

## The Returned

When his missing daughter returns, a father's search for answers unearths a truth far stranger and more dangerous than he ever could have imagined.

Douglas Wilkinson

FADE IN

INT. - HOME - MIDNIGHT - 1997

A fireplace lights a dark room with an ominous glow. The fire CRACKLES in the silence.

**WILLIAM HARRISON-** Mid 30's, man with a rough exterior but gentle soul.

**DENISE HARRISON-** Mid 30's, devoted wife and mother.

William sits on the couch with a drink in one hand and a cigarette with the other. Stares onto family pictures on the mantle from across the room.

Denise lays curled up on the couch with her head resting on William's lap.

**PHONE RINGS (O.S.)**

William leaps from the couch nearly knocking Denise onto the floor.

WILLIAM  
(urgent)  
Hello?

DETECTIVE RILEY (V.O. - PHONE)  
Mr. Harrison, this is Detective Riley  
with the Liles County Sheriff's  
Office.

Denise rushes to William's side. Pressing her ear to the other side of the phone.

WILLIAM  
(urgent)  
Yes?

DETECTIVE RILEY (V.O. -PHONE)  
We got him!

DENISE  
Oh, thank God!

Denise collapses to the floor, weight lifted.

WILLIAM  
Tell me...*is he okay?* Where is he?

DETECTIVE RILEY (V.O. -PHONE)  
We are at Highland Hospital. They're  
checking him out as we speak. He's...  
okay.

WILLIAM  
We're on our way!

SLAMS the phone down on the receiver.

WILLIAM(CONT'D)  
Get your coat!

EXT. - HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Tires SCREECH as the vehicle pulls in.

They get out of the car and frantically run straight to the  
front desk.

INT. - HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

WILLIAM  
Jeffrey Harrison, where is Jeffrey  
Harrison?

DESK WORKER  
(nervously)  
Ahhhh. Down the hall, to the right.  
Room 21.

WILLIAM  
Thank you.

INT. - HOSPITAL HALLWAY

William and Denise run down the hall.

**DETECTIVE BILL RILEY - 50's, has a servant's heart. A good  
cop with successful track record.**

Detective Riley steps in front of them, raising his hands to  
stop them.

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison.

DENISE  
Where is Jeffrey?

DETECTIVE RILEY  
We need to talk first.

DENISE  
Not until we see our son!

DETECTIVE RILEY  
I need to prepare...

DENISE  
(interrupts)  
My son! I want my son!

Detective Riley glances to the Sheriff.

He nods; Riley relents.

DETECTIVE RILEY  
(sigh)  
He's right in there.

INT. - TRIAGE ROOM

They weave through a cluster of sheriff's deputies.

The excitement fades from their faces.

Midway into the room, they stop. Something feels wrong.

William's eyes narrow; he begins slowly backing away.

Denise stays rooted, her gaze fixed on the bed.

Her hand slips from his, lingering for just a moment before letting go.

(Jeffrey is not shown.)

INT. - HOSPITAL HALLWAY

William backs into the hallway.

WILLIAM  
Who is that?

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Your son, Mr. Harrison. Believe it or not.

WILLIAM  
You said you had him. You called and told me you had my Jeffery.

Who in the hell is that?

DETECTIVE RILEY

I assure you, that *IS* Jeffrey. We just... don't have all the details-

WILLIAM

That... *isn't* my son. No. I know my son.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Listen, he told us who he was; we didn't believe him either... at first. However, he has been *positively* identified.

WILLIAM

Please Detective, tell me... tell me *how* you know that's Jeffery?

DETECTIVE RILEY

During our initial investigation, we lifted fingerprints from Jeffrey's room. We matched those prints with him.

WILLIAM

How can that be? What happened? Where was he?

DETECTIVE RILEY

We don't know.

(sighs)

There is a lot... that we just don't know right now. What he *has* told us *thus* far, is patchy and full of holes.

William leans against the wall. Hands on his forehead.

DETECTIVE RILEY(CONTD)

The doctors had to sedate him. He was in a pretty agitated state when he came in. From what we've seen so far, it looks like he's been through something traumatic. He didn't make much sense when he first spoke to us.

As soon as he's stable and fully conscious, we'll need to get his statement. Right now, we've got too many questions and not enough answers.

WILLIAM  
My god... Yes... Thank you.

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Now, if you and your wife would please  
come with me, I would like to share  
with you more about what we do know.

INT. - TRIAGE ROOM

William returns into the room.

He gently grabs Denise's arm.

She turns to leave with William.

JEFFREY (O.S.)  
(soft, weak)  
Mom?

They freeze.

Slowly turn to face Jeffery.

They are horrified. Denise faints into William's arms.

DISSOLVE

INT. - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EVENING - PRESENT DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. - BACKSTAGE

MRS. PRESLEY  
Ok boys and girls, the show is about  
to begin. Remember, heads held high.  
(hand pushes under chin)  
I want your best behavior and most  
importantly, SMILE.  
(flashes smile)

Kids run off. Take their places on risers.

INT.- AUDITORIUM -CONTINUOUS

Auditorium full of people.

From the side, Mrs. Presley walks out onto the stage.

The crowd APPLAUSE.

The room lights dim.

A HUSH falls over the crowd.

A single spotlight opens on Mrs. Presley.

MRS. PRESLEY

Welcome parents, family and friends to  
our end of school year program. The  
children have been hard at work these  
last few weeks preparing this show for  
your entertainment tonight. So please,  
sit back, relax and enjoy the show.

Crowd APPLAUSE as Mrs. Presley exits the stage.

Curtains PULL BACK and MUSIC begins.

SHORT MONTAGE

1st grade children stand on choir risers, individual kids  
walk up to the microphone to speak, MUSIC underlying.

BLOND HAired GIRL

When I grow up, I want to be a  
teacher. Just like my teacher Mrs.  
Brown.

Crowd laughing in awe.

YOUNG BOY

(Wears a rocket t-shirt)

When I grow up, I want to go to space  
and live on the moon.

Crowd APPLAUSE.

**EMILY RIDER - 6-year-old girl, adorable daddy's girl.  
Innocent and kind in nature.**

EMILY

(very nervously)

When I get big, I want to help kids  
when they are sick.

Roar of APPLAUSE and CHEERING from one aisle of the  
auditorium.

Emily blushes, quickly runs back to her spot on the risers.

The show continues.

DISSOLVE

INT. - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HALLWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The hallway is crowded, CONVERSING and waiting.

Emily RUNS through the crowd.

**DIANE RIDER - Early 30's, Tender and motherly, can let her emotions overcome her.**

Diane lowers, scoops up Emily. They hug

DIANE

Hey angel! You did so well.

EMILY

I was nervous. My tummy felt all twisty, like a bunch of worms were wiggling around in there.

DIANE

Awww, baby. You did wonderful!

**RAY RIDER - Early 30's, loving father whose family is everything, analytical thinker.**

Ray hands Emily a single red rose.

RAY

Here you go baby girl. For you... the star of the show.\

Emily smells the rose.

EMILY

Red roses mean love.

RAY

That's right baby. Excellent job tonight, I'm so... so proud of you.

Emily turns from Ray to her cousin, Tiffany.

EMILY

Hey T.

**TIFFANY BRANDISH - Niece to Ray & Diane, sweet natured but a very sensitive type. Very close to Emily.**



TIFFANY

Hey Em. You did it kiddo.

Tiffany holds up her pinky finger.

Emily smiles and clutches Tiffany's pinky with hers.

RAY

Let's head home you guys.

(suggestive)

I think... we are having *someone's*  
favorite dinner tonight.

DIANE

(whispers)

Your favorite dinner.

Emily smiles. Lays her head on Diane's shoulders.

They all exit together.

DISSOLVE

EXT. - RIDER HOME - DUSK - A SHORT TIME LATER

A car pulls into the driveway.

A detached garage sits at the back. A large RV parked.

The car comes to a stop.

The family steps out.

Ray opens the back car door, Emily climbs onto his back.

Together, they all head inside.

INT.- RIDER HOME KITCHEN- A SHORT TIME LATER

Diane places food down on the table.

Ray walks into the kitchen, bends over.

Emily slides off his back and sits; Tiffany beside her.

Everyone sits for the meal.

DIANE

How's everything looking in the RV?

The family starts to serve and eat.

RAY

Pretty good... for the most part.

DIANE

Do we have enough propane? I would hate to run out. You know... like last time.

RAY

I know... I know, my fault.

EMILY

I don't like cold baths.

RAY

We'll be fine sweetie.

(a beat)

You get every wrapped up at work hun?

DIANE

I think so. As long as the Bryant account doesn't get flagged... *again*. I'm stopping by the office before I pick up the girls.

RAY

Oh... That reminds me. Payroll... You think my staff wants to get paid... maybe?

(Diane chuckles)

TIFFANY

Uncle Ray don't forget to take me to Mom's. I still have a few things to gather.

RAY

(jokingly)

Is there anything else we can pile on to this list?

Ray jots down the reminder.

RAY (CONTD)

Of course, kiddo.

DIANE

(to Tiffany)

I wish your mom could come with us. She *really* deserves a break. It's been

so hard for her lately, hasn't it?

TIFFANY

Yeah, all this crap my dad is putting her through, it's hard to get a read on her.

RAY

I can say one thing about Adam...

Diane SNAPS her fingers, shoots Ray a "shut up" look.

DIANE

Don't start Ray!

RAY

(mumbles)

Never liked that guy anyway.

(to Tiffany)

My bad.

TIFFANY

It's ok. My dad is an acquired taste... *that's* for sure.

DIANE

New subject! How many fish are you going to catch this year Em?

DISSOLVE

EXT. - RIDER HOME - DRIVEWAY BY THE RV - A LITTLE LATER

Ray overlooks his list while digging through the storage bins. Diane steps out the door and approaches.

DIANE

Hey.

RAY

Hey you!

Ray stands up. Puts his arm around Diane.

They squeeze and Ray KISSES her forehead.

DIANE

Emily is in the bath... Tiffany is on the phone with her mom.

RAY

You think she'll be alright? Tiffany,  
I mean?

DIANE

I think so... eventually. I can't  
imagine what all she is going through.  
She seems to be handling it well but  
at her age, you just can't really  
tell.

(reflects)

Just promise me that won't ever be us.

RAY

Honey, please. You know good and well,  
you aren't going *anywhere*. Once you  
picked me... that was it! For life.

DIANE

I picked you, huh? I seem to remember  
you asking *me* the question.

RAY

Who asked who... who did what. After  
12 years... it's all a blur anyway.

Ray and Diane KISS, separate.

Ray continues looking in the storage boxes.

DIANE

Anything I can help you with?

RAY

Could you start getting the beds  
ready?

DIANE

Oh, leave all the woman's work to me  
huh?

RAY

(chuckles)

If the shoe fits.

Diane starts to step into the RV.

EMILY (O.S.)

MOM! I'm ready!

DIANE  
Well... Looks like I was just saved by  
the bell. The women's work is all  
yours' tonight.

Large eye roll from Ray.

Diane steps down up to Ray.

Playfully points her finger into his chest.

DIANE - (CONTD)  
I better see you... upstairs... 30  
minutes.

Diane winks suggestively.

Ray almost fumbles his list.

INT.- RIDER HOME - A SHORT TIME LATER

Ray enters the house, drops his notepad on the table.

Opens the fridge and drinks from the carton.

DIANE (O.S.)  
(distance)  
Daddy! Your daughter is ready for  
nighty hugs and kisses!

RAY  
(teasingly)  
Do I *have* to?

EMILY (O.S.)  
(distance)  
YES!

RAY  
(teasing)  
Oh fine. I'll be right up.

INT. - EMILY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane sits next to Emily.

Ray enters the room, kneels down and leans toward Emily.

RAY  
Hey there sweetheart.

EMILY  
(lovingly)  
Daddy.

Emily raises her arms, Ray leans more into Emily.  
She wraps her arms around him tight as they hug.

RAY  
Good night my love, sweet dreams.

Ray KISSES Emily on the cheek.

EMILY  
Good night, Daddy.

Emily KISSES Ray on the cheek.

Ray rises and exits, stops at the doorway.

RAY  
(to Diane)  
You're coming, right?

DIANE  
In a little bit.  
(whispers)  
Girl talk.

RAY  
I'm outta here then.

Ray pulls the door almost shut. He turns down the hall.

Diane stands up tucks Emily in.

DIANE  
(lovingly)  
My sweet girl. I enjoyed your program  
tonight. You *really* did a great job.

EMILY  
Thanks Mom.

DIANE  
So, you're going to help sick kids,  
huh?

EMILY  
(sheepishly)  
Maybe. I hate being sick... it's

*really* not fun. My head hurts... more than normal, and my neck feels all scratchy. I like when the sick is gone, and I can play again.

DIANE

Well... *you* can do *anything* you set your mind to. And... whatever you do... you will be *amazing*.

EMILY

Yea.

Diane brushes a strand of hair, kisses her forehead.

DIANE

Good night sweetie, I love you.

EMILY

Night Mom.  
(rolls over)  
Love you.

Diane exits, FLIPPING off lights and closes the door.

INT. - TIFFANY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray KNOCKS on Tiffany's door.

TIFFANY

Come in.

Ray enters.

RAY

Hey... You and your mom have a good chat?

TIFFANY

(shrugs shoulders)  
Same shit, different day.

RAY

I hear ya. She's my sister and... I do love her dearly...  
(pauses, reflects)  
You do know... *you* are the best thing she's ever done with her life, right?

TIFFANY

Well, duh!

RAY  
(CHUCKLES)  
Honestly, you doing, ok?

TIFFANY  
Yes... and no.

RAY  
Your Aunt and I are here for you if  
you ever wanna talk... Or scream... Or  
break something... if you must. You  
deal... however you gotta deal. We got  
you.

TIFFANY  
I know... and I really... *really*  
appreciate it. Honestly, staying here  
has been the one thing keeping me from  
completely losing my mind. And  
Emily... her bubbly personality makes  
me laugh and smile, even when *my* life  
feels like it's falling apart.

RAY  
That kid sure loves you.

TIFFANY  
And I *adore* her. Like having my own  
little sister.

RAY  
Good night kiddo.

TIFFANY  
Night.

Ray smiles and shuts the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. - RIDER HOME - MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER

Ray opens the back screen door and YELLS into the house.

RAY  
Let's go, let's go, let's go! The road  
ain't gonna hit itself so we got to  
hit the road.

Tiffany walks out first, pillow under her arm, backpack hangs  
loose.



TIFFANY  
(sarcastically)  
Is that one of those cheesy Dad jokes  
you think you're so good at?

RAY  
Hey... got plenty more where that one  
came from.

Ray gives Tiffany a playful push from behind.

Turns back to yell -

RAY  
Girls?

DIANE (O.S.)  
(distance)  
We'll be down in a minute.

RAY  
(mumbles)  
More like an hour.

DIANE (O.S.)  
(distance)  
I heard that!

Ray, shocked, turns and approaches the RV.

RAY  
I swear... that woman has the ears of  
a German Sheppard.

EXT. - JUST OUTSIDE THE RV - A SHORT TIME LATER

Diane and Emily exit out the back door.

Emily has a pillow in one hand, a stuffed animal in the  
other.

Diane stops to pull the door shut and lock it.

RAY  
You hit the alarm on your way out?

DIANE  
Sure did.

Emily approaches the RV.

RAY

Hey Sweetie, did you make sure to pack  
your migraine meds?

EMILY

Mom did. They're in my bag.

Emily steps up into the camper.

EMILY (O.S.)

I wish we were there already.

RAY

You know Em... what's important is the  
journey, *not* the destination.

EMILY (O.S.)

The journey *stinks*!

Ray rolls his eyes. Diane approaches.

RAY

Thank you, my child.

(to Diane)

She gets that sass from *you*, you know.

DIANE

Yup. That is *definitely* the Donaldson  
bloodline in her.

INT. - RV - CONTINUOUS

Emily sits down. Tiffany grabs the backpack.

TIFFANY

(secretly)

Em! Look what I got for us.

Tiffany pulls out a bracelet making kit from the backpack.  
Emily is thrilled.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

We'll tear into this a little later.

Emily nods in approval.

Tiffany slides the box into the backpack.

EXT. - JUST OUTSIDE THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Ray looks to Diane.

RAY  
(playfully romantic)  
My love... your chariot awaits. Shall  
we?

Ray stretches out his hand to help Diane.

DIANE  
(playfully)  
Well... thank you my good sir.

Diane accepts Ray's hand.

RAY  
(playfully)  
Any time malady.

Ray steps up behind Diane, pulls the door shut.

The RV starts up.

INT. - RV - CONTINUOUS

RAY  
Alright gang. Vacation starts in just  
*5 short hours.*

Diane sits in the passenger seat.

She lightly CLAPS. Turns to look at the kids.

Emily sits at the table playing with her stuffed animal.

Tiffany lays on the couch watching an I-pad.

DIANE  
(sarcastically)  
They just can't contain their  
excitement.

Ray shakes his head, rolls his eyes.

Diane reaches over and lovingly rubs Ray's right shoulder.

EXT. RIDER HOME - STREET VIEW - CONTINUOUS

The RV pulls out of the driveway.

A car sits on a tow dolly, pulled from the back.

EXT/INT - RV - SHORT TRAVELING MONTAGE

EXT. - CAMP GROUND - LATE AFTERNOON

The RV pulls into the campground, parks. A very secluded spot surrounded by trees and natural grass.

The door SWINGS open.

The family exits the RV.

RAY  
(inhales)  
We have... arrived.

DIANE  
I sure do love this spot.

RAY  
Not much has changed since we first  
started coming here, has it?

Diane points to Ray's gut, jokingly.

DIANE  
Just you.

Ray scoffs and slaps Diane's hand away from him.

Ray heads around the back of the RV.

TIFFANY  
Is there anything I can help with?

DIANE  
Oh, aren't you a sweet girl. Well...  
There are only a few key things,  
and... I think your uncle and I can  
handle it.

Emily tugs on Diane's shirt trying to get her attention.

EMILY  
What can I do mom?

DIANE  
Well... we're going to make a fire  
later. How about...  
(suggestively)  
you go on a pinecone hunt?

EMILY  
I'll get the basket.

Emily darts into the RV.

TIFFANY  
Em, can I come too?

EMILY (O.S.)  
Yeah!

Diane heads back toward the RV.

Emily BURSTS out the door past her, almost knocking her over.

Tiffany follows Emily off into the woods.

DIANE  
(yells)  
Stay close by you two.

EXT. - RV - BACKSIDE -CONTINUOUS

Ray kneels down by the RV. A utility hatch propped.

He works on hooking up all the utilities for the RV.

The car is parked near-by, off the trailer.

DIANE (O.S.)  
(inside the RV)  
Ray?

RAY  
Yeah Hun?

INT. - RV - CONTINUOUS

DIANE  
Are we chocked and secured?

EXT. - RV - BACKSIDE - CONTINUOUS

RAY  
(yells)  
Yeah! Hooked up the power already.  
Plumbing is in process.

INT. - RV - CONTINUOUS

DIANE

Alright, stand clear. I'm extending.

RAY (O.S.)

(outside the RV)

Go for it!

Diane uses the control panel and extends the sides of the RV.

The side extensions BUZZ as they CREAK outward.

EXT. - FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany and Emily walk the grounds, picking up pinecones and placing them into the basket Emily holds.

TIFFANY

Wow Em. You sure are good at this.

EMILY

I got way more than you.

TIFFANY

Oh... I *didn't* know this was a competition.

EMILY

It's not... because *I'm* winning.  
(silly laugh)

TIFFANY

You little stink. Game on!

Playfully, the girls continue gathering pinecones.

Suddenly, Emily stops in her tracks, her eyes fixed on something in the distance.

A dock light FLICKERS lightly near the water's edge.

Tiffany notices Emily is frozen.

TIFFANY

Em? What's up?

EMILY

I think my friends are here.

TIFFANY  
What friends, Em?

EMILY  
Not sure. Can't you hear them?

TIFFANY  
No... no, I can't. I don't hear anything.

Emily GROANS slightly and rubs her head.

TIFFANY  
Got a migraine coming on Em?

EMILY  
I think so.

TIFFANY  
Well maybe... we should start heading back. Let's get your meds before it gets worse.

EMILY  
Yea. *I* have more cones than you do anyway.

TIFFANY  
You sure did. I can't believe I... I lost? I better work on my pinecone hunting skills. You think your mom and dad will be happy with how full the basket is?

EMILY  
Yea.

TIFFANY  
Let's go show them.

Emily and Tiffany head back.

DISSOLVE

EXT. - CAMP GROUND - NIGHT

The family gathers around the campfire.

The fire CRACKLES and POPS occasionally, glowing the camp around it.

Ray and Diane cuddle up closely together.

Emily and Tiffany sit close together roasting marshmallows over the fire.

EMILY

Look Mom, I got three on there this time.

DIANE

Not too much now sweetie. You have bed very soon.

Emily and Tiffany playfully KNOCK each other's marshmallow sticks together.

Emily succeeds in knocking Tiffany's marshmallow off and into the fire.

EMILY

Yes!

Tiffany gives Emily a playful shove.

TIFFANY

You little stinker. I'm gonna get you for that.

Ray and Diane look at each other, smile.

EMILY

Mom... what are we doing tomorrow?

DIANE

Well... your dad will... *attempt* to make a nice campfire breakfast.

Ray shoots her a dirty look.

DIANE (CONT'D)

After that, we are going horseback riding... up to the old ski lodge. And... *maybe* a picnic?

EMILY

I want my own horse this time.

DIANE

We will see. They just might have smaller horses. You know... just for kids.



EMILY

Last time I had to sit with dad in the same saddle. It was so not comfy.

RAY

You think it was uncomfortable? When you're a little older I will explain how it was agony for me.

Diane shoots Ray a look that says; "enough".

RAY (CONTD)

What? My boys are still sore.

TIFFANY

(gets it)

Gross.

Diane playfully SLAPS Ray on the arm.

DIANE

Enough! Your awful.

EXT. - CAMP GROUND - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Ray has dozed off. Diane casually reading a book.

Tiffany leans up and removes her ear buds.

TIFFANY

Hey, aunt D?

Diane acknowledges Tiffany, closes her book.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You and Uncle Ray... really seem happy. How did you... figure it out?

DIANE

(softly)

Oh Marriage... it can sure be a blessing, but it's never as easy as it may seem.

TIFFANY

Maybe I'm... missing something. My parents are miserable. You guys... happy. What's the difference?

DIANE

What I've learned about marriage...

there are highs, lows, and then there are the quiet... in-between moments. And those? Those can be the most important... if you don't mess them up. They shape everything.

Diane shoots a loving glance to Ray.

DIANE (CONT'D)

What I know... absolutely for sure is... I love him. With everything I have. And I know he feels the same.

TIFFANY

I didn't mean to...

DIANE

(interrupts)

It's okay, sweetheart... I know this transition with your parents is hard for you. I can see it. Unfortunately, there is not an easy answer... and I *wish* I could give you that.

TIFFANY

My mom really tried. My dad... not so much. I just don't get why some people fight for it, and others... can simply walk away.

DIANE

(softly)

I know it's hard to imagine... there was love there once. That love made you. It wasn't always... broken. Your parents love you in their own, individual way. Just maybe not be the way you need.

TIFFANY

Sometimes, I really wish my dad and I were as close and Uncle Ray and Em.

DIANE

(jokingly)

Despite my efforts, she still turned out to be one giant Daddy's girl. But hey, we're a family.

TIFFANY

That's why I like staying with you

guys. Yall treat me like I'm your kid,  
and I love it!

DIANE

You are ours. Maybe not by birth, but  
family means showing up, means being  
there, supporting each other *all* the  
time.

TIFFANY

(a beat)

Has Emily ever mentioned any friends  
she has here?

DIANE

Not really.

TIFFANY

We were gathering the pinecones, and  
she said someone was calling her name.  
She couldn't tell me who... we  
couldn't see anyone either.

DIANE

If she's imagined someone... I get it.  
It can be lonely here for a kid.

TIFFANY

Maybe... probably it's nothing. I just  
thought it was a little... off.  
Figured I ought to let you know about  
it at least.

Ray snores and wakes himself up.

RAY

Know about what?

DIANE

Nothing dear.

(stands up)

Let's head in. We're gonna need to  
rest up for tomorrow.

The family gathers their belongings. Enter the RV.

As the door shuts, a streetlight flickers and then POPS,  
casting the campground into sudden darkness.

INT. - RV - NEXT MORNING

Tiffany wakes and sits up in bed. She looks around. Emily is still asleep.

She hears Ray and Diane outside. Slides out and puts on her shoes.

EXT. - CAMP GROUND -CONTINUOUS

Diane and Ray are getting breakfast ready.

Bacon SIZZLES in the pan as the fire CRACKLES.

Diane stirs a glass of chocolate milk.

Tiffany opens the RV door and steps down outside.

TIFFANY  
Good morning.

DIANE  
Good morning.

RAY  
Hey there.

DIANE  
How was your night? You sleep ok?

TIFFANY  
Yea... I did. That bed is really comfy.

RAY  
Comfort comes free in the Rider RV.

Ray laughs at his own joke.

DIANE  
(rolls eyes)  
Oh please.  
(to Tiffany)  
Would you mind helping me with these?

She hands Tiffany a couple of potatoes

TIFFANY  
Sure thing.

Diane and Tiffany cut potatoes. Ray heads into the RV.

INT. - RV

Ray leans down, grabs Emily's foot, shakes it gently.

RAY

Come on sweetie. Wakey, wakey. It's horse-riding day.

Emily starts to shuffle around.

Ray tickles her and gets her moving.

Emily finally slides out of bed, heads toward the bathroom.

Ray heads back outside.

EXT. - CAMP GROUND - LATE MORNING

The family gets ready to head out.

Ray and Diane get the camp cleaned up.

DIANE

What time do you think we will be back Hun?

RAY

I'm guessing... no later than 2. I only booked us a 2-hour ride.

DIANE

I really hope Emily is at the age she can ride her own horse. I know she's expecting to.

RAY

Speaking of which, where is that little bundle of energy?

DIANE

She's around here... somewhere. I told her she could go play until we were ready to leave.

RAY

(Shouts)

Emily!

EMILY (O.S.)

(distance)

What?

RAY  
Start heading back this way. OK? We're  
leaving soon.

EMILY (O.S.)  
(distance)  
Ok dad.

The family finishes getting everything in order.

Ray heads into the RV as Tiffany exits.

DIANE  
Tiffany, would you mind keeping an eye  
out for Emily? Shes over there...  
somewhere.

TIFFANY  
Yea, no problem.

Tiffany walks toward the lake.

Diane loads a picnic basket and other items into the car.

As Diane leans inside, the dome and reading lights flicker  
sharply.

She pauses, glances around with curiosity, shrugs it off.

EXT.- LAKE

TIFFANY  
(yells)  
Em?  
(a beat)  
Em? We are about to leave!

EXT. - RV

Ray steps out of the RV with a backpack. Heads over to the  
car.

He stops when he hears Tiffany yelling in the distance.

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
(distance)  
Emily!

RAY  
Where did Emily go now?

DIANE

As far as I know, she's still down by the water. Relax... I sent Tiffany to go get her.

RAY

I hear that. What was that with the lights a minute ago?

Diane shrugs her shoulders.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Emily! I'm not playing hide and seek with you right now. This isn't funny.

Diane and Ray hear Tiffany yelling more intensely.

They turn their attention in that direction.

RAY

Where is that child?

Diane and Ray exchange a glance; curiosity shows across their faces.

Ray quickly tosses his backpack into the car.

They both head toward the lake.

EXT. - LAKE

TIFFANY

Emily! You couldn't have gone that far. Come on now.

Tiffany starts picking up her pace.

Ray and Diane approach. Tiffany notices them and stops.

TIFFANY

I don't see Emily anywhere.

All three look around and scan the area.

RAY

Emily!

DIANE

Emily!

RAY

(yells)

Emily Shay Rider! You better get over here now! You're about to get in

trouble?

DIANE

(to Tiffany)

Where did you see her last?

TIFFANY

Right around here.

RAY

Well good Lord, she's 6, she couldn't have gone too far.

(to Diane)

You go that way.

(to Tiffany)

You go that way. And I will look over here.

EXT. - FALLEN TREES

A lite fog envelops the area.

Canvassing, Ray suddenly stops finding Emily's stuffed animal on the ground.

Ray lifts up the Rainbow Dash, studies it.

RAY

Rainbow Dash.

breathing intensifies, panic sets in.

RAY (CONTD)

Diane! Over here, quick!

Diane and Tiffany rush over to Ray.

Ray holds up the toy.

RAY

She takes Dash everywhere. She wouldn't just... leave it.

DIANE

What do we do Ray?

RAY

This is ridiculous. She was just here... standing right here. Where could she have gone to? This doesn't make any sense.



Ray pulls out his phone.

TIFFANY  
I'll keep looking.

DIANE  
Check over there by the water.

Ray still holding his phone.

DIANE  
Are you going to call someone?

RAY  
I can't believe I'm about to. Christ,  
where could she be?

DIANE  
(yelling)  
Emily Rider! You better answer me  
immediately! This isn't funny.

No response.

Diane looks at Ray, tears fill her eyes.

DIANE  
Call.

Ray dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
911, what's the nature and location of  
your emergency?

RAY  
I think my daughter is missing.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
Where are you located sir?

RAY  
White Bear Lake... the Whittaker Camp,  
space 27.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
How old is the child sir?

RAY  
She's 6.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
How long has the child been missing?

RAY  
Maybe... ten minutes, tops. This isn't  
like her. She doesn't just vanish like  
this. Somethings wrong... I can feel  
it. I'm freaking the hell out right  
now.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
I know this is a difficult time sir,  
but I need you to stay calm. Where was  
the child last seen?

RAY  
Not even 50 yards away... she was  
playing by the lake.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
Please hold while I notify the  
Sheriff's office and the park rangers.  
They are heading to your location now.

Ray can hear the 911 operator sending out the call over the  
radio.

DIANE  
(crying)  
Where is my baby?

Tiffany joins them, tears running down her cheeks.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
Sir?

RAY  
(shaking)  
Yes Ma'am?

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
What's your name sir?

RAY  
My name is Ray... Ray Rider.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
What's the little girl's name?

RAY  
Emily Shay Rider.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
Can you describe her for me sir? How  
tall she is, what she is wearing.

RAY  
Uhhhh, she's about three... three and  
a half feet. Blondish brown hair about  
shoulder...

Ray breaks down as well and can't really speak.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
Sir... Sir? We have people on their  
way to help you.

RAY  
I know. I'm sorry.

Diane and Ray embrace.

TIFFANY  
Should I go wait by the RV so the cops  
can find us?

RAY  
Go!

Tiffany bolts.

Ray and Diane hold each other CRYING.

Ray drops the phone with the 911 operator still on the line.

911 OPERATOR (V.O. - PHONE)  
Sir? Sir, can you hear me?

DISSOLVE

EXT. - RV - A SHORT TIME LATER

Large police presence breaks the peace.

News media doing reports on scene.

A water recovery team is out on the lake.

The family sits at the picnic table outside the RV.

**DETECTIVE CHARLES TIBBS- Late 40's. A rather large, buff,  
bald black man who enjoys cigars and high-end suits. Always a  
gentleman who shares sympathy with the victims he works with.**

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Mr. and Mrs. Rider?

Ray and Diane look to the Detective, stand up. Tiffany stays sitting.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
My name is Charles Tibbs. I'm with the  
Missing Persons Division of Nolan  
County Sheriff's Office.

RAY  
Hi.

DIANE  
Thank you for coming so  
fast.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Absolutely, ma'am. I give you my  
word... we will do *everything* we can  
to find your daughter. But right now,  
I need your full attention *and* your  
trust. Every detail matters, no matter  
how small. We're in this together, and  
time is critical.

RAY  
What do you need from us?

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Tell me anything, everything. Even  
things that might seem small...  
unimportant.

Diane sobs, sits down. Tiffany embraces her.

Tibbs pulls out a note pad and takes notes.

RAY  
(shaking)  
We... we were getting ready to go out  
for the afternoon... and.... Emily was  
playing down by the water's edge.  
By... by... by the time we were ready  
to leave, she... she was gone, and I  
mean gone.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
How long until you noticed she was  
missing?

DIANE  
Maybe 10 minutes. A little longer,

I... I just don't know.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

This may be difficult for you all to imagine, but would she have ventured out *into* the water?

DIANE

I told her to stay out of the water.

RAY

I'm not worried about that. She's an excellent swimmer. She made it through advanced swim lessons in just two years.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Your very proud of that, I'm sure. Was anyone with her, anyone at all?

DIANE

No.

TIFFANY

I saw she was down by the water. Alone. Just... throwing rocks, I think. Aunt D asked me to go get her, when I looked back... she was gone. Just... gone. Like she vanished into thin air.

RAY

We found this. Her favorite stuffed animal... Rainbow Dash. She takes this thing everywhere.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Where was this located?

RAY

About 30 yards, in that direction.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I'm going to need you to take me over there.

RAY

Of course.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Is there anyone else here that you

know or maybe have a history with?

RAY

No. It's just us here. We come here every year... almost.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Have you interacted with anyone else, anyone at all while you have been here?

DIANE

(emotional)

My daughter... she's not here. And when she's not where she's supposed to be, my mind starts running wild.

Ray wraps his arms around Diane, squeezes her in tight.

RAY

Calm down Honey. Calm down.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(comforting)

Mrs. Rider, please understand that I only ask these questions as a basis point. I need to know where to start looking.

DIANE

I know, I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Why don't you show me where you found the toy.

RAY

This way.

They head off towards the tree grove.

EXT. - FALLEN TREES - CONTINUOUS

RAY

Right here sir.

Tibbs canvasses the scene, taking notes and some pictures.

A call comes over his radio.

VOICE (O.S. - RADIO)  
1411 - Tibbs, come in.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
This is Tibbs, go ahead.

VOICE (O.S. - RADIO)  
The water recovery team is requesting  
additional orders sir.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Advise to cancel... RTB.

VOICE (O.S. - RADIO)  
10-4, cancelling water search.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
(kneels down)  
She was, here?

RAY  
I... guess. We only found Dash. Dash  
was with her, so it makes sense to me  
that she had to be here too.

Tibbs looks around the area.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Alright, I'm good here for now.  
(rises)  
I need a recent photograph of Emily.  
Do you have one easily accessible?

Ray reaches for his wallet, pulls out a school pic.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)  
Mr. Rider, I want you to know... we're  
moving fast. The Amber Alert will be  
issued immediately. Every minute  
counts, and we're treating this with  
the seriousness it deserves.

DISSOLVE

EXT. - FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON

Large search party combing the woods, dogs BARKING, people  
YELLING Emily's name.

Tibbs is off in the distance talking on his cell phone.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(yells, distance)

Mr. & Mrs. Rider, may I have word?

Ray and Diane head over to Det. Tibbs location.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

I realize this is an incredibly difficult time, and I'm so sorry to have to ask... but we'd like to collect a DNA sample from both of you. It's just a precaution, something we can use to cross-check with the missing persons database.

DIANE

Do we have to do that now?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

We really need to get ahead of this and get your info into the system as soon as possible.

Tiffany walks up, joins them.

RAY

Well, if it has to be now, let's just get this over with. You need a cheek swab or something?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Something like that. I'll have more information at the hospital. Get in.

DIANE

I'm not leaving until we find Emily.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I sympathize with you Mrs. Rider but we cannot properly collect the DNA sample we need out here.

DIANE

Why do you need all of us? Aren't you able to get a match from just one relative?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Normally, yes. But in this instance, we would really like a *full* DNA profile. Just to make sure we rule out



any discrepancies.

They all reluctantly get in.

Tibbs car pulls away from the scene.

The search activity continues as the vehicle leaves.

INT.- HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A medical professional swabs Ray and Diane's mouths.

Places each sample into sterile containers.

Tibbs watches closely.

Tiffany slowly paces the hall.

RAY

So, what exactly is the reason for all  
of this Detective?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

We need to process your samples ASAP.  
We'll add them to a national database  
for missing persons. This way, any law  
enforcement agency across the country  
can match your DNA profile to hers. It  
helps give us a way to connect the  
dots.

DIANE

When can we get back? I would want to  
be there in case... in case Emily  
arrives. She would be terrified if we  
weren't there.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

We will get you back out there as soon  
as possible. We have a large search  
party still canvassing the area as we  
speak. But I need you both to  
understand that there is a procedure  
here.

Ray, Diane and Tibbs continue their conversation.

Tiffany passes a room a few doors down.

She hears a voice call out to her.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(scared)  
Tiffany.

Tiffany stops. Steps back a few paces and peers into the room.

She sees a 16-year-old girl lying in the bed.

She is puzzled by a strange sense of familiarity.

TIFFANY  
(curiously)  
Hi?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Where's my mom and dad?

TIFFANY  
(confused)  
I'm sorry sweetie, I don't know your mom and Dad.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Tiffany, it's me.

TIFFANY  
I am really sorry, but... I'm not who you think I am.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(desperate)  
I'm your cousin. It's me... Emily Rider.

Emily holds up her pinky finger.

Tiffany stares at Emily's finger, just can't believe it.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(confidently)  
We never did tear into that bracelet set, did we?

TIFFANY  
Oh my God!

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
I'm... I'm really scared. Where are my mom and dad? Why aren't they here? I want to go home.

TIFFANY

She cups her hand over mouth, breathing heavily

How can this be? How are you...?

A Sheriff's officer grabs Tiffany's arm from behind, pulls her out of the doorway.

Emily screams.

OFFICER

You can't be here Miss.

Tiffany fights with the officer.

He pushes her away, preventing her from advancing.

TIFFANY

(yells)

Wait! What are you doing? Let me go!

Emily struggles, YELLING as she tries to sit up. The tubes and monitors hold her back.

A sheriff's officer closes her door.

Hearing the commotion, Ray pushes past Tibbs and bursts into the hall.

INT. - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray sees the officer being aggressive with Tiffany.

He goes into defensive mode.

RAY

(Yells)

Hey, let her go! She's with us!

Diane also runs out into the hall.

TIFFANY

(yells)

That's Emily!

RAY

What?

DIANE

What did she just say?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ray...

TIFFANY  
(interrupts)  
They have Emily! In that room!

DIANE  
What?

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
I need you both to calm down.

DIANE  
She said that was Emily.

RAY  
What in the hell is going on here  
Tibbs?

Tiffany continues to struggle with the officer.

He has her bearhugged and will not release.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Let me go!

DIANE	RAY
(yells)	(aggressively)
Get your damn hands off of her!	I said let her go!

Tibbs nods to the officer. He releases Tiffany.

She runs to Ray and Diane.

TIFFANY  
They have Emily!

RAY  
Emily is in that room?

TIFFANY  
YES!

Ray and Diane both try to pass Tibbs.

He prevents them from passing.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
That is not Emily. I assure you. We  
have no way of knowing who's in there  
until we can confirm who *she* is.

DIANE  
(to Tiffany)  
Did you see her?

TIFFANY  
Yes!  
(beat)  
Well... not quite.

Ray and Diane look at each other confused.

RAY  
What do you mean not quite? It is or  
it isn't.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
(louder)  
All right, everyone calm down and let  
me explain something.

DIANE  
I don't want an explanation damn it. I  
want my daughter.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
The person we have in that room is *not*  
your daughter.

TIFFANY  
Yes, it is!

DIANE  
Tiffany, please... tell me... how do  
you *know* that is Emily?

TIFFANY  
I talked to her. She knew me. She knew  
about this trip.  
(pauses)  
She knew about the bracelet set I  
brought for us.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Tiffany, I know this is a stressful  
time, even for you, but that isn't  
Emily.

RAY  
Who is that then?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(deep SIGH)

We don't know. One of our patrol units found a young woman... about sixteen, on Hwy 81. She was confused, no ID, no memory of how she got there. She identified herself Emily Rider.

(beat)

We don't know what it means yet. We're still verifying everything.

Ray and Diane share a hopeful glance at each other.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

Now... we know that can't be Emily as she went missing at 8:40 this morning. Our officer found that girl 2 hours later. We're investigating, but right now, we have nothing definitive.

TIFFANY

That's Emily detective, I would know my cousin anywhere. I know it sounds crazy, impossible even. But... I *know* that's Emily. I feel it in my bones. She knows things only Emily would know.

Suddenly, the door to Emily's room opens.

Emily slowly emerges into the hallway.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

(scared)

Mom? Dad?

Everyone turns.

Ray's face tightens with shock.

Diane faints, collapsing into the arms of a nearby officer.

Tiffany smiles at Det. Tibbs with a triumphant grin.

FADE OUT

END ACT I

FADE IN

EXT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE NEXT DAY

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

Ray and Diane cling to each other in the dark room, watching through a two-way mirror.

Tiffany leans against the glass, arms folded, eyes locked on Emily.

Emily lies in bed hooked up to medical monitors.

Det. Tibbs stands near the door, jotting notes.

The brightly lit room hums with the steady BEEP of machines.

The RUSTLE of paper graphs piling up.

A camera records the entire interview.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

**DR. LYNN HARRIS - Small in stature but is obviously in charge. Uses intelligence and persuasion to get what she wants.**

Dr. Harris sits in a chair facing Emily, writes notes on her charts.

DR. HARRIS

Emily... My name is Dr. Harris. I'm one of the physicians here at Briarcroft. I know the last few days have been overwhelming for you, and I want you to know you're in a safe place. You've been through something very difficult, and your body...more importantly, your mind, are working hard to make sense of it.

Emily stares at Dr. Harris. Nervous, unsure if she can be trusted.

Dr. Harris leans in closer, attempts to be reassuring.

DR. HARRIS

There's no pressure to answer right away. Sometimes... sometimes the mind protects us by holding back certain memories... until we're ready. What's important is that you're safe and you

have a team focused entirely on your recovery. When you are ready, whatever you can recall is perfectly okay, even if it's just a feeling or a single moment.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(self-protective)  
Even if I could remember what happened, you wouldn't believe me. You'll think I'm just... lying or whatever.

DR. HARRIS  
I'm here to listen, not to judge.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(louder)  
You're just saying that. If this happened to you, if you changed this much in a blink of an eye, what would you say, huh?

DR. HARRIS  
If I were going through something like this, I'd have quite a few questions. Let's try... to break this down and figure out what's going on so we can address it together.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(agitated)  
Address it? How do you address the fact that three days ago, I was 6 years old. I was two feet shorter, and I didn't have...  
(cups her breasts)  
these. So, please... please tell me how we can address this together.

DR. HARRIS  
Emily, believe it or not, I am here to help you. Anything... anything at all that you can share with me *could* lead to a solution.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(serious)  
You don't get it! No one does. I can already see... how you look at me. You think I'm just making this all up...



I'm not. You can't fix this. No one  
can fix this. No one.

Emily quickly calms down, lays down and sinks into the  
pillow.

EMILY (16 Y/O) (CONTD)  
Just... leave me alone. I want to go  
home.

DR. HARRIS  
That is absolutely my goal as well. I  
want to send you home. Your parents...  
your parents absolutely want you  
home...  
(notices Emily checked out)

DR. HARRIS (CONTD)  
You know what, we'll pick this up  
later. You rest now.

Dr. Harris gathers her things, exits.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane wipes tears from her face.

Dr. Harris enters.

DR. HARRIS  
That is one strong willed young lady  
you've got there Riders.

DIANE  
Tell me about it. So... What's next?

DR. HARRIS  
In a way, she's right. We can't fix  
what happened to her. She will never  
again be the child you know or  
remember. All we can do at this point  
is try to comprehend her situation.  
(a beat)  
I would like to suggest for you keep  
Emily here. Allow my team and I...

DIANE  
(interrupts)  
Absolutely not!

RAY

Honey!

DIANE

No Ray! I won't allow them to lock up my baby... my precious little girl. I refuse to sit by and let them poke and prod her with God knows what. Doing all kinds of research on her. No... No... Absolutely not!

RAY

Diane, how is that, Emily? How CAN that be Emily. You and I both know that can't. Just three days ago she was 6, now she 16, 17? Who the hell knows? Tell me how this makes any sense Diane. I'm sorry, but it doesn't... You need to wake up. It's just not possible.

DR. HARRIS

Exactly why we need to keep her here, observe her, run tests...

DIANE

I said NO! My baby is coming home with me.

(emotional)

I almost lost her Ray. I'm... I'm keeping whatever part of her is left. I'm done, Ray. Final. Thats it. I'm done.

Diane exits the room hastily in tears.

Tiffany follows.

RAY

(SIGHS)

Tibbs, what are your thoughts on this?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ray, I can't pretend to understand everything going on in your family... that's not my place. Honestly, we just can't even begin to comprehend what she went through. Every assumption is just that.

DR. HARRIS

Medically speaking, there's nothing wrong with her. Physically, she's a normal, healthy teenage girl, that at least, should offer some small measure of reassurance. But emotionally, psychologically... that's where my concern lies. This kind of trauma doesn't always leave visible scars. The invisible ones can be just as real... sometimes more so.

RAY

I just don't know.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Diane leans against the wall, hands over her face crying.

Tiffany approaches, they embrace.

TIFFANY

It's her Aunt D. It's most definitely her.

DIANE

I know it too. What mother wouldn't know her own child? I don't even have to see her face to know it's her. She doesn't have to say a word. But I can feel it, like I feel my own heart beating.

Tiffany pulls away, collects Diane's hands into hers. Cusps them lovingly.

TIFFANY

Whatever this is... you've got this. I mean, I don't even know what the hell we're walking into here, but I know you can handle this.

DIANE

She's not broken or some science experiment. She's, my daughter... I've got to get her out of here. I need to get her home, somewhere quiet, somewhere that doesn't feel like this... something about this place rubs me the wrong way.

TIFFANY

Yea, I feel it to. But what about  
Uncle Ray?

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM -CONTINUOUS

RAY

I'll sign... I'll sign right now. If  
you're telling me... that you need my  
signature to keep *that* girl here...  
done. But I know my wife. God knows I  
love her, but that woman is like  
cement when she has her heart set on  
something.

DR. HARRIS

As a physician, I can't get involved  
in civil matters of the family.  
However, I can promise you that we can  
keep her safe and secure... here,  
while we try and figure out the best  
course of action.

(a beat)

I'll leave you to think this over.

Dr. Harris exits.

Detective Tibbs sits beside Ray, pats his back.

He gathers his thoughts before speaking.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I'm conflicted here Ray. Conflicted  
about whether or not you're ready for  
this.

(a beat)

Emily isn't the first.

Det. Tibbs has Ray's attention. Ray sits up straight, his  
eyes lock on.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

Yesterday, I started digging. Reading  
through old case files, newspaper  
clippings, anything I could find on  
missing persons and these... so-called  
"time gaps". That's what some people  
call them. I started noticing  
patterns. Kids vanishing without a  
trace, only to reappear hours, days,  
even years later. Some came back

looking older, like time hadn't passed the same for them. And some... they weren't just aged. Something fundamental had shifted inside them. I don't know what to make of it, but the more I read, the less I could ignore this gnawing feeling that maybe what happened to her isn't as simple as we want it to be.

RAY

Why are you telling me this Detective? Are... you telling me that, that is *my* Emily?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I don't know, Ray. I really don't. But when you've been doing this as long as I have, certain things... patterns, start to stand out. What I found... just one piece of a much bigger puzzle. And now, your daughter... feels like the next piece falling into place.

Tibbs scans the room cautiously.

Leans in closer to Ray, softens his voice.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

Listen to me carefully: I sensed that G-men had their hand in all these case files. And you *don't* want the government sniffing around this. Once they're in, they don't let go. It stops being about your family, and starts being about containment, about control. So, here's my advice, man to man, not as a detective. Find a way to let this go. Take your family home. Disappear, if you have to.

Diane enters.

DIANE

Ray?

RAY

Yeah Hun?

DIANE

I need to know, how... how do we move forward from this?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I will give you two a minute.

Tibbs rises, heads towards the door, pauses.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

You need to seriously think about what I said Ray.

Detective Tibbs exits, shuts the door.

DIANE

What are we gonna do?

RAY

I don't know but we can't take *that* girl home.

DIANE

How can you not see that that is our daughter?

RAY

Because Diane, Emily is 6! Not 16 or... whatever age that girl is!

DIANE

I don't care, Ray! You may not think she is Emily, but I know she is.

RAY

Can you explain to me how it's possible a little girl can become a grown woman in just a few hours? Can you?

DIANE

No Ray! I can't!

(passionate)

All I can go off of is feeling. From the deepest part of my soul. I feel it... as any mother should feel. That *is* Emily.

Ray snaps! He grabs Diane, shakes her aggressively.

RAY  
(yells)  
Emily is missing Diane! Wake the fuck  
up!

Diane breaks down again, collapses into Ray's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

Ray stiffens, realizes he pushed way too far.

He softens, pulls her in close. They cry together for a moment then release softly.

After a moment, they slowly lift their eyes to the two-way mirror. Emily stands there, staring straight at them.

RAY (CONTD)  
(remorseful)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. This... this  
is way to much for anyone to handle  
alone. We shouldn't be fighting each  
other. We... we should be united,  
standing together on this. But... I  
have to find out what happened to our  
daughter. I just... need to. I'm sorry  
honey.

Ray heads to the door to leave the room.

Diane is befuddled but doesn't argue. She knows Ray will do what he needs to do to cope.

RAY (CONTD)  
You stay here, I'm going to get our  
daughter back. Whatever it takes.

Ray exits, shutting the door.

Diane turns, slowly walks to the mirror.

She stares at Emily. They seem to be looking into each other's eyes.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks into the hall.

RAY  
Tibbs... let's go!

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Excuse me? Where are we going?

RAY

You're going to show me all that shit  
you found.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

What are you going to do about the  
girl?

RAY

Nothing. Not right now anyway. My wife  
will do... whatever she does. I'm  
going to get back my daughter.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I think I know right where to start.

Ray and Det. Tibbs exit the institute.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Harris enters the room.

DR. HARRIS

Would you like to see her? I think it  
would be good for you both.

DIANE

When can I take her home?

DR. HARRIS

It's too early to tell. We can't even  
begin to speculate on what happened to  
her.

DIANE

Then get to it. Do what you have to  
do, I'll sign what I need to sign. I  
want to take my daughter home as soon  
as possible.

DR. HARRIS

As you wish Mrs. Rider. Follow me.

Dr. Harris opens the door and walks into the hallway, Diane  
follows. Dr. Harris unlocks the door to Emily's room. Diane  
and Tiffany rush into the room.



INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Mom!

They rush to each other. Crashing into a group hug. Eye's pouring tears.

EMILY (16Y/O) (CONT'D)

I want to go home. Don't make me stay here. Please... Please don't make me stay.

DIANE

Oh, my sweet, sweet girl.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Where's Dad?

DIANE

I... I don't really know Honey. He just rushed off a while ago.

TIFFANY

He's having a hard time dealing with all this Em. I think he just needed some air. He's trying to stay strong, for everyone.

DIANE

This... this has been such a weird day, baby. I don't even know how to make sense of it all. We're all scared and exhausted.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I'm trying, I'm really trying to remember things, but I only get flashes... small bits and pieces.

DIANE

These Doctors here, they *think* they can help.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

No... No... Don't leave me here Mom!

DIANE

Baby, believe me. Please, please believe me. I don't want you here either. But we have to know what is

going on.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
I just want to go home.

Diane brushes a lock of Emily's hair from her face.

DIANE  
I tell you what...

She cups her cheeks with her hands, looks her square in the eyes.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
I'm not leaving your side. I will be  
right here with you, the whole time.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
The whole time?

Diane nods.

Tiffany extends her arm, holding up her pinky finger.

TIFFANY  
Me to Em. The whole time.

Emily grasps Tiffany's pinky with hers.

Diane KISSES Emily on the forehead.

INT. - DETECTIVE TIBBS VEHICLE - NIGHT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Detective Tibbs drives.

Ray thumbs through papers with a small flashlight protruding his mouth.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Thats all the info I could gather on  
the time gap kids. I don't know if  
there are any answers in there or not.

RAY  
I will find them if there are. There  
has to be a logical explanation for  
what happened to Emily.

Ray stops on a sheet, reads a moment.

RAY (CONTD)

There are a few sheets in here with some notes about cases like this going back to the 1950's.

(flips page)

Here's one from '63...

(flips page)

another from '68. Hello 1997!

DETECTIVE TIBBS

The Harrison case?

RAY

Jeffrey Harrison, missing for 3 weeks in 1997. Aged aprox 15 years in that time. Lived in Mission Hills.

Good lord, that's like 30 min from our house.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Sounds like you just found your first thread. Be careful how hard you pull.

RAY

There is a whole write up in here. All kinds of notes from a Detective Bill Riley. A timeline, witness statements, all kinds of good stuff. I wonder if Detective Riley is still on the job.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I will look him up for you on the NCIC and can tell you pretty quick.

RAY

I'll start with him. Hopefully this Jeffrey kid is still alive. I'd love to talk to him and/or his parents.

The vehicle pulls into the campground.

Detective Tibbs opens his police laptop, starts typing.

Both men eye the laptop screen as the information passes.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Bill Riley, Liles County SHERIFF. Boom! 43 years with the agency, now retired. Last known address is still in Mission Hills, TX.

RAY  
(writing)  
Thank you, thank you, thank you.  
Tibbs, you're a good man for this.

Ray opens the door, pauses.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Thank me when you find what you are  
looking for.

RAY  
Indeed, I will.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Let me know if I can help.

Ray exits the vehicle.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)  
And Ray, good luck.

RAY  
Thanks.

The two men shake hands.

Ray SHUTS the door.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Diane sleeps in a chair.

Tiffany and Emily sit on the bed working on their bracelet  
making set.

TIFFANY  
I'm sorry this isn't more... age  
appropriate. When I got it, I didn't  
think you would outgrow me so fast.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
It's ok. Who knew this would be my  
life.

TIFFANY  
You know, it's not fair that your  
older than me now.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Yea, I guess I am.

TIFFANY

Hey, maybe in the fall, you can drive us both to school every day.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I can't drive.

TIFFANY

You can see R rated movies without your parents.

(giggles)

You could probably buy cigarettes without being carded.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Ewww, gross.

TIFFANY

Ok, so that's the line. Got it. I wanted to see what kind of troubled teenager you would be.

EMILY

(calm)

I know what you are trying to do.

TIFFANY

I'm sorry Em. Just trying to lighten the mood a little.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Thank you.

TIFFANY

If you want to talk about anything, we totally can. If not, that's fine to.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I don't know what to say.

TIFFANY

You absolutely don't have to say anything, to anyone... until you are ready.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Do you think my mom and dad will end up like your parents?

TIFFANY

What? No. Not at all. Why would you

think that?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I heard them arguing earlier. About me. They don't argue... like at all. I heard them both yelling at each other. It's my fault.

TIFFANY

Em. No... No...

Tiffany puts down her bracelet. Collects Emilys hands in hers.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

This isn't your fault. I know it feels like it is, but you *must* understand, you are not the reason for any of this. They adore you, more than anything in the world. You are everything to them. *Everything*. I've seen it in the way they look at you, the way they would do anything to protect you. They love you.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I just want things to be normal again.

TIFFANY

As do we kiddo. Sorry... young lady.

EMILY

(embarrassed)

Stop!

TIFFANY

Listen, you don't have to worry about your parents right now. I know it's hard, but they're going to process this in their own way. Ways that won't make sense to you at all. What you need to focus on is yourself right now. I'm sure it's overwhelming, scary even. But remember, *WE* are here. We're not going anywhere. And we refuse to let you go through this alone.

Emily dives into Tiffany's arms.

INT. RIDER RV - LATE AT NIGHT - LATER

Ray is busy making a scrap board of the documents from Det. Tibbs.

Laptop open on the table. RV is a mess.

RAY  
(whispers)  
Langdon, 1957.  
(softly)  
Hornsby, 1962.  
(softly)  
All dead now.  
(flips through papers)  
Nothing more about Jeffrey Harrison.

Ray sits down at the table and CLICKS into Google.

RAY  
(whispers, TYPING)  
Detective Bill Riley. Mission Hills,  
TX.

Ray finds articles on Det. Riley. CLICKS one to open.

RAY  
Local longtime detective and Lions  
Club Chairman set to retire. Liles  
County Sheriff's Office celebrates 86%  
successful investigation closure rate.  
(beat)  
Now, where can I find you Det.?

Ray scrolls through more of the article, closes it and CLICKS on another article.

RAY  
Former celebrated Detective heads  
community volunteer information center  
from local coffee house every Tuesday  
& Thursday.  
(beat)  
Bingo! Be seeing you on Thursday  
Detective.

Ray PRINTS the page and CLOSES the laptop.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - LATER

Diane, Tiffany and Emily are all asleep.

Emily stirs in bed, nightmares dance in her head.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK

Emily has fleeting visions of walking through the woods.

Her Rainbow Dash doll drifts in and out of frame as she moves.

Memories blur and flash, fragments of a forgotten event.

Faint whispers call her name from an unknown voice.

Drawn forward, she approaches an old tree, large chunk missing from its side.

The whispers come from within.

She leans into the hollow tree, the base suddenly collapses under her.

Emily SCREAMS as she falls into the darkness.

DISSOLVE

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

Emily shoots up from bed SCREAMING!

Diane and Tiffany are startled awake, rush to her side!

She doesn't recognize them, fights their embrace!

DIANE

Baby! Baby! It's me, it's Mom.

Emily continues to SCREAM. Tears roll down her face, terrified.

TIFFANY

Em! Em! It's ok. It's us.

Diane and Tiffany embrace Emily.

She slowly stops fighting and calms down.

DIANE

Shhhhh. Shhhhh. It's ok Baby, I'm here. I'm here.



Diane cradles Emily's head.

Emily leans into Diane's body.

Tiffany pulls back and holds Emily's hands compassionately.

Emily continues to WHIMPER and SNIFF.

TIFFANY

(silent)

What the hell was that?

DIANE

(silent)

I don't know.

Emily is still uneasy.

Diane continues to embrace lovingly.

DIANE

(singing soft)

Somewhere, over the rainbow, way up  
high. There's a land that I heard of  
once in a lullaby.

Emily settles down, eases back to sleep.

Diane continues to sing. The girls stay embraceed.

PAN - TRANSITION THROUGH MIRROR

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Dr. Harris sits in the shadows, intently observing, taking  
detailed notes.

She pulls out her phone.

Its glow illuminating her face in the dim room.

She dials.

DR. HARRIS

It's coming to her.

UNKNOWN INDIVIDUAL (V.O. - PHONE)

Is she ready?

DR. HARRIS  
Almost. Tomorrow, we turn it up.

Dr. Harris closes the phone, drops it into her jacket pocket.

INT. CAR - NEXT MORNING

Ray DRIVES down the highway determined.

His cell phone RINGS.

He CLICKS the hands-free function on the radio console.

RAY  
Yeah?

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)  
Where are you?

RAY  
On my way to Mission Hills.

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)  
What in the hell could possibly be in  
Mission Hills?

RAY  
Answers. Hopefully.

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)  
Oh my god Ray. Your daughter has been  
asking for you.

RAY  
Don't start that shit with me again  
Diane. You are doing what you gotta  
do. Me too. Did you really call to  
continue our fight, or do you have  
something useful to tell me?

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)  
I think this is worse than we  
imagined. Last night... she was  
asleep, and then, out of nowhere, she  
just woke up screaming. She kept  
shaking her head, like if she said  
anything, it would make it worse. I  
don't know what to do here. I don't  
know how to help her.

RAY

And I do? I'm lost in this, same as you.

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)

I know... I know.

(sighs)

I guess... I just needed to hear your voice... to comfort *me*.

RAY

Well... this isn't going to help. You need to know. What's happening to Emily... to us, apparently has happened before.

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)

What are you talking about?

RAY

Tibbs showed me some old case files... ones that have a lot of similarities to what we're dealing with now. I can't shake the feeling there's something more there... something we're missing. I *need* to dig into this, figure it out on my own. I can't let it go until I know.

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)

No, you can't... I know you can't. But... *I* need you here. What happened to figuring this out together?

RAY

Honey, I'll come back to you as soon as I can. But this, I *HAVE* to do.

DIANE (V.O.-PHONE)

Fine Ray... fine. Just be safe, hurry back. I love you.

RAY

Love you to hun.

Ray ends the call. Continues down the road.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane walks into the room, quietly shutting the door.

Emily is asleep in the bed. Tiffany sits beside her.

TIFFANY

(whispers)

What did Uncle Ray say?

DIANE

(quietly)

He's halfway across the state on  
some... quest, to understand this  
whole mess.

TIFFANY

(surprised)

What?

DIANE

Oh, you know him, he does his  
research... studies all the angles  
before he pulls the plug on anything.  
Sometimes... I just wish he would  
accept things, as they are.

Quiet knock on the door.

It opens, Dr. Harris peaks her head in.

DR. HARRIS

Mrs. Rider, may I have a word?

DIANE

Sure.

Diane exits.

Tiffany returns to gently stroking Emily's hair.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE HALLWAY

DR. HARRIS

I heard we had an eventful night last  
night.

DIANE

You have *no* idea. She still refuses to  
talk about it, even to us.

DR. HARRIS

In regard to that, I have a procedure  
I would like to try and... well, due  
to her age, I need your consent to do

so.

DIANE

What kind of procedure?

DR. HARRIS

It's a revolutionary...

DIANE

Which means experimental.

DR. HARRIS

Well... yes, but these are trying times, aren't they?

DIANE

Go on.

DR. HARRIS

I understand your concern. To explain it more simply... this procedure, known as Covert Hypnosis, is sometimes used when we believe a patient might be able to access memories or emotions, they're not consciously aware of.

DIANE

That still sounds a little... deceitful. I don't want her to feel like she's being tricked. And what about the risks? Are there any lasting effects?

DR. HARRIS

It completely normal, that you'd be worried. It's important for you to know that we take every precaution. My colleague, Dr. Jeong will perform this procedure. He's very delicate. Physically, there's no danger, this is a non-invasive procedure. *However*, the only risk I want you to be aware of is something called *Anterograde Amnesia*. This is very rare, but it could happen if she were to break the hypnosis before it's properly released.

DIANE

I'm inclined to agree to this but, she's been through so much already. I

don't want to risk her mind with any more than she has already endured.

DR. HARRIS

I completely sympathize with you Mrs. Rider. The reason we're even suggesting this study is because we're at a crossroads. We've tried everything else, and we need to understand the root of her trauma. Without this information, there's only so much we can do to help her move forward.

Diane hesitantly nods in consent.

DR. HARRIS (CONTD)

We will begin the study this afternoon. You and your family are allowed to watch the study from the observation room... if you wish.

Dr. Harris walks away.

Diane stands in the hall contemplating the decision.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dr. Harris, Diane, Tiffany, and two other medical professionals sit in the observation room.

Monitors and computers clutter the table beneath the two-way mirror.

On the screen, Emily's image flickers, captured by a camera.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

Dr. Jeong sits at a table with a computer and monitors.

Emily, hooked up to medical equipment, sits nearby crafting bracelets.

DR. JEONG

(CLICKS his pen twice)

What is this your doing?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Tiffany gave me this bracelet making kit.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
That one you're making now, that's  
pretty. What's it called?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
This one here... it's a chevron  
friendship bracelet.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
Who do you give these to when you are  
finished?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Whomever you wish. Friends, family.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
Who is that one for?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Karla.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
Your hospitality worker?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Yea, she's nice. I really like her.  
Sometimes, she gives me extra Jello.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
Elizabeth, you are so creative.

NT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

Diane and Tiffany exchange confused glances.

Tiffany shrugs. Diane, uncertain, glances toward Dr. Harris.

Slowly returns her gaze to the window.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Elizabeth?

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
That's you, right?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
No.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
Your name is not Elizabeth Strand?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
No.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
I'm confused, is your name Elizabeth  
or Karla?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Elizabeth.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
Oh good. I'm glad we got that  
straight. Aren't you... Elizabeth?  
(CLICKS his pen twice)

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
I guess.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
I see you just turned 24 years old  
last month.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

Diane and Tiffany look at each other in confusion.

EMILY (O.S.)  
I did have a birthday. How did you  
know?

DIANE  
(softly)  
She... didn't have a birthday... and  
her name is not Elizabeth. What is  
this?



DR. HARRIS  
The hypnosis ascension. It tricks her  
brain into opening up the  
subconscious.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
I enjoy knowing things about my  
patients Elizabeth.  
(CLICKS his pen once)

Dr. Jeong lowers his left hand to his side.  
Taps his left leg twice.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

DR. HARRIS  
That's the cue. He's in.

TIFFANY  
That was cool.

Diane nervously bites her nails.

DIANE  
My god.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

Emily actively makes bracelets.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
Elizabeth, can we talk about your...  
transition?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
If you want.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
It seems, you have grown up a lot.  
Yet... everyone you know is still the  
same as they were 10 years ago. What's  
that like for you?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Normal, I guess. I went to school,  
played with my friends. My dad taught  
me how to drive last year. I'm about  
to get my license.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
That sounds awesome.  
(CLICKS his pen once)  
You lived at home with your parents  
during this time?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Of course. Oh, we moved into our new  
house, about... 8 years ago. We needed  
more space when my brother was born.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

Diane and Tiffany look at each other shocked and confused.

TIFFANY  
(silent)  
What the hell?

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
You have a brother now?  
Congratulations.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Yea his name is Ben.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
That's a nice name... Ben. How were  
things in your town... normal or  
altered?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
It seemed... bigger... to me. We got  
all these cool new stores. I like to  
shop.

DR. JEONG  
(CLICKS his pen twice)  
How about the rest of the world... any  
major events during this period?

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

DIANE

What kind of question is that?

DR. HARRIS

Out of pattern questions thrown in  
randomly helps to keep the brain  
occupied and the hypnosis in play.

Diane skeptically looks at Tiffany.

Tiffany shrugs her shoulders.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Something about... Iran growing in  
power and taking over Iraq. We talked  
about it in my Social Studies class at  
school once.

DR. JEONG

(takes notes)

Very interesting.

INT. - RESEARCH INSTITUTE OBSERVATION ROOM

The unnamed medical professionals take notes.

Diane notices all the attention to Emily's statements.

DIANE

What in the hell is going on? Why...  
why is he asking questions about world  
events? I understood this was supposed  
to be about what happened to her.

DR. HARRIS

Understand Mrs. Rider, the brain  
doesn't just unlock those memories on  
command. What you're experiencing now  
is a vital part of the uncovering and  
processing of those memories.

TIFFANY

I don't like this Anut D.

DIANE

I don't either. Shut this down, now.

DR. HARRIS

It's not that simple. If we quit now,  
we might never get another chance to  
access this area of her mind.

DIANE

I said shut this down. Bring her back!  
This isn't right.

Dr. Harris pushes a button on the desk.

Two security guards quickly enter the room.

A guard grabs Diane.

GUARD 1

Let's go.

Tiffany moves back and away from Guard 2.

Swats his hand away from her.

DIANE

Absolutely not, don't touch me!

DR. HARRIS

For Emily's sake, I'm asking you both  
to leave the room now.

DIANE

Get my daughter back now!

DR. HARRIS

Get them out of here.

The guards start pulling Diane and Tiffany out.

DIANE

Stop it! No!

TIFFANY

I'm going, I'm going.

DIANE

This isn't right, you can't do this!  
I'm calling our lawyer.

Guards successfully clear Diane and Tiffany.

The door SLAMS shut.

Dr. Harris locks the door.

DR. HARRIS

That... is *exactly* why I keep telling them we can't have the parents in the room.

(a beat)

Everyone ok?

The hypnosis continues.

EXT. MISSION HILLS, TX

Ray DRIVES into town, parks his car.

He exits the car, heads to coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ray enters the coffee shop, eyes scanning the room.

A table covered with flyers and brochures catches his attention.

Ray approaches, waits patiently people ahead finish.

RAY

Hello, Hi. My name is Ray Rider and I am looking for former Detective Riley.

DETECTIVE RILEY

I'm Bill Riley, what can I do for you Mr. Rider?

RAY

Please, call me Ray. I believe you may be the only one who can help me with something I'm dealing with.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Have a seat Ray, what seems to be the issue?

RAY

Thank you. About thirty years ago, you investigated a case involving a missing boy... Jeffrey Harrison. He was about eight years old at the time. Does that name sound familiar?

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Rings a bell, yes. What about it?

RAY  
What can you tell me about it?

DETECTIVE RILEY  
In what context are you asking?

RAY  
I may be involved in a similar situation.

DETECTIVE RILEY  
You law enforcement?

RAY  
No... No... I'm just curious about the case. Who better to ask than the man who investigated it right?

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Standard case really, Jeffrey disappeared from a local park while playing. He was located a few weeks later and reunited with his parents.

RAY  
Standard? There wasn't anything... unusual, about his disappearance?

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Not that I recall, why?

RAY  
Detective, with all due respect I think you know more than you are letting on.

DETECTIVE RILEY  
Look here son. I don't know you, I don't know what your angle is.

Ray senses Riley isn't telling him everything.

He leans on the table, gets closer. Agitation increases.

RAY  
My angle... Detective, is that I know when Jeffrey was found, he had aged 15 years in 3 weeks. You don't find that

unusual?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Son, I think you need to see the mental health clinic on the corner. You're talking some insane stuff here.

RAY

Look, Detective... my daughter disappeared four days ago... same circumstances as Jeffrey. Then suddenly, the police hand us some 16-year-old girl and say she's Emily. I've been living a nightmare ever since. I came straight from Briarcroft Research Institute, chasing the only thread I have.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Briarcroft?

RAY

Yes. What about it?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Your daughter is at Briarcroft? Right now?

RAY

Yes. Why is *that* significant?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Let's talk outside.

Detective Riley gets up from the table.

Heads straight for the exit.

RAY

Ok?

EXT. MISSION HILLS SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Ray exits the coffee shop. Jogs and catches up to Riley.

They walk down the sidewalk, talking.

RAY

Detective?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Keep walking son. We are just 2 men having a casual conversation as we walk.

(a beat)

They might still be watching me.

RAY

Who?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Take your pick of the three-letter agencies, any damn one of them.

RAY

Why would they be watching, you?

Riley lights a cigarette.

His hand stays close to his mouth, covering, concealing.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Listen very carefully, if what you are telling me is true, you need to get her out of there. NOW.

RAY

I'm sorry, I still don't understand.

Riley stops walking.

Looks around cautiously again.

Leans in closer to Ray.

DETECTIVE RILEY

It's all true. Jeffrey, *your* daughter... all of it. He ages fifteen years in three weeks. We never did get a straight answer from anyone as to how or why. Briarcroft convinced his parents they had answers. Soon, Langley boys swooped in, labeled him an asset... took him away.

(a beat)

Turns out, Jeffrey had full knowledge of those 15 years of his life. 15 years that his parents and the rest of us hadn't lived yet. They made him disappear... from every record. Like he never existed. All to further their



own agenda.

RAY

Where did they take him?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Don't know. Completely disavowed. His parents used every last dollar they had fighting to get Jeffrey back. It was *never* going to be enough.

RAY

What happened to them all?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Jeffrey? No one really knows. Just vanished...

(puffs and exhales)

like smoke in the wind. If anyone knows, they're sure as hell not saying anything. His father... ended up sucking on the barrel of a shotgun back in 2001. Denise died not long after... heartbreak maybe, madness I say. Who the hell knows?

RAY

How are you still here?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Oh... they got to me too. They didn't wear black suits and sunglasses like in the movies. They made themselves *painfully* obvious. "Case closed" they said. Jeffrey was reunited with his family. No explanation, no wiggle room. They looked at me in a way that made me understand... shut up or disappear.

RAY

Then why in the hell are you speaking up now?

DETECTIVE RILEY

(sighs)

It's happening... again... to your daughter this time. Who knows how many others. I've lived with this guilt for too long.

(a beat)

I never forgot, Jeffrey. I can't  
imagine what his life was like. Don't  
want to.

Riley throws down his cigarette.

Looks both directions again.

Turns back, locks eyes with Ray.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Emily *is* your daughter, Ray. And she's  
next. Go... leave here, and get her  
out of Briarcroft. Any... way...  
you... can.

RAY

I can't thank you enough Detective.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Best of luck to you son. You're gonna  
need it.

They shake hands and part.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE HALLWAY

Diane paces the hall frantically.

Tiffany leans against the wall.

Both visibly shaken by what just unfolded before them.

Security personnel stand nearby, tense.

Suddenly, the door swings open, everyone files out.

DR. HARRIS

Mrs. Rider...

DIANE

What in the fuck was that? What kind  
of shit are you trying to pull?

DR. HARRIS

First of all, we absolutely cannot  
have you interrupting the sessions. I  
understand you are upset. But you have  
got to let us work with Emily in the  
best way we know how.

DIANE

You call that your best? If that shit show was truly your best, my daughter is in the wrong place.

DR. HARRIS

Mrs. Rider, being honest... what we've done so far is just the very beginning. The progress might be gradual... slow even. But I assure you we are making progress.

TIFFANY

Emily and I are close, I could have gotten more than that by just talking to her.

DIANE

That is my daughter in there. She's not some experiment or freak of nature that you can poke and prod to fulfill your scientific fantasies.

DR. HARRIS

Please, Mrs. Rider, there's really no need for this hostility. Emily did exceptionally well. We were truly impressed by her. You have every reason to be proud.

DIANE

I can't deal with this right now... or with you. I'm about to do something I may regret.

Diane storms off.

She exits outside to get some air, calm down.

DR. HARRIS

If you really think you can get her to open up, I'll allow you can go in and see her. But take it slow, her mind is still in a state of post hypnosis flux. Tread lightly.

TIFFANY

Ummm, ok?

Dr. Harris opens the door. Tiffany enters.

EXT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE

Diane storms through the doors of the institute.

Her phone BUZZES.

Diane pulls her phone out of her pocket. Its Ray.

DIANE

Ray! Oh thank god! Some really weird  
shit is happening here.

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)  
Honey, listen to me

DIANE  
(talking over Ray)  
They were asking all kinds  
of non-relevant questions.

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)  
(yells)  
Diane! Shut up and listen to me!

DIANE  
My god... what's wrong with you?

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)  
This is a lot bigger than we think. We  
have got to get her out of there.

DIANE  
Yea! That's what I have been saying  
this whole time.

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)  
I know... I'm sorry. I should have  
listened to you earlier.

DIANE  
A lot of weird shit has been happening  
here since you left. And you don't  
want to know, believe me. I've been  
saying it this whole time, somethings  
not right here.

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)  
Your god damn right somethings not  
right. They are going to steal her for  
use as a government asset.

DIANE  
That... that actually makes sense.  
Wait, how do you know all this?

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)  
I'll explain it all soon. Emily...  
she's not the first. We have got to  
get her out of there. Tonight!

DIANE  
Then hurry back. We need you here...  
fighting with us. We can't do this  
without you.

RAY  
I'm on my way. Just be ready. I'll  
come up with something.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM

Tiffany enters the room.

Emily turns over in bed. Stays silent

TIFFANY  
Hey Em. You doing ok?

Emily slightly nods.

Turns back, lays her head on the pillow.

Tiffany walks to the bedside, sits down next to Emily.

TIFFANY  
Oh Em. I would so trade places with  
you if I could. I know this must be  
hard.

Emily doesn't say anything.

A small tear drops from her eye.

The girls sit in silence as Tiffany rubs Emily's shoulder.

After a beat.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Your life gets better.

TIFFANY  
What was that Em?

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Your Mom... gets married again. He is  
nice. Makes her really happy. He loves

you to, treats you like his own.

Tiffany gets emotional, sniffs, wipes away a tear.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

You're in college now. You work at a veterinary hospital. All the cats like you.

TIFFANY

I do love the kitties. I'll probably end up a lonely cat lady huh?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

You do have a *lot* of cats. But you also have Brandon. You're not married yet... you love each other a lot. You glow now. I've never seen you smile so much.

Tiffany is fully emotional..

TIFFANY

Oh my God, Em. Stop. I'm getting you all wet.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

It's ok. I just wanted you to know.

The door CREAKS open.

Diane enters the room.

Tiffany turns to look at Diane.

DIANE

What are you two girls doing?  
(notices)  
What's wrong honey?

TIFFANY

Oh, nothing Aunt D. Em and I were just talking.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Mom. I want to talk to you.

DIANE

Alright.

TIFFANY

You want me to go Em?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

No.

DIANE

What's on your mind sweetie?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

The trees, in the forest... by the camp.

DIANE

Shhhhhh. Speak very softly. Let's keep this between us for now.

Diane and Tiffany both lean in closer to Emily.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Do you remember reading me Alice in Wonderland when I was little?

DIANE

Of course I do. You always said, you would eat the cake because you wanted to be big.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

In the beginning, when she fell down the rabbit hole in the tree.

DIANE

I remember that part, yea.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

That's what happened to me.

DISSOLVE - FLASHBACK

EXT. CAMPGROUND

EMILY (16 Y/O)(V.O.)

I was walking in the forest when this *sharp* pain pierced through my head. It wasn't just a normal headache... it felt like something deep in me was trying to surface. Then I saw it, this old tree, calling out to me. It made me think of the story. I heard someone call my name. I followed the sound to

the entrance. I stepped inside and fell. When I hit the bottom, everything went black... until I opened my eyes, and we were... home.

INT. RIDER HOME - KITCHEN TABLE

EMILY (16 Y/O)(V.O.)(CONTD)  
You and Dad were there. And you, Tiffany. At first, I thought it was just a dream. But it wasn't. Still... it didn't feel right. I felt like I was floating through it all, untethered. Even when you hugged me, your touch was cold. Years passed that way. Then one day at school,

INT. SCHOOL

EMILY (16 Y/O)(V.O.)(CONTD)  
Mrs. Weatherly asked me to get some supplies from the closet. The headache came back... worse this time. Always worse in her class. The moment I stepped inside, the light above me exploded. I stood there in the dark. I heard my name again. So...I turned. Just shadows. I stepped back and fell... again. This time, I woke up in a cave.

INT. CAVE

EMILY (16 Y/O)(V.O.)(CONTD)  
I'm Dizzy, my ears ringing. My head was pounding. Ahead... there was light. I followed it until I found the mouth of the cave and stepped outside.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE AREA

EMILY (16 Y/O)(V.O.)(CONTD)  
I heard traffic and life outside. I stumbled toward the noise until a policeman pulled over. I told him I didn't know where I was, or even how I'd gotten there.

INT. HOSPITAL

He took me to a hospital... I gave



them my name, but the cops didn't believe me. I didn't know the answers to their questions. None of them believed me anyway. Finally, after what felt like eternity, they left. That's when... Tiffany walked past my door.

FADE OUT

END ACT II

FADE IN

EXT. NOLAN COUNTY SHERIFFS OFFICE

Ray's car pulls into the parking lot.

Ray parks and gets out of the vehicle.

He bolts inside.

INT. NOLAN COUNTY SHERIFFS OFFICE

Ray approaches the front desk.

RAY

I need to see Detective Tibbs immediately.

DESK WORKER

What's this regarding sir?

RAY

Tell him, Ray Rider is here and it's urgent.

Detective Tibbs, overhearing the conversation, peaks his head around his office door.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

It's alright Stephanie, send him on back.

Ray rounds the front desk.

Rushes to Tibbs office.

INT. DETECTIVE TIBBS OFFICE

Ray enters.

RAY

I need your help Tibbs!

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I was just about to call you.

RAY

You've got to help me get Emily out of that place.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I know. I spoke to Detective Riley, he filled me in on everything. I want to let you-

RAY

You spoke to Riley? When?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

He called me a few hours ago. Apparently, the talk you two had motivated him to research *my* case on Emily.

RAY

I know now... that *is* Emily. I still can't understand it. I have no idea what I'm going to do... or how, but she is leaving that place... tonight!

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ray... I was about to tell you... I'm afraid you're on your own on this one. I will help with information, or advice. But... you are talking about... kidnapping essentially. I can't be a part of that Ray. Not as a cop.

RAY

It's not kidnapping when it's my own daughter damn it.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Actually... it is Ray. I'm sorry.

RAY

You said... let me know if I need anything. You said that. Remember?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I want to help Ray... I truly do. My hands are tied here.

RAY

You talked to Riley. So, you know exactly what I'm up against.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I can't do it again, Ray. You don't know what you're asking. Last time I went off the record to help someone, I didn't just lose the election for Sheriff... I damn near lost my badge... and my freedom. Internal Affairs had me in a vice for six months. I was one signature away from a felony charge. Believe me Ray, I get it. I have a daughter too. God help me, if it were her, I'd burn the whole damn system down myself. That's the problem... I can't let it be personal. I can't risk everything again.

Ray sits down. Deflated.

RAY

Charles, I didn't know you had a daughter. I'm... sorry for putting you in this position. I'm not going to sit here and beg you. That's not who I am nor the respect you deserve. You've done a lot for us already and I'm eternally grateful. But I will say this...

Ray notices Tibbs gun and badge laying the desk.

He rises, leans in, rests his hands on the desk.

RAY (CONTD)

...before you decide, ask yourself if you're holding back because it's uncomfortable or because your scared? I can respect the uncomfortable. I can't respect... the fear.

Pulls away from the desk, something is under his palm.

RAY (CONTD)

Good night, Detective.

Ray exits.

Detective Tibbs sits in his chair. Contemplating everything Ray just said.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - ALMOST MIDNIGHT

Emily and Tiffany sleep soundly.

Diane sits in the corner contemplating everything Emily told her.

Her phone BUZZES. Its Ray.

She rises and quickly exits the room.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE HALL

DIANE

Ray!

RAY (V.O. - PHONE)

I'm on my way. We're getting Emily out of there.

DIANE

Oh, thank God. What are we doing?

RAY

I can't get into it right now, just be ready. When this goes down, no matter what happens, I need you to play along. You and Tiffany both.

DIANE

What about Em?

RAY

No! The less she knows about this, the more believable it will be. Trust me.

DIANE

I do. Hurry.

Diane puts her phone back in her pocket.

Quietly re-enters the room.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane rubs Tiffany's arm to wake her.

DIANE  
(whispers)  
Tiffany. I need you.

TIFFANY  
What Aunt D? What's up?

Tiffany gets out of the bed.

Walks to the corner of the room with Diane.

DIANE  
(whispers)  
I just spoke with your uncle. He's on his way here. I don't know what's going to happen, but I have a feeling it's going to be crazy. Emily is coming home.

TIFFANY  
(very quietly)  
Finally!

DIANE  
(whispers)  
Ray told me to tell you... whatever happens, just go with it.

TIFFANY  
I'll tell Em.

DIANE  
NO! Absolutely not. He said, Em can't know anything about it.

TIFFANY  
What? Why?

DIANE  
Just... work with us here kiddo.

TIFFANY  
Alright. I guess... I'll do what I can.

EXT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Ray parks in the Briarcroft parking lot.

Sits for a moment, gathering himself, pumping himself up.

Ready, he throws open the car door. Exits the vehicle.

SLAMMING its door shut behind him.

He takes a deep BREATH, squares his shoulders, and heads toward the entrance.

SCREECHING TIRES (O.S.)

Detective Tibbs suddenly pulls his cruiser in front of him, blocking him.

Tibbs steps out, locks eyes with Ray.

Ray meets his gaze without flinching.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ray... you've got something of mine.

Ray just stares at Tibbs. Knows he's busted.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Impersonating an officer, Ray? Really?

(beat)

Give me my damn badge.

Ray embarrassed, reluctantly hands Tibbs his badge.

Tibbs takes it, clips it onto his pants.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

You know... I could arrest you for that.

Ray holds up his wrists. His face drained, hope lost.

RAY

Do it then. I'm out of options here, Charles.

Tibbs thinks, sees desperation in Ray's eyes. His sympathy takes over.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

God damn it, Ray. You're lucky I got here when I did.

(beat)

Come here, I've got an idea.

RAY

You're... in?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Yes Ray. I'm in.

They huddle up, discuss the plan.

SLOW PAN TO BRIARCROFT ENTRANCE

Ray and Tibbs enter back into the frame, facing the entrance.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

You ready?

RAY

Are you? Your career is over after this. You realize that right?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I'm willing to accept it. If even half of what Riley told me is true... I owe it to Emily to do this.

Tibbs and Ray share a look of respect to each other.

Tibbs pats Ray on the back.

RAY

I'll follow your lead.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Let's do this.

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Detective Tibbs enters the building.

Ray stays outside, distancing himself from Tibbs.

Tibbs walks up to the front desk worker.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Good evening. I'm sure you've seen me around here a few times lately. The name is Detective Charles Tibbs, Nolan County Sheriff's Office. I hate to disrupt the evening, but I'm afraid I've got some official business to attend to tonight. I'll need a few minutes of your time and cooperation.

DESK WORKER

Yes sir, I know who you are. What can

I do for you tonight, Detective.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Well, I'm sure you know I am the lead detective on the case regarding Emily Rider, correct?

DESK WORKER

Yes sir.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Through our investigation, we discovered that she fabricated her whole story. I now have a warrant for her arrest. I'm here to take her into custody.

Tibbs pulls out a warrant, places it down. The desk worker eyes the warrant.

DESK WORKER

I understand your position Detective. We have procedures to handle this. If you will... give me a minute or two as I need to call this...

Front door SLAMS open.

Ray bursts into the building in a rush and out of breath.

The desk worker is startled.

RAY

(agitated)

Damn it Tibbs, you can't do this to us!

Tibbs turns around, confronts Ray.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ray, we have already discussed this. There is *nothing* I can do. Your daughter broke the law. Now she's going to have to face the consequences.

DESK WORKER

Uh, Gentlemen.

RAY

For the love of God, she's just a kid.



Give her slap on the wrist and let her be.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ray, I have the warrant right here.  
It's signed by a judge. It's an  
official act and I *have* to enforce it.

Tibbs makes sure NOT to put the warrant back down.

RAY

Well... you're going to have to arrest  
me too! I'm not going to let you do  
this.

DESK WORKER

Gentleman! I need you both-

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(interrupts)

I will deal with your daughter. *If* you  
get in my way... cuffs are going on  
you too.

Tibbs turns his attention to the desk worker.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

Excuse me, I need to diffuse this  
situation now. I will handle all the  
paperwork with you as soon as I get  
her in custody. Buzz me in... now!

The desk worker hesitates, eventually he presses the button.

The gate BUZZES.

Detective Tibb walks through the door, heads down the hall.

Ray follows, still arguing.

The overwhelmed worker watches them slip further away,  
uncertain what to do.

After a beat, he sits, picks up the phone.

DESK WORKER

Hello, Dr. Harris?

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door to Emily's room bursts open.

Tibbs and Ray quickly enter continuing their banter.

Emily is startled from sleep.

Diane and Tiffany stand up quickly in shock.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
What's going on?

DIANE  
What is all this?

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Emily Shay Rider, I have a warrant for  
your arrest for filing a false police  
report.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
What? I didn't. You know that...

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
You have the right to remain silent,  
you have the ...

Detective Tibbs continues to read the Miranda rights to  
Emily.

She contests.

Ray rushes to Diane.

RAY  
He's arresting her Diane! Can you  
believe it?

Ray blinks his right eye.

Diane picks up the cue.

DIANE  
For what? She didn't do anything.

Tiffany, picks up on the rouse.

TIFFANY  
He can't arrest her, she's a minor!

RAY  
(sarcastic)  
Apparently, we have a criminal for a  
daughter now! The all-powerful

Detective Tibbs says so!

Detective Tibbs has Emily in cuffs.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Let's go young lady.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
I didn't do anything I swear. Mom!  
Dad!

The front desk worker rushes into the doorway.

DESK WORKER  
Detective, there are protocols we have  
to follow in this situation.

RAY  
For Christ's sake, Tibbs. She's just a  
child. I won't let you do this.

Ray grabs Tibbs left arm.

Tries to pull Emily away.

Tibbs wrestles his arm back.

Emily is shaken back and forth.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Damn it kid. Move! I need to get this  
situation under control and then we  
can deal with your precious protocols.

Detective Tibbs breaks free from Ray's grip.

He pushes past the desk worker.

Escorts Emily down the hall.

Two security guards arrive, taking in the chaos.

Voices raised, people arguing. Confused of who's in charge.

The guards start SHOUTING for everyone to calm down.

Everyone moves down the hall.

Tibbs and Ray still locked in the heated argument.

EXT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

The doors BURST open.

Tibbs leads the way, guiding a tearful, terrified Emily.

The family follows close behind, still shouting.

The security guards stop at the threshold; the desk worker follows them out.

DESK WORKER

Detective!

(beat)

Detective!

The family's taunting of Tibbs gets louder, more intense.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(yells)

I'll be with you shortly!

They arrive at Tibbs squad car.

He opens the back door and places Emily inside.

He SLAMS the door shut.

RAY

(excitedly)

GO!

Tibbs jumps into his cruiser.

The family rushes to their car.

The desk worker freezes.

He suddenly realizes it was all a diversion.

He storms over, BANGING angrily on Tibbs' window.

The security guards take off, sprinting toward the vehicles.

DESK WORKER

Excuse me! What the hell? HEY! HEY!

The engines ROAR to life. The vehicles PEEL out.

The staff chasing after them, SHOUTING to stop.

The cars speed off the grounds, taillights fading.

The desk worker, breathless, pulls out his phone.

DESK WORKER

We have a problem.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (O.S.)

We are so fired.

EXT. HOTEL - A SHORT TIME LATER

Tibbs vehicle pulls into the back parking lot of a hotel.

Det. Tibbs exits. opens the back door, motions Emily to exit.

She exits, face all a mess from crying, still fearful of Tibbs.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Turn around and let me get those cuffs  
off of you.

Emily is confused, scared, but complies.

Tibbs removes the cuffs, Emily turns around.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I am so sorry my Dear. Please forgive  
me for that ugly scene back there.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I... I don't understand.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

It was the only way we could get you  
out of there.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

We?

Ray's vehicle pulls in, parks.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Your Dad played his part exceptionally  
well.

Ray exits first, bursts toward Emily.

Diane and Tiffany quickly follow.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Dad!

Ray and Emily embrace tightly.

Diane and Tiffany join in. The family is elated.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Will somebody please tell me what in the hell going on?

RAY

Absolutely Honey. We will explain everything. But first, let's get out of the open.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Here...

Tibbs hands Ray two key cards.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)

Get some rest and I will come get you tomorrow when the safe house is ready.

RAY

I can't thank you enough Charles.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

It's not over just yet. Lay low and call me if anything happens. *Anything* Ray.

They shake hands.

RAY

Will do.

The family all enter into the hotel.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1 WEEK LATER

The family is gathered at the table.

Suddenly a KNOCK on the door.

Ray rises, opens the door.

RAY

Charles, good morning. Please come in.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Good morning, Ray, Riders.

TIFFANY  
Morning.

DIANE  
Good morning.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Emily... so good to see you again.  
Looks like you're feeling... more at  
ease.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Morning Mr. Tibbs. A little better.  
Still not used to all this yet.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
I'm willing to bet it will all turn  
around for you soon. Hang in there.

DIANE  
I'm so sorry you lost your job  
Charles. You... have no idea what your  
sacrifice means to us.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
It is what it is. Issuing a fake  
warrant and forging a judge's  
signature... I'm lucky I'm not in  
prison. Sheriff Tillman was not too  
happy with me again... said he  
couldn't save me this time.  
Apparently, charges are being  
considered. Good thing I play golf  
with the DA. I let him win a lot.

DIANE  
Would Sheriff Tillman allow us to put  
a word in on your behalf? Would he  
even listen? I don't know. But damn  
it, you saved our daughter from that  
hellhole. You found us a place to  
stay, your parents' old house, no  
less. That's got to say something  
about who you are.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
I appreciate that, really. I'll be  
alright. I've had my fun... a great  
career to look back on. Retirement was  
on my mind anyway. Besides...  
(Looks to Emily)

It was all worth it.

(a beat)

Never mind all that! I actually have a surprise for you all. Regarding some new information on your case Emily.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I could really use some good news.

Tibbs rises, heads to the door.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I think it best to hear from the persons directly involved.

Tibbs opens the door.

Behind it... waiting is Detective Riley and another man.

Both enter.

RAY

Detective Riley? What in the world are you doing here?

Ray rises to greet Riley.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Hello again Ray.

They shake hands.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Dad... who are they?

RAY

Excellent question. Girls, please say hello to Detective Riley.

DIANE

Good morning.

TIFFANY

Morning.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Hello.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Good morning. Please, everyone stay seated. Forgive our intrusion into your breakfast. It's an absolute pleasure to meet you all. I regret it isn't under more favorable



circumstances.

Ray sits next to Diane.

Tibbs grabs a seat on the arm of the sofa near-by.

Riley and the other man remain standing.

DETECTIVE RILEY(CONTD)

First off, my name is Bill Riley. I am  
a former Detective from the Lyles  
County Sheriff's Office. This  
gentleman to my left here is...  
"officially", Norman Welborn.

Everyone is confused, wondering who Norman Welborn is.

DETECTIVE RILEY(CONTD)

Once known by the name... Jeffrey  
Harrison.

Ray is shocked. Everyone else has no idea.

Diane picks up the fact that Ray knows of Jeffrey.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Dad... What's going on?

DIANE

(to Ray)

You... know this man?

RAY

Of him. I can't... believe it. You...  
you found him?

DETECTIVE RILEY

After I spoke with you and Charles ten  
days ago regarding Emily's case,  
something about it all stuck with me.  
I couldn't let it go. I reopened my  
own investigation into Jeffrey's case,  
hoping it might shed some light on  
Emily's. I called in more than a few  
favors... and... I managed to track  
Norman down. Took... quite a bit of  
digging. But... when I finally reached  
him, I told him about Emily... he  
didn't hesitate. And... he's here to  
help.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Help with what exactly?

**JEFFREY HARRISON - AKA NORMAN WELBORN- Early 40's. Very quiet and reserved. Obviously dealt with a lot of trauma and abuse most of his life. Presents autistic traits due to his trauma's but is not on the scale.**

JEFFREY HARRISON  
It's time to send you... home.

Jeffrey just gained everyone's attention.

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Everyone gathered in the living room, the atmosphere now more focused, more formal.

Ray stands beside the couch. Diane sits next to Emily, then Tiffany.

Across from them, Jeffrey sits alone at the center of the room, flanked by Tibbs and Riley. All eyes are on him, waiting.

JEFFREY  
(To Emily)  
You and I; we're the same.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
The same what?

JEFFREY  
I'm a Leaper too. 15 years for me.

Emily's eyes widen and begin to get teary.

Her breathing increases.

Diane sensing her unease, leans into her, comforts her.

JEFFREY (CONTD)  
I found a portal... same as you.  
(a beat)  
I call them... Synodic Portals. Points of intersection triggered by the synodic lunar cycle, when the

positions of celestial bodies cause  
momentary convergence between  
dimensions.

Jeffrey joins both hands with fingers interwoven to  
illustrate.

JEFFREY (CONTD)

In those moments, worlds meet... and  
energy transfers.

(beat)

You... Emily... are cosmically  
connected.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

I'm sorry... I'm what?

JEFFREY

I'm guessing you get migraines, right?  
Most Leapers do.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Yea? So?

JEFFREY

They're not just pain. They're echoes.  
The universe trying to get your  
attention. You feel what most people  
can't... the current between worlds.  
It's not a flaw, it's a signal.

Emily is captivated, awestruck. She doesn't fully understand,  
but she feels the weight of it.

JEFFREY

When you have a "migraine", a portal  
is close... its active. The closer you  
are, the stronger you sense it... like  
a magnet. Get too close, well... we  
both know what happens then, don't we?

Tibbs phone BUZZES in his pocket AGAIN.

He pulls out the phone, once again, pushes the ignore button.

JEFFREY (CONTD)

The energy flows both ways... like the  
ocean tides. The synodic cycle doesn't  
just open doors... it pushes and pulls  
between worlds.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Emily disappeared the night of May 27th. New moon that night, if I'm not mistaken?

JEFFREY

Correct Detective.

RAY

So... you're saying during a full moon... the energy flows in the opposite direction?

JEFFREY

Yes. But with limits. The pull can only return you to who you were... today... not who you were when you vanished.

Emily slowly realizes what this means for Jeffrey. Her heart aches for him.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Oh... Jeffrey. You can't go back. I'm so... so sorry.

JEFFREY

Alas, I learned this fact, a little too late in my life. I have nothing to go back to.

EMILY (16 Y/O)

If you have nothing to go back to, why are you doing this for... me?

JEFFREY

I'm not doing it for *just* you. I've helped many Leapers these last 20 years.

Tibbs phone BUZZES in his pocket YET AGAIN.

He pulls out the phone, realizes this must be important.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Please... Excuse me a moment. Apparently, I need to accept this call.

Tibbs walks toward the door to exit the room.

DETECTIVE TIBBS (CONTD)(O.S.)  
This is Tibbs.

DIANE  
Why have we not ever heard of any of  
this in the news or anything?

JEFFREY  
The government keeps it quiet. Leapers  
like me... we're used as oracles. They  
mine our visions of the future to  
shape the present. Once we've served  
our purpose, they call it a "mercy  
discharge". I was supposed to be  
grateful. Instead, I ran.... erased  
who I was. Now I stay off-grid, always  
moving... not out of fear, but to find  
others like us. If I reach them first,  
maybe I can stop them from becoming  
another tool.

The family talks among themselves, in awe of Jeffrey's story.

Voices overlap in hushed wonder.

Tiffany pauses, a realization dawning on her.

TIFFANY  
Hey.

TIFFANY  
This is great and all, but... how in  
the world do we actually find one of  
these portals?

JEFFREY  
They leave trails... you just have to  
know what to look for. The energy from  
the portal messes with electronics...  
lights flicker, circuits fry, fuses  
blow.

TIFFANY  
Ok... then how do we know when the  
portal is open and able to... take her  
back?

JEFFREY  
Anyone have a compass?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Sure do.

JEFFREY

The compass can't contain the energy  
generated from the entanglement...  
spins right off the dial. A beacon...  
I suppose.

DIANE

We still need a full moon as well,  
right?

JEFFREY

That's the good news. Emily, you can  
go home... tonight.

Emily is overwhelmed by the flood of new information.

She sits quietly, lost in thought, tries making sense of her  
predicament.

RAY

Em? This is your decision. We support  
you... whatever you choose.

(beat)

What do you think?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Part of me still thinks this is  
insane... unrealistic even. But...  
then again... here I am. Like this. I  
can't keep pretending like everything  
is fine... it's not. I want to *feel*  
normal again. I want *my* life back. I'm  
in!

The Riders celebrate!

Emily hugs Jeffrey.

Suddenly, the door SWINGS open.

Tibbs urgently rushes back into the room.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Hey! We need to go, NOW!

DETECTIVE RILEY

What ya got Charles?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

That call was a friend from the station. Government agents just left... Tillman told them everything. Emily's escape... this hideout, all of it. They are on their way here now.

RAY

Shit!

DIANE

Oh my God!

Emily's emotions and fear quickly take over.

She's terrified of going back to Briarcroft, or worse.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Tibbs... how long will it take them to get here?

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I'd say we got about... 7 minutes. And that is being very generous.

DETECTIVE RILEY

Ok... everyone, listen up! We only have a few minutes to get out of here.

The group erupts into panicked debate, voices clashing over what to do next.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Riley stands outside, cigarette in hand, eyes scanning the distance, on alert for any sign of the G-men.

Tibbs approaches quietly, steps up beside him.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(discretely)

Got anything?

DETECTIVE RILEY

(casually)

Northwest... just off the dirt road. I'd say... 50 yards. Black Sedan.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

(discretely)

Can you see how many?

DETECTIVE RILEY

Two... I think. They're just watching.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
More like waiting... the calvary is  
coming.

Riley gives a silent nod.

Tibbs signals toward the house.

The front door swings open.

Emily rushes out, draped in a hospital blanket, still wearing her gown when she left Briarcroft.

Tibbs moves quickly, guiding her to his car.

The Riders, along with Riley and Jeffrey, pile into the other vehicle.

Both cars tear off down the dirt road, leaving the house behind.

EXT. BUSHY CLEARING DOWN THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

The agents watch the commotion from down hill. Their car, partially concealed by bushes, siting just off the main road.

(Faces are not shown)

G-MAN 1  
They're fleeing... Which one do we  
follow?

G-MAN 2  
Until backup arrives... only the girl  
matters. We follow Tibbs!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LOOKING AT THE HOUSE ON THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

The vehicles race down the dirt road, kicking up a thick trail of dust.

They near the road's end.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Come on your Bastard's, come get her!

EXT. BUSHY CLEARING DOWN THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

The vehicles speed past the G-men's hiding spot, kicking up a cloud of dust.



Once clear, the G-men sprint to their car, jump in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LOOKING AT THE HOUSE ON THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs' vehicle tears from the dirt road onto the highway, screeching right as he speeds off. The Rider's car emerges, turning left.

Both vehicles accelerate quickly, disappearing into the dust.

Moments later, the G-men's car follows Tibbs, turning right.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs speeds down the highway, eyes flicking to the mirrors.

His knuckles whiten around the wheel.

The G-men are close behind.

Emily clings tightly as the car swerves left, then right.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The G-men close in, weaving through traffic.

Tibbs takes a sharp left, cutting off another car, which screeches to a halt.

The G-men mimic the move, narrowly avoiding a collision.

Inch by inch, they gain.

Ahead, they enter a small city where traffic thickens.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs expertly controls the vehicle down the road at high speeds.

He notices in the short distance a stop light, with traffic.

DETECTIVE TIBBS  
Shit! Hold on!

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs swerves around stopped cars, crosses into oncoming traffic.

Horns BLARE as drivers either yield or freeze, creating a

chaotic obstacle course for the G-men.

They slow but maneuver through, peel off after Tibbs.

Engines ROAR; tires SCREECH as both speed down the street.

Traffic thins, their pace quickens.

The G-man close in, bumping Tibbs' bumper.

His car sways from the impact.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Emily SCREAMS!

DETECTIVE TIBBS

I've got it! I've got it! We're good!

Tibbs regains control.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The G-men are right on Tibbs tail.

Both vehicles swerve left, right countering each other's moves.

Tibbs pulls his vehicle left.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs grabs the emergency brake and YANKS it upward.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs car SCREECHES to a slow, smoke billowing from the tires.

The G-men shoot past on the right.

Tibbs vehicle quickly turns left leaving the G-men heading in the wrong direction.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Ah ha! Take that you amateurs!

Emily CHEERS in celebration.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs vehicle speeds down the road.

Passing other vehicles along the way.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs turns the vehicle left.

Looks toward Emily.

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Let's get you back to your family.

The G-men's vehicle comes into view from Tibbs driver side window. Driving directly at them.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The G-men's vehicle narrowly misses Tibbs' car.

They slam on the brakes.

Tires SCREECHING, smoke rising.

They spin hard left to follow him.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE TIBBS

Fuck me! We're not done!

Tibbs floors the accelerator.

His engine REVS.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The G-men's car pulls up right on their tail again.

Tibbs vehicle continues to swerve left and right desperately trying to avoid a collision.

The G-men rub his bumper once again.

INT. TIBBS VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs attempts a desperate left turn to get away.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The G-men's car CRASHES into the driver's side rear of Tibbs' vehicle.

The impact pushes both vehicles onto the sidewalk, SLAMMING into a traffic light pole.

The pole collapses the back seat doors on the passenger side. Both cars SKID to a stop.

Engines POPPING from the strain, glass scattered across the sidewalk.

The traffic light WOBBLES from the blow.

Tibbs and Emily are shaken but unharmed.

EXT. STREETS - G-MENS CAR - CONTINUOUS

The G-men bolt out of their car.

The driver storms to Tibbs' side, gun raised, finger tight on the trigger.

Across the car, the other G-man charges Emily's door.

He yanks it open.

Reaches in and grabs her hard.

Emily SCREAMS, claws and fights like a wild animal.

He successfully hauls her out, ripping the hospital blanket from her head.

It's Tiffany.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DUSK

Emily, dressed in Tiffany's clothes, hair tucked under a ball cap, sits silently in the back seat, staring out the window as the car pulls into the campground.

The vehicle rolls into a parking spot, comes to a stop.

Headlights CLICK off, doors open. For the first time in a long while, hope returns to the family.

RAY

I figure this place is as good as any

to start.

JEFFREY

You and I should start walking...  
separately. Stay in voice range. If  
one of us feels anything, yell.

DETECTIVE RILEY

I'll keep lookout and try to warn you  
if anything heads our way.

RAY

10-4 Detective.

Emily and Jeffrey begin walking the forest.

Riley heads down the road to gain a vantage point.

DIANE

Has Tibbs contacted you at all?

RAY

No... nothing. I sure hope he and Tiff  
made it somewhere safe. I gotta be  
honest... I didn't think it would  
work. As soon as I saw those  
Government assholes take after Tibbs,  
I was relieved.

DIANE

Well... we're not... out of the woods,  
yet.

Ray and Diane head off to follow Emily.

EXT. FOREST AREA - A SHORT TIME LATER - DARK

The full moon bathes the sky in voluminous glow.

The Riders move steadily among the trees.

Emily walks slowly, scanning the low forest floor, pausing to  
peer into gnarled trunks.

DIANE

Anything yet, Honey?

EMILY (16 Y/O)

Not yet.

RAY  
I haven't heard a peep from Jeffrey.  
I'm betting no such luck on his end  
either.

A shadowy figure emerges behind Ray, silently closing the  
distance to the Riders.

Its hand slowly rises, rests on Ray's shoulder.

JEFFREY  
Ray.

RAY  
(startled)  
JESUS CHRIST! Jeffrey!

Emily and Diane are startled by Ray's scream.

RAY (CONTD)  
You scared the shit out of me man!

JEFFREY  
Sorry.

DIANE  
We thought you were going to yell out  
if you found anything.

JEFFREY  
In the distance... helicopters.  
Sikorsky... UH-60... Black Hawk.

RAY  
And that means... what?

JEFFREY  
Covert Ops. They're looking for us.

RAY  
Double time. Let's go.

Minutes pass as the family searches. Emily reaches the top of  
a hill and spots a flickering light nearby.

A faint pressure begins to build in her head.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(yells)  
Guys... up here!

The rest join her at the top of the hill.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Look... the light.

JEFFREY  
Universal Protons. The light is  
overloaded.

RAY  
Let's check it out.

The group descends the hill toward the flickering light.

Helicopter sounds grow louder by the minute.

Emily and Jeffrey visibly tense, reacting to the rising  
energy.

As they near the light, their discomfort intensifies.

Jeffrey stops, pulls out a compass. Still no movement.

EXT. THE LIGHT

The group reaches the flickering light, helicopters ROARING  
nearby.

Searchlights cut through the darkness.

Ahead, an old pump house leans precariously to one side. Its  
door missing.

Jeffrey and Emily both suffering from the effects.

JEFFREY  
This is it.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
Oh... can I feel it. Ugghhh!

Suddenly, the light glows brighter. It EXPLODES, showering  
sparks over everyone.

Jeffrey pulls out the compass.

It SPINS wildly out of control.

Unexpectedly a bright spotlight quickly cuts through the  
darkness, flooding them from above.

The trees whip side to side as the ROAR of helicopters grows deafening.

HELICOPTER PA (O.S.)  
THIS IS THE NSA. THE GOVERNMENT OF THE  
UNITED STATES COMMANDS YOU TO STAY  
WHERE YOU ARE!

The family holds their ground, spotlight circling overhead, hair whipping in the rotor wash.

Ray scans the area frantically. No where to escape, no time.

Detective Riley sprints toward them from over the hill, pointing at the helicopters. He screams out but his shouts are lost in the noise.

Emily glances to the pump house, then over to Jeffrey.

Jeffrey points to the compass; yells -

JEFFREY  
Time to go!

Emily nods. Turns to Diane, eyes brimming with tears.

She buries herself in Diane's arms. They hold each other tightly.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(yells)  
I love you mom!

Diane brushes Emily's hair over her ear, yells back

DIANE  
I love you!

Emily pulls back and looks up at Ray before diving into his chest.

He wraps his arms around her, holding tight, reluctant to let go. Though he longs for his daughter, he knows he'll truly miss this one.

Finally, he releases her.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(yells)  
I'll see you soon, Daddy.



RAY  
(yells)  
You better!

Emily steps away from Ray, meets Jeffrey's gaze.

They share one last, meaningful look.

EMILY (16 Y/O)  
(mouths the words)  
Thank You.

Jeffrey smiles and blows her a kiss.

Emily turns and walks toward the old pump house as more helicopters close in.

At the doorway, she pauses, glances back at Ray and Diane locked in a passionate, tearful embrace.

They already miss her.

She turns back toward the pump house, slowly steps inside, disappears.

She's gone.

DISSOLVE

INT. RIDER HOME - 6 MONTHS LATER

The family gathers around the table, singing "Happy Birthday" with joyful energy.

In the center, a large cake flickers with seven glowing candles.

Seated behind it, beaming, is six-year-old Emily.

As the song ends, she stands, blows out the candles in one excited breath.

Applause and cheers erupt as her face lights up with the biggest smile.

TIFFANY  
Happy birthday Em!

RAY  
Seven? My daughter... is seven? Where  
oh where has the time gone?

EMILY

I want to open presents!

DIANE

You can have your presents from all of us tonight. The rest... we are saving for your party tomorrow with all... your... friends.

Emily does a little happy dance as the party continues.

INT. RIDER HOME - A SHORT TIME LATER

Emily and Tiffany lay on the living room floor, engrossed in their bracelet kit.

Ray relaxes on the couch, sipping a beer as he watches the girls play.

Diane finishes tidying up from the party, comes and settles next to Ray, leaning into his side.

He wraps an arm around her, pulling her close. A quiet moment of comfort.

DIANE

I *LOVE* seeing them like this.

RAY

We make a pretty cute family... if I do say so myself.

DIANE

A few bumps and bruises along the way.

DIANE

I wonder how Charles is enjoying... retirement.

RAY

Haven't heard from him since the grand jury cleared him. I guess our testimony helped after all.

(takes a sip)

Last time we talked, he said Riley and Jeffrey are doing well. They're all trying to locate the next Leaper.

DIANE

That's good. We owe them all so much for giving us back our family.

RAY

Good men. I truly believe they were  
meant to be in our lives for that  
reason... like their whole purpose was  
to save us.

Emily rises from the floor and approaches Ray and Diane,  
holding out a bracelet to Diane.

EMILY

Here Mom... I made this.

Diane collects the gift from Emily.

DIANE

Oh... Thank you, baby. It's *beautiful*.  
Is this for me?

Diane spins the bracelet around; BEN spelled in block  
letters.

EMILY

No. It's for my baby brother.

Emily smiles suggestively, quickly runs off.

A long beat.

RAY

Did you... tell her... you were  
pregnant?

DIANE

No! Did you?

RAY

Of course not.

Ray and Diane's eyes widen, exchanging a quick, concerned  
glance.

RAY  
(disbelief)

No!

DIANE  
(disbelief)

No!

BLACK OUT

END ACT III

THE END