

# MEDIUM

Episode 052-14

"THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL"

Written By

Javier Grillo-Marxuach

1<sup>st</sup> Draft

White

1/17/07

Directed by Arlene Sanford

**Prep Dates:** 1/17/07 - 1/25/07

**Shoot Dates:** 1/26/07 - 2/6/07

PICTUREMAKER PRODUCTIONS, INC. in association with GRAMMNET PRODUCTIONS  
and CBS PARAMOUNT NETWORK TELEVISION, A DIVISION OF CBS STUDIOS INC.

Copyright 2007 Paramount Pictures Corporation. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

This script is the property of CBS Paramount Network Television and may not be copied or distributed without the express written permission of CBS Paramount Network Television. This copy of the script remains the property of CBS Paramount Network Television. It may not be sold or transferred and it must be returned to CBS Paramount Network Television promptly upon demand. Return to: CBS Paramount Network Television Legal Affairs, 4024 Radford Ave Administration Building, Suite 390, Studio City, CA 91604



CAST LIST

ALLISON DUBOIS.....PATRICIA ARQUETTE  
JOE DUBOIS.....JAKE WEBER  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY DEVALOS.....MIGUEL SANDOVAL  
ARIEL DUBOIS.....SOFIA VASSILIEVA  
BRIDGETTE DUBOIS.....MARIA LARK  
DETECTIVE LEE SCANLON.....DAVID CUBITT

LYNN DINOVI  
SONNY WAYNE  
CAROL WELDON  
CLAIRE WILLIAMS  
CLEMENTINE/ELDERLY WOMAN  
WARDEN ECKLER  
KEN  
AMY  
LUKE  
FORTYSOMETHING NURSE  
DEVALOS' ASSISTANT  
HELICOPTER PILOT  
YOUNG WOMAN  
UNIFORM COP  
NEWSCASTER #1  
NEWSCASTER #2  
NEWSCASTER #3  
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD #1  
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD #2  
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD #3  
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD #4

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

Dubois House  
    Bedroom  
    Kitchen  
    Hallway  
    Girls' Room  
    Bathroom

District Attorney's Office  
    Devalos' Office  
    Conference Room  
    Elevator Lobby  
    Bullpen

Police Bullpen

Prison  
    Conference Room  
    Corridor  
    Warden's Office

Nurse's Apartment Building  
    Elevator

Claire's Office  
    Cubicle

Claire's House  
    Bedroom

Clementine's House  
    Kitchen  
    Guest Bedroom

Allison's Volvo

DiNovi's Car

Helicopter

Parking Structure  
    Stairwell

Single Engine Plane

Devalos' Car

**EXTERIORS**

Dubois House  
    Patio

Wooded Area

Office Building  
    Roof

Parking Structure

City Street

Prison Yard

"THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL"

TEASER

A "PREVIOUSLY ON MEDIUM" RECAP TAKES US BACK TO LAST YEAR'S EPISODE "S.O.S." - IN WHICH ALLISON FOUND HERSELF PITTED AGAINST A SERIAL KILLER WITH THE ABILITY TO PICK UP THE PSYCHIC DISTRESS SIGNALS SENT OUT BY PEOPLE IN JEOPARDY...WE SEE THE VARIOUS MURDERS COMMITTED BY THE S.O.S. KILLER (WHOM WE HAVE NAMED "SONNY WAYNE" IN THIS EPISODE)...ALLISON'S GROWING AWARENESS OF HIS PSYCHIC GIFT...AND FINALLY, THE PHONE CALL, FROM THE KILLER TO ALLISON, IN WHICH HE CONFRONTS HER WITH THEIR SHARED PARANORMAL ABILITY...

...AND OFF THE FINAL SCENES, AS ALLISON SENDS THE POLICE AFTER S.O.S. BASED ON ONE OF HER DREAMS...

FADE IN:

1 AS A SINGLE-ENGINE PLANE PUTTERS ACROSS THE VAST SKY 1

...a mite among huge, billowing clouds...the sound of the plane's engine is a tinny rattle in the big blue-and-white expanse...and over that, and the sound of the rushing wind, the voice of a man we will come to know as KEN...

KEN (O.S.)

Would you please stop rooting around back there? I need to talk to you...

2 INSIDE THE PLANE 2

...a nervous-looking Ken (45), with sunglasses and a khaki, multi-pocketed vest and a tinge of a Texas accent, looks back to address his girlfriend, AMY (23), cute and playful in a home-fried southern girl kind of way, as she digs through some duffel bags in the back seat of the plane...

AMY

I could have sworn I packed some candy bars for the trip.

KEN

For the love of god, Amy...would you please stop that...I need you up here...

Amy looks up from the back seat, puts a hand on Ken's shoulder, Cheshire cat grin spreading across her face...

AMY

Why don't you come back? Join the mile-high club?

(CONTINUED)

KEN  
(shaking his head)  
'Cause I don't have an autopilot?

AMY  
All right, all right...I'm coming...

...Amy gets into her seat and turns to look at her boyfriend, who looks a little sweaty and agitated...

AMY  
Geez, Ken, you look a little on edge, are you OK?

...Ken smiles, but it's true, there is a definite hint of nerves in his voice...

KEN  
Yeah...I gotta admit, I am a little anxious...

AMY  
Why?

KEN  
...'cause I was kind of hoping that...when we land in Las Vegas...

...Ken fumbles around his vest, finally producing a small jewelry box.

KEN  
...that maybe you'd like to become my wife.

Amy's face turns into that unmistakable DeBeer's commercial mask of surprise and joy as she opens the box to see the large rock inside.

AMY  
Ohmygod...oh. My. God. I will absolutely marry you...  
(finding the words)  
...it's so beautiful...a princess cut on a platinum band...just like in my dreams...

...and as she speaks...

ANGLE ON KEN

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

...his sweating getting more and more profuse as his breathing becomes ragged...

AMY

...this is just such a wonderful day...quick: what time is it?

Ken looks at his watch...

KEN

It's...ten nineteen...

...and as she speaks, Ken clutches his left wrist, an intense pain building in his arm, radiating from his chest...

AMY

...ten nineteen. The exact time I decided to become your wife!

KEN

Amy...

AMY

I love you, Ken, I love you so...  
(then, off his now-obvious suffering)  
...Ken?

KEN

I...can't breathe...

...and with that, Ken slumps forward - ramming the plane's yoke into the dashboard...the plane lurches into a steep angle, sending Amy CAREENING forward as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

3 THE PLANE

3

...pitching, head first back to earth...as...

4 AMY

4

...wrestles herself into her seat and grabs the yoke as we...

SCAN FRANTICALLY ACROSS THE DASH

...to show the multitude of gauges, dials and indicators: going crazy as the plane SPIRALS out of control as Amy SCREAMS her head off...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

AMY  
Somebody help me! Somebody!

...and finally, a VOICE chirps from the radio...

VOICE  
Do you have a call sign? Repeat. Do you  
have a-

AMY  
I don't...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY!  
Please help me please!

...the Radio voice CHIRPS on again...but it's useless...  
garble...she is losing the battle against the plane's  
controls...the engine's usual drone becomes a more and more  
desperate BELLOW of mechanical struggle and we...

ANGLE ON THE WINDSHIELD - OVER AMY'S SHOULDER

...where the horizon line vanishes, replaced by the ground  
below...coming at us, fast and inevitable...

...and then, for a brief moment...a BUILDING APPEARS DEAD  
AHEAD...a blur streaking toward the plane...and then...

SMASH CUT TO:

5 BLACK

5

...as we hear the sickening CRASH: the sound of buckling  
metal, breaking glass and lives ending fills the darkness...

SMASH CUT TO:

6 EXTREME CLOSE UP

6

On Allison's eyes, SNAPPING open...and as she tries to get  
her breath back...

SHOCK CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 ON JOE

7

...stepping out of the BATHROOM wrapped in a towel, rummaging for his clothes as Allison perches on the side of the bed beside an open phonebook, her face stuck to the receiver of the bedside phone as she navigates what appears to be an exasperating conversation...

ALLISON

I don't know if it's a Cessna or a Mooney...no, I don't know if it's a Beechcraft either...

ANGLE ON THE PHONEBOOK

...open to a page on regional airports...

ALLISON

...yes, single engine, like you said - with the propeller up in front. Look, I know the information I have is pretty sketchy but all I'm asking is that you alert your manager to keep an eye out for a couple: a man in his forties named "Ken" and a woman in her...it's a little plane with four seats, what's so -

...then, off the CLICK of a hang up on the other end...

ALLISON

What is wrong with these people?

JOE

What happened?

ALLISON

That's the third airport I've called and they all just treat me like I'm crazy. This guy hung up on me.

JOE

OK, that's pretty rude but...you know...you gotta admit...

...Joe's voice trails as he pulls on a pair of pants and Allison rears up on him...

ALLISON

What do "you gotta admit," Joe?

(CONTINUED)

...Joe regards Allison, treading lightly but steadily...

JOE

That it's kind of a tough sell...asking an airport to put out some kind of an advisory for a plane you can't describe, piloted by a man and a woman you can only identify by first name because...

...Joe regards Allison as he speaks, keenly aware of her growing annoyance at his picking her apart...

JOE

...and this part you can't tell them...you know that he's going to have a heart attack during a flight for which you don't have a date or a location.

...Allison taps the phone book, looking for another number, not bothering to conceal her annoyance...

ALLISON

Well, forgive me for wanting to save some lives.

JOE

Allison. It's seven-thirty in the morning and you have children who need you and a job to go to at the District Attorney's office, protecting innocent people from dangerous criminals whose names and addresses you actually know -

ALLISON

Seven-thirty?

JOE

...like I said...

Struck, Allison springs up and heads for the bathroom...

ALLISON

- oh no -

JOE

What?

ALLISON

I'm supposed to meet the District Attorney early today - I'm gonna be late...would you mind...

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

JOE

Dropping the kids off at school? Making  
sure they have their breakfast?

...Allison pokes her head out the bathroom door and kisses  
Joe on the lips...and she lingers, then...

JOE

I'd be delighted to.

...then, as she ducks back in and starts the shower...

JOE

Good lord, I'm easy.

CUT TO:

8 DEVALOS' CAR

8

...as it pushes through an Arizona highway...

ALLISON (O.S.)

I called some of the local airports, and  
got a couple of people on the line...

9 INSIDE THE CAR

9

...Devalos steers, listening patiently...

ALLISON

...but they weren't exactly helpful.

...Devalos opens his mouth, but Allison is there already...

ALLISON

I know, I know. It's far-fetched. And I  
don't know what kind of a plane it was.  
Or its call sign. Or the date of the  
crash. Or the location...

...Allison's voice trails off under Devalos's benign stare...

DEVALOS

I was going to say that I believe you.

ALLISON

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

DEVALOS

I was also going to say that maybe...when we get back...you can sit with an artist and make sketches of the people you saw in the plane...we can put them out to regional airports, say they're persons of interest in an investigation, if they file a flight plan or somebody spots them...

ALLISON

What if they're flying in from out of town? Or if it's gonna happen a year from now? Or -

...Devalos turns to look at Allison, the patient look on his face not quite complemented by his tone of voice...

DEVALOS

I was hoping you'd say thank you...

ALLISON

(remembering herself)  
Thank you.

DEVALOS

...and that I could get you to focus on the task at hand. We're about to walk into a meeting with Sonny Wayne and I need you on your game.

ALLISON

On my game?

DEVALOS

We apprehended Sonny Wayne because of information you gave us...because you were having the same dreams he was. Maybe I'm just being superstitious, but when we got a call that he wanted to confess to another murder, I figured I should have you with me.

ALLISON

What do you want me to do?

DEVALOS

Just keep your eyes open. He's saying he killed Debbie Jacobson.

Allison processes this...the name resonates with her...

ALLISON

Debbie Jacobson. So in addition to all those helpless women he raped and strangled, he's also saying he abducted and killed a real estate mogul's daughter three years ago?

DEVALOS

The Mayor and all his little helpers are all over this. I think I finally got on DiNovi's speed dial. Lucky me.

ALLISON

It doesn't make sense. He's serving three life sentences...why confess?

DEVALOS

Actually it does. The Amarillo P.D. cracked a cold case based on our DNA samples of Sonny Wayne. Now they want to extradite him for trial and he's been doing everything he can to fight it...

(connecting the dots)

...so if he actually killed Debbie Jacobson and can lead us to the body, we close a high-profile unsolved case...and in exchange, we keep him from being sent to Texas, where they do tend to pursue the death penalty a little more...zealously.

...and off Allison...

SHOCK CUT TO:

10 SONNY WAYNE

10

...hard-staring at the camera, a once-cowardly man made mean by a year's worth of imprisonment...

SONNY WAYNE

Allison Dubois. I should have known.

REVERSE ANGLE OVER SONNY WAYNE'S SHOULDER TO REVEAL

...Allison and Devalos, entering the PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM to meet Sonny Wayne, who sits shackled to a steel chair, behind a table...a thick-necked GUARD stands mutely behind Wayne, billy club at the ready...

DEVALOS

Mr. Wayne.

(CONTINUED)

SONNY WAYNE

Mr. Devalos.

SONNY WAYNE

And how are your dreams, Allison?

ALLISON

None of your business.

SONNY WAYNE

I'm sorry you feel that way. I don't get a lot of visitors, much less ones with whom I share so much.

(then)

Every night, I see them...all those helpless people who get in over their heads...find themselves in danger...their souls sending a call out there...hoping for someone to find them...rescue them.

ALLISON

Must be frustrating for you.

SONNY WAYNE

You don't know the half of it.

...Devalos steps up, taking charge of the meeting...

DEVALOS

I'd like to get started. Are we waiting for your legal representation?

SONNY WAYNE

No. I fired my lawyer after the third consecutive life sentence.

DEVALOS

Then get on with it. You have something to confess, we don't have a lot of time.

Devalos pulls out a chair as Allison sits, taking a legal pad from her briefcase and placing it on the conference table...

SONNY WAYNE

You sound nervous, Mr. District Attorney. I can hear it in your cadence...Arizona born but when the pressure kicks in, that little bit of your parents' native Jalisco kicks in...hard consonants, switching your i's and e's...

(a smile)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SONNY WAYNE (cont'd)

...I remember noticing that during your cross examination.

DEVALOS

Tell us what we came to hear.

SONNY WAYNE

I met Debbie Jacobson at a border bar frequented by Mesa University kids road-tripping for cheap booze. She was more than a little drunk and I was more than a little charming.

ALLISON

You met her. You didn't find her the way you did your other victims?

SONNY WAYNE

Raised in Oklahoma. Right? I never got a close listen to your voice...the one time we spoke...but there it is, diphthongization of short vowels and all.

DEVALOS

Did you become Henry Higgins in the prison library or was it always your other hobby along with serial murder?

Sonny lets the question hang there, then...

SONNY WAYNE

It's how I charmed little Debbie. I sidled up to her at the bar and mentioned that she had the cutest little Arkansas twang to her voice...my guess is the councilman and his wife moved to Phoenix when she was young.

ALLISON

Where did you bury her body?

SONNY WAYNE

Now that's the end of the story, Miss Dubois...I'm still at the beginning.

...Sonny shoots them a smug glare...and off Allison and Devalos, realizing that they are going to be here a while...

SMASH CUT TO:

11 DEVALOS

11

...walking down a PRISON CORRIDOR alongside Allison, already on his cell phone...

DEVALOS

Absolutely, Ms. DiNovi...we do have a confession...a very full confession, and the moment the police have completed their investigation of the alleged burial site...and if they find a body...you'll be the first to know...no, thank you.

(clicking off)

I swear, that woman must have me bugged.

...but Allison's thoughts are elsewhere...

DEVALOS

Something bothering you?

ALLISON

I just have this feeling like he's lying...he's telling it like it's his own memory, but I didn't get the sense that he lived it...

DEVALOS

(considering)

It is possible that he heard the story from another inmate.

ALLISON

...or that he saw it in a dream.

DEVALOS

(not quite ready to go there)

Either way. He may be leading us somewhere...and if we find Debbie Jacobson, that's one step closer to closing this thing than we were before.

(making up his mind)

I'm going to block the extradition for the time being and hope we get a body out of this.

...and off the two, striding down the hallway with purpose...

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK:

12 AND THEN A TITLE...

12

**SEVEN DAYS LATER**

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

FADE IN:

13 ON LYNN DINOVI

13

...briskly walking TOWARD DEVALOS' OFFICE alongside the District Attorney...in her hands, a file showing EVIDENCE PHOTOGRAPHS of a young woman's corpse...

DINOVI

The police found the body, the M.E. confirmed that it is - indeed - Debbie Jacobson, and that the mode of the killing matches the details of Sonny Wayne's confession...

(eyes boring into Devalos)  
...why isn't this case closed?

DEVALOS

I have it on credible authority that Sonny Wayne did not commit this murder - I'm not closing it until the DNA evidence comes in.

DINOVI

People are waiting on this. Important people who demand closure on the murder of their child.

DEVALOS

All the more reason to make sure all the i's are dotted and the t's crossed - if we don't get this one right there will be more than egg on our faces.

DINOVI

Can you tell me about your "credible authority." Who's your witness?

DEVALOS

I'm not at liberty to -

DINOVI

- of course you aren't.

...the two reach Devalos' office. Devalos turns to face DiNovi: they aren't going to continue this conversation inside.

DEVALOS

It won't be long before the DNA tests are done. I'm trying to protect you.

13 CONTINUED:

13

DINOVI

Don't do me any favors. Get your i's  
dotted and your t's crossed.  
Immediately. The mayor's waiting.

Devalos nods, letting her know that her threat has been duly  
noted and he has little else to add to this...as DiNovi,  
having nothing more to say, turns to walk away...

CUT TO:

14 JOE

14

...entering the BEDROOM to find Allison on the phone...the  
phonebook by her side yet again...and it is clear from his  
reaction that this is not the first time this week he has  
come to bed to find his wife doing this...

ALLISON

...yes, Allison Dubois from the District  
Attorney's office...I'm following up on  
the sketches we sent you last week...I  
just want to make sure they've been  
posted and...if anyone matching that  
description has filed a flight plan...I  
see...I understand...you'll call  
me...thanks.

...as Allison lets her receiver-hand fall to the bed...

JOE

I would like to relay a message to you  
from your middle daughter - Bridgette -  
who not only misses you but also wants to  
bake brownies for her big slumber party  
this weekend and feels that the  
enterprise will most surely be doomed  
without your help.

(off her look)

Hey, don't shoot the messenger.

...Allison lets herself drop back on the bed...

ALLISON

I don't understand...there's been no  
calls to the police...nothing off the  
sketches...I've called every regional  
airport in the state...

JOE

It's been a week, Allison.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON  
(finally hanging up)  
So?

...Joe shrugs...isn't it obvious? She shoots a look back at him - it isn't...so he explains...

JOE  
So maybe your couple showed up at one of these airports...maybe they saw the sketches on a bulletin board somewhere, and got so creeped out that you used your influence to have them declared persons of interest in a nonexistent criminal investigation that they decided never to fly again.

ALLISON  
That's not funny.

JOE  
(sliding into bed)  
No, but it's possible. You dreamt this a week ago, and the plane hasn't crashed...maybe you stopped it and you don't even know it.

ALLISON  
Why would the universe torture me like that?

JOE  
As opposed to the myriad of other ways it tortures you? How would I know?  
(nuzzling closer)  
Get some sleep, baby...we have the whole rest of our lives to wait for this plane to crash.

Joe turns on his side, and off Allison, seeing the reason in his argument, and reaching out to turn off the light...

SHOCK CUT TO:

...lined by a cement OUTER WALL, dotted with guard towers...weightlifting equipment sits on one end, surrounded by orange-jumpsuited denizens, as well as a basketball court...and in the middle of all of this activity...

SONNY WAYNE

...crouching...looking at his watch, oblivious to the approach of a fellow inmate (LUKE)...

LUKE

Hey. Sonny. You have any action on the game last night? Navahos handed the Wildcats their asses.

SONNY WAYNE

I don't bet anymore. Got other things to look forward to.

LUKE

Like what? All you've done all week is come out here and crouch in that exact same spot, looking at your watch.

SONNY WAYNE

LUKE

Yep.

Why?

SONNY WAYNE

(a smile)

Following my dreams.

LUKE

The hell are you talking about?

SONNY WAYNE

Let's just say, I'd stay clear from the wall if I was you.

LUKE

Man, what are you...

...but before Luke can finish, the sky FILLS with a familiar sound...the DOPPLERING BELLOW OF A PLANE ENGINE...coming closer...a few of the prisoners look and point to the sky...Luke follows suit...but not Sonny...

MOVE IN TIGHT ON SONNY'S FACE

...concentrating on his watch with absolute focus and certainty as the CLAMOR of the other prisoners, all scanning the sky just beyond the wall grows around him...as does the intensity of the sound of the STRUGGLING ENGINE...but none of this registers with Sonny Wayne...

SONNY WAYNE

Eight...seven...six...five...four...three  
...two...

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

...and we don't hear him say "one" because his voice is drowned out by a deafening...

CRASH!

...as we SWISH PAN to show that a plane - the same plane from Allison's dream - just crashed into the prison wall, causing a breach and an EXPLOSION...the air shakes with KLAXONS...the din of the prison going into HIGH ALERT...and then, as Sonny Wayne, a smile on his face, stands...

WIDER TO REVEAL

...the breach in the prison wall...

...and as GUARDS and PRISONERS run away from the disaster Sonny Wayne walks toward the growing chaos...and the gate to freedom that just opened for him...

SMASH CUT TO:

16 ALLISON

16

...starting up in bed...eyes wide open as she gets out of the bed, checks the clock and opens the blinds. Awoken by an unwelcome faceful of light, Joe stirs awake...

JOE

What's going on?

ALLISON

He knows about the plane crash.

...the equation solves itself fast and furious in Allison's head as Joe tries to keep up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as Allison looks for clothes to put on...

JOE

Who?

ALLISON

Sonny Wayne...in prison. The plane crashes into the prison and he knows about it...he dreamt it...

JOE

Sonny Wayne...the psychic guy? The serial killer...

ALLISON

...that's why he lied about the murder...

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Allison, what are you -

ALLISON

Joe. Sonny Wayne dreamt the same thing I did...only somehow, he knows it's going to crash into the prison...he must have recognized the building. They were gonna extradite him to Texas, so he lied about killing Debbie Jacobson...so that we wouldn't send him to Texas before he got his chance to use the crash to escape.

JOE

OK. When?

ALLISON

I don't know! I know it's at ten nineteen some morning but...someone said something...in my dream...about a game...the Wildcats and the Navahos.

...Joe turns to Allison...something about that just clicked with him...

JOE

(verifying)

Did he say who won?

ALLISON

(quoting)

The Navahos handed the Wildcats their asses.

JOE

That game was on last night.

...and off the two of them, realizing that this plane crash and the attendant escape are going down today...

SMASH CUT TO:

...rushing across his BULLPEN with Allison in tow...

ALLISON

I'm sorry I pulled you out of your deposition, I didn't know what else to do.

(CONTINUED)

DEVALOS

It's OK, Allison, I'm glad you found me.

ALLISON

(checking her watch)

It's nine fifteen right now.

DEVALOS

You said it happens at ten nineteen...we still have an hour to stop it...and it's not going to take me that long.

...the two reach the door to Devalos' office, where his ASSISTANT stands, waiting...

ASSISTANT

I have Warden Eckler from the Mariposa County Correctional Facility on the line.

DEVALOS

(to his assistant)

Get the FAA southwest field office on the line, tell them it's urgent and keep them on hold until I can talk to them...

(then, to Allison)

...come on inside.

...Devalos enters the office and hits the SPEAKER PHONE without missing a beat...

DEVALOS

Warden Eckler. This is District Attorney Manuel Devalos.

...and we INTERCUT WITH...

...fortysomething in a crisp suit-and-tie and a telephone headset...looks more like a corporate executive than the stereotype from a hundred years of prison movies...standing in his OFFICE - overlooking the Prison yard...

WARDEN ECKLER

Mr. Devalos, how can I -

DEVALOS

We have reason to believe there is an imminent threat of attack to your prison.

WARDEN ECKLER

...an attack? What kind of -

DEVALOS

I'm not at liberty to discuss the particulars, but it is crucial that you initiate an immediate lockdown, and that you evacuate your perimeter at once.

WARDEN ECKLER

This is highly irregular -

DEVALOS

(not taking excuses)

You need to do this, Warden, I'll take full responsibility, and in conjunction, I would also appreciate it if you could locate inmate number 16309 and place him in solitary confinement...

WARDEN ECKLER

Sonny Wayne?

DEVALOS

Yes.

WARDEN ECKLER

OK. I'll have him rounded up.

...Devalos turns to Allison, gives a thumbs up...

ALLISON

(under her breath)

Thank god.

DEVALOS

Thank you Warden...we appreciate it.

...but as Warden Eckler speaks, THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE, STRUGGLING AGAINST A DEATH SPIRAL sounds in the background...

WARDEN ECKLER

No problem, just keep me abreast of your...oh my god...

PAN TO REVEAL WARDEN ECKLER'S OFFICE WINDOWS

...and his view of the plane, diving toward the prison...

19 ON ALLISON

19

...listening as the CRASH fills Devalos's office from the speakerphone...

WARDEN ECKLER (ON SPEAKER)

Mister Devalos...I have to go...a plane just crashed into our perimeter.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CLICK! the Speakerphone goes DEAD...Allison stands there - eyes locked with Devalos...

ALLISON

It wasn't supposed to happen yet...that's not what I saw.

...and off Allison - the confusion, shock...and developing guilt clear on her face...how did she get it so wrong?

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 ON A NEWSCAST

20

Showing scenes of the crash at the Prison...and then a FEMALE NEWSCASTER, standing before the perimeter...crowded with guards and fire crews, THE WRECK OF THE PLANE in full view...

NEWSCASTER

According to reports, five inmates took advantage of the plane crash to escape, but only one has evaded recapture...

A FULL SCREEN SHOT OF SONNY WAYNE

...flashes over the newscaster...

NEWSCASTER

...Sonny Wayne, the notorious serial killer convicted last year to three life sentences. A state-wide manhunt is currently in effect with members of the Federal Marshals coordinating their efforts with the local authorities, erecting roadblocks and monitoring all airports and train stations...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL

...ALLISON, SITTING IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

...a dejected look on her face...watching the news on a flat screen while Devalos talks on the phone.

DEVALOS

Yes, yes. Thank you very much.  
(hanging up)

That was the FAA. The people on the plane were Ken Anderson and his girlfriend Amy Sherwood. They took off from a private airstrip in El Paso...didn't file a flight plan.

...Allison looks up as it becomes obvious...the guilt over her failure to figure it out earlier clear in her voice...

ALLISON

Texas...an hour ahead of us.

DEVALOS

There's no way you could have known.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Sonny Wayne knew. He read the dream well enough to do everything he could to be there...at the right place at the right time...when the plane crashed. He noticed things I didn't...or couldn't...

DEVALOS

Like their accents?

...but before Allison can reply, Scanlon enters the office...

SCANLON

Hey. We just went over Sonny Wayne's cell...we found his clothes and linens, his mattress, all doused with rubbing alcohol...apparently, he also switched clothes with another inmate before he went out on the yard this morning.

DEVALOS

To throw off the dogs?

SCANLON

I would assume. He planned for this escape...and there's something else you need to see.

CUT TO:

21 A SERIES OF BOOKS

21

...at least two dozen, all in clear evidence bags - laid out on the CONFERENCE ROOM table...the titles all share something in common as Devalos ticks them off...

DEVALOS

*The Scientific Foundations of E.S.P.,  
Psychic Phenomena in the Real World, The  
Uses and Control of Paranormal Ability...*

...Allison shakes her head as she scans the table, taking in the sheer volume of reading material...

SCANLON

It's like he's been studying.

ALLISON

You found these in his cell?

(CONTINUED)

...Scanlon indicates a second series of evidence bags, holding several stacks of black and white composition notebooks (the generic grade school-type notebooks with the black marble pattern on the cover)...

SCANLON

It's all he had. Clothes...all these psychic books...and the notebooks.

(favoring Allison)

Given your history with Sonny Wayne, I thought it might be useful for you to look through these, see if you have any insight.

Allison picks up one of the bagged notebooks...pulls it out of the evidence bag...looking through the pages...reading... and as she does we...

SCAN ACROSS THE LINES ON THE PAGE

...to see Sonny's meticulous handwriting...

ALLISON

January 29th...a girl in her twenties wearing jeans and a Mesa University sweatshirt steps out of a roadside McDonald's south of Tuback to find that her 1997 Ford Mustang has been stolen...

(Allison turns the page)

January 30th...Clementine wakes up in bed, in the throes of Alzheimer's dementia, doesn't know where she is...she panics, hits the medic alert button...

(turns the page)

February 15th, a man loses control of his kayak in the rapids...February 16th...again, Clementine wakes up in bed...

DEVALOS

His dreams?

SCANLON

In a lot of detail. There's dozens of notebooks...dating back to when he was first imprisoned.

...Allison keeps scanning the notebook as she speaks, her unease palpable...

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

ALLISON

It's like before...he dreams about people in distress, panicking...people in fear for their lives...that's his gift...how he chose his victims...

(then, off Scanlon and Devalos)  
...maybe he was studying. Maybe he was getting stronger.

...and off Allison, her dread mounting at the thought of going up against a powerful psychic nemesis we...

CUT TO:

22 BRIDGETTE

22

...eating dinner in the DUBOIS KITCHEN...seated with MARIE as Joe and Allison clear the dishes and ARIEL flips the channels on the TV...but everything ON THE SCREEN tells the same story...a graphic of Sonny Wayne's mugshot and a newscaster reading overheated news copy...

NEWSCASTER

...serial killer Sonny Wayne remains at large...

...Ariel hits the switch and we...flip...

NEWSCASTER #2

...the manhunt continues and Phoenix is a city of fear as Sonny Wayne...

...and again, flip...as Allison turns to her daughter, it's clear that she's had all the Sonny Wayne as she can take...

NEWSCASTER #3

ALLISON

...in spite of a coordinated effort by law enforcement, Sonny Wayne continues to evade capture...

Ariel, turn that off, will you?

ARIEL

(turning off the TV)  
When are they gonna shut up about that guy?

JOE

Just help your mother with the dishes.

...doing as she's told, Ariel grabs her plate and hands it over as Bridgette finishes her meal...

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE

I sure hope my friends don't decide to bail on my slumber party.

JOE

Now why would your friends do that?

BRIDGETTE

Because of the bad man. What if they haven't caught him and he's still running around and my friends get scared?

...Allison and Joe lock eyes...Joe steps in to handle this...

JOE

Bridgette, you don't have anything to be afraid of.

...and that's when Ariel, glad to pounce on her sister with a scary story, steps in...

ARIEL

Oh really? 'Cause we were talking about Sonny Wayne at school, and Heather's mom read a book someone wrote about him, and she said that there was this one girl that he took out into the woods and -

ALLISON

Knock it off, Ariel.

JOE

The police are out there looking for him, and they have dogs, helicopters, cars, infra-red...

BRIDGETTE

What's "infra-red?"

JOE

...it lets them see in the dark.

...Ariel steps out of the kitchen with a petulant toss of her hair as Joe keeps his focus on Bridgette...

BRIDGETTE

They can see in the dark?

ARIEL

Oh...geez...

JOE

They can see at night. So you worry about the important things - like having enough brownies for your friends - and let the cops worry about the bad man, OK?

BRIDGETTE

OK.

JOE

Now take Marie to bed.

Joe turns to Allison as Bridgette complies. Once she's out of earshot, Allison lets her true colors out...

ALLISON

That was very reassuring.

JOE

You lie.

ALLISON

You know...most prison breaks...when it's a weird opportunistic thing...they usually have everyone rounded up within six hours. I mean...where is he hiding? He's one man. On foot. In an orange jumpsuit, how hard can he be to find?

JOE

I don't know...if he caught a break, he's probably halfway to Mexico by now.

Allison turns to the dishes, her mind swimming in frustration and anxiety as Joe steps in to load the dishwasher...

ALLISON

You should have seen his journals...it's like he was preparing for this. Trying to figure out how to be better at reading his own dreams. He wrote everything down to the last detail, he was obsessive and methodical...being in jail made him even more focused...he sat in that cell for a year, getting these dreams, seeing all of these people who were alone and afraid...every one a potential victim...people he would have gladly gone out and murdered...only he couldn't...and it frustrated him.

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

Joe regards Allison, sensing her growing unease with this situation, with knowing that Sonny Wayne is still out in the world and not knowing the extent of his abilities...

JOE

You think he's going to do it again.

ALLISON

As soon as he possibly can. It's a compulsion.

Joe regards Allison silently, the gravity of her words not lost on him as he puts the last glass in the dishwasher...

JOE

Well...thank you.

ALLISON

For what?

JOE

Not sharing that with our children.

...and off Allison...

CUT TO:

23 A WOMAN

23

...in her forties, dressed in NURSE'S WHITES and carrying a bag of groceries...enters an ELEVATOR through the lobby of a very generic APARTMENT BUILDING...inside the elevator, she pushes a button and the double doors SHUT...

...the woman stands there wearily, holding her groceries as the hum of the elevator and the beeping of the passing floors fills the space...until the elevator LURCHES TO A STOP with a foreboding CLUNK!

And then, as if to add insult to injury, the lights go OUT.

FORTYSOMETHING WOMAN

Oh...geez...

The woman pushes the alarm button - and gets NOTHING. She pushes it again...and again...

FORTYSOMETHING WOMAN

Oh...lord...please...

...the woman reaches for the emergency phone, but the little door covering the phone is stuck.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

She puts some muscle into it, and the door opens abruptly, sending her groceries flying across the elevator...

...and there's no emergency phone behind the little door, just a bundle of cables...the woman looks around, her desperation growing...

FORTYSOMETHING WOMAN  
Hello...hello! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?  
HELP! HELP!

SHOCK CUT TO:

24 ALLISON, IN BED

24

...waking up in Joe's arms, Allison shakes her eyes open and untangles herself, then reaches for the clock as Joe stirs...

JOE  
Allison?

ALLISON  
(switching on the light)  
There's a woman...trapped in an  
elevator...she's crying out for help.

JOE  
(blinking past the light)  
I'm sorry...what?

ALLISON  
It's those dreams...the same ones Sonny  
Wayne has...I'm having them again. I  
have to call Scanlon.

JOE  
Honey. Even if he's having the same  
dreams...which you don't know...he's a  
wanted man. His face is in every  
newscast. Every cop in town is looking  
for him...you think he's going to stick  
his neck out to kill this woman in an  
elevator?

ALLISON  
(reaching for the phone)  
You want to take the chance? We have to  
get her out of there.

JOE  
Out of where? Do you know where that  
elevator is? The building's address?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Allison's eyes lock with Joe's...he has a point. Allison finally nods and puts the phone down. Joe nods and gets back between the sheets...then, as Allison follows suit and switches off the lights, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

25 ON A CAT, PERCHED UP ON A BRANCH - MEOWING LOUDLY

25

WIDER TO REVEAL

...a dark, densely wooded area...and it's the middle of the night...as a YOUNG WOMAN stands at the base of the tree, holding a mini maglite, trying to locate the cat...

YOUNG WOMAN

Quincy! Get down here, Quincy!

...but the cat isn't coming down anytime soon...so the woman puts the flashlight in her mouth and starts climbing the tree...mumbling curses through the flashlight clenched in her teeth as she struggles to get her foothold on the trunk...

...and then she takes a bad step...slipping off the trunk...and WHOOMP! The young woman hits the ground, landing on her ankle with a sickening CRACK.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh god...oh god...

She tries to stand, but the pain is too great, and it sends her hands to her ankle...cradling the shattered joint...and as she falls back to the ground...

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh god...ow...

(looking around)

...Is there anyone here? Help!

...and off her cries for aid...

SHOCK CUT TO:

26 ...ALLISON STARTS UP IN BED AGAIN...

26

JOE

Another dream?

ALLISON

You're awake.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

You've been twitching the last ten minutes...what was it?

Allison bounds out of bed, putting the pieces together...

ALLISON

A girl...she was trying to get her cat down from a tree and she fell...

JOE

Did you see any landmarks...buildings or -

ALLISON

Just these woods...it was dark and there were trees everywhere...

JOE

Like one of the State Parks or something?

ALLISON

I don't know...I know the damn cat's name is Quincy, but that's it!

JOE

Allison. It's late and -

Allison SNAPS Joe off at the bud...she is on the edge about Sonny Wayne and Joe's well-meaning, and accurate, skepticism is nevertheless rubbing her the wrong way...

ALLISON

- and there's people out who are going to die because I can't figure this out!

Joe gets out of bed and turns on the light...if they're going to have this argument, and it looks like her emotions are up and running, he might as well be up on his feet for it...

JOE

Then if he is having the same dreams you're having...if...there's no way he can figure it out either.

ALLISON

If that was true, he wouldn't be out of prison...he had the dream about the plane crash...he figured it out when I couldn't...now god knows what he's going to do if I can't keep up.

JOE

You can't take all of this on yourself.  
You put the guy away once already, you  
have to trust that the police -

ALLISON

What are you gonna tell me, Joe, that the  
cops can see at night? I'm sorry, that  
may work with Bridgette, but it's not  
gonna cut it for me, not now.

...and before Joe can respond...

RING!

...the PHONE. Joe and Allison exchange glances. RING! Joe  
reaches over, but Allison springs for the night table,  
beating him to it, and clicks on...

ALLISON

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

27 SONNY WAYNE, SEEN ONLY IN CLOSE UP

27

...a cell phone stuck to his ear, the rest of his environs  
shrouded in darkness...

SONNY WAYNE

Hell of a tough situation...that poor  
woman with the cat and the broken  
ankle...I don't think she's getting up  
any time soon...

And it's everything Allison can do to control her emotions...

ALLISON

Don't you dare -

SONNY WAYNE

All right. Maybe I'll just go after the  
nurse in the elevator...

...Joe shoots Allison a look...she points to the phone, puts  
her hand on the microphone and whispers...

ALLISON

It's him.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
(a whisper to Allison)  
Sonny Wayne?

ALLISON  
(whispering back)  
Call Scanlon.

...Allison nods...Joe reaches for Allison's purse and pulls out her cell phone...as he searches the speed dial...

ALLISON  
What do you want?

SONNY WAYNE  
You know what I want...and you've made it so hard. Cops everywhere, my mug-shot in all the newscasts...I had to pay a homeless guy twenty five bucks to buy me this cell phone.

ALLISON  
Where did you get the money?

SONNY WAYNE  
(a chuckle)  
Nice try, bitch. Let's just say...I have a nice place and plenty of time to sit and dream...and, of course, the one perk to having the whole city in anxiety over my escape is that the dreams are coming fast and furious...so many people afraid that I'm gonna come out of the shadows and do unspeakable things...

ANGLE ON JOE

...in the background, punching Scanlon's number...

JOE  
Hello...Detective Scanlon,  
this is Joe Dubois...

SONNY WAYNE  
In fact, I just had the most amazing dream...about a pretty blond MILF...boo-hooing to her husband because she just couldn't figure her own dreams...so worried that the bad man's gonna out-think her...

ALLISON  
You dreamt about me?

SONNY WAYNE  
...and I can't for the life of me understand why a woman with your figure would wear those drab pink sweats to bed.

...she can't help it, she looks down...she is indeed wearing pink sweats...and it's all Allison can do to steel herself...

ALLISON

I'm gonna find you.

SONNY WAYNE

There's the rub. I have my dreams...you have yours...you have the cops on a speed dial...and I have my own ways...what are we gonna do?

ALLISON

How about you turn yourself in?

SONNY WAYNE

How about you get out of town a few days...go somewhere so far you can't interfere with me?

ALLISON

I don't think so.

SONNY WAYNE

Too bad. I'd hoped we could reach an accommodation...because I know you're afraid...I know where you live...and I know you have a daughter named Bridgette...

...Allison can't help exploding, he just hit her trigger...

ALLISON

Leave her out of this!

SONNY WAYNE

...and I know that neither of us is going to be able to hide forever. I'll see you soon, Allison. I'll see you very soon.

CLICK. END INTERCUT.

...and off Allison and Joe as she lets the phone drop to her side...the gauntlet has been thrown...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 ON BRIDGETTE, ARIEL AND MARIE

28

...sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE with Joe and Allison. But breakfast isn't on yet: this is a family meeting...but, strangely, we can hear the faint sound of a POLICE RADIO somewhere in the background...

BRIDGETTE

Are we going to have to leave our house?

ALLISON

No, we aren't leaving our house, this is just going to be a little while.

...Ariel's tone makes her distaste for this situation clear as she looks out the kitchen window...

ARIEL

Can I get ready for school?

JOE

Actually, we think it may be better if you stay home from school today.

ANGLE ON THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR

...to show several UNIFORM COPS standing on the patio outside - the source of the radio noise - talking to Scanlon...

RESUME ON ARIEL

ARIEL

We can't go to school? What about dance practice? I'm on a committee at student government, we're supposed to -

JOE

(laying down the peace)  
You're just going to have to skip out for the time being. It's not permanent.

...Ariel shoots her parents a dubious look, but knows enough to be quiet when her father puts on that tone of voice...

BRIDGETTE

What about my slumber party?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

We can call your friends on the phone today and tell them we'll have it sometime later. I promise.

ARIEL

What if they don't catch him today...what if they don't catch him tomorrow? How long are there going to be policemen in our house...

Joe and Allison lock eyes, the truth is they have no idea...

JOE

They're not going to be *in* our house, Ariel, they're going to be outside.

ARIEL

Watching us. Right?

ALLISON

No. Protecting us.

...Ariel looks away...and off Joe and Allison...

CUT TO:

29 SCANLON

29

...out on the patio, the uniform cop stepping away as Allison comes out the door...

ALLISON

Thanks for coming.

SCANLON

(nods, then)

I'm going to keep a car in front of the house around the clock for the next couple days, after that we'll re-evaluate the threat...we still have to get a judge to sign a warrant for the phones, that'll get done in a few hours...

ALLISON

He said he was calling from a cell phone.

SCANLON

Probably pre-paid...hard to trace, but it's worth keeping the phones on tap.

(then, off Allison)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SCANLON (cont'd)  
Look, I know this isn't an optimal  
situation, but...

ALLISON  
(not needing comfort)  
It's OK, Lee.

SCANLON  
I gotta get back to the station. You  
staying here?

ALLISON  
I wish I could...  
(then)  
...but I think I need to go back to the  
office, look at his journals...maybe I'll  
hit on something...

SCANLON  
No chance of you taking a nap any time  
soon is there?

...and off Allison, shaking her head...

CUT TO:

30 DEVALOS

30

...buttoned by DiNovi as he makes his way from the ELEVATOR  
LOBBY into the BULLPEN -- the place is bustling, spurred by  
the war-room closing of the ranks that comes with a crisis  
like the escape of Sonny Wayne...

DINOVI  
All I'm asking for are some straight  
answers, because your timeline is more  
than a little strange.

DEVALOS  
There's nothing strange about it. I  
called the Warden because I had credible  
information about a possible attack on  
his facility.

DINOVI  
You called him ninety seconds before a  
civilian plane - a plane with no  
connection to any of the escaped  
criminals - crashed into his perimeter.

(CONTINUED)

DEVALOS

My information wasn't specific. This was probably a very strange and unfortunate coincidence.

DINOVI

Unfortunate coincidence.

(digging in)

So why was your office circulating sketches of "persons of interest" to several local airports a week before the crash? Sketches matching the passengers in the plane that crashed into Mariposa County?

Devalos looks at DiNovi, he doesn't have straight answers for her, but he is not about to let that break his cool façade...

DEVALOS

We conduct investigations here. Sometimes that requires that we follow up on leads. Is that all?

DINOVI

Did any of these leads have to do with the escape of Sonny Wayne?

DEVALOS

We won't know that until all the facts about the escape are in...or we've recaptured Sonny Wayne.

DINOVI

Which we'd better...or all of these loose ends are going to be fodder for the mayor's investigation.

Devalos stops and turns on DiNovi, trying to put a quick end to the conversation...

DEVALOS

Right now, we're focusing on catching the guy, what are you focusing on?

DINOVI

A hunch that you aren't telling me the entire truth.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

Dinovi holds on Devalos, but he isn't about to take the bait, he merely holds up his hands: this conversation is over. Devalos then turns to go...and off DiNovi, stymied...

CUT TO:

31 A CLOSE UP OF SONNY WAYNE'S JOURNALS

31

...on the CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE...where Allison sits, studying the handwritten pages intently as Scanlon enters...

SCANLON

Find anything useful?

...Allison looks up, clearly exhausted...

ALLISON

Not really. Just that he has some dreams that recur. One about a boy who hides in his closet when his father comes home drunk looking for somebody to smack around. One about this poor old woman named Clementine, who keeps waking up in a panic because she doesn't know where she is...

...Allison's voice trails off as she reads Scanlon's expression, he has something to say to her...

SCANLON

Anything in there about a woman who got in a fight with her boyfriend, who then left her stranded at a truck stop in Deer Valley?

ALLISON

No...why?

SCANLON

The boyfriend got second thoughts and called the police when he couldn't locate her...she must have tried to walk home on her own and gotten lost. We found her body in an embankment off a service road...looks like the attack took place in the early morning, before sunrise.

...Allison shakes her head, her thoughts all storming toward the worst possible spin on this...

ALLISON

While I was awake.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SCANLON

It's too early to call if it was Sonny Wayne. I have the DNA samples from the crime scene on a fast track, so we'll know for sure in a few hours...but the MO...

(off Allison)

...she was sodomized, raped and then strangled to death...

...and off Allison her anger and frustration mounting...

CUT TO:

32 THE FRONT DOOR TO THE DUBOIS HOUSE

32

...opening to REVEAL Allison walking in, completely demoralized...and she looks up to see Bridgette stepping up to the door, carrying a plate of brownies...

BRIDGETTE

I made brownies!

ALLISON

(switching into Mom mode despite her exhaustion)

Yummy.

BRIDGETTE

They're for Officer Sam and Officer Jimmy.

ALLISON

You're on a first name basis now, huh?

JOE

(stepping into the foyer)

We're all getting to know each other very well.

(to Bridgette, re: the plate of brownies)

You go across the lawn to their car and give that to them, then come right back in - OK?

BRIDGETTE

OK...

...Joe locks eyes with Allison as a delighted Bridgette scampers out the front door, then...

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I saw it on the news. Was it him?

ALLISON

They don't know yet...

JOE

Good lord.

...Allison lets the dam break on her frustration and fear...

ALLISON

...but it makes all the sense in the world...he knew I'd be awake. Knew I'd be too busy - too upset - dealing with him threatening me and the family to get any sleep...he knew...he knows I'm trying to keep up and he's playing me, Joe.

Joe looks at her...what do you say in a situation like this?

JOE

He can't keep you awake forever.

...Allison shrugs, she'd rather see Sonny Wayne in irons...

ALLISON

I don't find that comforting.

...and that's when Bridgette steps back into the house...

BRIDGETTE

Hey mom, there's still brownies left in the pan...do you want some?

...Allison looks down at Bridgette - what choice does she have but to turn on her mothering instinct...

ALLISON

Of course I would, darling.

...and off Joe, watching as Bridgette tows Allison into the kitchen...

SHOCK CUT TO:

33 A FASHION MAGAZINE

33

...as hands flip through it. Another ANGLE REVEALS a woman we will come to know as CLAIRE WILLIAMS (a professional in her early thirties, African-American)...sitting alone at her desk in a vast, semi-lit cubicle farm, absently paging through the magazine as she talks on the phone...

CLAIRE

...hey girlfriend, it's me.

(listens, then)

Gonna be a while. I'm waiting for some stuff to print out, have to look it over before I head home. What're you doing?

(listens, then)

Yeah I know, it's all over the news. Wish they'd just catch the sonofabitch already...

(listens, then)

Damn right, it's scary. Tell you what, I know this is gonna sound crazy, but I think maybe I've seen him before...

(listens, then)

No, not on TV. He looks just like this guy who used to get coffee at the Java Joint across the street from here.

(listens, then)

Back when I first started working here -- I'm telling you, it could've been him...

(listens, then laughing it off)

Anyway, whatever. Don't forget to give Garfield some of that hairball stuff before you go to sleep, okay?

(listens, then)

You too, night.

...Claire hangs up the phone, then sticks the magazine in the front pocket of her soft leather valise, turns to look at a laser printer on a nearby credenza...spitting out pages with no sign of stopping...

...she lets out a sigh and opens her desk drawer...inside is a pack of cigarettes and a lighter...enticing her...Claire looks to see if anyone's around...spots a JANITOR DOWN THE HALL working...seeing she can't light up in here, she grabs the pack and stands...

CUT TO:

34 THE ROOF OF THE OFFICE BUILDING

34

...a downtown high-rise with a view...some of the taller buildings in the Phoenix skyline loom over this one, all lit up and mirror-like...Claire steps out onto the roof from a SERVICE DOOR, which she leaves wide open...

...taking a few steps away from the door, Claire pops the cigarette in her mouth and strikes up her lighter...but before she can light up, a GUST blows the lighter out...

...and closes the roof access door with a SLAM!

Claire looks over, then rushes to the door...it's locked from inside...she grabs the handle and pulls, but the door won't give...she keeps trying, nothing...then, as she scans around the roof...noticing that there are no other doors...

...and as we push in on Claire...shivering in the wind, fear and panic taking hold in her face...

SHOCK CUT TO:

35 ALLISON

35

...waking up in BED, grabbing her cell phone from the bedside table, not even bothering to turn on the light as she hits the speed dial...

ALLISON

Hello...Lee...sorry to wake you...yes, another dream...there's a woman, stuck on the roof of an office building, she locked herself up there...

...and as she speaks, Joe stirs behind her, sitting up to turn on the light...

ALLISON

...but here's the thing...the building is in a neighborhood he knows...yes, I got that off the dream...no, I didn't get an address...sure, I guess I could recognize the rooftop if I saw it...why?

...and off Allison...

SMASH CUT TO:

36 THE SPINNING BLADES ATOP A POLICE CHOPPER

36

...streaking past camera...

37 ...and INSIDE THE HELICOPTER CABIN... 37

...Allison, wearing a headset and grabbing on for dear life in the back while Scanlon sits up front with a PILOT...

SCANLON  
(to the pilot)  
Let's make another pass through the Copper Square corridor then hit the financial district.

...the Pilot responds with a THUMBS UP and then BANKS the chopper hard. Allison's hands grab on to a strap and her eyes shut as Scanlon turns back to look at her...

SCANLON  
First time in one of these things, Allison?

...Allison keeps her eyes shut, nods vigorously...

SCANLON  
It might help if you actually open your eyes.

...Allison does as she's told...steels herself, takes a look around...

SCANLON  
Any of these buildings look familiar to you?

ALLISON  
Not really, not from up here.

SCANLON  
(handing her a pair of binoculars)  
Just do the best you can...

CUT TO:

38 THE HELICOPTER 38

...banking across the night sky...

CUT TO:

39 CLAIRE WILLIAMS 39

...on the same rooftop we left her, huddled and shivering against the service door.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

She hears the sound of the helicopter in the distance, moves to the edge of the building to look...

HER POV

...the helicopter is far away, moving in the wrong direction...she frowns, raises her arms to wave anyway...and that's when we see...

BEHIND HER

...the SERVICE DOOR STARTING TO SWING OPEN, slowly revealing a MALE FIGURE, standing framed in the light from the stairwell...

ON CLAIRE

...oblivious, still waving at the helicopter in the distance...

CUT TO:

40 THE HELICOPTER

40

...where Allison is peering through the binoculars, frustrated at herself for not being able to recognize any landmarks...

PILOT

(to Scanlon)

We're starting to run low on fuel, gonna have to turn back in a bit...

...just then, Allison sees something --

ALLISON

Wait, that looks familiar!  
(off the Pilot's look)  
Over there --

SCANLON

(looking, verifying with Allison)  
The Phoenix Metro Building...?

ALLISON

(nodding vigorously)  
Can we get closer?

...the Pilot nods and banks the copter in the direction Allison indicated...she peers ahead with her scopes...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

ALLISON  
That's her...that's the woman I saw...

SCANLON  
(looking through his own  
scopes, seeing something)  
There's somebody else up there with her!

SCOPE POV

...Claire stands near the edge of the building, vigorously waving at the approaching CHOPPER, completely unaware of the MALE FIGURE making his way across the roof toward her...

SCANLON  
Get in closer, hit the lights!

ON THE MALE FIGURE

...as the chopper's searchlight suddenly hits him, illuminating his face so that we now see he's not Sonny Wayne, but the Janitor we saw earlier...

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

...as relief washes over Allison and Scanlon...

CUT TO:

41 ALLISON

41

...stands in the POLICE BULLPEN while in the background, sitting at a desk, Claire Williams gives a statement to a UNIFORM COP and Scanlon, who peels off to join Allison...

SCANLON  
(to Allison)  
Her name's Claire Williams, she's a statistical analyst in data reconfiguration. Whatever the hell that means.

ALLISON  
The officers who picked her up...did they see anything suspicious?

SCANLON  
(shakes his head)  
If you mean any sign of Sonny Wayne having been in the area, no.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SCANLON (cont'd)  
Could be our chopper buzzing around  
scared him off, could be he never even  
tried to get to her.

ALLISON  
(shakes her head, not buying  
it)  
She was too good a target for him to  
resist...

SCANLON  
(shrugs)  
Either way, looks like we spent ten  
thousand dollars of the taxpayer's money  
to get a cat off a branch.

CLAIRE'S VOICE  
Detective Scanlon?

Scanlon turns to look at Claire, stepping up behind them...

SCANLON  
Yes, Ms. Williams.

CLAIRE  
I just wanted to say thank you...  
(off Scanlon's nod)  
...and...well, would it be possible for  
me to get a ride home? My roommate isn't  
answering the phone.  
(shrugs, at a loss)  
Can't figure it, I know she's home, just  
talked to her an hour ago...

ON ALLISON

...a sudden sense of dread in the pit of her stomach...

SHOCK CUT TO:

42 FLASHCUT - CLAIRE AT HER DESK

42

...talking to her roommate on the phone as she flips through  
her magazine...

CLAIRE  
...hey girlfriend, it's me...

...and as the CAMERA MOVES to focus in on the MAILING LABEL  
on the magazine, which clearly shows Claire's name and home  
address, we...

SHOCK CUT BACK TO:

43 ALLISON

43

...coming out of her memory flash...

SCANLON  
(to Claire)  
I'll have an Officer run you home, where  
do you live?

ALLISON  
347 Dunsmore Court.

CLAIRE AND SCANLON

...both turn toward Allison, who locks eyes with Claire...

CLAIRE  
How did you know that?

...Allison answers by stepping over and picking the fashion magazine seen in her dream out of the front pocket of the leather valise Claire has slung over her shoulder...

ALLISON  
You were talking to your roommate right  
before you went up on the roof...you were  
reading this magazine...

CLAIRE  
(wow, this is spooky)  
How did you...

...but Allison's mind is racing toward a very unpleasant conclusion...

ALLISON  
Your roommate. She was alone...and  
afraid...

...and off Allison, looking at Scanlon as he comes to his own realization about what that could mean...

SHOCK CUT TO:

44 THE FRONT DOOR OF CLAIRE'S HOUSE

44

...KICKED open by a gun-wielding Scanlon, who steps aside to allow entry to several UNIFORMED POLICE...

(CONTINUED)

...the cops fan in...their flashlights cutting huge swaths of light in the darkened house as they spread...signaling each other with the clearing of each room...and we hear their voices shouting "CLEAR"...and then:

UNIFORM COP  
Detective!

...Scanlon turns to REVEAL Allison, standing behind him in the doorway...Scanlon waves for Allison to stay with him...

AND WE FOLLOW SCANLON AND ALLISON

...winding their way through the house until they reach a BEDROOM...the UNIFORMS inside already reacting to the grisly sight REVEALED the moment the camera lines up with the door jamb...

ON THE BED

...a body...blood on the sheets...Allison turns her head as Scanlon enters the room...she follows...and the full horror of what she sees is REVEALED...

...on the wall, scrawled in blood...a message...

**WRONG ROOMMATE ALLISON**

...and we...

ANGLE ON ALLISON

...realizing that Sonny Wayne has turned her psychic gift against her again...and as her face wells not just with revulsion for the sight in front of her...

...but also rage at the work of this evil man who has made it personal between them...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

45 ON THE FRONT DOOR OF THE DUBOIS HOUSE

45

...as it opens, revealing ALLISON, demoralized and exhausted from the events of the previous night. She carries THE PAPER in one hand, and assumes that the house is still asleep, so she is careful to be QUIET as she comes INTO THE KITCHEN and sees...Joe...already up and brewing a pot of coffee...

ALLISON

'Morning.

JOE

Good morning.

(and then, re: the coffee)

Your timing is perfect.

ALLISON

(setting down her things)

That would be a first for tonight.

JOE

Things didn't go well?

ALLISON

You know, if it's okay, I'm just going to let you hear about all the terrible details on the news. Because I can't even bear to talk about it.

...and with that, Allison all but SINKS DOWN onto a chair and drops her face into her hands...

ALLISON

I wish I could stop thinking about it...I wish I could get it out of my head...and I wish I could stop blaming myself, but I can't.

...Joe MOVES TOWARD HER but she raises her hand...

ALLISON

Please, don't.

(he STOPS)

If you try to hug me, I think I'll start crying and I won't be able to stop.

JOE

And that's such a bad thing why?

(CONTINUED)

...which is when we hear from down the hall...

BRIDGETTE (O.S.)

Hey, is that fresh coffee I smell?

...Allison gives Joe a "that's why" look before pulling herself together for Bridgette who emerges, rumpled and newly awake, from the hallway...

BRIDGETTE

Morning, all.

ALLISON

Good morning, sweet pea.

JOE

Good morning. And since when do you care about coffee?

BRIDGETTE

I don't. But Officer Sam and Officer Jimmy say they can't do this job without it. Officer Jimmy says coffee is like mother's milk to him.

JOE

Ahhh.

BRIDGETTE

Whatever that means. Anyway, I said I'd bring them some when I got up.

ALLISON

That's very thoughtful of you.

...Allison pulls Bridgette ONTO HER LAP, taking the opportunity to hug her daughter close, restoring her own tired soul a little as...

JOE

I'll make up a couple of mugs right now. You can run them out to the squad car.

BRIDGETTE

Okay. Officer Brad likes it light and sweet, daddy. Don't forget.

(and then)

Do we have any donuts?

...Bridgette wriggles off her mother's lap to check, then turns and takes a closer look at the dressed but bedraggled mom sitting in front of her...

BRIDGETTE

Did you get up early, mommy?

ALLISON

No sweetie, I stayed up late.

BRIDGETTE

I bet you need coffee too.

JOE

Or some sleep.

(and then, to Allison)

Go ahead and crash. Me and Officer Sam  
and Officer Jimmy have got things covered  
up here.

ALLISON

I think I will. Thanks.

...with a grateful smile, Allison STANDS, gives her husband a  
kiss and heads into THE HALLWAY, taking off her coat as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

46 AN ELDERLY WOMAN

46

...attired in a simple HOUSEDRESS and SLIPPERS...her hair  
undone and her back slightly hunched...a MEDICALERT PENDANT  
dangling from her neck. She stands at the counter of her  
SUNLIT KITCHEN, assembling a simple PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY  
SANDWICH...a small RADIO plays in the background...

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (O.C.)

...three days since Sonny Wayne's escape  
from Mariposa County Prison and Phoenix  
remains a city paralyzed with fear...

...and as the elderly woman HUMS to herself, clearly not  
listening to the announcement, we HEAR a QUICK RAPPING on a  
door, followed by...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Aunt Clem...are you in there?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the elderly woman moves to a SCREEN DOOR that opens to  
the DRIVEWAY of her small home...and as she discovers a WOMAN  
we'll come to know as CAROL (20's) standing on her stoop, a  
BAG OF GROCERIES in her arms...

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

(a smile; relieved to see her)  
There you are. I tried knocking at the  
front, but I guess you didn't hear me...

...but the elderly woman doesn't respond, STUDYING the woman  
on the other side of her screen door, as though trying to  
place her face...and after a moment...

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm sorry...do I know you?

CAROL

It's me, Aunt Clementine. *Carol.*  
(and then; getting no response  
from the elderly woman)  
Elizabeth's daughter.  
(and then; very patiently  
reminding her)  
Elizabeth was your sister.

ON THE ELDERLY WOMAN

...as she finally gives an embarrassed SMILE, unlocking the  
door so that Carol might ENTER...

ELDERLY WOMAN

Carol. Of course. It's so nice to see  
you.

...and as Carol SWEEPS into the house and begins to put the  
groceries away, clearly not intending to stay long...

CAROL

I'm sorry I couldn't come by to see you  
last week, but Ted and I had guests  
visiting from out of town.  
(re: THE BAG)  
I got you extra groceries this week to  
make up.

ELDERLY WOMAN

That's wonderful, dear. Very thoughtful.

...and as Carol's eyes light upon the half-made P.B.J. on the  
counter, she SIGHS...

CAROL

Aunt Clem...you know you're not supposed  
to eat peanut butter...your dentures.

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, that's not for me. That's for James.

CAROL

Who?

ELDERLY WOMAN

James. Your cousin.

...Carol is a little thrown by this...she stops unloading groceries and turns to her Aunt...

CAROL

I...don't have a cousin James.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Of course you do. He's been staying with me the last few days. In the guest room.

...and ON CAROL, not quite sure what to make of this...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

47 A BEDROOM

47

...small and tidy...we're ON THE DOOR as it OPENS to reveal AUNT CLEMENTINE and her very puzzled niece, CAROL, looking INTO the room from the hallway...

ELDERLY WOMAN

(whispering; to Carol)

See? I told you he was here.

REVERSE ANGLE

...reveals none other than escaped serial murderer SONNY WAYNE stretched out on the room's lone bed...FAST ASLEEP...

ON CAROL

...clearly terrified to find this strange man in her Aunt's home...a scream CATCHING in her throat...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

48 CLOSE ON SONNY WAYNE

48

...sitting BOLT UPRIGHT in bed, very quickly PROCESSING the content of the preceding scene...and as we begin to understand that it all came to him in a dream, his head WHIPS AROUND to find...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CAROL AND THE ELDERLY WOMAN

...FRAMED in the doorway of the elderly woman's GUEST ROOM, just as they were in his dream...and as he takes in the look of utter HORROR on Carol's face, we can't help but get the feeling that we have just been watching his dream...

SONNY WAYNE

(a smile)

Cousin Carol. Nice to see you again.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

49 ALLISON

49

...as she JERKS AWAKE in her BEDROOM, GRABBING for her cell phone and hitting the speed-dial...and after a moment...

SCANLON'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hello?

ALLISON

(heart racing)

I know where he's hiding.

INTERCUT WITH:

50 SCANLON

50

...sitting at his desk in the bustling POLICE BULLPEN...

ALLISON

He's with Clementine. The old woman from his journals...

SCANLON

The woman with Alzheimer's?

ALLISON

He's convinced her he's a relative. She's been letting him stay in her guest room...he's there *right now* with her and her niece...

SCANLON

I don't suppose you have an address...

...no...she wracks her brain for a moment...then...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ALLISON  
We know she's registered with  
Medicalert, right? He  
mentions it in his  
journals...

SCANLON'S VOICE  
Right...

ALLISON  
Well...how many clients could they have  
with the first name "Clementine?"

...and OFF the question...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

51 THE TERRIFIED FACE OF CAROL

51

...eyes wide with fear as she gasps for air around the DIRTY  
RAG in her mouth...Carol's breathing QUICKENS as A HAND COMES  
INTO FRAME...and brushes aside a LOCK of her hair...

...and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're in CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE,  
and the HAND belongs to Sonny Wayne...who crouches next to  
Carol, bound back-to-back with her old Aunt, both ALIVE, both  
scared out of their minds.

SONNY  
...such pretty hair...pretty skin...just  
my type...we could have had some fun  
together.  
(in her ear, whispering)  
Now, you do remember the message, don't  
you?

OFF Carol's terrified eyes, locked with Sonny's, too afraid  
to nod, we PRE-LAP...

CAROL (O.S.)  
(slow, shaky, husky voice)  
"Dear Allison...One of these days, you'll  
be walking down a deserted street...or  
going to your car late one night..."

CUT TO:

52 ALLISON

52

...listening, seated in the DA'S CONFERENCE ROOM next to  
Devalos...

(CONTINUED)

CAROL (O.S.)  
...and you're going to look up and realize you're all alone...your heart is going to beat a bit faster...and you'll turn around...and I'll be there..."

REVERSE ANGLE ON CAROL

...wrapped in a gray blanket, seated across from Allison... finishing her recitation just in time to break into freaked-out tears as Scanlon puts a hand on her shoulder.

CAROL  
...and that's it. That was the message. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about or who the hell Allison is...but I didn't care. All I know is that he didn't kill me.

DEVALOS  
Thank you Ms. Weldon. You've been not only helpful but very brave.

SCANLON  
Your aunt is with an officer outside... he'll take you to her...

Scanlon gently guides Carol to the door and closes it behind her. All three are silent for a beat, then...

DEVALOS  
(looking for the bright side)  
At least we've got him on the run now. As soon as he makes another mistake...

ALLISON  
That message didn't sound like any kind of mistake to me.

SCANLON  
Beg to differ, Allison. Leaving that girl alive was something he did on the fly. I think we rattled him.

Allison gathers her things and heads toward the door.

ALLISON  
You don't get it. He's not *scared*, or *rattled*.

(MORE)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

ALLISON (cont'd)

The only reason he didn't deliver his message in that girl's *blood* is because he knew you were coming...he's got all the time in the world now to wait and get me alone.

(trying not to lose it)

I don't know how much longer I can do this.

Scanlon heads her off at the door.

SCANLON

We are going to catch him. I promise.

ALLISON

You can't promise...and you can't shadow my entire family around the clock from now until the end of time, and you can't predict when I'll be alone...just like he said...at his mercy...I'm going to go home right now, and be with my children.

Allison exits. Scanlon and Devalos sit for a beat, then...

DEVALOS

(quietly)

She's right.

Off Scanlon, unwilling to admit it, unable to deny it, we...

CUT TO:

53 INT. POLICE BULLPEN

53

...as Scanlon enters full stride, only to stop short when he sees DiNovi...standing at his desk, a look of determination stamped on her features. As she jerks her head toward a side room off the BULLPEN for a private chat, we...

CUT TO:

54 DINOVI AND SCANLON IN AN INTERROGATION ROOM, ALONE

54

...Scanlon closes the door for privacy then turns to her...

SCANLON

So...business or personal?

DINOVI

Try to guess.

He reads her take-no-prisoners demeanor...and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

SCANLON

OK. What can I do for you, Madame Deputy Mayor?

DINOVI

I have questions...about Allison Dubois.

SCANLON

What about her?

DINOVI

Exactly. What is it about Allison Dubois that we're airlifting her to roof tops in the middle of the night on the city dime? That when our manpower is stretched to the breaking point on a city-wide dragnet, we're pulling off three officers to guard her house around the clock?

Scanlon is momentarily thrown for a loop by DiNovi's questioning, but quickly begins to dissemble...

SCANLON

These things weren't done on a whim, Lynn...without reasons...

DINOVI

If you're gonna give me the same run-around that I've gotten from the District Attorney let me save you a step. I've heard it. I'm not buying it. And I'm NOT leaving until I get some answers.

Scanlon shrugs, then heads for the door.

SCANLON

Well feel free to wait right here. I've got a serial killer to catch.

DiNovi jumps up, and gets in right in Scanlon's face.

DINOVI

Fine. What if, from here on out, it's the *Mayor* asking the questions? We'll see who answers first. You, Devalos, or maybe the people he gets to replace you both.

SCANLON

Threats?

DINOVI

Facts.

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

Scanlon gives her a hard stare, but DiNovi doesn't back down...beat...then slowly, Scanlon sits in one of the chairs.

SCANLON

Fine. You wanna know what's going on?  
I'll tell you. Have a seat...

...surprised at her victory, DiNovi takes her coat off and slings it on the back of a chair, and Scanlon leans forward to give her an earful, we...

CUT TO:

55 BRIDGETTE

55

...tucked into the top bunk bed by her mother, and holding up a FLAG LAPEL PIN...

BRIDGETTE

...then Officer Sam made me a honorary deputy. Don't worry. "Honorary" means I'm not *really* on the force, it's just for pretend. Pretty cool, huh?

ALLISON

Pretty cool.

BRIDGETTE

This was *soooo* much better than a regular slumber party...  
(impulsive hug)  
...thanks for inviting them, mom!

Before a weary Allison can even begin to correct all the errors in that sentiment...we HEAR the PHONE ringing...

ALLISON

I'll get it.  
(to Bridgette)  
All right Deputy. Lights out...

Allison kisses Bridgette on the forehead and exits...

CUT TO:

56 INT. DUBOIS KITCHEN

56

...where Allison answers the phone.

ALLISON

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

DINOVI (O.S.)  
Allison Dubois?

ALLISON  
Yes...

...and we...

INTERCUT WITH:

57 LYNN DINOVI

57

...sitting in the driver's seat of her car, parked in an  
INDISTINCT PARKING LOT, talking on her cell phone.

DINOVI  
This is Deputy Mayor Lynn DiNovi.

ALLISON  
Yes...what can I do for you...?

DINOVI  
I've just had a very illuminating  
conversation with Lee Scanlon...so for  
starters, we can cut the crap.

ALLISON  
...excuse me?

DINOVI  
I know who you are. I know what you do  
for the District Attorney.

ALLISON  
What did Detective Scanlon -

DINOVI  
I know everything. And if you think I  
had a problem with the city keeping a  
psychic on the payroll, just imagine how  
I reacted when he told me that our serial  
killer is supposedly psychic too.

...Allison's eyes close in disbelief...

ALLISON  
Oh my gosh...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

DINOVI

Do you realize the political apocalypse that's gonna go down if it gets out that the city of Phoenix is being led on a leash by a...palm reader? Have you any idea?

ALLISON

I...I don't know what to say. Maybe we could sit down tomorrow with District Attorney Devalos...

DINOVI

No. You and I are going to talk. Now. And we are NOT having this discussion over the phone. You're going to meet me in Municipal parking structure number five, in say...

(checks watch)

...15 minutes. Don't tell anyone. Don't call anyone. And don't keep me waiting.

CLICK, as DiNovi hangs up the phone...and Allison is left staring at the dead phone in her hand, stunned.

SHOCK CUT TO:

58 A LARGE PARKING STRUCTURE 58

...hulking ahead, seen through the windshield of...

59 ALLISON'S VOLVO 59

...as she drives up, turning the wheel toward the entrance..and then suddenly HITS THE BRAKES: her face is a mix of surprise and aggravation...

ANGLE ON ALLISON'S CAR

...stopped in front of the structure...the front of her car only a few feet away from a SECURITY GATE and an EMPTY SECURITY BOOTH with a SIGN that reads:

**MUNICIPAL PARKING STRUCTURE 5**

ON ALLISON

...SQUINTING at the sign...and we see that in SMALLER PRINT it reads:

**CLOSED AFTER 9PM**

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

**ACCESSIBLE TO MAYOR'S OFFICE CARD HOLDERS ONLY**

BACK ON ALLISON

...shaking her head and throwing up her hands slightly...

ALLISON  
(under her breath)  
Wonderful plan.

...and as she throws the car in REVERSE, we...

CUT TO:

60 THE STREET OUTSIDE THE STRUCTURE

60

...as Allison pulls into a spot...

CUT TO:

61 MUNICIPAL PARKING STRUCTURE ENTRANCE

61

...as Allison...DUCKS under the bar of the gate...and we FOLLOW HER INSIDE, until she gets to a lone elevator...with a "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS" sign taped to its doors...

ALLISON  
(almost expecting it)  
Why not?

...she looks around and finds a door marked "STAIRWELL" and grabs the handle...

CUT TO:

62 THE STAIRWELL

62

...where Allison...EXHAUSTED from her day, TIRED from this trip up the stairs, and COMPLETELY FRUSTRATED by the last ten minutes of her life...makes her way up the stairs. She hikes up past a landing with a door marked...

**PHOENIX MUNICIPAL STRUCTURE #5 - LEVEL TWO**

...Allison passes a FIRE EXTINGUISHER encased in EMERGENCY GLASS...and keeps climbing up and out of frame...

63 ANGLE ON A DOOR MARKED "LEVEL THREE"

63

...as we hear Allison's FOOTSTEPS slowly approaching...then her HAND reaches into frame and grabs the handle...but it WON'T BUDGE...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

...Allison tries again, SHAKING the HANDLE HARDER...the door is definitely LOCKED. She notices the WINDOW in the door...

THROUGH THE WINDOW (ALLISON'S P.O.V.)

...there's NO ONE around...just an empty parking structure...

CUT TO:

64 THE DOOR MARKED "LEVEL TWO"

64

...Allison tries the handle, it's LOCKED...

CUT TO:

65 THE DOOR MARKED "LEVEL ONE"

65

...Allison tries the door she came in, also LOCKED...

ON ALLISON

...who takes a deep breath...and then she pulls out her CELL PHONE, dials a number and puts it up to her ear...and waits for the call to go through...and WAITS and WAITS.

...she glances down at the phone to find the ever annoying message "NO SERVICE"...

...and then it hits her...trapped alone in this DESERTED STAIRWELL...the frustration begins to fade...and then the PANIC sets in...and as Allison becomes more and more afraid...

SHOCK CUT TO:

66 TIGHT ON THE FACE OF SONNY WAYNE

66

His eyes SNAP OPEN...and then slowly, an evil Cheshire cat grin CREEPS across his face. And off him knowing EXACTLY how alone and vulnerable Allison is right now, we...

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

67 TIGHT ON A CELL PHONE SCREEN

67

...the "reception" icon in the corner jumps from no bars to one bar and back again to no bars...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Allison GLUED to her cell phone...climbing up the steps of the stairwell...PAUSING...walking back down...PAUSING...and then walking back up...searching desperately for a signal. She passes that same FIRE EXTINGUISHER encased in EMERGENCY GLASS we saw earlier. Clearly she's having NO LUCK...and then we hear...

THE SOUND OF A CAR

...from somewhere inside the parking structure. Allison SHOOTS UP THE STAIRS to the nearest landing...the sign on the door says "LEVEL THREE"...she looks through the window to discover...

A DESERTED FLOOR (ALLISON'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDOW)

...but after a moment, the OUTLINE of a FIGURE becomes visible through the darkness...

ON ALLISON

...her face LIGHTING UP at the sight of someone...she BANGS her fists AS HARD AS SHE CAN on the door...

ALLISON

(screaming)

*Hello! Can you please open this door for me?*

BACK ON THE FIGURE (ALLISON'S P.O.V.)

...who must be at least forty feet away...but he seems to notice her, seems to look over at her...

ALLISON

*OVER HERE!*

ON THE FIGURE WALKING TOWARDS HER

...she's clearly gotten his attention...he pulls out a FLASHLIGHT and SHINES it directly into the camera...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

ON ALLISON

...blinded by the BEAM of LIGHT...she puts her HANDS UP to shield herself until it goes away...then she looks through the window to find...

SONNY WAYNE

...walking towards her, only thirty feet away...that EVIL CHESHIRE CAT GRIN still plastered across his face...

ANGLE ON ALLISON

...just standing there...in UTTER SHOCK...until her brain starts working again and she BOLTS down the stairs AS FAST AS SHE CAN. And the next thing we see is...

THAT SAME FIRE EXTINGUISHER ENCASED IN GLASS

...as Allison SHOTS BY IT...but then she QUICKLY STOPS...she turns and looks back the way she came to find...

AN EMPTY CONCRETE STAIRCASE

...she looks back at the fire extinguisher...her mind RACING...

CUT TO:

68 THE STAIRWELL DOOR MARKED "LEVEL THREE"

68

...the handle JIGGLES...we hear the CLICK of the door UNLOCKING...

TIGHT ON ALLISON'S EYES

...TERRIFIED...watching this from somewhere nearby... WAITING...

BACK ON THE DOOR

...as it begins to open toward us...three fingers creep around its edge...when...

ALLISON

...fire extinguisher in hand...LUNGES at the door, SWINGING with ALL her MIGHT...she MISSES the fingers, but the IMPACT SLAMS the door shut with a LOUD BANG...

...ALLISON lifts the fire extinguisher, readying herself for his next attempt...when...

(CONTINUED)

A FAMILIAR VOICE

Allison...it's me.

And THROUGH THE WINDOW we see a nervous hand appear, holding a POLICE BADGE...

ON ALLISON

...seeing that...the panic melting away...being replaced with COMPLETE CONFUSION...

A FAMILIAR VOICE

I'm coming in. Don't take my head off.

Allison stands back as the door opens...and REVEALS...

SCANLON

...just standing there...SMILING...right where Sonny Wayne should be...

ALLISON

I don't understand.

SCANLON

We got him, Allison. Look.

...and he points through the open door to...

A SQUAD CAR

...some thirty feet behind him inside the parking structure...several UNIFORM COPS stand guard, weapons at the ready as others lift a handcuffed Sonny Wayne from the face-down arrest position, then get him on his feet and walk him into the squad car...

ON ALLISON

...trying hard to absorb the surreal sight in front of her...

ALLISON

But...

(she can't seem to voice anything else)

I don't understand.

Scanlon is nervously eyeing Allison's right hand...

SCANLON

Before I say anything...why don't you hand over that fire extinguisher?

...Allison hands it over as Scanlon struggles to piece everything together for her...

SCANLON

Now don't, please. Don't get mad. The whole thing hinged on you not knowing.

ALLISON

Lee, what are you talking about?

SCANLON

It was all a set up, Allison.  
(a self-congratulatory grin)  
Pretty good one too.

ALLISON

What was a set up?

SCANLON

Everything. DiNovi's phone call, the broken elevator, the locked doors in the stairwell. After all the threats, we figured if you were in a tight spot, he'd come after you.

(gauging her reaction)

So we led you here. Jammed your phone. Made sure you were good and scared.

ALLISON

Good and scared?!? I was jumping out of my skin!!

SCANLON

Allison, we had guys everywhere. I had sharp shooters on all the nearby roofs. We had this whole place covered. As soon as he showed up, we nabbed him. You were safe. I made sure of it.

ALLISON

Safe? You think dangling me like a porkchop in front of a serial killer is safe?

SCANLON

It was the only way, Allison. And it worked. It's over.

(off Allison)

You can't argue with success.

...Allison wrestles with that, not sure whether to feel relieved or hurt...but before she can speak...

DINOVI

...walks toward them, speaking into her cellphone...

DINOVI

Yes, sir, I saw it myself, he is definitely in custody...absolutely.

(clicking off, then, to Allison)

It's great, isn't it? I think we're going to make the ten o'clock news.

...and when Allison doesn't say anything...

SCANLON

(jumping in)

That is great.

DINOVI

(to Allison)

I want you to know you did a great job.

(as an afterthought)

And I'm glad you're safe.

(then)

OK, I gotta run. The stations will want interviews, and I need to make sure everything goes smoothly.

(but before she turns to go)

Oh, Allison...that thing we talked about on the phone? Don't worry about it.

(with a flick of her hand)

Like it never happened.

...and off she goes...

ON ALLISON

...drained of all her energy, all her emotion, all the feeling in her body...just completely spent...

SCANLON

Your secret's safe. I trust her.

(off Allison's silence)

Allison? Are you OK?

ALLISON

I don't know. Is that it? Are there any other secret plans that involve me?

SCANLON

That's it.

ALLISON

Good. Then I'm going home.

...Allison turns to go...then she pauses...looking up at the stairs, then at Scanlon...still not knowing whether to thank him or deck him...so she just shakes her head and turns away...and off Scanlon feeling like he just ducked a bullet...

CUT TO:

69 BRIDGETTE

69

...sitting in PJs in the living room as we go WIDER to reveal that she is surrounded by a gaggle of EIGHT YEAR OLDS, all in PJs as well...all of them watching the television as an ANIMATED MOVIE comes to an end...

BRIDGETTE

That was awesome...you guys want to watch it again?

...but one of the eight-year-olds rears up on Bridgette, a dissatisfied expression on her face...

EIGHT YEAR OLD #1

What about the brownies, Bridgette?

...Bridgette stares at her friend, caught in the headlights...

BRIDGETTE

Brownies? I...didn't...

...and it's like a switch has been thrown, because all the other eight-year-olds start turning on Bridgette...

EIGHT YEAR OLD #2

Yeah...you said there'd be brownies...

EIGHT YEAR OLD #3

Where are the brownies?

EIGHT YEAR OLD #4

We want brownies!

...and as the CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL grows louder, we...

ZOOM IN ON BRIDGETTE

69 CONTINUED:

69

...her anxiety mounting...her pulse quickening...her breath getting shorter as her friends turn against her...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

70 ALLISON

70

...waking up in bed to see Joe, already up, getting dressed...

JOE

Is everything OK?

(off Allison)

Someone stuck somewhere? Someone injured? Something going to crash into some other thing?

...Allison starts to get up off the bed...

ALLISON

No...it's not that.

JOE

Then sleep in, for god's sake...you earned it...it's Saturday...the kids are plopped in front of the TV, there's no cops to feed...

...but Allison's already up and at it, putting on a robe and heading for the door...

ALLISON

I have one last disaster to avert...

(out the door)

...Bridgette...do you want to make some brownies?

...and off Joe, watching as his wife goes off to make the world safer for everyone...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE