

**The Reincarnationist**

Pilot

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"PILOT"

INT. WESTPORT ACADEMY - GYM - NIGHT

9th-grade boys' basketball game. FANS and CHEERING. On the court, favor NOAH POWELL, 14 years old. Gangly, long hair, a touch of acne. Not quite a boy, but not yet a man. And also not much of a hoops player. He lumbers around, a step behind the action. Trying his best. But not much of a factor.

IN THE BLEACHERS, find Noah's parents: MIKE and AMANDA POWELL. Mid-40s, nice people. He's a broker in the city, she's a stay-at-home mom. They watch with the other Westport supporters.

MIKE

Rebound, Noah! You gotta box out!

Mike's gung-ho. The classic frustrated high school athlete living vicariously through his kid. Amanda's used to it, but it's still kind of embarrassing.

AMANDA

Relax, Michael.

MIKE

He looks totally lost out there!

AMANDA

Well at least he's getting to play. Just give him a break. Calm down.

He sits, as another MOM gives Amanda a sympathetic smile. Men. What are you gonna do?

Westport with the ball. Noah picks, but forgets to roll. The pass back to him sails out of bounds and out the gym doorway. The crowd GROANS. Noah's BASKETBALL COACH throws up his hands.

BASKETBALL COACH

Come on Powell, what was that? Get your head in the game!

Noah glances up at his dad, out of breath. Hating this shit. As he slinks out to retrieve the ball, we FOLLOW HIM TO:

THE HALLWAY

Where the ball rests against a trophy case at the far end. As he heads for it, Noah stops. Through a door, he sees the SWIM TEAM doing suicide sprints in an INDOOR POOL. Water thrashes wildly, and the SWIM COACH yells his fucking head off.

SWIM COACH

Push it, push it! You don't make this  
split, we're doing ten more! MOVE!

As Noah watches, a look comes over his face: fear. Oh fuck.  
It's happening again. He starts to tremble. Disoriented.  
Helpless. Overcome. Time slows, sound fades, and we CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE HOME TRAILER - REGRESSION - DAY (PAST)

Noah's having a past-life regression, and we're with him as it  
happens. Seeing what he sees, from his point-of-view. A  
series of flashes. Slices of memories. Pieces of a puzzle.

The kitchen of a shitty trailer--

A guy yelling-- let's call him SCARY MAN. Blurry and fast, we  
can't see his face, but he's 35, white, and extremely pissed--

SCARY MAN

What the hell are you doing? I warned  
you!

A PHONE is ripped from the wall--

A HAND grabs a baseball bat--

Suddenly,

EXT. MOBILE HOME TRAILER - REGRESSION - CONTINUOUS

We're running! Feet crunch in the SNOW--

A DOG chained to a post BARKS WILDLY--

We're by a BODY OF WATER. An ocean? A river? Can't tell--

We trip and fall! Scramble to get up. Panicked. As Scary Man  
flies into frame, leaping on top of us, SMASH BACK TO:

THE HALLWAY - PRESENT DAY

Noah stands there. Frozen. Out of time. Utterly petrified by  
what he just experienced. A voice penetrates his brain:

BASKETBALL COACH

Powell. You okay?

He turns. Sees the coach studying him with a puzzled look.  
Behind the coach, PLAYERS and the REFEREE are watching too. A  
KID trots down to get the ball, throwing Noah a look-- what a  
weirdo. Just then, Mike and Amanda push through. Go to him.

AMANDA

Noah? What's the matter?

Noah glances at the crowd. Scared and unsure. Still reeling. He motions his parents in close, and says it low. Afraid.

NOAH  
I saw him again.

AMANDA  
Saw who?

NOAH  
The man. Him.

AMANDA  
What man? What are you talking about?

NOAH  
(a beat, stricken)  
I saw the man who killed me.

Mike and Amanda exchange a look. See the confusion on their faces. Also the worry, and the concern. They can't process it. They don't understand it. But their hearts break, as they see the terrified look in Noah's eyes: haunted.

What the hell is going on with their son?

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL CAMPUS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Amanda and Noah walk, passing DOCTORS in coats, and NURSES on break. They round a corner, and stop at a building, nestled amongst the others. The SIGN on the door reads: "Samuels Center for Consciousness Research."

This is the place.

INT. SAMUELS CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Alive and bustling. Feels like a doctor's office, but with Buddha statues, a portrait of Carl Jung, and a sculpture called "The Struggle Of Two Natures Of Man." The Samuels Center is a research institute dedicated to the study of reincarnation and the science of the soul. One of a kind, and world-renowned, but not in your face about it. An air of confidence in here.

Amanda waits with Noah, as KATE MCGINN walks out. She's 36, with graduate degrees in Psychology and Cognitive Research, and reincarnation is her life's work. But she's not your typical scientist. A transplanted Texan, Kate is adventurous, outspoken, and charmingly self-assured. With her, it's not a question of why believe, it's why not? A fixer and a doer, she loves her job, and helping people, and she's in constant motion. Because if she ever slowed down, she might have to face the commitment issues she has in her personal life. But it's all good. You can't change Kate. She changes you.

KATE

Mrs. Powell? I'm Dr. McGinn. We spoke on the phone.

AMANDA

Hi. It's nice to meet you.

She stands, nudging Noah up with her. Pushes his hoodie back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is my son Noah.

KATE

How you doing today, Noah?

NOAH

Fine.

KATE

So why don't you guys come on back, and I'll give you a quick tour. Sound good?

Noah just shrugs, unenthusiastic. Yikes. This'll be fun.

INT. SAMUELS CENTER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kate leads them through the busy offices, giving them a mini-tour. They pass by some PATIENTS sitting in a waiting area.

KATE

This is Behavior and Therapy, where we handle all the chronic cases. Phobias, addictions, stuff like that...

Now they pass an elevator, as Kate turns to Noah--

KATE (CONT'D)

That goes to a pretty kick-ass library downstairs. You ever need to research a paper for school, I can hook you up.

No response. Noah just keeps following, a few feet behind. Hoodie back up, hands in his pockets. Amanda shakes her head.

AMANDA

This is what I was telling you about.

KATE

It's okay. He's a teenager, I get it.

AMANDA

I know he is, but this is different. He's been having the memories for two months now. He can't sleep, he won't eat, he's afraid to go certain places--

KATE

Try to relax, alright? We're gonna figure this all out. Here. This is us.

A door marked "SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS". As Kate opens it...

INT. SAMUELS CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - A BIT LATER

Kate sits knees up in her chair, across from Amanda and Noah on a couch. A VIDEO CAMERA is set up and ready in the corner.

AMANDA

We've been to three different doctors, and no one can give us any answers. But something's definitely going on, and I just... I guess I'm desperate. Dr. Thomas gave me your number--

KATE

Frank's great, isn't he? We were at Duke together.

AMANDA

Yes, he seemed nice. But honestly? I'm a little nervous. I really don't know that much about reincarnation.

KATE

Well, I could give you a half hour on Buddhism and Jungian theory, but then your eyes would roll back, and that would be bad. So let me just start with this: have you ever had a deja vu', or met someone and thought they seemed familiar?

AMANDA

Sure. All the time.

KATE

Scientists have been trying to figure that out forever. Some say it has to do with a misfiring of neurons, others will tell you it's because of deep-brain anomalies in the way we process memory. But I think there's another explanation. I believe it's because we're mining levels of consciousness that science can't contemplate.

AMANDA

I'm not sure I follow.

KATE

The idea of reincarnation is that we've been here before, and we have memories of our past lives. Normally, these memories stay in our deep subconscious, and there's not a problem. But sometimes, when our soul's in conflict, the memories come to the surface, and it can be very traumatic. We call that a regression. That's when a person goes back, and experiences events from his past life.

AMANDA

You think that's what's happening here?

KATE

I don't know yet. Some doctors use hypnosis, or psychotherapy, or even medication to treat the problem, but our approach is different. In my experience, the answers are usually found in the regressions themselves. If we can isolate the triggers that are causing them, we can spark more, and gather the info we need.

NOAH

But I want them to stop. That's the whole point.

KATE

I know you do, and they will. But first, we have to draw the memories out, so we can understand what's going on. We're sort of like past-life detectives, trying to solve a mystery. The more clues the better.

NOAH

(a beat)

You really believe all this crap?

KATE

Yes I do. Although I wouldn't exactly call it crap.

Amanda glares at Noah: behave. He's clearly gonna be a challenge, but Kate's up for it. She focuses on him.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look, I know it sounds a little crazy at first. But these memories you're having. Not much fun, are they?

NOAH

No.

KATE

They just come out of nowhere, and they probably don't make much sense right now. Your heart races, your palms sweat, you try as hard as you can but you can't make them go away. Right?

NOAH

Yeah. Basically...

KATE

It sounds like classic regression trauma, and believe me, it's only gonna get worse if we don't do something about it.

(to Amanda)

I've been doing this a long time, okay? I've helped a lot of people just like him, so you just have to trust me. This is something we can fix. I promise.

Amanda and Noah exchange a look. Kate's reached them.



KATE (CONT'D)

Let's do this. You guys get comfortable, and we'll start the interview in a sec. I have to make a quick phone call first.

As she steps out, we go:

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Pitch black in here. The phone rings, and a machine picks up:

OUTGOING MESSAGE

Hey, it's me. You know what to do, so do it at the beep.

KATE (MESSAGE ON MACHINE)

Hello? It's Kate. We had a ten o'clock, and you're not here, so I'm starting without you. Hey genius. I know you're there. WAKE UP!

She hangs up, as PRICE WHATLEY stirs. He's 38, handsome and cynical, and before he was fired six months ago, a top homicide detective with the NYPD. He drags himself up, opens the shade, and turns to his bed. King-sized, with a frilly duvet. As he tosses a pillow on it, we notice... he only slept on one side.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - LIVING AREA/KITCHEN - DAY

The place is a mess. Empty take-out boxes, newspapers piled high, untouched dry-cleaning. The furniture's nice enough, but most of it's been pushed aside to make room for a recliner directly in front of the TV. This is a man who is damaged.

Dressed for work, Price walks through, grabs some mail off the floor, and sorts it as he pours himself a tomato juice. Bills, bullshit credit card offers, more bills. But then... an INVITATION. Addressed to "Price and Lauren Whatley." He stops. His hand shakes. It's been a year since his wife died, but these moments still kill him. He puts the invitation on a pile, with others just like it. Fighting it. A beat, and he pulls some whiskey down from the cabinet. Pours it into his juice, and drinks down the sting. Fucking grief. Go away.

INT. SAMUELS CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - ONE HOUR LATER (DAY)

Kate is busy setting up Noah's file as two men pester her. MALACHI SAMUELS is her boss. Late 60s, avuncular, a legend in the field. DR. ANOOP KARNA is 46, from Calcutta, and Kate's colleague. An eccentric therapist who loves bad TV and jazz.

MALACHI

This is what I was afraid of. I gave you a dozen perfectly qualified candidates, and he's the one you pick?

KATE

Would you relax? He spent 12 years with NYPD homicide. This case is right up his alley.

MALACHI

Then where is he? It's my name on the door, Katherine. I'm the one who has to go before the Board of Regents and justify his hiring, not you.

DR. KARNA

Maybe you should reconsider. I've been trying my best to acclimate him, but I'm not sure he's cut out for a clinical setting.

KATE

Which is exactly why I wanted him. We need to shake things up around here. He's a good detective, and we were lucky to get him, so why don't you two just give me a--

Off their looks, Kate stops. Sees Price standing at the door.

PRICE

I can go get coffee if you guys wanna keep talking about me.

KATE

Hey, no. It's okay. Come on in.

PRICE

(plopping down)

So what'd I miss? Some guy think he was Elvis? Another lady with a fear of sharp corners?

DR. KARNA

Very funny. You've only been here two weeks.

PRICE

(to Kate)

You should have seen this woman. Afraid of her own coffee table. I'm just glad I was there to help.

MALACHI

Everyone starts in Behavior and Therapy, Mr. Whatley. That's the protocol.

KATE

Lucky for you, orientation period is now officially over. Take a look.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

(slides him a file)

Client's a 14-year-old boy with emergent regression trauma. It started out as flashes of a man yelling at him, and then last week, something happened at his basketball game that sparked a full-on regression. He says he saw this man kill him.

PRICE

(intrigued)

So it's a murder case?

KATE

Possibly.

PRICE

What happened?

KATE

Here. See for yourself.

She hits play on a remote. On a MONITOR, a VIDEO of Noah taken an hour ago rolls. The frame is close on him as he sits next to his mom, with Kate questioning him from off-camera.

NOAH

... it looked like the kitchen, and the place was a dump, and he was yelling at me. I think I saw a bat, and then all of a sudden I was running.

KATE

Where?

NOAH

Outside. There was snow, and a river or ocean or something. I saw a dog barking, and then I fell and he caught me and it just went black.

KATE

How did you feel when it was over?

NOAH

Like he killed me.

KATE

Why?

NOAH

I don't know. I just did.

Off that, the VIDEO STOPS. Price looks up at everyone.

PRICE

That's it? We're supposed to figure out who killed this kid based on that?

DR. KARNA

Not him. Whoever he was in his past life.

PRICE

Fine, but still. It's not a lot to go on.

MALACHI

We've had less in other cases.

KATE

This is why we hired you, okay? That boy's memories are your crime scene. It's time for you to show your stuff.

PRICE

Yeah well, you can't get a DNA match from a memory. Not to mention fingerprints. Maybe we could have him sit down with a sketch artist. That's a start.

KATE

He never saw the guy's face clearly enough. All we know is, he's white and he's angry. I'm thinking Republican.

Price looks at her like she's nuts.

KATE (CONT'D)

Relax. I never said it would be easy.

PRICE

You didn't say it would be impossible, either. I mean, Jesus. I'm gonna need a lot more information than this.

KATE

Of course you will. That's why you have me. Come on, we'll get coffee on the way.

As she grabs her stuff and goes, Malachi and Karna watch Price. A beat. A sigh. He hoists himself up and follows her out.

EXT. JONES BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Seagulls circle, waves crash. Kate and Price weave towards the parking lot through the CROWD, as Amanda and Noah follow behind them. Kate is carrying a VIDEO CAMERA.

PRICE

Well that was fun. You mind telling me what the hell we're doing?

KATE

He remembered being by the water. I thought if we brought him here, it might spark something.

PRICE

Then why are we leaving?

KATE

It's not working. We have to see if we can find a different trigger.

PRICE

It seems kinda pointless. Just waiting around for him to remember something.

KATE

I have a place in mind, okay? And please don't be a close-walker. It's annoying.

She separates a little, as Price glances back at Noah.

PRICE

Maybe I should just go tackle him and start yelling. Probably be faster.

Kate rolls her eyes. Fairly sure he's kidding.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DOG PARK - DUSK

Amanda stands with Noah outside the fenced enclosure, watching DOGS frolic with their OWNERS inside. Price and Kate are a short distance away, down the fence, observing Noah.

PRICE

How much longer?

KATE

Just be patient.

PRICE

Nothing's happening, and it's freezing out here, so could we just--

KATE

There's Andre. Here.

She hands Price the video camera.

KATE (CONT'D)

Start recording. It's the red button.

PRICE

No shit.

KATE

And don't make a big deal out of it.

Kate waves. ANDRE sees them, and comes over. He's inside the fence. Kate's friend, with two excitable SHELTIES on a leash.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hey Andre. How are the kids today?

ANDRE

They're good.

KATE

(to Noah and Amanda)

This is Jack, and that's Jill. You guys just wanna run and play, don't you? Such a good girl, such a good puppy--

ANDRE

You're gonna get them all excited--

That's her plan, and it works. They start BARKING, and other dogs perk up. A ROTTWEILER. A MASTIFF. Howling, coming over--

ANDRE (CONT'D)

(to the other OWNERS)

Sorry, it wasn't me--

An ORGY OF BARKING, and dogs straining at their leashes, and in the middle of it all, Kate is reading Noah. He's taken a few steps back. A familiar look on his face: fear. He closes his eyes, puts his hands to his ears. As the barking grows louder and more intense, time slows, sound fades, and we CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE HOME TRAILER - REGRESSION - DAY (PAST)

A tiny bedroom--

A WINDOW with bars on it--

That same fucking DOG BARKING FURIOUSLY outside--

Scary Man argues with a WOMAN in the snowy yard. Slaps her!

KATE (V.O.)

Where are you? Tell me what you see.

A bedroom DOOR. We're trying to open it. It's locked!

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Noah, can you hear me? What's happening?

Our hands tear at the doorknob. Pound on the wood. It's no use. We're trapped. As the dog howls away outside--

RESUME THE DOG PARK - PRESENT DAY

Price is still recording, as Kate holds Noah. His body tense.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hey. Are you still there?

He opens his eyes. Petrified. Can barely form the words--

NOAH

I wanted to help her. The door was locked.

KATE

Help who? Where were you?

The DOGS are still barking. Noah's eyes dart. His heart pounds. He can't fucking deal. A beat, and... he RUNS!

AMANDA

Noah!

They take off after him. Flying down gravel paths. Tearing through the trees, scattering JOGGERS by a pond. It's fast and furious, like an animal in flight. The camera bangs against Price's body as he tries to keep up...

Noah disappears around a building, and when Price makes the corner, Noah's not there. And then he sees: it's a public restroom. Price runs for the MEN'S ROOM door. Throws it open. It's empty.

PRICE

Jesus! Noah?

Kate and Amanda arrive, out of breath--

KATE

Where'd he go?

PRICE

I don't know! He was right here!

Amanda is distraught. PEOPLE are watching. And then, Kate suddenly has a thought. She goes to the LADIES ROOM door...

PRICE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KATE

Keep recording!

Price grabs the camera, as Kate opens the door--

KATE (CONT'D)

Noah?

Empty, with two stalls. One open, one closed. HEAR whimpers, and as Kate goes and pushes the closed stall door open... there Noah is. Sitting on the toilet, knees close together, tugging nervously at his long hair. He looks up. Fighting tears.

NOAH

What's wrong with me?

Amanda rushes in and holds him tight. Tears of her own.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Please don't tell dad. Please...

Kate has to walk away to process. Price follows, reeling.

PRICE

What the hell is going on?

KATE

We just got our first clue, that's what.

PRICE

What are you talking about?

KATE

Hello? He went into the ladies room. He didn't have to do that. Both were open.

PRICE

Maybe he was confused.

KATE

Did you see the way he was sitting? And pulling on his hair? No guy does that. Especially not a 14-year-old boy.

A beat, as it dawns on Price. Slowly but surely.

PRICE

Wait a second. You're telling me he used to be a girl?

KATE

No, the regression's telling you. This is how it works. You have to pay attention.

Off Price, in a whole new world,

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

INT. SAMUELS CENTER - KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Eclectic place. On the walls, diplomas, tapestries, and music posters. A framed photo of Kate with the Dalai Lama. The bookshelves are stuffed, there's a large aquarium, and dozens of antique cremation urns. Also a miniature mummy in a case. Kate's into cultural death rituals. Comes with the territory.

Price sits, as Kate busies herself feeding her fish. It's quite a ritual-- different foods in different containers.

PRICE

I don't know what that was. I admit it was weird, but just because he's scared of dogs and he freaks out and runs into a ladies room doesn't really help us. We need leads. Something we can actually use.

KATE

We have them. We know our location's by the water, somewhere cold. Bad guy's fighting with the woman, Noah wants to help her, but he's locked in a room and he can't get out. When he does, he's killed for his trouble.

PRICE

He being a she.

KATE

Exactly.

PRICE

Great. Other than that, we've got no witnesses, no body, and our description of the killer is that he was mean and he had a dog. Now all we have to do is pull every unsolved homicide with a female victim in the last fifty years in every northern state and see what we can find.

KATE

Come on, it's not that bad. Think about it. The murder had to have happened before Noah was born, so the victim's soul could have time to enter his body. That rules out the last 14 years right there.

Price takes that in.

KATE (CONT'D)

Plus we know he's susceptible to triggers now, so we'll probably be able to spark more regressions. It's a good sign.

PRICE

There's gotta be another explanation.

KATE

Like what?

PRICE

Like maybe his father. Why didn't he want his mom to tell him?

KATE

Because he was scared, and probably a little embarrassed. I get that.

PRICE

The guy works in the city, right? Don't you think it's kinda weird he hasn't been around?

KATE

A little. But the focus should be on Noah right now, and whoever he was in his past life. There's a soul in there trying to tell us something, and our job is to keep listening.

Price looks at her. Not so sure. He grabs his coat.

KATE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

PRICE

Out. You do your thing, I'll do mine.

INT. MIKE POWELL'S OFFICE - WALL STREET - DAY

Price interviews Noah's father. Mike's a big deal at his firm. Busy and important. And at the moment, a little impatient.

PRICE

Anything happen recently that might be upsetting him? A death in the family, maybe a bully at school?

MIKE

Not that I know of.

PRICE

So this just came out of nowhere?

MIKE

Look. Noah's a great kid, but he's always been different.

PRICE

How do you mean?

MIKE

He's an only child, and he's incredibly bright, but he's never been interested in girls or parties or making new friends. He'd rather sit up in his room surfing the web and watching You Tube videos and doing god knows what else.

PRICE

That bothers you.

MIKE

No, what bothers me is how everybody's overreacting to this thing. We've been to two different therapists so far, and even a neurologist, and nobody's been able to find anything wrong with him.

PRICE

So what do you think the problem is?

MIKE

I have no idea. But I know this isn't the solution. I love my wife, Mr. Whatley. I just think she's wasting her time with you people. No offense.

PRICE

No, I get it. I'm pretty new to all this.

A beat. Mike leans forward. In just-between-us-guys mode.

MIKE

Put it this way. Noah's always had a tough time fitting in, and he's a bit of a mama's boy. Maybe this is just his way of getting her attention.

INT. STARBUCK'S - DUSK

Price talks to Kate, as she bird-dogs the BARRISTA making her coffee. We can tell, she's particular about her brew.

PRICE

His dad thinks he's faking it to get attention.

KATE

And you believe that? Whoa. Amigo. Half-decaf, remember?

PRICE

I don't know. Maybe the kid's just depressed. He never says anything.

KATE

So, what? Just dose him up with some Prozac and that's gonna solve the problem? I don't think so.

PRICE

Don't knock it till you've tried it.

KATE

Hey. Room for cream, okay? And a shot of Hazelnut on top. Like, a quarter-push.

BARRISTA

Lady. You wanna make it yourself?

PRICE

Take it easy. Here. We got it.

He grabs her coffee, and moves her toward the sugar station.

KATE

What? Five dollars for a cup of coffee, I should get it how I like it.

She starts doctoring away with the sweeteners. Then:

KATE (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something. Do you believe in reincarnation?

PRICE

Why? You said it doesn't matter.

KATE

Just answer the question.

PRICE

You said when I met you, and I quote: "We don't care what you believe, Mr. Whatley, we're just looking for a great detective." Close quote.

KATE

I said good, and that's not the point. If you don't, then why'd you take the job?



KATE

Noah take all these?

AMANDA

Yes, that's his hobby. He's the photo editor for the school yearbook.

Price and Kate study the photos: oceanscapes, waterfalls. Boats on lakes. Arty stop-frames of divers' entry splashes.

KATE

He's got a real water thing going on.

AMANDA

That's new. And it's strange, because he hates the water. He can't even swim.

Price and Kate exchange a look. Duly noted.

PRICE

So where's your husband? You call him?

AMANDA

He has a business dinner. I'm sure he won't pick up.

KATE

Maybe Noah's with him.

AMANDA

It's in Philadelphia. So what do you think we should do?

PRICE

Let's start with his friends first.

AMANDA

I've already tried. No one's seen him.

PRICE

Then think about where he could be. Movies, arcade, maybe the library.

AMANDA

He doesn't go anywhere anymore. Not since this whole thing started.

Just then, a PING on the computer. Price goes over and checks the IM on the screen.

PRICE

(reading)

"What up Noah." Who's Malone67?

AMANDA

Malone? That's-- he lives next door.

She seems puzzled by it, and as we go...

EXT. MALONE'S HOUSE NEXT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

... we see why. MALONE comes bopping down the stairs, as his MOM waits with Price, Kate, and Amanda. He's 8 years old.

AMANDA

Hey Malone, we're looking for Noah. Do you know where he is?

MALONE

Whoa, am I in trouble?

AMANDA

No, sweetheart. He's just late getting home, and we're trying to find him.

MALONE

We're IM buddies.

AMANDA

I know. That's very cool.

MALONE

But we didn't chat today.

AMANDA

(a beat)

Alright, well...

They're about to go. Malone glances at his mom. Then:

MALONE

I know a place he likes to go sometimes. He's been telling me about it.

EXT. SIGNAL HILL - NIGHT

Kate and Amanda follow Price as he sweeps the darkness with a FLASHLIGHT. It's an elevated overlook, the Long Island Sound below. A RED LIGHT flashes atop a nearby a RADIO TOWER.

PRICE

Noah! You out here?

The beam lands on a figure. Sitting against a tree. It's him.

AMANDA

Oh my god. Noah?

NOAH

Leave me alone.

AMANDA

Do you know how worried I was? Why didn't you answer your phone?

He doesn't respond. Amanda kneels down. Sees him holding something in his hand. A knife. Her eyes go wide--

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Price quickly snatches it from him. Noah could care less. And then, Amanda notices something. She pulls his hoodie back, and we see... he's cut all his long hair off. Everyone reacts.

NOAH

You have to make it stop. I don't wanna be a girl.

AMANDA

Sweetheart--

NOAH

I'm going crazy, mom, I swear to god. Please. You have to make it stop.

Amanda reaches for him, but he pushes her away. Price nudges Kate, showing her something in his flashlight beam. Next to Noah's backpack is a NOTEBOOK. He's written the name "Maria" all over it. Large blocks, small cursive. Obsessive. Spooky.

KATE

Noah, what is this? Is Maria your girlfriend?

(shakes his head no)

Is she the one you wanted to help?

NOAH

I don't know.

PRICE

Was that your name?

NOAH

I said I don't know! It just keeps coming to me, and I can't control it! Don't you think I'd tell you if I knew?

He's in a state. Price and Amanda are ready to back off. But Kate sees him glancing at the red light on the radio tower.

KATE

Why do you come here? Is there a reason?



NOAH

Yeah. My life sucks.

KATE

Come on, we can't do this without you.  
Did you see something again?

NOAH

No.

KATE

Then why?

No answer. As the red light flashes off his tortured face...

INT. KATE'S CAR (MOVING) - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Price talks on his cell, as Kate tears through Manhattan traffic. Her car is a '99 Blazer. A tank she uses well.

PRICE

All missing persons and DOAs with first name Maria. Coastal states with snow.

(a beat, to Kate)

Does North Carolina get snow? Just, yeah.  
Put it in. Thanks bud, I owe you. Bye.

He hangs up, bracing as Kate honks and veers around a cab--

KATE

That light on the tower means something.  
Did you see how he kept looking at it?

PRICE

Yep. And something's up with those photos, too. The beach wasn't a trigger but he's clearly got a jones for water.

(they enter an alley)

Where the hell are we?

KATE

Shortcut. My roommate showed me this when I was at N.Y.U.

PRICE

You realize this is insane. No one drives in the city.

KATE

It's a Texas thing. Cars, guns, and the death penalty. Plus I hate paying for cabs. You sure you don't want me to take you home? It's not a problem.

PRICE

I'm good. The subway's probably safer.

KATE

Ooh-- score.

They emerge just as a car vacates a spot. A fucking miracle. As Kate whips into the space and starts to parallel park--

PRICE

I didn't know you went to N.Y.U. Easy--

KATE

That's how I met Malachi. He spent his career traveling the world, documenting cases of reincarnation. Xenoglossics, progressives, birth-mark transference. Amazing stuff, but I wanted to do more with it.

PRICE

What do you mean?

KATE

Research is fine, but what good is all that knowledge if you can't use it for something. Right? Am I good?

PRICE

Yeah. I'll catch a cab to the curb.

KATE

Oh shush.

They climb out. Washington Square. Stand for a bit.

PRICE

So lemme ask you something. Have you ever been able to have a regression?

KATE

Me? Not personally. No.

PRICE

Don't you think that's a sign? That maybe it's not real?

KATE

Look. Anyone can be a skeptic. That's easy. I just think life's a lot more interesting when you have the faith to believe the unbelievable.

PRICE

I tried that. Four years of Catholic school. Didn't take.

Just then, a familiar sound catches Price: BELLS JINGLING. He turns, and sees a WOMAN exiting a BOOKSTORE. Gets a look.

KATE

What's wrong?

PRICE

Nothing.

Now a MAN now enters the store, and the BELLS JINGLE again. Price is transfixed. Sort of shakes his head a little.

PRICE (CONT'D)

It's just weird. That was my wife's favorite place when we lived in the Village. We used to come here on Sundays and hang out. Stupid bells drove me nuts, but she loved them.

(then)

I haven't been here since she died.

He stares for a beat. Drifting. Going back.

KATE

You okay?

PRICE

(no)

I'm fine.

KATE

Well, like I said. Life's a lot more interesting when you have the--

PRICE

It's a coincidence, Kate.

KATE

(doesn't think so, but)

Okay. Whatever you say. My apartment's two blocks down, so... good night.

She starts to go. A beat, and Price calls out--

PRICE

Hey. You feel like getting a bite?

KATE

(stops, a little thrown)

Oh. Um... I can't. I have plans. A date, actually. Sorry.

PRICE

No big deal. I'll see you tomorrow.

She goes, and we're off Price. Staring at those stupid bells. Wondering if maybe that really was his wife calling out to him. A beat, and he heads down the sidewalk. Walks into a bar.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small, cluttered, but homey. Kate sits on her couch, her dog BUSTER at her feet. Holding her cell. Gathering. A beat, and as she dials, INTERCUT with DR. TREY CARNAHAN, 40s and hot, standing outside a busy restaurant. He answers her call:

TREY

Please tell me you're not cancelling.

KATE

Hey, sorry. I hope you're not there.

TREY

This is twice in one week, Kate. You're gonna give me a complex.

KATE

Something came up at work and I have a ton to do and I just... I don't think I'd be very good company.

TREY

Am I ever gonna see you again?

KATE

What about the weekend? I have a thing on Friday and Buster goes to the salon on Saturday but Sunday could be good.

TREY

I'm on call Sunday. You know, if there's something going on, I wish you would--

KATE

It's just work, that's all.

TREY

Alright. Maybe I'll e-mail a picture so you can remember what I look like.

KATE

Call me next week, okay? I gotta run, but we'll make it happen. Promise. Bye, you.

They hang up, and Kate exhales. She sits back, settles in, and pulls Buster up on the couch with her. Grabs her afghan and her Lean Cuisine. As she clicks on the TV...

INT. SAMUELS CENTER - LIBRARY - NEXT MORNING

A huge, cavernous basement, jammed floor-to-ceiling with books and ancient texts. Also computers, imaging stations, and a darkened production studio. Impressive. Kate walks with her coffee, her footsteps echoing. Rounds a corner, and sees...

Price. In the same clothes from last night, working away at a table covered with books, maps, and notes. Totally engrossed.

KATE

Whoa... were you here all night?

PRICE

Couldn't sleep. Happens a lot. Hurry up, you gotta see this.

He clears her a space, and she sits, noticing some books: "Lighthouses of the Eastern Seaboard"; "Tall Structures" etc. He launches in, totally amped. Talking a mile-a-minute.

PRICE (CONT'D)

I started with the light on the radio tower, and I'm thinking, maybe it was a lighthouse. Noah remembers being by the water, right? But then I realized, lighthouses flash white, not red.

KATE

True--

PRICE

So maybe it's a building. Something tall, with a red light on top, meaning FAA regs say it's close to a flight path. Could be a thousand places in New York, but not in other cities. Like D.C. for example.

He shows her a bookmarked PHOTO from the "Tall Structures" book: the Washington Monument at night. Red light flashing.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Technically it's not on the water, but I went with it. Pulled all the unsolved homicides and missing persons within a ten-mile radius, and started culling.

He shows her his case list, and also a MAP of D.C., on which he's drawn a red circle with the monument as the radius.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Male victim? Gone. Body found? Gone. We can eliminate every case in the last 14 years, so those are gone too. And that's when I found this.

He clicks a computer, and an article appears: "Girls Missing From D.C. Home". PHOTOS of two young sisters above the fold.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Rachel and Rebecca Bell, ages 8 and 3, disappeared in December 1994. One month before Noah was born.

KATE

Hang on. He's never said anything about having a sister.

PRICE

Not directly. But remember how he kept saying "I wanna help her"? What if he wasn't talking about the woman he saw? What if his sister was kidnapped with him, and that's who he's trying to help?

Kate stares at the grainy photos of the girls. Chilling.

KATE

They're so young.

PRICE

It makes sense if you think about it. Noah's never said anything about putting up a fight when the guy grabs him. If he was little, the guy could have easily overpowered him. And maybe that's why he was Im'ing with that little kid next door. Because he used to be an 8-year-old girl.

Kate takes a beat. Impressed.

KATE

I gotta admit, it's a possibility.

PRICE

Damn right it is. The only thing I can't figure out is Maria. That's why we need to go to D.C. right now, and talk to this lawyer-- Daniella Santos. She represents the parents. They're professors at GW.

KATE

Screw the lawyer. Why don't we just go to them ourselves?

PRICE

I already tried, and they wouldn't talk. Call the Powells, okay? They can meet us at LaGuardia.

As he flips open his laptop, and starts looking for flights...

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - GATE AREA - DAY

Price paces anxiously as they wait for their flight.

KATE

Would you relax? They'll be here.

Kate's CELL RINGS. It's Amanda. INTERCUT their conversation, as Amanda sits in her kitchen AT HOME. Mike looms behind her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys close?

AMANDA

Hi... So listen, I'm really sorry, but I don't think we're gonna be able to come.

KATE

What? Why not?

AMANDA

(not her idea)

It's just, the timing's not right.

KATE

Amanda. This is really important.

AMANDA

I know it is, and I'm sorry, but I just... It's complicated. Maybe we should--

Mike can't stand it. He snatches the phone from his wife.

MIKE

Who am I speaking with?

KATE

Mr. Powell? Hi, it's Dr. McG--

MIKE

Listen to me, okay? I don't know what you people are trying to prove, but enough is enough. You're not making my son better, you're making him worse. He wouldn't sleep in his room last night, he didn't want to go to school today--

KATE

Sir. We're only trying to help--

MIKE

-- so if you think I'm gonna put him on a plane to D.C.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

to go see a bunch of strangers because of some theory that he and his imaginary sister were kidnapped, you're even crazier than I thought. It's not happening. We don't need your help. So how about you just leave us alone, understand? Goodbye.

SLAM goes the receiver. Kate reels, as Price comes over.

PRICE

What happened?

KATE

They're not coming.

PRICE

You're kidding me.

KATE

It's Noah's dad. You forgot to mention he's a controlling jackass.

PRICE

But we finally have a break in the case!

KATE

Well yelling at me's not gonna help! I tried to tell him. He didn't want to listen.

PRICE

(a beat, pacing)

Great. Just, great. So what are we supposed to do now?

Kate thinks for a second. Takes a deep breath.

KATE

We're gonna keep going. And find a reason for them not to give up.

She grabs her bag, and heads for the jetway. A beat, and as Price follows,

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Establishing. Beauty shots of the city as Price and Kate cross Memorial Bridge in their rental car.

INT. LAW OFFICE - FRIENDSHIP HEIGHTS - DUSK

Meet attorney DANIELLA SANTOS. Late 30s, former prosecutor. Beautiful, tenacious, tough. You'd hire her in a heartbeat. She sits with Price and Kate. Unplanned meetings annoy her.

PRICE

Mr. Bell's still a suspect in the case?  
After 14 years?

DANIELLA

Not officially. But until the morons at D.C. Metro rule him out, he's not talking to anybody without my permission. Everything goes through me.

PRICE

Why do they think he's involved?

DANIELLA

You know, I have an arraignment in the morning, so if you have something for me, now would be a good time.

O-kay. No chit-chat. Price takes a beat. Where to start?

PRICE

We think we have some new information on the murders of Rachel and Rebecca.

DANIELLA

Disappearance. What kind of information?

PRICE

A witness. Well, not really a witness. More like a person who maybe might know something. We think.

DANIELLA

Okay. Who is it?

PRICE

He lives in Connecticut. But he used to live in D.C. Well, not physically--

He's floundering. Kate jumps in and just fucking owns it.

KATE

We're past-life therapists with The Samuels Center in New York. We think one of those girls has been reincarnated into our client. Probably the older one.

DANIELLA

(a beat)

You gotta be kidding me. I thought you said you were a cop.

PRICE

I am. Or, I was. Twelve years NYPD--

KATE

His name is Noah Powell, and I'm sorry to tell you this, but he remembers being murdered in his past life.

DANIELLA

Really now.

KATE

I see that look on your face, and I know what you're thinking. But I'm telling you, this is real. We'd like to set up a meeting with this boy and your clients, and see if there's a past-life connection. If there is, it might help solve your case.

And... ding-dong goes the crazy bell. They've lost her.

DANIELLA

Do you know how many conversations like this I've had over the years? Psychics, witches, a guy in Baltimore who led us to a grave of dog bones--

KATE

This isn't a joke. We have a 14-year-old boy going through a very serious trauma.

DANIELLA

There was even a lady in Ohio who said she was abducted by aliens and met the girls on a spaceship. Real helpful.

PRICE

What about the name Maria? That mean anything to you?

DANIELLA

No. But even if it did, I wouldn't discuss it with you.

KATE

There's no need to feel threatened. Call the FBI. Special Agent Parson, Violent Crimes. He'll vouch for us.

DANIELLA

(unmoved)

Look. I don't appreciate being lied to. I'm sure you mean well, but I have work to do. It was nice meeting you.

As in, get the fuck out.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Price simmers as he and Kate walk to their car.

PRICE

You totally cut me off.

KATE

Because you weren't making any sense.

PRICE

I was trying to ease into it! And then you jump in and tell her we're the karma police or whatever, and now she thinks we're a couple of whack jobs.

KATE

Oh please. I knew what she was the minute we walked in there. The best way to deal with people like that is to just rip the band-aid off, and tell them what we do right up front.

PRICE

Wrong. It's all about establishing credibility.

KATE

By lying?

PRICE

Yes, if that's what it takes. Cops lie all the time! All you did was give her a reason to kick us out.

KATE

Well I'm not a cop. And besides, she was never gonna help us anyway. Looking at me all judgy like that.

PRICE

It's not you. There's another reason.

KATE

Like what. Tell me.

PRICE

Maybe she thinks her client is guilty.

INT. D.C. METRO POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Price grabs a coffee with DETECTIVE LOU CATES, 40s. An old co-worker from his NYPD days, pudgy and gruff. They catch up.

LOU

So what's the good Captain up to?

PRICE

Who knows. Last time I saw him he said he was getting a divorce. Then he fired me.

LOU

Jackass. Mrs. Captain should thank her lucky stars. Hope she got his pension.

They have a chuckle, and toast their coffees. Old times. Lou looks like he needs to say something.

LOU (CONT'D)

So listen, I'm sorry I didn't make the funeral. I was in Miami on a case. You doing okay?

PRICE

I'm fine. Don't worry about it.

LOU

What it's worth, everyone thinks NYPD screwed up big-time letting you go. You were the best detective they had, the stupid bastards.

PRICE

Yeah well, you drink too much and don't show up for work, that's what happens. I'm over it. Got a new gig. P.I. work.

LOU

Oh yeah? Here in the district?

PRICE

No, but I do need a favor. I need to see the file on a missing persons case. 1994, Rachel and Rebecca Bell. You know it?

LOU

Ooh, that's Special Victims stuff. Still open, so it's kinda touchy.

PRICE

Come on, Lou, no one's gonna know. It's important. And you owe me.

LOU

(a beat)

Yeah, I suppose I do. Come on.

EXT. WESTPORT ACADEMY - DAY

As STUDENTS mingle between classes, we find Noah. Standing outside the athletic building, staring through a window at the POOL inside. Entranced. Drawn to it. Something's going on.

INT. INDOOR POOL - MOMENTS LATER

The WATER POLO TEAM practices. Noah enters, and walks along the deck toward the diving well. Fully dressed, carrying his backpack. It's odd, and some of the players notice him.

WATER POLO PLAYER

Look. That kid is so weird.

Noah drops his backpack, tosses his baseball cap. We see his hair all cut off. As he heads for the low board, the practice comes to a stop. The swim coach turns, sees Noah.

SWIM COACH

Who is that?

WATER POLO PLAYER

I don't know. Some freshman.

Noah climbs up. Forces himself to the edge of the board.

SWIM COACH

Hey, what are you doing? Pool's closed.

Noah glances at him. Then down at the water. Heart racing. Mind spinning. And then... he steps off. What the fuck!?

He plunges underneath. Sinking to the bottom, arms out, eyes open. Wonderment at first. But then, panic. Flailing, struggling, terror in his eyes. Above the surface, everyone is stunned. He's been down too long. Is he coming up?

SWIM COACH (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

As he hurls his clipboard, runs, and dives in the deep end...

INT. WESTPORT ACADEMY - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - LATER

Amanda hurries down a hallway with the HEADMASTER.

HEADMASTER

Frankly, we've been worried about his behavior for a while now. He's behind in his work, he's a distraction in class.

AMANDA

I know, I'm sorry--

HEADMASTER

Thank god he's okay, but what if someone's not there to save him next time? He needs help, Mrs. Powell. Is there something going on at home?

AMANDA

Please. I just wanna talk to him.

They've reached the NURSE'S OFFICE. Noah sits in a chair, a blanket over his wet clothes. Humiliated. Embarrassed.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Noah... are you okay?

NOAH

I'm fine.

AMANDA

What happened? Did somebody put you up to this?

NOAH

No.

AMANDA

Then what were you thinking? You could have drowned, sweetheart.

He glances at the NURSE. Back at his mom. Utterly at a loss.

NOAH

I wanted to see if I could swim.

INT. D.C. METRO POLICE STATION - EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

Alone with the door closed, Price pores over the Bell case file. There's a lot. He's been here a while. CATCH POPS:

In the CASE SUMMARY REPORT: "no signs of forced entry"  
"serology - negative" "fiber analysis - no sample".

In the WITNESS STATEMENT SUMMARIES: "witness reports Prof. Bell had a temper" "was mad at daughter for poor grades".

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. Glossy color. See a set of bunk beds next to a window in the girls' bedroom. Sheets all rumpled.

The last few are of an old wooden tennis racket on the floor, its frame cracked and bent. A sticky attached to one has two notes on it: "positive for father's prints" and "member, Bethesda tennis club #8180". As Price studies, Lou knocks and enters:

LOU

I'm grabbing a sandwich. Want anything?

PRICE

I'm good. Do me a favor, though?

He searches and finds the WITNESS LIST. About a dozen names and addresses, numbered on a page. Hands it to Lou.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Just need a copy and I'm outta your hair.

EXT. D.C. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Dismissal time. KIDS play. Price sits on a bench, talking with PRINCIPAL DEANDRA COX. She's 50s, African-American.

DEANDRA COX

Everybody was so upset. I remember I cancelled school, and the police came, and they talked to each one of us individually. But they never asked about any Maria.

PRICE

They wouldn't have known to. This came up recently.

DEANDRA COX

Well, let's see... We had a Maria Egues who was an art teacher one year.

PRICE

When was that?

DEANDRA COX

2001. I remember because she helped the children do a grief mural after 9/11 happened.

PRICE

No, this would have been 1994. When Rachel was in 2nd grade.

DEANDRA COX

1994... No, we didn't have anybody named Maria back then. I'm sorry. I really wish I could help you.

PRICE

It's okay. Thanks for your time. I appreciate it.

As Price leaves, he pulls the witness list out. Four names are already scratched off. He scratches off Deandra's. Then, his CELL VIBRATES. He checks it, and sees a text message from Kate: "powells called. arrive tomorrow a.m. where are you?".

INT. GEORGETOWN INN - LOBBY RESTAURANT - DUSK

Price sits with Kate. A long day of getting nowhere has him in a surly mood. He picks at some appetizers, as Kate talks.

KATE

A teacher had to jump in and pull him out, and Amanda just lost it. She told her husband she's bringing Noah here tomorrow, with or without him.

PRICE

Big deal. The Bells are never gonna meet with us, so what difference does it make?

KATE

I'm just telling you what happened.

PRICE

The guy probably did it, okay? He had a bad temper, and he was mad at Rachel for bad grades, so the cops' theory is, they got into an argument, he hurt her, and Rebecca saw it. Then he panicked, and he killed them both to cover his tracks. They even found a broken tennis racket at the scene with his prints all over it--

KATE

Calm down--

PRICE

So now we're gonna go to him and say, hey, Professor. Meet this kid, we think he's the daughter you killed reincarnated, why don't you hang out? I don't think so.

KATE

But what if he didn't do it?

PRICE

The evidence says he did. And I'm telling you, I spent two hours today tracking down witnesses, and nobody's ever heard of any Maria. This whole damn thing is a wild goose chase.



KATE

Maybe, but stop thinking like a cop for a second, and consider the possibilities. What if the reason this whole thing is happening is because this girl wants to help her father? What if she knows he didn't do it, and she's back to clear his name, and help him find peace, and maybe even help us catch the real killer?

It's a good point. Price mulls, as Kate changes tacks.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look. You were right the other day. The reason I hired you is you're a good detective, so I don't care if you think everything I'm saying is total bullshit--

PRICE

Yes you do.

KATE

But what I do care about is you not throwing yourself a pity party and just giving up. Think about Noah. Think about those girls. You have a chance to really help these people, and this case needs you, as much as you need it back. You can't quit now, dummy. We're too close.

PRICE

In what universe? We don't even know if there's a connection. All we have are theories.

KATE

So let's go find the Professor. The man lost his daughters, for god's sake. Don't you think he might wanna talk to us?

PRICE

What about the lawyer?

KATE

What about her? She doesn't scare me.

A beat, and Price has to grin. Kate's a trip. He's in.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Outside the English building, Price and Kate follow TOM BELL down a path. He's 50s, a bit buttoned-up and formal, and a little world-weary. Also uneasy about this whole discussion.



KATE

I know this is hard.

TOM

The worst is the guilt. Why couldn't I protect them? Why can't I find them, what kind of father am I? Every time something new comes along, you get hopeful, and then it turns out to be nothing. It's like having your heart ripped out, one piece at a time. After a while, you just get numb.

A long beat. Price stares at his glass. Wrestling with a memory of his own. Finally, he has to let it out.

PRICE

A year ago Christmas, I lost my wife in an accident. We were in Mexico, and we were swimming...

(a beat, emotional)

There was this little cliff, and I jumped, and I waited for her to follow me. I knew she didn't want to, but I egged her on anyway. And her being her, she didn't just jump. She dove. Broke her neck on a rock under the water, and by the time I got her to the beach, she was already gone. And it was all my fault.

It hangs there. All the pain, all the grief. So loaded.

PRICE (CONT'D)

I know about the guilt. And I know what it's like to wake up every day and just want to block out the pain. But the truth is, if there was anything I could do to see my wife again, I'd do it. Maybe that's why I'm here. Maybe that's why I haven't walked away from this case, or this crazy woman sitting next to me. I don't know...

(then, simply)

I guess hope is all I have left.

Off Kate, Tom, and the silence...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BELL HOME - FOGGY BOTTOM - DAY

The Powells are coming over. Tom and his wife ANNE (50s and kind, but life's been hard) wait nervously in the living room, as Price does damage control near the kitchen with Daniella. She's fucking pissed.

DANIELLA

I specifically told you, everything goes through me.

PRICE

Would you calm down?

DANIELLA

Do you have any idea what these people have been through? All the pain, all the disappointments--

PRICE

They said they wanna do this.

DANIELLA

-- and now you want them to sit here for some stupid seance or whatever it is you call this? You're giving them false hope!

TOM

(from afar)

They're here.

They turn, and see Tom and Anne peering out the window. Dani glares at Price-- this conversation isn't over-- as we go:

EXT. BELL HOME - FRONT PORCH - THAT MOMENT

Kate stands with Mike, Amanda, and Noah. A nervous vibe out here, too. Kate turns to Noah. One last pep talk.

KATE

Just remember what we talked about. If there's a connection, it might be a little intense. But we're right here with you. You're gonna be fine.

AMANDA

What if nothing happens?

KATE

That's okay too. We just want you to meet them. They're nice people.

Hold for one last beat. Deep breaths all around, then:

INT. BELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Crickets. Noah stands, hands in his pockets, surveying the room. Distant. Wary. Anne tries to engage him.

ANNE

You're in the ninth grade?

NOAH

Uh-huh.

AMANDA

Sweetheart, why don't you sit down?

Noah doesn't want to, and it's awkward as hell, as the adults sit there. What's supposed to be happening? Should they be feeling anything? Price watches Kate. Kate watches Noah.

TOM

(gamely, to the Powells)  
Westport's a fine school.

AMANDA

Yes. We like it very much.

TOM

When I was on the admissions committee, we used to matriculate 2 or 3 students a year from there.

MIKE

Yeah, we haven't gotten that far yet. Although college might actually be cheaper. So what do you teach?

Tom's about to respond, but Kate raises her hand-- wait. Something's up with Noah. An agitated look on his face.

KATE

Noah. What.

NOAH

I wanna see my room.

Tom and Anne exchange a shocked look. Even Dani furrows.

DANIELLA

I'm sorry, what did you say?

Noah just turns, and walks off down a hallway. Because he knows exactly where it is. The room is floored. Calmly, Kate hands Price the video camera, and goes to follow him. She waves everyone else to come-- easy does it-- and as they all get up, trying to process what's happening, we go:

INT. BELL HOME - RACHEL AND REBECCA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Looks like the crime scene photos. Almost untouched, as if someone is hoping the girls might come home one day and everything will be fine. Price rolls video, as Kate motions everyone to be quiet. All eyes are on Noah. He stands there, trembling. Staring out the window.

NOAH

That's it. That's what I remember.

REVEAL: the Washington Monument, its red light flashing. Price and Kate exchange a look, as Noah turns to the bunk beds.

NOAH (CONT'D)

That's where I used to sleep.  
And that's where he came in.  
(then, to the Bells)  
Why didn't you lock the window?

ANNE

(a gasp)  
Oh my god...

Tom holds her up, as Kate stays focused:

KATE

Who came in, Noah? Tell us what happened.  
Just try to remember and tell us...

That haunted look. Time slows, sound fades, and we cut to:

INT. SAME ROOM - FOURTEEN YEARS AGO - REGRESSION - NIGHT

Darkness. We're in the top bunk, struggling as SCARY MAN pulls us down. He wears a dark coat and gloves. Works fast.

REBECCA (age 3) whimpers by the window --

A flash of a tennis racket propping it open--

We resist as he shoves us toward the window--

NOAH (V.O.)

He's got Rebecca. He's taking us through  
the window. It's so cold--

As he drags us out, our leg knocks the racket. It bends,  
cracks, and falls inside the room as the window slams shut!

SCARY MAN

Dammit!

NOAH (V.O.)

He's mad because I knocked the thing.

KATE (V.O.)

What thing?

NOAH (V.O.)

The tennis racket. It was holding the window up but it's broken now--

Scary Man peers in the window at the racket--

We grab Rebecca, and we run!--

He catches us! Flash a GREEN TRUCK parked under a tree--

We're inside it now. Kicking, struggling, screaming--

KATE (V.O.)

Where are you? What's happening?

NOAH (V.O.)

In the truck. It's a green truck--

SLAM! The door closes! As Scary Man runs around to get in...

RESUME THE BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Kate kneels in front of Noah. He shakes, eyes clenched shut.

KATE

Noah. Are you still there?

He opens his eyes, and as tears stream out, play the utter shock and disbelief in the room. For Price, for Dani, for Mike Powell, hell for everybody. But mostly, for the Bells-- is this their dead child reincarnated right here in front of them?

ANNE

Rachel? Is that you?

Noah just looks at her. Helpless.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

Instinct says go to him. But reason says stop. A beat, and she flees the room. As Amanda and Mike rush to Noah...

INT. BELL HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Chaotic. Anne sits at the table, trying to compose herself. Price, Tom and Dani surround Kate, arguing.

TOM

I don't understand. How did he know where the room was?

PRICE

Better question is, how'd he know about the racket?

DANIELLA

Wait a second, you knew about the racket?

PRICE

I was at D.C. Metro yesterday. I saw it in the file.

DANIELLA

That file's supposed to be confidential.  
(a beat, suspicious)  
You told him, didn't you.

PRICE

No I didn't.

DANIELLA

I knew it. This whole thing is a set-up!

KATE

Stop it. We didn't tell him about the racket, so quit arguing, and let's just focus on the regression. Obviously we have an abduction, and obviously your client had nothing to do with it, so where does that leave us?

DANIELLA

I'm going to the authorities.

KATE

Good idea. I'll call our people at the FBI and tell them we have a white male suspect and a green truck--

DANIELLA

I didn't mean with you.

KATE

-- so maybe they can run plates and registration and give us some names.

PRICE

What is that?

They stop, as Price goes to a PHOTO on the fridge: Rachel and her parents in 1994, smiling in front of a sailboat on a pier.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You guys have a boat?



TOM

No, that's from sailing camp. Rachel went for two weeks, the summer before... before it happened.

PRICE

Where? Here in D.C.?

TOM

Yes. A marina down on the Potomac. She loved being on the water.

Price and Kate look at each other. Dani notices.

DANIELLA

What.

KATE

Noah doesn't know how to swim. But in his regressions, he's drawn to the water.

PRICE

(to Kate)

On the video, the first one. He said it was either a river or the ocean.

Kate nods. It's starting to click now. Puzzle pieces coming together. Daniella's not following.

DANIELLA

We looked into that a long time ago. All the counselors were college students, so they were back in school by December. Solid alibis.

PRICE

Any of them named Maria?

DANIELLA

I don't remember. Why?

TOM

He asked me about her last night. It's someone the boy remembers.

PRICE

Even if she didn't take them, there's some kind of connection. This might be it.

(to Tom)

Can you take us to this sailing school?

TOM

Of course. It's down by the Armory.

Price can smell it. They hustle out, and we go:

EXT. POTOMAC MARINA - DAY

Price, Kate, Tom, Noah and Mike stare at a building.

PRICE

You're sure this is it?

TOM

I'm sure. The office was right here.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL... a RESTAURANT. Shit. The sailing school is long gone. They stand for a bit, as Noah watches the boats.

KATE

You remember the name of the owner?

TOM

No. I apologize.

PRICE

Maybe we can ask around. Dammit!

As Price wanders, ANGLE ON NOAH. He's focused on a boat, chugging out of the marina. Kate notices. Goes over.

KATE

Hey. You okay?

No. See the fearful look. Time slows, sound fades, and we go:

EXT. BOAT ON THE OCEAN - REGRESSION - DAY (PAST)

*We're on a small crab-fishing boat in stormy seas. Waves crash. A DOG BARKS on deck. We struggle to stand as SCARY MAN turns to us from the wheel. Eyes hard. We look left, then right. Nowhere to go. Just miles of ocean. We're fucked.*

*Catch pops of muted voiceover-- Kate trying to talk to us from the present: where are you, what's happening? Not reaching us.*

*SCARY MAN comes for us. Yelling, barking, a brief struggle, and then, over we go. Plunging into the black water. Going under, struggling, fighting for air. We come back up. The boat is chugging away. Leaving us. As a massive wave knocks us under again...*

RESUME THE MARINA - PRESENT DAY

You can practically see Noah gasping for air as he remembers the terror. Shaken. We can hear Kate loud and clear now:

KATE

... so you've gotta tell me what you see. Come on, Noah, talk to me. Hello?

NOAH

I was on a boat.

KATE

There you are--

NOAH

I was on a boat and he threw me over and he left me there. In the middle of the ocean.

KATE

What kind of boat?

NOAH

I don't know.

PRICE

What about Maria? Was she there?

NOAH

I don't know.

PRICE

Try to remember. Was anybody else there?

MIKE

He said he doesn't know. Take it easy.

Price backs off. As he paces in frustration, he notices a crab boat. Unloading its catch. As the dredge winches out of the water, the name painted on the transom is revealed: *The Alice Anne*. His P.O.V. rakes across names on other boats: *The Lazy Susan*, *My Darling Clementine*, *The Catherine*. And it hits him.

PRICE

What if it's the boat.

KATE

What?

PRICE

Look! Are you seeing this? What if Maria was the name of the damn boat?! Maybe he saw it, and that's why he remembers!

NOAH

(all eyes on him)  
I don't know. Maybe...

As they all look, excited, Kate gets a smile. Bingo.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - VIOLENT CRIMES UNIT - DAY

Price and Kate weave through some cubicles, in a hurry.

PRICE

So who is this guy again?

KATE

An old friend. He's been working with us for 15 years, and you've already impressed him, so don't blow it, okay?

They enter ELI PARSON'S office. 50s, a suit, surrounded by his TEAM OF AGENTS. He looks up, brightening at the sight of Kate.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

The good doctor. You're looking well.

KATE

Hey you... Price Whatley, Special Agent In Charge Eli Parson.

PRICE

How you doing?

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

Welcome aboard, detective. Kate's told me a lot about you.

PRICE

Yeah well, none of it's true. Find anything?

So much for the pleasantries. Parson grins, appreciating a man of action. He hands Price a copy of a printout.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

42 foot Chesapeake deadrise named The Maria. Registered to a David Conner, Caucasian male, age 53, two priors for burglary and assault.

PRICE

Jesus, direct hit. You got a location?

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

Port Leslie, Virginia. It's a twenty-minute ride.

Saddle up. This shit is going down.

EXT. PORT LESLIE HARBOR - DAY

Parson leads a TEAM OF AGENTS down a pier, with Price, Dani and Kate not far behind. PEOPLE GAWK-- it's quite an entrance. They walk right up to *The Maria*, where an unsuspecting DAVID CONNER, 50s, weathered, stows gear. Some guns are drawn....

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON  
David Conner?

CONNER  
Yeah.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON  
Special Agent Parson, F.B.I. Can you step  
off the boat please, sir?

CONNER  
What's going on?

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON  
Vessel inspection. Come on. Easy now.

He steps off, flustered, as agents frisk and then hold him.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON (CONT'D)  
You're the owner of this boat?

CONNER  
Yes sir.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON  
Alright. Standby.

He looks around at all the people staring. Not a good feeling.  
And then, an agent leads Noah up. He looks as scared as Conner  
is. But he hangs in there. Price and Kate join him for moral  
support, and Dani's there too, as Noah stops in front of  
Conner. Studying him. For a long, loaded beat. Then:

NOAH  
That's not him.

As everyone deflates, TIME CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

As agents scour *The Maria* and Parson interviews Conner. Dani,  
Price and Kate stand close by to listen.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON  
Trip logs, catch reports, employee cards.  
Everything you have starting December  
1994 and going back.

CONNER  
I don't have them.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON  
You were fishing off the grid?

CONNER

No sir. I didn't own the boat back then.

That lands. Shit.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

When'd you buy it?

CONNER

January '95. I was running tourist charters out of Potomac Marina back then.

PRICE

(on it quick)

The one in D.C.? By the Armory?

CONNER

Yeah, that's it. There was this guy, and he was asking around, said he had a good deadrise and some peeler pots too. He was in a hurry to sell. I got a deal.

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

What was his name?

CONNER

Don't remember. I'm sure I have it in a file somewhere at home.

PRICE

What'd he look like?

CONNER

You know, typical crabber. White guy, sorta scruffy, smelled like crap. He had a little girl with him.

Holy fucking shit.

PRICE

How old?

CONNER

Maybe 3 or 4, I don't know. I remember she was real cute, but her hair was all messed up. He said she'd tried to give herself a haircut.

(off the stunned looks)

Are you gonna tell me what this is about?

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

In the car. We need to go to your house and take a look at that file.

They hustle him down the pier. Price, Dani and Kate follow, peeling off to join the Bells and Powells. Waiting anxiously.

TOM

Why are they arresting him?

PRICE

They're not. He bought the boat from someone else in January 95.

TOM

Who was it?

PRICE

That's what they're going to find out. But you should know...

A beat. Price somehow senses this is someone else's moment.

DANIELLA

The seller had a little girl with him. 3 years old. It might have been Rebecca.

See the impact. It's almost physical.

ANNE

Oh my god... she's alive?

PRICE

We don't know. But yes. It's possible.

Off Tom and Anne. Hope. Doubt. It's almost too much to bear.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BELL HOME - THAT SAME NIGHT

Tick-tock. A vigil as everyone waits. Noah sits in a chair, facing out a window, lost in his iPod. Tom Bell paces, as Mike and Amanda sit with Kate, watching her check her cell.

TOM

Anything?

KATE

Not yet. I'm gonna get some more coffee.  
You guys okay?

MIKE/AMANDA

I'm good/I'm fine, thanks.

Kate gets up, gives Tom a little squeeze as she passes him, and enters the kitchen. Anne is at the table.

KATE

Hey. How you holding up?

ANNE

This is torture. I don't know if I can take it much longer.

KATE

Try to hang in there, okay? I'm sure they've got the whole division up there working on this. If this guy's out there, they're gonna find him.

Anne nods, trying to take comfort in that. And then, as Kate goes over to the coffee pot, her CELL RINGS. A loaded beat, and everyone rushes in. This could be it.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI OFFICES - SAME TIME

Price hurries down a corridor, document in hand.

PRICE

His name is Derrick Tate. He ran The Maria out of Potomac Marina for part of '93 and all of '94.

KATE

Slow down a second. So he was there when Rachel was in sailing camp?



PRICE

Exactly. He probably saw her with Rebecca and scoped them out. Has a nasty divorce in September '94, loses custody of his kid, and the wife hasn't seen him since. DMV has a last known address in North Carolina. Guess he never thought to change his name.

KATE

(a beat)

It's him, isn't it.

PRICE

Only one way to find out. You got everybody with you?

KATE

Yeah, they're right here.

PRICE

Car's on the way, and they're gonna fly us all down, so get ready, okay? See you in a bit.

They hang up, and we see Kate deliver the news. As Tom and Anne hug each other, we RESUME PRICE, as he barrels into a CONFERENCE ROOM. He starts packing up his laptop, and as he goes to stuff his charger cord into an outer pocket, he feels something. He pulls out a PHOTO: his wife LAUREN, smiling in her parka at a ski resort. Beautiful. Radiant. Alive. He must have put it in there on some past trip and forgotten about it. His hand shakes as the memories come flooding in. He puts it on the desk. Can't deal. Then picks it back up. Stuffs it into his bag, and walks out.

EXT. DERRICK TATE'S HOUSE - NORTH CAROLINA - 4:49 A.M.

Run-down, across the road from a beach. Price watches with Parson from a distance as the SWAT team surrounds the place. Silent, stealthy, weapons drawn. It's incredibly tense.

The Entry Team reaches the front door. Light flickers out a window from a muted TV. A beat, and from inside, a DOG STARTS BARKING. Parson clicks his walkie:

SPECIAL AGENT PARSON

Move! Go!

The agents jump into position, weapons raised, and...

INT. DERRICK TATE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CRASH! The front door is rammed in. BOOM! Flash grenades explode.



Before Parson can respond, Tom and Anne reach them. The agents part. Parents see daughter. It's excruciating...

TOM

Rebecca?

She looks at them. Confused.

REBECCA

My name is Sarah. Who are you?

ANNE

It's us, sweetheart. Mom and dad.

Shock. Disbelief. And then, a glimmer of recognition...

REBECCA

He told me you were dead.

ANNE

We're right here, angel--

REBECCA

He told me I was adopted and you were dead  
and I never thought--

ANNE

My baby, my sweet baby--

They rush to her, and it's just amazing. Tears, hugs, joy, relief. But also heartbreak. The last time they saw her, she was a baby, and she's a teenager now. As they hold on tight,

ANGLE ON THE REST OF OUR GROUP. Watching from a respectful distance. Price turns to Kate. Wants to say something. Can't find the words right now. Dani looks at the two of them. Same thing.

And then, Noah starts walking. Eyes locked on Rebecca. Drawn to her, feeling the connection. A little faster. Right up to her, as Rebecca sees him. She can't explain the feeling she's getting. And then, Noah hugs her. Firmly, simply, lovingly. Lets go, and as he walks off, Rebecca is at a loss.

REBECCA

Who was that?

ANNE

It's a long story. Come here. Let me  
look at you...

ANGLE ON NOAH as he walks back to our group. Something catches his eye. He stops, turns, and sees... Derrick Tate. In the back of an F.B.I. car. Everyone watches as Noah walks toward him. Shit. Amanda starts to go get him, but Kate stops her.

KATE

Wait. It's okay.

A few more tentative steps, and Noah stops. Staring at his tormentor. Tate glances up from the back of the car, his expression blank. They lock eyes for a moment.

AMANDA

What's he doing?

KATE

Saying goodbye.

A beat, and Tate looks away. And as the car pulls out of frame, we're off Noah. It's over. He's gonna be okay now.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Price and Kate sit on a dune, taking in the gorgeous sunrise.

PRICE

Rachel got out, and when she tried to call for help, the guy just snapped. He said he realized she was too old, and he could never pass her off as family like Rebecca. So she had to go.

KATE

I don't get it. How could someone do such an awful thing?

PRICE

I quit trying to make sense of people like that a long time ago. You'll make yourself crazy.

KATE

Yeah, but making sense of people is what I do. And this one is just... beyond.

PRICE

I don't know. I guess sometimes evil is just evil.

That lands, and a moment passes. Price is still processing.

PRICE (CONT'D)

I'll say this. I never would have believed what just happened if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.

KATE

Yeah, for your first time? That was a pretty good one.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

Hey.

PRICE

What.

KATE

The other night at the bar, all that stuff you said about hoping to reconnect with your wife?

PRICE

Yeah...

KATE

I knew you didn't take this job for the money.

PRICE

You're right. Mostly I wanna know if I was JFK in another life. Here, see if you can regress me.

She gives him a smack. A beat, and Price reaches into his pocket, and pulls out the PHOTO of his wife. Hands it to her.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Her name was Lauren. She loved to go skiing, cause she could whip my ass.

KATE

She's pretty.

PRICE

Yeah, I married up. As her father constantly reminded me.

He takes the photo back. Kate gets a little grin.

PRICE (CONT'D)

What.

KATE

I just think it's funny how all of a sudden you're carrying her picture.

PRICE

How do you know it's all of a sudden?

KATE

I just do.

PRICE

It must be hard being so damn right all the time.

KATE

It's a burden. But I live with it.

Now he smiles. Genuine and charming. And then, as he leans back and reclines on the sand, the sunlight glinting off his hair, Kate feels something. A presence. She tries to shake it, but it's there. Time slows, sound fades, and we CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - KATE'S REGRESSION - DAY

We're having a picnic on a blanket on a sunny day. There's a YOUNG MAN with us, attractive, dressed in clothes that say maybe 1971. We're laughing, as he opens a bottle of wine. He pours us a glass. As we take it, and sunlight glints off a DIAMOND RING ring on our finger...

RESUME THE BEACH - PRESENT DAY

Kate is motionless. Staring at the sand, an astonished look of disbelief on her face. Oh my fucking god. Did that just really happen? As she sits there in shock, Price looks at her.

PRICE

What's the matter?

KATE

What? Nothing...

She snaps out of it. Running her hands through her hair nervously. Trying to play it off.

PRICE

You sure? You don't look so good.

KATE

Yeah, it's just... I don't know. There's something about you.

Yes there is. But that's a story for another time. For now, Kate just lies back, and as they look up at the sky together,

FADE TO WHITE.

END OF SHOW.