

UNTITLED ED REDLICH/JOHN BELLUCCI PROJECT

pilot

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MIDVALE NURSING HOME - DAY

TV SCREEN - ONSCREEN: Manhattan Cable is screwed up again.

On Turner, Jimmy Cagney's just taken one to the gut when the picture judders, jerks and vanishes in a hurricane of flying pixels...IMAGE FLICKS...to Mr. Ed who manages a brief "Wilbur" before he too suffers a bad case of digital rash...IMAGE FLICKS...George Costanza clutches his head as he remembers he missed Susan's birthday...in mid-kvetch we...

REVERSE ON: A WOMAN'S FACE lit by a wall-mounted tube TV. CARRIE WELLS, mid 30s, loose black curls, pale cheeks with a hint of freckle. What we most notice are her enormous luminous violet eyes...intensely focused, hyper-alert...as they drink in the parade of old comedies and dramas...

Carrie's fiddling with the TV, trying to get a clear channel.

ALICE (O.S.)

Would you move, please? I can't see.

Carrie turns to ALICE, late 60s, one of several older women and men seated in a lounge area. Alice is a good ten years younger than the other residents, which makes the severity of her early onset Alzheimer's all the more tragic.

CARRIE

Nothing to see you haven't seen before, Alice.

ALICE

Are you new here?

As she plumps Alice's cushions:

CARRIE

Nah, you and me go way back.

An OLDER MAN is quarreling with an attendant, GIDEON, 30s, African.

MAN

I told you already, I took the Hyzaar. I take it again, I have to go and go, I'm always going.

GIDEON

Let's ask Carrie, she never gets it wrong.

(to Carrie)

Mr. Wanamaker says he already took his meds for the day. What do you think?

Carrie pretends to be thinking hard.

CARRIE

Well, Mr. Wanamaker, you took your Ependramine, two pills, ten milligrams, this morning at eight forty eight and had three Chloracid twenties at one fifteen. That would make you due for two more Hyzaar right about...now.

Gideon smiles. The old man nods reluctantly.

GIDEON

(to Carrie)

You know you're good at this. If you ever want a job.

CARRIE

I have a job. 'fact, tonight I think I'll ask for a little raise.

GIDEON

Good luck.

CARRIE

Luck? Who said anything about luck?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE CASINO - RED HOOK - NIGHT

Roulette wheels, poker tables and, of course, blackjack. Which is where we find Carrie, almost unrecognizable in a clingy black dress and spike heels. Carrie has her winnings in cash stacked high beside her. Her demeanor is relaxed, professionally nonchalant. But her eyes instantly catalogue each card played. Of course, she wins again...

Suddenly there's a hand on her shoulder. It belongs to a big meaty guy, JERRY, 40s, Russian.

JERRY

Norman would like to talk to you.

CARRIE

Can Norman wait a minute? I'm doing really great here.

JERRY

That's what he'd like to talk to you about.

Jerry pulls Carrie up by the arm, sweeps her winnings off the table, steers her toward a door in the back.

INT. WAREHOUSE CASINO - BACK ROOM - LATER

Carrie's in a chair, being grilled by the club owner, NORMAN, 30s, Adam Goldberg-ish. Beside him, the muscle, Jerry and another thug, ISAAC, 30s, also late of Belarus.

NORMAN

There's lowlifes, and lower lifes, then there's *card counters*.

(to Jerry, quickly)

Lemme hear it, lemme hear...

JERRY

Karty proteevodyestely.

NORMAN

Beautiful language, I love it.

(back to Carrie)

The point is, you're famous, lady. You were thrown outta the Bel-Air, the Mexicana and the Atlantic Aladdin, which is a nice place, for doin' the same thing.

Norman takes out a HUGE AUTOMATIC, lays it on the desk.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

So. Gimme my money back. Give it back now. And we're done. Or maybe you'd like to add some interest? I know what interests *me*.

He leers at Carrie's legs, licks his lips. His guys GIGGLE.

CARRIE

That's sweet. Okay, I was at the Aladdin a couple of weeks ago.

(she indicates Isaac)

He knows, he was there too.

Palling around with some big bald guy, scar across his left cheek, no pinky?

Isaac, who's been smiling, freezes. Norman turns to him.

NORMAN
Milosz? The hell you doin' with
Milosz? Isaac?

ISAAC
She is lying. It wasn't me.

CARRIE
Sure it was. You had on that
leather jacket, brown, with the
buttons...

NORMAN
(to Isaac)
The Varvatos? I gave you that
jacket. And two weeks ago you told
me you took your dad to
Cooperstown.

ISAAC
Norm, think about it. Why would I
be with Milosz? He is jerk-off...

CARRIE
(innocently)
Maybe I can help? You were talking
about Bay Ridge. Something about
container tracks...*trucks* maybe?

NORMAN
You told that schmuck about Bay
Ridge?

ISAAC
I never talked to the guy, I swear!

NORMAN
(to Jerry)
How you say, "Izzy's sweating too
much?"

Isaac turns and sprints out the door.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(to Jerry)
GO!

When Norman turns back to Carrie, she's holding his gun.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, sweetheart, put the big gun
down, you don't know how to use it.

Wrong. Carrie expertly slides out the clip, examines the bullets and snaps it back in. She motions Norman to sit. He does.

CARRIE

Now stay there for a while.

She sweeps up her money and is out the back door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE CASINO - RED HOOK - CONTINUOUS

Carrie emerges into a back alley, tosses the gun in a dumpster, races down toward a busy street. She finds a taxi letting someone off at the club and hops in.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Carrie throws herself back against the seat, heart pounding. She steadies her breath, gives the CABBIE a Long Island City address. He nods, peels out. The car's speakers are BLASTING the Eurythmics, Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This).

CARRIE

(quickly, to cabbie)

Could you turn it down...?

Too late. As we've already guessed, Carrie has a great memory. How great, we're about to learn. It's more than just a knack for names and numbers - Carrie never forgets *anything*. Every detail of every place she's ever been, every word of every conversation she's shared or overheard is still there, waiting to be accessed - to be rebuilt into a virtual memory-world.

But like a genie, Carrie's memory can be wild and unpredictable. Sometimes - when she's tired or frightened - *the memory-worlds rebuild themselves...*

As Annie Lennox's dark contralto slides from the speakers...

EXT. SYRACUSE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - 1983 - DAY

...daylight sweeps across Carrie's cab. The car's hood, roof, windows, doors are torn away as if by a tornado...grass springs up and carpets the Brooklyn asphalt...the old warehouses lining Conover Street collapse into lush stands of Norway maples and honey locusts. We're outside a two-story brick school building in Syracuse NY. It's October 14th, 1983, 8:21 a.m. A passing Sanitation Truck's blares the Eurythmics. We rocket from the cab of the truck through an open window...

INT. SYRACUSE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

...into a fourth grade classroom...to the ear of nine-yr-old Carrie who stands shyly beside her TEACHER'S desk. Her teacher is staring at her. So are her fellow students.

TEACHER

Carrie, when I asked you to learn something from Romeo and Juliet, I didn't mean for you to memorize the entire play.

The KIDS snicker. Little Carrie turns red.

INT. TAXI - RESUME

The cab driver's in a fickle mood. He punches a button. [NOTE: Carrie's memories only last five to ten seconds each.] In the back seat, Carrie flinches...

INT. SYRACUSE HIGH SCHOOL - 1990 - DAY

...and memory-trips to a 1990 high school hallway where a group of GIRLS are taunting her at her locker, CHANTING Sinead O'Connor, Nothing Compares To You. Carrie slams the locker door, turns to confront her tormentors...

INT. TAXI - RESUME

The driver punches in Hot 97...Carrie jolts...

EXT. SYRACUSE ALLEY - 1997 - NIGHT

...and the memory-tornado tears away 1990. We're in an alley in 1997 Near West Side Syracuse. A BOOMBOX is BLASTING 2Pac's Toss It Up. Carrie, now 23, is in full police blues, her Glock 22 trained on a huge Man in who lies at her feet.

CARRIE

I said BEHIND your head! NOW!

INT. TAXI - RESUME

Another button, another song. Missing, Everything but the Girl...

EXT. LAKE BEACH - 1996 - DAY

...PLINKS softly from Carrie's battered yellow Sony Sport CD player...July 21, 1996, 2:05 P.M...Green Lake State Park...while she lounges in a beach chair...fingers trailing in the hot sand...a MAN's hands massaging her shoulders. We can't see his face, but his voice is low and deep:

MAN (O.S.)
You have a nice neck.

CARRIE
So I've been told.

MAN (O.S.)
Did you know there's a nerve right
under your levator scapula that
leads all the way down to the
pelvic floor?

CARRIE
(chuckle)
Given the circumstances, I think
that's the dirtiest thing I've ever
heard.

The man LAUGHS.

INT. TAXI - RESUME

Carrie smiles. The driver punches in a jazz station.

CARRIE
Hey! Leave it on, willya? It's a
good song.

The driver shrugs, switches back to Missing. Carrie leans
back in her seat...in her beach chair...lets long-vanished
hands work her tired muscles...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Carrie slides from the cab, starts down the street. She
hears something - a Couple exiting the late night GREEK DELI
across the street...LAUGHING, arm in arm...

TIGHT ON: Carrie. Their easy companionship's a far cry from
her own life.

She turns and enters her building.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dressed in a pair of baggy pajamas, Carrie climbs into bed.
As she does, we notice the walls of her bedroom are
completely bare. She picks up a stack of postcard-sized
photos from a night table and flips through them. It's a
falling-asleep ritual: she finds an image that represents a
peaceful memory and fixes her attention on it.

She picks a PHOTO of an Adirondack meadow. Gives it her full
attention.

As she does, we PUSH IN on the photo till the meadow fills the entire frame. Carrie's eyelids droop and finally fall. FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: SOUNDS, at first soft, as if from far away...growing closer...louder...ANGRY VOICES...furniture being KNOCKED AROUND...a WOMAN'S SCREAM...a door BANGING OPEN...footsteps POUNDING DOWN a short staircase...

Carrie's eyes flash open. The footsteps ECHO down a hallway. O.S., a distant door SLAMS. Carrie runs to the apartment door, flings it open.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway carpet and walls are streaked with blood. Carrie charges down the hall, tears open the inner door into the mailbox vestibule, then the outer, into the night.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Struggling poplars lit by bare bulbs cast shadows across the entrance courtyard. A dozen steps from Carrie, a WOMAN is lying face down in her own shadow...which seems to grow ominously beneath her...

Carrie runs to her, kneels. The woman's been stabbed repeatedly. There's blood everywhere. Carrie reaches to check for a pulse. As she does, in a FLASH she sees...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

...a YOUNG GIRL, maybe 12, standing at the edge of a DARK FOREST, hands planted firmly on hips, a disapproving smirk on her face:

YOUNG GIRL
Carrie, will you come on, there's
no bears in the woods...!

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT - RESUME

Carrie recoils, GASPS. Gasps again when she realizes someone's standing beside her...

It's a MAN, 60's, in a flannel bathrobe. A neighbor. Staring at the woman's body in horror.

CARRIE
(collecting herself)
Call the police.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT./INT. CRIME SCENE/ - DAWN

Police cars, lights flashing, parked in front. Uniforms have taped off the courtyard area. CSI folk photographing and collecting. Neighbors and lookiloes milling around. Carrie is finishing up an interview with a young Detective outside the door of her building.

CARRIE

A few of the neighbors had come down too by then. I think one of them called the police.

DETECTIVE

And this was at what time?

CARRIE

I'm not a hundred percent sure, I think I...

Carrie's eyes widen as she notices...

...NYPD Detective First Class AL BURNS, late 30s, emerge from a sedan and stride across the courtyard. He still moves like the high school jock he was back in Syracuse. He's always going forward, life is to be lived, not dwelled upon.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(flustered)

Sorry, I, uh...

She subtly shifts her position so she is blocked by the detective.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

...I only looked at my watch later. Probably around three thirty...

Across the courtyard, Al's met and filled in by Detective MIKE COSTELLO, late 30s, Yonkers to Queens by way of the 3rd Marines, Desert Storm.

MIKE

Got a Catherine Grant, early 30's Caucasian. Looks to be a stabbing. According to the building manager, she's been a tenant three months. She paid her rent pretty regular, "nice quiet girl." His words.

AL

Witnesses?

MIKE

Nada. Most the other tenants asleep, lady downstairs heard some kinda fight, came out, found the body. Roe's finishing up with her now.

He nods to where Carrie is being interviewed by the man we now know to be Detective Second Class ROE SAUNDERS, mid 20s, the junior member of our squad. Al glances over, but

AL'S POV: Roe is blocking Carrie.

AL

Weapon?

MIKE

Uniforms looking. Nothing so far.

CARRIE AND ROE

Carrie's eager to finish.

CARRIE

That's really all I know.

ROE

Thanks. I'm gonna give you my card. Call if you think of anything else.

Carrie takes the card and heads quickly back into the building. Roe moves over to Al and Mike.

AL

Sorry to get you up so early.

ROE

Always here for you, boss.

They head into the building.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Blood stains have been marked off on the floor.

MIKE

Front door's locked, but someone coulda buzzed in a stranger.

AL

Might not be a stranger. Let's run all the tenants, get the list from...

ROE
From the manager, already doing it.

AL
You are here for me, Roe.

As they head across the foyer, Al nods up to a

RUSTY SECURITY CAMERA

AL (CONT'D)
(to Mike)
Whad'ya think, Christmas come early
this year?

MIKE
You musta been naughty, chief.
Camera's been out for three weeks.
Landlord was gonna replace it, but
the neighborhood's getting so much
safer.

AL
Someone wanna tell Catherine Grant.

INT. CATHERINE GRANT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The three detectives step into the victim's apartment. More Techs. Photographers. Sparsely furnished one-bedroom. Living room dominated by a thirty-two inch FLAT-SCREEN with DVD/DVR combo hooked-up and a few DVD cases scattered about. A small dining table, lamp, and chair have all been knocked over, lying beside another blood stain on the carpet. Some paperbacks fallen from a shelf.

Detective NINA INARA, mid 20s, separates from a Uniform, and heads over. Nina's got lotsa smarts and lotsa ambition - a local girl, born in Rockaway Park, she left her girlfriends at Stella Maris H.S. far behind -- one of the youngest cops ever to make Detective.

NINA
No forced entry. Handbag and
wallet still up on the shelf. About
eighty bucks. If he was after
something, wasn't money.

AL
Or she resists, he gets scared,
sticks her and runs.

Mike comes over with Catherine's wallet.

MIKE

Take a look. Catherine Grant on the lease, right?

(holds up a plastic card)
Supermarket card, says Catherine Issacs.

NINA

Married name. An ex?

MIKE

What I thought. Except...
(another card)
...expired driver's license, under Gail Issacs.

Okay, things just got a little strange.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Whatever it means, Carrie was definitely agitated by seeing Al. She throws on a coat, opens her door to go, but stops when she sees a Uniform coming down the stairs. Carrie retreats back into her apartment.

INT. CATHERINE GRANT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Al and Mike are looking around the room as Roe steps up.

ROE

They got a few sets of prints.
Mostly partials. But better still...
(holds up a baggie)
...we got a cellphone. Maybe find some friends or family.

AL

(a little doubtful)
I hope so.

He bends down to pick up a paperback.

AL (CONT'D)

Friends and family usually end up on the fridge. Nothin' there, no knickknacks, snapshots from the past, phone numbers. And her books, all romance novels.
(takes in the apartment)
This was a lonely woman.

MIKE

I got nothing on my fridge.

AL

My point. You should get out more.

Al notices something on the kitchen counter, a
BUTCHER BLOCK KNIFE SET.

Al checks out the few knives.

ROE

What, ya think he put the weapon
back?

AL

It's what's *not* here. Most popular
knife there is. Eight inch chef's
knife.

MIKE

Weapon of convenience. Means he
didn't come to kill her.

ROE

Consistent with what I got. Lady
'found the body says it started as
a fight, the guy got her once
upstairs, she takes off, he
follows, finishes her outside.

AL

Gotta love CSI. Everybody's an
expert now. She say how she came
up with that scenario?

ROE

No. But you can ask her yourself...
(checks his pad)
...C. Wells. One-eighteen.

That gets Al's attention.

AL

What's the name?

ROE

Carrie Wells.

AL

What'd she look like?

ROE

Mid thirties. Dark hair. Pretty.

AL
That all?

ROE
She looked like a witness, Al.

AL
I think I'll go talk to her.

He starts out. Roe takes a step to follow.

AL (CONT'D)
I'm okay.

ROE
I thought, 'cause I did the
initial...

AL
I said I'm okay.

He goes. Roe and Mike exchange looks.

ROE
He and Elaine gotta get engaged. I
think the tension's getting to him.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Al heads down the hallway, pauses in front of Carrie's apartment. He's about to knock - hesitates, his knuckles inches from the door. What's he actually gonna say if it's her?

EXT./INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Carrie's inside, just on the other side of the door. She's really hoping he doesn't knock - or maybe, that he does. The RAP of Al's knuckles sets off an involuntary memory...

INT. SYRACUSE HOUSE - DAY

Carrie's house, Syracuse, the broiling summer of 1998. Al POUNDING on one side of the door, Carrie adamant on the other...

AL
*Carrie, honey, open the door, open
the door, I can explain...*

CARRIE
*You slept with her, Al, I don't
need to hear why...*

AL
*It's not what you think, I love
 you...*

CARRIE
Shut up, just go away...

Al hits the door with an open palm.

AL
*You listen to me. Listen to me! I
 try - I have tried with all my
 heart to love you, but you won't
 let me...*

CARRIE
Now it's my fault...??

AL
*You won't let anybody! You're
 alone, you're stuck and you won't
 let anybody help you...*

CARRIE
I don't need your help...

AL
*You're a freak, Carrie! You know
 that! You need me. You need
 people! Carrie? Carrie??*

He slams the door with a final blow. Carrie flinches.

EXT./INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - RESUME

*Al's second quiet KNOCK takes Carrie out of her memory. She
 opens the door.*

CARRIE
*You don't have to break it down. I
 heard you.*

AL
Nice to see you too.

*They stare at each other. Al and Carrie were always the two
 smartest kids on the block, and the ribbing, the one-upping,
 the flirting, were as natural as breathing. They still are.*

AL (CONT'D)
May I enter?

CARRIE
Depends. You have probable cause?

AL
What the hell are you doing here?

CARRIE
I live here. What are you doing here?

AL
Investigating a murder. We look around, ask questions, you remember how that works...

CARRIE
I mean, what are you doing in New York?

AL
(shrugs)
Tryin' to move up in the world.

CARRIE
You were always *driven*, Al.

AL
Look who's talkin'.

CARRIE
Oh I gave that up.

Al glances around at the bare walls.

AL
I can tell.

CARRIE
So, married? With children?

AL
Girlfriend.

CARRIE
Not Linda Perini.

AL
C'mon, that was never anything...

CARRIE
Enough to end a relationship.

AL
That's not why it ended.

CARRIE
 No, it's because I'm a freak.
 (off Al)
 Don't look at me, you said it.

AL
 What...when?.

CARRIE
 Lemme see. August 14th, 1998...

AL
 I never said that...

CARRIE
 Around two thirty...four. Hot
 night, no rain. There were
 crickets...?

AL
 Okay, okay, I didn't *mean* it. I
 was angry, I was frustrated, I
 was...

CARRIE
 Insensitive? And I'm *too*
 sensitive. Ta-dah.

Sounds about right. Truce.

AL
 Look, can you help me here?
 Catherine Grant? 216.

CARRIE
 Like I told freshface, I heard the
 fight, went outside, found the
 body. Checked her vitals, made
 sure someone phoned it in. That's
 it.

He nods, fishes in his pocket.

AL
 Okay. My card. *Work* number.

CARRIE
 Oh, please.

AL
 Call me if you think of anything.

CARRIE
 Why else would I call?

He turns to go.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Apology accepted, by the way.

He goes. She slumps against the wall. What the hell's going on? First the murder, then the memory in the woods - my God, that memory - then Al. Start of a perfect day.

INT. 108TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY

An open collection of small working areas surrounding a conference table. Nina, Mike, and Roe all have desks out here. Mike, with his softball trophies, family photos and postcards, has clearly been here the longest. The Junior detectives' desks have less history. Roe's is cluttered with reports; Nina's, impeccably neat.

Catherine's photo and the few leads they have are posted on a cork case board. Beside them, a crude timeline of known events surrounding the murder. Catherine's aliases are listed with question marks beside them.

Al's staring at the board.

NINA (O.S)
She had lotsa pay stubs from temp agencies. Mostly secretarial stuff. I'm thinking...

AL
What about her last place of work?

NINA
You just asked me that. We'll find it.

Caught off guard thinking about Carrie, Al covers.

AL
Yeah, yeah, go on. She was temping, so what else?

NINA
Nothing yet. But something must've come her way pretty recently. Her bank records show about a thousand bucks a week going in for the last three months...in cash.

Mike enters.

AL
Drugs maybe.

MIKE

Prob'ly not. Just got the coroner's report. Tox scan was clear. He confirms cause of death as multiple stab wounds to the chest and abdomen. Consistent with -- thank you, boss -- an eight inch chef's knife. Good news is we got some hair from under her fingernails. Doin' a DNA work up.

AL

Help if we had a suspect to match it to. Anything from her phone?

MIKE

I'm getting the records.

NINA

Here's what's bugging me. I'm putting together a personality profile and I swear, Catherine Grant, Catherine Isaacs, whatever her name is - it's like she's got no past. No journals, no old letters, no photos. Not even a snow globe from some stupid vacation somewhere. Bank account's two years old. Mail goes to a box at one of those shipping stores...

A young Cop enters, puts a folder down in front of Mike. He flips through it.

NINA (CONT'D)

If she's leaving tracks, I can't find'em.

AL

Maybe that's the point.

Mike looks up from the folder he just was handed.

MIKE

Okay, we got a hit on her prints. As "Jennifer Goodwin" this time, arrested for prostitution, 1993.

NINA

`93? Jesus, she must've been a kid.

MIKE

Might explain the cash. She's back in business.

AL

Just get me the last place she temped. I want to find someone who knows this woman.

ROE (O.S.)

Maybe we already have.

The young detective enters in a hurry.

ROE (CONT'D)

Those unidentified prints we found in her apartment, one of 'em belongs to the neighbor "C. Wells 118."

(to Al, pointedly)

Mid thirties, dark hair. Pretty.

NINA

She said she barely knew the vic, right?

MIKE

Why is she even in the system?

ROE

Interesting question. Turns out Carrie Wells's prints track back to a badge on the Syracuse P.D, 1996 to 2000. She was a cop.

All eyes turn to Al. Roe says what everyone's thinking.

ROE (CONT'D)

Syracuse P.D. That's your old haunt, Al. Isn't it?

Off Al...

INT. MIDVALE NURSING HOME - LATER THAT DAY

Carrie's in the dayroom, helping a resident finish his brownie and applesauce. Gideon passes, smiles.

GIDEON

How'd it go last night?

(off Carrie)

Your luck?

CARRIE

It sorta ran out.

She hears a GIGGLE, turns.

A forty-something Man with two LITTLE GIRLS is visiting his mother. One of the girls glances over at Carrie...

Carrie takes a breath.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A carpet of twigs and fallen leaves rolls down the dayroom floor, the ceiling drywall peels back revealing a soaring canopy of trees...broken sunlight lances through high branches...the CAMERA REVERSES and where Carrie was sitting, a red-faced GIRL of eight - young Carrie - now stands. She's breathing hard, terrified, searching.

YOUNG CARRIE
(crying out)
Rachel...RACHEL!! Where are you?
Rachel, PLEASE...!

INT. MIDVALE NURSING HOME - RESUME

TIGHT ON Carrie. Stunned.

GIDEON (O.S.)
You okay? Carrie?

The little girl who looked at Carrie turns away. That seems to break the spell. Carrie rises unsteadily.

CARRIE
(to Gideon)
Can you take over here? I need a
break.

Gideon nods. Carrie's shaken to her bones, struggles to regain her cool. It's not just the nature of the memory. She's never *had* the memory before...

AIDE (O.S.)
Carrie?

It's a round-faced Nurse's AIDE, 20's.

AIDE (CONT'D)
Excuse me. There's a policeman
wants to talk to you.

Carrie looks. It's Al. Brilliant timing.

Carrie's pissed. How the hell did he know about Midvale? Well, better anger than the terror of those woods...

CARRIE

The plan was, I *call* you, remember?

AL

Yeah, well I also remember, you don't call.

CARRIE

You want a juice box? How 'bout some Jello...?

AL

Why didn't you say you knew Catherine Grant?

CARRIE

'Cause I didn't know her.

AL

Then how come your prints were in her apartment?

CARRIE

Jesus, Al, I helped her carry in some groceries a few weeks ago.

AL

Why didn't you mention it?

CARRIE

Your boy never *asked* me. Sloppy, sloppy.

Al shakes his head, grins.

AL

You can't stop being a cop.

CARRIE

Oh I can. I did. How the hell d'you find this place?

AL

You know I finally figured out how to use a computer. And you were right, there's this incredible thing called the Internet. Helps you find people who wanna stay lost.

CARRIE

I'm not lost.

AL

No, you're a...nurse?

CARRIE

I should be so lucky. I volunteer. Folks here aren't exactly hung up on the past. I like that.

(indicates with a nod)

Look at Mr. Chu. Gina and I gave him a shower this morning. He doesn't remember any of it. I on the other hand remember every soap bubble. The sunlight made a rainbow in the spray exactly like one in my bathroom on Buckingham Ave., April 23, 1985, 11:22 a.m.

AL

I know how it works, Carrie. It's also why you were a good cop. Nothing got by you.

CARRIE

Yeah, like the look of that kid who blew his own head off with a 12 gauge 'cause his crackhead father forgot to lock it. Some things you wanna forget. After ten years, I almost can. Which is why I'm not gonna help you.

AL

Did I say anything about help?

CARRIE

You're going to.

AL

What, you read minds now?

CARRIE

I can read *yours*.

AL

All right, look, we got nothin' on this one, no motive, no weapon, no friends or family. Hell, I'm not even sure we got a name...

CARRIE

I told you, I'm done.

AL

I'm not asking you to help as a cop
- though God knows I could use you -
I'm asking you to help as a
witness.

CARRIE

Al, I didn't see anything.

AL

*You don't know what you saw. I
need you to look harder. You know
what I mean.*

She does.

AL (CONT'D)

You can't forget it anyway. Might
as well do some good.

Carrie sighs. This is how it starts.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The team are in the courtyard, waiting, when Al and Carrie pull up in Al's car. Carrie approaches the spot where the young woman died. Her eyes take on a peculiar intensity.

NINA

(quietly, to Roe)

Aren't we supposed to hold hands,
or something?

ROE

If there's chanting, I'm so out.

Al glares at them. Carrie's looking hard, remembering...

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT OF THE MURDER

Night swallows day. Naked bulbs burn in the courtyard.

Carrie is kneeling by the still warm body of Catherine Grant. She stands. But the Carrie that's part of the memory, remains kneeling...dressed in a pair of baggy pajamas...

This is the first time we've seen Carrie choosing to relive a memory in order to study it. When she deliberately re-enters a memory, Carrie's able to stand outside of herself. To be a witness of her earlier self.

But the virtual world that springs to life around her is limited to what Carrie saw when the memory was formed.

What she didn't see, isn't there. It's like a photo splashed on a digital canvas. What isn't photo, is blank.

What Carrie heard that night forms its own aural canvas. The singsong CHIRRP of a night bird, a far-off DOG BARK, the doppler whine of a passing FIRE ENGINE.

Carrie walks around. What did she miss that she can see now? She notices the spidery shadow of trees crisscrossing the courtyard. The thicker shadow of a dilapidated cement fountain. And something else, emerging from the shadow of the fountain - an irregular shadow with no apparent source...

Carrie watches her memory self - memory-Carrie - beside Catherine's body. Everything moves a little slowly as in a dream. Memory-Carrie glances toward the fountain, then back to the body. The neighbor in his robe approaches from the entrance. When he's beside the body, memory-Carrie gasps, turns to him.

Carrie looks back at the irregular shadow. It's gone. Someone - the killer - was hiding behind the fountain.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - RESUME

Carrie rises, moves swiftly to the fountain.

CARRIE

Someone was here. Someone was
hiding here.

She runs her hands over crumbling cement vines, into the leaf-choked basin. She reaches deep into a rusty drainpipe. Very deep. Now she's touching something, trying to get a grip...

ROE

(quietly to Nina)
If it's a Derek Jeter rookie card,
it's mine.

Carrie pulls out a CHEF'S KNIFE, stained brown with blood.

The team stare at one another. You don't see that every day.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PRECINCT - SANDOVAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Al is standing before the desk of his superior, Deputy Inspector ERNIE SANDOVAL.

SANDOVAL

You saying she's a psychic? You asking me to authorize a psychic.

AL

She's not a psychic. Would you listen to me...

SANDOVAL

Cause if I need my fortune read, there's plenty...

AL

Ernie, it's got nothing to do with reading minds, any woowoo crap like that. She has a great memory, that's all.

SANDOVAL

So does my Aunt Jacquie, never forgets a birthday, but I don't bring her in to consult on homicide investigations.

AL

With all due respect, and I don't know this, but I suspect Aunt Jacquie wasn't the youngest Detective in the history of the Syracuse police department.

Sandoval glances at a folder, Carrie's old police record.

SANDOVAL

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I got that right here -

(reading)

- parents are college professors, drops out of school to become a cop, detective at 25, highest solve rate on the force. Okay, I'm impressed, so she remembers what, like facts and stuff?

AL

Fact patterns, crime scenes, witness testimony, criminal profiles, once she's got'em, she's got'em.

SANDOVAL

And she doesn't forget *anything*?

AL

She *can't* forget anything. Since she was a kid. Some kind of trauma thing, her sister was murdered. Never found the guy. It's called hyperthymesia. It's super rare. They actually tested her up in Boston. Everything she's experienced, all of it, it just *sticks*. We'd drop her in undercover, never needed a wire. She *is* the wire.

SANDOVAL

Mike tells me, when she found that knife, it was like she was really back there on the night.

AL

When Carrie revisits a memory, it's like she's living it again, except this time, she's *watching* it happen. As long as she took it in the first time, hearing, seeing, smelling, whatever...she can go back, study the things she didn't pay attention to.

Sandoval goes back to Carrie's report.

SANDOVAL

What's "indefinite leave, personal reasons" mean?

AL

It means...some things about this work, you gotta forget.

SANDOVAL

You sure she's okay about getting back in?

AL

Victim was her neighbor, she wants to help.

SANDOVAL

Fine, bring her on. We'll run it as a special consultant.

AL
 You won't be sorry. I'm telling
 ya, Carrie Wells was the best cop I
 ever saw.

SANDOVAL
 (not looking up)
 And you saw a lot of her, I
 imagine.

Al doesn't take the bait.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
 How's Elaine? You guys makin'
 plans?

More bait.

AL
 Elaine's fine.

SANDOVAL
 I'll put the papers through.

Mike sticks his head in.

MIKE
 You want the good news or the bad
 news?

AL
 Surprise me.

Al moves to Mike.

MIKE
 Bad news, no prints on the knife.
 Good news, pay stubs came through.
 We found her last place of work.

EXT. HARBOR TRUCK RENTAL - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Mike threads his way through a fleet of bright orange trucks
 with large-and-in-charge young boss KEN HARBERT, late 20s.
 Ken's assistant, JILL, walks alongside.

KEN
 (into cell)
 No, you can do more, but I'm not
 gonna insure it. Look, take the
 twenty-two.
 (holds up a "one second"
 hand to Mike)
 Four tons, you do it all, one trip.

He hands the cell to Jill, covers the speaker.

KEN (CONT'D)
One-twenty-nine, nothing lower.

Jill peels off, as Ken continues with Mike, who hands him the photo on Catherine's driver's license.

KEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Yeah, I remember this one. She temped for a while when Lourdes left to take care of her mom.

MIKE
When was this?

KEN
I don't know, few months ago. My girl could give you the dates.

MIKE
Do you remember, she have any problems with any of the other employees?

KEN
Not that I know of.

MIKE
How long was she here?

KEN
Week or so. To be honest, I don't remember. Only reason I remember her at all is, she rented a truck. Well, a van, for a coupla days. We gave her a good deal.

MIKE
She say why she wanted the van?

KEN
Yeah, actually. Something about moving out on a boyfriend. She seemed in a hurry.

Boyfriend?

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY

TIGHT ON: An index card with the word "BOYFRIEND" written in black Sharpie. Roe finishes pinning it to the crime board.

Below it, a SEVENTIES MAGAZINE AD of the smiling Coffee-mate guy with sideburns and cigarette. Roe grins at his handiwork.

ROE
Smile, ya bastard. You won't be
smilin' long.

Nina looks over from her desk. Carrie's at an extra desk on the side.

NINA
Ever hear of innocent till proven
guilty?

ROE
Oh he did it. Nobody's innocent
with those lapels.

The phone RINGS. Nina answers it. Roe goes back to the board.

Carrie flips a document, and comes upon the faded DMV photo of Catherine. She stares at it, shaken by the image...

Roe, oblivious, calls over.

ROE.
So, Wells, you knew the chief back
in the day?

Carrie decisively turns the photo of Catherine over. The last thing she needs is that memory, now.

ROE
What was he like?

CARRIE
Younger.

Roe takes the hit. What's with this chick? Nina hangs up the phone.

NINA
That was the M.E., hair under the
fingernails definitely not the
victim's.

ROE
DNA, baby.
(to the photo)
That's "R.I.P." to you, good-
lookin'.

NINA

Would help to know who good-lookin'
is first.

ROE

I'm on that too. Henry cut
together a Quicktime from that
hallway security camera before it
broke...

NINA

From a *month* ago. And even if the
boyfriend's on there, we don't know
what he looks like.

ROE

You got somethin' better?

NINA

Maybe.

Carrie suddenly interjects:

CARRIE

Can I see it? The video?

Roe and Nina exchange a quick look.

ROE

Sure, help yourself.

Carrie seats herself at his computer, takes up the mouse.

ROE (CONT'D)

You can make it bigger by dragging
the little corner...

CARRIE

Got it. Thanks.

She starts scrolling through the video at speed. Roe leans
back against his desk, puts on a thoughtful look.

ROE

So, what is the deal? Really. You
can remember everything?

Nina rolls her eyes. Carrie doesn't even look up.

ROE (CONT'D)

Everything...really?

(silence)

(MORE)

ROE (CONT'D)

Like, if I asked you, you would know what tie I was wearing yesterday?

(still no answer)

Or how many steps it is out to the elevator?

CARRIE

Yes, yes, yes, blue with pink birdies, 29.

Whoa.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Now let me look at this thing, willya?

Al enters.

AL

How we doin' with the boyfriend?

ROE

Tough one, boss, I'm workin' a coupla angles...

NINA

I think I got it.

NINA

Okay, it's simple. I went back and checked the mileage of the van Catherine rented. Mileage in, mileage out. I worked in the distance from Harbor Truck to her new apartment, voila, compassed out a circle within which *must be* this guy's apartment.

She holds up a marked-up Google map.

NINA (CONT'D)

Now, what do you put your name on when you move in with a boyfriend? Catherine liked movies, didn't she? She had that great TV, all those DVD's lying around. And no Netflix - she didn't have a computer. If she used an old-fashioned video store, maybe, just maybe, she piggy-backed on her boyfriend's account.

AL

Video stores.

(they wait)

I like it.

ROE

You gotta be kidding, there must be fifty stores in that area.

AL

That's why she's gonna need some help.

Roe sighs. Al nods at Nina, who struggles to suppress a smile. He comes over to Carrie.

AL (CONT'D)

You got a second?

Carrie rises and follows him into his office.

INT. PRECINCT - AL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Al's got a stack of 8x11s on his desk.

AL

Okay, I've been going over the crime scene photos of her apartment. Look at this.

(indicates the photo of one wall)

The spacing is weird. Frame, frame, nothing. That's an empty hanging hook. There was something there. Something worth taking down. Be nice to know what it was.

(off Carrie)

So you were there. In the apartment.

He offers the 8x11.

AL (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Carrie hesitates. She's deliberately avoided all memories of Catherine. But this is why she's here...

She takes the photo, gazes at it intently. *The image seems to deepen, to grow in size and detail. Carrie lifts her eyes...*

INT. CATHERINE GRANT'S APARTMENT - DAY

...Catherine's apartment - on a bright morning three months ago - rises up like a wave, devouring the reality of Al's office. Al can't see what Carrie sees - can picture only what she tells him. But he can see her face, and guess what she's experiencing.

As Carrie watches, she sees an earlier version of herself enter the apartment carrying a bag of groceries, trailing a very living CATHERINE GRANT. The last time Carrie saw Catherine, the young woman was growing cold on the courtyard concrete. Despite herself, Carrie is deeply moved.

AL

What's going on? Carrie? You see the wall?

Carrie doesn't answer. The off-hand quality of her exchange with Catherine makes the memory that much more poignant. She's Emily in Our Town...observing the impossible preciousness of the lived and gone...

Catherine speaks with a slight English accent. She indicates a table.

CATHERINE

You can put it there.

Memory-Carrie places her grocery bag on the table, admires the white blossoms trailing from it.

MEMORY-CARRIE

Nice flowers.

CATHERINE

I love flowers. My idea of heaven would be fresh flowers everyday.

(suddenly)

You're just downstairs, right? If I make too much noise, just bang on the ceiling.

MEMORY-CARRIE

Nah, that's okay.

CATHERINE

No, no, do it. These old buildings are so loud.

(taking up the flowers)

I better put these in water. Oh, I'm Catherine, by the way.

She wipes her hand on her shirt, offers it to Carrie.

MEMORY-CARRIE

Carrie.

Their hands touch...

AL

Carrie, can you see it? Carrie...?

Carrie finally tears her attention from Catherine and her memory-self. There, over the faux fireplace - a PICTURE IN A FRAME. Carrie goes to it...it sharpens, comes into focus as she approaches... Yes, it's a PHOTOGRAPH - of Catherine and an unknown WOMAN, beaming for the camera.

CARRIE

You're right. There's a photo.
Catherine, and another woman.
Maybe ten years ago...

AL

What's the woman look like?

CARRIE

Blonde, about the same age, could
almost be her sister.
(softly)
They look happy.

Carrie turns, still within the memory. Catherine's returned with the white flowers now in a vase. Carrie moves toward her...stepping into the place of memory-Carrie, who vanishes. Catherine pulls out a flower, and offers it, smiling.

CATHERINE

Thanks.

Carrie accepts it...no longer a mere spectator of the past...seeing in Catherine's eyes the pain of what's been...knowing the horror of what's to come...

It would be too much for anyone...

INT. AL'S OFFICE - RESUME

Catherine's apartment vanishes. Carrie's shaken.

AL

You okay?

CARRIE

Yeah, it's just...it's like she's
alive.

Al nods. He's been through this with Carrie before.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(back to work)

So who's our mystery woman?

AL

We'll get you with the sketch guy.
Maybe it was her sister.

CARRIE
 Maybe. I doubt it. She seemed so
 alone. Like she was always alone.
 She died alone.

AL
 News flash. We all do.

CARRIE
 Some more than others.

AL
 Well, she had a friend at the end.

CARRIE
 Me? I barely knew her. I couldn't
 help her.

AL
 You just did.

Nina and Roe pop into the office. He's got an enlarged DMV
 photo.

NINA
 We got the boyfriend! Turns out
 there were like two rental places
 in the whole area.

ROE
 Catherine Grant shows up on the
 Rocket Video account of this guy,
 George Creller.

CARRIE
 (re: the DMV photo)
 Can I see that?

Roe hands it to her, dubiously. Carrie focuses.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
 He visited her. Creller. I saw
 him on the security footage.

ROE
 C'mon, there musta been dozens of
 people on that...

CARRIE Trust me. AL Trust her.

AL
 You'll find it makes things easier.
 Now go.

INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nina and Roe are heading to the elevator. Nina's excited.

NINA

I ran George Creller through the indices, looks like he's got a...

She looks at Roe. He talking to himself, counting steps:

ROE

Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four...

NINA

You okay? Roe?

ROE

Twenty-seven, twenty-eight...twenty-nine.

He looks up. He and Nina have reached the elevator bank. Roe shakes his head.

ROE (CONT'D)

Lucky guess.

INT. MOTORCYCLE SHOP - JAMAICA AVENUE - - DAY

Roe and Nina talk to GEORGE CRELLER, 30s, in his Queens Village motorcycle shop. Kinda rough place. Creller looks like he's been hit hard. Might just be an act, might not.

GEORGE

I met her at a Saturn dealership out on Northern Boulevard. They had her in front, meeting the walk-ons. We really connected. She moved in like two weeks later. She had a past, though, you know. She was a hooker. You probably know that. I mean, I don't judge, I've done some things, too...

ROE

Yes you have, George. Narcotics possession, petty theft. Got some experience moving bikes too. Like the Ducati 996 you stole in...Hoosick, NY and tried to unload in Kingston, Ontario.

GEORGE

Hey, I put all that behind me. I bought this place last year, really turned things around for me. I wanted that for Catherine too. I told her, s`never too late for a new start.

ROE

'Less you're dead. Neighbors filed a complaint a while back. Officers responding to reports of a fight. You knock her around, maybe rough her up a little with your motorcycle chains?

GEORGE

What? No. I couldn't hurt her.

NINA

When was the last time you saw her?

GEORGE

Day she moved out, three months ago.

ROE

Except we got you on a security camera at her new address three and a half weeks ago. Now you got three *seconds* to tell us the truth, or I'm gonna Harley your Davidson ass into the station and we'll finish this there.

GEORGE

I didn't kill her! I loved her, she loved me...

NINA

Then why'd she leave you?

GEORGE

I wish I knew. Things were really going good, we were talking about her working at the shop with me. And then something happened. She just started freaking out. The tiniest thing would set her off. Like I'd be late somewhere, or one time, I brought home a box of Cuban cigars, there's this doctor I know. She started screamin', throwin' stuff around.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I knew she hated smoking but,
c'mon. Then bam, she's gone.

NINA

Will you give us some DNA?

GEORGE

Absolutely. Look, when she left, I
was crazy. Finally found out where
she'd moved to. I went over, stood
outside her door, told her how much
I loved her, said whatever happened
between us, we could start over.

(a beat)

I wasn't lying about not seeing
her. She wouldn't even open the
door.

INT. YUM-YUM DONUT - DAY

Al and Carrie at a donut shop. Four sticky tables, crap
coffee, but brightly lit, friendly. Al's on his cell.

AL

(into phone)

Nice job.

(hanging up)

No go on the boyfriend. He was at
his sister-in-law's in Mamaroneck
night of the murder. They went
out, it got late, he stayed over.

CARRIE

Says the sister-in-law.

AL

Says his Easy Pass. He took the
Triborough to the Bruckner, then up
95. Back the next morning.

She's impressed.

CARRIE

Wow. Guess you really can take the
boy out of Syracuse.

AL

I was going crazy up there, Carrie.
Shutting down frat parties, giving
sobrieties all night. I applied
around, Sandoval took a shot on me.
Been eight years now. What about
you? My sister heard you were out
in Wyoming or something...

CARRIE

Yeah, after I left, I thought, wide-open spaces. No people, no memories. Wrong. So I drifted south. Place to place. Nothin' to hold on to. Turns out there's plenty.

AL

Why New York? Why *Queens*?

CARRIE

You can still get a one bedroom under 1200.

(off Al)

Maybe because you can be more alone here than anywhere. It's the most restless place I've ever been, and the most restful. Gives me a chance to get a handle on it.

AL

And have you?

CARRIE

(shrugs)

What do you think?

A double-barrelled question. Al chooses the better answer.

AL

I think, yeah.

Carrie feels herself blush. She didn't mean to open herself up to any judgment, much less Al's. But she almost trusts him...again...

The intimacy's a little uncomfortable for Al too. He checks his empty coffee cup. Stands.

AL (CONT'D)

You want somethin'? A chocolate sprinkles?

CARRIE

Nah, I'm off sugar.

AL

I'll get one, you have...

CARRIE

You get one, I'll have a bite.

AL

...a bite.

Al grins - it's an old game - moves away to the counter. Carrie finds herself eyeing his broad shoulders. She carelessly strokes her neck and remembers...

EXT. LAKE BEACH - DAY

...strong hands rubbing her shoulders at the beach at Green Lake. As we now learn, they belong to Al. And the massage, the banter that afternoon, were the prelude to this moment. Their first love-making. Alone on an empty beach. When Carrie thought she, even she, could be in love...

INT. YUM-YUM DONUT - RESUME

Al returns with his prize, two shiny donuts on a tray.

AL

I got two. So shoot me.

Carrie's still flushed with the experience of him.

AL (CONT'D)

Wow, you okay?

She stares at him. His cell rings.

AL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Great, where are you?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Al and Carrie with Mike on Park Avenue in the low 80's.

MIKE

So, according to Catherine Grant's phone records, she made a lotta calls to a disposable cell phone over the past three months. These end abruptly two and a half weeks ago. Then we have a bunch of one-minute calls to a Steven Latman, successful lawyer, who, it so happens, is about to get married.

CARRIE

They were having an affair.

MIKE

S'what I'm thinkin'. Disposable phone, very discreet, guy decides to call it off, our girl goes ballistic, calls him repeatedly at his home, he ignores her.

AL
 (not sold)
 Okay. But it's a little light, no?

MIKE
 This add some weight? One of the places Catherine temp'd last year was the Manhattan Athletic Club, where Mr. Steven Latman is a member in good standing.

AL
 Nice. Where's this guy live?

MIKE
 You're soaking in it.

He points up to the building they're standing in front of. Carrie smiles. She likes Mike.

LATMAN (O.S.)
 Look I appreciate you people are just doing your job...

INT. LATMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

They're with STEVE LATMAN, early 40s, in Latman's enormous dining room. A long mahogany table is covered with boxes. Workmen cross in the bg.

LATMAN
 ...and I've always had the deepest respect for the Department, in court and out. Queens police, great police. But this is about a *phone call*?

MIKE
 Sixteen calls, actually. All within a forty-eight hour period.

AL
 All under a minute, all from a very dead woman named Catherine Grant.

LATMAN
 Look around, guys. I'm getting married. People in and outta here all day long. You think I keep track of who uses the *phone*? I got a wedding planner, a decorator, her crew, a caterer who practically *lives* here and right now requires my attention.

(MORE)

LATMAN (CONT'D)
 (calling)
 Wendy... ?

AL
 You're a member of the Manhattan
 Athletic Club.

LATMAN
 Yes, for many years.

MIKE
 Were you aware that Catherine Grant
 was an employee there?

LATMAN
 No.

AL
 So you never met her?

LATMAN
 I may have met her. I may have
 smiled at her. Maybe...
 (ominously)
 ...she even got me a towel.

WENDY (O.S.)
 Steve?

LATMAN
 Now, if you'll forgive me, my
 fiance wants me to look at gnocchi.

Al nods. Latman goes. As the team move off, they pass the hallway to the kitchen. Carrie catches a glimpse of Latman's fiance, WENDY WILSON, mid 30s, chatting with the caterer.

TIGHT ON: Carrie. Wham.

INT. CATHERINE GRANT'S APARTMENT - DAY

She's back in Catherine's apartment. The photo of Catherine and the other woman. Smiling, arms around each other...

INT. LATMAN'S APARTMENT - RESUME

Carrie turns to Al.

CARRIE
 Al, the woman in the photo.
 (indicates)
 It's her.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

The team, including Carrie, are assembled around the bullpen table. Al holds up Wendy's photo.

AL

Wendy Wilson. What do we know?

MIKE

We know she and the lawyer didn't do Catherine Grant. Doorman has 'em both in around 11:30. They lock the door on 82nd after midnight, night guy says they never came down.

AL

How 'bout her background?

NINA

Definitely in New York from '95, Associate of Arts degree, Queensborough Community College. Next year she's at Baruch, graduates with a BA in Marketing...with Honors...

ROE

I got her even earlier. A Wendy M. Wilson took her high school equivalency exam on June 7, 1993 at Mid-Manhattan Adult Learning Center...

NINA

Before that, nothing. Like, zero. No school records, residences, driver's license, employment records...

AL

Birth certificate?

ROE

Not that we can find.

MIKE

Remind you of someone?

AL

Wendy and Catherine, two peas in a pod. Two women who never existed till fifteen years ago.

CARRIE

There's a difference. Wendy's a survivor.

They turn to her.

MIKE

Survive what?

CARRIE

That's the question. Whatever it was, two intelligent, beautiful women buried the people they were in order to forget it. We find out what that something was, we solve this thing.

AL

So let's get her in here.
(to Nina and Mike)
You guys keep diggin'. I want some ammunition.

Al stands, Carrie turns to him.

CARRIE

She didn't come forward. Why do you think she'll open up now?

AL

Won't know 'til we ask.

He goes. HOLD ON Carrie. Dubious. And a bit blown-off.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Wendy Wilson's come in for questioning. She's brought a hard-ass lawyer from her fiance's firm, HANK STURGIS, 40s. Al's at the table with Carrie. Wendy's flipping through pictures of Catherine: a blow-up of her driver's license, a grainy mugshot from the '90s.

WENDY

No.

AL

You don't recognize this woman at all?

WENDY

No. Not at all.

Carrie's eyes are on Wendy, hard. Why would she lie?

AL

So, to be clear, you don't know Catherine Grant. Or 'Catherine Isaacs.' Or 'Jennifer Goodwin' Never met her.

STURGIS

Ms. Wilson already told you, she has no knowledge of this person...

AL

So there'd be no reason for her to call your home, which she did nearly two dozen times.

WENDY

None that I can think of.

AL

Maybe to talk to your fiance...?

STURGIS

(to Wendy)

You don't have to go there...

WENDY

Steve says he doesn't know her. I trust him absolutely. So there's your answer.

Wendy glances at Carrie, who holds her eyes for a moment.

AL

(pressing)

Calls to and from a disposable cellphone purchased six months ago from a Rite-Aid two blocks from your office...

STURGIS

Midtown Manhattan, work population two million. Nice try. Are we done here...?

AL

(hotly)

You say you don't know Catherine Grant, you never heard of Catherine Grant, so what are you doing in a photo with her?

Wendy stares at Al. Her face is steel.

STURGIS

What photo?

AL

We have a photograph of your client with the deceased.

STURGIS

Would you care to produce this photo?

Now it's Al's turn to hesitate.

AL

Of course.

STURGIS

Well?

Al's turning red.

STURGIS (CONT'D)

Wow. That's kinda bush league, isn't it?

Al stands, gestures with his eyes for Carrie to follow. Carrie rises, steps with Al into

THE HALLWAY

AL

Carrie, you saw her, right? She's *the one*.

(Carrie nods)

You know, I really don't like being lied to. To my face. The class act, the loyal wife, the lawyer - I wanna know where she was, *who* she was, before Park Avenue. And why her relationship with Catherine should be such a damn secret. I'll sweat her all day if I have to.

CARRIE

With what?

AL

With her non-existent past, for one thing.

CARRIE

He's not gonna let you go there.
It's irrelevant...

AL

I know what's *relevant*...

CARRIE

I'm just telling you, beating her up is not goin' to work...

AL

What, you're *identifying* with her now...?

CARRIE

Jesus, Al, don't start....

AL

You got a problem with my tactics, just say so.

CARRIE

Tactics, like bringing up evidence you don't have?

AL

That woman is stonewalling a murder investigation, she's sitting in there lying to us. If I have a shot at her, I'm gonna take it.

CARRIE

One woman is dead, you wanna pound the crap out of another woman who prob'ly just missed being dead by inches.

AL

If it gets me some answers...

CARRIE

Well it won't. She's not lying to mess with your investigation, her *whole life* is a lie.

AL

And you know this because you have some mysterious knowledge of this woman I don't know about?

CARRIE

I know because it's obvious, Al.

AL

No, what's *obvious* is that you're bringing your own life to the table again, Carrie, and if you "remember," that's exactly what messed you up the first time.

It's out of his mouth, before he can stop it. Carrie looks at him. She nods.

CARRIE

Messed *me up*?

(under control)

All I'm doing, Detective Burns, is telling you what will work and what will not, in a murder investigation. You don't wanna hear it? Fine. But leave me, and my "life" out of it. You couldn't handle it before, and I definitely don't need you to now.

AL

Great. So tell me. You got some other idea how to get to her, I'd like to hear. Tell me.

(off Carrie)

I didn't think so.

He heads back into...

THE INTERROGATION ROOM.

...slams back into his chair. Wendy and her lawyer look at him. Al considers. Ah, the hell with it.

AL (CONT'D)

That's all for now, thank you for coming in.

He's up and out of the room, back into...

THE HALLWAY

...where he's about to tell Carrie, *there, you happy now..?!*

Only, there's no Carrie. She's gone.

INT. PRECINCT - KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Carrie's pissed, and even more pissed to feel so hurt and betrayed, and useless. She tries to calm herself...runs some water over her hands, presses her palms to her eyes...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

CAMERA REVERSES...a little girl, Carrie at eight years old, is slowly lowering her hands from her tear-stained face...daring herself to look down...at the broken body lying in the underbrush...the face she knows so well...turning dark in death...the face of her older sister, Rachel...

INT. PRECINCT - KITCHEN AREA - RESUME

CARRIE
(whisper)
Rachel.

Carrie's devastated. She looks around, looking for some answer, some relief...

Sees, through the KITCHEN DOORWAY, other cops passing by, chatting, cracking each other up. Something about the lumpish normality of precinct life grounds her.

She reaches for a glass, fills it under the tap. Stops in mid gulp - the *glass* - she flashes to Wendy in the interrogation room. She was drinking from a glass...

Carrie bolts the kitchen, heads back at a run to

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A Guy cleaning up. There's a glass where Wendy was sitting.

CARRIE
Hang on a sec!

She picks up the glass, holding the inside with two fingers, and steps into the MAIN OFFICE, locates a Tech, HENRY, 20s.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Henry, right? Did we find Wendy
Wilson in the system?

HENRY
No, we had no prints.

She holds up the glass.

CARRIE
Now we do.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DISPLAY WINDOW - DAY

TIGHT ON: the perfect features of a FEMALE MANNEQUIN. WIDEN to reveal an elaborate WINDOW DISPLAY DIORAMA. A Dresser is fitting a figurine in a chic power suit. Wendy Wilson is supervising her. Carrie shows up.

CARRIE

Ms. Wilson? Carrie Wells. D'you have a minute?

WENDY

My lawyer advised me not to speak with the police. I told you, I didn't know that woman.

CARRIE

I'm not the police. Not technically. And I don't want to talk about Catherine. I'd like to talk about Mallory Evans.

WENDY

(to the dresser)

Deanna, can you try those Akoyas on the Anne Klein. Take your time.

With a look, the dresser goes, leaves Wendy and Carrie alone.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I have nothing to say about Mallory Evans.

CARRIE

I'm surprised. She's an impressive woman. Born in Ohio, alcoholic mom, abused by her stepfather, ran away to New York as a teenager. Fell in with some bad people, did some bad things. Even got herself a police record. Prostitution.

Wendy is silent.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

But she pulled herself out of it. Changed her name. Got an education, a career. Now about to marry a very successful lawyer - who I have to say, looks really good in Zegna.

WENDY

Sounds like quite a life.

CARRIE

It's a rare person who could do what she did. What you did.

WENDY

Whatever.

CARRIE

Your friend Catherine had a hard life too...

WENDY

My life was hard. Hers was a disaster.

And just like that, it's out in the open.

CARRIE

You tried to help her...

WENDY

Of course I did. But she didn't want help. She wanted what she got...

A sudden rush of emotion. Her long, heartbreaking relationship with Catherine glimpsed in an instant. Wendy the businesswoman bites it back.

WENDY (CONT'D)

That's cruel. Olga didn't deserve to die. That's her name, Olga. Olga Romanyenka. From *Minsk*. I thought that was a joke the first time I heard it. She came here when she was fifteen. Some Russian guys promised her a job. They sold her to this family out on the Island.

CARRIE

Sold her?

WENDY

Yeah, that's what they do. They take your passport and say buy it back. And the only way you can do that is, you work for them. She was a maid for this guy and his wife.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

The wife used to beat her up when she dropped a dish, and the guy...well, the scumbag did what scumbags do to fifteen-yr-old girls who don't have anyone to protect them.

(pause)

They had young kids too. In the same house. You believe it?

CARRIE

When was this?

WENDY

Early '90's. She eventually got out. But where was she gonna go? We were both working at this club in Woodmere. They busted the whole place. Put us in a group together, a Twelve Step thing. Everyone thought she was my kid sister...

She finds her purse, takes out a faded photograph. The same one Carrie saw.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We took it the day we got out. Drove up to Bear Mountain - it was so windy and clear - we both decided we were never going back.

She looks at the photo, remembering.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I tried to help her, you know, get a job, get a place, a decent man, but she kept drifting back into the life. Like that's all she was good for. I lent her money. I put myself on the line for her, even got her a job at the club I go to.

CARRIE

Manhattan Athletic?

WENDY

(surprised, then...)

Oh right. Steve's club. It's where I met him, actually. Anyway, it worked out...for a while.

Another surge of feeling halts her.

CARRIE

(gently)
And then...?

WENDY

About three months ago, she called me out of the blue, all excited. She said she'd run into the guy, the guy who bought her. I told her, stay away from him, let it go. The past was past. But she was obsessed. She said she was gonna blackmail him.

CARRIE

She called you...at home?

WENDY

No. I wouldn't allow that. I was living with Steve. So I got a separate cell phone, just for her. After two weeks, I stopped taking her calls. She's asking this guy for more and more money, it was enough. Then she called me at Steve's. That was it. I told her she was on her own. This was *my* life. I threw out the phone.

She looks back at the photo.

WENDY (CONT'D)

That day, we said we'd always be there for each other. I just couldn't.

Again, Wendy is overwhelmed. Carrie waits, then...

CARRIE

Wendy, do you know the name of the man, the one she was blackmailing?

WENDY

No. She wouldn't say his name. I swear, I would have told you, if I knew.

(Carrie nods)

All I know is, she met him 'at work.'

CARRIE

(suddenly)
When was this?

WENDY

About three or four months ago. I don't know the name of the place.

CARRIE

(putting it together)
That's okay. I do.

INT. HARBOR TRUCK RENTAL - DAY

Ken Harbert empties the dregs from an aging Mr. Coffee as he talks to the detectives.

KEN

No, I'm happy to help in any way I can.

He expertly tears three sugar packets with his teeth, dumps them into the sludge.

AL

This shouldn't take too long. We need to talk to your older employees, any one over fifty or so.

KEN

Well that's the easiest one I've had all day.
(calls)
Hey Tony, ya got a sec?

All eyes turn. From an adjoining cubicle, TONY, 60s, Harbor Trucking's single over-fifty employee rolls over.

In a wheelchair.

The team glance at one another. Dead end.

Carrie's been hanging back by the door. She glances down the hallway, wanders a few steps into it.

There's another OFFICE next to Ken's. Big desk, leather chair, pictures on the wall. Carrie enters, moves to the desk. It's dominated by an expensive brass-trimmed humidior and an ashtray filled with cigar butts.

Nina pops her head in.

NINA

Well, that sucked. Maybe Wendy Wilson got her dates wrong...
(off Carrie)
What's up?

CARRIE

Nina, didn't Catherine's boyfriend
tell you she lost it when he
brought home Cuban cigars?

Nina's not used to Carrie's prodigious memory.

NINA

Yeah, I think so. Why?

Carrie notices a framed PICTURE on the edge of the desk,
picks it up.

It's a PHOTO of Ken Harbert with an older Man, big stogie
stuffed in the older guy's mouth.

Carrie moves quickly to the door, spots Ken's assistant.

CARRIE

'Scuse me? Jill?
(indicating)
Who's office is this?

JILL

That's Ken's dad's. He only comes
in on Wednesdays and Fridays.

CARRIE

Today's Friday.

JILL

Yeah, I know. He called in
yesterday, said he was sick.

Bingo.

INT. PRECINCT - OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Nina and Mike are at the glass, looking in at Al and Carrie
with FRANK HARBERT, late 50s, muscle gone to paunch. Roe
comes up, report in hand.

ROE

Got it. The old man's DNA matches
the hair under Catherine's
fingernails, four regions.

MIKE

Don't think they need it. Guy went
down when they told him they had
his prints in her apartment.

She nods past the glass, where Frank is clearly a broken man.
Roe steps into the room.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Al faces Frank, Carrie stands to the side. Roe hands Al the DNA analysis.

AL

Frank, I'm not required to, but I will ask you again if you'd like to have an attorney present.

FRANK

Nah, don't need one.

AL

So you were giving her money?

FRANK

She figured she earned it. I suppose she did. But I had to leave something for my family. So I went over there to tell her, no more. Whatever I did, and I did it, and I'm gonna burn in hell for it - whatever I did, I paid enough.

AL

What happened then?

FRANK

She went crazy, she said she was gonna call the cops. I tried to calm her down, you know, to hold her. I still had affection for her.

(to Carrie)

You, you think I'm sick?

CARRIE

I wouldn't know.

OUTSIDE THE GLASS

NINA

(to Mike, re: Frank)

'Could put it to a vote.

RESUME

FRANK

We almost done? I'm tired.

AL

In a bit. What happened after she threatened to call the police?

FRANK

She went for her phone, you know,
and I...I grabbed the knife, it was
just lyin' there, and I guess I
went a little crazy too.

He lowers his head into his hand. The team wait.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY

Congratulations all around. Roe's pouring something from a
flask into paper cups. Mike holds up a cup in toast fashion.

MIKE

Both of you guys...nice job.

Carrie's alone at her desk, pushing some stuff into her
shoulder bag. Mike leans over.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey. Good work.

Carrie smiles briefly, returns to her packing. Al comes up.

AL

Takin' off?

(Carrie nods)

So, you were right. About Wendy.
I shoulda listened to you...

CARRIE

You don't have to do this.

AL

Do what?

CARRIE

Follow a ten-year old fight with a
ten year old apology.

AL

Who's apologizing? You were right.
You're always right. Admit it,
Carrie, you're good at this. You
should come back.

CARRIE

Nah, this is it. I'm done.
Listen, Al...

She might as well tell him. She has to tell someone.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Look, you know me, better than anyone. You know I started remembering everything, every fraction of every second, the day I found Rachel. When they *tell* me I found her. 'Cause I don't *remember* finding her.

AL

Yeah.

CARRIE

Well what you don't know is, I'm *starting to remember*. Ever since I saw Catherine, lying there. I'm in the woods. I'm lost. I see Rachel. I can *touch* her.

AL

Okay.

CARRIE

And there's more every time. There's more that I remember. I'm afraid of what's coming.

AL

Don't be afraid...

CARRIE

I *am* afraid, Al. You don't understand. I need to control what's in my mind, what I remember. That's the only way I've been able to make it work. If I can't control my mind...

From her expression, we glimpse what that would mean to her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Look, don't you get it? This...
 (waves her hand around the
 bullpen)
 ...*this is Syracuse all over again*.
 I can't control what it does to me,
 and I have to. I *have* to. I love
 the job, Al, but - I'm done.

AL

Carrie...

CARRIE

Enjoy the party. Enjoy your life.
I mean that.

Al watches her go.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - MOMENT LATER

As Carrie heads out, she sees Frank Harbert being led down a hallway. Cuffed, head bowed, he walks slowly, as if nursing knees a bit unstable with age. Carrie watches, and then...

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT OF THE MURDER

Carrie's eyes flash open The SOUND of footsteps POUNDING DOWN the stairs...ECHOING down the hallway. First Catherine's, then her killer's...

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harbert disappears into a holding area.

ON: Carrie. Processing it all.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Carrie walks home, unease tugging at her. What doesn't feel right about Harbert? The speed of those pursuing footsteps? The quick confession? But what about his fingerprints in Catherine Grant's apartment, his DNA...?

She passes her local GREEK DELI as two young Hipsters exit playfully fighting over a bag of fresh bread. Carrie glances at them, then - FLASH -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT OF THE MURDER

The Couple from the night of the murder LAUGH as they exit the same Greek deli...Carrie, in her tiny black dress, contemplates them from across the street...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - RESUME

TIGHT ON Carrie. She was on this street only hours before Catherine was stabbed to death. Was there something here, something not important then...but now...?

Carrie focuses all her attention...digging into her memory...deliberately summoning the past...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT OF THE MURDER

The streetlights shift subtly and she sees a familiar yellow CAB pull up in front of her building.

Sees herself - memory-Carrie - sliding from the cab. Right on cue, a LAUGH is heard, and memory-Carrie glances in the direction of the Couple exiting the Greek deli...who, like the deli itself and a swathe of the adjoining buildings, bloom into being as memory-Carrie's gaze falls upon them...

Time seems to slow to a crawl - SOUNDS become heightened and distinct - as Carrie follows memory-Carrie's line of sight to a wall...

BESIDE THE DELI

...where a dark Figure nurses a cigarette in the shadows. Carrie's focus moves in. She can't make out the man's face. Then he leans forward into the light. No luck. It's a Counter Man from the deli, white apron around his waist, out sneaking a puff.

Carrie turns her attention to the PLATE-GLASS WINDOW of the deli. Behind it, a few late-night Customers are seated at a narrow counter.

Carrie focuses more closely, moving slowly over the customers: a Punjabi Sikh Cab Driver, in full pagri, stirring his tea...a Goth Teen Couple, tearing at a dripping hero...and at the end of the counter, another Man, in a hoodie, hunched over a steaming coffee. His heavy shoulders look familiar, but his face is hidden. Carrie waits, and then, slowly, the man lifts three sugar packets together, tears them with his teeth...

Carrie's eyes widen...FLASH!

INT. HARBERT TRUCK RENTAL - MEMORY

Stained teeth ripping three sugar packets...oh no...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT OF THE MURDER - RESUME

The man in the hoodie finishes bite-tearing the sugar, dumps them into his coffee and finally starts to look up...

PUSH IN ON Carrie, her eyes on fire.

The man's face comes into view.

It's Ken Harbert.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Carrie goes into action. Grabs her cell, punches buttons.

INTERCUT WITH: Henry, the lab tech, at his station.

CARRIE
 (into phone)
 Henry, it's Carrie Wells. Listen,
 exactly what DNA test did we run on
 Frank Harbert?

HENRY
 You wanted it yesterday, so we did
 a quickie, just a Y chrome.

CARRIE
 Can you run a full STR, PCR,
 whatever you got.

HENRY
 Sure, what's goin' on?

CARRIE
 Just do it, will ya? Thanks.

She hangs up. Punches in another number.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Al's cell BUZZES away on a side table. Al's opening some
 wine. In the bg, his girlfriend ELAINE is making dinner.

EXT. STREET - RESUME

Carrie gets Al's voice mail.

CARRIE
 (into phone)
 Al, it's me. Meet me at Harbor
 Trucking. It's eight now, I'll be
 there in twenty minutes.

She hangs up.

EXT. HARBOR TRUCK RENTAL - NIGHT

The lights are still on. Carrie, in the parking lot, moves
 closer, stares through a window into a large STORAGE AREA.

CARRIE'S POV: Inside, there are stacks of boxes of all sizes,
 some as big as refrigerators. A Man sorts through the towers
 of packing material, CURSING as he throws a bale of boxes
 onto a growing stack.

Ken Harbert.

REVERSE ON: Carrie. She heads inside.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HARBOR TRUCK RENTAL - STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ken's got his back to the door, so he doesn't hear his visitor enter.

CARRIE (O.S.)
Mr. Harbert.

Ken turns suddenly.

KEN
What're you doin' here?

CARRIE
Where is everyone?

KEN
Most of the employees were pretty upset, I gave 'em the night off. Me, I wanted to stay busy.

CARRIE
(nods)
Talk to you for a second?

Ken flings another bale into the corner, a little violently.

KEN
You know it's all crap. I don't care what my dad said, he'd never do something like that to anybody.

CARRIE
Ken, he admitted...

KEN
I grew up in that house, I had a lotta nannies, baby-sitters when I was young, that woman wasn't one of 'em! She's just a nutjob tryin' to make a buck.

CARRIE
You're right, it doesn't any make sense your father confessed. Especially when the crime scene DNA doesn't match him.

KEN
(hesitates)
I don't understand.

CARRIE

We ran a standard Y chromosome test. Pretty damn accurate. Only hitch, fathers and sons tend to match out the same. Ken, where were you that night?

KEN

At home, asleep.

CARRIE

You weren't at the Paros Deli on 35th St. off 31st Ave. havin' a cup of coffee, piece of baklava?

(off Ken)

Wanna hear my theory, as to why he confessed? He was protecting someone, someone he loves. And maybe, just a little, to make up for something he did fifteen years ago.

KEN

I want a lawyer.

CARRIE

Good idea. You can take a DNA test if you'd like, and who knows, maybe I'm totally off base...

KEN

I'm not takin' a *test*.

(pause)

What'd you want me to do, she had him by the short hairs. He's a sweet guy, he's not gonna stand up for himself. I told him to tell her, no more. I knew he couldn't do it. Christ, and now the son-of-a-bitch *confessed*.

CARRIE

So you followed him...

KEN

Yeah, I wanted to make sure. I was going to go in with him but then...I didn't want him to see me.

CARRIE

So you waited in the Chinese restaurant till he was gone.

KEN

Yeah.

CARRIE

Then you killed Catherine Grant.

KEN

Stop calling her *Catherine Grant*. She was some Russian whore we took in. And that's how she repaid us? *I don't care what he did*. How he's gotta *make up* for it. She shoulda shut up and gone away. Why the hell didn't she shut up and go away?

Suddenly, Ken pulls down a huge tower of boxes, bolts for the door. Carrie dodges, follows...

EXT. HARBOR TRUCK RENTAL - NIGHT

...into the darkness of the truck parking lot.

CARRIE

Ken, you can't run, there's no where to go.

Ken leaps out from behind a truck with a lethal crowbar. He swings at Carrie, who dodges back, falling against the cab of the truck. But Carrie was a cop. When Ken comes for her again, she quickly sweeps his leg, knocking him off balance. She reaches for a control hold, but Ken has eighty pounds on her. He rolls her off, and in moment has her pinned to the floor.

KEN

You shouldn't have come alone.

A HUGE PISTOL is pressed against Ken's skull. It's Al.

AL

She didn't.

Ken releases Carrie. Al grabs him roughly, cuffs him. Carrie's shaken, but...

CARRIE

You took your time.

AL

Woulda been sooner but...
(he lifts his cell)
...had it on vibrate.

CARRIE
Given the circumstances, I think...

AL
...that's the dirtiest thing you
ever heard?

An echo of Green Lake, long ago. Carrie looks at Al, shocked that he remembers. Al smiles.

INT. MIDVALE NURSING HOME - DAY

TV SCREEN - ONSCREEN: Channel settles on "All In The Family." Archie's letting Meathead have it. Again.

REVERSE ON Carrie, remote in hand, satisfied.

CARRIE
There, how's that?

Carrie's old friend Alice is on the couch. A number of other patients are seated around the lounge.

ALICE
Much better, thank you.
(then)
Nurse, do you know if my daughter's
coming today? She said she was.

CARRIE
(after the briefest beat)
She was here this morning, Alice.
Don't you remember? You played
cards.

ALICE
Oh, yes. She's a good girl, my
Rachel. She never forgets me.

Carrie nods. Alice's blanket has slipped. Carrie adjusts it.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Miss. What'd you say
your name was?

CARRIE
Carrie.

ALICE
You know, my younger daughter's
name is Carrie.

TIGHT ON: Carrie. It's almost too much for her. Not being recognized by the woman we now realize is her own mother...

She kisses Alice on the forehead.

CARRIE

I know.

Carrie rises. Glances around the dayroom...

CARRIE'S POV: Dishes leak half-eaten meals onto folding trays...yellowed paperbacks tip from a sagging bookshelf...aides gossip with each other while their patients snooze open-mouthed in their recliners...

UNDER ALL, the insistent HISS of steam heat in old pipes and the interminable SQUAWK of the TV...

ON: Carrie. Has her comfortable retreat become a prison?

GIDEON (O.S.)

Carrie...?

She turns. Gideon is smiling.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

The handsome policeman wants you.

Al has just appeared in the day room. Carrie moves to him.

CARRIE

I still don't remember calling you.

AL

Just thought I'd tell ya, in person, Sandoval says you pass the JST. You'd come on as Detective, Second Class. First class, 'far as I'm concerned.

CARRIE

If I were interested, that'd be interesting.

Al looks around the nursing home.

AL

So that's it. Bed pans and blackjack?

CARRIE

Yeah. But I'm thinking maybe I'll try game shows. Alex Trebak never kneecapped anyone, far as I know.

Al smiles, but if you thought he was giving up...

AL

All right, I'm gonna say something,
and you're gonna listen. For once.

(she does)

Look, what if your memory coming
back - the memory of Rachel - what
if it *doesn't* mean you're
unraveling, what if it's a *good*
thing? Maybe this journey, or
whatever you been on, maybe it
worked. And you're remembering
what happened in those woods 'cause
it's *time* for you to remember. You
ever think of that?

Maybe she has, but still...

AL (CONT'D)

Just sayin,' ten years in the
wilderness, Carrie - *you're not the*
person you were.

CARRIE

When I'm ready, Al.

AL

You're ready now.

He turns to go. Adds, lightly:

AL (CONT'D)

Maybe when you realize that, you
will give me a call.

And gives her one of those Al grins...

EXT. LAKE BEACH - DAY

*Green Lake. Al running butt naked into the water. He flings
himself back into the surf. Happy to be alive, and in love.*

AL

Come on in, it's unbelievable!

*REVERSE on a younger, smiling Carrie, clutching the remnant
of her bikini top to her breasts.*

AL (CONT'D)

Come on, Carrie...!

*Carrie takes a step, hesitates, looks down. The water laps
at her feet...*

EXT. MIDVALE NURSING HOME - RESUME

ON: Carrie. She can still feel the sun on her face.

CAMERA REVERSES. Al's gone.

PUSH IN ON: Carrie. A flicker of a smile...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Catherine's funeral, at a little cemetery on Long Island. It's a lovely spot, quiet, surrounded by trees. Our team are there. Wendy Wilson, in dark glasses. George the boyfriend.

They found a Russian PRIEST to say the prayers. He chants words of peace in Old Slavonic.

Suddenly Carrie is there. She approaches the gathering, then stops. She nods to Wendy.

Al catches her eye. The rest of the team are looking at her too, waiting.

Then, like a high diver, who after a final squaring and settling leaps into space, Carrie moves to them and takes her place with the team. Despite the sadness of the occasion, they share a few brief smiles.

The mourners are tossing flowers into the grave. As Carrie fingers the WHITE FLOWER in her hand, she looks to the woods. And shudders...*because the woods seem to rush toward her...*

EXT. WOODS - DAY

...in an instant, she's eight again...plunged in forest gloom...bending over Rachel's body...brushing the hair from her dead sister's face...whispering her name over and over again...a SOUND...the CRACKLING of twigs...just beside her...TIGHT ON young Carrie's face...she turns slowly, slowly...to face the towering figure of a MAN...so heavily backlit, he seems more silhouette than solid...we can't see his features...but - can the little girl...??

EXT. CEMETERY - RESUME

TIGHT ON: Carrie. Remembering.

BLACKOUT

END