

THE PILGRIMAGE

PILOT

"The Other World"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Occasional shards of moonlight penetrate the towering pine trees and reach the forest floor.

Two FIGURES traverse the forest, in head to toe fleece, carrying recording equipment and mountain climbing gear:

PROF. SCOTT REDFIELD, late 40s, rotund, huffing, annoyed and DR. DEBORAH ATLAS, same age, arrogant - her hiking outfit adorned with an Hermes scarf.

They navigate the moonlit maze of trees - twigs and pine needles SNAPPING underfoot.

Other than their FOOTSTEPS, it is eerily quiet. PROF. REDFIELD notices the silence:

PROF. REDFIELD
Hear that? No owls, no nothing.
(beat)
What happened to the animals?

With barely disguised disdain:

DR. ATLAS
How should I know? I'm not a
zoologist...

Before DR. ATLAS can continue her rant, she stops, spotting something in the distance:

DR. ATLAS (CONT'D)
Wait... I think I see it.

She removes an iPhone from her pocket, hits 'Record', then into the phone:

DR. ATLAS (CONT'D)
Entry three forty-six. It appears
that the coordinates were
accurate...
(beat)
...I think we've found Berenson's
lab. End entry three forty-six.

DR. ATLAS and PROF. REDFIELD walk towards a cluster of damaged buildings, remnants of an ad-hoc research facility.

They're focused on one building in particular:

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT

After sustaining significant structural damage, it's now little more than a ruin.

The far wall has collapsed completely, opening the room to the dark forest beyond.

Along the wall that's still standing, DR. ATLAS sets up a digital camera on a tripod, and a portable Klieg light. She points both at the forest.

PROF. REDFIELD, secures a mountain-climbing rope around a column, then clips himself to the line.

DR. ATLAS quickly follows suit. She clips herself to the line, then confirms the clip's SNAPPED into place.

PROF. REDFIELD takes a deep breath to calm himself, then turns back to ATLAS:

PROF. REDFIELD
We're really doing this?

DR. ATLAS
This is the end of a long journey.
(beat)
We just have to take this final
step.

While they're facing one another, the darkness in the forest ahead of them moves.

DR. ATLAS and REDFIELD turn and face forward, just missing the mysterious movement ahead of them.

DR. ATLAS removes her iPhone, and taps 'Record':

DR. ATLAS (CONT'D)
Entry three forty-seven. We've
finished final preparations: double-
checked the ephemeris, the time-
table, and taken the necessary
safety precautions.
(beat)
We're initiating 'The Berenson
Protocol'. End entry three forty-
seven.

They nod to one another, then securely fastened to the line, walk past the remains of the collapsed wall, into the heart of the...

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

...gradually unspooling the rope behind them as they go.

The night air is suddenly filled with a strange, multi-layered HUM; the source not readily identifiable.

REDFIELD and ATLAS hear it. They exchange a concerned look, but keep moving forward.

Despite the illumination from the Klieg, once they're just a few meters beyond the wall, they step into the dense foliage and...

...disappear completely.

Behind them, the rope seems to levitate in mid-air, like a magic trick.

SUPER TITLE CARD: **THE PILGRIMAGE**

CLOSE: Pages arranged in an enormous mosaic. Yellowed newspaper clippings, the words 'mysterious disappearances', 'Seven Rivers', leap out at us from the headlines.

Next to the newspaper clippings: a roadmap. A serpentine route has been highlighted.

Notations have been made at various stops; but the beginning of the route is designated: The Hollow Lands.

The pages of this mosaic have been painstakingly arranged and taped to the wall of a:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Simple, orderly, like a monk's cell.

The strange HUM is in here too.

The cell's lone occupant is a PRISONER, 70s, disheveled gray hair, orange jumpsuit, darkly wizened: he's a lifer.

He presses his fingertips into the pages arranged on the wall as if he could absorb the information by osmosis.

He stops, looks around, as if speaking to the HUM or someone we can't see. The timbre of his voice is unsettling, but his tone is almost paternal:

PRISONER

I see you, young 'Pilgrim'. Taking
your first steps onto 'The Path'.

(MORE)

PRISONER (CONT'D)

(beat)

But you're not like Redfield and Atlas, are you?

(beat)

You've been careful, taken precautions, even studied my methods...

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A heavy-set, brutish, CORRECTIONS OFFICER walks down the cell block, barking out commands:

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Lights out!

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The PRISONER hears the command, a beat, and the lights in the block go out. Except for the faint glow of dim moonlight, the cell's plunged into near total darkness.

The PRISONER stands in the middle of his cell, cloaked in shadow, still talking to someone or something we can't see:

PRISONER

... the most important thing to learn from my example is this: The place you are venturing into, contains unimaginable dangers, and to navigate it successfully, you need...

With this, his lips twist into a smile that makes your skin crawl.

INT. EXAM ROOM - MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE - POCKET: The name DR. LEAH DUNLAP-MURPHY stitched in black thread. On a lab coat worn by:

A woman in her mid-30s, smart, competent, dependable. The type of person you'd trust with your life.

PRISONER (V.O.)

... 'The Guide'.

LEAH stands next to an exam table, and a very nervous 6 year old patient, MEGAN, and her equally nervous MOTHER.

MEGAN looks up at LEAH, wearing a serious, worried expression.

MEGAN
I don't like shots.

LEAH
You know what? I don't either, but it's only going to sting for a moment, then the shot is going to make sure you don't get sick. You don't like getting sick do you?

MEGAN
No.

LEAH
Megan can you be brave for me?

MEGAN summons her courage.

MEGAN
It's only going to hurt a second?
You promise?

LEAH
I promise.

With that, she rolls up MEGAN'S sleeve, gently places the tip of the needle against her shoulder. MEGAN looks away.

Just before inserting the needle, a far away look crosses LEAH'S face, as her thoughts drift elsewhere.

The NURSE notices first, then MEGAN'S mother. The NURSE speaks up, in attempt to simultaneously get LEAH'S attention and cover for her:

NURSE
Doctor... do you need something?

This brings LEAH back into the moment. She sees MEGAN still turned away, while the NURSE and MOTHER look at her questioningly. She returns her focus to the task at hand.

LEAH
Okay, Megan. You ready?

MEGAN nods. LEAH gently inserts the needle. MEGAN winces - silently.

LEAH presses the plunger and just as delicately withdraws the syringe.

LEAH (CONT'D)

All done.

MEGAN smiles, proud of herself:

MEGAN

That wasn't so bad.

LEAH

No. You were a very brave girl.

Her own words unintentionally trigger something within LEAH. She gets that far away look in her eyes again.

The NURSE fishes out a lollipop to MEGAN, but before offering it first checks with her MOTHER.

NURSE

Is this okay?

MOTHER

I don't like to give her too much sugar.

MEGAN looks imploringly at her MOTHER.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

But I guess under the circumstances.

MEGAN smiles triumphantly and the NURSE hands her the lollipop.

LEAH

(more serious)

You were very brave. Just like you promised.

MEGAN eagerly unwraps the lollipop, pain already mostly forgotten:

MEGAN

Just like I promised.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Cheerful: children's paintings and crayon drawings adorn the walls, a few toys on the table.

At the front desk, the NURSE is making some final entries into the computer, when LEAH appears at the desk, wearing on a light jacket - en route to the door.

NURSE
You done for the day, Doctor?

LEAH
I'm done. Dr. Azar is covering me
this weekend.

The NURSE can't help but ask:

NURSE
Is everything alright, Doctor
Murphy?

LEAH'S a bit embarrassed.

LEAH
I kind of spaced out back there.
(beat)
Maybe I need this long weekend more
than I thought.

The NURSE smiles, but their expression suggest they aren't
completely convinced her answer.

NURSE
Get some rest this weekend and
don't forget to enjoy yourself.

LEAH
I will. I'll see you next week.

As LEAH turns to leave, the NURSE'S smile is replaced by
concern.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - SOHO - DAY

The front doors open, and LEAH steps onto a sidewalk crowded
with TOURISTS, SHOPPERS, and OFFICE WORKERS.

They're on their way to the Apple Store, happy hour, or home
to their loved ones.

LEAH heads to the...

INT. SPRING STREET TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A crowded subway platform. LEAH waits for the arrival of the
'C' train.

A crowded train pulls into the station, the doors open
revealing RIDERS (some still masked) packed like sardines.

LEAH
(softly to herself)
Fantastic.

She squeezes into the car, carving out a few inches of space for herself seconds before:

MTA RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
...stand clear of the closing
doors...

EXT. WAVERLY STREET - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A tree-lined block in Fort Greene. The street lined with beautiful earth-toned brownstones.

ON #347 WAVERLY

A visibly tired LEAH, mounts the stairs home, as a dark van marked 'Tuktu Landscaping' drives down the street.

It passes by quickly. Blink and you miss it.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE - BOOK COVER: Featuring a black & white picture of the author: CAMERON MURPHY, mid-30s, bookish - but fit, smiling.

The author himself, is nearby at his desk - surrounded by stacks of research text - staring into a laptop screen, and judging by his expression - not happy with what he sees. His concentration is interrupted by:

LEAH (O.S.)
I'm home, Mister Murphy.

He looks up to find a smiling but tired LEAH leaning against the doorframe.

CAMERON
Hello there Doctor Dunlap-Murphy.

It's so cute it borders on obnoxious. Then he examines her more closely:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
You look tired.

LEAH
(feigning insult)
Hey!

CAMERON
Gorgeous, of course, but tired.
Long day?

LEAH
Fridays usually are.

CAMERON
Relax for a few. Already started
dinner, it'll be ready in about
half an hour.

LEAH
(smiling)
You're the best.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

A well-used 'cook's kitchen'. CAMERON and LEAH sit at the marble counter, finishing dinner, with a bottle of white wine, and a laptop nearby.

LEAH
How was the world of historical
mysteries today?

CAMERON
When I started the book, I had a
theory that linked the Mary
Celeste, Anjikuni, and Roanoke
Colony...

CAMERON sets down his utensils, and focuses his full attention on LEAH; his frustration evident:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
... but I can't find enough
evidence to support my theory, and
without a theory, without a 'take',
there's no book...

LEAH'S tone shifts, still supportive, but serious:

LEAH
What happens if you can't deliver a
draft?

CAMERON
They ask for the advance back.
(beat)
(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

'Ask' is a polite way of saying
'Give us our money back or we'll
sick our litigation happy lawyers
on you'.

He notices that despite the serious topic, her attention is drifting away:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Did you just hear the part about us
possibly getting sued? You okay?

(beat)

I know you've been really busy, but
hon, you haven't been yourself,
especially the last couple of
weeks. You seem distracted.
Preoccupied. We haven't even slept
together in awhile. What's going
on?

LEAH

It's really just work.

CAMERON

I don't think it is. It's something
else... something you don't want to
share.

(beat)

Are you having an affair?

She takes a sip of wine, her tone becomes lighter to allay his concerns.

LEAH

Of course not. I love you more than
anything in the world. You know
that don't you?

He nods. He appreciates hearing the words, but a seed of doubt remains. He appears to need more reassurance, which she offers:

LEAH (CONT'D)

Honey, I'm not having an affair,
I'm just overworked and very tired.

She takes his hand in hers:

LEAH (CONT'D)

A weekend in The Vineyard'll be
good for both of us.

(beat)

(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)

See Jeff and Tanya, go to the beach... and spend some time with my husband.

Despite her assurances, CAMERON still seems slightly unsatisfied with her answer. Realizing no other explanation is forthcoming, he stands, goes to the sink, starts on the dishes and changes the topic again:

CAMERON

What time is Pete coming tomorrow?

LEAH

He says we need to be on the road by eight.

Her eye lids are heavy, she yawns, looks at her watch:

LEAH (CONT'D)

Think I'm going to turn in.

He pretends to focus on washing dishes:

CAMERON

I'll put away the dishes, then I'll be up in a few.

LEAH rises from her stool, goes to the sink, lightly kisses him on the cheek, before heading upstairs.

He watches her leave, clearly concerned.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

CAMERON enters the bedroom, to find LEAH lying on her stomach, still dressed, but already fast asleep.

He looks over at his wife sleeping and smiles with a mixture of tenderness and concern. He makes certain she's covered with enough blankets, then tip-toes out of the room, closing the door softly behind him...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...before settling on the couch, watching TV, mesmerized by the imagery of Tarkovsky's "Stalker".

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, LEAH is fast asleep, but her expression suggests her sleep isn't entirely peaceful.

EXT. COASTAL RAINFOREST - ALASKAN WILDERNESS - SUNSET

The setting sun lends a warm orange glow to a cluster of majestic western hemlock, red and yellow cedar trees.

CLOSE - CHILD'S FEET: In untied tennis shoes -- walking uncertainly across the forest floor, twigs and needles CRUNCHING underfoot.

Those FEET belong a YOUNG GIRL of 6 (too young to be wandering around the forest alone), precocious, sweet-faced - wearing a dreamy expression.

She turns to address her hiking companion:

YOUNG GIRL
Where are we going?

Her hiking companion is a majestic BLACK-TAILED BUCK, standing five feet high, magnificent antlers stretching another four feet into the air, its golden coat glowing in the twilight.

There is a fierce intelligence, and subtle malevolence, at work behind its glistening black eyes.

Much to our surprise, it turns to the YOUNG GIRL and responds, without opening its mouth:

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
Deep into the forest.

She looks at the sky - the sun hovering just above the horizon, then back at their two other traveling companions: a MOOSE and CARIBOU.

She turns back to the BLACK-TAILED BUCK.

YOUNG GIRL
But it's getting dark out. I'm not allowed out after dark.

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
Your Mommy said it was okay, just this one time.

YOUNG GIRL
She did? She never lets me stay out past dark.

The BLACK-TAILED BUCK adopts a more soothing tone.

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
 This time it's okay. You see, we're
 going on...
 (pausing for dramatic
 effect)
 ...an adventure.

Hearing this, the YOUNG GIRL becomes curious.

YOUNG GIRL
 An adventure?

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
 Yes, we're going to a magical
 place.

Her sadness vanishes, replaces by a mixture of curiosity and
 anticipation.

YOUNG GIRL
 I like magic!

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
 Well, this place is filled with
 magic.

The YOUNG GIRL claps her hands and jumps up and down with
 excitement.

YOUNG GIRL
 FILLED WITH MAGIC?!!

The subtle malevolence temporarily bubbles to the surface:

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
 Yes, Leah... it's filled with
 wondrous things... you'll see...

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

LEAH, who we now realize was the YOUNG GIRL, lies in her bed.

As she slowly re-surfaces from the depths of the dream - the
 words of the BLACK-TAILED BUCK still echo through her head.

BLACK-TAILED BUCK (V.O.)
 ...you'll see...

CAMERON rolls over, and making contact with LEAH'S body -
 slides his hand between her arm and torso, seeking her
 stomach, then moving lower...

CAMERON
Hmmm. Good morning.

His hand disappears inside her panties, as he plants kisses on her shoulder making his way up to her neck. He glances at the alarm clock on the nightstand:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I think we still have a little time
before Pete gets here.

Discomfited by his touch, LEAH grabs his hand.

LEAH
No... I'm sorry honey.

He immediately stops, desire now replaced by concern.

CAMERON
What's wrong?

She has difficulty articulating the profound unease created by her dream. When she doesn't respond, CAMERON notices that LEAH has drifted off again.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Hon... you with me?

His voice brings her back to the present. She responds slowly, still waking from the dream:

LEAH
I'm sorry, babe... weirdest
thing...
(beat)
... seemed like it was a memory
from when I was a kid.
(beat)
I was back... in Alaska... walking
in the woods with...

She struggles to remember:

LEAH (CONT'D)
...with... a deer...

CAMERON watches LEAH grapple with the surreal imagery from her dream.

LEAH (CONT'D)
... but it wasn't a deer. Something
about it was... wrong.
(beat)
(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)

But it didn't feel like a memory,
it felt like, an omen, of
something, something that's
coming...

CAMERON

What's coming?

She shakes her head, as if a part of her doesn't want to
explore the possibilities.

LEAH

Something terrible...

Before CAMERON can interrogate this further, they're
interrupted by a familiar voice from downstairs.

PETE (O.S.)

Hey, guys! Rise and shine!

INT. STAIRS - LATER

Now fully dressed, CAMERON and LEAH make their way
downstairs, CAMERON holding a small weekend bag and LEAH'S
larger suitcase.

At the bottom of the stairs, LEAH turns toward the kitchen -
passing a wall lined with books, while CAM sets the bags down
near the front door then follows her into:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Where LEAH'S brother PETER DUNLAP, early 30's, handsome,
physically fit, meticulous, not a hair out of place, stands
near the coffee pot, cup in hand. LEAH kisses him
affectionately on the cheek.

LEAH

Good Morning.

PETE and CAMERON give each other a lot of grief, but there's
clearly respect and genuine affection between them.

CAMERON

Pete.

PETE

Cam.

CAM pours himself a cup of coffee. PETE is already picking up
their bags.

PETE (CONT'D)
If we don't hit the road in the
next half hour, we'll get caught in
rush hour traffic.

Largely ignoring him, CAMERON moves to the refrigerator and
removes some eggs and orange juice.

PETE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CAMERON
What's it look like I'm doing? I'm
making breakfast.

PETE
Didn't you hear what I just said?

CAMERON
I heard it, I just chose to ignore
it.

PETE
We don't have time, we have to hit
the road.

PETE checks his watch.

PETE (CONT'D)
It's seven-thirty now, it'll take
us seven hours to reach the
Vineyard. We have to leave now to
make it in time for the rehearsal
dinner.

LEAH does a quick calculation.

LEAH
He's right. Ninety-Five on a Friday
will be a nightmare.

CAMERON
I can't even grab breakfast?

LEAH
We really should get going now.

With that LEAH and PETE head toward the front door.

CAMERON
You always do that.
(beat)
How about taking my side once in a
while?

Realizing he's been out-voted, CAMERON resigns himself to no breakfast and follows them toward the door.

EXT. WAVERLY STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY

A sunny, warm, late spring day.

PETE'S Dodge flatbed truck is parked at the curb.

The cab has two rows of seats. PETE loads their bags into the back, then slams it shut. As everyone climbs in, PETE slaps CAMERON on the back good-naturedly:

PETE

We'll stop on the way... just have to get ahead of this traffic... and out of the city, first.

INT. PETE'S TRUCK - 1-95 NORTH - LATER

The empty fields of Rhode Island roll by the windows, with PETE at the wheel, LEAH reviewing patient records on a laptop - and a bored and hungry CAMERON in the back seat.

CAMERON

Would someone remind me why we aren't flying again?

PETE

The flights to the Vineyard all have a six hour layover at Logan. Faster to drive.

CAMERON

At least sitting in Logan, I could eat some shitty, overpriced sushi.

CAMERON studies Yelp on his phone:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

...I actually found a place nearby
..in Seven Rivers...called Lethe.
Menu looks good.

PETE can't help but take advantage of the opportunity to tease CAMERON a little:

PETE

Is this going to be one of those bullshit places where every other word on the menu is 'artisanal' or 'locally sourced'...

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

what's wrong with a HotPocket and some Mountain Dew?

CAMERON

Nothing, if you're teenager.

(beat)

Just because we're not in the city doesn't mean I'm suddenly going to start eating like shit.

The friendly ribbing continues unabated:

PETE

What was that place you took me to in the East Village? What was that thing they did?

CAMERON

Molecular gastronomy.

PETE

(chuckling)

It was like an imitation of food. I had to get pizza after dinner cause I was still hungry.

(beat)

If this is another 'molecular gastronomy' place, I will leave your ass in Rhode Island.

PETE laughs, while CAMERON fake laughs in the backseat.

LEAH

You two are worse than most of my patients... who are literally children.

CAMERON

C'mon, hon... you're a doctor, you should be encouraging him to take better care of himself. Talk some sense into him.

LEAH

Talking sense to my brother hasn't worked in the last thirty years, no reason it'll start working now.

PETE

I just want to get to the Vineyard and hang out.

CAMERON

And by 'hang out' you mean get
hammered and hit on bridesmaids.

LEAH laughs at that.

PETE

And what's wrong with having some
drinks and making a new friend?

CAMERON

The way you do it?

PETE

What the hell are you talking
about?

CAMERON

You have no chill.

(beat)

If you weren't always so focused on
getting laid, just relaxed a little
bit...you might actually get laid
once in awhile.

PETE

What do you know?

CAMERON

May I remind you that I convinced
your sister, who is way out of my
league by the way, to marry me?

She doesn't want to miss out on the banter, and gently ribs
both of them:

LEAH

I am way out of his league... so
clearly he knows what he's talking
about.

(to PETE)

Just be your usual wonderful self
and the ladies will come running.

CAMERON

That is terrible advice.

(to PETE)

Be anyone but yourself.

EXT. ROAD - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Which is almost rural, sparsely populated. Both sides of the
road lined with thick wooded areas.

PETE'S TRUCK makes a left, turning onto a second road.

INT. PETE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

CAMERON, still annoyed and still navigating from the backseat.

CAMERON
It should be right up here on the right.

And a small out of the way restaurant appears on the right. PETE pulls the car into the:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

They walk through the lot, gravel CRUNCHING underfoot, past a dark van marked 'Tuktu Landscaping'. When they're almost at the door, LEAH stops and looks behind her, as if she senses something.

CAMERON
Hon? You okay?

LEAH
Yeah... I just...

She's embarrassed by her paranoia:

LEAH (CONT'D)
Never mind.

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - LETHE - DAY

Rustic, but upscale. A large main dining room, with light absorbing dark wood walls. The entrance to a smaller, rear dining room, visible through an opening on the right wall.

The HOSTESS leads them through the main dining room, they walk by:

An elderly woman, MRS. OSBOURNE, and her brow-beaten daughter, HAZEL, mark their passing - but are careful not to follow them with their eyes.

A curmudgeonly man in his 50s, TOM GEIGER, sulkily eating alone at a table near the back.

They exit the main dining room and continue on into the:

INT. REAR DINING ROOM - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

Before sitting them at a table, on the other side of a noisy, chaotic kitchen.

HOSTESS
Enjoy your meal.

LATER

Their examination of the menu is interrupted by the approach of an attractive red-headed waitress: TRACY, bright, wholesome, late 20s, makes PETE reply:

TRACY
I'm Tracy, I'll be your server today.

PETE
Well, hello there, Tracy.

CAMERON rolls his eyes.

CAMERON
Here we go.

He looks down at the menu, then back at TRACY:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Uh...Tracy, is it? Can I get the scallops on pea puree?

LEAH
That sounds good. I'll have the same.

TRACY
(cheerful)
Good choice.

LEAH turns to TRACY:

LEAH
Where's your restroom?

TRACY
Around the corner to your right.

LEAH
(to CAMERON)
Back in a minute.

She kisses him on the cheek, rises from the table, squeezes past TRACY and disappears around a corner. Meanwhile PETE is focused on his 'mission': flirting with TRACY.

PETE

So, uh Tracy, what do you do in your spare time?

She subtly eyes him, suggesting the attraction is mutual.

TRACY

I don't even remember what 'spare time' is.

(beat)

Master's at Brown. I'm either here or at 'The Ath' doing research.

INT. BATHROOM - LETHE - DAY

LEAH is at the sink, washing her hands, when the door opens. She looks at the person entering, and a strange expression appears on her face.

INT. REAR DINING ROOM - LETHE - DAY

TRACY is still at their table, amused by CAMERON and PETE'S back and forth:

CAMERON

(to TRACY)

So you're post-grad?

(to PETE)

Which would, hypothetically, make you both much too intelligent and much too young to date an old, broken, down vet.

TRACY can't help but laugh at his not too subtle dig; then in the interest of being diplomatic stifles the laugh. PETE ignores the jibe and turns to TRACY:

PETE

Well, unlike my brother-in-law, I'm a feminist... and I believe an intelligent young woman such as yourself is perfectly capable of deciding who she spends her free time with.

CAMERON

Oh, you're a feminist now?

He gets up from the table, then it's CAMERON'S turn to suppress a smile as he says:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I feel like I'm leaving the scene
of an accident...

He wanders toward the back door.

EXT. LETHE - CONTINUOUS

The sun has disappeared behind the clouds. The sunny day has become gray and overcast.

CAMERON, stands idly near the back of the restaurant -- looks at heavy clouds overhead, before checking his watch.

CAMERON
Okay that should have given him
enough time to crash and burn.

He's about to turn and re-enter the restaurant, when he sees: LEAH walking past the dumpster, away from the restaurant.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Hon!

She doesn't answer, but keeps walking before disappearing between cars in the parking lot.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Leah!

He heads back into the restaurant:

INT. REAR DINING ROOM - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

And returns to the table, to find PETE grinning broadly.

PETE
What can I say, you know I got a
thing for red-heads. Speak of the
devil...

They're interrupted when TRACY returns with their lunch. She sets the plates on the table, before sneaking a sly grin at PETE.

PETE (CONT'D)
If you come up this weekend, give
me a call.

She smiles, then walks away. PETE'S worked up an appetite and immediately digs into his lunch.

PETE (CONT'D)
(with a mouthful of food)
She's totally into me.

CAMERON
Color me skeptical. We'll see if
she actually shows up.

PETE
Oh, she'll show up.

PETE notices that CAMERON hasn't touched his food and instead he's looking around the restaurant.

PETE (CONT'D)
Come on, you were whining about
being hungry, eat up, we need to
get back on the road.

CAMERON
I don't want Leah's lunch to get
cold.

PETE
What are you, her Mom?

CAMERON ignores him, taking out his phone and texts her. He checks the display: Food's here. Where are you?

CAMERON
Hmmm.

PETE
What's up?

CAMERON
She always texts me right back. And
I just saw her outside. Hold on.

He gets up from the table.

PETE
What are you doing?

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

Quieter now, the MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE are gone. CAMERON moves through the dining room, with a little more urgency this time. He bursts through the front door:

EXT. LETHE - CONTINUOUS

And quickly scans the parking lot. He spots PETE'S TRUCK - but fails to notice the 'Tuktu Landscaping' is gone. Almost as a way to calm himself:

CAMERON

Maybe she went back to the car.

He moves through the parking lot -- arriving at PETE'S TRUCK, but it is locked and empty.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

The dumpster.

BACK OF LETHE

He walks over to the dumpster and peers around the corner: Nothing, but some garbage that didn't quite make it to the dumpster.

He scans the parking lot again: Cars, SUVs, another COUPLE returning to their car - but no sign of LEAH.

He tries to clamp down the panic that is now slowly making its way to the surface. He walks briskly, fighting the urge to sprint, toward the entrance...

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

...racing past a curious HOSTESS. MRS. OSBOURNE takes a special interest in the commotion, as CAMERON moves through the main dining room, toward:

INT. REAR HALLWAY - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

Where the bathrooms are. He KNOCKS LOUDLY on the door of the women's room.

CAMERON

Leah. Leah.

No answer. He opens the door and sticks his head in: Clean, empty.

When he returns from the bathroom, his expression has PETE concerned; he stops mid-bite, rises from the table and joins CAMERON near the entrance to the bathrooms.

PETE
You're starting to freak me out.
(beat)
Even more than usual.

CAMERON
I can't find Leah.

PETE almost laughs it off, but CAMERON'S growing anxiety is written all over his face. Instead of laughing, PETE tries to ease his mind.

PETE
She just went to the bathroom.

But CAMERON isn't calmed so easily. He starts to speak rapid-fire as if spitting the words out.

CAMERON
Just checked the bathroom. When I went out front, I saw her walking toward the dumpster.

PETE
She was probably just throwing something away. C'mon, let's have a look.

With PETE leading the way, they walk back through:

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

The dining room, the other DINERS, and especially MRS. OSBOURNE, curious about this strange pair that keep moving between tables.

EXT. LETHE - CONTINUOUS

At the dumpster, the pair examine the area - but now as PETE surveys the parking lot too, he starts to get nervous as well. He takes out of his phone:

PETE
You texted her right?

CAMERON
Yeah.

PETE
Maybe she's just ignoring you. Let me try.

He dials her number, while CAMERON looks on nervously.

CAMERON
Is she there?

Faintly, they can hear another cell phone RINGING.

PETE turns to follow the sound of the ringing. They follow it to the far side of the dumpster.

A small iPhone is lying on the ground, RINGING. The display reads: PETE

CAMERON picks it up, his growing concern evident.

INT. REAR DINING ROOM - LETHE - CONTINUOUS

Where most of the DINERS have stopped eating, their attention focused on the strange scene unfolding before them.

HOSTESS
You're sure she's not here?

TRACY
What happened?

CAMERON
My wife, we can't find her.

PETE
Did you see her?

TRACY
I only saw her when I took your orders. She's gone?

CAMERON nods. TRACY takes a beat to calm CAMERON, before springing into action:

TRACY (CONT'D)
Hang tight, let me make a call.

INT. SHERIFF PRUITT'S OFFICE - DAY

Framed pictures clutter the desktop: shots of a small house in Queens. CAMERON and PETE sit on the other side of the desk, PETE studying the photos, CAMERON breaking the silence:

CAMERON
She just leaves us in the middle of a meal? I'm scared, man, I'm really scared.

PETE shares his concern, but is careful to hide it and maintain a positive, calm facade.

PETE
She's going to turn up...
(pointing toward the
entrance)
...walk right through that door...
it's going to be a big
misunderstanding, we'll be in the
Vineyard tonight and have a good
laugh about it...

Then they hear the front door open and they both look up, hoping to see LEAH, instead they find:

TRACY and SHERIFF ROSALYN PRUITT, mid-50s, compassionate, kind, but visibly world weary. CAMERON and PETE stand at the same time and shake hands with SHERIFF PRUITT.

SHERIFF PRUITT
(New York accent)
Sweetie, I need to speak to these
gentlemen alone.

TRACY
Okay Mom.

She kisses her mother on the cheek. PETE mouths the words 'Thank You' to her, then she leaves; closing the door behind her.

After she's left:

SHERIFF PRUITT
My daughter tells me your wife's
gone missing.

She moves behind her desk and sits down.

CAMERON
We were on our way out to the
Vineyard...for a wedding.

SHERIFF PRUITT produces a small notepad, which she consults before continuing.

SHERIFF PRUITT
The three of you.
(checking his notes, then
to PETE)
And you're Peter?

PETE
Her brother.

The SHERIFF cocks her head, quietly appraising him.

SHERIFF PRUITT
You serve?

PETE
Infantry. Three tours.

SHERIFF PRUITT
A lot of guys in my old squad were
vets.

Her tone suggests her old job doesn't evoke happy memories.
She returns her attention to CAMERON:

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)
Your wife ever do anything like
this before?

Curiously, PETE looks away just before CAMERON answers.

CAMERON
No, never. She's very responsible.
Always calls, lets me know when
she's going to be late seeing
patients.

SHERIFF PRUITT
She a doctor?

CAMERON
A pediatrician.

The SHERIFF makes a note on her pad.

SHERIFF PRUITT
She just got up from the table,
went to the bathroom, then
vanished?

CAMERON
I went outside for a second, saw
her near the dumpster...

The SHERIFF listens intently to CAMERON. He stops for a
moment, then his expression changes:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I forgot...

Looking at PETE for confirmation, then reaches into his pocket for:

PETE
...we found her phone.

CAMERON sets it on SHERIFF PRUITT'S desk.

CAMERON
It was sitting out back, next to the dumpster.

PETE
We didn't know it might be 'evidence', our prints are all over it. Sorry, it was stupid. We should've just left it.

SHERIFF PRUITT
(calming)
It's alright. You did the right thing.

The SHERIFF takes the phone, slips it into a plastic evidence bag - before continuing:

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)
She drink, use drugs?

CAMERON
Glass of wine with dinner now and then, the occasional edible, that's it.

There is a long pause before the SHERIFF continues her questioning. She asks, almost apologetically:

SHERIFF PRUITT
I hate to have to ask this but...how's your marriage?

CAMERON
It's good.

SHERIFF PRUITT
What I'm asking is was she faithful? Was there a boyfriend, girlfriend?

PETE is annoyed by the question, leaps to her defense.

PETE
Leah would never cheat on Cam.

SHERIFF PRUITT

Sorry. I have to ask. Most of the time, when we get a case like this, the husband or wife was having an affair and just ran off, figuring it'd be easier and cheaper than a divorce.

CAMERON

We weren't about to get divorced.

SHERIFF PRUITT

You may think that but sometimes, the spouse is the last to know.

The SHERIFF waits for that comment to settle a bit.

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)

Usually the spouse turns up or calls in a day or two.

CAMERON

Is that why you have that 'Wait twenty-four hours to report a missing person' rule?

SHERIFF PRUITT

No, that's just on TV. It's good you came in right away. I had a case like this back in the city...maybe if we'd taken the complaint seriously, started earlier, it would've turned out different. So the sooner we start looking into this, the better.

(beat)

There's a motel nearby, it's quiet, out of the way...get a room, and go over the day again, try and remember anything or anyone out of the ordinary.

(beat)

You remember anything... anything at all... you call me.

A beat as she considers:

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)

I'm going to put everyone on this, and we're going to find her.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

SHERIFF PRUITT sees TRACY, CAMERON and PETE out.

OFFICER JIMMY HALLENBECK, mid-20s - with his slender frame and glasses, watches them leave, his gaze lingering just a beat too long on TRACY.

Once they've left, the SHERIFF turns to her assembled police force, gathered informally around a desk:

DEPUTY COSGROVE, gruff, no-nonsense, mid-40s, and HALLENBECK'S partner: OFFICER THEODORE YEH, a young Asian-American man in his mid-20's.

At the dispatch station is OFFICER LOUISE TYLER, a local fresh from the academy, eager to please.

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)

(to the GROUP)

We've got a missing person. A young woman named Leah Dunlap-Murphy, up from New York, stopped at Lethe for lunch. She was with her husband and brother, just disappeared in the middle of the meal.

OFFICER HALLENBECK is already mentally taking notes:

OFFICER HALLENBECK

Description?

SHERIFF PRUITT

...caucasian female, brunette, aged thirty-six...

(to OFFICER TYLER)

Louise?

LOUISE

Yes, Sheriff.

SHERIFF PRUITT

I need you to put out an A.P.B., Rhode Island Highway Patrol, Mass. Staties...

(a beat)

I'm not sure what this is yet, but if it is a kidnapping, you know the first thirty-six hours are crucial.

LOUISE

Of course Sheriff, I'll get right on it, Sheriff.

YEH and HALLENBECK have to hide their smirks. PRUITT notices, ignores it - instead turning to DEPUTY COSGROVE, handing him the plastic evidence bag, which he takes begrudgingly.

SHERIFF PRUITT
I need this dusted for prints, then
take a look through her social
media.

DEPUTY COSGROVE
(indignant)
I don't do grunt work.
(glancing at YEH and
HALLENBECK)
Get one of chuckleheads to do it...

SHERIFF PRUITT
(more forcefully)
I've got them on something else.

Her tone ends the debate with COSGROVE, before turning to
OFFICERS YEH and HALLENBECK:

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)
Theo, I hate to do this to you, but
you're going to have to cancel your
set tonight.

OFFICER HALLENBECK
Sheriff, you just did everyone in
Seven Rivers a big favor.

COSGROVE laughs out loud, while LOUISE fights to suppress a
giggle. SHERIFF PRUITT holds up her small notebook:

SHERIFF PRUITT
This is a list of the people in the
restaurant this afternoon...we'll
split it...
(a beat)
...see if anyone saw anything.

EXT. ROAD - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - NIGHT

PETE'S truck slowly cruises through the downtown area of
closed stores.

INT. PETE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

CAMERON stares out the window.

CAMERON
She's been gone six hours.
(a beat)
I should call Mom and Dad, see if
they've heard from her.

PETE

I don't want to worry them...not
just yet.

CAMERON considers this for a moment before answering:

CAMERON

Alright, we'll give it a few more
hours, but if we don't find her or
hear from her, they need to know.

More wishful thinking than reality:

PETE

Let's just give a few more hours,
she'll turn up before then.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A formerly upscale suburb that's seen better days. Ends in a
cul-de-sac. A group of KIDS are playing a three-a-side soccer
game in the street.

A POLICE CRUISER slows as it approaches. The kids stop
playing long enough for the cruiser to pass and park.

The door opens and SHERIFF PRUITT emerges.

SHERIFF PRUITT

You kids shouldn't be out here
after dark.

KID #1

It's all tied up. Next goal wins.

SHERIFF PRUITT

Ok, then head home.

The SHERIFF heads toward a larger house at the far end of the
cul-de-sac.

EXT. OSBOURNE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's gone fully 'Grey Gardens'. A large home not only in need
of repair, but radiating a distinct 'otherness' along with a
sense of foreboding.

She knocks on the front door. A voice on the other side
answers:

VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

SHERIFF PRUITT
Sheriff Pruitt.

The door opens and SHERIFF PRUITT steps into:

INT. FOYER - OSBOURNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Standing at the door is HAZEL OSBOURNE, who appears much older than her 48 years would suggest.

HAZEL
Sheriff, what can I do for you?

SHERIFF PRUITT
Is your mother still awake?

HAZEL
She is.

SHERIFF PRUITT
I'd like to speak to both of you.

She leads her into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - OSBOURNE HOUSE - NIGHT

An almost empty living room, that appears to have been unoccupied for years if not decades. The windows are covered with yellowing newspaper, the walls half-covered by decaying wallpaper.

Sitting on a couch covered with plastic is MRS. OSBOURNE, mid-80s - staring vacantly at the walls.

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)
Mrs. Osbourne.

She nods in acknowledgment, looks the SHERIFF over, not impressed by what she sees.

SHERIFF PRUITT (CONT'D)
I understand you and your daughter
were at Lethe today.

HAZEL
For lunch. I like to take mother
out, get some fresh air.

MRS. OSBOURNE speaks her mind without regard for consequences or hurt feelings:

MRS. OSBOURNE
Hate being cooped up in this damn
house all day.

SHERIFF PRUITT
(now addressing HAZEL)
While you were there, did you see
anything unusual out of the
ordinary?

MRS. OSBOURNE
You're asking about that girl,
aren't you?

SHERIFF PRUITT
You saw her?

MRS. OSBOURNE
She's gone, isn't she?

SHERIFF PRUITT
She's been missing a few hours. You
saw her?

MRS. OSBOURNE
We saw her.

When MRS. OSBOURNE doesn't elaborate, the SHERIFF turns to
HAZEL for an explanation.

HAZEL
We were in the middle of lunch,
sitting facing the door, I just
happened to look up...don't
remember why...when I did...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - LETHE - DAY

HAZEL and MRS. OSBOURNE are seated just off to the left,
facing the door.

From their vantage point we see: Where LEAH walks near the
edge parking lot, slowly, almost as if she's sleepwalking.

HAZEL (V.O.)
She came from the back of the
building, walking towards a van...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - OSBOURNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Where HAZEL is finishing recounting their sighting to SHERIFF PRUITT:

HAZEL
She looked a bit out of it.

SHERIFF PRUITT
I don't suppose you caught a
license plate number.

MRS. OSBOURNE
Do I look like I sit around
memorizing license plate numbers?

The SHERIFF tries to respond and, despite her size, MRS. OSBOURNE cuts her off:

MRS. OSBOURNE (CONT'D)
Like I don't have better to do with
my time.

HAZEL interjects, a bit more diplomatically.

HAZEL
No. Sorry.

SHERIFF PRUITT
Did the van have any markings on
it?

HAZEL closes her eyes, trying to conjure the image.

HAZEL
No, I'm sorry, I don't remember.

SHERIFF PRUITT
Well, thank you, I appreciate it.

MRS. OSBOURNE pauses before speaking, carefully measuring her words, weighing what to reveal:

MRS. OSBOURNE
You still don't know what this is
all about, do you?

SHERIFF PRUITT
How's that, Ma'am?

MRS. OSBOURNE
You live in this town long enough,
you see some terrible things...
(MORE)

MRS. OSBOURNE (CONT'D)
girl disappeared just like this in
eighty-three, another one in oh-
three.

(beat)
You're new here... but eventually
you'll see... an ill wind came
along today and swept that girl
away.

Her eyes are clear, full of a terrible certainty.

MRS. OSBOURNE (CONT'D)
And just like those other girls, if
she does turn up again someday...
(a beat)
...she won't be the same.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

OFFICER HALLENBECK parallel parks the car in front of a small
ranch home, just as he's finished - the radio SQUAWKS.
OFFICER YEH reaches over from the passenger seat to answer:

LOUISE (V.O.)
(over radio)
Theo, Jimmy? Over.

OFFICER YEH
This is Theo. Over.

LOUISE
(over radio)
What's your twenty? Over.

OFFICER YEH
Just about to question Tom
Geiger...over.

LOUISE
(over radio)
Sheriff wants you two to keep a
look out for any vans. Just call it
in. Do not attempt to apprehend.
Over.

OFFICER YEH
Copy that. Theo, over and out.

OFFICER HALLENBECK
Better let me talk to Geiger. I
don't think he likes you.

OFFICER YEH
Me. Why not? I'm fucking adorable.

OFFICER HALLENBECK
I think he's seen your stand-up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - NIGHT

PETE'S TRUCK drives down the street, well below the speed limit.

INT. PETE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, PETE drives the Dodge, while simultaneously scanning the downtown streets - unaware of the horrors unfolding nearby.

In the passenger seat CAMERON alternates between looking out the window and obsessively checking his phone - it finally rings, almost as if he made it do so by force of will alone. He answers it on the first ring.

CAMERON
Hello?

SHERIFF PRUITT
(over phone)
I just wanted to check in with you,
we may have a lead, that we're
going to follow up on.

He's desperate for any information, good or bad.

CAMERON
A lead?

SHERIFF PRUITT
(over phone)
Someone else at the restaurant saw
Leah get into a van this afternoon.
We're going to try and track it
down.

CAMERON
A van? Was she forced in? Did you
get a description of the
kidnappers, or the license plate?

SHERIFF PRUITT

(over phone)

No, looks like she got in voluntarily, but there a few ways we might be able to track the van.

(hearing CAMERON'S fear)

But, Cameron, you're not going to be any good to anyone if you don't get some rest. Get a room at that motel I told you about, and get some sleep.

CAMERON

I can't stop thinking about how...

SHERIFF PRUITT

(over phone)

I know how difficult this is, but promise you'll get some sleep tonight and I'll talk to you first thing tomorrow.

CAMERON

Okay.

The call ends.

PETE

What was that about a van?

CAMERON

She got into a van.

PETE

On her own?

CAMERON

That's what it sounds like.

(a beat)

This is all my fault, if I wasn't so adamant about stopping, none of this would've happened.

PETE

C'mon, Cam. You can't say that.

This isn't your fault...

(less convincing)

...or mine. If someone took her, and I repeat 'If', then it's their fault and no one else's. You got me?

When CAMERON doesn't answer immediately.

PETE (CONT'D)

You got me?

CAMERON nods, but his hope is visibly draining away.

CAMERON

It's funny, you always assume that the big things, the things that are going to drastically affect your life....that there'll be some sort of warning, a sign that says "Major life changes ahead." But it doesn't work like that, you die of a stroke watching TV, in a car accident on your way to work...

(a beat)

...or you're driving to a wedding one Friday afternoon and your wife disappears into thin air.

PETE

We're going to find her, man.

CAMERON

Last night she had this dream... she said it was an omen, like she knew this was going to happen...

PETE can see that CAMERON'S spiraling:

PETE

You gotta stay strong for her.

(beat)

Stomach's grumbling, let's grab some chow, maybe some coffee too.

CAMERON is lost in his thoughts, when PETE spots a strip mall a block ahead of them, and a convenience store that's still open, an oasis of light in a sea of darkness.

PETE (CONT'D)

There's a place.

He turns the wheel, steering the truck into the strip mall parking lot. He parks in front of the store. CAMERON grabs the door.

CAMERON

I'll go.

PETE

Grab a couple of HotPockets.

CAMERON

Do you know what's in those? Have
you lost your...

Before his rant builds momentum, he stops, catches himself:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Ok, I see what you did there...

CAMERON manages a slight smile, opens the door and steps out
in front of:

EXT. JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

A lonely strip mall of small single-story buildings: a dry-
cleaner, Chinese take-out, diner -- all closed, everything
except the convenience store:

Standing on the sidewalk, PETE pauses before entering. He
looks up at the store's sign:

A green and blue logo, with the silhouette of a redheaded
woman levitating above water - reminiscent of the Starbucks
logo.

He looks down at the entrance and what immediately catches
his eye are the trio of DOGS loitering in front of the store.
They're clean and well-fed, but don't wear collars.

They take no notice of him as he walks between them, and
opens the door into:

INT. JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

Sparsely stocked shelves, inventory desperately in need of
replenishment. CAMERON looks around, searching in vain for
something edible.

After failing to do so - he goes to the counter and asks the
CASHIER, a young woman, barely out of her teens, wearing an
ugly (and ill-fitting) blue and green polyester uniform:

CAMERON

You got a deli, any sandwiches,
coffee?

Her dreamy expression and the amount of time that passes
before her reply hints that she might be deeply stoned.

The CASHIER ignores him, produces a baggie and glass pipe
from under the counter. She reaches into a baggie, breaks off
a purple bud and packs it into the bowl.

She lights the bowl, takes a long hit before expelling a thick cloud of smoke. She offers the lit pipe to CAMERON.

CASHIER
You wanna hit this? It's good.
Hydroponic. Grow it myself.

She looks at the contents of the bag:

CASHIER (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, I'm like a mad
scientist with this shit.

CAMERON
Uh no, thanks, just trying to get
some, you know, sandwiches.

CASHIER
(looks him up and down)
Yeah, you don't look like you
smoke, but I thought it might help,
open you up to...
(searching for the phrase)
...complex new realities, you know?

CAMERON
Uh no, I don't know. I have
absolutely no idea what you're
talking about.

CASHIER
So, what's your deal?

Before he can answer, the CASHIER holds up her hands, waving them around excitedly.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Wait, wait, hold on, she's giving
me lessons, I'm getting good at
this...
(closes her eyes to
concentrate)
You're a story-teller, use your
imagination a lot.
(beat)
That's good. That'll help.

She takes another long hit, now almost enveloped in a thick cloud of weed smoke. At this rate she'll hot-box the entire store in minutes.

Meanwhile CAMERON is struggling to turn the conversation back to:

CAMERON
Sandwiches, coffee?

The CASHIER, standing eerily still, takes an eternity to set the pipe down, scan the half-empty shelves before replying.

CASHIER
We have coffee. We have some fresh sandwiches, but they're in the back. Way in the back.

CAMERON
(mildly irritated)
Well, could you get them?

The CASHIER leaves the register, starts down the aisle - toward the stock room. She turns back when she realizes CAMERON isn't following.

CASHIER
You coming, Mister Writer?
(a beat)
You want those sandwiches or not?

CAMERON
Yeah.

CASHIER
Then let's go man.

CAMERON takes a few steps toward her, as she walks by the freezer, the CASHIER points at it.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Get some milk, some cups, she likes milk.

CAMERON'S expression changes at the word 'She'. Instead of asking the obvious follow-up question, he opens the freezer - and grabs a quart of Skim Milk.

Seeing his choice, the CASHIER looks on disapprovingly.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Bzzzt. Try again. Whole milk.

CAMERON replaces the container of Skim, grabs a quart of Whole milk, then searches the shelves for plastic Solo cups.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Righteous. Don't just stand there, we got a long way to go.

She motions for CAMERON to follow, but he hesitates. The CASHIER notices.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Come on... aren't you just a little
bit curious about what's back here?

With that, she steps across a darkened threshold, and CAMERON follows...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

OFFICERS YEH and HALLENBECK exit a small ranch house, walking briskly toward their cruiser. Behind them a highly irritated TOM GEIGER calls out to them from an open door.

GEIGER
I didn't see nothin', I don't know
nothin'
(more forcefully)
And don't interrupt me with some
bullshit like this again...unless
somebody's dead!

As they leave, HALLENBECK looks back over his shoulder, before turning to YEH:

HALLENBECK
Have you ever seen someone get so
pissed because they were missing
'Big Bang Theory'?

YEH
I knew it was popular, I've just
never met anyone that actually
watches it.

HALLENBECK
Apparently people do.

YEH
And the humor is so lazy.

HALLENBECK
Not like yours?

INT. STOCK ROOM - JERI'S QUIK-MART - NIGHT

Boxes of unpacked food and an aluminum freezer door at the far end. The CASHIER opens it, amidst a great RUSH of cold air - she steps into the:

INT. FREEZER - JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

CAMERON follows reluctantly. At the back of the freezer is a second door.

CAMERON
Where are we going?

Without answering, the CASHIER opens the second door and steps into:

INT. HALLWAY - JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

It's surprisingly dark back here. It takes a moment for PETE'S eyes to adjust to the dark; once they do - he looks around:

Light seeps in from somewhere, allowing him to see that they're walking down a long hallway; but the hallway extends so far into the distance, he can't see exactly where it ends.

CASHIER
Last weekend, I took a bunch of shrooms, then remembered I had to go to IKEA. When I got there, I thought it was going to freak me out, but you know what... they've got little arrows on the floor to guide you around, so it was cool. So think of me as your IKEA floor arrow, stay close, let me guide you. Cause you get lost in here, Mister Writer Man...

Under the 'stoner speak', there's a hint of menace.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
...You ain't never comin' out.

They continue walking for several minutes - their footsteps ECHOING on the concrete floors; they've walked the length of a football field.

As CAMERON looks around, confused...

INT. PETE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

...PETE sits in the passenger seat, fidgeting, anxious. He looks at his watch, then the entrance of the convenience store, but there's no sign of CAMERON.

Eager to find something to distract himself, he turns on the radio.

He explores the dial, navigating a maelstrom of news, talk radio, and white noise.

He checks his watch, his eyes go wider when he registers how much time has passed.

PETE

What is he doing in there?

(beat)

There's no molecular gastronomy
dude, just grab something.

He sends CAMERON a text. A beat. A loud BEEP, accompanied by an error message: "Not Delivered."

PETE looks at the display, puzzled.

INT. HALLWAY - JERI'S CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

CAMERON and the CASHIER are still walking.

The store's strange and elastic dimensions add to CAMERON'S mounting confusion and fear.

His heart starts beating in his chest. Soon the THUMPING drowns out the sound of their footsteps. His fear peaks just as they:

Finally reach another doorway. THE CASHIER opens the door and again motions for CAMERON to follow. They step into:

INT. LARGE ROOM - JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous room - at least three stories high. Its dimensions suggesting an empty factory floor, but there wasn't a factory anywhere near the convenience store.

The CASHIER walks in first, followed by CAMERON. The CASHIER moves off to the side and waits, while CAMERON looks around anxiously:

CAMERON

Where are we? This
place...shouldn't be.

The CASHIER just shrugs:

CASHIER
And yet...it is.
(a beat)
Like I said Mister Writer Man,
'complex new realities'.

That answer isn't particularly helpful and CAMERON continues to examine the room, trying to get his bearings visually.

In the middle of the room - is a deep pit.

CAMERON cautiously walks over to it and tentatively peers over the edge: It runs deep into the Earth. Somewhere in the distance below him, he can hear the sound of WATER and SPLASHING (O.S.)

CAMERON
What's down there?

CASHIER
You wouldn't believe me. Trust.
Pour the milk.

It's at this moment that CAMERON realizes he's still holding the quart of whole milk and cups. He opens the box of Solo cups, removes one and pours one of the cups full of milk.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Good. Good. Set it down.

CAMERON does as he's instructed.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Now, step back.

The strangeness of the situation makes CAMERON pause - disoriented, the CASHIER repeats the request, using a soothing tone like you would with a small child.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Go ahead, one foot behind the
other...

Not certain he wants to find out what happens if he doesn't step back, CAMERON does as he's told.

He steps back and waits.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

As HALLENBECK navigates the car down on a nearly deserted street on the outskirts of town - they continue their conversation:

YEH
My stuff isn't just jokes, set-up,
punchline. It's topical, I talk
about current events...

HALLENBECK
What in the hell do you know about
'current events'?

INT. LARGE ROOM - JERI'S QUIK-MART - NIGHT

A long beat. CAMERON turns to the CASHIER, he's about to ask
her a question when:

THE PIT (O.S.)
Hello, Cameron.

There is a voice coming from the depths of the pit, it is
pleasant, but something about it is off (besides the fact
it's coming from a bottomless pit) - like someone attempting
but not quite succeeding, at mimicking human speech.

CAMERON is uncertain how to respond, having never spoken into
a pit before:

CAMERON
Uh...Hello?

THE PIT (O.S.)
Do you know why you came here?

CAMERON
(confused)
Sandwiches?

THE PIT (O.S.)
You want to find Leah.

CAMERON
How do you know about Leah?

THE PIT (O.S.)
I see and know many things...
(a long beat)
...she's been taken from you and
you are searching for her.

He stops questioning THE PIT, nodding in agreement with the
last statement.

CAMERON
She disappeared earlier today.

THE PIT (O.S.)
 She is heading to a place that is
 alive within, and next to our
 world, but it is hidden...it calls
 out to those that can hear...

CAMERON doesn't know how to answer.

THE PIT (CONT'D)
 ...and if you follow her there...
 (a beat)
 ...you might find her, but it will
 come at great cost.

CAMERON takes a moment to process his bizarre new
 surroundings and this conversation before he can muster:

CAMERON
 Who are you? How do you know me,
 about her? I don't understand how
 you know any of this.

When no answer is forthcoming:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
 I need to find her. Whatever it
 takes.

A long beat.

THE PIT (O.S.)
 In the years that follow, remember
 this moment, Cameron, remember it
 well.

CAMERON
 I don't understand.

Silence. CAMERON is waiting for 'The Pit' to elaborate, but
 no elaboration is forthcoming.

THE PIT (O.S.)
 Thank you for the milk...
 (a long beat)
 ...until next time.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

HALLENBECK drives, but doesn't miss the opportunity to
 continue needling his partner:

HALLENBECK

You're just bitter because you don't have a sitcom like "Big Bang Theory"... and you're still doing open mic nights in the middle of nowhere Rhode Island.

YEH

I do some shows around Brown, they hit, maybe I get on the college circuit, then who knows.

HALLENBECK

Oh, I know.

INT. JERI'S QUIK-MART - NIGHT

CAMERON and the CASHIER return to the half-stocked store. CAMERON scans the room, expecting to find some clues as to how any of this possible. He doesn't find any.

The CASHIER smiles creepily:

CASHIER

Hey...

As CAMERON turns towards her, he realizes he's now standing at the store entrance; just as strangely, the CASHIER is no longer in front of him, but behind the counter. She calls out to him, while holding a small brown bag:

CASHIER (CONT'D)

...don't forget your sandwiches.

He takes the bag, although it's clear from his expression, he doesn't remember buying them or understand where they came from. As he opens the door, the CASHIER calls out:

CASHIER (CONT'D)

See ya soon, Mister Writer Man!

INT. PETE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

He hands the bag to PETE, who opens it, takes a sandwich out and hands it back to CAMERON.

PETE

Finally. What took so damn long?

CAMERON doesn't answer, takes the bag absent-mindedly, still re-acclimating to this reality - while PETE digs into his sandwich.

PETE (CONT'D)
Roast beef. Thanks, dude.

Quiet, CAMERON stares blankly into the middle distance for a long beat.

He sets his sandwich on the dash, unlocks his door to get out, and motions for PETE to follow him:

CAMERON
I need to show you something...

PETE reluctantly sets his food down and steps out:

EXT. JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

The pair approach the store, CAMERON in the lead.

He pauses at the entrance, and looks at the store's sign: The logo is different. An illuminated red and green sign, like 7-11.

He looks over at the door and the dogs are gone.

CAMERON
There were dogs...

PETE looks back and notices CAMERON'S strange confusion.

PETE
You okay, man?

He pushes the door open, they step inside:

INT. JERI'S QUIK-MART - CONTINUOUS

Like any other 7-11 or gas station convenience store. CAMERON looks around again, this time searching for something familiar from his last visit. He doesn't find it.

CAMERON
The fuck?

The CASHIER, an elderly African-American man, eyes them warily.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(frantically looking
around)
No, no, this isn't right. It
wasn't like this.

CASHIER
You two, take it outside, I don't
want no meth craziness in here.

Seeing his brother-in-law confused and disoriented, PETE
grows increasingly concerned about his state of mind.

PETE
(to the CASHIER)
No 'meth craziness', sir. Just had
a really long day.

He takes CAMERON by the shoulders, and gently guides him back
toward the exit:

PETE (CONT'D)
C'mon, dude. We'll find that motel,
grab some shut eye and check in
with Pruitt in the morning.

Reassuring himself as much as he is CAMERON:

PETE (CONT'D)
We talk to her, find out where they
are, then we come up with a plan of
our own.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

HALLENBECK is chuckling at YEH'S expense, when:

YEH
Oh yeah? Well, I got a better
chance of getting my own sitcom
than you do of going out with
Tracy.

Clearly flustered, then attempting to play it off:

HALLENBECK
Wha'?

YEH
Dude! I see how you look at her
every time she comes into the
station.

Before HALLENBECK can respond, they pass:

EXT. JANEWAY GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

An average, unassuming, middle-aged man -- but we shall soon see, he is anything but.

This is the man the PRISONER was talking about: THE PILGRIM.

He looks at the ground, wears an ill-fitting gray suit, and walks with a slight stoop.

He moves to the driver's side of a dark van marked 'Tuktu Landscaping'.

He opens the door, climbs in. Moments later, the van pulls out of the station.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

As YEH watches the van pull out into traffic.

YEH

What does that look like to you?

HALLENBECK

A van.

YEH

With your keen observational skills, you should consider a career in law enforcement.

HALLENBECK

Is this what your standup is like?

YEH

Anything about that seem off to you?

(beat)

Guy getting into the van wasn't exactly dressed to do landscaping.

HALLENBECK

Maybe he just got off work.

YEH considers before continuing:

YEH

Or...he's got someone stashed in the back and he's trying to keep a low profile while he slips out of town.

EXT. ROAD - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - NIGHT

Very light traffic at this hour. The 'Tuktu Landscaping' van drives a few miles below the speed limit, the police cruiser remains a few cars back.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

HALLENBECK and YEH watch the van ahead of them like hawks.

YEH
How's he driving?

HALLENBECK
Slow, normal.

YEH
A little too slow...
(off speed gun)
...under the speed limit, almost
like he's trying not to draw
attention to himself.

HALLENBECK
Or he's just obeying the speed
limit. We can't stop him for
driving 'too normal'.

Ignoring his partner, YEH reaches over, flips a switch on the dashboard, activating the FLASHING lights and BLARING siren.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

No streetlights. The flashing red and blue lights illuminate the dark road.

The 'Tuktu Landscaping' van continues down the road, eventually pulling over onto the shoulder, then coming to a stop.

The police cruiser comes a stop about two car lengths back.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, OFFICER HALLENBECK growing apprehensive about this traffic stop.

HALLENBECK
Louise said to call this in.

YEH picks up the radio:

YEH

Louise we've got a possible suspect
about two miles up from Janeway's.

(beat)

We'll check him out. Over.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S SIDE REAR VIEW MIRROR

YEH confidently strut toward the van. He knocks on the
window, the window slides down.

YEH

Sir, can I please see your license
and registration?

We hear THE PILGRIM respond, but his face is enshrouded in
darkness.

THE PILGRIM

(gravel-voiced)

Is there a problem, officer?

His polite tone hints at a struggle - that he's making an
effort to hide the menace just beneath the surface.

YEH

I just need to see your license and
registration.

THE PILGRIM

Of course.

A wrinkled hand, reaches into the glove compartment and grabs
the registration.

YEH

Do you know why I stopped you?

THE PILGRIM

To be honest, I'm a bit confused,
Officer, I was driving the speed
limit.

YEH

There was a possible kidnapping
earlier today. We're stopping any
unrecognized vehicles.

THE PILGRIM looks into the passenger side rear-view mirror:
Seeing OFFICER HALLENBECK approach the van.

YEH (CONT'D)
Can I ask where you're coming from?
And what you're doing out here
tonight?

Here the polite facade finally crumbles, and the madness and malevolence finally make their way to the surface.

THE PILGRIM
I'm about to take the first step on
'The Path'...

He trails off. YEH is understandably confused by his response.

YEH
Sir, have you been drinking?

THE PILGRIM is growingly increasingly agitated:

THE PILGRIM
...to walk it, I have to get to
'The Hollow Lands', by a very
specific time, and you're slowing
me down.

THE PILGRIM is suddenly incandescent with rage:

THE PILGRIM (CONT'D)
I can't be late!

YEH'S heard enough, one hand unclips his holster and the other grabs hold of the driver's door.

YEH
Okay sir, I'm going to have to ask
you to step out of the vehicle,
while my partner has a look in the
back.

Just as quickly, he's overcome with a strange calm. It washes over him.

We still haven't seen what the THE PILGRIM actually looks like, but here we see:

CLOSE: The lower half of his face.

He smiles, and it is terrifying:

THE PILGRIM
Go ahead, officers.

EXT. ROAD - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS
FROM ABOVE

It all happens very quickly:

HALLENBECK reaches the PASSENGER DOOR. We hear the door SLIDE OPEN.

HALLENBECK (V.O.)
S.R.P.D!!

A beat.

YEH (V.O.)
Nooo!!!!

His SCREAM ends abruptly, because...

...HALLENBECK and YEH'S heads EXPLODE in clouds of blood and viscera.

We hear wet SPLATS, as jets of blood splash against the side of the van.

(But there was no sound of GUNFIRE.)

HALLENBECK and YEH'S headless corpses fall to the ground in heaps.

THE PILGRIM emerges from the driver's side, clothes splattered with generous amounts of blood; he drags YEH'S body around to the far side of the van, where it disappears from sight. The DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

The engine of the van STARTS. Dirt and gravel are crushed under tires as the van returns to the road.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SHERIFF PRUITT trudges in, the day's events and the encounter with the OSBOURNES have drained her. She scans the room and finds COSGROVE at this desk, an evidence bag in front of him.

PRUITT
Anything on the phone?

COSGROVE
Told you, I don't do Forensics.

She's too tired to deal with COSGROVE and the OSBOURNES in the same night; she holds up her hand:

PRUITT
I just can't with you right now.

She turns to OFFICER LOUISE TYLER at the dispatch station:

PRUITT (CONT'D)
You heard from Last Comic Standing
or Jimmy?

Which elicits a smile, quickly followed by a look of quiet concern from LOUISE, as she realizes she hasn't.

EXT. ROAD - SEVEN RIVERS, RHODE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Their empty POLICE CRUISER remains on the shoulder, blue and red lights still flashing.

The SQAWK of the police radio, followed by:

LOUISE (O.S.)
(over radio)
Theo, Jimmy, this is Louise. Over.
Theo, Jimmy....

EXT. HOLLOW LANDS MOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE - SIGN: Faded letters spell out 'Hollow Lands Motel'

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A roadside motel, whose best days (if it ever had any) are long behind it.

The parking lot is nearly empty, except for two vehicles: PETE'S S.U.V. and a van marked 'Tuktu Landscaping', parked on opposite sides of the lot.

PRISONER (V.O.)
Young Pilgrim, I too have tried to
walk 'The Path' to 'The Other
World', and when the time is right,
I will join you.
(beat)
Until then, remember, it is
essential she remains by your side,
because...

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT

The rope is still there; stretched out toward the horizon, disappearing in the darkness - seeming to float in mid-air.

PRISONER (V.O.)
... 'The Path' is merciless, and
without 'The Guide', it will
completely and utterly destroy you.

No sign of PROF. REDFIELD or DR. ATLAS.

The discordant HUM is still present. It grows LOUDER,
reaching a crescendo...

...and the rope snaps taut. It immediately starts to fray.

One by one, the fibers shred, until... the rope snaps.

The HUM is pierced by two BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT