

# **The Gates**

"Pilot"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

HIGH ABOVE an exclusive enclave known as --

**"THE GATES" - MORNING**

Yes, as the name implies, the community is "gated," but if you're thinking cookie-cutter homes clustered outside Vegas, you've got the wrong place.

No, the setting into which we descend is in a class of its own. Nearly 750 stately homes. Manicured lots. And given the private mountain location, truly a place in which just about anyone would kill to live. And rumor has it, on occasion, they have. But certainly not CLAIRE RADCLIFF. In fact, the mid-thirties woman we find clipping ROSES outside a tastefully sized --

**TUDOR HOME**

-- is the model "Gates" citizen. Wealthy, but not ostentatious. Private, but not exclusive. And above all, committed to family, which for Claire, means doing everything within her power to nurture and protect her only child, seven-year-old EMILY, the one we find toying with her skateboard, awaiting carpool.

CLAIRE

Honey. No skateboarding without your helmet.

Emily gives her mother a defiant look, but there's a certain quality to Claire's gaze that makes her rarely, if ever, have to repeat herself.

Instead, Emily kicks the skateboard up the hill toward the garage. CAMERA tracks along as it rolls to a stop, but then, after a brief pause, reverse direction, and ever so slowly, start back down the incline.

At the same time, just up the --

**STREET**

-- a RANGE ROVER gains speed as it rounds the bend.

**DRIVEWAY**

Noticing the errant skateboard, Emily takes off in pursuit.

INTERCUT:

**INT. RANGE ROVER**

MARK WOODBURY, more cocky than handsome, but plenty of both, talks on the phone via BLUETOOTH.

WOODBURY

Hey, it's me, I'm leaving now...  
No, two hours at the most.

**DRIVEWAY**

Emily gains on the skateboard.

**YARD**

Hearing the patter of her daughter's feet, Claire looks up, sees the chase, which is no real cause for alarm until she spots the fast approaching RANGE ROVER.

CLAIRE

Emily!

**DRIVEWAY**

Over the increasing RATTLE of the rolling skateboard, Emily fails to hear her mother's call.

Claire takes off in pursuit.

CLAIRE

EMILY!!

**INT. RANGE ROVER**

Woodbury continues, oblivious to the scene unfolding before him.

WOODBURY

You kidding me? My sister has  
three kids. It was two days of  
hell...

**DRIVEWAY**

Hurrying down the driveway, Claire screams to Emily, to the car, to anyone --

CLAIRE

STOP!! STOP!!

Nearing the street, Emily finally glances back, sees her panicked mother. But in that confused moment before she can react, Emily reaches the end of the driveway.

**INT. RANGE ROVER**

Through the windshield, we see the skateboard shoot out between two BRICK COLUMNS. And then, following just behind, Emily, terror sweeping over her face as she sees the approaching truck. She stops in the street, frozen.

And as the car hastens toward a brutal collision, Woodbury suddenly spots her, SWERVES SHARPLY to the right.

Barely clearing Emily, the SUV crashes hard into one of the BRICK COLUMNS. Claire reaches the --

**STREET**

-- a moment later, snatches Emily up in her arms.

EMILY  
(scared, confused)  
I'm sorry, mommy.

CLAIRE  
It's okay, baby. Everything's  
okay.

Approaching the wrecked Range Rover, Claire finds the dazed driver, a hand to his forehead.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

WOODBURY  
Yeah, I think so...

However, upon lowering his hand, Woodbury finds it dripping with blood.

WOODBURY (CONT'D)  
Or... maybe not.

As though in shock, Claire is staring at the blood soaked hand when Emily's carpool pulls up behind her. CONCERNED MOTHER leans toward the passenger window.

CONCERNED MOTHER  
Claire? What happened?

CLAIRE  
(snapping out of it)  
Um, it's fine. Everything's fine,  
but I think I may have to drop off  
Emily later.

EMILY

No, mommy, I want to go now.

CLAIRE

You sure? I can take you.

Emily shakes her head. Automatic door slides open. Claire buckles Emily in, gives her a kiss, and after watching them drive off, turns her attention back to Woodbury.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We should get you inside.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Top of the line fixtures. ANTIQUE PLATES perfectly lit atop the shelves.

At the table, we find Woodbury, a towel to his head, but certainly well enough to admire the ass on Claire as she reaches for the FIRST AID KIT.

CLAIRE

I should probably call your sister,  
have her come down.

WOODBURY

Bad idea. She faints at the sight  
of blood.

Claire approaches, pulls a chair close.

CLAIRE

Well is there anyone else I should  
notify? Wife? Girlfriend?

WOODBURY

Neither lately. In fact, I think  
this may be the closest I've been  
to a woman all year.

CLAIRE

(holds his gaze a moment)  
Well, I'm sure it's just a matter  
of time.

WOODBURY

(fishing)  
Hope so. I'm not sure how much  
longer I can wait.

CLAIRE

(eyes him a beat)  
Yes, well...

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid you'll have to wait a  
bit longer because I am married.

Woodbury smiles slightly as she dabs the wound with a COTTON BALL.

Finishing with the wound, Claire pulls away, looks down at the blood stained cotton ball. In her eyes, we see her struggling against temptation. Then --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Unless, of course, you're okay with  
the fact that my husband just  
happens to be... out of town.

Woodbury eyes her, trying to get a read.

WOODBURY  
For how long?

Claire leans back, eyes him seductively.

CLAIRE  
Long enough.

Talk about Desperate Fucking Housewives. Woodbury stares, disbelieving, then leans forward, their faces inches apart. But just before their lips meet, Claire stands abruptly, walks a few steps across the kitchen, and hops up on to the counter beside the sink. Clearing the space beside her, she moves the STOPPER over the drain. Then, looking back at Woodbury, she parts her legs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I kinda have a thing... for  
kitchens.

As of now, so does Woodbury. Stepping over to join her, he runs his hands up her thighs. Staring back at him, ravenous, Claire grabs him by the hair, pulls his lips to her neck. Ecstasy pours over her face, her eyes closing. Her lips part, ever so slightly, pleasure escaping. A little more, and we catch a glimpse of something else, something different. Not sure, we wait. And then, with the coming of a deep, rapturous sigh, Claire suddenly tears into Woodbury's neck, latching on like a fighting dog. He squirms violently, doing everything he can to break free, but at this point, it's no use. No escaping now. And as the life finally drains from his body, Claire releases, leaning his limp corpse over the sink. And off warm, fresh BLOOD pooling over clean white PORCELAIN, we --

END TEASER

ACT ONE

Open CLOSE ON thick IRON-FORGED LETTERS spelling "THE GATES."  
Then, as the two words slowly part before us, we PULL BACK to  
reveal --

**EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - "THE GATES" - DAY**

-- a well-travelled FORD EXPLORER just outside the entrance.

**INT. FORD EXPLORER**

It may be just an entrance, but to NICK and SARAH MONOHAN,  
both born and raised on the south side of Chicago, it has the  
desired effect.

SARAH

Pretty intimidating gate.

NICK

I think that's the point.

Leaning up between the seats, we meet ten-year-old DANA  
MONOHAN. Known to dive with passion into what ever piques  
her interest, she has been studying "The Gates" obsessively  
for the past month. Reading from the BROCHURE --

DANA

The developer, Frank Buckley, said  
no expense would be spared when it  
comes to security. He had these  
gates hand forged in England.  
Sixteen feet tall. Eleven tons of  
steel. They've never been breached.

Fifteen-year-old CHARLIE MONOHAN casts a curious glance at  
his sister. Usually the smartest guy in the room, but from  
streets where that's not necessarily a good thing, Charlie  
has yet to find his place in the world. But he's pretty damn  
sure it's not "The Gates."

CHARLIE

What about people trying to get  
out?

SARAH

Open mind, Charlie.

Charlie smiles slightly as the Explorer pulls forward to the -

**SECURITY KIOSK**

- where EDDIE, finally making an earnest effort at a career,  
steps out to greet them.

EDDIE  
Welcome to The Gates. Name please.

NICK  
Nick Monohan.

EDDIE  
Oh... Chief. Yeah, we've been  
expecting you.  
(pulls out an envelope)  
Here's your welcome packet,  
directions to the house, keys, and  
I'm Eddie, security, Main Gate.

NICK  
Eddie.

EDDIE  
Yes sir.

NICK  
This is my ID. For future  
reference, you might want to see  
that before handing over keys to a  
house.

SARAH  
(leaning over)  
Hi. I'm Sarah, and what my husband  
meant to say is... "thank you."  
(off Nick, pulling away)  
It's okay for the Chief of Police  
to be liked.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER**

"Larchmont"-like shopping district. Quaint stores and cafes  
lining the street. As the Explorer passes through --

SARAH  
I didn't know they had all these  
cute little shops.

**INT. FORD EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS**

DANA  
It's more than a place to live,  
mom.  
(off Sarah's look)  
What? That's their slogan.

CUT TO:

A MOVER wheeling a LOADED DOLLY out the back of a MOVING TRUCK. Reaching the street, he turns toward a beautifully proportioned, impeccably crafted --

**MISSION STYLE HOME**

-- as the Monohan clan climbs from their Explorer, awestruck.

CHARLIE

You sure this is it?

Not convinced himself, Nick looks at the KEY in his hand.

**INT. HOUSE**

CLOSE ON the massive carved wood door as the LOCK TURNS. Door opens, and in step the Monahans. REVERSE TO a spectacular, two story --

**FOYER**

-- wrapped by a winding staircase. Hand painted tile. Wrought-iron railing. It's far beyond what they ever imagined. After a beat, Dana bolts for the stairs.

DANA

First dibs on rooms!!

Charlie takes off after her, gaining up the stairs. Nick and Sarah watch, amused as they split at the top of the stairs, each taking a different direction.

Sarah and Nick walk down the hall to reveal a --

**KITCHEN/GREAT ROOM**

-- bigger than their last apartment. Highest end appliances. Plasma over the fireplace. And visible through the french doors, a sparkling pool. As Sarah stares, disbelieving, Nick sees unexpected tears well in her eyes.

NICK

Hey... We made it. It's gonna be okay.

Sarah turns and nods, hopeful. They come together in an embrace, and then kiss, growing more and more passionate until Dana comes racing through, screaming like the little girl she rarely is.

NICK (CONT'D)

How 'bout we check out our bedroom.

And off Sarah's knowing smile --

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - MORNING**

Beams of rising sun creep down the east side of the house.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

But little light in here. In fact, BLACK OUT SHADES allow barely enough to see CLAIRE in the shower, aggressively scrubbing from her face any remaining "scent".

**INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Still nearly dark, a succession of TIGHT SHOTS as Claire hurriedly spreads LOTION over her entire body, head to toe. Then, pulling on a SHORT ROBE, she opens the door to the --

MASTER BEDROOM: to reveal beams of SUNLIGHT angling in through the windows. Keeping up the quick pace, Claire is heading across the room toward the closet when her exposed legs pass through DIRECT SUNLIGHT.

A painful SCREAM as she collapses to the ground. Examining her leg, finds a small BURN on her CALF. Damn. Missed a spot. She takes a moment, surveys her options. BEAMS of SUNLIGHT to her left... and right.

Looking over the foot of the bed, she spots shade, and more LOTION on the bedside table. Climbing over, she quickly applies more to her legs. Then, gathering courage, she slides to the edge of the bed, and as though testing hot water, "dips" each leg, one by one, into the light. Safe.

**EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING**

From a sign reading: THE GATES PREPARATORY SCHOOL, we PAN to reveal a bucolic campus nestled in the heart of this gated community. In the line of approaching, high end, cars, we find the Monohan's Ford Explorer.

**INT. FORD EXPLORER - SAME**

Nick, Charlie and Dana take in the setting.

NICK

How bad could it be? No graffiti.  
No metal detectors...

DANA

Whatever. It sends more kids to  
the Ivy League than any school in  
the state.  
(hoping out)  
See ya, dad.

With considerably less enthusiasm, Charlie opens the door. We can feel Nick's guilt as he watches his son walk away.

**EXT. SCHOOL - BREEZEWAY - MINUTES LATER**

Amidst STUDENTS pouring into the school, we find Charlie at a vending machine. He drops some coins, presses a button. Nothing. Presses again. No luck.

Just then, among a few GIRLS passing by, we see ANDIE BATES, mixed race, exotic, and somehow even more intelligent than she is beautiful.

ANDIE

Forget everything but O.J.

(then, with a smile)

All part of the vast conspiracy to keep us healthy.

Charlie acknowledges the tip with a nod, and then watches her go. Maybe this place won't be so bad after all.

**EXT. THE GATES - POLICE PRECINCT - DAY**

From a beautifully landscaped, Mission-style bungalow, we crane down to a parking space, clearly marked: Nick Monohan, Chief of Police, as Nick pulls in.

**INT. PRECINCT**

Nick enters, looks around. No hustle. No bustle. No hand cuffed perps lining the walls. Just two COPS, their backs to the door, using the latest computer software to create a fictional COMPOSITE SKETCH.

And at the far end of the room, another COP flipping through a MAGAZINE while "monitoring" a huge bank of VIDEO SECURITY FEEDS.

Finally, one of the cops, MARCUS JORDAN, mid-twenties, eager, sometimes too much so, shoots to his feet.

MARCUS

Uh, good morning, sir, I mean, Chief. Marcus Jordan.

The "cat" to Marcus' "dog," LEIGH TURNER, (25), sexy and cool, has a more laid back approach.

LEIGH

Hey, how are you? I'm Leigh.

Nick shakes hands, takes another look around.

NICK

Good to meet you. So... where's everyone else?

MARCUS

Old Chief liked to start just a few of us in the morning.

NICK

And the old Chief is...?

LEIGH

Retired. In Mexico.

NICK

Couldn't handle the fast pace?

Leigh smiles. Touche. Marcus jumps in --

MARCUS

Well, a turf war did erupt yesterday over on Barksdale.

NICK

(perking up)  
Really? Over what?

MARCUS

Turf. As in grass. The Claytons installed artificial, say it's more environmentally responsible. Neighbors claim it violates the landscaping code.

LEIGH

Also from last night, we lost picture on three security cameras in Sector Four. Maintenance is looking into it, but this many in the same sector, probably vandalism.

NICK

Vandalism. In The Gates.

LEIGH

It's what rich kids do for fun.

MARCUS

Before the cameras went down, they did pick up something of interest --

LEIGH

-- but not really that interesting.

MARCUS  
 (throws Leigh a look)  
 If you'll follow me, sir.

Marcus leads Nick and Leigh to the --

**SECURITY MONITORS**

-- takes a seat at the high tech console, and with the turn of a dial runs FOOTAGE of the car accident at the Radcliff's.

NICK  
 The driver okay?

LEIGH  
 He's fine. Walked away.

MARCUS  
 We can't really say for sure. We saw him walk into the Radcliff house, but this camera went down before he came out.

LEIGH  
 But the car is registered to a guest, a Mark Woodbury from Santa Barbara, and it's gone.

MARCUS  
 However, there's no record of it leaving The Gates.

NICK  
 Okay, okay... first thing we need to do is call Santa Barbara Police and see if they can track this guy down.

CUT TO:

A FINGER pressing a doorbell. PAN to reveal Claire Radcliff waiting outside the --

**MONOHAN FRONT DOOR**

-- the DISH of LASAGNA in hand. After a moment, Sarah answers the door.

CLAIRE  
 Please tell me you eat carbs.

**INT. MONOHAN KITCHEN - LATER**

Pushing boxes aside, Sarah makes room for Claire at the island.

SARAH

I'm sorry about the mess. I had no idea our tiny apartment could hold this much stuff. Coffee?

CLAIRE

Tea's fine. Whatever you've got.

SARAH

(digging through a box)  
I think I have some in here...

CLAIRE

You know what? Don't worry about it.

SARAH

No, it's one of these.

CLAIRE

Really, water would be great. But if you do like tea, go see Peg at The Tea Pot. She's got something for everything...

Sarah finds a CERAMIC CANISTER, but as she pulls it from the box, it slips from her hand, CRASHES to the floor. She puts her hands on the counter, takes a breath.

SARAH

What about... stress?

Feeling for her, Claire reaches across, puts a warm, comforting hand over Sarah's.

CLAIRE

Look, sometimes a big change can be overwhelming. But trust me, Peg can make it easier. Tell her I sent you.

(then, looking around)

So, is your husband in one of these boxes?

SARAH

(smiles)

He left early for work, you know, first day.

CLAIRE

Well, I do hope there's enough to keep him busy. Didn't I read he was a Sergeant in Chicago?

SARAH

Yes, Sergeant-Detective, homicide.

CLAIRE

Homicide. Really.

SARAH

I know it's gonna be an adjustment, but I'm hoping this place will slow him down a bit. He has a tendency to get pretty caught up in it.

CLAIRE

I imagine all good detectives have at least some of that.

SARAH

Well unfortunately, he's got a lot.

And off Claire forcing a smile --

**INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY**

As a TEACHER leads a discussion of Flannery O'Connor, we find Charlie a few rows back. He tries to pay attention, but finds himself focusing on Andie (vending machine girl.)

TEACHER

-- but did anyone notice a unifying theme to these stories?

BRETT CREZSKI raises a hand. Well liked, blond haired, blue eyed, and in case he wasn't All-American enough... add star linebacker for the football team.

BRETT

Well, for one thing, the hero character is usually handicapped, or disfigured in some way.

ANDIE

I think what O'Connor is saying is that what we see on the surface is not who we are.

BRETT

Exactly. It's what's beneath the deformity. The rest doesn't matter.

CHARLIE

I...think there might be more to it.

BRETT

Excuse me?

CHARLIE

You guys have talked about how O'Connor had Lupus, right?

ANDIE

I don't know that I'd call Lupus a deformity.

CHARLIE

Maybe not, but it is Latin for "wolf" because as it attacked healthy cells, the skin and muscles in the face would thin, making the victims look more like... an animal. So while some readers might think she was trying to say appearance doesn't matter, the fact that it was consistent throughout her work might indicate that at least to her, it mattered very much.

Andie, intrigued now, acknowledges his point with a nod. Touche. Brett, on the other hand, seems far less impressed.

**INT. HALLWAY - LATER**

Charlie is at his locker when he sees Brett and Andie walking his way holding hands. He shakes his head; of course she's taken.

Then, as they pass, Brett is suddenly BUMPED HARD by LUKAS FORD, a surfer dude with a who-gives-a-fuck attitude that often leads to trouble.

LUKAS

My bad, Romeo.

Instinctively, Brett takes a step in his direction. Lukas takes note as Andie reaches out, grabs Brett's hand.

LUKAS (CONT'D)

How sweet. Juliet to the rescue.  
(at Brett, with a smile)  
You remember how that story ends?

Brett stares. Will he take the bait? Then --

MAN (O.S.)

Creski!

Not this time. Looking down the hall, Brett sees the FOOTBALL COACH surrounded by more PLAYERS.

COACH

Scouting report. Hustle up.

And after one last look at Lukas, Brett heads off.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER**

Charlie is sitting alone in the crowded cafeteria when Andie approaches, takes a seat opposite, studies him for a beat.

ANDIE

So you're a pretty smart guy.

Charlie searches the room for the linebacker boyfriend.

CHARLIE

Sorry, I was just trying to make a point.

ANDIE

It's okay. Is that something you enjoy?

CHARLIE

Enjoy?

ANDIE

Take delight or pleasure in.

CHARLIE

I know what enjoy means.

ANDIE

So you can answer the question.

CHARLIE

I'm not really sure what the question is.

ANDIE

Do you enjoy argument? Making your point?

CHARLIE

Apparently, not as much as you.

ANDIE

You evade well. You'd be good on cross exam.

CHARLIE

Am I on trial?

ANDIE

You could be. Mock Trial.

CHARLIE

You mean, like debate?

ANDIE

No, I mean like Mock Trial. You should join.

CHARLIE

Why?

ANDIE

Because you're new, you don't know anybody and... you could help us get to State.

CHARLIE

Do you even want to know my --

ANDIE

-- Charlie, from Chicago. I'm Andie, from Seattle. Exiled to The Gates last year.

Charlie stares, trying hard not to be intrigued. But then --

CHARLIE

"Exiled?"

ANDIE

Yeah... after my mom died, dad somehow thought it'd be best if I were raised in captivity.

His interest piqued, Charlie would love this conversation to continue but Andie sees Brett enter. She stands.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

So one more thing. All members need to help with the booth.

(off his look)

For the fair, Friday night. We'll be by the football field after school. See ya.

Charlie watches as Andie peels away, intercepts Brett.

BRETT  
What was that about?

ANDIE  
Mock trial. I want him to join.

BRETT  
Uh-huh. You know he's into you,  
right?

ANDIE  
What? Shut up.

BRETT  
I know the look. I had it six  
months ago.

ANDIE  
And you still do.

Andie smiles, gives him a quick kiss and walks off. And after one last glance at Charlie, Brett follows.

**INT. PRECINCT - DAY**

Amidst the dozen or so COPS now filling the precinct, we find Marcus on the phone, diligently taking notes.

MARCUS  
And when was it filed? Okay, let me talk to my Chief, check it out on our end, and we'll get back to you.

Hanging up, Marcus sees Nick enter the bullpen.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Chief, I just got off with Santa Barbara police. A missing persons report has been filed for the driver of that Range Rover, Mark Woodbury.

NICK  
Really? Alright, let's go talk to the Radcliffs.

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - DAY**

An immaculate, late model Mercedes pulls into the driveway.

**INT. MERCEDES**

DYLAN RADCLIFF, handsome, even keeled, presses a button on his visor, waits for the garage door to open... but it doesn't. That's odd. Parking the car where it is, he climbs out, grabs his suitcase from the back.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - WINE CELLAR - SAME**

PANNING ACROSS row after row of VINTAGE WINE, we arrive on Claire, popping the cork on a BOTTLE of MOUTON ROTHSCHILD, then pouring it down the drain of a small sink.

Much more valuable to her is the BLOOD she then pours from a GLASS CARAFE. She's about to start filling the bottle when she HEARS the front door CLOSE. That is enough to startle her, but panic sets in when she HEARS --

DYLAN (O.S.)

Claire?

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

He picks up a stack of mail, is sorting through it when suddenly, Claire leaps onto his back, plants her lips on his neck, but leaves it at that... a kiss.

CLAIRE

What are you doing home so early?

DYLAN

Because the one part of being a CEO that I have not mastered is... golf. And, I missed you... way too much.

As he goes to kiss her, Claire turns her cheek, goes straight for the hug, holds him tight.

CLAIRE

I missed you too. I hate being here without you, Dylan.

DYLAN

It's okay. I'm back.

Claire crosses to the counter, pours a glass of WHITE WINE. She takes a sip, hands him the glass.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hey, did something happen to the garage door? It won't open.

CLAIRE  
It won't?

DYLAN  
Maybe it's my remote.

Connoisseur that he is, Dylan holds the wine to his nose, inhales deeply... then eyes the glass, curious.

CLAIRE  
What's wrong? It tasted fine.

Dylan looks around the kitchen, searching for the scent... lands on Claire. She forces a smile, tries to remain calm.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Here, let me grab another bottle.

But before she even takes a step, Dylan grabs Claire by the neck, and in one quick, violent motion, slams her to the wall. Moving his face to within inches of hers, he parts her lips with his finger, pries open her jaw, and inhales deeply.

DYLAN  
Where is it?

CLAIRE  
Dylan, I don't know what --

DYLAN  
-- WHERE IS IT?

CLAIRE  
In the basement.

If looks could kill, Dylan's would come close, but not before... DING DONG! They both turn toward the door.

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - SAME**

Nick is standing with Marcus when Dylan's voice is heard.

DYLAN (O.S.)  
May I help you?

NICK  
Yeah, it's Chief Monohan. I'm here about the accident.

And off Nick and Marcus, no idea what awaits them, we --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Sitting opposite Claire and Dylan, Nick questions while Marcus takes notes.

CLAIRE

-- even though I didn't think it required stitches, I said he should definitely stop by the hospital.

NICK

Which hospital did you suggest?

CLAIRE

County General, but he said he had to get back for a meeting.

NICK

Did he happen to mention who he was meeting with? What it was about?

CLAIRE

No, I'm afraid not.

NICK

Did he say what he does for a living?

CLAIRE

Well, he might have, I just...

DYLAN

You know, I hate to even suggest the possibility, but if the guy had a concussion, he could have passed out, or something.

NICK

(beat, studies Dylan)

Yeah, I guess that's possible. Are you doctor?

DYLAN

No. But I've got plenty working for me, I run a bio-tech company.

NICK

Well, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, these missing persons turn up just fine, so...

(stands)

Thank you both for your time.

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

As Nick and Marcus approach the car --

MARCUS

I'll type up a witness report, and  
find out what the guy does for a  
living.

Nick, preoccupied, doesn't respond.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Sir?

NICK

Did you notice what the husband  
did?

MARCUS

(fishing for the answer)  
Ummmm...

NICK

He presented a scenario for the  
guy's disappearance.

MARCUS

Maybe he was trying to be helpful.

NICK

Or maybe he didn't like where we  
were headed.

MARCUS

So you think we're onto something?

Arriving at the car, Nick looks back at the house and nods.

NICK

Yeah. Something.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Standing by the edge of the window, Dylan watches the car  
pull away, then, with a disapproving look at his wife, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

A BODY SPILLING ON TO THE --

**BASEMENT**

-- floor. Dylan pulls it away from the fridge, shuts the door. He stares at the body, disappointed, then turns to Claire.

DYLAN  
We had an agreement.

CLAIRE  
Dylan, I know...

DYLAN  
Then you know what would happen to Emily if we have to leave The Gates. Adopted little girls don't survive out there, not among our kind.

CLAIRE  
(ashamed)  
I'm sorry.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

A few BAGS in hand, Sarah is walking when she sees --

**THE ART OF TEA**

She stops, thinks. Should I?

**INT. ART OF TEA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quaint and simple, Sarah enters to find several PATRONS, all women, in line at the register. She browses, peering into baskets, dozens of them, filled TEA LEAVES. One batch, with its deep shade of YELLOW, catches her attention.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Wolfsbane...

A bit startled, Claire turns to find a strikingly beautiful WOMAN standing beside her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
-- highly toxic to some. Harmless to others. I usually get it right.  
(off Sarah's smile)  
How can I help you?

SARAH  
Um, Claire Radcliff suggested I come by and see you.

WOMAN

Did she? For anything in particular?

SARAH

Well, I just moved here, my life is kind of upside down, and I'm feeling a little...

WOMAN

Worried?

Sarah pauses. "Worried?" Not the word she would have used, but now that she thinks about it...

SARAH

Yes.

WOMAN

Well, I've got just the thing...

The woman leads her over to a wall of SMALL DRAWERS.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But I need to start with some questions, the most personal being... your name.

SARAH

Oh, sorry. I'm Sarah. And you must be Peg.

WOMAN

Actually, I'm Devon. Peg has the shop across the street.

SARAH

Ohh...

DEVON

Don't worry about it. Tea is tea.

After one guilty glance over at the other tea shop, Sarah steps closer.

**EXT. SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

PANNING UP from an inter-squad scrimmage, we find Charlie and Dana watching as they pass by on their way home.

DANA

You know, this move would be a lot easier on both of us if you were a football star.

CHARLIE  
Doesn't seem so hard on you.

DANA  
Are you really that slow? I'm  
masking my true feelings with  
enthusiasm so dad doesn't feel so  
bad.  
(beat)  
You should try it.

UP AHEAD -- Andie and her fellow MOCK TRIAL MEMBERS are painting the walls of their "booth" when she spots Charlie.

ANDIE  
You're late!

Dana looks at Charlie. Late for what?

CHARLIE  
How can I be late when I haven't  
joined?

ANDIE  
Answering a question with a  
question. You're a natural.

Dana notes the brightening of Charlie's mood as he talks with Andie.

CHARLIE  
(takes in the "booth")  
I don't mean to rain on your  
parade, but it kinda looks like an  
interrogation room.

ANDIE  
Yeah, that's kinda the point.

Andie points to a sign: LIE DETECTOR \$5.00/question.

DANA  
You have an actual lie detector?

ANDIE  
Not yet, but Feldman's making one.

She looks over at FELDMAN, a geeked-out team member. He waves, absurdly proud.

CHARLIE  
So... people are gonna pay money to  
be caught in a lie?

ANDIE

No, they're going to pay money to catch someone else in a lie.

CHARLIE

And if this someone doesn't want to be caught?

ANDIE

Then...

(realizing he's right)

We won't have any customers. Oh my god...

Andie pulls Charlie aside; conspiratorially:

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. Please don't say anything. It was Feldman's idea, and he's really excited about it. Promise?

Andie still holds Charlie's hand; right now he'd promise her anything.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SAME**

Coming out of a huddle, Brett lines up in the middle-linebacker position. Quarterback, RILEY, takes position, eyes Brett.

RILEY

Yo, Brett. Your girl hookin' up with the new guy?

Riley motions over Brett's shoulder. Brett turns, sees Andie standing close to Charlie, talking, laughing...

BRETT

(shrugging it off)

She wants him for Mock Trial.

RILEY

She wants him for something...

Riley gives Brett a mocking wink -- and that does it. With the hike, Brett charges through the line, his breath growing more coarse and guttural with each step.

Riley fakes the hand-off, drops back when out of nowhere, Brett SLAMS INTO HIM with an animalistic growl, knocking him several yards through the air.

HEARING the HIT, Charlie and Andie turn and watch as COACHES and PLAYERS run to Riley's side.

BACK ON BRETT -- who turns away, trying to gather himself as COACH approaches from behind.

COACH

Creski!

When Brett fails to turn, Coach grabs him by the helmet, spins him around to reveal his RIGHT EYE now has the PIERCING YELLOWISH COLOR of a WOLF.

BRETT

Coach, I'm sorry, I --

Coach stares in shock. Then, much to our surprise, pulls him closer, whispers sternly --

COACH

*You lost a contact.*

Brett quickly lowers his head, self-conscious.

COACH (CONT'D)

In my office. Now.

Coach pushes him off the field, and as he backs away, Brett throws a sideways glance back toward Andie and Charlie.

ON ANDIE and CHARLIE -- stunned and confused...

CHARLIE

Is your boyfriend always that...?

ANDIE

No... Never.

A CAR HORN sounds -- She turns to see her dad VINCENT, (40), handsome, but certainly not the "exotic" half of Andie.

VINCENT

Come on, Andie, we're late.

ANDIE

Gotta go.

And as Andie heads off to the car --

**EXT. THE ART OF TEA - LATER**

Fast friends, Devon leads a grateful Sarah out the door.

DEVON

Now remember, two cups a day, no more, no less.

SARAH

Are you sure I can't give you something for this?

DEVON

Wouldn't hear of it. First batch is always free.

UNKNOWN POV: From across the street, watching the two women... REVERSE TO:

**EXT. TEA POT - DAY**

PEG MUELLER, attractive, but harder around the edges, watches Devon and Sarah as she adds flowers to her empty outdoor tables. And something in the way her dark eyes narrow makes us feel thankful Sarah wandered into the other shop...

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Brett is walking home alone when Lukas, the badass who bumped him in the hallway, rides up alongside on a BMX BIKE.

LUKAS

Heard about what happened at practice.

(enjoying himself)

Not like you Creski, to violate the "code."

Brett glances over at him.

BRETT

You're one to talk.

LUKAS

Look, I may not be a model citizen, but I've never revealed what I am inside The Gates. I know if do, I'm dead.

BRETT

I know how it works.

LUKAS

Really? Cause if you knew how it worked, you wouldn't be with Andie.

Brett stops, gets in Lukas' face.

BRETT  
Look, you wanna go, we'll go...

LUKAS  
(doesn't even flinch)  
Easy, we're just trying to help.

We're? Brett looks around to see MORE BMX RIDERS seemingly appearing out of nowhere at either end of the street.

LUKAS (CONT'D)  
Anyone other than Coach turns you around today, you wouldn't be standing here right now.

Knowing Lukas is right, Brett remains silent.

LUKAS (CONT'D)  
You need to come run with us.

BRETT  
I'm not doing anything with you.  
And last time I checked, running  
was a violation of the code.

LUKAS  
Inside the Gates, yeah. But  
outside... all bets are off.

Off Brett, no denying a part of him is tempted by the offer --

**INT. MONOHAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Nick, Sarah and the kids surround the table, eating.

DANA  
-- but most of them walk around like, been there, done that. But the smart clique, they all hang together. And they thought it was cool dad's the new police chief, so I think I'm gonna hang with them.

NICK  
Sounds good. How about you, Charlie?

DANA  
He met a girl.

SARAH  
Oh really?

CHARLIE

It's nothing. It's about some club. And she has a boyfriend.

Nick and Sarah share a glance. Then, only when she takes a sip, do we notice that Sarah is drinking something different than the rest.

NICK

What are you drinking?

SARAH

It's tea. A gift from Devon. She has a shop on Main Street.

NICK

A "gift"... for the wife of the police chief.

SARAH

Yes, sometimes people just give gifts, and expect nothing in return. Like the lasagna, which I haven't heard you complain about, was a gift from our neighbor Claire.

NICK

Claire Radcliff?

SARAH

How did you know?

NICK

I interviewed her today about a missing person.

SARAH

Are you suggesting she's a suspect in a crime?

NICK

She's a person of interest. Let's leave it at that.

On Sarah's face, we register the first flicker of concern that Nick is headed down an all too familiar road.

CHARLIE

(sees it too)

You know what? I think I'm done.

Charlie gets up, leaves the table. Sarah throws one last look at Nick, then turns her attention back to her plate.

**EXT. THE GATES - NIGHT**

A police cruiser rolls slowly past...

**INT. POLICE CAR**

Marcus at the wheel, scanning each and every driveway. Leigh rides shotgun, bored out of her mind.

LEIGH

How much longer do we have to do this?

MARCUS

Until we find the car.

LEIGH

But we're not gonna find the car. You know why? Because the car's not here. And I can pretty much guarantee what ever you "think" happened in the Radcliff interview, didn't actually happen.

MARCUS

Well I trust the chief's instincts over yours.

LEIGH

Oh yeah? You know he killed a guy.

MARCUS

I know the department ruled the shooting justified.

LEIGH

How do you "justify" shooting an unarmed man?

MARCUS

We don't know the circumstances.

LEIGH

My friend in Cook County DA's office does. Chief's off duty, way out of his precinct, in the middle of the night. Claims he saw a gun on a guy, and shoots, close range. Department rules it justified, yet he still resigns. So what do you think? Maybe his "instincts" took the night off?

MARCUS  
I think maybe we don't know the  
whole story.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

As the police car passes by, CAMERA holds on --

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - NIGHT**

-- the downstairs lights still on.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - KITCHEN**

With Claire waiting, Dylan lifts a freshly BAKED COOKIE from the pan, holds it to his nose, inhales.

DYLAN  
I don't smell anything. You sure  
it's enough?

CLAIRE  
I guess it depends on how many he  
eats.

Even more unsettled, Dylan walks out. Claire watches him go, then begins placing the cookies into a TIN, one by one.

**INT. BASEMENT - LATER**

In an extraordinary display of strength, Dylan drags the body across the floor, and up the stairs like an empty suitcase.

**EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

Stopping at the guard house on the way out, Claire hands EDDIE the COOKIE TIN.

CLAIRE  
A little treat for my favorite  
guard.

EDDIE  
You're kidding. What's the  
occasion?

CLAIRE  
Just trying a new recipe.

**INT. RADCLIFF GARAGE - NIGHT**

Removing Woodbury's shirt, Dylan puts it on, then tosses the body into the back of the Range Rover. From the back, he grabs a baseball cap, puts it on, and closes the gate.

**EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

Deep in a canyon, we peer up the slope of the mountain, stars in the distance. Suddenly, the night silence is shattered by the SCREAMING ENGINE of the Range Rover as it sails off the edge of the mountain, and into the night sky. Catching the nose as it lands, the truck tumbles end over end toward CAMERA, finally coming to rest against a stack of boulders.

Then, looking back up the hill, we see Dylan standing at the cliff's edge.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dylan makes his way down the slope, arrives at the crash site to find the drivers door open, and Woodbury's battered body hanging halfway out. After taking a moment to study the scene, he kneels down beside the body, sets the LEFT OVER BLOOD on the ground, and then, taking a deep breath, turns away, gathering courage for the unthinkable. Turning back, his fangs are revealed. And then, with startling ferocity, he tears into the body, ripping flesh from bone.

**EXT./ INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT**

Claire pulls over on the side a mountain road, searches the surrounding woods. Then, in the headlights, we see Dylan emerge from the canyon.

Claire climbs out as he approaches, and even she is shocked by the sight of her husband, bloodied and dirty.

CLAIRE

What happened?

DYLAN

It has to look like coyotes.

He passes her without another word, opens the trunk, and climbs in. Claire goes to the back, and is about to shut him in when they lock eyes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I hope it was worth it.

And as the trunk closes, enveloping us in darkness, we --

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Over BLACK, a PHONE RINGS. Light switches on to reveal --

**INT. NICK & SARAH'S BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN**

NICK

Hello? Yeah, okay, I'll be right in.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: VIDEO FOOTAGE OF EDDIE SLEEPING UNTIL THE IMAGE FREEZES.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Sitting in a chair before the monitor, Eddie turns to Nick, with Marcus and Leigh looking on.

EDDIE

I don't know what happened. Maybe I ate too much?

NICK

That's it? Police all over the state are looking for this guy, and you just let him drive right out?

Frustrated, Nick stands and is headed for the door when --

EDDIE

In my defense, sir, I doubt anyone could have one of Mrs. Radcliff's cookies without having ten.

NICK

(stops)

Mrs. Radcliff gave you cookies.

As Eddie explains, Marcus rewinds the tape.

EDDIE

Yeah, she does that every now and then, you know, for holidays and stuff. Last Christmas, she made these incredible...

MARCUS

Here she is, sir.

They all gather around to see VIDEO of Claire handing over the cookies, and then, after hesitating just a moment, pull away. Nick leans in for a closer look.

NICK  
 Wait, rewind to just before she  
 pulls away.  
 (Marcus does)  
 Now slow it down.

In SLOW MOTION, they ZOOM IN on Claire from the front angle.  
 Leaning forward, she glances up, directly into the lens.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Stop.  
 (stares at the image)  
 You see that? She's looking for  
 the camera.

**INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Nick leads Marcus and Leigh. If he suspected something was  
 going on before, now he feels sure of it.

NICK  
 I want a search warrant for the  
 Radcliff residence. Who's our  
 covering DA?

MARCUS  
 I'll have to check on that, sir.

NICK  
 You've never executed a search  
 warrant?

LEIGH  
 Old chief was very... respectful of  
 our residents privacy.

NICK  
 Old chief who's retired in Mexico?  
 (off Leigh, chastised)  
 Get me the warrant.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME**

Claire, Dylan and Emily surround the table, sharing a meal of  
 poached eggs, toast, and freshly squeezed juice. Minus the  
 nearly unbearable tension, it's a dream American family.

After an insufferable silence, Claire finally speaks up.

CLAIRE  
 The Bianchi's called again about  
 book club. It's Thursday nights,  
 once a month. They're starting  
 with Middlesex.

Dylan looks up from his newspaper, studies Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I think it's a good way for me  
to... keep busy.

DYLAN  
(grateful)  
That's a great idea, Claire. I'll  
pick up a copy after work.

And just like that, it's like the past two days never  
happened.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Amidst the STUDENTS spilling out of class, we find Charlie,  
moving with the throng, until he spots Andie, waiting.

ANDIE  
You got a minute?

Charlie stops, on the spot. Me?

CUT TO:

FINGERTIP MONITORS, then tracking along CABLES, over to a  
LAPTOP COMPUTER displaying a COLORED BAR GRAPH. Meet  
Feldman's LIE DETECTOR.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
So you're still going through with  
this.

**INT. SCHOOL LAB - SAME**

Empty except for Andie and Charlie, seated at a table.  
Charlie is noticeably nervous as Andie attaches the monitors.

ANDIE  
Feldman's committed. And in the  
event we do get a customer, we need  
to know the machine works.

CHARLIE  
Couldn't you just do this with one  
of your mock trial buddies?

Andie, oblivious to his discomfort --

ANDIE  
It works best if the operator and  
the subject are not familiar with  
each other.

CHARLIE  
And why's that?

ANDIE  
Because the effect that lying has  
on the body -- the increase in  
heart rate and blood pressure -- is  
similar to other types of emotional  
response.

Charlie forces a smile. Great.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
So here we go: is your name Charlie  
Monohan?

CHARLIE  
Yes.

ANDIE  
Okay, Charlie. Do you like prunes?

CHARLIE  
Yes.

ANDIE  
You were...supposed to answer "no."  
(off his look)  
So I can see the difference between  
a "yes" and a "no."

CHARLIE  
But I like prunes.

ANDIE  
In my entire life, I've never met  
anyone who likes prunes.

CHARLIE  
Oh. Okay...  
(beat)  
I hate prunes.

The machine CHIMES. ANDIE looks to see several BAR GRAPHS  
have reached into the red.

ANDIE  
(a little surprised)  
It really works.

CHARLIE  
Great. So we're done?

ANDIE

No, we're not done. And what are you so nervous about?

CHARLIE

I'm not nervous.

The lie detector CHIMES.

ANDIE

The machine disagrees. And your heart rate's up.

CHARLIE

(really squirming now)  
Yeah, because... I'm late for class. I gotta go.

Again -- CHIME. Andie looks at him -- what's going on here?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous. Your machine's all over the place. Like you said, it picks up on all sorts of other stuff.

ANDIE

(correcting)  
Other emotions.

They just stare at each other for a long beat.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Am I making you nervous?

CHARLIE

No.

The lie detector CHIMES. Andie turns to Charlie who looks away, embarrassed. And suddenly, Andie understands. He likes her.

ANDIE

(awkwardly)  
You know what, you're right...  
(disconnecting the machine)  
This machine is all over the place and no one is going to come to the booth anyway, so... thank you.

Flustered, Andie gathers up the computer and heads for the door. And off Charlie, head swimming...

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

Brett is standing with some FOOTBALL BUDDIES when he sees Andie exit the room, visibly rattled.

BRETT  
Hey -- you okay?

ANDIE  
(not meeting his eyes)  
Yeah, I'm just... late. I'll see you after school. Okay?

He watches her walk quickly down the hall, not sure what that was about until he sees CHARLIE exit the same room, make brief eye contact, then move off in the opposite direction.

**INT. ART OF TEA - DAY**

In a line of WOMEN leading to the counter, we find Sarah. As the woman in front moves aside, Sarah steps forward.

DEVON  
You're back.

SARAH  
Yeah, I ran out of the tea.

DEVON  
Already? I gave you a week's supply.

SARAH  
I know.

DEVON  
(concerned)  
Do you maybe have time for lunch?

**EXT. CAFE - LATER**

Lunch, as it turns out, is a bottle of WINE.

DEVON  
...so he comes in again, but very sad this time, and says the tea is finally working. I said, "Does that mean you're sleeping together again?" And he says, "No, she's sleeping with Jack, the pool man. Can I have my money back?"  
(Sarah laughs)  
My point is that tea can do a lot of things, but not everything.  
(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

So while I'm happy to give you more, I can't help but wonder if there's something else going on.

SARAH

Well, no, not really...

DEVON

(leans in slightly)

Why don't you tell me what happened in Chicago.

SARAH

Chicago? How did you...?

DEVON

I'm sorry. I just assumed there was a reason behind your move.

SARAH

Well, yeah, I mean, it was a really tough year...

Devon waits for more. And Sarah suddenly finds herself obliging.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Nick was involved in an... incident. A shooting. There were a lot of unanswered questions... and he came this close to being prosecuted. It got really bad for us, for the kids... bad to the point where I was...

(confesses)

I was scared Nick and I weren't gonna make it.

Sarah looks up, stunned that she has revealed so much.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't know why... I've never told that to anyone.

DEVON

Well you can tell me anything.

(beat)

You need someone to trust.

Devon reaches across the table and places a comforting hand over Sarah's. Sarah smiles, grateful.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Andie at her locker. Shutting the door, she is startled to find Brett, waiting.

BRETT  
So... did something happen with the new guy?

ANDIE  
What? No. We were testing the lie detector.

BRETT  
(concerned)  
You were really upset. Did he say something to you?

She looks in his eyes, and for the first time in their relationship, lies.

ANDIE  
No.

Brett studies her. ECU of her eyes, PUPILS DILATING ever so slightly. SOUND MAGNIFIES as he HEARS her BREATH QUICKEN...

BRETT  
You're lying to me.

ANDIE  
Brett...

WHAM! Brett SLAMS his fist against her locker door. Stunned, Andie turns from the now dented locker door back to Brett. *What the fuck?*

Surprised as well and feeling himself start to LOSE CONTROL, Brett backs away, runs down the hall.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Bursting in, Brett grabs hold of the sink, checks his face in the mirror. Nothing. Then, he looks down only to discover that his fingers have PIERCED the PORCELAIN. *Oh shit...*

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Charlie is walking down the empty hall when he HEARS something BREAK in the bathroom. Concerned, he approaches.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Charlie enters to find the lights out. He flips the switch. Nothing. Stepping forward, GLASS CRUNCHES beneath his feet. He looks up to find the overhead light broken.

CHARLIE

Hello?

Venturing around the corner, he finds one of the sinks partially SHATTERED, dangling from the wall. After a moment, a low, barely perceptible growl from within one of the stalls. Charlie steps closer...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay in there?

Silence. Charlie glances over at the damaged sink, spots something. Hair? Fur? He moves toward it, is almost there, when suddenly, a stall door SLAMS open behind him. Startled, Charlie spins to find himself FACE TO FACE with BRETT, a bit disheveled, but otherwise looking... human.

BRETT

Hey. What's up?

Brett pushes past him, turns the water on and washes away any remaining clue to his identity. Charlie eyes him, wary.

CHARLIE

I thought I heard something...

BRETT

Was like this when I came in.

Charlie nods, turns to go when --

BRETT (CONT'D)

So how do you like this place?

CHARLIE

I'm... figuring it out.

BRETT

Good.

(then, pointed)

So you must've figured out that Andie and I are together.

Feeling the threat behind the words, Charlie lets Brett pass without responding. And as the door shuts behind him --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY**

Nick approaches Leigh:

NICK

So where do we stand on that warrant?

LEIGH

DA's got it before Judge Hendricks.

NICK

Good. Stay on it.

Just then the front door opens. Nick looks up to find FRANK BUCKLEY, (50), entering with that "casual-but-loaded" look of an obscenely successful real estate developer.

NICK (CONT'D)

Mr. Buckley. How can I help you?

BUCKLEY

Just dropping by. I meant to be here yesterday to meet your family, but I got stuck on our expansion outside Seattle.

NICK

Not a problem.

BUCKLEY

How's the house? Did they finish landscaping out by the pool?

NICK

Just about.

BUCKLEY

Good, good...

(then, off-hand)

So I hear our "missing person" drove off last night.

NICK

Possibly. We couldn't identify *who* was driving the car.

BUCKLEY

Then maybe we need more cameras out by the gate. I mean, we can't go searching people's houses every time we screw up, right?

NICK

(catching on)

It's actually the D.A. who decides whether or not we can search a house.

For a moment, the two men face off. Then --

BUCKLEY

You know, Nick, when I built The Gates it attracted all sorts of people, but the one thing they had in common is that, for one reason or another, they didn't feel safe. They were willing to pay a premium for a place they could come home to at night, and feel protected from the dangers of the outside world.

NICK

I understand. But what if the problem is on the inside?

BUCKLEY

(stares a beat, then)

Look, we both know you don't answer to me. You answer to the town council. But I did explain to them that after what happened in Chicago, your approach here would be more *cautious*. That's the police chief they're expecting.

(beat)

I hope I didn't misrepresent you.

Nick holds his stare. So that's how it's gonna be.

NICK

Not at all, sir.

BUCKLEY

(smiles)

I'll get those landscapers out to your house this afternoon.

**INT. THE ART OF TEA - DAY**

Devon is grinding leaves, her back to the door, when suddenly she stands up straight, alert. A half-beat later, THE DOOR OPENS, bell clanging -- and in walks Peg.

PEG

(glancing around)

Are you alone?

DEVON

I was.

Devon resumes grinding...

PEG

You know why I'm here.

DEVON

Looking for customers?

PEG

(ignoring the dig)  
*She's the police chief's wife.*

Devon stops grinding and casually leans against the counter.

DEVON

And in one simple twist of fate,  
she walked through my door instead  
of yours.

PEG

I'm disappointed in you, Devon.  
We're supposed to help people with  
their problems, not exploit them.

DEVON

My customers aren't complaining.

PEG

Because they have no idea what your  
tea is doing to them.  
(reigning it in)  
Take my advice: leave Sarah Monohan  
alone.

DEVON

I'm not your pupil anymore, Peg.  
And your advice, quite frankly, is  
the last thing I would ever take.

Peg stares, incredulous. But before she can respond, a  
customer enters, and the conversation has come to an end.

**INT. MONOHAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A ringing PHONE answered by Nick, the rest of the family in  
the background getting dinner ready.

NICK

This is Nick.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT**

Leigh, alone, staring at a FAX.

LEIGH

Hey, Chief. We just got the fax.  
Search warrant's been denied.  
Insufficient evidence.

Nick is furious, but tries to keep it out of his voice.

NICK

Okay, thanks.

Nick hangs up to find Sarah staring:

SARAH

Everything alright?

NICK

Fine. I'll set the table.

Off Sarah, watching him go, knowing there's more...

**INT. MONOHAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah is asleep. Staring into the darkness, Nick couldn't be more awake. Finally, he climbs quietly out of bed.

**INT. NICK'S CAR - THE GATES - NIGHT**

Nick cruises along the immaculate streets. It's empty, eerie. Approaching the Radcliff house, Nick pulls to a stop. Stares. *Should I?* After a moment of deliberation, he opens the door...

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - NIGHT**

Nick approaches on foot, flashlight out. He heads up the driveway, then veers toward --

THE GARAGE. Tries the side door. Locked. Shines the light through the glass but sees nothing out of the ordinary. So he continues on to...

THE BACKYARD. A gardening sheds looms to his left. Nick carefully opens the door and peers in with the flashlight --

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM**

Claire SHOOTs UP in bed. Aware that prey is near, she slips out, careful not to wake her husband.

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

With inhuman SPEED and AGILITY, Claire moves silently across the room to the french doors. She peers outside...

CLAIRE'S POV: Nick crosses the patio, just a few feet away.

Ducking back out of sight, heart pounding, Claire moves through the house, tracking Nick until she reaches the SIDE DOOR, and slips quietly outside --

**EXT. SIDE YARD - SAME**

Claire moves along the wall toward the back patio... and a collision course with Nick. She reaches the corner and waits, ready to kill.

In the BACKYARD, Nick moves across the patio along the wall, oblivious to what awaits. With each step, he moves closer to the corner. Three steps to go. Two steps. One...

As Nick turns the corner... WHAM! A hand grabs his shoulder from behind. Nick spins, gun raised and finds himself face-to-face with... DYLAN. Time stops. Then --

NICK

That's a good way to get shot.

DYLAN

I believe you're the one trespassing.

NICK

We got a report of a prowler.

DYLAN

A prowler? In The Gates?

NICK

Probably just some kids messing around. But I had to check it out.

Nick is about to go around the corner, but Dylan stops him:

DYLAN

This way. The side gate is locked.

As the two men move away we TRACK BACK to reveal CLAIRE around the corner. Hungry, denied and deeply shaken.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - LATER**

Claire on the sofa, legs pulled to her chest, sickened and ashamed by her obvious loss of control.

Dylan paces, looks at her for a long beat. Then --

DYLAN

You would've killed him... the  
Chief of Police.

He waits for Claire to deny it. Or at least explain it. But she remains silent.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We can't do this anymore. I'm  
packing you a bag. You're leaving.

Claire looks up. Is he serious? He is, and he's heading for the stairs.

CLAIRE

Wait. I'll stop. I know I can get  
better.

DYLAN

Really? Like the last time? And  
the time before that?

CLAIRE

Dylan, please, you don't understand  
how hard this is for me.

DYLAN

How is this hard? I get us all the  
blood we need from the lab.

CLAIRE

It's not about the blood!

She gestures around at their house.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's about... the car pools, the  
school committees, the dinner  
parties, the book clubs... No  
matter how hard I try, I'm never  
going to "assimilate" like you want  
me to, not with these people.

DYLAN

I know you're struggling. But we have to try. Because that little girl upstairs is counting on you and me to be here when she wakes up. To love her, to protect her, to be her family.

(beat)

And if you can't do that for her, then I will.

Dylan starts to leave --

CLAIRE

You always blame me. You never take responsibility. Never.

Dylan stops, turns, finds Claire fighting tears.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You did this to me. You made me who I am.

The truth of her words sink into Dylan like hooks. As Claire dissolves into tears, Dylan takes her in his arms.

ON THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, we find Emily hiding in the shadows, listening, concern weighing on her face.

**INT. MONOHAN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nick quietly enters in the dark, hoping not to wake Sarah. Suddenly, the bedside lamp goes on. She's been waiting.

SARAH

Where were you?

NICK

On patrol.

SARAH

At three in the morning?

Nick doesn't say anything. Then it dawns.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Please tell me this had nothing to do with Radcliff's.

(he doesn't deny it)

In the middle of the night. Off duty, with your weapon --

NICK

Sarah --

SARAH

Sound familiar, Nick? We've been here three days and it feels like it's starting all over.

NICK

That's not fair. I would never put you through that again, put us through that. But you can't expect me not to do my job.

(beat)

Sarah, every instinct I have tells me there's something going on with those people.

SARAH

(pointed)

It was your instincts that almost cost us everything.

(beat)

I am trying so hard to move on, I really am. I stood by you; through the shooting, the investigation, the police review... I believed you, *even when I didn't know the truth about what happened.*

(beat)

I want to trust you, Nick... but I can't. Not until I know it won't happen again.

And with that, Sarah walks out, leaving Nick stung, contemplating her words.

**EXT. GATES - MAIN STREET- NEXT DAY**

Rising sun casts a warm glow on a LARGE BANNER hanging between two oak trees: "The Gates School, 10th Annual Autumn Fair." As MUSIC KICKS IN, we begin a SERIES OF SCENES --

**INT. PRECINCT - NEXT DAY**

Nick is at his desk, the Radcliff file open in front of him. Across the --

BULLPEN -- Marcus and Leigh sit at their desks, well aware of the Chief's mood. Finally, they see Nick get up, grabs his gun and coat, and head out the door.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

As the TEACHER lectures, Charlie looks toward Andie, clearly unsettled by the way things were left. Finally, despite knowing he shouldn't, he lifts his phone, begins TEXTING.

A moment later, Andie's phone vibrates. Holding it under her desk, she reads "Can we talk?". She turns to Charlie with a look that says "I just can't", then closes her phone.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Brett sits on the sidelines, watching the team practice. Looking toward the parking lot he sees Lukas and friends riding the rails on their BMX bikes. Off Brett, wavering between the two worlds...

**INT. RADCLIFF HOUSE - DAY**

Returning from work, Dylan climbs the stairs. Reaching the top, he stops, looks into Emily's room.

REVERSE TO Claire kneeling behind Emily, braiding her hair, relishing the simple, affectionate contact. Feeling his gaze, Emily and Claire turn. They smile, a family again. At least for now...

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - FAIR - DAY**

As booths, rides and food stands take shape, we find Devon and Peg arranging their separate booths just a few yards apart, ignoring each other completely.

**INT. MONOHAN HOUSE - DAY**

With her children swimming happily in the background, Sarah stands amidst BOXES, uncertain if it's even worth unpacking.

**INT. NICK'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

Parked a few houses down from the Radcliff's, Nick watches the house as Dylan, Claire and Emily emerge, looking for all the world like a normal American family.

As they head up the street, Nick turns his gaze to the now empty house. And off his look, we CUT TO --

FIREWORKS bursting in the night sky high above The Gates.  
PAN DOWN to --

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

-- where the Fair is in full-swing, a good sized CROWD milling around, enjoying the sights, sounds, and rides.

Sarah, Charlie and Dana approaching when they spot Nick waiting, just ahead.

SARAH  
I wasn't sure you'd make it.

NICK  
Wouldn't miss it.

Sarah eyes him, a bit skeptical, when Marcus hurries up.

MARCUS  
Chief? You got a sec?

Apologizing to Sarah with a look, Nick steps aside with Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I made some calls and I'm pretty sure I can get us that search warrant.  
(off Nick's look)  
After cocktail hour, Judge Freeman's pen tends to loosen up.

Nick looks over to find Sarah watching, waiting.

NICK  
Thanks but... we're not gonna need it.

MARCUS  
We're not?

NICK  
No.

Though full of questions, Marcus responds with a nod.

NICK (CONT'D)  
But Marcus... good work.

And as Nick returns to Sarah and the kids --

SARAH  
Everything okay?

NICK  
Yeah, it's fine. We're closing the Radcliff case.  
(beat)  
Not enough evidence.

Nick reaches out for her hand. Though there is much she'd like say, right now it's enough to take his hand, and wrap her fingers in his. And as they pass --

**PEG'S TEA BOOTH - NIGHT**

-- CAMERA finds Claire stepping up to the counter.

CLAIRE

Hi, Peg.

PEG

(sensing her troubles)  
Claire. Is everything alright?

CLAIRE

I need something to help with...  
cravings.

WOMAN (V.O.)

They can be a real bitch, huh?

Claire turns to find Devon, offering a knowing smile.  
Unintimidated, Claire smiles back.

CLAIRE

And so can you.

PEG

(to Claire)  
We can talk about this later.

DEVON

I think it's a little more urgent,  
Peg.  
(leans in to Claire)  
Jessica Cooper saw you put that car  
in your garage.

Too shocked to speak or even blink, Claire feigns calm.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I helped her forget,  
but who knows how long that will  
last.

Anger flares in Claire's eyes as she turns, primal,  
terrifying.

CLAIRE

I could end you, and you'd never  
see it coming.

DEVON

(doesn't even flinch)  
But that wouldn't really solve your  
problem, now would it?

Peg protectively reaches for Claire.

PEG  
 (to Devon)  
 This conversation's over.

DEVON  
 (to Claire)  
 Don't bother with Peg. She can't help. But I have exactly what you need. So stop by... anytime.  
 (smiles at both)  
 Enjoy the Fair, ladies.

And off Claire and Peg watching her go --

**EXT. FAIR - BOUNCE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dylan is watching Emily play when Frank Buckley steps up beside him. They share a friendly nod and turn back to the kids in the bounce house.

BUCKLEY  
 Sometimes I wish the whole world could be like that, a place where no one gets hurt.

DYLAN  
 Isn't that why we're here.

BUCKLEY  
 I hope so.

**EXT. FAIR - LIE DETECTOR BOOTH - NIGHT**

As Charlie predicted, not many takers, but Andie still tries.

ANDIE  
 Lie Detector here. Is she really satisfied? Does he honestly like that outfit? Find out the truth. Five dollars.

Passers-by keep walking, apparently not interested in the truth, until Charlie walks up. Andie cools.

CHARLIE  
 Hey, I was hoping we could talk, just for a second.

ANDIE  
 I'm kinda busy, so...

CHARLIE  
 If you want, I'll pay.

He puts five dollars on the table. Feldman moves to take it, but Andie snatches it up and says:

ANDIE

Not here.

**EXT. FAIR - MOMENTS LATER**

Charlie and Andie settle away from the crowd.

CHARLIE

Look, I didn't mean to freak you out yesterday. It's just that... I didn't want to leave Chicago, and I really didn't want to come here, but the one thing that's been cool about all this... is you.

(beat)

Now I understand where you are, and Brett made it clear how he feels about you, and the last thing I want to do is get in the middle...

ANDIE

But... you already have.

CHARLIE

I know, but what I'm trying to say is, I don't want whatever the lie detector may have picked up on to make you feel like you have to keep avoiding me, so --

ANDIE

Charlie, stop.

(waits, then confesses)

I didn't freak out because of how you feel about me. I freaked out because of how I might... feel about you.

Off Charlie, stunned by her admission, WE RACK PAST HIM a hundred feet away to find Brett LISTENING, his heart breaking with every word. Then --

FELDMAN (O.S.)

Andie! We have a customer!

Andie and Charlie look at each other. Now what?

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**EXT. FAIR - NIGHT**

Late, but the festival shows no signs of slowing down.

UNKNOWN POV as Charlie moves through the crowd, making his way out.

ON BRETT alone by the game booths, watching Charlie go. With a chilling sense of purpose, he follows.

**EXT. THE GATES - STREET - LATER**

Charlie walks alone down a quiet street and turns a corner. Brett follows, one block back.

When Charlie turns another corner, Brett heads down a parallel street, accelerates to a fast but effortless gait.

**EXT. THE GATES - PARK -- NIGHT**

Charlie enters this large neighborhood park bordered by woods. He crosses through an open, grass-covered field.

IN THE WOODS -- Brett tracks him, concealed by trees...

IN THE CLEARING -- Charlie HEARS something RUSTLE behind him. He stops, turns toward the woods, listens... Nothing. He begins to move on when a VOICE CALLS OUT --

ANDIE  
(loud whisper)  
Charlie!

Charlie turns to see Andie emerging from the shadows between two giant oak trees.

CHARLIE  
So...

ANDIE  
So...

IN THE WOODS: BRETT watches as Charlie reaches, touches her cheek. Overwhelmed by his emotions, Brett buries his face in his hands. But upon looking back up, his eyes are now yellow...

ON CHARLIE AND ANDIE about to kiss, when --

IN THE WOODS: BRETT -- now fully transformed into a WEREWOLF-- can't hold himself back.

He's ready to sttsck when suddenly, ANOTHER WEREWOLF LUNGES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND KNOCKS HIM OUT OF FRAME!

ON CHARLIE AND ANDIE -- as the SOUND of a brief but intense animal fight comes from the woods. They both turn...

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
What was that?

CHARLIE  
No idea.

ANDIE  
Well...

CHARLIE  
Let's get outta here.

IN THE WOODS -- Brett, now back IN HUMAN FORM, looks up at Lukas, also in human form, who holds him pinned to the ground.

LUKAS  
Not now. Not like this.

**EXT. GATES - STREET - NIGHT**

Dylan drives along a dark empty street when BLUE AND RED LIGHTS appear behind him. Glancing into his rearview mirror, he pulls over, waits. Then Leigh appears at his window.

LEIGH  
Where you headed so late?

DYLAN  
Cough medicine. For my daughter.

LEIGH  
You sure you want to leave your wife at home... by herself?

He looks at her: *what's that supposed to mean?*

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
I know what's going on, Dylan.

Though gripped by fear, he remains calm:

DYLAN  
And what's that?

LEIGH  
 Your wife... is sleeping around.  
 And let's just say she's not very  
 good at covering her tracks.

Relieved -- but not about to show it -- he turns to her:

DYLAN  
 Is this police business?

LEIGH  
 No, it's personal. And if you need  
 someone to talk to, I'm still here.

DYLAN  
 (gently)  
 That's over, Leigh.

LEIGH  
 (sincere)  
 It doesn't have to be.

DYLAN  
 Good night... officer.

She nods, walks back to her cruiser, leaving Dylan  
 unsettled...

**INT. BATES HOUSE - ANDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Andie returns from the park. Though conflicted about her  
 situation, she can't deny the excitement of the evening.

She slips off her sweater, revealing a camisole, and takes a  
 seat at her vanity table. She takes a brush and reaches up  
 to run it through her hair when the edge of her camisole  
 creeps up revealing an odd mark on her side.

Andie leans into the light, lifts the camisole further to  
 reveal a PATCH OF RAISED GREEN SCALE-LIKE SKIN. What is  
that? She cautiously touches it. Doesn't hurt. Concerned.

ANDIE  
 Dad... DAD!!

Moments later, her father appears in the doorway. And from  
 the look on his daughter's face, he looks down at the mark.

ANDIE (CONT'D)  
 What is this?

Dad steps closer, kneels down beside her. He examines the  
 skin with a disturbing look of resignation.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Dad?

He takes a moment to meet her gaze. Then --

VINCENT

The first thing you need to know is that no matter what happens, I will always love you.

Andie stares, now too frightened to speak.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm afraid there's something about your mother I haven't told you...

And off the face of a girl who has no idea how her life is about to change --

**INT. MONOHAN HOUSE - NICK & SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nick and Sarah are asleep when, on the night stand, NICK'S CELL PHONE RINGS. Nick fumbles for it, answers:

NICK (INTO PHONE)

Monohan...

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- CANYON -- NIGHT**

BRIGHT LIGHTS illuminate the CANYON as Nick, Marcus and Leigh make their way down a very familiar looking slope...

LEIGH

They said there's a car about twenty yards over that ridge.

Nick approaches the STATE COP in charge:

NICK

Got an ID?

STATE COP

John Doe for now. Maybe you can help us out...

Nick, Marcus and Leigh make their way to THE BODY, already wrapped in sheets. Nick pulls back the cover revealing a perfectly preserved corpse. It's not Mark Woodbury. And the condition of the body makes it clear: this isn't Claire and Dylan's work.

STATE COP (CONT'D)

Weird. Coyotes left him alone. He doesn't have a scratch on him.

NICK  
Not our guy.

He glances up at Marcus and Leigh -- both of whom stare at the body in shock.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What?

Marcus turns to him like he's been punched in the gut.

MARCUS  
It's Phelps -- *our old Chief.*

As Nick stares at his predecessor's dead face, that suspicious instinct surfacing again, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RADCLIFF HOUSE -- MORNING**

Much like our opening, we find Emily awaiting her carpool at the top of the drive. Beside her, she rolls her skateboard with her hand, back and forth, back and forth...

Claire sits atop a landscape stone, lost in thought.

UP THE STREET -- Emily sees a car rounding the corner. She glances briefly at her mother, then back at the car. With her hand on the board, she waits... waits... waits and then, with one gentle push, sends it rolling down the driveway.

It takes a moment for Claire to notice. But when she does, she stands, just in time to see the car screech to a stop.

Claire turns to her daughter, stunned by her behavior.

CLAIRE  
Emily!

EMILY  
It's okay Mommy. I won't tell.

As mother and daughter stare at the car, one conflicted, the other not, we reach --

THE END