

[THE INSIDE]

"Aidan"

TEASER

1 INT. PAUL RYAN'S HOME - OFFICE - LATE DAY 1

Paul is working at his desk, going over photos of dead things and the MUGSHOTS that made them that way.

Karen steps quietly into the doorway behind. Paul tenses up, but does not turn.

Karen walks over, takes an empty food plate from his desk.

KAREN  
You done with this?

Paul nods.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
How much longer, you think?

PAUL  
Karen, I'm working.

KAREN  
Yeah, and you were working at work all day, too. I need your help.

Finally, Paul looks at her. Blank.

PAUL  
What.

KAREN  
Well, for starters, Hector's coming on Friday to paint, and the room's not ready.  
(beat)  
I can't take down the crib by myself.

PAUL  
Well, I got ten homicides from three different field offices I have to match against our files for tomorrow.

He turns back to his work, dismissive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL (CONT'D)

I can't look at a crib right now.

KAREN

(softly)

I know.

She exits. Paul, made numb by her remark...

EMMA (PRE-LAP)

To have a child growing inside you  
is a gift. We give thanks for that  
gift. *Namasté*.

2 INT. YOGA CLASS - EVENING

2

EMMA, a yoga instructor, instructs a CLASS of about six  
PREGNANT WOMEN.

CLASS

*Namasté*.

Class breaks up. As they rise to their feet, LYDIA, early  
40's, whispers to CHERYL, early 30's.

LYDIA

Tell you what else is a gift.  
Bladder control.

CHERYL

Thought I was the only one peeing  
herself.

They laugh. Cheryl fills up a cup of herbal tea from a  
dispenser.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I'll be giving this back in two  
minutes...

Cheryl moves off with tea. Lydia steps in to fill her own.  
They're both grinning.

LYDIA

Bye, Cheryl.

CHERYL

Bye.

HARD CUT TO:

3 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

3

CHERYL'S PALE, LIFELESS, BLOOD-SPATTERED FACE. Bye.

FLASHING RED LIGHTS reflect off it. A voice shouts:

VOICE (O.S.)

Over here!

ANGLE ON AN AMBULANCE PULLING UP to a curb, just outside of the alley. A couple of ON-LOOKERS stand around. One points the way as TWO PARAMEDICS grab their gear and hurry into the alley.

WIDE as they arrive at Cheryl's body, lying in a pool of blood where a BYSTANDER hovers over her.

BYSTANDER

I found her...

PARAMEDIC #1

Step back, please.

BYSTANDER

(moving back)

I don't think she's breathing.

PARAMEDIC #1 places a hand on her throat.

PARAMEDIC #1

No pulse. Go 10-ccs --

Paramedic #2 tears open the disposable syringe and injects Cheryl's arm as Paramedic #1 starts to administer CPR.

PARAMEDIC #2

Should I grab the defib?

PARAMEDIC #1

Not yet. Check her wound. Try to stop the bleeding.

As PARAMEDIC #2 rips open a pad of gauze and begins to apply pressure, something catches his eye. He shines a penlight on her wound, examining it. Then...

PARAMEDIC #2

I see the baby.

PARAMEDIC #1

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC #2

I see a foot. The amniotic sac  
must've ruptured.

(then)

How's she looking?

His partner's look says it all: she's a goner.

PARAMEDIC #1

Go for it.

Paramedic #2 reaches into the open wound and slowly takes  
hold of what's inside and gently begins to extract it. We  
catch a glimpse of a small leg emerging.

PARAMEDIC #2

Oh my God...

PARAMEDIC #1

What is it?

No answer.

PARAMEDIC #1 (CONT'D)

Mike.

ON PARAMEDIC #2, staring confused at something in his hands.  
He looks up at his partner, who grabs the flashlight and  
shines it on...

A PLASTIC BABY DOLL, naked and bloody, as he tilts it, its  
eyelids flutter open and it stares vacantly back at him with  
dead eyes.

DOLL

(tiny, digitized voice)

Ma-ma...

Off the plastic, bright-eyed painted face --

\*

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

4 EXT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY - A PHOTO 4

Of CHERYL ANNE MONROE is pinned to the case board. It's WEB who has pinned it there. The team is gathered.

WEB

Cheryl Anne Monroe, 32, of Studio City... Body was found six hours ago. Paramedics were called. But were too late to resuscitate. Prelim forensics say she died from systemic shock and severe blood loss from a tear in her abdomen.

DANNY

Murder weapon?

WEB

Unknown at present.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Witnesses?

WEB

None that we know of yet. Her car was parked across the street in front of a yoga studio. She was there last night taking a pre-natal yoga class.

PAUL

She was pregnant.

Awkward beat. Mel looks over at him, concerned. But Paul's all business.

WEB

Approximately seven and a half months, according to the coroner. Though it's difficult to pin down without the fetus.

DANNY

What do you mean, without the--

REBECCA

It's missing.

Rebecca is reading from a police report.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The UNSUB took it from her.

A beat as they register that.

DANNY

So, we're looking for a baby?

WEB

Coroner says no. The extraction was hardly surgical. The fetus won't have survived. We're looking for a body. And it'll be about this size...

Now Web holds up something: clear plastic, labeled bag -- the blood-caked BABY DOLL. A collective recoiling.

WEB (CONT'D)

This was found inside what used to be Cheryl Monroe's womb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Despite the things they've seen, it's a creepy image.

MEL

(under her breath)

God --

WEB

It's why we've been called in. Police believe this has the earmarks of a signature. First in a series. They want us to act preemptively before our UNSUB strikes again.

MEL

Most women... most pregnant women... who are the victims of homicide are murdered by their baby's fathers.

WEB

Except this baby didn't have a father. Not in the usual sense. According to the paperwork we obtained from the Zen Life yoga studio, Cheryl Monroe was artificially inseminated. We're still trying to track down her O.B.

Paul has taken the doll, examines it, with detachment.

PAUL

The desecration of the victim indicates something more than termination of an unwanted pregnancy. It's a message.

REBECCA

We just need to figure out what it means.

Paul continues to stare at the doll a beat too long before Mel reaches out to take it from him, seemingly to examine it herself, but her eyes never leave Paul.

WEB

Start with the yoga studio. It's likely the UNSUB was targeting it. Paul -- Carter's put together a list of women from the victim's class. You, Danny and Mel split up, question everyone on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WEB(CONT'D)

Find out if they saw anything or  
anyone suspicious.

PAUL

Right.

He turns, heads off toward Carter's tech room. Mel hesitates  
and tentatively approaches Web.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MEL

Web, Danny and I can probably handle the interviews ourselves...

WEB

(oblivious to her concern)  
Three of you can cover more ground.  
(as he exits)  
Rebecca, you'll be with me.

Rebecca starts to gather her things. Mel to Danny:

MEL

Does he even realize--

DANNY

Yeah. He just doesn't care.

REBECCA

Care about what?

Mel looks at her.

MEL

Paul. *Dead baby?* It hasn't been that long since Karen lost theirs.

REBECCA

(understanding)  
And you're worried he might become a detriment to the investigation.

Mel and Danny look at her, incredulously.

MEL

I'm worried about our friend.

Disgusted, Mel shoves the doll back into Rebecca's hands and moves off.

DANNY

(apologetic)  
It's called feelings. Somethin' we humans have. Don't worry 'bout it.

Danny follows Mel. Rebecca, holding the doll, watches them go, suddenly guilty and alone.

A5 EXT. LYDIA OSTERLAND'S HOME - DAY

A5

The door opens, big ol' pregnant Lydia is there -- Danny looks at her belly -- this must be the place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
Lydia Osterland?

LYDIA  
Yes?

DANNY  
(flashes his badge)  
FBI. Ask you a few questions?

B5 INT. N.D. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY B5

HANNAH, pregnant, in maternity business attire, comes around a corner with some paperwork. Mel spots her, intercepts --

MEL  
Hannah Davies?  
(flashes badge)  
Special Agent Sim, FBI. Can I ask  
you a couple of questions?

5 INT. HALLWAY/BETTY'S APT. - SHORT TIME LATER 5

Paul KNOCKS on an apartment door. A voice within calls out:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY (O.S.)

Who is it?

PAUL

Betty Scarwid?

Paul's already got his FBI ID up and displayed as the door opens and BETTY answers, shaking a bottle of baby formula.

BETTY

Yes?

PAUL

Special Agent Ryan, FBI. I'd like to ask you...

He glances from the bottle of formula down to her very not-pregnant belly. He's surprised.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Are you in a pre-natal yoga class at the Zen Life Studio?

BETTY

I was. Until about six weeks ago.

She gestures inside and Paul looks past her and sees: Baby stuff all over the room. A CRIB resting against the wall. A mobile hangs above. Paul, confronted by what he can't deal with at home. Betty misreads his expression.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Why? Did something happen?

6 INT. N.D. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MEANWHILE 6

Mel and Hannah sitting on a bench.

HANNAH

Cheryl? Oh my God. Did she... did her baby...

MEL

We just need to know what you saw last night.

HANNAH

Nothing, I... class ended, I walked to my car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

What about Cheryl? How was her mood? Did she seem nervous, or agitated?

7 INT. LYDIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 7

ON LYDIA, sitting on her couch, devastated by news of Cheryl's death. Danny questioning her.

LYDIA  
No, not at all. She was relaxed,  
joking around.

DANNY  
Did you see her leave?

LYDIA  
Yes. She left right before I did.

8 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - MEANWHILE 8

Rebecca STEPS INTO FRAME in front of the yoga studio. Web at her side. She's looking across the street toward --

-- A LONE CAR. Crime scene tape, a few UNIFORMS and some FORENSIC TECHS tell us whose car that is.

Rebecca looks from that, her POV PANNING over to the lip of an alleyway, as --

REBECCA  
Her car's parked there... but she  
was killed in the alley.

She starts crossing to the parking lot --.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Did she ever make it to her car?

She arrives at the car. Can see into the alley from here.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
No sign of struggle here...

She's pulled on a rubber glove. Reaches for the door handle. CLICK. It opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Unlocked. So did she leave it that way, or did she get here, unlock the car before...

Her head turns, she glances over toward the alley... then back to the car. She notices something on top of the car.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

They have an herbal tea dispenser in the studio, don't they?

Web walks over to see what she's looking at. It's a CUP STAIN on the roof. A yellowed ring of evaporated moisture. Rebecca kneels, checks under the car.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Tea ring, but no tea cup.

She takes a few steps back from the car. Moves toward it with an invisible tea cup...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

She gets to her car, tea cup in one hand...

MATCH CUT TO:

A9 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - NIGHT A9

CHERYL MONROE, alive, walking up to her car with a tea cup in one hand, keys with remote in the other. Clicks the car UNLOCKED -- on the CLICK --

B9 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - DAY B9

Rebecca looks over to Web --

REBECCA

Was she carrying anything else?

Web nods across the street, where more FORENSICS GUYS comb the scene. Near the chalk outline, a spilled shoulder bag and its contents.

WEB

Her bag and its contents all found there in the alley, few feet from the body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca clocks the bag. Retreats back from the car a few steps again. This time with invisible tea cup and --

MATCH CUT TO:

C9 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - NIGHT C9

Cheryl Monroe, this time with cumbersome shoulder bag and tea cup. She gets to her car, sets the tea cup on the car --

MATCH CUT TO:

D9 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - DAY D9

Rebecca matches the action with her invisible tea cup, over the cup ring stain.

WEB

So where is it?

Her eyes go across the street. Then back to the ring. She reaches out like she's grabbing for an invisible cup...

MATCH CUT TO:

9 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - NIGHT 9

CHERYL turns at a sound WE CAN'T HEAR. Sees something across the street, registers recognition. Smiles. Picks up the cup...

CHERYL

(Rebecca's voice)

She took it with her.

She crosses out of frame...

10 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - A MOMENT LATER 10

A crushed CARDBOARD CUP, near the lip of the alley. The area and wall around it stained with spilled tea. Rebecca, Web behind her, looking at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

Why did the victim cross the road?

REBECCA

Probably not to toss her cup on the other side...

(to Web)

Something drew her here...

As she comes to her conclusion, Web's already there.

WEB

Or someone.

REBECCA

Cheryl Monroe knew her killer.

11 INT. N.D. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MEANWHILE 11

MEL

Jake? Who's Jake?

HANNAH

Cheryl's boyfriend. Her baby's father. Have you told him yet?

MEL

Um. I thought Cheryl had been artificially inseminated?

HANNAH

What? No!

(laughs)

That was her joke. She called Jake the 'sperm donor.' Because he's... you know... so generous with it.

MEL

Right.

HANNAH

Anyway, I guess he wasn't really her boyfriend. She'd broken it off. She said raising one kid was going to be tough enough.

12 INT. LYDIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE 12

DANNY

And how did Jake feel about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYDIA

Well, I don't really know him. I barely knew Cheryl. I've only been in class two weeks... but she did mention that he'd been calling, sending cards, flowers...

A13 INT. N.D. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

A13

HANNAH

...one night he was waiting outside for her after class.

MEL

Do you recall when that was?

B13 INT. LYDIA OSTERLAND'S HOME - DAY

B13

LYDIA

Must have been my first night there...

DANNY

So about two weeks ago.

LYDIA

(recalling)

And I think again that same week...

DANNY

So he's a pretty persistent guy?

13 INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

13

Paul hasn't moved more than a couple feet in. Betty is now across the room, hovering over the crib. The mobile is on, and she is cooing softly to her baby. Paul's comfort level hasn't increased. In fact, he wants to get out of here.

BETTY

Well, she's carrying his child.

PAUL

But she didn't want anything to do with him?

BETTY

I think she just wanted to know he'd be there for her and the baby.  
(off his distance)

You sure you don't want to come in?  
(holds up full bottle)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY (CONT'D)

It's happy hour if you hadn't noticed. I can get you something, too.

PAUL

No thank you, I'm good. Do you think he'd ever hurt her?

BETTY

Jake?

A14 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - DAY

A14

Rebecca, retracing the steps again.

REBECCA

She wasn't afraid...

B14 INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

B14

BETTY

He loved her.

PAUL

Sometimes love makes people do crazy things.

C14 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - DAY

C14

REBECCA

She went willingly...

Rebecca approaching the killing zone...

MATCH CUT TO:

D14 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - NIGHT

D14

Cheryl, bag over her shoulder, tea cup in hand, approaching the same spot, we don't see who is there, but she's cheerful, happy. Looks down at something... her expression changes... confusion... she looks up at the someone we don't see...

CHERYL

(Rebecca's voice)

But something changed...

MATCH CUT TO:

14 EXT. YOGA STUDIO/STREET - DAY 14

WEB  
What changed?

REBECCA  
He did... the killer...

15 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 15

CHERYL hits the ground, bludgeoned. Tea cup SPLASHES in SLOW MOTION, and her bag spills ITEMS from the impact.

16 EXT. STREET/ALLEY - DAY - BACK TO SCENE 16

Bag on the ground where Cheryl dropped it, the contents askew. Rebecca seems to notice something there.

A KNITTING KIT - Needles, crochet hooks, buttons. In clear plastic pockets of an organizer. Expert knitters in the audience will notice the shears are missing. If not, fine. Rebecca crouches down, scrutinizing it.

REBECCA  
Has the dumpster been searched?

WEB  
Yes.

She continues to scan the ground until she sees what she's... A SEWER DRAIN. Rebecca moves to it, kneels down. Rebecca lies flat on the ground and reaches inside the gutter, feeling around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Web, watching her pressed to the street, smiles. Suddenly she reacts, and strains to reach a little further. That's when we hear the "clink" of metal against concrete.

REBECCA

Gotcha.

Now we hear a scraping as Rebecca drags out and produces...  
SCISSORS. Stained with blood. Murder Weapon.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

These belonged to the victim.

WEB

He wasn't waiting here with a  
weapon.

REBECCA

He didn't come here to kill.

17 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

17

JAKE CARRINGTON, not much more than a teenager, a rakishly good looking Ashton Kutcher type, sits across from Paul.

PAUL

When's the last time you saw your  
girlfriend, Jake?

JAKE

Pffft. Which one?

PAUL

Let's start with the dead one, work  
our way from there.

18 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

18

Danny and Mel watching the interrogation. Rebecca enters,  
carrying a plastic evidence bag with the knitting shears.

\*

\*

REBECCA

Hear you picked up a suspect.

DANNY

Baby daddy's name is Jacob  
Carrington.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Cheryl Monroe's Mister Wrong. Name came up in all our interviews.

He hands her the typed summaries of their interviews. She cross checks them, splitting her attention between the notes/summaries and Paul's questioning of Jake.

MEL

Guy's practically a baby himself and he's already made four of his own. Four different women. That's four monthly child support hits.

DANNY

He was about to make it five -- until this morning.  
(re: evidence bag)  
What's that?

REBECCA

Murder weapon. Belonged to the victim.

MEL

Weapon of opportunity...

DANNY

Tracks. Crime of passion.

CARTER

And no lack of passion in there --

Carter has entered during the last of that, notes the exchange growing more heated between Paul and Jake. Carter has a thick file, hands it off to Mel.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Full skinny on the Yoga Studio. The women from the vic's class, plus names of anyone registered there in the last six months.

Mel takes it. Danny's keying off what's happening in interrogation --

DANNY

(off Paul)  
Whoa. Ease up. He'll be crying for a lawyer --

19 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

Jake's freaking out a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Hey! What is that?! Get that away  
from me! You sick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

What it is is the bloody doll in the evidence bag. Paul has shoved it across the table at Jake.

PAUL

You buy this for Cheryl, Jake? Or did you take it away from one of your other four kids? Think that'd make Cheryl come back to you?

JAKE

Cheryl? I thought this was about Mandy and that dope thing. Something happen to Cheryl?

PAUL

Yeah. You happened to her.

With that, Paul slides a gruesome CRIME SCENE PHOTO of dead Cheryl across the table. It's so bad, we can't really even show all of it.

JAKE

Ohmygod! OHMYGOD!

20

INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

20

DANNY

Okay. Harsh. Maybe I'll pull him out of there, sub in. \*

MEL

(off materials Carter  
handed her) \*

Ugh. It's no wonder he's on edge. \*  
Look who we geniuses sent him to  
interview --

She hands the folder to Rebecca, who scans it --

REBECCA

(to Carter) \*

Where did you say this came from? \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTER

Yoga class. Web wanted the full school roster. Owner wasn't in a big hurry to give up the confidential client stuff, but when I explained there might not be any more clients once...

REBECCA

(looks up, cuts him off)  
Stop the interview.

21 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

21

Paul and Jake. Jake a wreck.

JAKE

Oh. Oh, god. Where's the baby?

PAUL

No, Jake. Where's the body.

Now the door opens. Danny, Rebecca and Mel there. Paul looks over, pissed.

DANNY

Mister Carrington? Can you step out, please? Jake?

The poor kid looks up. Rises shakily. Moves to the door. Mel puts a hand on his shoulder, drives him off screen with:

MEL

You want a drink of water?

Danny and Rebecca enter the room.

PAUL

What's going on?

Danny stands, looming a little. Rebecca takes the seat Jake was in, across from Paul, she's got the Carter materials and the typed summaries of the interviews. In this posture, it almost looks like she's now interrogating him.

REBECCA

Betty Scarwid. She dropped out of the class. You interviewed her.

PAUL

Yeah... she had her baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca just slowly shakes her head no. Paul's confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA

No.

(then)

According to private records from the yoga studio... Betty Scarwid left the class because she lost her baby.

(hands him the folder)

Paul, she miscarried.

Paul stares at the report which conflicts with his account.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

In the summary of your interview with her, you say you saw her baby. Aidan.

PAUL

Um. Yeah.

REBECCA

Paul... are you sure you saw it?

PAUL

(defensive)

Well, yeah... I mean... small apartment, crib was right there.

REBECCA

And you looked inside?

He doesn't answer. He looks to Danny for support. Danny shifts uncomfortably.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Did you look inside? Paul, no one's blaming you if you didn't feel comfortable --

PAUL

Blame me for what? What are you getting at? There was a baby. She was feeding it.

REBECCA

You saw her feed it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He meets her gaze, knows where she's going.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Did you hear it? Did it make any sound? Laugh? Cry?

PAUL

So what are you saying? That the baby in that crib was...?

He can't finish the thought. Looks away with:

PAUL (CONT'D)

No. I never actually saw it.

REBECCA

I think we need to go back there.  
(looks to Danny)  
With a warrant.

Danny nods. Moves off. Rebecca glances back to Paul, who won't look at her, as --

22 INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

22

Betty hums, dressed for a chilly day at the park. She's strapping on a baby sling. As we come in, she pulls a knit cap over her baby's head. Was it blue? Hard to tell, as the motion was so brief. The tiny figure makes no sound. Moves not.

BETTY

Okay, Aidan. You snuggly? Ready for the park?

WE SEE a tiny, limp BLUE HAND dangling for just a second. She pulls the tiny sweater around a body that will never warm. Cheerfully exits, slamming the door behind her. Off that --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

23 INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

23

PAUL'S CLEAN POV of Betty's apartment door as it's opened by Rebecca. She's where Betty was. Behind Rebecca, an EVIDENCE RESPONSE TEAM (3) goes over the nooks and crannies with brush and tweezers. Web steps into view, close behind Rebecca with:

WEB

(re: Rebecca's position)

She was standing about here?

PAUL

She opened the door. I identified myself.

WEB

And that's when you noticed she wasn't pregnant... Then what?

Web playing with his dolls again, forcing Paul to re-enact his mistakes. Paul steps in, Rebecca-as-Betty steps back.

PAUL

I stood about here, for the rest of the interview.

REBECCA

Where was she?

Awkward beat.

PAUL

At the crib.

Rebecca moves back behind the crib where Betty was.

WEB

You never came closer. You never saw a baby.

PAUL

No. The, uh, mobile was on.

Web crosses to the CRIB, within line of sight. Web presses the button on the crib-mounted mobile. It slurs to life, playing 8-bit Mozart as it rotates over nothing. Rebecca looks down, embarrassed for Paul.

WEB

She dotes maternally over what is likely a corpse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB(CONT'D)

The FBI is at the door. She evidences no signs of stress. Even invites you in.

(his conclusion)

She may not be on the run... she may just be out.

(to various FORENSICS)

Catalog everything, then put it back where we found it. APB stays in effect, but post units outside. She may be back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEL (O.S.)

Guys?

Mel is crouched by the TV. She has hooked Betty's camcorder to it, and has been going through tapes.

MEL (CONT'D)

Might want to take a look at this.

ON TV: Group of WOMEN and PRESENTS surrounding Betty. In this room. The date is displayed on screen. Betty, glowing, with bump, unwraps a present. The infant carrier. Betty coos.

MEL (CONT'D)

Baby shower. Almost two months ago.

BETTY (FROM TAPE)

A baby sling! Thank you, Jeannie. C'mere...

JEANNIE (FROM TAPE)

Great for breastfeeding, or so they say.

Betty gives her friend Jeannie a kiss on the cheek.

WEB

She names the gifters. I want to talk to all of them.

Danny enters from the bedroom, tosses Web a FILOFAX.

DANNY

Addresses might be in there. Also, we'll want a chat with this guy.

He hands Web a framed photo of a MARINE in dress uniform.

WEB

The father?

REBECCA

According to record, she's not married.

PAUL

She was wearing a ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY

Well, this is the only photo of a  
guy I could find.

WEB

(hands photo back)  
Who, where, and soon.

DANNY

No prob. Only a hundred n' seventy  
five *thousand* enlisted jarheads...  
(off Web's look)  
One PFC special, comin' right up.

LAUGHTER from the shower brings their attention back to... TV  
SCREEN: Betty has unwrapped her latest present: THE DOLL.  
Naked and unbloodied, it croaks its trademark "Ma Ma..."

KIM (FROM TAPE)

I figured you could use some  
practice.

BETTY (FROM TAPE)

(sardonic)  
Thanks, Kim.

Betty and KIM pose for a picture together. Flash pop. More  
laughter. Betty suddenly feels her stomach.

BETTY (FROM TAPE) (CONT'D)

Ooh. Am I imagining things, or was  
that a kick?

Paul can't take it anymore. He walks out. They watch.

REBECCA

(low to Web)  
Sir, may I have a word with you in  
private?

Web's eyebrow grants consent.

24 INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 24 \*

Reb n' Web enter. *A little privacy.* \*

WEB

You have a theory?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

A request.

She hesitates, maybe that was too bold. But she said it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I think Paul should be taken off this case. It's too personal for him.

WEB

(smirks)

That's usually his line, regarding you. Can you guess my stock reply?

REBECCA

That's why he's on the case...

WEB

Trauma breeds insight.

REBECCA

Or it can blind you. Sir, Paul's experience is not equivalent to what our suspect has gone through.

Web stares. Rebecca feels she's overstepped her bounds.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Just a suggestion...

Now insecure, she turns to go.

WEB

You're right. Paul didn't suffer a loss firsthand. Perhaps it's not his insight we should be seeking.

He holds her look meaningfully, then exits. Off Rebecca, processing that half-riddle...

25 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

25

ON BETTY, strolling serenely, wearing her baby sling. Small knitted cap protrudes from the top. A lovely day in the park. KIDS swarming on the play structure; MOTHERS stand around watching. She reaches a bench and sits. SWING AROUND to see LYDIA, sitting at the other end. She throws a glance at Betty, then turns back to the playing children.

LYDIA

Look at 'em go... All that energy,  
my God. How'm I ever gonna keep  
up?

BETTY

(amiable)  
Children don't drain energy, they  
give it. You'll see.  
(then)  
When are you due?

LYDIA

Not soon enough.  
(turning to her)  
Two weeks. It's our first. And,  
at my age, probably our last.  
(eyeing the sling)  
Yours is a quiet one.

BETTY

Always.

Lydia scrutinizes her for a beat, then --

LYDIA

Hey. Weren't you in my yoga class  
for a while?

BETTY

I think so. I had to drop out.

LYDIA

I can see why. Lydia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY

Betty. And this is Aidan.

Lydia smiles, can't quite see the, um, sleeping cherub's face. Betty rocks him gently, holding him close. *Maybe a fly lands on the knit cap. Betty absently shoos it away.* Off that --

\*  
\*

REBECCA (V.O.)

Hello?

26

EXT. PAUL RYAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

26

Karen sits in the backyard, face to the sun. A near empty glass of merlot in her hand. She visors her face with her hand at the voice. Rebecca appears at the side of the yard.

REBECCA

Karen?

KAREN

Back here.

*(as Rebecca full appears)*

Rebecca?

REBECCA

Yes. Thanks for letting me come by.

KAREN

*(a slightly funny look, taking her in)*

No problem...

REBECCA

*(off the odd stare)*

You're... sure?

KAREN

Yeah. Sorry, you're just a little...

*(just says it)*

Paul didn't tell me how beautiful you were.

So Karen may be a little buzzed.

REBECCA

Oh. I... thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Just...

(Paul voice)

"Young Agent, from D.C. On the ball."

REBECCA

(truly surprised)

That's all he told you?

KAREN

Took me five months to learn "Mel"  
Sim was a redhead. And a girl.

Rebecca squirms. Paul kept her privacy, she's betraying his.

KAREN (CONT'D)

That's it for the merlot, I'm  
afraid. I have beer. You want?

REBECCA

No. No thanks.

KAREN

On duty, right?

REBECCA

Yeah.

KAREN

Figured.

(then)

So. Everything's okay with Paul,  
but you were in the neighborhood,  
and you just want to "talk."

REBECCA

Yes. I just... I wanted to  
express my...

(bottom line)

I'm sorry about what happened.

KAREN

(means it)

Thank you.

A little silence. Now Rebecca feels especially bad. Knows  
this is wrong, her being here.

REBECCA

I'm intruding. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She shifts to go; Karen reaches out.

KAREN

No. Please. It's okay. I appreciate it.

(then)

Can I ask you something?

REBECCA

Of course.

KAREN

Has Paul... said anything at work? About what happened?

REBECCA

No. Not really. I think it's still too painful. I think he blames himself.

KAREN

Really? Because I thought he blamed me. Not that he's said that, of course...

REBECCA

I'm sure he doesn't think that.

Karen doesn't argue the point. Rebecca gently probes with:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Do you?

KAREN

Well. Gotta be someone's fault, right? If not mine then his. If not his then ours. If not ours, what? God's?

(regards crap beer)

It's four o'clock and I think I'm buzzed.

Silence from Rebecca. Karen tries to articulate herself.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Everyone keeps telling me it just wasn't meant to be. That he wasn't meant to be... but if that's true, why do I still feel this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REBECCA

Feel...

KAREN

(matter of fact)

Like I'm still pregnant. Every  
morning, right after I wake up, I  
touch my belly like he's still  
there.

Karen's gaze has shifted, she's staring, lost in thought...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KAREN (CONT'D)

You know the feeling when you wake  
up halfway through a great dream...  
and try to hang onto it for as long  
as you can?

Rebecca nods, not out of agreement so much as realization...

27 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

27

A RUBBER BALL flies at Lydia and Betty, hitting the empty  
space on the bench between them. They recoil as a KID runs  
up to retrieve it.

LYDIA

Hey! Careful!

A crisis averted, Lydia looks to Betty.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You guys okay?

BETTY

We're fine.

LYDIA

Boy. Nothing phases him, does it?

BETTY

He's a deep sleeper.

LYDIA

I'll say. Well. That just jump  
started my next pit stop.

(hoisting herself up)

Excuse me while I waddle.

Another fly buzzing around Aidan. Betty waves it off, also  
rising now with:

BETTY

I'll go with you. Think it's time  
to change him.

As Betty follows Lydia --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (PRE-LAP)  
Phenomenology is called psychotic  
denial...

28 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY 28

Rebecca, mile-a-minute, passing out literature to the team as she circles the table.

REBECCA  
Psychotic denial of *pregnancy* is a  
major cause of fetal abuse and  
neonaticide...

As they all look at the literature, suspicious...

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
And it's not what we're dealing  
with here.  
(all eyes to her)  
I believe what we're looking at is  
the extreme inverse. Call it  
psychotic retention.

DANNY  
(to Web)  
Is she allowed to make up terms?

REBECCA  
Or call it whatever you want.  
Basically, Betty Scarwid is insane.  
She believes she did not lose her  
baby to a miscarriage. Instead,  
she believes she gave birth to a  
healthy baby boy.

The table absorbs this.

WEB  
You positing she used the doll to  
support her delusion?

REBECCA  
I think the doll was key. My guess  
is she named it Aidan, just like  
she was planning for her son.

MEL  
(getting on board)  
Probably dressed it up in the  
clothes she had, too.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL(CONT'D)

Took him for a stroll. Couldn't wait to show him off...

REBECCA

And she did. To Cheryl Monroe.

MEL

Who takes one look and wonders why little Aidan has "Made in Taiwan" stamped on his butt. And why his butt is plastic.

DANNY

They say never wake a sleepwalker.

MEL

'Specially a psychotic one.

Paul's suspicion hasn't waned. He stares at Rebecca.

PAUL

What led you to this?

Karen led her to this, but she can't tell Paul that.

REBECCA

The doll. It wasn't a desecration, but it still had meaning. She was using it to cover her tracks. Not from us. From herself.

DANNY

She was making a switch.

REBECCA

(nods)

Maintaining the balance. When Cheryl Monroe confronted her with the truth, Betty's psychosis found a way to protect the lie. She convinced herself that her baby was inside Cheryl Monroe... and the thing she was holding belonged to Cheryl.

DANNY

(with disgust)

So she gave it back.

MEL

And even though Cheryl Monroe's baby didn't survive the attack?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA

It's still *her* baby. It's still Aidan. And until someone tells her different -- to her, he's alive.

MEL

Think she'll want to show this one off, too?

WEB

Re-contact all the women from the yoga class. She'll likely look for affirmation among her peers.

29 INT. PUBLIC PARK - RESTROOM - DAY

29

It's the Ladies' Room in the park. One stall plus the sink and polished mirror outside the stall. A small but heavy looking trash can sits under the sink. The sound of the toilet FLUSHING, then Lydia emerging from a stall.

Betty at a pull-down built in changing table. Readies it. Aidan still strapped to her. Lydia moves to the sink, watches Betty in the reflection.

\*  
\*  
\*

LYDIA

Ok. I'm just gonna ask. Did you use drugs? 'Cause I gotta say, I'm a little terrified. I'm not great about pain.

BETTY

Your body doesn't remember pain -- but you don't want to forget the experience.

LYDIA

Yeah.

She begins to unsnap the infant carrier from her chest. Sound of velcro crackling apart...

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I watch you change him?

BETTY

Not at all...

Lydia leans over to see the baby as Betty sets him down. The effect is immediate, like a kick to the chest. Lydia backpedals against a stall, revolted.

LYDIA

Oh, God.

BETTY

(genuine concern)  
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYDIA

You... you're...

She can't express the horror, but Betty sees it in Lydia's eyes. And it does something to her own.

Lydia tries to flee, but Betty GRABS her and with animal fury, PULLS HER BACK. Lydia's head swings into the MIRROR above the sink. KRAK! The glass spiderwebs.

ANGLE ON FLOOR - LYDIA

Lydia hits the tiles, as does her purse. Blood running out of her hair. Makes a SURPRISED SOUND. Her hand slaps awkwardly over her cell phone. Head still on the floor, she flips it out, hits 9. Beep. 1. Beep. 1...

ANGLE FROM BELOW - BETTY

Metal TRASH CAN in her arms, protective rage in her eyes, bringing it down with a HORRIBLE CLANG.

ANGLE ON TILES - LYDIA'S CELL PHONE

Skitters across the tiles under a stall door, open and on.

DISPATCHER VOICE (V.O.)

(distant, tinny)

911, what is your emergency?

30 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

30

PHONES grabbed. Dials PUNCHED. Rebecca. Danny. Mel. Paul. At their desks, warning women from the pre-natal class...

JUMP CUTS/OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE:

MEL

-Mrs. Gelber? This is Special Agent Sim-

DANNY

...from the FBI. Is Lydia there?

REBECCA

...Have you had any contact with Betty Scarwid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

If you see her, do not approach her. She's very disturbed, very dangerous.

DANNY

Can you give me her mobile number?

MEL

Yes, we believe she was involved.

Suddenly Danny SNAPS HIS FINGERS twice. Shut the fuck up.

DANNY

Could you say that again?  
(listens, then)  
Straight to voicemail? Where?  
Most afternoons, thanks.

Mel mouths "Who?" Danny hangs up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Lydia Osterland. Husband hasn't seen her, she hasn't checked in. Spends her days at Tujung Park.

31 INT. PUBLIC PARK - RESTROOM - DAY

31

Buttons snap off and fly as Betty exposes Lydia's big healthy belly. Touches it.

BETTY

Shh. Don't worry. No one's going to hurt you.

We realize she's not talking to Lydia.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Mommy's here, and I'm all ready this time...

Betty pulls a marine issue POCKET KNIFE from her purse. Unfolds the blade...

CUT TO:

32 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

32

Two BUCARS (S.U.V.'s) pull up and our team alights. Mel and Danny from one, Paul and Rebecca from the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mothers, kids, other PARK-GOERS freeze up as the four folks in suits run across the field.

Rebecca scans. Nothing strange pops out.

Paul spots the public bathroom. Danny sees his look.

DANNY

We'll check the woods, you check  
the building.

A WOODED AREA borders the park. Danny/Mel run there.  
Rebecca follows Paul, already heading to the bathroom.

33 INT. PUBLIC PARK - RESTROOM - DAY

33

Paul and Rebecca burst in and freeze. They're too late.

PAUL

No.

Paul kneels to cradle a pale Lydia, we see some blood, but can only IMAGINE the gore just out of frame. Paul stares straight at it, overcome...

AND THEN A BLOODY HAND GRABS HIM FROM BELOW!

Lydia, ALIVE, fingers dug into his hair. Rebecca GASPS.  
Lydia, shaking, teeth clenched, half delirious/half furious.

LYDIA

Give. Him. *Back.*

OFF PAUL, his eyes reflecting her TERROR...

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

34 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/WAITING AREA - DAY

34

Paul, looking a bit of mess, Lydia's blood dried on his clothes, finishes speaking with a DOCTOR in scrubs. Turns, sees Danny approaching him. Moves to join him.

DANNY

How is she?

PAUL

Still in surgery.

DANNY

What are her chances?

PAUL

Too soon to know. They're saying it's a miracle she lasted at all.

DANNY

That's not the only miracle.

Paul looks at him -- Danny moves to a private-ish corner. Paul takes the cue, follows. Danny has a tape recorder.

DANNY (CONT'D)

This came into 911 two hours ago.  
Got the whole thing.

Danny plays the tape, and WE HEAR a scuffle, crying, violence. And Betty's VOICE:

BETTY (V.O.)

Everything's going to be okay,  
Aidan. Mommy's here -- Mommy's  
here...

Not seeing the unspeakable, merely hearing it, and in a tinny, static-y way, is more horrifying. More SCUFFLING, MOANING. Silence. Silence. Silence... then... the distinct SOUNDS of a BABY CRYING. Paul meets Danny's eyes.

PAUL

The baby's alive...

Before anything else can happen, they note a DISHEVELED MAN, lunatic with grief moving away from a NURSE and shambling over to them: LAWRENCE OSTERLAND, Lydia's late-40's, early 50's husband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

You're the FBI? You called me.  
I'm Lawrence Osterland, Lydia's  
husband. I don't understand what's  
happening. What's happening?

PAUL

Mister Osterland...

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

They're saying she might not live.  
They're saying the baby that was  
found in her... wasn't...

He's going to vomit, pass out, strike out. He swoons. Paul  
steadies him.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND (CONT'D)

Oh god, oh god...

DANNY

Hey! Can we get some medical  
attention over here please!

Lawrence pulls away from Paul, waves off Danny.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

No. I don't --  
(to approaching medics)  
No. Leave me alone! Help my wife!  
(looks to Paul)  
Help my wife...

PAUL

The doctors are with her now.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

(noticing something)  
Is that hers?

Paul's not sure what he's talking about at first. Lawrence's  
eyes have gone to Paul's bloodied clothing.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND (CONT'D)

Is that Lydia's blood?

Now he's simply not sure what to say. Except --

PAUL

Let's sit down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

How can she survive this? How can  
either of us? Even if she wakes  
up... our son...

He's choking back the emotion and unbearable gravity of it  
all. Paul yearns to give him something, anything --

PAUL

Your son is alive.

Lawrence isn't the only one who reacts to that -- Danny looks  
troubled. Careful, Paul.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

What?

PAUL

I need you to be strong for both  
Lydia and your son. Every resource  
we have is closing around the  
monster responsible.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

My... son? Zachary. We were going  
to name him Zachary...

PAUL

We'll get him back, Mister  
Osterland. I promise.

DANNY

Um. Special Agent Ryan -- ? See  
you a for sec?

Paul and Lawrence hold the look between them. Lawrence has  
something behind the grief and shock now that might be hope.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

Thank you.

Paul joins Danny. They move out of Lawrence's ear shot.

DANNY

The hell are you doing?

Paul doesn't apologize. Sets his jaw.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Even if that baby is alive -- which  
we can't know... you shouldn't be  
making promises we can't keep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

So let's keep it. We go full boar.  
Media, Amber Alert -- full court  
press. We get that kid back.

Danny looks uncomfortable suddenly, shakes his head, sighs.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What?

Off the question --

35 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN/WAR ROOM - DAY

35

The bullpen through the war room has turned into a command center. Several more FBI AGENTS mill and work. Maps set up, people on phones, it's a manhunt. Paul dogs Web through the controlled chaos.

WEB

Nothing gets released to the press.  
We maintain a total blackout. Work  
the search from here.

PAUL

This is insane. We know who we're  
looking for. We've got a name,  
pictures, video -- how do we not go  
to the media with this?

That last said as they've arrived where Rebecca is giving some unheard instruction to an FBI AGENT. The Agent moves off, Rebecca drifts to them during:

WEB

We're coordinating our efforts with  
L.A.P.D., Sheriffs, Highway Patrol.  
We're on the ground, in the air,  
we'll find her.

PAUL

Few hundred cops -- there are four  
million people in Los Angeles.  
Let's put the public eye on this.

REBECCA

Be a mistake.

PAUL

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

The last two times Betty Scarwid was challenged with the truth, she lashed out. Attacked. In her mind she was protecting her son.

PAUL

That baby is not her son.

REBECCA

No. But as long as she thinks it is... as long as she believes Aidan is healthy and safe... and alive... chances are he'll stay that way.

PAUL

"Chances" are?

REBECCA

The worst thing we could do now is put out the message that the baby in her arms is not Aidan.

Mel approaches. To Web:

MEL

We've ID'd the doll lady on Betty's shower video. Kim Bossi. We're bringing her in.

WEB

Good. Do it quietly.

Web moves off. Mel senses the tension, heads the other way.

PAUL

Yeah. Let's do it all quietly. Wouldn't want to wake the suspect.

REBECCA

That's exactly right. Paul, I don't like this any more than you do, but allowing Betty to believe what she needs to believe is the safest play we have at the moment.

PAUL

Maybe. Maybe she does think little Zachary Osterland -- the child she ripped out of his mother with her bare hands -- really is her precious Aidan...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL(CONT'D)

Or maybe she's just desperate. And knows exactly what she did.

REBECCA

On some level...

PAUL

Or on all levels. It's been hours since the attack -- if she is really just walking around in her own delusion, why hasn't she brought her little baby home? Where do you think she went?

That hangs there for a beat. Paul moves off. Off Rebecca, troubled at that --

36 INT. UNION STATION - DAY

36

Only we don't know that's where we are yet. We're with Betty and FUSSY, tiny ZACHARY OSTERLAND.

BETTY

Shhh. Goodness! Such a fuss.

She jiggles the baby, coos to it. PASSERSBY notice her. She seems embarrassed -- little Aidan has never given her this kind of trouble before.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Aidan, settle down. Need you to be a good boy. A good boy.

She's sweating a little, wipes her brow with the back of her hand -- leaving a blood smear on her forehead. Oblivious, she continues to gently bounce her baby, turns and moves into a CROWD and now WE SEE that we're at Union Station. Arrival and Departure boards seal the deal, along with the PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM announcing departures. As Betty and baby are swallowed into the throng --

37 INT. V.C.U. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

37

Mel with Kim Bossi, who we recognize as the doll gifter from Betty's shower video. She's looking at a still photo of the doll -- the post attack, bloody doll.

KIM BOSSI

Yeah... I gave this to Betty...  
(slightly revolted)  
What happened to it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Ms. Bossi, how close are you with Betty Scarwid?

KIM BOSSI

Why?

MEL

Has she contacted you in the last 24 hours?

KIM BOSSI

24... no. God, I haven't talked to Betty since... Well, it was after she lost the baby. I tried... I mean, we all did. She wouldn't talk to anyone. It was so hard for her... I even offered to break the news for her to my cousin, but she flipped. Is she in some kind of trouble?

MEL

Your cousin? Who's your cousin?

KIM BOSSI

Scott. Scott Bossi.

Mel digs through files, pulls out the photo of the soldier we found in Betty's house --

MEL

Is this Scott?

KIM BOSSI

Yeah. That's him. What's going on?

CUT TO:

38 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

38

Mel, Danny, Paul, Rebecca and Web. Mel reading her notes.

MEL

PFC Scott Bossi. He's out of Pendleton. According to his cousin, he would have been the father. He planned to marry Betty when he got back... they planned a lot of things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

Plans change. *Where is he?* \*

MEL

For the last three months --  
Baghdad. *His tour ended a week  
ago, cousin says he's due back  
sometime this week.* \*

CARTER

*Today.* \*

They look over as Carter appears.

CARTER (CONT'D)

*Shipped out three days ago, one  
stop over in Germany, then back  
stateside.* \*

REBECCA

*That's it. That's why it all  
escalated this week. Betty needed  
to meet her returning soldier with  
their baby. Her psychosis wouldn't  
let her show up without one.* \*

DANNY

Sounds like a real homey reunion.

REBECCA

(to Mel)

Does he know about the miscarriage?

MEL

Cousin says he does. She wrote to  
him herself.

PAUL

So what are we looking at? LAX,  
Burbank, Amtrack?

WEB

Let's find out. Carter, see if you  
can nail down PFC Bossi's  
itinerary. Let's find him before  
she does.

39 INT. UNION STATION - DAY

39

Betty with still-crying Zachary aka Aidan. She scans the flow of PASSENGERS who are disembarking a BUS. A HANDSOME MARINE with duffel among them. Betty lights up at the sight.

BETTY

Scott! Scott!

He sees her. Smiles at first, then a look of confusion at what she's holding... oh, and that weird blood smear.

BETTY (CONT'D)

God, it's so good to see you!

She kisses him. He lets her, still absorbing it all.

BETTY (CONT'D)

You look so tan! Like you were at the beach!

(re: baby)

Look who's here. He was a little early. He's like his mommy -- couldn't wait to see daddy! Isn't he handsome?

Scott just blinks. Um...

SCOTT

Betty, what's going on?

BETTY

(oblivious)

What do you mean?

SCOTT

Whose baby is that? \*

Betty looks at him, makes a face. Is that a joke?

BETTY

What? Scott.

SCOTT

Are you bleeding?

BETTY

Huh? No. Aren't you going to say hello to your son?

SCOTT

My... what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stares. Some creeping understanding bubbles up in her. Bad feeling. She tries to shove it back down. This isn't going the way she dreamed it would.

BETTY

Why are you looking at us like that? You're upsetting Aidan.

SCOTT

Aidan? Betty, that can't be Aidan.  
(then)  
You lost Aidan.

BETTY

What? No.

SCOTT

Kim wrote me about the miscarriage, honey.

BETTY

Kim -- ? I told her... she was there... Your cousin's jealous of us. Lying.... Why would she say something like that?

SCOTT

God. That is blood.  
(reaches for her)  
Come on, baby, we need to... I dunno, call someone --

BETTY

(pulls away)  
Call who? What are you talking about? Why are you being like this? We wanted to... we were going to go to the new house. We waited for you.

SCOTT

Oh, god. Betty... where did you get this baby?

BETTY

Why do you keep saying that? This is our baby, Scott. Remember?

SCOTT

No. Honey. Our baby died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETTY  
(backing away)  
No.

SCOTT  
Betty...

She turns, starts to move off, he pushes into the crowd after her. She's confused, her psychosis in full flower.

BETTY  
Leave me alone. Leave us alone.

SCOTT  
Betty, stop. Betty!

BETTY  
It's not true. He can't be.

As he grabs her by the shoulder, turns her to him:

SCOTT  
(makes her face him)  
He is. Aidan's dead.

She stares at him. He searches her eyes for any sense of sanity. But it's his eyes that register something -- shock, swooning confusion. She backs away from him. Pulling the service issue pocket knife blade from his stomach as she does -- the one she just plunged there without us seeing the act.

BETTY  
Why? Why do you want him to be  
dead like that?

SCOTT  
(croaks out)  
Betty...

His hand clutches at his gut. Blood blooms out through his fingers. Passersby do not notice.

CLOSE - BETTY watching the stunned Scott, who might take one trembling step toward her. She watches him with fascination and grief. The SOUNDS of Union Station FALL OUT now... we're in Betty's head. Only the SOUNDS of the BABY CRYING, growing weaker, dimmer... the crying stops. She looks down at the limp bundle in her arms, at the pale Scott whose lips mouth her name, but no words come out. Everything is in SLOW MOTION except for Betty...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BETTY

My baby's dead...

She turns and pushes off into the crowd, leaving the quickly fading Scott behind, unable to follow.

CUT TO:

40 INT. UNION STATION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 40

In a slightly different place, we're with Paul and Rebecca as they move through the crowd, searching, Rebecca notes:

REBECCA

Paul --

He sees it, too. A small CROWD gathered around something. They push into this, landing at Scott Bossi's side. He's on the ground, a SAMARATIN administering pressure to his wound.

SAMARATIN

We've called for an ambulance. Guy comes back from a war, gets stabbed in LA -- some country, huh?

REBECCA

Scott Bossi?

He blinks at them --

PAUL

Scott? Where is she?

Scott croaks something, it's not understandable.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where's Betty?

SCOTT

(weak nod, then)  
Paradise. Betty... went to...  
Paradise...

He passes out. RISING SIRENS approaching. Off that riddle --

41 EXT. PARADISE HILLS TRACT DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT 41

A SIGN SAYS: "PARADISE HILLS" and "AFFORDABLE HOMES." There is a painting/drawing of the still-to-be-completed tract house development.... beyond the sign...

THE CONSTRUCTION SITE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wood frames of identical shape and size. A future that hasn't happened yet. We find Betty, grief stricken, setting her tiny, motionless bundle into a box.

BETTY

I'm sorry, Aidan. Mommy couldn't save you. I'm so sorry.

She finds a shorn, sharp piece of construction wood, and now she's digging into the earth. Digging a grave.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Mommy's sorry...

As Betty digs, CAMERA drifts back over to the box, where WE SEE... Lydia's baby, very much ALIVE. It's kicking and cooing and looking around, calm and trusting... It's about to be buried alive. Good thing it doesn't understand that.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

A42 INT. UNION STATION - NIGHT A42 \*

Paul and Rebecca, walking, on the move. Paul on his cell -- \*

PAUL \*

Yeah. "Paradise." Could have just \*

been delirious. Paramedics took \*

him to Cedars. We're going to \*

follow, see if when he comes out of \*

surgery -- \*

42 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT 42

Danny on the phone, Mel rifling through a folder and her \*

notes in the b.g. -- \*

DANNY \*

May not have to. Mel thinks she's \*

got something on the "Paradise" of \*

it -- \*

She does, picks up her phone, joins in the conference call -- \*

MEL \*

It's me. The marine's cousin, Kim \*

Bossi. She talked about all the \*

plans Scott and Betty had made. \*

She mentioned a housing development \*

in Valencia. Paradise Hills. \*

PAUL \*

That's gotta be it. \*

DANNY \*

Get on the road. We'll nail down \*

the location, have Carter send it \*

to your GPS.

That was all being INTERCUT WITH:

43 INT. UNION STATION - NIGHT 43 \*

PAUL \*

We're on our way. Call L.A.P.D., \*

have 'em send Valencia units there \*

now.

DANNY \*

On it. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Danny? Any word on Lydia  
Osterland?

\*

There is a beat of dead air, then...

DANNY

We don't know yet.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

Right. We'll see you out there.

DANNY

Right behind you.

They all hang up, on the move --

\*

44 EXT. PARADISE HILLS - NIGHT

44

HEADLIGHTS FLARING as Paul's BUCAR bounces over the unfinished private road, up ahead --

THEIR POV

In the glare of their headlights, in the distance: parked LAPD CARS, CHERRIES SPINNING. A few UNIFORMS standing with a dazed looking Betty. Needless to say, her arms are empty.

PAUL AND REBECCA

Emerging from Paul's car.

PAUL

Where's the baby? I don't see him.

He's furious, on the move; she grabs his arm.

REBECCA

Paul.

He looks at her. What?!

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Just... let me.

He considers her for an angry beat. Glances at the hateful Betty, back to Rebecca. Pulls away from her, wheels back toward the car and starts to pace, glancing over as Rebecca approaches the Uniforms and Betty. A conversation WE CAN'T HEAR. We play this off Paul's growing frustration, as...

MORE HEADLIGHTS. Another BUCAR. It's Danny and Mel. They emerge from the car, see the confab in the distance.

DANNY

Baby?

Paul shrugs, shakes his head. Doesn't know. All worried. Rebecca walking back toward them, looking grim. Paul, Danny and Mel expectant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

She says her baby's dead.

PAUL

(raw)

She killed it.

Paul's managing to keep himself from pulling his gun and emptying his clip into the infuriatingly oblivious Betty. But just.

REBECCA

I don't think so. Aidan's dead.  
Doesn't mean Zachary Osterland is.

MEL

I thought to her it was the same thing?

REBECCA

It is. But I don't think she would have knowingly harmed it. I think Scott Bossi forced her to face the fact...

MEL

...and she transferred that fact to the baby she was holding...

DANNY

Okay. So she just thought it was dead. Whatever. What'd she do with it?

REBECCA

She says he's at rest. I think she buried him.

\*

MEL

Where?

REBECCA

She won't say. She doesn't want him disturbed.

PAUL

She's gonna tell us where --

DANNY

In case she doesn't -- I'm getting hounds out here. And a team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mel glances to Paul, preempts any rough stuff, moving off with:

MEL

Let me try to talk to her.

Mel moves off. Paul to Rebecca as he watches the others move:

PAUL

We don't have time for this.

Rebecca watches him, considering her own course here...

REBECCA

No.

PAUL

I swear to you, Rebecca, if she doesn't give it up to Mel in fifteen seconds --

REBECCA

You should talk to her. You should talk to her now.

He looks at her, surprised at that.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You can tell her what she needs to hear.

PAUL

I have no idea what this lunatic needs to hear.

REBECCA

You do. Paul -- it's everything you haven't said to Karen.

PAUL

How do you know what I have or haven't said to Karen?

She just looks at him. Doesn't take him long --

PAUL (CONT'D)

You spoke to my wife.

Ugh. She hates this. But little time for soapy drama. She lies anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REBECCA

I was worried about you.

PAUL

That's crap. You went to Karen because she miscarried. You thought it'd give you insight into the case. Did Web send you?

Her silence is her confirmation. He sighs, shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You could have said no.

REBECCA

But you can't. Not to this. Not now. I believe that baby is still alive. But it won't be for very long. You can get her to tell you where he is. Just like she made Zachary Osterland into Aidan... you need to make her Karen. Talk to her, Paul... talk to your wife.

Off Paul, looking over at Mel not getting anywhere with Betty...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. PARADISE HILLS - NIGHT 45

High powered FLASHLIGHTS bouncing over the terrain. A search. While...

46 INT./EXT. PARADISE HILLS - PATROL CAR - NIGHT 46 \*

Betty is now sitting in the back of a police car. The back door opens, Paul sits next to her. Both facing forward. \*

She stares forward, maybe hums to herself. She's kind of gone, now, but also has something resembling peace. Which is infuriating. Paul tries to keep it calm. \*

PAUL \*

He was a gift. The thing you planned for. He gave you a reason. And when you talked about him, and to him, you used his name. He was real. Not a thing. He was your son. Your boy. Your good boy. And you loved him. Even though you never saw his face. \*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Never heard his voice. Everything  
you hoped for, everything you  
wished for -- it was for him. And  
you made a place for him. Just for  
him. But he never made it into  
this world. And it's not your  
fault. It was an accident, Betty.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He finally looks at her -- she's hearing him, because tears  
are streaming down her face.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETTY  
(so soft)  
Scott...

Does she think he's Scott? Maybe.

PAUL  
You needed to say goodbye to him...  
but now so do I. Tell me where he  
is. Please.

\*

After a long, teary beat:

BETTY  
I can show you.

47 EXT. PARADISE HILLS - NIGHT

47

Work lights again. Our people and SEARCHERS crowded around. Paul digs where Betty dug, comes up with the box. He rips the cover off, looks inside. We don't see what he sees. Off this, dare I say, pregnant moment...

48 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER (NIGHT 2) 48

Lydia is alive. She lies in a hospital bed, asleep. Lawrence sits next to her. They look up when Paul enters... carrying Zachary.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

Oh thank god!

Paul hands the baby to Lawrence. He looks at his son.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND (CONT'D)

He's perfect.

Lawrence leans down...

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND (CONT'D)

Lydia? Honey, can you look?

She stirs, opens her eyes...

LYDIA

Is it true?

PAUL

It's true.

LAWRENCE OSTERLAND

Hi Zachary. Hi, Zach.

And then both parents are crying and looking at their baby. They don't notice when Paul leaves.

49 INT. V.C.U. - NIGHT (NIGHT 2) 49

It's very late now, only a few of the EXTRA AGENTS remaining, taking down the pieces of the command center. Rebecca enters to find the office in late-night mode. Most of the low light comes from Web's office. She goes to her desk, takes a file and a set of car keys from the desk. Rebecca is about to exit, when she hesitates, goes to Web's doorway.

50 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 50

Web is sitting at his desk, working. He looks up when Rebecca enters.

WEB

Special Agent Locke. I thought you had gone home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

I'm just heading out.

But she doesn't move. Without looking up:

WEB

Yes?

REBECCA

When we got this case, did you have the option to not take it?

WEB

I always have that option.

REBECCA

Did you volunteer us?

WEB

What you're trying very hard not to ask is if I purposely seek out the cases that will cause my agents the most pain. I don't. I take the cases we can solve.

REBECCA

So solving the case always comes first. I mean, it's always the highest priority.

WEB

Are you asking me to absolve you?

REBECCA

What?

WEB

You put the case first and you're feeling guilty. You want me to tell you it's okay.

Rebecca doesn't answer, which is an answer. Web puts his head down again, back at work. Off-hand:

WEB (CONT'D)

It's okay with me.

Rebecca realizes that's all she's getting. Unsatisfied, she turns and exits.

51 INT. PAUL RYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

51

Paul is careful not to make too much noise as he enters. Starts moving down the hall. But her voice startles him:

KAREN

I'm in here.

He goes to a doorway, finds her in the nursery. She's got the crib disassembled and leaning against the wall and she's putting stuffed animals into a box.

PAUL

You should be asleep.

KAREN

Couldn't. And this has to get done.

Paul nods. He enters, starts helping. He takes down the mobile that still hangs over where the crib used to be. They work in the same room, but separately. Maybe this will be a chance to talk.

Karen looks to him, as if she's hoping it will be. But he's making himself very busy. She can't catch his eye. So she keeps working. It's just as well. He's used it all up. He has no words left for her.

END OF EPISODE