



MACE NEUFELD  
P R O D U C T I O N S

"TELL NO ONE"

By

Alex Kurtzman and Roberto Orci

From the novel by Harlan Coben

Fifth Draft

5/7/02

Black, silent, until a SCREAM of PANIC rips the stillness:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
OhmyGod, DAVID!!

SNAP TO:

INT. LAKE CHARMAINE - UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA - DUSK

DAVID BECK: 26, usually good-looking, now stricken with pain -- lying on the forest floor with legs splayed -- BLOOD begins to pool around his skull reflecting MOONLIGHT -- a choked RASPING as he fights to stay conscious --

BECK'S POV: our world is SIDEWAYS, branches, leaves... we LOSE consciousness and FADE TO BLACK...

BECK (V.O.)  
The last time I saw Elizabeth was a  
lot like the first...

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK: EXT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

Houses pass in a BLUR... into VIEW glides TWELVE YEAR OLD BECK, rocketing down an incline on a ten-speed... eyes closed, head arched against the wind...

Around the corner, a Corvette CAREENS past a speed zone sign... Beck balances precariously on the bike with arms out sideways, oblivious to the INTERSECTION ahead...

The CORVETTE speeds past a HOUSE. MOVERS carry furniture inside. In the driveway, a 12 year old GIRL whips around as the car streaks by: ELIZABETH PARKER. Her SCREAM snaps Beck's eyes open as he flies INTO THE INTERSECTION... VEERS WILDLY... the bike TOPPLES as the car disappears...

BECK'S POV: our world is SIDEWAYS... Elizabeth RUNS toward us in SLOW MOTION... we lose consciousness and FADE TO BLACK:

BECK (V.O.) (cont'd)  
That's when the seizures started.  
I figured they were worth it, just  
to have her in my life...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - DAY

Young Beck stands with eyes shut in front of an ELM TREE...

BECK (V.O.)  
We spent summers at her parents'  
house on Lake Charmaine...

YOUNG BECK  
Bogeyman's bluff! I'm gonna' find  
you!

His eyes POP open, he races into the forest after ELIZABETH, who DISAPPEARS into the trees -- BECK comes to a barbed-wire FENCE -- beyond that, a BEAR TRAP -- the foliage is so dense there's almost no light -- suddenly fearful, Beck turns -- footsteps quickening -- ELIZABETH leaps out from a bush: Boo! -- they fall to the ground with an adrenaline LAUGH...

WHITEWASH TO:

INT. LAKE CHARMAINE - DAY

Young Beck and Elizabeth swim toward a wooden RAFT in the lake. Breathless and dripping, their bodies BRUSH as they climb on, a heartbeat of silence, and Beck realizes...

YOUNG BECK  
I forgot to take off my watch, my  
dad's gonna' kill me...

His waterlogged Timex is frozen at 5:15. Elizabeth leans in -- surprise -- KISSING him. Stunned, he gives in awkwardly. She presses up his chin to close his mouth a little...

WHITEWASH TO:

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - FOREST - DAY

CLOSE on INITIALS carved into the ELM TREE: "E.P. + D.B." Underneath that, a hunting knife carves the fifth in a series of NOTCHES. PULL BACK to find Beck and Elizabeth at 17 now:

BECK (V.O.)  
The tree became our anniversary  
ritual. It made us feel...  
permanent...

WHITEWASH TO:

EXT. BLUFFSIDE - SUNSET - DAY

Beck and Elizabeth at 22: wedding guests watch as she walks down the aisle with her father, HOYT PARKER, stout as an oak. He kisses her before sitting next to his wife KIM, whose tears are welling. Elizabeth shares a look with her maid of honor, REBECCA SCHAYES, before turning to Beck... his eyes are shining... he leans in to kiss her, he can't help it...

MINISTER  
... uh, son, after the vows?

LAUGHTER, Beck smiles with embarrassment... Elizabeth smiling with him, screw it, she kisses him anyway, everyone ERUPTS with APPLAUSE... Beck and Elizabeth are lost to the world...

WHITEWASH TO:

INT. VOLVO - LATE AFTERNOON

At 26: with their dog CHLOE in the back seat. A SIGN ahead: "LAKE CHARMAINE - PRIVATE ROAD." As they veer down it...

BECK

I can't believe we still do this.

ELIZABETH

Hey, you started it.

BECK

When we were twelve.

ELIZABETH

It's romantic.

BECK

It's geeky.

ELIZABETH

You get laid when we do this.

BECK

I was hoping you wouldn't notice.

He flashes a grin, she breaks out laughing and smacks him on the shoulder. The car STOPS by a cabin...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - SUNSET

Beck and Elizabeth slice through the water, haul themselves onto the raft... she turns, a beat, fingers trace the gentle line of Beck's throat... his hand circles her rib cage, her shoulder blade, her back... he kisses her eyelid...

BECK

I love you...

(the tip of her nose)

... I love you...

(the side of her mouth)

... I love you...

... pulling at each other's suits now, we ANGLE down to the water, as their REFLECTION ripples into a BLUR...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - SHORELINE - DUSK

Afterglow. Slipping on clothes, their mood is terrific:

ELIZABETH

... you remember your dream last night?

BECK

Not really, why?

ELIZABETH

'Cause when I rolled over? I thought I was being held up.

BECK

-- Oh. That dream.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, that dream. Who was it?

BECK

... can't answer that on the grounds it may tend to incrim--

ELIZABETH

Don't lawyer me 'til you pass the bar. Who?

BECK

... Serena Devaki.

ELIZABETH

That incredible looking Indian girl from college?

(considers)

... 'kay, I get that.

BECK

I think I heard you getting hot-'n-heavy once or twice in your sleep.

ELIZABETH

Me? This is about you...

BECK

Who was it, that guy in Vienna? Your art history T.A.?

She seems suddenly thrown by that.

BECK

Your sophomore year abroad? What was his name, Ryan something?

ELIZABETH

(a little abstracted)

-- un-huh --

BECK

-- him. What'd he look like? Beefy? Beefy guy, right, definitely did time?

ELIZABETH

He was kind of a loser, actually.

BECK

(pause)

Really? 'Cause I always thought maybe you...

Seeing her LOOK, he's found himself in a sentence he doesn't want to finish... they're not really joking anymore...

BECK

... Wow...

ELIZABETH

Oh God, listen, you have to let me explain -- it was before we were engaged -- I know that's no excuse, but I was sure if I told you back then, it'd break us up...

(the silence hangs)

Please say something...

BECK

... gimme a minute, I'm getting my blood back...

ELIZABETH

... I need you to understand -- the whole thing -- being apart -- was cathartic for me -- not cathartic cathartic, I mean --

(pause, this has to come out exactly right)

-- it proved you're the best rest of my life I could ever want.

That connects with him. A long beat...

BECK

... Look, I get it -- I mean, I didn't just pull this guy's name out of a hat.

ELIZABETH

I should've told you... I'm so sorry... I love you so much...

... she reaches for him, her eyes are brimming... he sees how desperate she is for his understanding... we're CLOSE on Beck, wildly conflicted...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - FOREST - DUSK

Near dark, hard to see... Beck and Elizabeth are pushing through an overgrown path... she, in front; he, behind... Elizabeth turns occasionally back to him, smiles, there's lingering guilt in her look... up ahead is their OAK TREE...

AT THE CAR: Chloe, tied to the bumper, starts to BARK...

AT THE TREE: what comes next we're seeing through BECK'S EYES -- Elizabeth stops, unzips her backpack, reaches for the HUNTING KNIFE inside -- turns to us, GASPS --

ELIZABETH

OhmyGod, DAVID --

A WHOOSH of air and something STRIKES US and we GO TO BLACK:

BECK (V.O.)

... it was like someone hit me with a sledgehammer...

SNAP TO: SAME IMAGE FROM OPENING, Beck nearly unconscious on the ground, blood pools around his skull... he struggles to get up but loses consciousness and we WASH TO WHITE...

BECK (V.O.)

... that was the last thing I remembered... people told me it was better that way...

We're angling down from a cloud-rimmed sky to:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

MOURNERS are gathered around an open grave. Elizabeth's PARENTS are prominent among them. Beck watches, his head is bandaged, he's numb as her COFFIN is lowered...

BECK (V.O.)  
I always thought my life with  
Elizabeth was a given...

AS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE GRAVE: Beck looks down as the coffin  
descends toward us, BLACKING OUT FRAME:

BECK (V.O.)  
And just like that. It was over.

SUPER: "FOUR YEARS LATER..."

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CHILDREN'S SERVICES (DCS) - PRESENT DAY

Legal aid: kids with runny noses, parents looking tired and  
desperate. BECK enters: 30. His spirit's harder. He's done  
his best to move on, but he's still searching for what he  
wants in this world now. His secretary JENNY trails him into  
his office, he's got a GARMENT BAG over his shoulder:

JENNY  
Ella Ramirez just got a seventy-two  
hour evic notice, she's scared her  
kids'll go back into foster care if  
she's on the street --

BECK  
-- tell Dex to help her file an  
order to show cause, I'll get into  
it after.

JENNY  
I'm supposed to remind you to pick  
up your tux, but I see you're being  
an overachiever today.

BECK  
(playful; as he sets down  
the garment bag)  
So what do I need you for?

JENNY  
Someone has to applaud...

She exits the office applauding halfheartedly. He grins.  
His PAGER suddenly BEEPS, he looks down at the number: shit.

INT. PHILADELPHIA CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - TRAUMA CENTER - DAY

Beck slams through ER doors moving down a corridor backed-up  
with sick and injured children -- up ahead, an INTERN hovers  
as two COPS (HAWKINS and FINN) pin TYRESE BARTON (30, sharp,  
dark-skinned Afro-American) into a chair:

TYRESE

He fell, motherfucker!

OFFICER HAWKINS

I see your boys slinging rock to  
twelve year olds, Tyrese, I'm  
supposed to believe you give a shit  
about your kid?

TYRESE

Man, fuck you!

He SPITS in rage and the cops MOVE in tandem SLAMMING him to  
the WALL -- they cuff him, and Beck is THERE:

BECK

-- heyheyhey --

(to a nurse, pressing)

-- page Dr. Caplan --

OFFICER FINN

-- step back, sir, this doesn't  
concern you --

BECK

(flashing ID)

-- David Beck, I'm with  
Children's Services, you  
called me --

TYRESE

-- nahnahnah, the fuck you  
doin' here?!

OFFICER FINN (CONT'D)

-- he tried to strangle his kid --

TYRESE

-- I told you, he fell off the  
couch --

INTERN

-- the boy was brought in with  
multiple retinal hemorrhages --  
unlikely to happen from a fall but  
consistent with neck constriction --

BECK

Did you know his son was born  
here?

INTERN

-- we're pulling the chart now --

BECK  
 (pulls a copy from his  
 satchel, pissed)  
 -- T.J.'s a hemophiliac.

TYRESE  
 That's what I been tryin' to tell  
 these motherfuckers --

That registers for everyone as the doors to the critical care  
 room SWING OPEN and DR. ANNA CAPLAN enters -- she's  
 attractive, smart as they come, and admirably loose against  
 the tension of the trauma ward...

DR. CAPLAN  
 ... What's the problem?

BECK  
 The problem is, this hospital's  
 made the same mistake with Mr.  
 Barton twice now, and last time I  
 almost took his son away for it.

INTERN  
 ... I just assumed, a toddler with  
 head trauma, nine times out of  
 ten --

BECK  
 Do your homework. If he sues,  
 you'll be less likely to call me  
 next time some kid really needs you  
 to.

DR. CAPLAN  
 You've made your point.

BECK  
 Then why's he still in cuffs?

OFFICER HAWKINS  
 We got him on assault.

BECK  
 I want your badge numbers now --

DR. CAPLAN  
Mr. Beck...  
 (softer)  
 ... give me a minute.

An intimacy here we should notice. It reaches Beck, and he  
 concedes. Dr. Caplan moves out of earshot with Hawkins:

DR. CAPLAN

... look, this is your call, but we're all here to do what's best for that boy, and right now he's in danger of losing his sight. He doesn't need to go through that without his father.

A beat, then Hawkins signals to Finn. As Tyrese is uncuffed, Dr. Caplan glances at Beck. They lock eyes in a quiet bond.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHILDREN'S I.C.U. - LATER

Two-year-old T.J. lies asleep with BANDAGED EYES. Tyrese sits bedside. Beck stands in quiet shadow behind them. Tyrese turns, sour, pulls the curtains CLOSED with:

TYRESE

... This don't make us friends.

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - DAY

... Gliding over trees... see the LAKE below... SWOOP DOWN toward a ROWBOAT, a bright speck on a blanket of water... two goggle-eyed BOYS lean over the boat filled with LOOT: a rusted fan, a bucket of coins. One lifts his head...

KID

Hey, look!

Pointing to something at the bottom. The second boy turns. AS SEEN THROUGH HIS GOGGLES: blanketed by a field of undulating reeds, is the hood of a CAR.

INT. LAKE CHARMAINE - BENEATH THE SURFACE - SECONDS LATER

SPLASH: the boys swim toward the car, into the reed field. Hard to see down here. First boy flattens himself against the windshield. Wipes away slime, peering in... empty...

Second boy swims to the trunk. Locked. Lifts a ROCK from the lake floor, HAMMERS it down, again, the trunk POPS open and bubbles EXPLODE and emerging, like spirits from a tomb, are TWO BODIES: desiccated, half-skeletons, the boys SCREAM swimming away reflexively, tangled reeds LASHING their faces as they pull to the surface EXPLODING from the water...

EXT. NEW ADVOCATE HOUSE BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Black-tie crowd seated in rows in front of a new BUILDING, watching MAYOR TOM EISENDRATH, mid-speech at a podium:

EISENDRATH

-- he's given a hell of a lot to this city, including two terms as my predecessor before deciding he could do more for us by going after the pennant --

(crowd applause)

-- okayokay, truth is, today's our day to give something back to him. It's my honor to introduce the man who said no to box seats and gave baseball back to the fans... Mr. Jack Allen.

APPLAUSE as JACK ALLEN takes the podium: warm, gracious, with a plainspoken bearing possessed by men who've come to know themselves through heartache.

ALLEN

... wow, thanks, Tom... nothing ruins a good speech like a great introduction...

As Allen begins to SPEAK, we FAVOR Beck in the crowd: in his tux, he sits beside Hoyt and Kim, Elizabeth's parents -- Hoyt is stoic, removed... we should sense a wall between him and Beck... a WOMAN joins them, slinks into the empty chair beside Beck, she looks stunning -- we recognize her -- Dr. Caplan from the hospital, ANNA to us now...

ANNA

-- Sorrysorrysorry, one of the candy-stripers stole a case of Ritalin from storage.

He smiles, it's okay... he leans over to Elizabeth's parents... this is a BIG moment for everyone, something he's trying to downplay with the appearance of ease...

BECK

... Kim and Hoyt Parker, this is Dr. Anna Caplan.

ANNA

-- so sorry I'm late --

KIM

-- it's okay, we're real glad to finally meet you --

HOYT

Handshakes across the aisle, Kim's whole demeanor is calculated to appear welcoming.

Hoyt seems brusque, nods perfunctorily -- it nearly stops Anna's heart -- Beck squeezes her hand to reassure her, she flashes him an anxious FACE as they all turn back to Allen:

ALLEN (CONT'D)

... I know it may be impolitic to talk openly about my son's suicide, but I don't believe in hiding behind pretense. And after all, it's brought us all together today.  
(a beat)

Advocate House is Brandon's legacy. His vision was to provide crisis care for chronically homeless and drug-addicted teens -- a refuge where they could turn their lives around. This new wing will double the number of kids we can help, and your continuing sponsorship enables Brandon's legacy to endure... for that, I'm eternally grateful.

He turns to Mayor Eisendrath, who offers SCISSORS:

ALLEN

So: it's my great privilege to inaugurate this building in his honor...

SNIP: he cuts a red ribbon. APPLAUSE.

INT. NEW ADVOCATE HOUSE BUILDING - GYMNASIUM AREA - LATER

Reception in the gym: much revelry, news crews covering the fund-raiser, CELEBRITIES pose with pre-to-late TEENAGE KIDS for snapshots. Fanciful ARTWORK on display painted by the kids themselves, a MURAL on the wall depicting life on the streets. FIND Beck and Anna walking through the crowd:

BECK

... How you holding up?

She nods, okay; uneasy but doing her best...

ANNA

So where'd Jack Allen make the money to buy a baseball team?

BECK

Used to be a lawyer, he first-chaired a class action lawsuit against a chemical company -- one third of nine hundred million buys a lot of baseballs.

ANNA  
Ever met him?

But Beck is peering at someone now, a WOMAN moving toward them switching rolls of film in her CAMERA -- she sees him too -- it comes with uncomfortable surprise for them both:

REBECCA  
David...  
BECK  
... Rebecca...?

REBECCA SCHAYES: we saw her at Beck and Elizabeth's wedding as the maid of honor -- but her demeanor now seems callous. Anna feels the discomfort and isn't sure what to make of it. Rebecca's STARING at her with odd fascination --

BECK  
Uh, Anna Caplan, Rebecca Schayes...

ANNA  
Hi --

REBECCA  
(thin smile)  
-- listen, I'd love to catch up but I'm on the clock --

BECK  
-- I understand. Good to see you.

Rebecca dissolves into the crowd... a beat...

ANNA  
You guys date or something?

BECK  
... She was Elizabeth's best friend.

ANNA  
(discomfort amplifying)  
Shit, I knew this was a bad idea --

BECK  
-- don't read too much into it -- that was about me, not you --

ANNA  
-- this was your wife's work, I'm the other woman here --

BECK  
Hey, listen, I wanted you to come, okay?

Soft and heartfelt. It reaches her. A HAND suddenly slaps Beck between shoulder blades:

ALLEN

A true philanthropist in David Beck -- the only lawyer here who doesn't charge by the hour.

BECK

Mr. Allen --

ALLEN

Jack -- what's this Mr. Allen crap?

BECK

Jack, Dr. Anna Caplan --

ALLEN

(to Anna; genuine warmth)  
I'm so glad you came.

ANNA

Thanks for having me -- great line-up this season, you've got a real shot at the pennant.

ALLEN

Don't tell my players, Anna, they'll want to re-negotiate.

She smiles, she's a little starstruck. Allen indicates an ad-hoc bar area through the gym and says to Beck...

ALLEN

Let's get a drink, you can catch me up.

ANNA

Y'know what, you go ahead, I'll... find your in-laws.

BECK

(hesitating)  
... You sure?

ANNA

Yeahyeah, go...

She's smiling, her eyes flare playfully at him: Jack Allen wants to talk to you. Allen gives Beck's shoulder a friendly squeeze and leads him off...

INT. NEW ADVOCATE HOUSE BUILDING - AD-HOC BAR AREA -  
CONTINUOUS

Quieter, more private area outside the gym. They enter...

ALLEN

... a home-team fan, I approve.  
(intimacy in:)  
Good for you, David. It took guts  
for both of you to come... how  
long've you been seeing each other?

BECK

... About six months.  
(self-conscious, shifting  
topics)  
Big turnout this year.

ALLEN

I like to think of it as a way of  
honoring Elizabeth, too. They  
still miss her around here.

BECK

She'd be grateful to see this.

ALLEN

Love to say hi to Hoyt and Kim.  
It's been a long time.

BECK

They're around here somewhere.

ALLEN

So, how's life in the trenches?

BECK

Usual stuff, y'know, it's  
Dependency court.

ALLEN

Take it from an old prosecutor,  
kiddo, they're lucky to have you.

Beck is turning something over. Allen watches that. A beat.

BECK

... Mr. Allen, after Elizabeth  
died... when you said I should give  
you a call if I'm ever interested  
in jumping to the private sector...  
maybe I could bend your ear about  
that?

ALLEN

(surprised; of course)

-- You thinking of leaving DCS?

BECK

I dunno, maybe... truth is, this conversation's probably a little premature.

ALLEN

I'll tell you something, David, and I think you'll understand this better than anyone here... when it comes to the people you value, there's no such thing as a premature conversation.

That sits. Men bonded by loss, but driven to move on.

ALLEN

Come by my office this week.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Beck and Anna walk, huddled against the cold...

ANNA

So how was I? Besides late?

BECK

-- genius, a Goddess, a trooper --

ANNA

-- I like 'Goddess.'

(beat)

... couldn't get away from the hospital, sorry.

BECK

It's okay, I owe you for today anyway... thanks for backing me in the ER.

ANNA

... listen, about that? Don't take this the wrong way, but maybe your life-span at DCS is coming to an end.

BECK

Anna, your intern had the guy in cuffs without even pulling his file --

ANNA

-- okay, bad call, but you should yell at me for encouraging my staff to err on the side of caution.

BECK

(quiet, a smile)  
... I am yelling at you.

She gives him a look. He says, with a degree of confidentiality...

BECK

I'm talking to Allen about a job.

ANNA

(surprised she hit the bull's-eye so directly)  
... really?

BECK

Look, you're right... I spend most of my time wading through the... vagaries of a system that's only designed to protect itself...

(the clincher)

Today I kept the state from taking a kid away from a drug dealer.

She sees his frustration, a guy whose life framework isn't quite stable yet... she winds her fingers through his...

ANNA

Tell you what: how about we go back to your place and do a few things to each other that are illegal in the red states.

BECK

... On a school night?

Real chemistry between them. He leans in, and they kiss.

INT. BECK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chloe, curled on the floor. Beck and Anna pull off clothing as they tumble backwards onto the bed laughing... a telephone has started to RING... somewhere in the apartment, the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up -- BEEP:

WOMAN'S VOICE

-- David, it's Kim, if you're there, pick up --

Something in her voice stops him. He grabs the phone:

BECK

-- Kim?

INT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/ INT. BECK'S APARTMENT -  
BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kim and Hoyt stand in front of a counter TV. INTERCUTTING:

KIM

David, you're there -- turn on  
channel seven --

He reaches across Anna lying concerned on the bed, fumbles  
for a remote, aims -- the TV BLINKS to life and we're CLOSE  
on the screen, where we SEE a photo of ELIZABETH on the 11  
o'clock news. Beck tries to comprehend the surprise of it...

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (O.S.)

-- two bodies found brutally  
stabbed less than a kilometer from  
where twenty-six year old Elizabeth  
Parker-Beck was abducted four years  
ago by serial killer Ellroy  
Kellerton...

The image SHIFTS to file footage of a courtroom trial: ELLROY  
KELLERTON, dispossessed, stands for sentencing. That  
registers on Beck, his eyes swimming with emotion...

Anna's thunderstruck -- this is the rudest interruption we  
could imagine compounded by the fact that she's learning, for  
the first time, the details of Elizabeth's death...

Image SHIFTS again to a Lake Charmaine CRIME SCENE. A MAN  
talks to reporters, the face is commanding, Special Agent  
NICK CARLSON of the FBI's Behavioral Science division:

REPORTER #1 (O.S.)

Sir, are these Killroy's overlooked  
victims?

CARLSON ON T.V.

That's our operating assumption  
right now given the proximity of  
the bodies to his last attack.  
We're working in conjunction with  
the Sheriff's office to...

Hoyt moves to the back porch, the screen door BANGS closed  
behind him. Kim watches, trying not to sound too worried...

KIM

... what's this mean, David?

BECK

... I don't know...

Anna's leaving the room to give him privacy -- torn, Beck wants to stop her but she's already gone. Beck and Kim are alone. Through a kitchen window she SEES Hoyt smoking a cigarette and SIGHS, an old wound's been opened:

KIM

Hoyt's disappeared to the porch.

BECK

Want me to come over?

KIM

That's alright, I'm --

(realizing)

-- is Anna there?

She suddenly regrets asking, it feels bluntly like a boundary cross for both of them. Beck's almost inaudible...

BECK

... uh, Yeah.

KIM

I'm sorry, I didn't want you to see the news by yourself... I'm glad you're not alone. I'll call tomorrow, okay?

He murmurs okay, they hang up. His eyes flick out the door, where Anna's waiting in the living room with deep concern.

INT. BECK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beck steps out, looking guilty...

ANNA

Want me to go?

BECK

Nono, I'm... sorry...

His voice trails. She wants desperately to move to him but thinks maybe he needs the space. There's so much he wants to say... this is not easy, but she deserves to hear it...

BECK

The man who attacked us, the man  
you saw on the news... Ellroy  
Kellerton -- Killroy -- that's what  
the media called him... he was  
murdering women in Bucks County...  
we were in the wrong place at the  
wrong time...

... she's in agony for him... but he's deep within himself...

BECK

He was, uh... on death row... an  
inmate killed him in a prison  
fight...

(beat)

... I remember after I got hit... I  
was lying there... it was like that  
moment right before you fall  
asleep...

**MEMORY FLASHCUT:** Lake Charmaine, Beck lying nearly  
unconscious in the forest as blood pools around his skull...

BECK (V.O.)

... where you're not really  
sleeping yet but you're not awake  
either... I could hear her... and  
for a second I thought I was going  
to get up...

We can see, he's struggling to do that...

**BACK TO:** Beck, staring off...

BECK

... Kellerton left her body less  
than a mile away... she had a...  
'K' carved into her cheek... like  
the others...

(guilt)

... God, a mile... might as well've  
been the other side of the world...  
because I couldn't get up...

He's struggling to conceal the depth of his feelings. Anna  
moves to him now, eyes welling, and holds him... a beat...

BECK

I'm sorry, this isn't fair to you.

ANNA

It isn't fair to you, either.

She could not have said anything better, and this next part he needs her to believe...

BECK

This is the first time in four  
years I've been able to imagine a  
future with someone...

ANGLE: Beck and Anna, interlocked against the skyline...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - BECK AND ELIZABETH'S TREE - DAY

Grid-search in progress. Agent Carlson surveys a FORENSICS  
TECH kneeling by the E.P. + D.B carvings in the oak tree.  
Junior agent WILLIAM HIRSCH approaches:

AGENT HIRSCH

They found hunting equipment under  
the backseat -- maps, a book on  
bear trapping.

CARLSON

Hang in with forensics.

HOYT (O.S.)

Agent Carlson --

Carlson turns to see Hoyt Parker. They shake hands and walk:

CARLSON

Mr. Parker, long time --

HOYT

-- thanks for letting me through.

CARLSON

Sorry about the circumstances.

HOYT

You like to think when it's over,  
it's over.

CARLSON

We'll try and wrap this up as soon  
as we can and get off your  
property.

Hoyt's eyes flick to the forensics tech measuring the  
carvings in the tree, there's a trace of anxiety in...

HOYT

... you found a murder weapon.

CARLSON

In the trunk, with the bodies. It matches the stab wounds on the two John Doe's.

HOYT

Was it Kellerton's?

Carlson considers how much information to parcel out here...

CARLSON

Yes and no. We're pretty sure it's the knife David Beck described as the one he and your daughter used to carve their initials in the tree, which supports our theory that Kellerton attacked them with their own knife... but the bodies were male. Doesn't fit his M.O.

That seems to register on Hoyt with some confusion.

CARLSON

How long did your daughter know David Beck before they were married?

HOYT

(doesn't like where this is going)

Hell, they were married the day they met... they were twelve.

CARLSON

Always so -- storybook? They ever have any trouble?

HOYT

Is David a suspect here?

CARLSON

... Mr. Parker, we didn't have two new bodies four years ago. That throws a lot of our assumptions out of whack.

HOYT

Like?

CARLSON

We always assumed Kellerton left your son-in-law alive because he only killed women. So if he killed these men, why'd he spare Beck?

HOYT

You think for a second that if I believed he had anything to do with it, I'd've let it lie all this time?

CARLSON

I know this is hard to hear, but you should know I'm having this conversation against my better judgement out of respect for you as a former lawman -- I don't have to tell you repeating it would constitute obstruction -- so if you want to talk about this? Please, talk to me.

(beat)

'Scuze me...

And he moves off. Hoyt is helpless with frustration. His gaze tracks up to the tree's gnarled branches...

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

A subway pulls into the station. A few passengers disembark, among them Beck. Everyone fans out into the wide parking lot. Beck starts to walk, he's quickly alone. A street lamp goes OUT. He walks a beat, we can't see much at all.

Beck hears a CAR, turns, there's a black van down the block, maybe it's taking the road a little too slowly, maybe not, after a beat it veers casually down a side-street. Beck keeps on walking, not knowing why he feels so unsettled...

INT. BECK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Beck's sitting at his desk, trying to work but having trouble concentrating...

He lowers his pen, his face gets ready for something he's about to do: he opens a desk drawer, reaches under a stack of files to find a photo of ELIZABETH. Like a kid sneaking candy when no one's looking... HOLD...

INT. BECK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beck, looking off-kilter, finds a bottle of SCOTCH he keeps for guests. Debates before popping the seal, pours a drink. Stares at the alcohol a beat then SWALLOWS and the phone RINGS, startling him -- he answers --

BECK  
-- yeah --

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL/ INT. BECK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anna at a nurse's station, is signing charts:

ANNA  
Hey, you --

INTERCUTTING: a trace of guilt in his expression, he heads back toward his desk --

BECK  
-- hi --

ANNA  
My shift's over in a half hour, how about Chinese?

BECK  
Can't, I've got to prep a custody report for tomorrow.

ANNA  
(something in his voice)  
... You sound funny...

BECK  
(trying for nonchalance)  
Really? Long day, sorry...

She hands a chart to a nurse, turns away for intimacy...

ANNA  
... I'm missing you.

BECK  
Me, too...

ANNA  
Come over when you're done working.

BECK  
Could be late.

ANNA  
Wake me up...

An INSTANT MESSAGE appears on his computer with a BING. He tilts his head in surprise as he reads: **"ARE YOU ALONE?"**

ANNA  
... hey, you there?

BECK  
Yeah, hold on, I'm -- someone's  
IM'ing me --

He types: **"WHO'S ASKING?"** Hits return. The response: **"YES OR NO"** He types: **"YES"** A browser box appears labeled: **"CLICK HERE."** He does:

The screen DISSOLVES to a web-cam feed -- as seen from a lamp post above a PARK -- Beck leans in -- what is this? People walk through frame -- a BILLBOARD advertises COFFEE in the distance -- and then -- a WOMAN stops in the crowd --

-- And instantly recognizing the very shape of her, Beck starts to TREMBLE -- the woman raises her look to camera --

It's Elizabeth.

BECK  
... Oh god...

ANNA  
David? What's --

He DROPS the phone, leans closer... Elizabeth's OLDER now... sadness passing in her look, regret... she opens her mouth in the digital silence, and we can read her lips as she mouths two words... I'm sorry...

The screen GOES BLACK. Beck LURCHING forward, reaching out as if to grab her but she's GONE... every nerve in his body is trembling in shock...

On screen, words POP: **"FRIDAY, WWW.SIGHTSEEING.COM, KISS TIME. PASSWORD: WOODGAME."**

And then: **"THEY'RE WATCHING. TELL NO ONE."**

Beck's pole-axed. Anna's VOICE from the dangling receiver:

ANNA (V.O.)  
-- David?! David?!

And now he NOTICES -- out the window, in the distance -- the SAME PARK and COFFEE BILLBOARD from the web-cam feed...

... right down the street!

EXT. BECK'S APARTMENT/ PARK - CONTINUOUS

Beck BLASTS out the door -- INTO the street -- cars SWERVE -- we WHIP OVER to the curb, where CARLSON is just pulling up -- he leaps from his car seeing Beck race into the park --

CARLSON

MR. BECK?!

Beck doesn't hear -- Carlson RUNS after him reaching out for cars to stop --

IN THE PARK: we're MOVING with Beck -- a WOMAN up ahead walking fast -- Beck SPINS her around, Elizabeth -- but it's a STRANGER who stares back in SURPRISE -- Beck whirls -- over there -- grabs someone ELSE by the shoulder --

BECK

Elizabeth?!

But it's another STRANGER, who flings Beck's hand away, and it starts to register, she's not here -- onlookers are staring at this crazed maniac as he looks around with desperate eyes --

-- which suddenly ROLL BACK, a SEIZURE attack -- he DROPS hitting the ground HARD -- his EYES whip underneath his lids, like he's watching something in there -- they suddenly POP open and we're:

MEMORY FLASHBACK: INT. CABIN - LAKE CHARMAINE - NIGHT

On the floor of a CABIN now... the open door is swaying in a light breeze... outside, the moon's reflected in the waters of LAKE CHARMAINE... our POV SHIFTS down to our HAND, covered in BLOOD, clutching a PHONE. A VOICE on the other end...

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

We're tracing and recording this call, we'll have someone there soon...

We lose consciousness again and GO TO BLACK -- HOLD -- then Beck's eyes SNAP open: CARLSON is staring down at him...

CARLSON

... How you feeling, David? You remember me?

But we're not in the park anymore:

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

Beck squints, groggy, tries to sit up in the hospital bed...

BECK

... Agent Carlson? ... How'd I get here?

CARLSON

I came to see you at your apartment, you were coming out in a real hurry. You had a seizure in the park.

And it all comes flooding back -- Elizabeth -- did he imagine her? -- was it a dream? A young RESIDENT enters, occasionally glances up from a medical chart as he talks...

RESIDENT

Good, you're up. How you feeling?

Beck's shell-shocked, mute... Carlson steps aside as the resident holds a pen-light up to Beck's eyes, examines:

RESIDENT

Medical alert card in your wallet says you've got Temporal Lobe Epilepsy.

Beck's eyes flick to Carlson, reflecting a list of anxieties.

RESIDENT

I had a temporal lobe patient once, a priest -- used to call the nuns whores, then wouldn't remember. They thought he was possessed. Been taking your Diazepam?

BECK

(beat)

... haven't had to in a long time...

RESIDENT

There's your first problem -- can't stop, even if you go for years without a seizure. Also, you had alcohol on your breath when you came in -- were you drinking?

Carlson, at the back of the room, is waiting for an answer.  
Beck sees the suspicion in his eyes...

BECK

... I, uh... had one drink...

RESIDENT

I'm sure you've been told drinking  
increases your risk of seizure? As  
does stress, you feeling stressed?

BECK

(beat)

... just work...

RESIDENT

Do yourself a favor, find a way to  
slow down.

(pockets the penlight)

Lie here, I'll be back.

He nods to Carlson as he goes. Now the room's quiet.

BECK

... Thanks for bringing me here.

CARLSON

I was hoping to ask you a couple  
questions, maybe now's not the  
time...

BECK

I saw the news...

(forces it out)

... what'd you want to know?

Carlson pulls PHOTOS from his pocket, offers them to Beck:

CARLSON

We ID'd the bodies at the lake:  
Robert Wolf and Melvin Bartola --

BECK

-- waiwait, they were men?

CARLSON

(nods: yes)

Recognize them?

Beck studies them, shakes his head, no. Carlson flips the  
next photo: a water-rusted SEDAN, flecked with moss.

CARLSON  
How about the car?

BECK  
(shakes his head)  
Sorry... who were they?

CARLSON  
Far as we can tell, a couple poachers. Since Kellerton only targeted women, maybe they heard something and came to help -- both stabbed, turns out one had his neck snapped too. Looks like they put up a fight.

BECK  
... If they did, it was after I got hit.

CARLSON  
Sorry, it's been so long -- refresh my memory -- the blow you took that night -- it aggravated your condition, right? You've been having these blackouts since you were a kid...

BECK  
... Yeah, I fell off a bike...

CARLSON  
And you never remembered making your way to the cabin or calling 911?

Beck tries not to linger in hesitation...

BECK  
(lying)  
... I don't...

CARLSON  
You remember why you were in the park tonight?

A beat, he shakes his head: no.

CARLSON  
You were calling out your wife's name. You don't remember that?

A shadow has materialized in the doorway, they turn: ANNA.  
We're not sure how long she's been there...

ANNA

... I went to your apartment,  
someone said an ambulance came for  
you...

Beck's in the twilight zone. Carlson feels himself caught in  
the moment.

CARLSON

... listen, thanks for your time.  
If anything comes up, call me.  
Hope you feel better.

He nods goodbye to Anna, she forces out a little smile. Now  
Beck and Anna are alone, he's desperate to connect with her,  
they both need it. But a wall's gone up.

INT./EXT. CAB - OUTSIDE BECK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cab pulls to the curb. Beck sits with Anna in the back,  
shoulders hunched up like he's fighting a chill. Silence.

BECK

I'm sorry...

ANNA

(beat; soft)

The rez told me you had a drink?

He stares through lost eyes... her's are a toss-up between  
compassionate and apprehensive...

ANNA

Listen, I know this is hard... and  
I don't know how much to rock the  
boat... I just... don't want you to  
be self-destructive.

He's carrying the burden of what just happened -- plus this --

BECK

... okay...

ANNA

Sure you want to be alone?

BECK

... I should sleep.

She's fighting her insecurity, but wants to put the best spin she can on this.

ANNA

... tomorrow's Friday. Let's quit work early and go to a movie or something, I'll trade shifts.

He looks at her, makes himself smile, but he's too emotional to really sell casual:

BECK

... a movie sounds great.

He leans over to kiss her, then GOES. Anna watches, uncomfortable in a hundred different ways...

INT. BECK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Beck beelines for the computer -- he sits, his mind is spinning, he's trying to figure out how to track the message:

**MEMORY FLASHCUT**, the computer screen: "FRIDAY, WWW.SIGHTSEEING.COM, KISS TIME. PASSWORD: WOODGAME."

JUMP CLOSER to the words "KISS TIME"...

**MEMORY FLASHCUT**: a waterlogged Timex, frozen at 5:15. 12 year old BECK stares at his watch sitting next to young ELIZABETH on the raft at Lake Charmaine...

YOUNG BECK

... I forgot to take off my watch, my dad's gonna kill me.

She leans over and KISSES HIM. FREEZE and HOLD...

**BACK TO PRESENT**: into the browser address bar, Beck types: "WWW.SIGHTSEEING.COM" Hits return, reads: "ERROR 404 -- PAGE NOT FOUND."

Beck just stares: was it all in his head?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NEIGHBORHOOD OF ARDMORE - LATE NIGHT

Beck, undone, in the rear of a cab. Sees a STREET SIGN out the window: "GOODHART ROAD." Indicates a house up ahead...

BECK

... That one.

EXT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hoyt, in a bathrobe, opens the door to find Beck there...

HOYT

... David.

BECK

I'm sorry to show up like this,  
Hoyt, I'm -- can I -- come in?

Hoyt stands there, as if actually debating, then finally opens the door wide enough to let Beck in...

INT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PHOTOS on the mantle, mostly Elizabeth... maybe one of her with Beck... Hoyt in SHERIFF'S UNIFORM, with fellow cops surrounding a cake that reads: "HAPPY RETIREMENT!" Standing on the stairs is Kim, she sees how undone Beck is...

KIM

Sweetie, you okay? What's --

BECK

-- sorry to wake you up, I'm --  
this'll just take a minute --

KIM

-- It's alright, we're having  
trouble sleeping, too.

Hoyt shifts awkwardly on that, as if Kim's just revealed some vulnerability he isn't comfortable exposing to Beck --

BECK

(to Hoyt)

I need to ask you something, and  
it's kind of -- it's about when you  
ID'd Elizabeth at the morgue.

That sits a minute between them all. Hoyt, low:

HOYT

... Why would you want to go into  
that?

BECK

Carlson came to see me today.

Hoyt's face is tight.

BECK

He wanted to know about the men  
they found in the car -- if I'd  
ever seen them at the lake before --  
I guess it just... brought things  
up again --

(a beat)

-- I should've ID'd her body. It's  
not right I didn't see what she  
went through --

KIM

-- you were in the hospital, you  
would've if you'd been able to --

BECK

(to Hoyt)

I just need to hear it --

HOYT

Hear what?

BECK

How she looked -- the things you  
told me, were they details you  
remember from reading the report or  
did you really look?

HOYT

Elizabeth's gone, the details don't  
matter anymore --

BECK

Look, I'm sorry, but I need to  
know --

HOYT

-- what happened on the news has  
nothing to do with us --

BECK

-- Please --

HOYT

-- what good'll it do to harp on it  
now --

BECK

-- Please --

KIM

He has a right to know, Hoyt...

And what comes next should feel like an assault aimed squarely at Beck...

HOYT

You want to know? She was stabbed seventeen times... her jaw'd been ripped off its hinges... 'K' was carved into her right cheek...

Hoyt's eyes are searing... Kim's are starting to well...

HOYT

And you want to know the worst part? ... I knew in a second it was Liz.

Beck's devastated... by the details... by the confusion they bring... and by Hoyt's clear need to punish him for asking...

BECK

(heartbroken)

... You've never forgiven me, have you? Because I couldn't protect her.

We see that HIT Hoyt. He glances over at Kim, who's staring back with such outrage the air suddenly goes out of him. Now he's feeling guilty. Drops into a chair, shaking his head...

HOYT

I don't blame you, David. I just wish none of this had come up again.

Beck nods, resolute. Wipes his eyes and stands...

BECK

Elizabeth idolized you. She said you always made her feel safe.

That seems to rock Hoyt at his core.

BECK

I'm sorry I couldn't.

Beck moves to the door and GOES, leaving Kim and Hoyt alone in the empty house. If silence can get louder, it's now.

KIM

Hoyt... he's our last connection to Liz. And if you ever do anything else to push him away, I swear I will never forgive you.

She stands, cuts him the hardest look she can, and goes upstairs. HOLD on Hoyt, slumped in the chair...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Beck, looking numb, walks aimlessly... past a deserted elementary school... a merry-go-round CREAKS in the wind... what we HEAR next comes like reverie...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
... well, here I am, awake... week four in Vienna and I still can't sleep... God, David, I had the worst dream: I flew home and you were with someone else... and I felt washed away by the fear of being apart...

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NEXT MORNING

Beck, pressed close to rail riders, is deep in thought.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
Maybe I'm afraid things people say about us are true...

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - SOUTH PHILLY - MORNING

A light POPS on as Beck enters the storage room.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
... that we cling to each other just to have an anchor... that first loves never last...

He finds a box labeled "E'S THINGS." Steels himself before opening it: knickknacks, photos, the two of them together...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
Are we going to be the exception?... I hope so.

He finds a LETTER post-marked from VIENNA, opens it: we're CLOSE on the handwritten WORDS as we realize, this is what we've been HEARING... Beck reads on...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
... and I promise: I will be coming home soon.  
(a beat)  
P.S... in case you haven't noticed?  
This is a love letter.

His face: too much. He drops the letter in the box, puts it back, it TILTS a little in his arms and Elizabeth's ORGANIZER tumbles out, flipping open: Beck notices a KEY inside the Ziplock pouch. He sets down the box, removes the key, studying a NUMBER taped to the fingerhold: "77." HOLD...

INT. LOCKSMITH SHOP - MORNING

Key-cutting machines WHIR: sparks BURST behind a LOCKSMITH, who's studying Elizabeth's key under a jeweler's monocle...

LOCKSMITH  
It's a deposit box key...

BECK  
How can I trace it?

Locksmith gestures, c'mere, Beck lowers his eye to the monocle seeing a near-microscopic NUMERIC CODE etched into the key just below the deposit box number.

LOCKSMITH  
That's a routing code, it'll be listed in the Thomson Financial Directory...

INT. PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LIBRARY - MORNING

Beck takes a seat at a table, opens a leatherbound BOOK. CLOSE: his finger MOVING down the page, it stops on the same numeric code we saw on the key...

LOCKSMITH (V.O.)  
... the code'll tell you what bank it belongs to, but it won't tell you what branch it came from...

Beck's fingertip SLIDES across the page to correlating bank: "CITY NATIONAL."

INT. CITY NATIONAL BANK - CENTER CITY - MORNING

Beck takes a seat in front of a junior officer, PAM. His tone is low, cordial, calculated for maximum effect...

BECK  
I'm wondering if you can help me with something. My wife passed away and I'm trying to get some of her things in order...

Pam's LOOK of sympathy: how can she help?

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CHILDREN'S SERVICES (DCS) - LATE MORNING

Beck arrives late, distracted, he passes his secretary Jenny:

BECK

Cancel everything after five, I've got something I can't reschedule.

JENNY

Jack Allen called, he's free for lunch today.

Beck takes a beat, what to do? -- he isn't in any shape to discuss his future but can't abandon the momentum either --

BECK

-- okay, yeah --

MOVING on, Beck's surprised to find TYRESE BARTON outside his office.

BECK

Mr. Barton...

TYRESE

... can we talk?

BECK

(last thing he needs, they enter)

Come in... what can I do for you?

TYRESE

Yeah, I just -- you know -- wanna thank you, what you did for me and my son the other day.

BECK

You don't have to thank me.

TYRESE

He fell off the couch is all -- now he's blind, and that pine-top motherfucker locks me to a chair?

BECK

The police were hassling you because they think you deal drugs.

TYRESE

You think that?

BECK

We've got no specific knowledge here, Mr. Barton, so it doesn't matter what I think -- what matters is you have a disabled son now who's going to need special attention, and if you can't provide it -- for whatever reason -- we will come knocking on your door.

(a beat)

Nothing against you, it's your son I'm looking out for.

Tyrese understands that. He's turning something over...

TYRESE

I know. That's why I came to say thanks.

(beat)

... you ever take private clients?

BECK

If you need a lawyer, I'm sure I can refer you to somebody.

Tyrese reaches into his pocket and hands Beck a CARD. Just a PHONE NUMBER on it, no name, nothing else:

TYRESE

My digits, you think about it.  
Make it worth your while.

Beck watches him swagger off.

EXT. VETERAN'S STADIUM - DAY

Home of the 'Phillies.' Jack Allen and Beck sit in the EMPTY stadium, eating sandwiches in the bleachers. The mood: Allen, contemplative. Beck: anxiety held in reserve...

ALLEN

I saw the news the other night -- have to admit, it was a little shocking seeing Elizabeth's face again.

Beck nods, he's trying for the appearance of control. Allen notes that in silence, stares out into the open field...

ALLEN

I talked to Pete Blumenthal in legal, he says there's a place for you in real-estate acquisitions.

(MORE)

ALLEN (cont'd)

(beat)

But I have to ask you, David... you  
sure you're ready to leave DCS?

BECK

(isn't quite following)

... How do you mean?

Allen scans the stadium... speaks thoughtfully...

ALLEN

You know, Brandon loved baseball --  
part of why I left politics while  
he was still young... I thought I'd  
bring him into a business he'd take  
over... I was this close to walking  
away from it after he died.

(beat)

I was sitting here one day,  
watching practice, and I was...

overwhelmed with a memory of  
teaching him how to play catch --

(pointing)

-- right there... and I realized, I  
can't leave this place.

Beck's eyes: that has penetrated.

ALLEN

Moving on doesn't have to mean you  
give up everything. You decide  
what you want to keep and what you  
let go of...

(beat)

That said, the job's yours if you  
want it. But I think you've got a  
genuine taste for public service,  
and I'm not sure you'd be happy  
doing anything else.

Beck sits, silent and yielding. His cell RINGS...

BECK

... sorry --

(into phone)

-- Hello?

PAM (V.O.)

Mr. Beck? This is Pam at City  
National?

Beck's trying not to sound anxious:

BECK

Hi, Pam...

PAM (V.O.)

The key came from our branch in Fox-Chase.

BECK

... thanks, I appreciate it.

PAM (V.O.)

Is there anything else I can--

BECK

-- nono, thank you.

(hangs up; rising)

I'm sorry -- I have to go --

Allen nods, offers a sincere smile...

ALLEN

Take a little time, David. Think about it.

INT. TAXICAB - ON THE BEN FRANKLIN PARKWAY - DAY

Beck, in the rear, stares through the windshield: an exit sign ahead -- "FOX-CHASE."

EXT. FOX-CHASE CITY NATIONAL - DAY

As Beck pays the cab driver, a dark van passes... could be the same van Beck noticed when he got off the subway earlier... he watches it drive on around the corner...

INT. FOX-CHASE CITY NATIONAL - DAY

Beck enters, approaching a teller window...

BECK

Hi, I'd like to get into my safety deposit box.

FEMALE TELLER

I need your key and driver's license, please.

Beck offers both. Strangely, the teller takes an extra beat staring at the key. Looks up at Beck. Retreats to a BANK MANAGER, speaks low, he looks over, approaches...

BANK MANAGER

Sir, if you'll come with me, I can take you to the vault.

This is starting to feel strange. They WALK to the vault door, a SECURITY GUARD joins them, they're BUZZED into...

INT. VAULT AREA - CONTINUOUS

... Beck enters to find AGENT CARLSON waiting with a group of Feds. He draws back in surprise:

BECK

... What is this?

CARLSON

Mr. Beck, would you come with us over to our field office?

BECK

What's going on?

CARLSON

We can talk about it there.

BECK

... Am I being invited, or is this custodial?

CARLSON

(indicating the exit)  
Would you mind?

Beck stares back, his defensive instincts on high alert:

BECK

As long as you don't mind if I call my lawyer...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Beck and Carlson are facing each other. There's something new in Carlson's eyes, a motor winding to full speed...

CARLSON

We ran a follow up on your wife -- financials, employment records -- when you called City National about the deposit box, we were alerted.

BECK

... you knew I was coming...

CARLSON  
Why didn't you mention your wife  
had a safety deposit box?

BECK  
I'll be happy to answer your  
questions as someone who's expected  
to cooperate with a federal  
investigator, but I'd appreciate  
you turning to that window and  
affirming I haven't been  
Mirandized.

INT. ANTE-ROOM - THROUGH THE TWO-WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS  
Agent Hirsch watches on the other side next to a recording  
VIDEO CAMERA. Carlson turns to the mirror...

CARLSON  
David Beck has not been Mirandized.  
Hirsch smirks: point for Beck.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLSON  
(turning back)  
So?

BECK  
I didn't know about the box until  
this morning.

CARLSON  
Why didn't you call me?

BECK  
I would have, if you told me  
directly you'd re-opened  
Elizabeth's case -- but you didn't  
tell me -- you let me walk into the  
vault to -- what -- coax me into a  
confession? How could you even  
think I had something to do with  
what happened to her?

CARLSON  
The first thing we found in the  
deposit box was a videotape...

He taps a remote and the TV BLINKS to life -- Carlson KEEPS  
HIS EYES ON BECK to gauge a reaction as...

ON THE TV: hand held video, a HISPANIC GIRL, maybe thirteen, on a bed, scared... OFF-SCREEN, we HEAR a MAN'S VOICE mumble something... his HAND swipes through frame adjusting the focus, we see a FLASH of the GOLD WATCH on his wrist...

BECK leans in... he's already uneasy... CLOSE on the young girl's FACE... Beck's eyes GROW in recognition:

MEMORY FLASHCUT: EXT. NORTH PHILADELPHIA PARK - NIGHT

The SAME GIRL is staring up at us in fear, shivering through junkie withdrawal. A HAND reaches out to help: ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

You're going to be okay...

We see now that BECK is standing behind Elizabeth, and together they help the girl to her feet...

BACK TO: the video, the girl starts to UNDRESS, frightened, doesn't want to be doing this. Carlson hits "STOP."

CARLSON

Any idea who the girl is?

BECK

(knows he's about to get taken apart)

... no.

CARLSON

Wouldn't be your voice on the tape, would it?

BECK

No -- look, you're recording this -- run a voice-print, it isn't me --

CARLSON

Why was your wife keeping this from you?

BECK

-- I don't know --

Carlson tosses a PHOTOGRAPH across the table: Elizabeth, badly bruised, posing against a white background.

CARLSON

That. Is the second thing we found in the box.

Beck's brain has capsized... the image is brutal...

BECK

This conversation's over until my lawyer gets here.

CARLSON

I'll do the talking, then -- four years ago, during your wife's autopsy, we found two distinct semen types in her body.

Beck's face: at first, words that don't compute... slowly, we watch his expression CHANGE... seasick...

CARLSON

I didn't tell you then because I didn't see what good it would do. We had an open-and-shut case, you'd been through enough -- why tarnish her memory?

Beck is starting to TREMBLE...

CARLSON

I'm telling you now so you'll understand where I'm coming from. See, I have no doubt that you loved your wife, Mr. Beck. Maybe you loved her too much... I think you found out she had an affair...

**MEMORY FLASHCUT:** Beck and Elizabeth at the lake... she reaches for him, eyes brimming, desperate for his understanding...

ELIZABETH

I should've told you... I'm so sorry... I love you so much...

**BACK TO:**

CARLSON

... I think hearing that from the woman you'd been with since you were twelve triggered a temporal lobe seizure -- a condition that can affect impulse control -- during which you took a knife, and with that knife, you stabbed your wife to death...

(beat)

(MORE)

CARLSON (cont'd)

But two men came along -- they tried to help -- you fought, that's how you got the concussion -- and when you woke up from your blackout, you were looking at three bodies -- so you covered it up -- that's first degree, that's death penalty.

(leans in; the closer)

Nod your head, Mr. Beck... all you have to do is nod your head... and I'll push for second degree.

Beck is FROZEN... he cannot move... SUDDENLY the door SWINGS WIDE and a WOMAN bursts in: HESTER CRIMSTEIN, a human tornado, she STABS out a finger pointing to Beck --

CRIMSTEIN

You, let's go --

(to Carlson)

-- And you, where the hell do you get off questioning my client without his attorney present?

CARLSON

Hey, he knows his rights --

CRIMSTEIN

Don't even think about getting in a pissing contest with me, I got a strap-on in my trunk the size of a redwood and I promise it'll hurt. Now, say goodbye to Mr. Beck 'cause you're never talking to him again.

She grabs Beck, they're OUT the door: SLAM.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOVING with Beck and Crimstein as they shake hands quickly...

CRIMSTEIN

Hester Crimstein --

BECK

-- David Beck --

CRIMSTEIN

-- How'd you find me?

BECK

Pete Daly over at DCS said you were a pit-bull.

CRIMSTEIN  
Tell me what happened...

INT. HESTER'S TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Beck in the rear, looking lost. Hester, up front with her DRIVER, finishes scribbling on a PAD filled with NOTES:

CRIMSTEIN  
-- let's go back to the beginning:  
did you know your wife was having  
an affair?

A deep ragged sigh, like he's talking himself into it:

BECK  
... she wasn't... I knew she'd done  
something once, but that was before  
we were married...

CRIMSTEIN  
I'm gonna take that as a 'no, you  
didn't.' Tell me about the girl in  
the video.

BECK  
Elizabeth used to make rounds at  
night looking for kids on the  
street. I'd go with her sometimes.  
We picked the girl up and brought  
her to Advocate House.

CRIMSTEIN  
We need to talk to her.

BECK  
It's been four years -- she was a  
junkie, she could be dead by now.

CRIMSTEIN  
Better hope not, cause she's the  
only one who can tell us who made  
the tape -- that makes her your new  
best friend.

BECK  
(consent)  
Check with Advocate House, should  
be a case file.

CRIMSTEIN  
Why'd you lie to Carlson about  
knowing her?

BECK

Doesn't exactly bolster my credibility to tell the FBI I recognized an underage girl on a porno tape.

CRIMSTEIN

This is why I hate representing lawyers. Don't be worrying about your credibility if you wanna look innocent --

BECK

I am innocent --

CRIMSTEIN

Not kidding here, Beck, I don't give a shit. Either your wife was involved in making that tape or she was compiling evidence against someone.

BECK

Well it wasn't me.

CRIMSTEIN

So how'd she get the bruises?

BECK

In a car accident, about a month before she died.

CRIMSTEIN

Did you take her to the hospital?

BECK

No, I was fulfilling some CLE credits at Northwestern.

CRIMSTEIN

Hope you can prove it, 'cause that sounds like a bunch of shit. Those pictures look bad -- the FBI's gonna make the case you'd been violent with her before --

BECK

Look, I'm not lying to preserve your ability to put me on the stand here --

CRIMSTEIN

What'd I tell you, don't lawyer me.

BECK

Hester, I never hit my wife, and I  
sure as hell didn't kill her!

Open desperation in his voice, his life is unravelling.  
Hester relents, tries for a lighter tone...

CRIMSTEIN

Awright, David, let's go back... do  
you have any idea who took those  
pictures?

INT. SCHAYES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

REBECCA SCHAYES, the woman we saw at the wedding and fund-  
raiser, exits her darkroom. A KNOCK at the door...

REBECCA

Yeah...

Beck enters:

BECK

Hi, Rebecca.

REBECCA

David --

BECK

This a bad time?

REBECCA

Nono, I'm --

She notices how undone he looks...

REBECCA

-- are you okay?

INT. SCHAYES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - LATER

Rebecca stacks film in the fridge. She seems ruffled...

REBECCA

What difference does it make now?

BECK

Humor me, okay? You were with her.  
She said it was nothing, she took  
her eyes off the road. That true?

Rebecca finds her smokes, lights one. See the edginess.

BECK (CONT'D)  
Was there an accident, or not?

REBECCA  
(exhaling smoke, defiant)  
... I don't know.

BECK  
What do you mean, you don't know?

REBECCA  
I'm saying Elizabeth told me she  
was in one, too.

-- she notices his eyelid FLUTTER --

REBECCA  
You alright? You don't look so  
good --

BECK  
Yeah -- I'm fine -- the accident --  
you weren't there?

REBECCA  
I came home one night and she was  
on my stoop. She was bruised, she  
said she'd been in a car accident.  
She had a roll of film she wanted  
me to develop for the insurance  
company. I didn't believe her, but  
she begged me, if you asked, to say  
the same thing.

BECK  
Rebecca, you have to tell me -- was  
she seeing someone else?

REBECCA  
... I don't know... maybe...

BECK  
Was she or wasn't she?

REBECCA  
I don't know, David, that's the  
truth.

BECK  
The truth -- even though she told  
you to lie to me -- and you did.

REBECCA

Don't talk to me like I'm a shitty friend, I knew her before I knew you.

BECK

Meaning what?

REBECCA

Hey, I tried to be there after Liz died, you didn't even return my calls!

BECK

(guilty, his head pounding)

... Look, I wasn't ready...

REBECCA

Now you're accusing me of, of, what are you accusing me of? Keeping a secret that could've saved her life?

BECK

-- I'm not accusing you --  
-- I'm just trying to find out --

REBECCA

-- I don't deserve that --  
-- how was I supposed to know the bruises didn't come from you?!

He loses his balance -- TUMBLES -- reaches for a table but manages only to grab a lamp -- Beck BLACKS OUT --

REBECCA (cont'd)

David, Jesus --

We SNAP closer to his eyes, whipping back and forth under his lids... Rebecca's VOICE becomes a distant ECHO and we go to:

BECK'S MENTAL IMAGE: a tiny BLACK DOT in the distance... expanding wider... it SNAPS suddenly forward and we're in...

**MEMORY FLASHBACK:** EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - DUSK

BECK'S POINT-OF VIEW: blurry and distorted, SOMEONE is on the ground, trying desperately to crawl away from us -- we LUNGE with our hunting knife -- blood SPRAYS and we go:

**BACK TO PRESENT:** Beck LURCHES upright in the studio, blinking, turns -- his eyes meet REBECCA'S on the floor, she's staring up at us, DEAD, her skull's been BLUDGEONED...

Beck JUMPS to his feet -- oh my God -- he's holding Rebecca's LAMP -- it's COVERED IN BLOOD -- he drops it, horrified -- unthinking, he races OUT the door leaving it WIDE OPEN...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Down the stairwell, running in shock, in terror, onto the first floor LANDING where he nearly COLLIDES with a MAN --

MAN  
Ey, watch it!

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Beck TEARS from the building, crazed -- races down the block -- where's he going? -- he doesn't know, just has to keep moving -- sees --

A POLICE PRECINCT AHEAD

Beck FREEZES -- breathless -- should he turn himself in? -- stares at his bloody hands -- noticing now the WATCH on his wrist -- his eyes WIDEN remembering --

**MEMORY FLASHCUT:** On Beck's computer screen, Elizabeth's message: "**FRIDAY -- KISS TIME** -- "

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - EXAMINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A young GIRL sits on an exam table. Anna slots MRI photos into a display screen as her NAME is called on the hospital paging system. She picks up a phone:

ANNA  
Yeah?

EXT. ACROSS FROM POLICE PRECINCT - INTERCUTTING - CONTINUOUS

BECK  
Anna, it's me --

ANNA  
(hearing his panic)  
-- David? --

BECK  
I need you to meet me at my office --

ANNA  
What's wrong?

BECK  
Just meet me, okay?

He HANGS UP, slides his hands into his pockets to avoid attracting attention and blends into foot traffic.

Anna looks thrown: what the hell was that?

INT. DCS OFFICES - BECK'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Beck BURSTS in, races to his computer. Jenny's on his heels:

JENNY  
You missed the Capelli meeti--

She sees his face, his forehead's beaded with sweat --

JENNY  
-- are you okay?

BECK  
-- not now, Jenny --

JENNY  
Okayokay --

She exits as Anna appears in the doorway, breathless -- she's still wearing her white lab coat --

ANNA  
David, what --

He raises his hands to quiet her, they're covered in BLOOD:

BECK  
-- Listen, listen, you have  
to see something --  
-- you have to be here when  
it comes --

ANNA  
-- Oh my God, what happened  
to your hand? --  
-- when what comes --

BECK  
-- the message -- if it comes at  
five fifteen, if you see it too, I  
didn't kill her --

ANNA  
-- David, what are you talking  
about --

BECK  
-- Elizabeth contacted me --

ANNA  
(a beat to hear that)  
... what?! --

BECK  
 -- I'm supposed to get a  
 message from her in three  
 minutes --  
 -- if I do, then maybe I'm  
not crazy --

ANNA  
 -- waiwaiwait --  
 -- what d'you mean she  
contacted you --

He grabs her shoulders, eyes lit with fear and desperation:

BECK  
 Listen to me, if I have another  
 seizure, I want you to get away  
 from me --

INT. SCHAYES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A crime scene photographer lowers his camera revealing  
 REBECCA'S CORPSE. Carlson hovers, as Hirsch approaches...

AGENT HIRSCH  
 ... Guy coming into the building  
 ID'd David Beck running out.

CARLSON  
 Get a warrant.

INT. BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beck punches his keyboard, typing: "WWW.SIGHTSEEING.COM"

ANNA  
 David, answer me, what're  
 you --

BECK  
 Shhh, shhh --  
 (trying to think)  
 -- she, she said the password  
 was 'Woodgame'...

CLOSE on the SCREEN: **ACCESSING WEBSITE.**

BECK  
 Okay, okay, look, yesterday I  
 couldn't get on the website -- now  
 it's there --

ANNA  
 -- what're you talking about?

Words APPEAR on-screen: "ENTER PASSWORD: \_\_\_\_\_" Beck  
 types: "WOODGAME." Hits ENTER. READ: "INVALID PASSWORD."  
 He flips his wrist, checks his watch: "5:15."

BECK (CONT'D)  
 'Kiss Time' -- she said 'Kiss  
 time'!

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A brigade of FEDS climbs into a line-up of dark sedans. Carlson in the lead, nods to the driver, go. Engine ROARS.

INT. DCS OFFICES - BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beck re-enters "WOODGAME." Read: "INVALID PASSWORD."

ANNA  
David, stop and look at -- BECK  
-- I don't get it --

He rises, pacing a little circle, he isn't hearing her...

ANNA  
-- Please, please, look at me -- if Elizabeth's alive, why wouldn't she just come out and say so? I mean, why play games?

BECK  
Cause they're watching -- Anna, you can't tell anyone about this --

ANNA  
-- who's watching --

BECK  
-- I don't know, just promise me you won't talk to anyone, please --

He's desperate -- the urgency snaps her into doctor-voice:

ANNA  
... Okay, I promise... I'm getting a paper towel for your hand...

She walks out, Beck turns to the window -- helpless and frightened -- he notices something -- a TREE across the street -- his EYES light with MEMORY:

MEMORY FLASHCUT: EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - THE ELM TREE - DAY

Young Beck in front of the oak tree with hands over his eyes:

YOUNG BECK  
Bogeyman's bluff! I'm gonna find you!

BACK TO PRESENT: Beck WHIPS around...

BECK  
Sonofabitch, it's a code.

INT. CARLSON'S SEDAN - MOVING - EARLY EVENING

Carlson slaloms traffic, siren SCREAMING. Into phone:

CARLSON

This is a courtesy call, Hester...

INT. CRIMSTEIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Crimstein listens with vein BULGING on her forehead...

CARLSON (V.O.)

... we'll be arresting David Beck  
in five minutes for the murder of  
Rebecca Schayes...

INT. BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beck punches computer keys. Jenny's VOICE on the speaker...

JENNY (V.O.)

David, Hester Crimstein's on the  
line for you --

BECK

-- in a minute --

Under PASSWORD, Beck types: "BOGEYMANSBLUFF." He hits ENTER  
and letters POP: "RITTENHOUSE SQUARE. SOUTHEAST CORNER. TWO  
O'CLOCK TOMORROW. NO MATTER WHAT, I LOVE YOU..."

Beck SLAPS his hand on the desk, exuberant, he WHIPS around:

BECK

LOOK!

But Anna isn't there anymore.

INT. DCS OFFICES - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Anna talks low on her cell...

ANNA

I need an ambulance pickup -- bring  
restraints -- have Dr. Counter prep  
a psych eval, I think he's having a  
psychotic break -- tell her it's a  
personal favor -- the patient's  
name is David Be--

The phone's suddenly RIPPED from her hand -- Beck is THERE --  
he PULLS HER toward his office -- people are noticing --

BECK  
You have to see this --

ANNA  
-- David, wait --

BECK  
-- Anna, please --

ANNA  
-- STOP!

She YANKS free -- more heads are turning -- Jenny, who doesn't know how to handle this, is holding up a phone --

JENNY  
David, Crimstein says it's urgent!

He GRABS the phone from her --

BECK  
Hester, I'll call you ba--

INT. CRIMSTEIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CRIMSTEIN  
-- shut up and listen to me, David,  
you're about to be arrested.

EXT. DCS OFFICE BUILDING - WEST PHILLY - CONTINUOUS

The brigade of SEDANS pulls up to the building...

INT. BECK'S OFFICE/ CRIMSTEIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beck is listening to Crimstein with wild desperation:

CRIMSTEIN  
You know how this works, they'll  
arraign you, I'll have you out in  
forty-eight hours --

BECK  
No, Hester, I can't wait that long!

Beck is nearly SHOUTING -- people turn --

INT. DCS OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Riding UP with the Feds: Carlson unhölsters his .38 and checks the chamber. The elevator door DINGS and OPENS...

INT. DCS OFFICES - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

STAFFERS freeze in surprise as Carlson and the Feds push through the office -- Carlson stops at a receptionist:

CARLSON  
Where's David Beck's office?

WHIP TO Beck across the room who SEES Carlson -- they LOCK EYES -- Carlson is MOVING --

CRIMSTEIN (V.O.)  
I'll meet you at the precin --

Beck DROPS the phone, RUNS to his office -- Anna follows --

ANNA  
Wait! David!

He SLAMS the door on her -- hear the lock CLICK -- she's POUNDING HARD --

ANNA  
David, open the door!

INT. BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beck furiously PUNCHES computer keys -- a WARNING appears on-screen: "**REFORMATTING HARD-DRIVE: YOUR CURRENT FILES WILL BE ERASED... 10%... 20%...**"

INT. DCS OFFICES - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Carlson and the Feds PUSH Anna away from the door --

CARLSON  
Out of the way, please --

ANNA  
-- what's going on? --

An agent PULLS her back -- she claws at him --

ANNA  
Get your hands off me!

INT. BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beck looks to the fire escape -- POUNDING at the door --

CARLSON (O.S.)  
Mr. Beck, it's Agent Carlson, open the door!

EXT. BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carlson hears the window OPEN -- steps back and KICKS the door down --

INT. BECK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carlson explodes into the room -- Beck's GONE --

CARLSON  
(into walkie)  
Code three: suspect has fled, white  
male, suit, heading west on foot!

Anna stares in gaping shock...

The computer CHIRPS. Read: **"REFORMATTING COMPLETE. YOUR  
FILES HAVE BEEN DELETED."** Carlson BARKS:

CARLSON (CONT'D)  
Take the computer --  
(indicating Anna)  
-- and hold her!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - NIGHT

Beck LEAPS off the fire escape, landing in a pile of garbage  
-- up again, round a CORNER -- he draws short running into a  
YOUNG OFFICER who stands FROZEN in surprise, then REACHES for  
his gun -- Beck is FASTER, lashing out his FIST he CRACKS the  
cop's jaw -- the cop lands HARD on the pavement --

BECK  
Sorry, I'm sorry...

And he's RUNNING again, out onto...

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Beck races INTO TRAFFIC, cars HONK swerving wildly -- CARLSON  
runs from the building with Feds giving chase -- Beck rounds  
a corner and a squad car is THERE, he hops a FENCE, sprints  
through a playground -- Carlson JUMPS the fence in pursuit --  
Beck sees a sign for the subway ahead, stairs descending --

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Beck races down stairs, soars past the TOKEN CLERK hopping  
the turnstile...

TOKEN CLERK  
HEY!

He disappears into a train car -- CARLSON follows down the  
stairs, barely diving into the train just as doors CLOSE --

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Carlson pressing on -- gun at the ready -- eyes SCANNING, searching the car -- SEES through the door up ahead --

ANGLE - THROUGH DOOR PORTAL - CARLSON'S POV: a FIGURE moving over the train divider into the next car...

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - ON THE TRAIN DIVIDER - CONTINUOUS

Between cars, Carlson steps out -- the ROAR of the subway is DEAFENING -- he slides back the door, enters:

INT. NEXT TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carlson SEES Beck at the far end of the train --

CARLSON  
David Beck, freeze!

He levels his gun -- screaming, pandemonium, Beck FREEZES, turns -- tension HOLDS and then the train BRAKES slightly -- the car plummets into DARKNESS -- in that split-second Beck disappears OUT the divider door -- Carlson RACES after him --

EXT. TRAIN DIVIDER PLATFORM/ FRANKLIN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Beck BRACES himself as the train EXPLODES from the tunnel onto the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BRIDGE -- he turns against whipping wind, sees Carlson bearing down -- up ahead: the last train car, Beck's pinned, his look TURNS OUT over the bridge -- the Delaware river below, his last play -- he swallows, climbs onto the thin railing, adrenaline coursing --

CARLSON: in the train car, YANKS back the door handle SLAMMING onto the divider platform just as:

BECK LAUNCHES OFF THE SIDE OF THE MOVING TRAIN... OVER THE FRANKLIN BRIDGE...

FALLING WITH BECK: the air all around us a THUNDEROUS SCREAM... arms flailing... everything a BLUR...

CARLSON: gaping, he cannot believe his fucking eyes as...

Beck CRASHES beneath the surface... swells RIPPLE...

WHITEWASHING US TO:

EXT. BODEGA BURRITO STAND - WEST PHILLY - NIGHT

Tyrese is feeding his son T.J. dinner. Bodyguard BRUTUS behind them, watching. A CRACK-HEAD shuffles over, but Brutus shoots out a massive arm:

BRUTUS

Not now, go on outta here.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Abandoned dock section. Beck, drenched, lifts the phone with trembling hands... he's fighting to stay conscious...

EXT. BURRITO BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Tyrese's cell RINGS. He answers:

TYRESE

... What up?

EXT. ABANDONED DOCK SECTION - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

A Mercedes SCREECHES to a stop. Doors open, out come Tyrese and Brutus, moving to the PHONE BOOTH. Tyrese rips the door open to find BECK there, slumped... the barest whisper...

BECK

... don't take me to a hospital...

Tyrese and Brutus lift him up, help him to the Mercedes -- he starts to SPASM -- a SEIZURE --

TYRESE

-- get him in the car --

They stretch him across the back seat, and we:

CUT TO BLACK.

HOLD, then FADE UP on a WINDOW: Beck's POV blurring in and out of focus, looking out from the back of the Mercedes at the dilapidated PROJECTS...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP: POV UPSIDE DOWN, as we're carried up a flight of stairs... POV SHIFTS to Tyrese ahead of us, he turns to say:

TYRESE

You be awright...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Anna's rubbing red-rimmed eyes. Crimstein beside her, BARKS at Carlson:

CRIMSTEIN

She answered the goddamn question!  
You really think he's stupid enough  
to make her an accessory by telling  
her where he went?

Carlson leans over Anna, his motor's running fast...

CARLSON

Why'd he call you down to his  
office?

ANNA

... I don't know. He didn't get a  
chance to tell me.

CARLSON

(doesn't believe that)  
How long have you been dating?

ANNA

... Six months.

CARLSON

You really think that's long enough  
to justify lying for him?

CRIMSTEIN

-- okay, foul, game over --  
(to Anna)  
-- upupup --

CARLSON

-- I'm trying to find him for her  
protection, too --

ANNA

... I think he's sick... but he  
wouldn't hurt me...

CARLSON

You willing to stake your life on  
that? We found his prints on the  
lamp he used to bludgeon Rebecca  
Schayes -- someone ID'd him running  
out of the building covered in her  
blood -- he has your address.

CRIMSTEIN  
She gets the point --  
(to Anna)  
-- wait outside.

Anna EXITS. Crimstein glares at Carlson:

CRIMSTEIN  
The videotape you found in the  
deposit box, I want it.

CARLSON  
Not a chance, it's evidence.

CRIMSTEIN  
Evidence pertaining to a crime for  
which he has not been charged --  
the tape has nothing to do with the  
murder of the Schayes woman --

CARLSON  
-- we don't know that yet --

CRIMSTEIN  
-- prove to me the girl on the tape  
knows anything relevant to this  
case and you can have it back.  
Until then, the rules governing the  
seizure of private property apply:  
the tape was in his late wife's  
deposit box, he was her sole  
beneficiary, chapter and verse, cut  
and dried.

CARLSON  
Okay, you win, I'll hand it right  
over so you can find the girl and  
influence her testimony.

CRIMSTEIN  
You're stalling, Cochese -- you  
know I'm gonna get a court order --

CARLSON  
-- if I really wanted to stall, I'd  
slap you with reckless assault.  
Your client attacked a cop because  
you told him we were coming.

CRIMSTEIN  
News flash, you called me! And I  
told him to stay put.

Carlson opens the door, gestures to the hallway...

CARLSON

See you when you have your court order.

CRIMSTEIN

(out the door)

Twelve hours, max -- time me.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

A sedan pulls to the curb. Anna steps out, Crimstein leans out the window:

CRIMSTEIN

No matter who flashes what badge or what question they ask, you do not answer unless I'm around, understand?

Anna gives a little nod. Crimstein's softer now...

CRIMSTEIN

... sure you should go back to work?

ANNA

... If I sit at home staring at the walls, I'll lose it...

CRIMSTEIN

(a nod)

Call if you need anything.

The window rolls back up and Crimstein's car drives off. Anna wraps arms around herself, shock wearing in...

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Not much activity tonight. Anna walks the corridor, zombie-like -- focuses suddenly -- a WOMAN waiting by the nurse's station stands: Kim. She approaches. The fluorescent light lays bare their agonized faces...

KIM

I talked to someone at David's office, they told me what happened.

(beat)

Can I buy you a cup of coffee?

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Empty, except for the two women sitting across from each other in awkward silence. A beat before Kim says...

KIM

Just so you know where I'm coming from. I love David. And I don't believe for a minute that he hurt anyone, least of all my daughter.

Uncertainty in Anna's face. Kim watching that.

KIM

You don't know what to believe, do you.

ANNA

(quietly, draws a breath)  
Mrs. Parker, how much do you know about his condition?

KIM

He's had it since he was little.

ANNA

Did you know that -- in very rare cases -- Temporal Lobe Epilepsy can provoke seizures that change a person's behavior?

KIM

I know David.

ANNA

(no way to say this gently)  
... He thinks Elizabeth's sending him messages.

That lands on Kim's face like a slap.

ANNA

I think seeing her face on the news again triggered a psychotic break -- it can be impossible to distinguish delusion from reality.

We can see Kim suffering every sorrow there is for him...

KIM

... He... told you this?

ANNA

Yes.

Kim takes a long beat to weigh that. Her eyes are welling.

KIM

... this 'break'... is it temporary?

ANNA

It could be, if he gets treatment.

KIM

(leans in, desperate)  
... then please don't give up on him.

A tear drops from her eyes. Anna swallows, heartstruck.

INT. TYRESE'S LOFT - EARLY MORNING

Beck's eyes POP OPEN: Tyrese sits beside him on an old mattress. Beck clears his throat to speak, a hoarse....

BECK

What time is it?

TYRESE

'Bout six a.m.

BECK

What day?

TYRESE

Saturday.

Beck tries to sit up, winces, his body feels broken.

TYRESE (CONT'D)

Damn, man, your face is all over the news.

Remembering now, Beck's eyes squeeze shut... he's in the middle of a nightmare he can't seem to wake from...

TYRESE

You do it?

(no response)

I ain't gonna tell nobody...

BECK

(long beat, helpless)  
... I'm not sure...

TYRESE

-- you ain't sure?

BECK

... How do you know if you have it  
in you to kill somebody?

TYRESE

Shit, everybody got it in em to  
kill somebody... just gotta find  
something worth killing for.

BECK

... Maybe I did... I can't  
remember... I don't know what's...  
happening, I'm --

His mind's turning in circles. He's desperate for clarity.  
Tyrese is staring back like a freeze frame.

BECK

... look, I-- I need your help...  
can you get me to Rittenhouse  
square by two o'clock?

TYRESE

Why?

BECK

... to find out if I'm losing my  
mind or not.

Tyrese considers, then pulls out a DOLLAR, hands it to Beck:

BECK

What's that?

TYRESE

Retainer -- after today, I'm gonna  
need a lawyer, 'cause by pickin'  
you up I could be droppin' eight to  
ten in county, which most days  
ain't no big risk, but see, my  
son's lawyer, he said if he ever  
had -- what he call it? -- specific  
knowledge about what I do, he'd  
take T.J. away, ain't that some  
shit? So: way I see it, you take  
this here dollar, any bizness you  
be seein' me conduct we'll call  
'attorney-client privilege,' and we  
both get to go about our day  
without sayin' shit to no one.

A beat, then Beck TAKES the dollar.

TYRESE

We're even now cuza what you did  
for T.J., but you want me to keep  
helpin' you, I need to know you  
gonna do what I need to get done.

BECK

What d'you want?

TYRESE

Get dressed, we'll talk in the car.

EXT. PHILLY STREETS - DAY

Tyrese's Mercedes glides onto the street, past JUNKIES  
hovering on a corner.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Beck wears Nikes, gangsta baggies, a Kangol hat. He sits in  
the back with Tyrese. Brutus drives.

TYRESE

Got a two year plan, see -- get  
enough bread, get T.J. outta here.  
Figure, my line a work, I got a  
sixty-forty chance of makin' it  
through.

BECK

Where'll you go?

TYRESE

If the sixty part happens? San  
Diego -- good schools, nobody  
wonderin' where I got my bread.  
This here's if the forty plays  
out --

He pulls a piece of paper from his jacket, hands it to Beck:

TYRESE

Want you to set up a trust for  
T.J., now that you my lawyer an'  
all. Got my cash locked up --  
(tapping the paper)  
-- all in there.

BECK

What about his mother?

TYRESE

She ah'ite, when she ain't high.  
Give her that kind of money, she'll  
smoke it in a day.  
(straight at Beck)  
We cool?

A beat, Beck nods, sliding the paper in his pocket.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INCIDENT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

A room devoted entirely to the pursuit of David Beck.  
Carlson stares up at a board, Hirsch approaches:

AGENT HIRSCH

C.A.R.T. says they found something  
on Beck's computer.

-- we're MOVING with them now --

CARLSON

Check with Advocate House about the  
girl?

AGENT HIRSCH

She was never in their case files  
and no one on the volunteer staff  
recognized her from the video.

CARLSON

What about audio?

AGENT HIRSCH

Signal-to-noise ratio was too low,  
we couldn't get a voice print. If  
it is Beck, the tape won't prove  
it.

CARLSON

-- it was worth a shot --

AGENT HIRSCH

Crimstein got her court order.

CARLSON

(checks his watch)  
Eight hours, she's good. Make a  
video still of the girl and get it  
to PPD before you hand over the  
tape.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

Tyrese's Mercedes pulls to the southeast corner.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Tyrese hands Beck a small grey CELL PHONE:

TYRESE  
Scrambled cell, po-lice scanner  
can't even pick it up. You need  
me, call.

Beck pockets the phone, hesitates, holding eye contact...

BECK  
Don't wait two years. Take T.J. to  
San Diego now, I'll loan you the  
money if you need it.

Tyrese almost smiles, almost.

TYRESE  
You best get goin'.

A beat, then Beck lowers the tip of his cap and hops out.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

The Mercedes DRIVES AWAY as Beck walks quickly through the square. He moves to a bench, head lowered, eyes searching each face, none of them Elizabeth, he sits... and waits...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - FBI C.A.R.T. LAB - DAY

Carlson and Hirsch stand in front of an FBI TECHNICIAN, who slaps a hand on Beck's impounded computer:

FBI TECHNICIAN  
This is interesting: someone  
implanted a remote admin program in  
David Beck's computer -- we double-  
checked his home PC and found one  
there, too.

News that suddenly shifts Carlson's gears --

CARLSON  
-- waiwait, somebody's been  
monitoring his computers? Since  
when?

## FBI TECHNICIAN

From the key-logs, I'd say about two days -- we ran a retrieval program and traced the last thing he was looking at back to a hyperlink on AOL. Should be coming up now...

A beat, then words FADE UP on-screen. Carlson moves in to READ: "RITTENHOUSE SQUARE. SOUTHEAST CORNER. TWO O'CLOCK TOMORROW. NO MATTER WHAT, I LOVE YOU."

## CARLSON

Sonofabitch...

He FLICKS over his wrist to check the time: "1:55"

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Beck waits on the bench, knee bouncing, scanning faces...

INT. CARLSON'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Hirsch white-knuckles the door handle as Carlson PINS the pedal, shouting into his walkie:

## CARLSON

Relay to sixth district, I need a level two mobilization for a perp search, should be in or around Rittenhouse Square, suspect's name is David Beck, they'll know the rest --

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

Beck checks his watch: "2:02." Where is she? Weaving through people, a KID on a skateboard glides up, STOPS:

## SKATER KID

Yo, you David?

Beck's SURPRISE at that. The kid hands him a folded FLYER --

## SKATER KID (CONT'D)

... Later.

-- and SKATES OFF before Beck can ask any questions. He opens the flyer; written on the back in HANDWRITTEN SCRAWL...

"PHILLY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BRITISH AIRWAYS COURTESY COUNTER, PAGE 'SARAH GOODHART'. GO NOW, THEY'RE HERE!!!"

Beck's look SNAPS up -- sudden PANIC -- glancing around, Elizabeth nowhere to be seen -- he pockets the flyer -- on his feet -- go, hurry -- moves off to hail a cab and...

... a HAND suddenly LOCKS around his shoulder. Squeezing like a vice. Beck WHIPS around to meet the eyes of a HUGE MAN, built like a linebacker. This is ERIC WU.

Wu TIGHTENS his grip causing Beck's knees to BUCKLE -- the same DARK VAN we've been seeing pulls up -- Wu shoves Beck inside, hops in, the van DISAPPEARS around the corner and we:

WHIP OVER to the OPPOSITE CORNER as seconds later, CARLSON'S SEDAN barrels to the curb with PPD squad cars. Doors open and everyone hits the ground running --

EXT./ INT. VAN - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The van SKIDS to a stop in the empty alley. Wu CLAMPS talon-like fingers into Beck's side -- the driver, LARRY GANDLE, leaps from the front seat and starts emptying Beck's pockets:

GANDLE

Where is she?

BECK

Who the hell are you?!

Wu SQUEEZES harder -- Beck opens his mouth to cry out but CAN'T --

GANDLE

Where is Elizabeth?

BECK

(gasping)

Fuck -- you --

Wu SLAMS Beck against the wall. Gandle draws a GUN. Presses it to Beck's forehead. A GUNSHOT rocks the van, but it isn't Gandle's -- the back door's BLOWN WIDE OPEN -- everyone lurches -- TYRESE AND BRUTUS are leveling smoking SHOTGUNS:

TYRESE

Kneel down an' pray, motherfuckers!

Beck rises, wild eyes bulging with gratitude...

TYRESE (CONT'D)

Should we smoke 'em?

Fury peaking, Beck SLAMS Gandle to the wall. Wu lurches; Tyrese raises his shotgun: don't even think it.

BECK

Who the fuck are you?!

Gandle glares back in silence. SIRENS approach...

TYRESE

C'mon! We smoke 'em or we go.

Beck contemplates, then JUMPS from the van. They climb into the Mercedes and PEEL OUT spraying smoke from rear tires...

Simultaneously, in the van: Gandle THROWS the gear into REVERSE and takes off in another direction...

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

The cops have fanned out. Carlson scans the square through steady eyes as Agent Hirsch returns:

AGENT HIRSCH

He isn't here.

Carlson SIGHS and holsters his gun, Christ...

INT. TYRESE' MERCEDES - MOVING - DAY

Brutus BLASTS down the expressway weaving through traffic -- Beck is lit: exhilaration under the urgency --

BECK

Elizabeth was there -- she saw them in the park, she tried to warn me --

TYRESE

Who were they?

BECK

I don't know, but I've seen that van before...

(holy shit)

... they must've followed me to Rebecca's -- they set me up -- I think Liz is trying to get us out of the country --

TYRESE

-- you best not be gettin' your hopes up for no reason --

BECK

-- it's her, I know it's her -- the note said to page Sarah Goodhar--

He's searching his pockets for Elizabeth's note and it HITS:  
the men in the van emptied his pockets --

BECK  
-- they took it --

INT. CARLSON'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Carlson at the wheel, some tone seems to have changed on his face -- Hirsch is on his cell:

AGENT HIRSCH  
-- thanks.  
(hangs up)  
C.A.R.T. traced the registration on  
the hyperlink -- administrative and  
billing contact was bogus -- and --  
the website was deleted thirty  
seconds after Beck logged in for  
the message.

CARLSON  
And it wasn't Anna Caplan, she was  
with him when he got it. Someone  
went to a lot of trouble to stay  
hidden...

AGENT HIRSCH  
Can't accuse them of being  
paranoid, the computer was bugged.

CARLSON  
Line it up: Beck comes running out  
of his apartment shouting his  
wife's name -- gets a message to  
meet signed 'I love you' -- it's in  
code, so they've been in touch --  
the web address is anonymous --

AGENT HIRSCH  
-- someone playing a mind game? --

CARLSON  
-- okay, why? -- circumstantial  
evidence is questionable, maybe  
something to do with the video,  
it's anybody's guess -- you tell  
me, what's going on?

STATIC FLASH over his walkie:

RADIO VOICE  
Five-fourteen --

CARLSON  
(into walkie)  
This is Carlson, go:

RADIO VOICE  
David Beck's name was just flagged  
on a flight to London leaving out  
of Philly International in an hour.

CARLSON  
(hits the SIREN)  
I'm ten minutes away --

EXT. PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

A jet ROARS over the airport Sheraton.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes pulls curbside. Tyrese turns to Brutus...

TYRESE  
Keep it runnin'.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN scan the crowd. Beck, head low, picks up  
a courtesy phone as Tyrese watches for trouble...

BECK  
(into phone)  
I need to have someone paged...

And SUDDENLY:

PAGING SYSTEM VOICE  
Sarah Goodhart, please report to  
the courtesy desk on the upper  
concourse for a message --

Beck FREEZES hearing that -- WHIPS around to Tyrese -- fuck --

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - COURTESY KIOSK - UPPER  
CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

An AIRPORT OFFICIAL is speaking into the pager system:

AIRPORT OFFICIAL  
-- Sarah Goodhart, please report to  
courtesy desk on the upper  
concourse for a message.

She cradles the phone and looks up... at GANDLE AND WU.

GANDLE  
... Thank you.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - UPPER CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS  
Beck and Tyrese MOVE FAST up a staircase, toward a long line of travellers at the metal detector...

INT. TYRESE'S MERCEDES - OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

BRUTUS' POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD: FBI sedans SCREECH in, agents hop out, CARLSON in the lead, Hirsch running behind...

BRUTUS is looking nervous now, what to do...

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Carlson ENTERS through sliding doors, up to the British Airways counter, he raises his FBI ID to a TICKET AGENT:

CARLSON  
Has David Beck checked in yet?

TICKET AGENT #1  
(checking; a beat)  
... No, sir, he hasn't.

CARLSON  
Was he travelling with anyone?

As the agent searches, a SECOND AGENT leans over:

TICKET AGENT #2  
... The gentleman you're looking for? Mr. Beck? He's real popular today -- two men were just here asking about him.

Carlson REACTS to that as the first agent looks up:

TICKET AGENT #1  
... he's travelling with someone named Sarah Goodhart. If they only have carry-ons, they may be checking in at the gate....

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - COURTESY KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Beck and Tyrese MOVE to the courtesy kiosk -- they PULL UP seeing GANDLE and WU, who start forward -- Tyrese is ready for whatever comes next -- Beck WHIPS around, sees --

CARLSON AND THE FEDS surging up the stairs, closing in from the opposite direction... cornered... Tyrese clutches his windbreaker, grips a PISTOL through the fabric, Beck GRABS his arm, don't, signals a NATIONAL GUARDSMAN:

BECK

(indicating Gandle and Wu)

I think those men are armed...

Split second, the guardsman says something into his walkie as... Wu's eyes CHANGE, a hit man's focus, he moves CLOSER with Gandle as... CARLSON clears the landing to the upper concourse, SEES Beck... THEIR EYES LOCK... and suddenly, SIX GUARDSMEN surround Gandle and Wu with M-16's leveled:

GUARDSMEN

Hands in the air!

THROWING them to the wall, frisking them to find GUNS -- everyone SCREAMING, enough commotion to BLOCK CARLSON -- Beck grabs Tyrese and propels him down an escalator pushing people aside -- Carlson TEARS through pedestrians drawing his GUN:

CARLSON

Out of the way!

He races to the escalator, HEARS tires SQUEALING outside, hits the concourse RUNNING, BURSTS through the door to find:

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

... no sign of Beck. SKIDMARKS where the Mercedes used to be. Carlson turns to a Fed and BARKS:

CARLSON

I want checkpoints on a three mile radius along the ninety-five and seventy-six -- gogogo --

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Carlson returns in a blazing mood to find the guardsmen handing Gandle and Wu their guns back -- Hirsch explains:

AGENT HIRSCH

-- They're detectives, homicide.

Detectives? Carlson registers that with some surprise.

GANDLE

Hey, sorry, we were here checking passenger lists on another case, we recognized a suspect we saw on the wire last night.

Carlson smells bullshit -- this is the lead he's been looking for -- keeps his cards close to the vest:

CARLSON

(apologetic dismissal)  
... thanks for your help. Sorry about the mix-up.

GANDLE

No problem --

WU

-- Good luck.

They disappear into the crowd -- a beat and Carlson's WALKING again, frowning involuntarily -- Hirsch falls in step --

AGENT HIRSCH

The ticket agent said they were here looking specifically for Beck.

CARLSON

I want a revolving tail on them, tell dispatch to stay secure on Tac-3 -- PPD does not hear about this, understand?

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

MOVING to the car --

AGENT HIRSCH

Want us to run the name 'Sarah Goodhart'?

He looks at Carlson for a response but Carlson has FROZEN -- something's knocking around in his head --

CARLSON

What's Hoyt and Kim Parker's address?

Hirsch opens his palm pilot -- taps the pen to the screen --

AGENT HIRSCH  
1402 --  
(eyes wide; looks up)  
-- Goodhart Road.

Carlson RIPS the door open. Hirsch hops in beside him.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Tyrese and Brutus in the Mercedes -- no Beck -- approach a checkpoint. A COP peers through the windshield, then WAVES them to the side. Brutus' fingers inch into his jacket...

TYRESE  
Be cool.

Brutus pulls to the side of the road. The cop leans in.

TYRESE (CONT'D)  
This is bullshit -- black man can't  
drive a fifty thousand dollar ride  
without gettin' tagged?

COP  
Open your trunk, please, sir.

Tyrese tsks, nods to Brutus, who pops the trunk. The cop HURLS it open revealing... A SPARE TIRE...

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anna watches the news, working to keep herself together. Beck's dog Chloe on the floor beside her. A KNOCK at the door, Anna peers out, opens it: a MESSENGER with a package.

MESSENGER  
Anna Caplan?

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - OUTSIDE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS  
Surveillance AGENTS are LISTENING over headphones...

MESSENGER (V.O.)  
Sign here, please...

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Anna signs, she hears a cell phone RING...

ANNA  
Yours?

MESSENGER

It's your package. Been driving me  
crazy the last five minutes.

Anna closes the door looking confused, opens the package,  
pulls out a ringing CELL PHONE. Answering, a tentative...

ANNA

Hello?

BECK (V.O.)

Don't say anything, your  
apartment's under surveillance.  
(her shock)

Take a walk and hit re-dial, they  
can't trace the call.

INT. CRIMSTEIN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST answering phones at the front desk looks up to  
meet the eyes of TYRESE, who leans in with a grin:

TYRESE

I'm here to pick up a package from  
Crimstein -- name's Tyrese Barton.

EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Anna emerges from the front of the building, slings a bag  
over her shoulder dialing the cell, starts walking... we WHIP  
OVER to the FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN parked down the block...

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The agents are moving fast --

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #1

Gimme the scanner.

Agent #2 hands him a SURVEILLANCE SCANNER. Agent #1 raises  
it through window saying to the van DRIVER:

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Stay within a hundred yards.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Anna weaves through the crowd as the FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN  
pulls out behind her and FOLLOWS.

ANNA

-- where are you?

EXT. RIVERLINK FERRY - ON THE DELAWARE RIVER - DAY

BECK, with face turned out to sea, stands among tourists as the Philly skyline passes behind him:

BECK

-- I can't tell you --

INTERCUTTING:

ANNA

-- listen to me, you have to turn yourself in --

BECK (V.O.)

-- Anna, I know you think I'm sick, and I don't have a right to ask, but I need your help -- please -- can you go to the County Medical Examiner and pull Elizabeth's autopsy report?

ANNA

(increasingly stung; how can this get crazier?)  
... Elizabeth's dead, David...

BECK

You have to believe I hate putting you through this --

ANNA

Whatever you did, I know you didn't mean to do it... but I think you need help...

BECK

I've never lied to you, never -- I'm not lying now. Someone's setting me up.

ANNA

... do you realize how you sound?

BECK

Right now I'd rather be crazy -- but I'm not -- not about this --

In spite of her misgivings, that registers with her.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The agents are FRUSTRATED at STATIC over their earphones...

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #1  
I can't get a signal, the phone  
must be outfitted with a scrambler.  
It's gotta be him.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #2  
(to driver)  
Stop.

EXT. CITY STREET/ RIVERLINK FERRY - CONTINUOUS

The van stops half a block behind Anna -- Agent #2 HOPS OUT,  
blending into foot traffic as he FOLLOWS -- INTERCUTTING:

ANNA  
-- I don't think I can do  
this --  
-- I'm not Florence  
Nightingale --

BECK  
-- Anna, please --  
-- I know that --

BECK  
-- I just need to see the autopsy  
photos, I need to know it's  
Elizabeth -- if it is, I'll check  
myself into a hospital, I'll do  
whatever you want -- just... help  
me, please...

ANNA  
(debating, debating)  
Alright, call me back in two hours.

BECK  
Thank y--

But she CLICKS off, passes a side mirror SEEING the agent  
closing in behind her... frightened, she DISAPPEARS into an  
alley... the agent quickens his pace to catch up, comes to  
the corner, turns, nearly COLLIDING with Anna who shoots  
PEPPER SPRAY in his face -- he claws at his eyes --

SURVEILLANCE AGENT #2  
Aw, Christ, lady, FBI!

ANNA  
Sorry, you were following me, I  
didn't know who the hell you were!

EXT. FERRY DOCK - DAY

Beck steps off the ferry with other passengers, meeting  
Tyrese and Brutus in the Mercedes. He hops in the back...

BECK

... You see Crimstein?

Tyrese hands him a MANILA ENVELOPE, Beck slips out a VIDEO STILL of the YOUNG HISPANIC GIRL from the videotape:

TYRESE

Got my boys rollin' the boulevard --  
think we found her.

Brutus PINS the pedal and they're OFF:

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Virtual darkness, slivers of LIGHT, pipes burning orange in the gloom. An eighteen year old DEALER leads Tyrese, Beck, and Brutus through the ADDICTS -- Beck's working to maintain a look of indifference, but Tyrese sees the effort --

TYRESE

I don't take work home with me,  
man.

The dealer stops, gestures to a GIRL in the corner with head hung low -- Tyrese kneels, picks her head up: wild EYES, going on death. Beck crouches, studies her face... fuck:

BECK

It isn't her.

INT. CENTER CITY APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A WOMAN in her early thirties is making dinner. Her doorbell RINGS. She wipes ragu-stained hands on her apron and goes to the door. Opens it, revealing ERIC WU. He FLASHES a badge:

WU

Sarah Goodhart?

SARAH GOODHART

(taken aback)

Yes?

Wu stares a thoughtful beat, she's clearly not Elizabeth...

WU

(improvising)

Did you file a stolen vehicle  
report this morning?

SARAH GOODHART

... I think you have the wrong  
Sarah Goodhart.

WU

Must be. Sorry to bother you.

And he disappears down the hall.

AGENT HIRSCH (V.O.)

We've got twenty-three Sarah Goodharts in the metropolitan area --

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INCIDENT COMMAND CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

Carlson and Hirsch are MOVING through:

AGENT HIRSCH

-- and Elizabeth Parker's middle name was Sarah.

(pause)

We looking for a dead woman here?

CARLSON

(maybe not)

-- start with DMV and the passport office, get pictures -- check car rentals, hotels, train and bus stations, we're going door-to-door -- if this girl has a Blockbuster card I wanna know. What about the cops at the airport?

AGENT HIRSCH

Nothing out of the ordinary, except they've been audited twice in the last couple years -- IRS says 'questionable but inconclusive' --

CARLSON

Stake the Parker's house in case Beck shows up, I'll get a warrant for the wire taps.

EXT. NORTH PHILLY - ABANDONED TRAIN YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Old train yard, populated by homeless. The Mercedes rolls in: Beck, Tyrese, and Brutus step out, Tyrese is greeted by a SECOND DEALER holding a Xerox of the VIDEO STILL --

SECOND DEALER

I know this girl, she a humphead -- seen her twenty minutes ago pipin' up.

TYRESE

Where?

The dealer scans the yard, zeroing in on a GIRL in the distance sharing a smoke with another junkie -- Beck's eyes narrow: it's her. It's only been four years, but she's aged a lifetime. He nods to Tyrese, they move in carefully...

... passing a HOMELESS MAN who lifts a NEWSPAPER from the top of his shopping cart, and right there, on the front page, is Beck's face: "REWARD."

Beck, Tyrese, and Brutus close in on the girl -- she sees them and BOLTS -- Beck GIVES CHASE, the girl streaks through train cars, rounds a corner nearly SLAMMING into TYRESE and BRUTUS who grab her, legs flailing, Beck races up...

BECK

Stop! We're not gonna' hurt you!

Her eyes are crazed, Tyrese lets her go, they box her in...

GIRL

What d'you want?! --

BECK

To ask you a couple questions, that's all --

GIRL

-- You're not a cop?

BECK

-- I'm not a cop.

GIRL

Who are you?

BECK

My name's David, what's yours?

GIRL

... Gina...

BECK

You don't recognize me, Gina?

GINA

... Nah, man.

BECK  
Four years ago my wife and I found  
you in River Park. We took you to  
Advocate House.

At the mention of that place...

GINA  
Man, fuck you.

She tries to BOLT. Tyrese LEAPS in front of her.

TYRESE  
Where you headed, girl?

BECK  
I saw the videotape -- I need to  
know about it --

GINA  
-- Shit --

BECK  
-- You want money?

Tyrese peels out a hundred dollar bill, she SNAPS it up.

BECK (CONT'D)  
It's important, Gina, please.

GINA  
... Your wife, she have brown hair?

BECK  
-- Yes --

GINA  
Bitch said she'd help me...

Beck's thrown by the depth of this girl's anger...

GINA  
She left me with this dude -- said  
he'd turn me over to the cops if I  
didn't make the video...

**MEMORY FLASHCUT:** the videotape... Gina on a bed, looking  
scared... a MAN'S HAND swipes through frame adjusting the  
camera lens, we see the GOLD WATCH on his wrist...

**BACK TO THE TRAINYARD:** Beck's mind is racing...

BECK  
You remember his name?

GINA  
Shit, I don't know, man, it was  
four years ago...

BECK  
... What'd he look like?

SUDDENLY, TIRES PEELING in, everyone WHIRLS, Gina BOLTS off:

A SWAT TEAM explodes from a van -- the HOMELESS MAN we saw  
recognize Beck chases after the SWAT TEAM LEADER --

HOMELESS MAN  
Said 'reward' in the paper --

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
(to a subordinate)  
Get him out of here!

Beck, Tyrese, and Brutus race to the Mercedes through fleeing  
homeless -- Tyrese draws his GLOCK, hands it to Beck:

TYRESE  
-- Take it! --

Beck stares, mind tumbling -- Tyrese SHOVES the gun into his  
hand --

THE SWAT TEAM flanks perimeter positions, rifles SNAP to  
shoulders at the ready -- and then --

The ROAR of a car engine -- Tyrese's Mercedes BLASTS from  
behind a train car CRASHING THROUGH the police barricade,  
skidding onto the street -- cops hop into their vehicles --

The Mercedes CAREENS down streets around the rail-yard --  
GLINT of sun reflected in its TINTED WINDOWS -- the cop cars  
form a speeding triangle behind it -- bearing down, a blue-  
and-white SLAMS the Mercedes fender sending it SKIDDING --  
the Mercedes LOSES CONTROL -- heading right for a PARKED CAR:

COLLISION -- the Mercedes FLIPS OVER -- HURTLES back to earth  
CRASHING nose first then somersaulting on its back, SKIDDING  
fifty feet trailing sparks before slowing... to a STOP. Cops  
SCREECH in to find... TYRESE and BRUTUS, blood-soaked and  
pinned under metal. Barely conscious. And we...

PAN OVER to a BUS gliding past across the opposite street...

INT. BLUE BUS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Passengers are huddled together gawking at a passing view of the wreck. Find a FACE in the crowd: BECK. Absorbing through stunned eyes... his head lowers, wracked with guilt, confusion... confusion that only deepens as he clutches Tyrese's GUN hidden in his sweatshirt pocket... what now?

INT. VETERANS' STADIUM - CORPORATE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack Allen sits at a table of dutiful employees. His mind is somewhere else as business is discussed. His SECRETARY enters, leans in to whisper:

SECRETARY

You have an urgent call, sir, but he won't identify himself.

Allen's on his feet, everyone turns, he gives them a smile:

ALLEN

Excuse me a minute.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Allen takes the phone, anxiety appearing on the surface now:

ALLEN

Yes?

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND SCRAP METAL WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Anonymous anywhere location, a chop-shop closing for the day. Beck lays low in shadow talking on his cell -- INTERCUTTING:

BECK

-- Jack, it's David --

ALLEN

(desperate relief)

-- David, my God, are you okay?

BECK

I'm sorry to call you, I jus--

ALLEN

-- nono, I've been tearing my hair out --

BECK

-- I need your help --

ALLEN

-- Sandy Marshall owes me a favor,  
he's the best criminal lawyer in  
the sta--

BECK

Jack, listen, Elizabeth's alive.

Allen is expressionless, as if pausing on a thought he  
doesn't want to share -- Beck knows how crazy he sounds:

BECK

Look, I, I can't turn myself in --  
can you meet me?

ALLEN

(hesitating)  
... David...

BECK

Please... no police...

ALLEN

(beat, then)  
... Tell me where you are.

EXT. NORTH PHILLY BOULEVARD - DUSK

The wrecked Mercedes. Carlson watches with a local SHERIFF  
as EMT's lift Tyrese and Brutus into separate ambulances.

SHERIFF

Guy you're looking for wasn't in  
the car...

(indicating Tyrese)

... they're headed to ICU, it'll be  
a few days before you can talk to  
em. Assuming they survive.

The sheriff GOES, as Hirsch approaches:

AGENT HIRSCH

We lost Gandle and Wu -- they took  
off on a code-three response, we  
couldn't stay on them without  
burning our tail.

Carlson palms his scalp in frustration -- walks quickly back  
to the car --

CARLSON

Call S.I.S., get an eye in the sky,  
if we're talking more than five  
minutes use Rick Abrams, WKPA air  
unit -- tell him he talks only to  
me, I control, he gets five minutes  
lead time if a story breaks.

INT. ALLEN'S CAR - ALLEYWAY BEHIND CHOP SHOP - DUSK

Allen's 8-series BMW slows to a crawl behind the darkened  
workshop. He peers through the windshield, uneasy.  
Suddenly: the passenger door's FLUNG open and Beck LEAPS in --

ALLEN

Jesus --

BECK

-- go --

Allen PINS the pedal and they're OFF turning onto a street --  
Beck glances back, forth, ultra paranoid --

BECK

Thanks -- thanks for coming --

ALLEN

You going to tell me what the  
hell's happening here, David?!

BECK

Elizabeth contacted me --

ALLEN

How's that possible?

BECK

Look, I know how it sounds, but I  
saw her face -- she's alive --

Allen BARRELS up an interstate onramp --

ALLEN

... Have you told Hoyt?

BECK

I think he knows, he ID'd her body  
-- either he was wrong, or he was  
lying to me --

ALLEN

-- Waiwaiwait, just slow down a minute -- forgive me if this is a little hard to digest.

BECK

Elizabeth wanted me to believe she was dead --

ALLEN

Why?

BECK

Someone made a tape -- a porno tape -- of a girl from Advocate House -- I think Liz knew who it was, she was afraid they'd come after her --

Allen's eyes stay locked on the road -- oddly, he doesn't seem to be reacting --

BECK

She's using the name 'Sarah Goodhart' -- I need you to get the police to start looking for her, they'll listen to you --

ALLEN

... How do you know the girl was from Advocate House?

BECK

I found her, but the police came before she could tell me who made the tape --

ALLEN

Where? Where did you find her?

But Beck has frozen. Because in Allen's voice, there's a desperation to know...

Now Beck NOTICES something in the rearview: THE BLACK VAN is following them at a distance --

Beck's face goes ashen. Because only Allen could've told them where he is.

BECK

... nonononono...

ALLEN

Where's the girl, David?

Allen signals the blinker veering to the side of the road -- Beck turns from Allen to the rearview, the van pulls CLOSER --

Beck GRABS the wheel and the BMW CAREENS across lanes, tires SCREAMING -- cars HONK and SWERVE -- with stunning ferocity, Allen SLAMS an elbow into Beck's sternum and angles the wheel toward the shoulder -- Beck yanks up the PARKING BRAKE doing 65 mph -- the BMW SPINS like a top -- cars behind it CRASH bumper to bumper --

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Gandle, alone in the van, COLLIDES with the car ahead --

INT./EXT. ALLEN'S BMW - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

We're SPINNING and SPINNING and we SMASH laterally into the median -- airbags EXPLODE as the car grinds to a HALT -- Beck KICKS open the door and LEAPS from the car, limping -- a beat, then Allen tumbles from the driver's side --

Beck RUNS wildly across lanes dodging TRAFFIC -- reaching the shoulder, he peers over a steep embankment and LEAPS, tumbling down a dirt hill, disappearing into darkness.

Allen slumps, SLAMS his hand on the hood of the car, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KINKO'S COPIES - NIGHT

Shift gears: a few people milling, a sluggish night. At the row of computer terminals, we FIND Beck with head crouched low, scanning the Internet, possessed...

CLOSE on the computer screen: "INDUSTRIALIST'S SON DIES IN SUICIDE." Next to that, a photo of BRANDON ALLEN smiling, nothing relevant. A KINKO'S EMPLOYEE is suddenly THERE:

KINKO'S EMPLOYEE  
Everything okay, sir?

BECK  
(the friendliest smile)  
... Yeah, great, thanks.

The employee lingers before moving off, sparking Beck's paranoia -- he types fast into the search engine: "ADVOCATE HOUSE." A result appears. Beck CLICKS it. Another article: "HOMELESS TEEN CHARITY MAKES SPLASH DEBUT." Under that, a photo of Brandon at an Advocate House fund-raiser shaking hands with Mayor Eisendrath, whom we saw earlier...

Beck leans in, to see the SAME GOLD WATCH from the videotape on BRANDON'S WRIST. The pieces are coming together.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Anna enters, unsure of herself. Moves to a CLERK at the desk and offers her PRACTITIONER'S LICENSE:

ANNA

I'd like to see an autopsy report?

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - LATER

Anna's rifling through Elizabeth's AUTOPSY REPORT. She finds only a paperclip where the Autopsy photos should be. Her face runs the gamut... maybe this means Beck isn't crazy, maybe not... either way, there's a pit in her stomach. The cell phone he sent her RINGS -- she's startled, then answers:

ANNA

... David?

EXT. PIER - FREIGHTER DOCK - NIGHT

Cranes, storage lots, deserted warehouse area. Anna appears, walking tentatively, looking around, and from the shadows...

BECK

... Anna...

Beck limps into the light... his appearance tugs at her concern, in spite of where she feels they're bound to end up now...

ANNA

Jesus... you look awful...

BECK

Sure you weren't followed?

ANNA

I took two cabs and three trains.

God, seeing her's hard. He's desperate to move closer, but he can tell, she's keeping her distance... an edge:

ANNA

I brought a copy of the report.  
(offers it, resigned)  
The photos were missing.

That LANDS on his face, in precisely the way she expected. He opens the report and pages through, during:

ANNA

This doesn't prove anything. The coroner's office is a bureaucracy -- like DCS -- the case is four years old. Things get lost all the time.

But his eyes have fallen on something: the registry of people who've checked out the file. Halfway down, a signature: HOYT PARKER. He looks up, his suspicions confirmed...

BECK

Her father checked out the file.

ANNA

... He was a cop.

BECK

He kept the pictures to hide the fact that it wasn't her body in the morgue -- that she's alive --

ANNA

Why would he do that?

BECK

(now it's clear)

... To keep Jack Allen from finding her.

ANNA

Jack Allen?

BECK

His son -- Brandon -- he was abusing kids at Advocate House -- I think Liz found out --

ANNA

-- okay, stop.

The tremble in her voice registers with Beck, shaking his focus. She's cold with anger...

ANNA

You know what I think? Even if there were pictures... you'd still see what you want to see.

He's hurting at the look in her eyes and steps forward...

BECK

... Anna...

ANNA

-- don't --

He freezes, crestfallen. She takes stock:

ANNA

This is a one-way conversation,  
isn't it?

BECK

... I'm about to lose you, and I'm  
not sure I want to.

ANNA

Not sure isn't good enough. Not by  
a long shot.

That hits home with him.

ANNA

I don't know what to believe  
anymore... but if she is alive?  
How could she ever justify putting  
you through this?

BECK

... That's what I have to find  
out...

ANNA

(a beat)

You said I was the first person  
since Elizabeth you could see a  
future with... so what's in our  
future, David?

Heavy silence, his feelings torn in two directions...

BECK

I don't know... I wish to God I  
did...

ANNA

Well I deserve better than that...  
I'm real. And I'm right here.

(beat)

But the truth is... if you hadn't  
lost Elizabeth, we never would've  
met.

He sighs, knowing she's right. Worse, he's broken her heart.

ANNA  
I can't compete with that. And I  
don't want to.

BECK  
... I'm so sorry, Anna...

ANNA  
(flat and emotionless, to  
cover her hurt)  
I hope you find her.

She turns quickly to go. Beck watches, full of grief.

EXT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two FEDS in a SEDAN watch as a LIMO pulls into the driveway.

EXT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Hoyt sits smoking a cigarette, looking haunted. A DOORBELL  
sounds from inside the house. There's a beat, voices, then  
Kim steps out onto the patio looking a little thrown...

KIM  
Hoyt, Jack Allen's here.

We're CLOSE on Hoyt. He doesn't answer, as if he were  
expecting this eventually. He rises, turns to his wife...

KIM  
What's he doing here?

HOYT  
I'll take care of it.

Kim's uneasy now. Hoyt walks past her into:

INT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... where Allen stands. He looks less polished, roughed up  
from the accident, his patience is wearing thin...

ALLEN  
Hello, Hoyt.

HOYT  
(resignation)  
... Jack.

ALLEN

Sorry to come by without calling first, but I was wondering if you'd heard from David?

HOYT

No, I haven't. Did you see the agents in the car across the street? I don't think he'd chance it.

ALLEN

No, I suppose he wouldn't.

HOYT

Anyway, if he did call, he wouldn't like my advice.

ALLEN

And what would that be?

HOYT

To turn himself in and tell them everything he knows. So they can catch the real killer.

Staring at each other. Neither man blinks. Kim ENTERS.  
Allen's eyes flick to her. It should make us uncomfortable.

ALLEN

You know, Kim, Brandon would be thirty-one if he'd lived... how old would Elizabeth be?

Kim's struck by the inappropriateness of the question, but even more by the venom in Allen's eyes... and as if to shield her, Hoyt moves between them...

ALLEN

I have a car waiting outside, Hoyt.  
Why don't we go for a drive.

INT. FED SEDAN - OUTSIDE THE PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AS SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Hoyt and Allen exit the house and get into the back of Allen's limo. The limo pulls away. The Feds share a glance: what's going on?

INT. ALLEN'S LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Hoyt and Allen sit across from each other. We sense much unspoken between them that's now about to come out...

ALLEN

... I used to walk Brandon to the school bus when he was little. Every time he'd let go of my hand, I'd think, 'there goes my whole world' -- because despite my best efforts, I wouldn't always be there to protect him. No matter what I did.

(quiet menace)

For four years, I've taken great comfort in believing you understood what it was like to bury your only child, too -- that every day you suffered her absence, like I suffer Brandon's.

(anger building)

In retrospect, it was wishful thinking on my part: when I didn't hear from Wolf and Bartola, I assumed they left the country as instructed... I should've known they weren't smart enough to pin it on a serial killer.

Hoyt isn't cowered, but seems accepting of his fate... which makes him speak with quiet fearlessness...

HOYT

What is it you want?

Allen leans back in his chair. A smile.

ALLEN

It's nice, Hoyt, that we can finally be honest with each other.

(beat)

What's the name 'Sarah Goodhart' mean to you?

The look between them HOLDS.

INT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Hoyt re-enters looking remote. Kim is THERE pressing him:

KIM

What's going on?

HOYT

Listen to me, I need you to go to your sister's.

KIM  
No, you talk to me right now --

HOYT  
I can't.  
(beat; softer)  
... I can't.

She shudders, there's a weight in his voice she's never heard before. The fax machine RINGS suddenly. A piece of PAPER curls out. Hoyt rips it off, reads a handwritten message:

**UNSAFE - PINE ELEMENTARY, TWENTY MINUTES - S.G.**

His eyes dance across the note, calculating, calculating.

KIM  
What? What is it?

He pockets the note and collects his cell:

HOYT  
Get to your sister's, I'll come to you.

KIM  
Where are you going?!

She grabs him, her intuition is peaking, fierce...

KIM  
STOP -- You tell me, Hoyt. Is  
Elizabeth alive?

He's heartsick at seeing her torn apart -- but he won't, he can't, answer. He pulls her close so fiercely it silences her. As if this were goodbye.

HOYT  
... I love you.

And he breaks his grip, auto-pilot again. Out the door.

KIM  
-- HOYT --

INT. FED SEDAN - OUTSIDE THE PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Feds watch as Hoyt's Westec security cruiser backs out of the garage...

FEDERAL OFFICER  
(into walkie)  
Target's leaving the residence,  
wife's still inside. Please  
advise.

RADIO VOICE  
S.A.C. says maintain your watch on  
the house.

INT. LOW-RENT APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An apartment door OPENS, a twentysomething KID peers out to  
see CARLSON flashing a badge:

CARLSON  
Sarah Goodhart live here?

KID  
(worried)  
She's working the night shift --  
what's going on? Another cop just  
came by looking for her.

CARLSON  
(shit)  
Listen, this is very important. Do  
you have a picture of her?

KID  
Yeahyeah, sure...

He lets Carlson into the tiny apartment, collects a photo  
from the mantle -- Carlson stares: it's not Elizabeth.

EXT. PINE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Same deserted playground we saw Beck walk by earlier. Hoyt's  
cruiser pulls up. He gets out, scans the area, and then:

BECK'S VOICE  
... You never cried.

Hoyt WHIPS around...

BECK

emerges from shadow with Tyrese's GUN held low...

BECK  
At the funeral, you never cried. I  
always wondered why. It stuck with  
me. Now I know.  
(MORE)

FEDERAL OFFICER  
(into walkie)  
Target's leaving the residence,  
wife's still inside. Please  
advise.

RADIO VOICE  
S.A.C. says maintain your watch on  
the house.

INT. LOW-RENT APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An apartment door OPENS, a twentysomething KID peers out to  
see CARLSON flashing a badge:

CARLSON  
Sarah Goodhart live here?

KID  
(worried)  
She's working the night shift --  
what's going on? Another cop just  
came by looking for her.

CARLSON  
(shit)  
Listen, this is very important. Do  
you have a picture of her?

KID  
Yeahyeah, sure...

He lets Carlson into the tiny apartment, collects a photo  
from the mantle -- Carlson stares: it's not Elizabeth.

EXT. PINE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Same deserted playground we saw Beck walk by earlier. Hoyt's  
cruiser pulls up. He gets out, scans the area, and then:

BECK'S VOICE  
... You never cried.

Hoyt WHIPS around...

BECK

emerges from shadow with Tyrese's GUN held low...

BECK  
At the funeral, you never cried. I  
always wondered why. It stuck with  
me. Now I know.  
(MORE)

BECK (cont'd)

(beat)

You came here expecting to see  
Elizabeth.

Hoyt exhales a breath, agitated, gestures to the gun...

HOYT

Jesus, David, put that away.

BECK

Tell me the truth -- no more  
bullshit -- she didn't die that  
night, did she?

A forever pause. And finally...

HOYT

No.

Stretched beyond his limit, Beck can't contain himself -- he  
LUNGES in rage PUNCHING Hoyt who staggers back, weaving --

BECK

Do you know what you did?! Four  
years! How could you keep her from  
me?!

HOYT

I had to!

Beck SLAMS Hoyt against the car, the gun under his chin:

BECK

She's my wife!

HOYT

She's my daughter! You think  
'cause you put a ring on her finger  
it gives her some kind of magic  
protection?! Your love that much  
stronger than mine?!

BECK

You didn't lose her!

That lands on Hoyt. Beck tightens his grip:

BECK

Take me to her NOW!

WHIP TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Hoyt's cruiser ROARS down the interstate...

INT. HOYT'S CRUISER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Hoyt at the wheel. Beck stares at him through condemning eyes, gun in hand...

HOYT

I knew it was you who sent the fax.

Beck's face is a question mark.

HOYT

Liz and I have a system: if she needs to contact me, she encodes her message in a junk e-mail.

BECK

... so why'd you come?

HOYT

To warn you. Allen's looking everywhere for you... Christ, put the gun away, will you?

BECK

Brandon didn't commit suicide, did he...

Hoyt's look is unwavering. Confirmation in the silence.

BECK

She was going to expose him, she never would've let him get away with hurting her kids... he must've come after her, that's why she had the bruises, she wasn't in a car wreck -- the photographs were in case she ever had to prove self defense.

(beat)

Tell me I'm wrong.

Hoyt gazes out as highway lights FLICKER past...

HOYT

She was alone at Advocate House when he attacked her...

**FLASHCUTS:** INT. ADVOCATE HOUSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Images FLASH: Brandon Allen STRIKES Elizabeth -- he draws a PISTOL and GRINDS her to the floor --

BRANDON  
WHERE'S THE TAPE?!

She HURTLES a knee into his balls and the gun SKIDS off -- he LOCKS hands around her THROAT and SQUEEZES -- her FINGERS reach for the GUN just an inch away -- she finally GRABS it -- Brandon's EYES are LOCKED with Elizabeth's and then **BANG!**

**BACK TO PRESENT:** INT. HOYT'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Hoyt's dark eyes. Beck stares in dread fascination...

HOYT  
You were out of town, so she called me...

**FLASHBACK:** INT. ADVOCATE HOUSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Door OPENS: Elizabeth peers out, sees her father, opens door wider revealing facial BRUISES pulsing under blanched light.

HOYT (CONT'D)  
... Jesus Christ.

ELIZABETH  
-- I, I, didn't mean to kill him --  
oh God --

She dissolves into her father's arms, gasping through her sobs. Hoyt's EYES track over her shoulder to Brandon's BODY on the floor, in a pool of blood...

INT. ADVOCATE HOUSE OFFICES - LATER THAT NIGHT

SERIES OF ANGLES: Hoyt wraps the body in a blue tarp -- Elizabeth sits in a corner hugging herself, dazed --

HOYT  
Anybody hear the shot?

ELIZABETH  
... a woman called from across the street... I -- I didn't know what to tell her so I said I put tin foil in the microwave...

HOYT  
-- Good --

ELIZABETH

... what are you doing? Aren't you calling somebody?

HOYT

Listen to me: nobody can know about this.

ELIZABETH

... what are you talking about, it was self defense --

HOYT

It won't matter to Jack Allen, you killed his son -- you spend even one night in jail before I bail you out and they'll find you hanging in your cell the next morning -- he owns half the cops in town.

ELIZABETH

What're you -- how do you know that?

She looks into her father's eyes and finds her answer...

ELIZABETH

... Dad... you took money from him?

He can barely meet her look. Elizabeth sags, crestfallen.

**BACK TO PRESENT:** INT. HOYT'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Beck is staring at Hoyt with contempt...

HOYT

... It's amazing, the things you tell yourself to get to sleep at night.

BECK

Try me.

HOYT

If I'd been a straighter arrow, I never would've known what Allen was capable of... I'd've let Elizabeth turn herself in, and she'd be dead.

(beat)

No court in the world would've convicted, not if they saw what I did:

**FLASHBACK:** INT. ADVOCATE HOUSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Elizabeth poses displaying bruises. A camera FLASHES.  
REVERSE ON: Hoyt, as he readies the camera for another shot.  
This is how the photos from the deposit box were taken.

FLASH BULB EFFECTS A CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ADVOCATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoyt eases a tarp-wrapped Brandon into the trunk of Brandon's GTO. He turns to Elizabeth, who's staring at him in confusion, hurt, but worst of all, scorn...

ELIZABETH

What're you going to do?

EXT. ALLEN'S ESTATE - RIVERSIDE - DAY

Brandon's BODY is doubled over the side of a small motorboat. One arm stretched across the bow holding his GUN. A local DEPUTY in a second motorboat lifts him from the water. Hoyt watches from the dock. Slips on his hat, turns, walks off...

INT. ALLEN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICES - VETERAN'S STADIUM - DAY

Allen DROPS into his chair, having just heard. Hoyt stands in front of him:

HOYT

I didn't want you to hear it from a stranger, Mr. Allen. I'm so sorry.

Allen can only blink. The words are still registering.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOYT'S OFFICE - DAY

A POLICE REPORT. Next to "CAUSE OF DEATH," a single word is typed: "S-U-I-C-I-D-E." Hoyt sits at the typewriter, over:

HOYT (V.O.)

I headed up the investigation myself. I knew he'd run his own, no matter what we found...

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Hoyt exits the station, waving hello to fellow cops.

HOYT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
But the way I figured, I controlled  
the chain of evidence, and that  
gave us a fifty-fifty shot.

He suddenly STOPS SHORT, seeing Jack Allen at the curb by his  
town car. Hoyt smiles, a casual wave, approaching...

HOYT (CONT'D)  
Mr. Allen, what can I do for you?

ALLEN  
Christine Lyman, Sheriff. Do you  
know that name?

HOYT  
(without missing a beat)  
After-hours receptionist across  
from Advocate House, we took her  
statement.

ALLEN  
She tell you she thought she heard  
a gunshot the night Brandon died?  
She called over and a woman  
answered the phone?

HOYT  
Turned out to be some kind of  
kitchen accident.

ALLEN  
Right. That's what she said.  
(beat, a smile)  
Don't mean to second guess you,  
Sheriff, I just want to make sure  
you're exploring all the  
possibilities here.

HOYT  
I understand, sir, I do.

ALLEN  
I know you do. I'd imagine that as  
a father, you'd do just about  
anything for Elizabeth, too.

And HOLDS that with a piercing look. The smile is gone.  
Hoyt is thunderstruck. Allen turns, disappears into his car.

HOYT (V.O.)  
That's when I knew. He'd figured  
it out: Elizabeth killed Brandon.  
(MORE)

HOYT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He'd come to tell me the trade --  
my daughter for his son...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOYT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hoyt BURSTS in, TEARING the phone from its cradle, dials...

HOYT (V.O.)  
... He could've killed me, but he  
wanted me alive. So I'd live with  
it.

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - AFTERNOON

Beck and Elizabeth in the Volvo veer down the private road to  
the cabin. Over this:

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
We're out of town for the weekend,  
we'll be back Monday so leave a  
message... [BEEP]

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Hoyt's police car PEELS OUT -- sunlight GLINTS off the  
windshield as he CAREENS past us and we:

MATCH CUT TO:

**PRESENT**: passing STREETLIGHTS reflected in the windshield of  
Hoyt's cruiser -- angle SHIFTS to find Beck, staring out  
through intense eyes. We can almost hear his brain clicking:

BECK  
The two bodies they found at the  
lake... those where the men Allen  
sent to kill Liz...  
(Hoyt nods)  
... But you stopped them.

Hoyt turns to Beck now. Serious as the grave:

HOYT  
... You don't remember anything?

PUSHING CLOSER on Beck's eyes... he's struggling...

BECK  
... I remember... fragments...

**FLASHBACK**: Beck and Elizabeth are walking down the narrow  
path on their way to the tree... branches lash their faces...

BECK (V.O.)  
I remember walking to the tree...

AT THE CAR: Chloe, tied to the bumper, BARKS...

BECK (V.O.)  
Chloe started barking...

AT THE TREE: as seen through Beck's eyes, Elizabeth stops, unzips her backpack, reaches inside, turns -- GASPS --

ELIZABETH  
OhmyGod, DAVID --

A WHOOSH of air and something STRIKES US and we GO:

BACK TO PRESENT: Beck FLINCHES reliving the memory --

BECK  
... I couldn't get up...

HOYT  
But you did get up...  
(emphatic)  
... David, don't you remember?

Beck's eyes close, willing himself to retrieve the details... a beat, then his eyes FLUTTER open and we PULL AWAY FAST:

Beck's back on the forest floor at Lake Charmaine... we're in his MEMORY... something a few feet away REFLECTS MOONLIGHT... the HUNTING KNIFE has tumbled out of Elizabeth's backpack... Beck reaches for it... HEARS Elizabeth struggling in the distance... CLIMBS to his feet fighting to stay conscious... comes to a CLEARING and SEES:

ROBERT WOLF and MELVIN BARTOLA pushing Elizabeth into a sedan -- she's LASHING fiercely -- Wolf PUNCHES her and she CRUMBLES -- they heft her into the car -- there's a PLASTIC TARP on the seat -- they close the door, turn --

And Beck LUNGES, unhinged, lungs BURSTING in a primal SCREAM -- Bartola reaches for a gun but Beck STRIKES with the knife --

This is what we saw in the seizure flash earlier: blurry and distorted, someone on the ground trying desperately to crawl away from us -- we IDENTIFY him now as WOLF -- we LUNGE with our knife STABBING him --

And suddenly Bartola, bleeding from a chest wound, HURLS himself on Beck TEARING him from Wolf -- they STRUGGLE over the knife -- Bartola WRENCHES it free, LIFTS it in the air to PLUNGE a fatal blow and that's when:

A HAND cups around his chin and TWISTS, snapping his neck -- his eyes go WIDE as he drops, lifeless, revealing:

HOYT standing behind him, breathless... he LOCKS EYES with Beck... HOLD... until Beck LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHITEWASHING US:

**BACK TO PRESENT:** INT. HOYT'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Beck's eyes SNAP OPEN as the puzzle finally comes together. He's shaking... terror at what he did, but also incredible relief... and gratitude to Hoyt...

HOYT

If you hadn't gotten up, I wouldn't have made it on time... you saved her life... and she did the same for you...

**FLASHBACK:** INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The door FLIES OPEN as Hoyt enters carrying unconscious Beck, sets him down as Elizabeth reaches for the phone.

HOYT

Wait!

She turns. Confusion flickering in her eyes.

HOYT (CONT'D)

Hang up.

ELIZABETH

He needs an ambulance --

HOYT

-- Hang up.

He tears the phone from her hand -- SLAMS it down --

HOYT (CONT'D)

Allen knows -- he knows -- those are his guys out there -- if he thinks they didn't do the job they were sent here for, he'll try again -- he can get to anyone, anywhere, anytime --

Elizabeth is staring back -- it still isn't registering --

HOYT (CONT'D)

He'll come after David, and Mom,  
and me to find you... he has to  
think you're dead...

And suddenly nothing in her life makes sense anymore...

HOYT

What he did to those men, will he  
remember any of it?

She's frozen. Hoyt grabs her by the shoulders:

HOYT

Elizabeth, I need to know right  
now, will he remember?

ELIZABETH

... No... he doesn't remember his  
blackouts...

HOYT

Then he'll think you were killed.  
He has to believe that. You have  
to go away --

ELIZABETH

I can't leave him --

HOYT

This is the only way to save his  
life --

ELIZABETH

(it's all so impossible)  
Why can't... he come with me...

HOYT

They were after you. If you both  
disappear, Allen'll know you're  
alive and he'll never stop looking.

She COLLAPSES to her knees, as this new reality CRASHES. He  
lowers himself to meet her look...

HOYT

If David doesn't believe it too,  
Allen never will.

ELIZABETH

I can't do that to him, I can't  
make him go through that --

HOYT

Think about what his life will be like if you don't -- knowing you're alive but never being able to see you -- this way, maybe, he has a chance to move on.

That rips her heart in half. Tears flow despairingly...

HOYT

You'll be safe, I promise, I'll give you enough money to--

On that she ATTACKS him -- punching his chest --

ELIZABETH

God damn you! God damn you!

Hoyt struggles to grab her wrists -- HOLDS them -- puts his arms around her and her rage begins to dissolve to sorrow... she sags into his chest sobbing... a beat...

He pulls out a handkerchief and uses it to lift the phone -- do this fast, or it won't get done -- he dials 911, slides the phone into Beck's hand and looks to Elizabeth, touching a finger to his lips: shh, they're recording...

Elizabeth cups her mouth to stifle a SOB, leans over pressing herself against Beck. And into his ear, the softest...

ELIZABETH

I love you... I'm so sorry...

She kisses his lips. Hoyt takes Elizabeth by the arm. Gently lifts her up. And carries her to the door. She glances back. Last look...

Then they're GONE. HOLD on the bloody phone in Beck's hand (this, too, we should remember from an earlier flashback):

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

We're tracing and recording this call, we'll have someone there as soon as we can...

**BACK TO PRESENT:** INT. HOYT'S CAR - FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

In the distance, thunder RUMBLES. Beck is very still.

HOYT

... I took your knife, threw it in the trunk with the bodies.

(MORE)

HOYT (cont'd)  
 Figured their hunting gear was just  
 for show, case someone saw them.  
 We put the car in the lake.

BECK  
 ... So who was that in the morgue?

HOYT  
 An unclaimed Jane Doe. I went to  
 Pathology, picked one that looked  
 about right -- a streetwalker --  
 body was scheduled for county  
 disposition the next day, so I  
 changed the date on the paperwork --  
 far as the city knows, she was  
 cremated.

BECK  
 And you cut the 'K' in her cheek...  
 to make it look like one of  
 Kellerton's.

HOYT  
 (a nod)  
 All I had to do then was make the  
 ID.

A long silence.

BECK  
 Where's she been?

HOYT  
 Working overseas for Red Cross,  
 UNICEF, wherever she could. We  
 only risk talking once a year.  
 When the bodies turned up, she  
 must've figured our story wouldn't  
 hold and came back for you.

Beck's trance is broken as he notices a ROAD SIGN ahead:  
 "LAKE CHARMAINE -- 5 MILES."

HOYT  
 We agreed, if anything ever went  
 wrong, we'd meet at the lake and  
 figure out what to do.

Beck draws a breath... Elizabeth...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - NIGHT

Hoyt's cruiser pulls up. Beck's door FLIES OPEN and he's on  
 his feet, MOVING toward the elm tree ahead...

BECK  
Elizabeth?!

Hoyt on his heels, racing to follow... up AHEAD, someone is THERE in shadow... the figure steps out into moonlight...

JACK ALLEN. Beck LURCHES. Stunned. SPINS around to see Hoyt staring back ashamed and behind him, GANDLE emerges now. Frisking Beck, he pulls the GUN from his pocket, then starts to pat down Hoyt...

HOYT  
(grief-stricken)  
... I had to make a deal... it was the only way he'd agree to stop looking for Liz...

Beck's heart sinks into his stomach, stricken...

BECK  
... You sonofabitch...

ALLEN  
He lied to both of us, David. I knew you'd go to him eventually.

Beck's look shifts to Allen with raw animal hate...

ALLEN  
I never wanted you to be a part of this. But you know more than I can afford you to.

Gandle nods to Allen: they're clean.

BECK  
(to Hoyt)  
... you think he's just going to let her go?

HOYT  
(helpless)  
... I'm out of moves.

INT. DIVE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ancient fleabag with weekly rates. MOVING to the DESK ATTENDANT, Eric Wu flashes his police badge:

WU  
You have a Sarah Goodhart registered here?

DESK ATTENDANT

Yeah, just came back a couple minutes ago... she's upstairs...

WU

(pause)

... I'd like the key.

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - CONTINUOUS

Allen is measuring Hoyt with an eerie smile...

ALLEN

Out of curiosity, has your daughter been living off the money you took from me?

HOYT

... She wouldn't take my money. She knew where it came from.

They LOCK eyes...

BECK

... so I'm clear... your son -- that piece of shit -- was molesting kids -- attacks my wife -- and because she defended herself, that gave you the right to take away our whole fucking life?

ALLEN

-- He was my son.

Allen's face distorts in anger, his veneer is cracking. A beat, composure...

ALLEN

... he was sick, he needed help... but no matter what he was to anyone else, he was still my son.

His look cuts to Hoyt, a low growl...

ALLEN

You know what it's like to think your child took his own life? The life you gave him?

(beat)

And then find out he was murdered?

Hoyt's face. Is tougher than stone.

HOYT

No parent should outlive their  
child. But don't kid yourself,  
Brandon deserved to die. I'm just  
sorry I didn't kill him instead of  
Liz.

A glare of the forces... then Allen's lethal eyes flick to  
Gandle, who draws a GUN and FIRES: Hoyt's chest EXPLODES  
blood as he careens onto the car -- Beck LURCHES, horrified --

BECK

-- HOYT!! --

INT. DIVE HOTEL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Wu walks up the stairs, the key to Sarah Goodhart's room  
CLINKING from a plastic grip in his hand...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - CONTINUOUS

Beck moves to Hoyt in absolute SHOCK -- Gandle slings his gun  
at the ready and Beck freezes -- Allen leans OVER Hoyt, so  
there's no misunderstanding...

ALLEN

So you know? I'd never let  
Elizabeth live. Never.

Hoyt, gushing blood, is staring back with utter loathing...  
terrible silence... Allen turns his back on him now, focusing  
on Beck... apology before the execution...

ALLEN

I'm sorry, Dav--

Hoyt suddenly HURLS himself up from the hood SWINGING an arm  
across Allen's THROAT from behind -- Allen's neck turns RED  
gushing blood -- he staggers back, clawing at his throat...

In Hoyt's hand is a STRAIGHT RAZOR: it was hidden in the  
crook of his jacket.

HOYT

(to Beck)

-- GQ --

Beck BOLTS into the woods -- Gandle's look SNAPS over -- he  
FIRES ripping through a tree branch -- weighs his dying boss  
a split-second before TEARING OFF after Beck...

INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Beck BREAKS through foliage, branches SNAPPING in his face as he RUNS... Gandle explodes through same foliage with gun swinging, killer determination against moonlit shadow...

Running, Beck's FACE flashes terror... FOOTSTEPS behind him:

**FLASHCUT:** Young Beck running through the same forest, fear-stricken at finding himself alone in the dark woods...

**BACK TO:** Beck, reaching the edge of the forest, finds the same barbed-wire FENCE-LINE from childhood now vine-snarled, he HOPS the fence landing on a bed of LEAVES...

GANDLE: snaps sharply in the direction of the sound. Comes to the edge of the forest and stops, sees the barbed fence SWAYING gently ahead. He HOPS over it in pursuit...

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Hoyt, drained of blood, has fallen against the car fender. He stares at Allen, who's twisted on his side, wide eyes BULGING in terror, in rage...

The men LOCK EYES. And HOLD the look. Dying together. A contest of wills, whose eyes can stay open the longest.

And finally. Allen loses.

INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Beck HURLS himself on, coming to a stream, his foot slips on stone and he FALLS landing HARD on the other side with his face CENTIMETERS from an ancient BEAR TRAP.

Beck pulls himself up, seconds later GANDLE appears in the clearing, HOPPING the stream, bounding through the forest...

**WITH BECK:** glancing around, eyes darting, alert to the man close behind. He STOPS, seeing another BEAR TRAP.

Gandle hears SCURRYING just ahead, he raises the gun adjusting his aim, presses on, CREEPING now, and then

BECK SPRINGS from behind a tree rushing in from the side -- Gandle turns but not fast enough as Beck TACKLES HIM -- the gun goes OFF but the shot's wide -- Gandle falls back INTO THE BEAR TRAP -- he SCREAMS and flails as the trap CLAMPS into his midsection with a SNAP, tearing straight through him -- Beck lunges, grabbing Gandle by the shirt:

BECK  
Where's Elizabeth?!

Gandle opens his mouth but only blood gushes. A last flailing breath, and he's GONE.

EXT. DIVE HOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM 228 - CONTINUOUS

Wu in the empty hallway draws his GUN, slips the KEY into the door -- quiet -- turns the HANDLE -- creeps silently into:

INT. ROOM 228 - CONTINUOUS

An open SUITCASE on the floor. Someone's in the shower...

Wu creeps closer... levels his GUN... through the bathroom door... hears the water running behind the shower curtain... Wu reaches out... TEARS IT BACK:

NOBODY. Wu staring -- SOUND of PISTOLS COCKING behind him --

CARLSON (O.S.)  
DROP IT!

Wu stiffens: a set-up -- knows he's fucked -- sets the gun down on the sink and turns with hands raised -- meeting the eyes of CARLSON, who's flanked by Hirsch and several Feds.

EXT. DIVE HOTEL - NIGHT

Wu, cuffed, is pushed into the back of a Fed sedan. Carlson walking behind him, turns to his car: SOMEONE is watching from the backseat, HIDDEN in SHADOW...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - NIGHT

Allen's dead EYES are unblinking against the falling rain. Beck steps over the body and moves to Hoyt against the elm. Hoyt stares back, winding down, tired...

HOYT  
 My poker face isn't what it used to be.

BECK  
 (light smile, sad)  
 Could've fooled me.

HOYT  
 I wasn't gonna give you up. I just had to get close to him.

His face is open, honest. Needing Beck to believe that. And he does...

BECK  
... I would've traded myself for her anyway.

Hoyt nods. He knows.

BECK  
Do you know where she is, or was that part of the bluff?

HOYT  
... haven't talked to her... since she came back... find her... tell her... I'm sorry I wasn't the father she needed me to be...

Beck takes Hoyt's hand and holds on. Tight.

BECK  
... Yes, you were.

HOYT  
(heartfelt)  
... always loved you, David... I just couldn't stay close... too risky for all of us... forgive me... please...

Beck's eyes are welling. He nods. It is the moment where they both recognize just how close they've really been all this time. The look HOLDS between them, then Hoyt SLUMPS.

HIGH ANGLE: looking down on Beck and Hoyt, blanketed under falling rain... we RISE HIGHER into the sky...

DISSOLVING THROUGH:

As Lake Charmaine evolves into a circus of flashing lights...

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - LATER

Beck, lost, at the back of an ambulance. Cuffed and guarded, he's being interrogated by an FBI agent. CARLSON'S SEDAN pull through the perimeter. Carlson emerges, walks over, gestures to the FBI agent for the handcuff key:

CARLSON  
(to Beck)  
Promise you won't run.

Beck smiles back, bittersweet. A beat.

CARLSON  
... someone here to see you.

Carlson nods to Hirsch by the sedan, he OPENS the back door...

Beck's heart is suddenly in his throat...

... ELIZABETH steps out...

SEEING Beck, her eyes FLOOD and she is MOVING to him, the distance between them impossibly close, and Beck cups a hand to his mouth, oh my God, and she is RUNNING now...

... and he is OFF the hood as she flies INTO his arms... he's kissing her face, desperately, her cheeks... they cannot hold each other tight enough, and she is crying, and laughing, and now he is too... pulling back to stare, just to make sure she's real...

BECK  
... It's you...

They hold each other for dear life... two bodies intertwined in the crowd... and we PULL AWAY now as, slowly, Carlson leads them back to the car...

BECK (V.O.)  
... The thing about second chances?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PARKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Beck's car pulls curbside. KIM, on the stoop, stands slowly... the passenger door opens, and seeing Elizabeth, Kim's legs give out... she drops into a sitting position on the stairs as Elizabeth RUNS into her mother's arms. Beck emerges and folds his arms against the roof.

We PUSH IN as he watches...

BECK  
... They come with a constant reminder...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BOARDING GATE - DAY

Placard announces a departing flight to SAN DIEGO. Tyrese, in a cast, clasps a hand with Beck.

BECK (V.O.)  
... of everything you almost lost.

Tyrese turns, collecting T.J. from Elizabeth's arms...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

Months later. Beck and Elizabeth are walking along...

BECK (V.O.)  
We used to think being together  
forever was a given... we've let go  
of that illusion...

They stop to look at a book display in a window... Elizabeth moves off to buy something from a street vendor and that's when Beck glances up, into the bookstore, to see...

ANNA: staring back at him from a behind a table of books... he's caught off-guard... takes a beat before offering a little smile... she smiles back...

BECK (V.O.)  
... there are so many other lives  
we could live... we could even be  
happy living them...

A MAN comes up behind Anna and puts an arm around her, she smiles, glances back at Beck... just as Elizabeth returns... a nod of silent understanding passes between Beck and Anna... ... they turn away from each other... Beck reaches for Elizabeth's hand...

BECK (V.O.)  
... and knowing that makes choosing  
each other matter even more.

Elizabeth weaves her fingers through Beck's, and together they walk on down the street...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE CHARMAINE - FOREST - DAY

... we're descending through the endless trees...

BECK (V.O.)  
... it's in my dreams now that  
she's dead, and I'm searching for  
her...

... we come to find Beck, watching Elizabeth carve another  
notch under their initials at their oak tree... she turns to  
him... he smiles...

BECK (V.O.)  
... and when I wake up? It's to  
someone I'm getting to know for the  
first time, all over again.

... we CLOSE IN on their initials...

"EP+DB."

FADE OUT.

THE END