anyway...

Ben nods, ruefully scanning the photos, taking in missed teams, performances, memories....

INT. DEN, STARK HOME - DAY - SAME

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

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

PASTOR DAVE (O.C.)
Your mom made it.

Michaela looks up, sees Pastor Dave in the doorway.

PASTOR DAVE (CONT'D)
After the...disappearance. She said
it helped her make peace.

MICHAELA
That cheesy verse was her mantra.
(realizing)
Actually, it's pretty much the last
thing she said to me.

PASTOR DAVE
(beat, then)
Hey, can we pray? You never got a
chance to say the Psalm for her.
(off her silence)
Come on. We'll bang it out.

MICHAELA
I don't think so.

PASTOR DAVE
(smiles, challenging)
I remember a time not so long ago
when you were one devout
millennial. Unlike your perpetually
atheistic, rationalist brother.

GRACE (O.C.)
(good-natured)
Is that code for cynic?

She anxiously crosses into the room. As she opens a SOFA-BED--

GRACE (CONT'D)
Pastor Dave's been a lifesaver. He
helped all of us through this.

Michaela nods, forcing a polite smile. Dave approaches her.

PASTOR DAVE
I'll let you settle in. You know
where to find me.
(MORE)

PASTOR DAVE (CONT'D)
(locks eyes with her)
This is God's work, Mick.

He EXITS. Michaela sits in a daze as Grace makes up the sofa-bed, nervously explaining--

GRACE
I feel terrible sticking you in here. We kept your apartment for the longest time. Eventually we had to let it go. Anything you need, please raid my closet.

We sense Michaela's a million miles away.

MICHAELA
Can I use the phone?

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

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

JARED'S VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
Hey, it's Jared Williams. I can't--

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

GRACE
All set.

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

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

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

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

MICHAELA
(fighting off emotion)
It was two days ago. For me. I'm still the same fuck-up you said goodbye to in Jamaica.

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

GRACE

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

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

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

All things.

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

GRACE

You okay?

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

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY - SAME

The corner of the airfield where the flight deboarded is now a TENTED, HAZMAT suit-filled LAB straight out of *ET*. We QUICK CUT through endless AGENTS scraping bacteria off the fuselage, extracting fuel from the tank, etc. CAMERA LANDS on the LEAD INVESTIGATOR, MILLS, briefing Vance.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR MILLS

We've yet to come across a substance dating from any time between the day the flight took off and the day it returned. It's as if the plane never left the sky.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

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

LEAD INVESTIGATOR MILLS

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

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

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STARK HOME - DAY - LATER

More curious ONLOOKERS now hover, joined by a NEWS VAN, its REPORTER and CAMERA OPERATOR setting up to broadcast.

INT. STARK HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. 2ND DISTRICT POLICE STATION, BALTIMORE - DAY - NEXT

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

SERGEANT ROBERTSON

As I live and breathe.

MICHAELA

Hey, Sarge.

He comes out and gives her a hug.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

Wow. Getting a lifetime supply of hugs today.

SERGEANT ROBERTSON

Course you are. Come back from the dead, you earn yourself a hug.

(then)

Didn't expect you getting back to work this fast.

Michaela's reaction tells us work is the farthest thing from her mind.

MICHAELA

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

SERGEANT ROBERTSON

(warmly)

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

MICHAELA

(nods, grateful)

I'll let you know.

Her eyes drift to

THE BULLPEN

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

She offers a small wave, her expression guardedly neutral.

EXT. 2ND DISTRICT POLICE STATION, BALTIMORE - DAY - NEXT

Michaela and Jared stand face to face outside the building. It's intimate but also tense. A romantic reunion this is not. We sense in his tone and expression awe and a tortured heart.

JARED

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

MICHAELA

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

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

JARED

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

MICHAELA

Detective. Wow.

JARED

(nods, beat)

A lot's happened while you were gone.

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

MICHAELA

Who is she?

Jared has to look away when he says the name.

JARED

Lourdes.

Michaela nods, fighting off tears.

MICHAELA

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

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

JARED

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

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

OFF Jared, Michaela--

INT. STUDY, BAHL HOUSEHOLD - DAY - SAME

We hear a boisterous celebration in the other room. But Saanvi, the grad student from the plane, sits at a desktop COMPUTER, trying to log on to the Johns Hopkins University Student Portal. She types, then we see INVALID PASSWORD.

SAANVI'S MOM (O.C.)

Saanvi! Come already!

Saanvi turns, sees her smiling, exasperated mom beckoning.

INT. DINING ROOM, BAHL HOUSEHOLD - DAY - NEXT

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

SAANVI

This is lovely. But I have to go.

SAANVI'S DAD

You have to eat.

SAANVI

No, really. I need to get back to campus to discuss my thesis with my advisor. It's important.

SAANVI'S MOM

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

OFF Saanvi, with an eye-roll, eating--

INT. CANCER CENTER - RADIOLOGY/IMAGING - DAY - SAME

In QUICK CUTS, CAL undergoes IMAGING, BLOOD DRAW, physical EXAM, EKG, Grace glued to her son's side, Ben too hovering.

INT. ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY - NEXT

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

DR. HERNANDEZ

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

The Starks exchange looks, unsure where this leaves Cal.

BEN

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

The Doctor smiles wide, almost chuckles.

DR. HERNANDEZ

No. My goodness, no. Folks, there's
a new treatment protocol for late-
stage pediatric cases. It's a game-
changer. We're gonna beat this.

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

GRACE

Oh my god.

Ben's heart pounds, but he remains circumspect--

BEN

(to the doctor)

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

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

GRACE

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

She impulsively KISSES him on the lips. This time the doctor does chuckle, then hands over LEAFLETS to both of them, as--

DR. HERNANDEZ

This'll get you up to speed.

(then, as they review)

Look, nothing's ever a hundred-percent. But we get a jump on it, start him in the morning -- the odds are excellent.

For the first time since we've met him, BEN SMILES, stupefied.

INT. K-MART - DAY - NEXT

Walking the aisles in a daze, Michaela picks out underwear, deodorant, a toothbrush. Utterly alone, nowhere to be.

We CUT TO CHECKOUT, where a NEWSCAST airs on an overhead TV--

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Coverage of Island Air Flight 828 will of course continue. First this Action 11 update in local news -- Sisters Hallie and Samantha Pyler of Rockville were abducted from their back yard early Sunday morning. The case has resulted in literally thousands of calls to the BPD tip line, but as of yet, no breakthroughs, according to Second District Detective Jared Williams.

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

JARED (ON TV)

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

Having to see his face yet again is a bad joke. Desperate for his love, knowing she can't have it, Michaela quickly fishes cash out of her wallet, pays and bolts.

INT. IKEA - DAY - SAME

ON CAL -- smiling ear to ear, running AT THE CAMERA. He's in fact darting down the AISLE, grabbing items from shelves like he's being timed on a game show. A Baltimore Orioles TRASH CAN, a Colts FLOOR LAMP, a glow-in-the-dark GLOBE, and more.

With each item, he races back to Grace, tossing his booty into their SHOPPING CART. Grace smiles, gently teasing--

GRACE

You're decorating a room, not an entire house!

ONE AISLE OVER, Ben, visibly anxious, forces a casual tone as he talks on GRACE'S CELL.

BEN

Denver? What the hell? You never left the office, let alone D.C.

(beat, laughs, then)

Listen, Ted, I doubt they're inclined to hire back an Intel Analyst who fell off the face. If you'd lob in a call, former Under Secretary's good word's gotta--

(beat, not going well)

Understood....Nope, makes sense, I get it...Will do...You too....Yep.

He HANGS UP, beyond demoralized. A beat. Taking a breath, he puts on a good face and rejoins his family in the next aisle.

GRACE

How'd it go?

BEN

(matter-of-fact)

It went. Moving on.

Meantime, Cal balances even more items on top of the items already in the overflowing cart. His parents speak *sotto*--

GRACE

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

BEN

When have I ever put off worrying?

She smiles, takes him by the hand.

GRACE

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

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

BEN

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

He regards her adoringly, gives her a kiss, but it lands awkwardly and seems to make Grace uneasy. She nonchalantly breaks eye-contact, as--

GRACE

For a long time there hadn't been
much to smile about in this family.

BEN

Or joke about.

She nods, touché. A beat, Ben reverting back to default mode.

BEN (CONT'D)

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

GRACE

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

BEN

She goes to therapy?

GRACE

Twice a week. For years, now.

BEN

(beat, fuck)

What do they talk about?

GRACE

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

Ben looks sick, processing what Olive has been through.

BEN

She grew up too fast.

GRACE

She had no choice.

They push the cart along, following giddy Cal.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY - NEXT

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

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SLOWER.

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

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

SLOWER!

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

MICHAELA

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

Excuse me.

BUS DRIVER

(eyes glued to the road)
Do I come to your work and tell you
how to do your job?

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

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SLOWER!

MICHAELA

(shouts to Driver)
Slow down! NOW!!!

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

EXT. WISCONSIN AVENUE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

--a young BOY riding a BICYCLE on the sidewalk tries to pass a trash can on the curb-side, loses his balance, and topples INTO THE STREET. He lands in the direct path of the bus, which miraculously GRINDS TO A HALT.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The stunned bus driver stares through the windshield AT THE BOY, bruised but safe, then at equally bewildered Michaela.

BUS DRIVER

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

OFF Michaela -- something is happening.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DEN, STARK HOME - DAY - NEXT

Michaela -- still reeling, anxiously watching the front door for Ben -- sits with Olive, who via iPad tours her aunt through MEMORIAL TRIBUTES to Michaela from five years ago.

TESTIMONIALS (ON IPAD)

(Friend #1)

She was a beautiful person.

(Friend #2)

She was nice. Quiet but nice.

(Friends #3 and #4)

We miss you, Michaela.

(Older Woman)

Poor girl couldn't catch a break.

That terrible accident, her friend--

Shit. Olive glances at her bereft aunt, quickly clicks onto another MEMORIAL SITE.

OLIVE

This was cool. It was like a city-wide wake for all the passengers.

As they watch VIDEO of this community memorial, Michaela SPOTS SOMETHING in the crowd.

MICHAELA

Pause a sec. Can you zoom?

Olive enlarges the frame, Michaela's eyes widening. And then we see: someone holds a SIGN.

Romans 8:28.

Shaken, Michaela looks to her MOM'S PILLOW on the nearby chair. "*All Things Work Together For Good. - Romans 8:28*"

OLIVE

(eyeing screen)

Wasn't Grandma. She was too sad to go to any of these.

They're distracted by Ben, Grace, and Cal arriving home with many SHOPPING BAGS. Michaela stands, eyeing her brother.

GRACE (O.C.)

Extreme Makeover, bedroom edition!

(hands 2 bags to Michaela)

For you, Mick!

Gleeful Grace, toting bags, scoops up an annoyed Cal--

CAL

Mom!

--and carries him to his room, Olive following. Preoccupied Michaela turns to Ben, indicates the back yard.

MICHAELA

Got a sec?

EXT. BACK YARD, STARK HOME - DAY - NEXT

The siblings stand deep in the yard abutting majestic woods.

MICHAELA

Is your mind...messaging with you?

BEN

Where to begin.

MICHAELA

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

BEN

Whataya mean, voice? Whose voice?

MICHAELA

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

BEN

So, like a schizophrenic voice.

MICHAELA

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

BEN

(raw, defensive)
Hey, I lost my mom, too.

MICHAELA

I didn't mean--

BEN

I know. I'm sorry. All of this is just...it's a lot....You wanna know what I think? ... I think it sounds like you're losing your mind.

MICHAELA

Of course you do.

BEN

I'm not being glib. Keep it to yourself -- before you end up in a government psych ward having exploratory brain surgery.

(off her scoff, earnest)

Who knows what they'll try in order to find out what happened. I just don't want anything to happen to you....That's what I think.

OFF Michaela, weighing his words--

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE - DAY - SAME

Standing next to a VACANT LOT between two cute, downtown ROW HOUSES, a distressed BETHANY, the flight attendant, eyes glued to the lot, is in conversation with a NEIGHBOR, 50s.

BETHANY'S NEIGHBOR

I think it was the bank, just deciding they'd do better razing the place and starting over.

BETHANY

Then where is Rose?

BETHANY'S NEIGHBOR

Honey, I have no idea.

OFF Bethany, desperate, perplexed--

EXT. DALECARLIA RESERVOIR, BETHESDA - DAY - LATER

Michaela goes for a RUN along the tree-lined reservoir to clear her head. A natural athlete, she passes others, pushing herself to the limit. Momentary zen.

EXT. NEARBY ROAD, BETHESDA - DAY - NEXT

Sweaty and exhausted, Michaela walks off the RUNNING TRAIL into a MIXED-USE NEIGHBORHOOD of downscale homes and businesses. Passing a dilapidated METAL SHOP, she nearly jumps out of her skin when two BARKING DOBERMANS come tearing toward her, slamming against the shop's FENCE.

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

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Set them free.

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

INT. LECTURE HALL - JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY - SAME

FIFTY MED STUDENTS attentively take notes as DR. BRADLEY DOUGHERTY, 40s, dynamically lectures up front--

DR. DOUGHERTY
--metastasized patients with
chromosomal alterations were
associated with dysplasia, while--

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

INT. HALLWAY - HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY - NEXT

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

SAANVI
I wanted to come straight away. My
hard drive crashed, and the portal--

DR. DOUGHERTY
(cuts her off, smiling)
Take a breath. I got your thesis
off the portal five years ago.

SAANVI
Oh thank god!

DR. DOUGHERTY
You're not kidding. The research has
been breakthrough.

SAANVI
(bewildered)
It has?

They enter into--

INT. DR. DOUGHERTY'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

--close the door, then, finally alone, they devour each
other. Between passionate kisses--

SAANVI
Breakthrough?

DR. DOUGHERTY
Wait 'til you see.

OFF Saanvi's delight, and this illicit affair--

INT. DINING ROOM, STARK HOME - THAT NIGHT

A feast fit for Thanksgiving on the table. Michaela, Ben, Grace, Cal, Olive, and Grandpa Steve all find seats. As Ben takes a place next to Olive, she spots an opening next to Michaela and relocates. It's an unintentional slight, but we see disappointment on Ben's face as they all JOIN HANDS.

GRACE

Who wants to lead? Olive?

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

OLIVE

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

(some laughter)

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

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

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

OLIVE (CONT'D)

--but now that I'm older, I can teach him some things, and maybe we can finally stop annoying each other and just be friends....For Aunt Michaela, who I always pictured hanging out with when I got older. And now we will... And for my dad.....we didn't create as many memories as we could've...

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

STEVE

Amen! Eat!

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

We STAY ON BEN, heartbroken for his daughter, the girl he barely knows--

INT. DEN, STARK HOME - LATE NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. METAL SHOP - LATE NIGHT - NEXT

Desolate on the remote street. Breathless Michaela hops off a BICYCLE, cautiously approaches the shop FENCE. The dobermans come BARKING, pouncing on the fence. Beyond apprehensive, Michaela braces herself. Is she really going to do this?

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

A beat. The DOOR OPENS. And out steps BEN. Michaela's thrown.

MICHAELA
How'd you find me?

Visibly agitated Ben searches for a response. Beat.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
Ben! What're you doing here?

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

BEN
Setting them free.

Michaela stares back, floored.

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

For Michaela, utter surprise quickly gives way to accusation.

MICHAELA

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

Ben's sudden, hostile response surprises even himself.

BEN

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

He runs out of breath, takes a gulp of air. A beat.

MICHAELA

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

She lets that dark admission hang in the air, then--

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

But here we are.

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

BEN

To be clear, this is a felony.

MICHAELA

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

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

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

What if they attack us?

BEN

They'd be doing their job.

He pulls off the lock and OPENS THE GATE, a panicked Michaela bracing herself. But to her surprise, the dobermans approach with an eerie calm, seemingly STARING DOWN Michaela and Ben, then suddenly run by them and RACE OFF into the night. Beat, the siblings watching the dogs disappear into darkness.

MICHAELA

That was...bizarre.

BEN

Ya think?

MICHAELA

Now what?

BEN

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

MICHAELA

Not a fluke.

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

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT - SAME

Deputy Director Vance enters a RECEPTION AREA, where she's
waved by one of two ASSISTANTS into the DIRECTOR'S OFFICE.
NSA DIRECTOR HORWITZ, 60s, sits with two other DEPUTIES.

NSA DIRECTOR HORWITZ

What do we know?

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

Still nothing. There's a hundred
scientists turning that plane inside
out, all throwing their hands up.

NSA DIRECTOR HORWITZ

(shakes head, frustrated)

We never should have let those
passengers out of the airport.

NSA DEPUTY

Most of them are U.S. citizens. We
had no legal grounds to hold them.

Horwitz considers, then turns back to Vance.

NSA DIRECTOR HORWITZ

Then we'll watch them.

NSA DIRECTOR VANCE

(thrown)

There's nearly 200 people, sir.

NSA DIRECTOR HORWITZ

And therefore?

OFF Vance, and her marching orders--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. 2ND DISTRICT POLICE STATION - THE NEXT MORNING

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

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

AARON GLOVER

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

JARED

Kidnapped girls.

AARON GLOVER

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

JARED

You're a pain in my ass, Aaron.

AARON GLOVER

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

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

JARED

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

(turns to Monica)

What's up?

UNIFORM COP MONICA

(discreetly)

I need you.

INT. ACROSS THE BULLPEN - MORNING - NEXT

Jared and Monica now stand over an elderly woman, MRS. BARNES, seated in a CUBICLE next to a VIDEO MONITOR.

UNIFORM COP MONICA

Vigilant Mrs. Barnes here witnessed a break-in last night at a commercial property across from her residence.

MRS. BARNES

Shop's closed and I dunno how to get in touch with nobody over there. But the law's the law and if you break it you gotta pay.

UNIFORM COP MONICA

That is the truth.
(then to Jared)
She brought in tape from her home security camera.

MRS. BARNES

Hell yes I did.

JARED

(to Monica, sotto)
And you need me on this because...

Monica presses PLAY on the monitor. ONSCREEN, we see

MICHAELA AND BEN

letting out the dobermans. Jared stares, incredulous.

UNIFORM COP MONICA

They never enter the property. Only release the dogs, which were just picked up by Animal Control. I can go ahead and process the complaint.
(beat, discreet)
Unless you want to handle it.

OFF Jared--

INT. DEN, STARK HOME - MORNING - NEXT

Finally getting some sleep, Michaela is still crashed out on the sofa when the DOORBELL rings. Then again.

She rouses, makes her way to the door and opens it.

Jared stands on the porch, eyes Michaela, visibly irritated.

SMASH TO:

EXT. OUT FRONT, STARK HOME - MORNING - NEXT

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

JARED

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

(off her silence)

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

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

JARED (CONT'D)

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

MICHAELA

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

JARED

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

MICHAELA

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

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

JARED

Fine. Then what?

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

MICHAELA

"What?" Hmm. How about -- I take off in a plane, and when I land, my mother is dead?

(MORE)

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

Thank you for your condolences, by the way. How about -- I no longer have a home? Or underwear? Or any of my worldly possessions? How about I missed five years, six months, and twenty-eight-days of the world?! Of life?!

(wells up)

How about, nevermind what my lawyer convinced a judge, I will never stop believing I committed murder when Evie died sitting next to me in my car....So as I stand here, I don't know whether to feel grateful for being back and alive, or to just feel guilty, which is where I'm leaning! I'd say those are some viable alternative reasons for my "acting out!" Don't you think?

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

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

JARED

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

MICHAELA

(beat)

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

Jared shakes his head.

JARED

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

MICHAELA

Why?

JARED

(seriously?)

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

INT. TREATMENT WING, HOPKINS CANCER CENTER - MORNING - SAME

A DOZEN CHILDREN sit in recliners, playing VIDEO GAMES while receiving what looks like chemotherapy. We see Dr. Dougherty doing rounds, trailed by a group of MED STUDENTS.

Bright-eyed Saanvi enters, coffee in hand, then bee-lines to the doctor and entourage, discreetly apologizing--

SAANVI
Sorry if I'm late!

DR. DOUGHERTY
The guest of honor. You can show up whenever you like.

He turns to his students.

DR. DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)
Speak of the devil. Or in this case, angel. Thanks to Saanvi's case studies, the D-3 regeneration model proved to be not just theoretical after all. It's literally revolutionized the field, saved thousands of young lives.

As they all walk along, Saanvi confides to Dougherty--

SAANVI
I can't believe you were able to access my files. I got an invalid password message and assumed they shut my account down when I...

She mimes dying. Dougherty laughs, then nonchalantly--

DR. DOUGHERTY
They didn't shut it down. I just went in and changed the password.

Saanvi looks a bit thrown to hear this, but she's then distracted by a familiar looking KID receiving treatment.

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

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE, CANCER CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BEN

You okay?

(off her unconvincing nod)

You're usually the optimist and I'm doom and gloom, remember?

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

GRACE

I am optimistic. And so grateful.

BEN

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

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

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

GRACE

I have so much to apologize to you for.

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

BEN

We don't have to get into this now.

GRACE

(still no eye-contact)

I know, I just....

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

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

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

BEN

(*sotto* compassion)

What you've both been through....

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

BEN (CONT'D)

When you think about it, the only
reason we were on that trip in the
first place was because you
insisted -- and bribed me with sex.
(off her chuckle)
So if anyone saved Cal, I'm pretty
sure it was you.

She smiles gratefully. He wipes her tears away.

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

EXT. METAL SHOP - DAY - SAME

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

Jared exits the car, leans back in to hesitating Michaela.

JARED

Come on.

MICHAELA

(glum, embarrassed)

Is this really necessary?

JARED

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

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

JARED (CONT'D)

Hey man, thanks. I got it from
here.

--and takes the agitated DOBERMANS by their leashes.

The Agent returns to his van and drives off as Jared and Michaela start toward the shop.

JARED (CONT'D)
Get ready to grovel.

MICHAELA
(enough already)
I get it.

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

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

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

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

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

MICHAELA
I'm not mes--

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

She now STAGGERS, eyes bulging.

Scrutinizing her, it occurs to Jared that maybe she's returned from her ordeal mentally damaged.

A beat, then gently, resigned--

JARED
Go sit in the car.

He walks ahead into the shop.

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

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - SAME

An anxious, sleepless Bethany paces her small room, landline phone at her ear, waiting, waiting. Finally--

BETHANY

Yes, I'm still here! Please don't transfer me again, I've talked t--

(perks up, urgent)

Exactly! That's her! ... Woodbine?!

Do you have a phone number?

(frowns, incredulous)

It's been five years, how do I know if she's alive or dead?! ... Do you have an address?!

OFF Bethany, feverishly writing, a glimmer of hope--

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD - DAY - SAME

Olive and her high school JV SOCCER TEAM play a spirited game against another team.

CUT TO:

AFTER THE GAME

While the opposing team members splinter off to their families, Olive and her teammates -- clearly the VISITORS -- start toward their SCHOOL BUS.

As Olive makes her way, she's stunned to see

BEN

the lone parent standing in front of the VISITOR BLEACHERS.

She jogs over to him, bewildered.

OLIVE

Dad? What're you doing here?

BEN

Rooting on the team. You guys looked good.

OLIVE

Thanks. How long did it take you to get here? Parents don't come to the away games.

BEN

Well, this parent has some catching up to do....You want a ride?

OLIVE

We have to go on the bus. School policy.

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

BEN

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

OLIVE

(awkward, how to put it)
Dad...you don't have to apologize for something that happened to you.

BEN

(shakes his head)
I made the choice to stay behind.

OLIVE

(gently dismissive)
It was a long time ago, Dad.

BEN

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

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

BEN (CONT'D)

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

(then, seeing her teammates loading in)

You better get on that bus.

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

OFF Ben, marveling at his resilient daughter--

INT. METAL SHOP - DAY - SAME

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

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

JARED

Hello?!

(over noise, again)

Hello! ... Mr. Garrity!

Garrity hears, shuts off his machine and pops off his protective helmet as he approaches.

Spotting the DOGS--

GARRITY

There those adventurers are!

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

JARED

I'm Detective Williams, BPD.

GARRITY

Well then thank you detective.

(kissing his dogs)

Yes you are happy to see me. And

I'm happy to see you. Good boys.

JARED

Harry and Jack, huh?

GARRITY

Yesiree.

(indicating which dog)

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

JARED

Listen, Mr. Garrity--

(trying for diplomacy)

I have to disclose that BPD's aware of who broke open you're gate.

GARRITY

(pleasant surprise)

Are you now.

JARED

They're two people who've just been through a hell of a crisis.

(then)

I'd consider it a favor if you'd be willing to forego pressing charges. I'll of course pay for the repairs.

He braces himself as Garrity considers. Finally--

GARRITY

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

JARED

(swallowing his relief)

Thank you, sir.

(dawns on him)

Speaking of, we were surprised you didn't file a police report when you discovered the break-in.

GARRITY

(laughs, dismissive)

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

EXT. METAL SHOP - DAY - SAME

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

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SET--

(louder)

THEM--

(louder still)

FREE!!!

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

828

TIGHT ON MICHAELA, realizing, we FLASHBACK TO--

EXT. BWI AIRPORT - DAY - MICHAELA'S POV

Someone in the distance holds up a SIGN: Romans 8:28.

SMASH TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY MEMORIAL - DAY - MICHAELA'S POV

On the iPad, someone in the crowd holds a sign: Romans 8:28.

SMASH TO:

INT. STARK HOME - DAY - MICHAELA'S POV

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

SMASH TO:

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

A rush of adrenaline propels Michaela to stand.

Had she and Ben misunderstood?

Finding her balance, she ENTERS INTO

THE SHOP YARD

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

MICHAELA'S VOICE (O.S.)

SET--

(louder)

THEM--

(louder still)

FREE!!!

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

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

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

-- FREE!!!

As she turns a corner, faster--

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

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

Another turn, faster still--

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

SETTHEMFREE!!! SETTHEMFREE!!!

SETTHEMFREE!!! SETTHEMFREE!!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GARRITY
The hell you doing?!

JARED
Michaela, stop it!

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

JARED (CONT'D)
(approaching)
Michaela!

--until finally the storage shed DOOR POPS OPEN, revealing TWO YOUNG GIRLS

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

But Michaela sees him, immediately shouts--

MICHAELA
JARED!

The detective WHIPS AROUND just in time to evade Garrity's violent LUNGE, then FACE-PLANT and CUFF the assailant.

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

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. METAL SHOP - NIGHT

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

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

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

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

Officer.

MICHAELA

(noticing him)

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

The small joke is lost on the Captain.

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

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

MICHAELA

(shrugs)

If he says so...

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

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

MICHAELA

Happy to help.

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

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

MICHAELA

(thrown)

Thank you.

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

CAPTAIN RIOJAS

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

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

A beat, still awkward between them.

MICHAELA

Thanks for putting in a good word.

JARED

Least I could do.

(then)

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

MICHAELA

Like I said -- wish I could.

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

JARED

It's so good to see you, Michaela.

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

MICHAELA

Say hi to Lourdes for me.

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

Spotting her, reporter AARON eagerly calls out--

AARON GLOVER

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

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

AARON GLOVER (CONT'D)

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

But Michaela just keeps walking.

INT. DR. DOUGHERTY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SAME

Dougherty returns to his office, thrown to find Saanvi at his desk, reading a MEDICAL JOURNAL article. She's not happy.

DR. DOUGHERTY
I thought you left hours ago.

SAANVI
Just catching up on my reading. D-3
Regeneration Model? Turns out
that's shorthand for the *Dougherty
Tricellular* Regeneration Model. But
I guess you know that, given that
you're Dougherty and you named it.

A beat. Dougherty is busted.

DR. DOUGHERTY
Saanvi, you were gone....

SAANVI
But my regeneration model wasn't.
Why'd you change my password, Brad?

DR. DOUGHERTY
(eye-roll, obviously)
All our DMs were on there. Did you
really want your parents finding
out you were sleeping with your
professor?

SAANVI
Or finding out my professor
plagiarized my research? If I
hadn't come back, my parents would
never have had a clue.

Dougherty moves in close, hard-selling earnest charm.

DR. DOUGHERTY
Well now they will. Saanvi, Elena
and I split up three years ago. We
can be together. We can share the
glory, share everything. Besides,
what did you care about anyway?
Getting credit? Or saving lives?

OFF Saanvi, upset, overwhelmed, torn--

INT. STARK HOME - NIGHT - SAME

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

CAL

Peel!

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

OLIVE

How are you so fast?!

GRACE

Dump.

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

CAL

Finished.

Game over. A mix of GROANS and CHEERS.

GRACE

Cal, amazing!

OLIVE

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

Cal smiles and shrugs.

BEN

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

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

GRACE

Ben, are you all right?

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

BEN

I'm fine.

GRACE

Are you sure?

BEN

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

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

GRACE

Drink your water. I'll make more popcorn.

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

KIDNAPPED GIRLS RESCUED, BETHESDA METAL SHOP OWNER ARRESTED.

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

INT. KITCHEN, STARK HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Grace takes out another bag of Newman's Own and pops it in the MICROWAVE. Visibly preoccupied, she then picks up her phone. A beat. Finally, we see her TEXT:

I have to tell him.

After a beat, the reply:

Give it a day. We can tell him together.

But that's quickly followed by:

Unless better to never tell.

Grace considers, then replies:

Feeling so guilty.

The reply:

We committed no sin. He was gone.

SMASH TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We reveal PASTOR DAVE on his couch, watching the Wizards game, holding his CELL. He sees Grace finally reply back:

xoxo

After a lingering beat, phone still in hand, Dave gets an ALERT on his cell:

MAIN ENTRANCE DOOR

He approaches the window and looks out -- we see he lives onsite at his CHURCH.

INT. CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH, BETHESDA - NIGHT - NEXT

Taking her mom's counsel after all, Michaela sits alone in a PEW of the empty church.

Paging through a BIBLE, she makes her way to Romans 8:28.

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

PASTOR DAVE ENTERS, wanders over and takes a seat. A beat.

PASTOR DAVE
Welcome home.

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

MICHAELA
How do we know if we're the called?

Dave doesn't hesitate, answers matter-of-factly.

PASTOR DAVE
We know in our heart.

As Michaela considers his words, she STARTLES. This time we see--

EXT. BWI AIRPORT - NIGHT - MICHAELA'S VISION

THE PLANE glows under klieg lights, obscured by CHAIN-LINK.

INT. CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH, BETHESDA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michaela stands, holding her head. Dave's concerned.

PASTOR DAVE
You okay?
(off her silence)
Michaela?

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

MICHAELA
Can I take this?

He nods.

PASTOR DAVE
As long as you put it to good use.

OFF Michaela--

EXT. CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH - NIGHT - NEXT

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

BEN
You saved those girls.

MICHAELA
We saved those girls.

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

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
How'd you know I was here?

BEN
(beat, realizing)
I just knew.

Michaela nods, not surprised, wipes away a tear.

MICHAELA
I think she's guiding us.

BEN
(confused)
She as in god?

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

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

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

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

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

They lock eyes, considering this together, as we MONTAGE--

EXT. FARM HOUSE - WOODBINE, MARYLAND - NIGHT - SAME - MONTAGE

A kind-eyed WOMAN, 70s, leads a charged, near-manic Bethany out to the BACK YARD of this expansive rural property. The flight attendant stares out into the vast darkness, screaming--

BETHANY
ROSE! ... ROSE! ... ROSIE!

A tense beat. Then, finally, we hear distant SPRINTING.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
ROSE?!

And then we see -- a SHEEPDOG, gray and ragged -- emerge from the darkness, racing to Bethany, who bursts into tears. Rose nearly tackles her joyous owner, smothers her in licks, as if no time at all has passed. A beat. Then suddenly--

BETHANY FREEZES, holds her head, her expression mystified.

INT. HOPKINS CANCER CENTER - NIGHT - SAME - MONTAGE

Still basking in her amazement, SAANVI stands behind the observation glass where Ben and Grace sat earlier. She stares out at the next batch of KIDS undergoing treatment, then at the PARENTS to her left and right, all filled with apprehension, but also, mostly, hope.

Dougherty enters, joins Saanvi at the window. He discreetly tries to TAKE HER HAND, but she pulls it away. Then, sotto--

SAANVI
Both.
(off his look)
I care about saving lives. But also
about credit for what I accomplish.
(then, simply)
I'll get it. If you think I won't,
or can't -- you underestimate me.

Dougherty glares, speechless, then abruptly exits. Saanvi steels herself, shaking off fear and trepidation. A beat. Then she STARTLES, grasping her head.

INT. HORSESHOE POKER CASINO, BALTIMORE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

A bustling, seedy poker hall. We PAN ACROSS the DEALER tossing cards to a table of low-rent gamblers, landing on SWEATSUIT MOM (KELLY), draining a scotch, stacks of chips in front of her. As she contemplates her hand, she suddenly LURCHES forward, knocking down a pile of chips.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOF, BALTIMORE - NIGHT - SAME - MONTAGE

We hear the final, mournful stanza of a Bach VIOLIN FUGUE. We're in the P.O.V. of someone teetering on the EDGE of this rooftop. We REVERSE to reveal MUSLIM MAN (RADD). Eyes red, tears streaming, he kisses his violin and gently places it down, clearly on the verge of a fatal jump. Until abruptly his GAZE WIDENS, despair giving way to determination.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - AIRPORT - LATE NIGHT

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

TWENTY OTHER PASSENGERS AND CREW

including everyone we just glimpsed in our MONTAGE, as well as CO-PILOT DANNY LING and BUSINESSMAN HAL. The group of strangers variously SMILE and WEEP and NOD in shared recognition. Each no doubt has had their own bewildering journey that ultimately landed them here, now.

Finally, emotion gives way to the task at hand. With no words exchanged, Ben again produces his BOLT CUTTER and proceeds to slice through the fence, allowing the group to SLIP INTO--

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

THE AIRFIELD, where, again, without a word, they splinter off in groups. We see LING, MUSLIM MAN RADD, and others use CHLOROFORM to subdue FOUR GUARDS, while MICHAELA, BEN, and others douse the perimeter of the area with GASOLINE, which finally HAL, with the flick of a match, SETS AFLAME.

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

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

Something is happening.

END OF PILOT