

FREQUENCY
"Pilot"

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

A female voice. Halting. Revealing unspeakable truths.

RAIMY (V.O.)
Some things I've never told you.
About my father.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

A TERRIFIED MAN runs for his life. Greasy hair, beard, bleeding from a gunshot wound. Looks like a criminal. This is FRANK SULLIVAN, 28.

BOOM! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Frank drops, hit, as we--

SLAM TO BLACK.

RAIMY (V.O.)
He was a bad man.

A sharp, distant LIGHT cuts through the blackness. And we realize we are--

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT - 1996

Far beneath the surface. The SHARP LIGHT approaches through the murk as Raimy continues.

RAIMY (V.O.)
You know he left us when I was six
years old. I never told you why.

The light moves closer. It's a NYPD DIVER holding an underwater spot.

RAIMY (V.O.)
He was deep undercover for the
NYPD.
(then)
They said he went too deep. Forgot
which side he was fighting for.

The Diver pulls up. His eyes go wide with discovery--

RAIMY (V.O.)
One night, he didn't check in.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

A CRANE hauls an OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS out of the water, deposits it on this godforsaken waterfront as a shit show of NYPD Marine units, Detectives and Brass look on.

RAIMY (V.O.)

They found his body in the East River, two days after my eighth birthday. Some said his death was a tragedy.

(then)

Others said he got exactly what he deserved.

TWO FIREFIGHTERS approach the car, deploy forcible entry tools to pry open the trunk. As it POPS OPEN--

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

RAIMY SULLIVAN, 28 -- the voice we've been hearing, sits here in her kitchen, soaked to the bone. Stares off.

RAIMY

All my life I've hated him for it. For leaving us. For going bad. All my life I've been trying to cover up this stain.

(a long beat)

But now-- I don't know what to think.

Her boyfriend, DANIEL BADOUR -- 28, French -- sits across from her at the small table. Deeply worried.

DANIEL

What happened?

RAIMY

(after a beat)

I spoke to him.

DANIEL

Your father?

Raimy nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

When?

RAIMY

Last night.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
In a dream?
(then)
Because-- lots of people--
everyone's spoken to a dead loved
one in their dreams--

RAIMY
It wasn't a dream.

A long moment.

DANIEL
Then... what was it?

Raimy finally brings herself to look at Daniel. As she
prepares to answer, we--

GO TO TITLES:

F R E Q U E N C Y

FADE IN:

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - MORNING - 2016

A modest home in this working class neighborhood of Bayside,
Queens.

SUPER: 72 HOURS EARLIER. OCTOBER 20, 2016.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING - 2016

Raimy straddles Daniel in the early morning light. As he
stares up at her--

DANIEL
Happy birthday.

But Raimy's crazy into this.

RAIMY
Shut up.

A beat. Daniel starts to giggle. So does she.

On the bedside table, RAIMY'S CELLPHONE CHIRPS. Piled next
to it: a holstered SERVICE PISTOL, a DETECTIVE'S SHIELD.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING - 2016

Raimy, half-dressed, talks on her CELL while discovering her
deodorant is kicked. She searches around--

(CONTINUED)

MCGUIRE
In his dopp kit? Weird.

RAIMY
Why-- where would you hide it?

MCGUIRE
I don't know. I just think it's weird.

RAIMY
You think it's weird because he's French.

MCGUIRE
He is weird because he's French.
This is like a whole other level.
(then)
When's he gonna do it?

RAIMY
I'm meeting his parents. Maybe after?

MCGUIRE
No pressure there.

RAIMY
Why? You don't think I give good parent, Mac?

MCGUIRE
Sure. They're French, you're from Bayside. They eat brie, you carry a sidearm. They'll love you.

Raimy knows he's right. A parental fantasy she's not.

SATCH (O.S.)
Sullivan. Got a sec?

RAIMY
(to Mac)
Push out the canvas another mile.
Dog walkers, birdwatchers. Gotta be someone old as these bones still around.

MCGUIRE
You got it, Detective.

Raimy walks out to meet LIEUTENANT SATCH DELEON -- late 40s, a surrogate father to Raimy.

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY
Everything good, Lieutenant?

SATCH
Oh, yeah. Balls deep in a marsh,
what's not to love.
(re: the body, ironic)
Happy birthday, kid.

RAIMY
Thanks, Satch. I feel the love.

Satch smiles.

SATCH
How's Pepe?

RAIMY
Daniel? Fine. I'm meeting his
parents in a few days-- Why is
everybody asking about my
boyfriend?

SATCH
You're the only cop out here still
in a relationship. Bask in it.
First meet with the parents?
(off her shrug)
That's big, right?

Raimy shrugs again, non-committal. But he can tell. *Yeah, it's big.* He can't help but chuckle.

RAIMY
What?

SATCH
Nope.

She makes a look. *Spill it.*

SATCH (CONT'D)
You may not wanna hear this but-- I
think your dad actually woulda
liked him.

RAIMY
You're right-- I don't want
to hear it.

SATCH
You don't want to hear it. I
know, I know.

SATCH (CONT'D)
Twenty years gone, Raim.

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY
No, that how long it's been?

SATCH
Just saying. Some point you're
gonna have to catch the man a
break. Make peace.

RAIMY
I'll do that.

She turns back toward the body. Satch watches her, mix of
concern, paternal pride.

SATCH
Yup.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy pulls into the driveway.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy enters the kitchen. Her mother, JULIE SULLIVAN - late
40s - cooks. Julie wears Nurse's Scrubs. Her bond with
Raimy is unshakable. Tough, honest, funny -- they've spent a
lifetime holding each other up in the face of great loss.

RAIMY
Ma-- you don't live here anymore.
You don't have to cook.
(re: Julie's scrubs)
And you're working graveyard?

JULIE
Stop. C'mere, birthday girl.

They kiss.

RAIMY
Where's Daniel?

JULIE
No clue. I sent him and Gordo out
to the garage for beer an hour ago.

Raimy heads for the back door, Julie stops her with--

JULIE (CONT'D)
Uh uh.
(off Raimy)
Wanna tell me why you were blowing
up my phone all day?

(CONTINUED)

Raimy weighs whether to tell her now or not--

 RAIMY
You can't freak.

 JULIE
You're pregnant.

 RAIMY
What did I just say?

 JULIE
Fine, you don't wanna tell me don't
tell me.

 RAIMY
I found a ring in his dop kit.

 JULIE
Shut up.
 (then)
In his dopp kit?

 RAIMY
Forget the dopp kit.

A beat. The emotion of it hits Julie.

 JULIE
Holy crap.

Raimy nods, Julie's rare show of emotion only fuels hers.

 RAIMY
Yeah. That's what I said.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

GORDO HERSCH - early 30s, teddy bear -- balances atop a
ladder by the BACK SHED, futzes with wires to a MASSIVE
ANTENNA. Gordo is Raimy's neighbor and lifelong friend.

 GORDO
 (to inside the shed)
I don't think this is gonna work.

 DANIEL (O.S.)
Don't give up on me, Gordo!

Gordo sees Raimy exit the back door. He watches her
expression harden as she realizes what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

GORDO
(to himself)
Yep, she's pissed.

Gordo does damage control as he scrambles down the ladder.

GORDO (CONT'D)
Hey, Raim. Hey-- so, remember
Tammy Tiehel's Y2k barbecue, Eddie
O'Neill asked if you were a boy or
a girl? Who kicked his ass?

RAIMY
Really? You're playing that card?
I was twelve, it was my G.I. Jane
phase, he was just as confused as I
was-- did you really think I'd be
okay with this?

GORDO
You think this was my idea?
(re: Daniel)
I tried to tell him.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - DAY - 2016

Daniel futzes with an old HAM RADIO on the desk, tries to get
it to operate. Raimy enters.

DANIEL
Did you know there was a ham radio
in the garage?

RAIMY
I did.

DANIEL
I was obsessed with these when I
was a kid. Before cell phones,
before the internet, you could talk
to anyone in the world with one of
these!

RAIMY
Aw, how 'bout I buy you one for
your birthday? How 'bout a flip
phone?

Daniel, not catching her sarcasm, shakes his head.

DANIEL
I will fix this up and you and
Gordo will write songs about me.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Did you?

RAIMY

(nah...)

I didn't care. Just being with him... whole shed stinking from his cigar... wasn't til I was a cop I realized how much he must have needed it. How it relaxed him. Giving him some place to go that wasn't the job.

DANIEL

It sounds nice.

RAIMY

It was. He was my hero, my friend.

(then)

And then he went undercover. To "save the world". He and my mom broke up. And then he died.

(then)

And I realized he was something else entirely.

Daniel can't help a small smile.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

What?

DANIEL

Nothing. Thank you. Two years, that's the most you've ever told me about your dad.

RAIMY

That's not true.

But as they sit there, Raimy knows it is. The storm picks up. Gordo scoops up his daughter. Heads inside before the rains hit.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

CLOSE on the Antenna atop the shed as the now-raging storm pounds it. Lightening flashes, and SHARDS of ELECTRICITY crackle. WE MOVE down the antenna to the shed window, where all is dark within.

Inside, the supposedly-defunct HAM RADIO LIGHTS UP. *It's on?*

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2016

Daniel sleeps. Raimy looks through CRIME SCENE PHOTOS from today's case. Makes notes. Distracted, she looks off.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy drinks a glass of water. Texts Mom.

RAIMY
(texting)
How's work?

JULIE
(text)
Kill me.

Raimy smiles. And then notices the LIGHT in the shed.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

The ham glows. A VOICE crackles over the speaker, tinny at first, growing clearer. As Raimy enters--

VOICE (V.O.)
CQ, CQ, calling CQ, this is WQ2YV.

Raimy stares at the ham.

VOICE (V.O.)
Is this frequency clear? This is
WQ2YV. Whiskey Quebec Two--

Raimy keys the mic.

RAIMY
Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)
Hey, hello -- what's your call?

RAIMY
My what? Sorry-- I didn't even
know this thing was working.

VOICE (V.O.)
That's no problem. I mean-- so you
know, it's illegal to be on the
bands without a license, but we're
good.

RAIMY
Okay...

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (V.O.)
Where you from?

Raimy reacts. This guy on the other end, he really wants to talk. Just a hint of desperation there: a need to connect.

RAIMY
Queens, New York.

VOICE (V.O.)
Get out. Bayside born and bred
right here. Mets fan?

RAIMY
Uh, sure. Was. Don't follow
baseball much anymore.

VOICE (V.O.)
Still, you gotta love watching the
Yanks get slapped around, right?

RAIMY
The Yankees? Who doesn't?

VOICE (V.O.)
I mean, Maddux was ridiculous
tonight.

RAIMY
Okay.
(after a beat)
Greg Maddux as in Atlanta Braves
Greg Maddux?

VOICE (V.O.)
Game Two? World Series? Queens,
you're breaking my heart.

RAIMY
No, no. I get it. Yanks-Braves,
World Series. In 1996.

VOICE (V.O.)
There ya go.

Raimy stares at the mic. *Seriously?*

RAIMY
As in, Game three, Bernie Williams
jacks a two run shot in the bottom
of the eighth, Yanks take the
series in six?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (V.O.)

But you don't follow baseball.
Okay, let's do it. I'm good for
twenty on that.

RAIMY

It's not a prediction.

VOICE (V.O.)

Whoa-- I didn't realize it was
Nostradamus from Queens I was
talking to. My bad--

The radio begins to intermittently cut out. Raimy's not sure
she heard him right

RAIMY

Wait-- what? I'm the crazy one?

VOICE (V.O.)

Look, Queens, you seem nice. But
my eight year old daughter has a
better chance of talking to shuttle
astronauts than the Yanks do of
taking this series. But, hell, I'm
loving your optimism.

Raimy reacts--

RAIMY

Your daughter... What was that part
about your daughter?

VOICE

What? She turned eight today. On
my mind, I guess?
(after a beat)
Hello?

RAIMY

What's your name?

VOICE (V.O.)

Frank.

RAIMY

Frank from Queens.

VOICE (V.O.)

There it is. We agree on
something.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Satch. I'm a big boy.

YOUNG SATCH
Word is you've been swinging by the house? I don't know the details. All I know is, she asked me to ask you to stop.
(then)
I think Raimy's asking her questions that she can't answer--

FRANK
--I get it.

Frank takes a deep pull. This cuts him deep.

YOUNG SATCH
My two cents? Jules is confused too.

FRANK
And I'm not?

YOUNG SATCH
Have you told her that?

FRANK
Would it make a difference?

YOUNG SATCH
I'm just sayin', and this is just my gut talkin' -- I wouldn't be the only person happy to see you back in the world.

FRANK
(after a beat)
Yeah, well, I'm working on that.

YOUNG SATCH
For real? When?
(off Frank's look)
You can't tell me when. I get it. Good, this is good.
(then, rising)
Alright, man. Stay safe.

Young Satch leaves. Frank ponders, not so sure if it's good or not. His attention drifts to the television.

ON THE TV--

(CONTINUED)

World Series Game 3. Eighth inning. Bernie Williams steps up to the plate. As he sends a two-run homer over the fence--

ON FRANK. As bar patrons around him jump to their feet. But Frank never moves. Not believing what he just saw.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

The Ham Radio crackles to life--

FRANK (V.O.)
This is WQ2YV, calling Unidentified
Operator from Queens, New York--

--as a hand slams down on the transmitter. It's Raimy.

RAIMY
Hey. It's me.

She's coiled. Unsure. Been waiting for this.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996 - INTERCUT

Frank is amped to reconnect. He's got a drink and his cigar.

FRANK
Queens, hey! How'd the hell you
call that homer?

RAIMY
It happened 20 years ago.

FRANK
Come on. Still with this?

Raimy stares at the mic.

RAIMY
Game four, Yanks come back from six-
zero, Wade Boggs pinch-walks the
winning run in the bottom of the
tenth. They run the table from
there.

(then)
Are you screwing with me?

FRANK
Me? Are you serious?

RAIMY
Frank from Queens. Daughter who
tries to talk to astronauts. And
you're not trolling me.

FRANK
What-ing you?

RAIMY
Frank what? What's your last name?

FRANK
Uh-- because we're friends?

RAIMY
What's your daughter's name?

FRANK
O-kay. It's been fun, Queens--

RAIMY
What's your call sign?

FRANK
I told you my call sign. W-Q-2-Y-V.

Raimy shoots a look at the PAPER LICENSE attached to the Ham Radio box. WQ2YV. *What. The. Fuck.*

FRANK (CONT'D)
And I'm out--

RAIMY
--wait.
(then)
My name is Raimy Elizabeth Sullivan. My father's name was Frances Joseph Sullivan--

FRANK
What--?

RAIMY
--I live at 810 Browning in Bayside, Queens--

FRANK
--what is this--

RAIMY
--where I've lived my whole life.

FRANK
--who the hell are you--

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY

--which is the same house where my father, Frank -- after he left my mother, Julie -- used to leave me birthday presents in a coffee can.

Which stops Frank cold. He doesn't notice his cigar drooping onto the wooden cover for the ham, which starts to char...

As Raimy, in 2016, sees a BURN MARK forming on the wooden cover.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

You burnt the box!

FRANK

What?

And Frank realizes, *shit!* He scoops up the errant cigar.

RAIMY

You burnt the box! Tell me you didn't just burn the box!

But Frank is up on his feet, checking the windows. Somebody's watching him. Fucking with him--

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Frank?

Frank slams back into the chair.

FRANK

Whoever this is, you come on this frequency again, if you attempt to contact me again or so-help-me-god go near my family, I will hunt you and I will kill you. You copy that?

RAIMY

Wait.

But Frank flips the ham off. Freaked to all hell.

RAIMY sits there a moment as well. *Holy shit.*

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Dad?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STREET - DAY - 2016

Raimy runs in the early morning. Unsettled. Remembering--

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1994 - FLASHBACK

Young Raimy (actually SIX here) sits with Frank in the backyard. He shows her the COFFEE CAN and a small AMERICAN FLAG. He's doing his best to keep this upbeat:

FRANK

Stick the flag where I can see it,
I dig up your message.

(then)

It's our own super-secret
communication system.

RAIMY

Mommy said you're not coming back.

Frank looks to Julie. *What to say?*

EXT. STREET - DAY - 2016

Raimy runs harder. Remembering--

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1994 - FLASHBACK

Young Julie clutches Young Raimy as Frank walks away.

RAIMY

No! No! Let me go! Dad! Don't
go!

SLAM TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY - 2016

Raimy snaps from the memory as the M.E. -- IVAN DAMJANOV, 50s -- talks her through the SKELETAL REMAINS dug up yesterday from the marsh.

DAMJANOV

It's a female, yes, most likely in
her late-twenties, early thirties.
Maybe dumped there twenty, twenty-
five years ago? But that's not
what sent the tingle up my leg.

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY
You still get tingles up your leg,
Ivan?

DAMJANOV
I do, yes. But it takes a very
attractive set of remains.

He uses medical tongs to lift a set of crusted ROSARY BEADS.

DAMJANOV (CONT'D)
Two sets of rosaries, one bound
around her wrists, one around her
ankles.

RAIMY
Ritual killing?

DAMJANOV
I worked a serial murderer who was
active for a hot minute in the 90s.
They called him the Nightingale
Killer.

RAIMY
Sure. He targeted nurses. He used
rosaries?

DAMJANOV
That was not made public, but yes.
All three victims, the same.

RAIMY
So maybe there were four.

DAMJANOV
If I were a hotshot detective, I
might start there.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY - 2016

Raimy sits at her desk, surrounded by OLD CASE FILES from the Nightingale Killer case: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, a POLICE SKETCH of a SUSPECT and a list of MISSING PERSONS - women reported missing around the same time, who have never been found.

She hesitates, surrounded by this morass. Pulls up Google on her desktop and enters: "FRANK SULLIVAN. POLICE OFFICER".

A spate of ARTICLES appear: "Undercover Detective Found Dead in East River", "How Deep Is Too Deep?", "When Good Cops Go Bad".

(CONTINUED)

She exhales deeply. *I'm not nuts-- he's actually dead.*
Which gives her a wackier idea. She types in: "Communicating
with the dead". And now a boatload of wacky-ass shit pops
up: MISS CLEO PSYCHIC HOTLINES, STOREFRONT MEDIUMS, PORN.

Raimy reacts and hastily deletes it all. Looks around.
Jesus. I'm outta my goddamn mind.

EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD - DAY - 1996

WE ARE CLOSE on the back of a MAN'S HEAD as we arm around to
see it's FRANK. Idling on his Triumph, lost in thought.
Unable to shake the conversation from last night. *What the
hell is going on?*

As a HEAVY-GAUGE GATE rolls back to grant him entry, his face
shifts. At once, he is cool, relaxed. This is Frank in full
UC mode.

He pulls in next to Ricky Corrado. Mid-20s, affable, mid-
level soldier. Frank's closest friend in the life. Ricky
anxiously awaits news from Frank.

RICKY
So? Don't hold out on me, bro.

Frank takes his time removing his helmet, playfully teasing
out the suspense for his buddy.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's good, fix your hair
real nice, is this thing going down
or not?

Frank breaks into a wolfish grin.

FRANK
It's going down.

RICKY
I hate you, man. Come here.

Ricky, grinning like an idiot, pulls Frank into a bro-hug.

INT. SCRAP METAL YARD - DAY - 1996

Ricky leads Frank through to an office. Inside, three men.
Hard. One of them is LITTLE JAY. 30s. The boss.

RICKY
'scuse me. Little Jay?
(re: Frank)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Bro. We take down Little Jay?
That's the head of the snake. And
we go home. And I really want to
go home. So please, please tell me
you're squared away.

Frank shrugs. 'Course. But of course we know he's not. As
he stares off again....

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1996

WE LOOK ACROSS a swatch of tightly-set backyards, to see
Frank digging away again, in the pouring rain.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY- 1996

Frank leans over the ham. A SOLDERING KIT is spread out on
the table. He's focused on the ham cover that was burnt the
night before, but we can't see what he's doing. The window
shades are tightly drawn.

EXT./INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE/RAIMY'S CAR - DAY - 2016

Raimy sits in her car, stares out through the driving rain at
the back shed. On her face: *thisiscrazythisiscrazy*-- THUNK!
She opens the car door.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - DAY - 2016

Raimy enters. She freezes when she sees--

A SHAPE being burned into the ham radio cover. The shape of
a FLAG.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1996

Frank finishes the flag. Sits back. *Let's settle this.*

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Daniel arrives home. Moves through the house to the kitchen.

DANIEL

Raim? Raimy?

We follow Daniel out the back door to--

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - 2016

The backyard. Where he finds Raimy digging furiously in the
rain. From his perspective... it's downright bizarre.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
What are you doing?

RAIMY
It's him, Daniel!

DANIEL
What?

CLUNK. Raimy hits something with her shovel. She drops to her knees, scrabbles through the dirt to pull out the COFFEE CAN. She's stunned. Exhilarated.

She rips off the top, fishes out something inside. We can't tell what it is yet. A PHOTO? She falls back onto her butt. Overcome with emotion. Stares at that thing in her hand.

RAIMY(PRE-LAP)
It wasn't a dream.

DANIEL (PRE-LAP)
Then what was it?

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy sits at the table, soaked to the bone, staring off. In front of her, the dirt-crusted coffee can. This is the continuation of the teaser. Daniel sits across from her.

RAIMY
(after a beat, deflecting)
I thought you were picking up your
parents from the airport.

DANIEL
I am. What do you mean it wasn't
a dream?

RAIMY
(after a beat)
The ham radio. The other night, a
voice came on.

DANIEL
The ham radio doesn't work.

RAIMY
It works for me-- Don't-- I don't
have answers, I really don't.
(then)
We talked a few times, he said his
name was Frank.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
He "said" his name was Frank--

RAIMY
--There were other things. Trust
me. Neither of us believed it at
first either.
(piecing it together)
He's smart. Leaving clues only I
would know.

She's talking about the coffee can. She hands the photo to
Daniel. It's a PHOTO of FRANK.

DANIEL
This is your father.

RAIMY
Look at the date on the newspaper.

CLOSE ON - THE PHOTO. Frank holds a newspaper with today's
date: October 22, 1996.

FLASH TO-- Frank, in '96 takes the photo; Frank, in 1996,
pulls up the coffee can from the dirt, puts in the same
picture (but new, not aged) of himself into the can.

Resume Daniel and Raimy. He doesn't get it.

RAIMY (CONT'D)
He took the picture today.

Daniel looks again.

DANIEL
This says 1996.

RAIMY
Because time is moving parallel.
He's in '96, I'm now-- this proves
he's the one on the ham.
(off Daniel's look)
This is what I do, Daniel.

DANIEL
I know-- which is why-- it's just--

RAIMY
--Impossible? Thank you. Except
this proves it isn't. But let's
say it's impossible. Let's go with
that. Okay? That would mean I'm
losing my mind.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel just stares at her.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

This is the part where you say I'm
not losing my mind.

DANIEL

Raim--

RAIMY

Please don't look at me like that.
You have no idea how it makes me
feel to have you look at me like
that.

Whatever he's really thinking, Daniel flips into caretaker
mode. Helper. Friend.

DANIEL

You're not crazy. Okay? And I
mean-- there are definitely, I mean--
- sure. There are theories.

RAIMY

What theories.

DANIEL

I'm not a scientist, I'm an
architect.

RAIMY

I'm a cop bear-hugging a coffee
can. You're good.

DANIEL

You're talking about communicating
across time?

(grasping)

Elements of quantum mechanics
address this. String theory.
There's Einstein... Spooky action
at a distance. They just proved
that was true...

(then)

Point is, you wouldn't be the first
person to believe this.

Raimy allows a small, grateful smile. And then breaks into
sobs. Daniel takes her in his arms. His comforting face
drops. *She's scaring the shit out of him.*

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Frank paces. RAIMY'S VOICE sounds over the ham.

RAIMY (V.O.)
CQ CQ... this is WQ2YZ--

Frank races to it.

FRANK (V.O.)
--It's me. I'm here.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016 - INTERCUT

Raimy reacts. *What to say?* Finally--

RAIMY
Dad?

Frank sits there, poleaxed.

RAIMY (CONT'D)
Don't take this the wrong way or
anything... but you look horrible.

Frank smiles, he's overcome, he doesn't know what to think.

RAIMY (CONT'D)
Hello?

FRANK
Yeah-- here. I'm here.

RAIMY
Um-- I'm not exactly sure where to
start with this-- you're twenty-
seven, right? Birthday next month?

FRANK
I am. What-- where are you?

RAIMY
2016.

Frank doesn't even know what to say to that. Holy crap.

RAIMY (CONT'D)
(re: his shock)
I know.

FRANK
So-- what-- you'd be twenty-eight
then. Birthday was yesterday...

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY

I am.

FRANK

So-- you're older than me.

RAIMY

I am.

Which takes them both by surprise. The absurdity of it.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

And I'm a cop.

FRANK

Get out. So, what-- you're telling me I'm on the job with my daughter?

And Raimy goes cold with realization.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

RAIMY

No.

FRANK

No, what? I'm retired?

Raimy stares at the mic. *How to say this...*

RAIMY

You die.
(then)
You die tomorrow.

Off Frank. Not sure he heard that right.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank sprints through the night. Same shot as teaser. A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Frank careens out of frame.

SLAM TO:

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

RAIMY

October 23, 1996. Game four of the series. You were shot at 9:12pm.

FLASH ON: The Boatyard. 1996. Frank falls, shot. His watch hits the ground. Cracks. 9:12pm.

FRANK

Tomorrow night. Where?

RAIMY

College Point. Queens.

FRANK

That makes no sense...

RAIMY

They pulled you out of the East River. You and another guy.

FLASH ON: The Boatyard. 1996. Ricky Corrado begs for his life. An UNSEEN MAN stand before him with a gun.

FRANK

Who?

RAIMY

Ricky Something.

FRANK

Corrado?

FLASH ON: BAM! Ricky is shot. RACK TO Frank. Horrified.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who does it?

RAIMY

You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Because I'm the one living in the future. The hell does that mean?

RAIMY

I'm not eight years old, Frank. You don't have to pretend.
(then)
You crossed the line, it got you killed.

FRANK

Whoa. Tell me what you really think. I'm dying and I'm dirty.

RAIMY

You know what? Good luck tomorrow.

FRANK

Hold up. Hold up. Who the hell do you think you are?

RAIMY

You're seriously asking that? Maybe if you hadn't abandoned us, you'd know.

Frank is frozen for a moment. Confronted for the first time with the wreckage of what he's done.

FRANK

I'm going to say a few things, and then we're done here. I'm not dirty. Wherever you got that, it's a lie.

RAIMY

Then tell me what you're doing tomorrow night--

FRANK

The job. And every cop on this sting with me can vouch for that.

RAIMY

A sting? What kind of sting?

FRANK

Can I speak?

RAIMY

I've read the files-- Nobody ever said there was a sting that night--

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

--I wonder why? Maybe because I'm
undercover? And it's a secret?

(then, switching gears)

I know what kind of father I've
been. Okay? I've lost everything.
My wife, my little girl. Believe
me, I know what I've lost. And I
know what I need to do to get it
back.

RAIMY

You can't get anything if you're
dead.

FRANK

I appreciate that, I do, but I
can't go knocking on my wife's
front door with nothing to show for
all the pain I've caused. That's
just the way it is.

RAIMY

Don't. Dad. Don't go.

FRANK

I'm not walking away from the
people in my life because of a
voice from the future. No matter
who she is. I'm sorry. I just--
(can't).

Raimy's stricken. Realizes: *he's doing this, no matter what.*

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy sits there. Lost. *Can this really be happening?*
Daniel enters. Tentative.

DANIEL

Hey.

Raimy goes immediately to him, embraces him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

It's okay...

But Raimy stares off, past his embrace. It's anything but.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 1996

Frank sits in his car. Watches his darkened home. The bedroom where his little girl sleeps. *Can this really be happening?*

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 2016

Morning. Raimy exits the back door, girded for work. Julie sits in the backyard. She's been waiting.

JULIE (O.S.)

I almost killed him when he came home with that thing.

She's talking about the Antenna looming over the back shed.

RAIMY

Ma-- What are you doing?

Julie taps the seat next her: *sit*. Raimy does.

JULIE

He loved that ham so much. Made him feel like he was connected to something bigger, you know? And he absolutely loved the way you took to it. God. Your father was a hard man to love. Not when he was with you.

RAIMY

Daniel told you I was having a nervous breakdown.

JULIE

Don't you dare blame that boy. I thank God in heaven every day for that young man. What he's brought out in you. He turned the lights back on, Raim.

(then, lighter)

And I met him first, never forget that. He'll always be more loyal to me.

Raimy eye-rolls. They sit there for a moment.

RAIMY

You ever wonder what would have happened if Dad hadn't died?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Oh. I don't know. Maybe when I was younger. Maybe a lot.
(then)
For an asshole he was a hell of a guy.

They share a smile. Julie takes Raimy's hand.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Your father and I agreed on one thing before we separated. When you were old enough, you'd get this house. So maybe you could find the happiness we couldn't. It was the only thing we had to give to you.
(then)
And it worked. Despite all of it.
(growing emotional)
I was so sure it worked.

RAIMY

Ma--

Julie squeezes Raimy's hand. Collects herself.

JULIE

You don't have to tell me what's going on. But just tell someone, okay? I'm old, Raim. I've seen too much of this. Too many good people slip away.
(after a beat)
Don't do that.

Another moment. Raimy leans her head on her mother's shoulder.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - 1996

Stan huddles with Frank, and two other undercover cops -- CHESTER DAY, 30s, and MIKE RAINEY, 40s -- in front of a tactical street map.

STAN

First things first, Frank, meet Chester, your hook-up.
(re: Rainey)
This is Rain Man, he'll have eyes on you at the bar.

As Stan moves to the tac map, WE STAY ON FRANK. Not sure of any of this. Hyper-aware.

(CONTINUED)

STAN (CONT'D)

(re: tacmap)

Chester will be holding the product here. Your basic auto garage, Bushwick. One entrance and exit. Frank brings Little Jay and pals, makes sure Little Jay trades the cash for Chester's fine product and you duck. Cause we're comin' in hot and nasty. Questions so far?

CHESTER

I'm set.

STAN

Frank?

Frank stares at the tacmap a beat longer. He nods.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY - 2016

Raimy knocks at Satch's office.

SATCH

Hey. M.E. got a match on those remains. Nurse who went missing in '96, Rose Cairone.

RAIMY

Cairone?

SATCH

What?

RAIMY

My mom worked with her. I remember when she went missing.

(then)

We calling this a Nightingale kill?

SATCH

Not that there's anything we can do about it.

RAIMY

I'll take a look.

SATCH

He's been inactive for two decades.

RAIMY

So he's dead. Or relocated. Lemme cross-check with other localities.

(CONTINUED)

SATCH
Knock yourself out. In the
meantime, contact next of kin, give
'em some closure.

RAIMY
Absolutely. Ask you a question?

SATCH
Shoot.

RAIMY
You ever hear any talk back in the
day of my Dad arranging a sting the
night he got shot?

SATCH
News to me. All he told me was he
thought he'd be coming out from
under soon. Where'd you hear that?

RAIMY
Maybe just gossip, I dunno. I was
thinking of running down some of
the guys in his operation.

SATCH
Why?

RAIMY
Hey-- this was your idea. I'm
looking for some closure of my own.

SATCH
(after a beat)
And you want from me?
(of course)
You want names.

Raimy stands there. *Yes I do.*

INT. POLICE HQ - DAY - 2016

Raimy stands in front of a secretary. She's in the upper
echelons of NYPD brass here. Various ARTICLES, etc.
featuring Older Stan Hope adorn the walls.

SECRETARY
I'm sorry, Detective. Deputy Chief
Hope isn't in today. Would you
like to make an appointment?

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY (CONT'D)

I was hoping you could help me better understand what happened the night my father was killed.

CHESTER

What's the write up say?

RAIMY

The write up doesn't say anything.

CHESTER

Okay. Cause everything I had to say? Was in the write-up.

Translation: *go hump a stump*. Raimy doesn't flinch.

RAIMY

You left the force in 2002.

CHESTER

Yes, I did.

RAIMY

You'd racked up enough misconducts to be let go for cause. But they let you leave quiet. Keep your pension. Someone gave you the easy way out and I'm just curious why.

CHESTER

What can I say? I'm blessed.

RAIMY

Oh, I agree. Attempted rape. Perversion of a minor-- all just swept away.

(then)

How do your kids feel about Daddy's time on the job?

CHESTER

Don't do this, Detective.

RAIMY

Because I had to read in every paper in New York what a bad guy my father was. Starting the day after he was shot. When I was eight years old.

(then)

Look. I'm just trying to find out the truth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Surely you can understand that.
All children deserve the truth
about their parents, don't they?

Chester stiffens. Finally looks at her. *Ask.*

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Was my father dirty?

CHESTER

Not a clue.

RAIMY

Was there a sting arranged the
night he was killed?

CHESTER

(a beat)

No.

RAIMY

Why would someone tell me there was
a sting that night if there wasn't?

CHESTER

"Someone?" You're kidding, right?

RAIMY

Your son, Michael, his shift at the
rest home starts at 8am. I leave
now I'm there by lunch. What do
you think-- I-95 or the turnpike?

CHESTER

(after a beat)

I'm just not going there.

RAIMY

Who are you protecting? Same
person who protected you when you
left the force?

Chester's starting to break.

CHESTER

Man, you do not want to be messing
with these people--

RAIMY

--Why would someone assume there
was a sting if there wasn't?

(CONTINUED)

CHESTER
(after a beat)
Maybe that's what "someone" was
told.

RAIMY
Told? You mean led to believe. My
father was told there was a sting,
but there was no sting, was there.
(then)
It was a set-up.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - NIGHT - 1996

Frank sits at the bar. The bar is packed. Game Four on the TV. Yanks mounting a stunning comeback as Wade Boggs stands at the plate, winning runs on base.

Up the bar from Frank sits Rain Man. Totally blends. His eyes flicker from the TV to a spot just beyond Frank. As--

Ricky taps Frank on the shoulder. Time to go. Frank follows Ricky to the exit, his dread increasing. As Wade Boggs walks in the winning run and the bar goes bonkers...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT./EXT. SUBWAY STATION/STREET - NIGHT - 2016

Daniel climbs the steps to the street above. He's totally at a loss as he speaks to Raimy on his cell.

DANIEL

Raimy-- I can't-- I'm about to pick up my parents--

INT. RAIMY'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING - 2016

Raimy races back to Queens, cell phone to her ear. Panicked but doing her best to keep it together.

RAIMY

It's very simple. You go to the ham. You pick up the mic. If he's there, you tell him who you are, you tell him I told you to contact him--

DANIEL

--I'm in midtown--

RAIMY

--It's my father. Okay? It's my father and it's his life and you have to try!

(reining it in)

And you tell him -- this is important -- it's a set up. Don't trust Chester Day, don't trust Stan Hope. Okay? Can you tell him that?

(then)

Daniel?

Daniel just stands there. Certain now -- *I've lost her.*

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Daniel?

And she realizes too: *He thinks I've lost my mind.*

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - 1996

Stan's on the phone.

STAN

(into phone)

Rain Man. Talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

RAINEY (V.O.)
They're moving.

STAN
Get your ass over here.

Stan hangs up. Chester sits next to him, head in his hands.

CHESTER
This is messed up, bro.

Stan doesn't answer. Leans back on the table. *It's done.*

INT. RICKY'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING - 1996

MUSIC BLASTS. Frank stays outwardly stoic... but realizes they're heading in a different direction than they should be.

FRANK
What are we doing?

RICKY
Relax. Picking up Little Jay.

Frank nods like he's cool with it. Even as they pass a ROAD SIGN that reads: ENTERING COLLEGE POINT.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy SCREECHES into the driveway, bolts from her car, leaves the door open.

Across the street, Gordo looks up from unloading his family from his car.

GORDO
Hey-- Raim? Where's the fire?

But Raimy ignores him, heads for the back shed. Gordo turns to his wife. *What do we do here?*

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Ricky and Frank pull up. Little Jay stands outside his car with the same two guys from before. Call them Thug 1 & 2.

Frank doesn't like this. As he and Ricky step from the car--

FRANK
Yo, my guy's gonna bolt if we don't-

WHOOMPH! Ricky slams Frank against the hood. Frank jerks back but Ricky slams him back. Starts to frisk him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Whoa-- easy!

(beat)

Somebody wanna tell me what's up?

THUNK. THUNK. Ricky drops each piece of Frank's private arsenal on the car hood. Frank meets eyes with Little Jay-- and Frank knows he's fucked.

Ricky sticks a gun into Frank's side. Ricky's eyes glisten. He's angry and embarrassed by the betrayal.

RICKY

I'll tell you what's up. You're a cop.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy frantically calls for Frank on the ham.

RAIMY

WQ2YV, WQ2YV. Come in-- Frank!

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Empty.

RAIMY (V.O.)

Are you there?

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Ricky marches Frank through winterized boats. Gun trained on him. Frank's eyes swivel, looking for any way out.

FRANK

Use your head, Ricky. Does any of this make sense? I'm a cop? What's that make you? You really that dumb?

RICKY

Shut up--

FRANK

And if I was-- you think this ends with you shooting me? Little Jay's not gonna come at you? Other cops aren't gonna come at you?

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Other cops? You mean the ones
working with Little Jay? That sold
you out?

Frank's barely able to react to Ricky's bombshell when they enter a small clearing between boats and Frank stops, frozen by what he sees in front of him.

INT. SULLIVANY HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT -2016

Raimy looks at the clock. 9:12pm. She slaps the microphone away. Overcome, she slides to the floor.

Gordo hovers outside the screen door. Unsure.

GORDO

Raim? You okay?

She looks up-- what can she possibly say?

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank stares at HEAVY DUTY PLASTIC laid purposefully on the ground. Gets it. It's for his him. His body. This is where it happens.

RICKY

I let you into my home, man. My
daughter's christening-- my sister.
What am I gonna tell my sister,
Frank? You and her, that was all
fake, too? Trust me, man. This?
This is good for you. This is the
easy way out--

Suddenly, Frank dives beneath a boat--

Ricky races after him-- WHOOMP! Frank slams Ricky against the hull! They wrestle-- Frank gets control of the gun.

Frank draws down on Ricky -- but hesitates. As--

BAM! Frank is shot! He falls to the ground as--

BAM! BAM! Ricky is shot dead!

Frank wheels -- spots Thug #1 barreling through an opening, gun up-- BAM!BAM!BAM!-- as Frank sights him and BAM!BAM! takes him out.

Bleeding heavily, gasping, Frank sees LEGS circling behind a boat. Thug #2.

(CONTINUED)

WITH THUG #2. As he rounds to take a shot at Frank--
But Frank isn't there.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank runs. The image from the teaser. Except now WE WIDEN -
- now he runs with a gun...

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy perks up. She can't place it. Senses *something...*

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank cuts up a small rise, charges Little Jay's car as the
HEADLIGHTS FLARE and the car charges forward.

BAM! BAM! Frank takes out Thug #2, who tries to cut him off
from the car, as--

TATTATTATTAT! Little Jay sprays bullets in Frank's direction
as he whips by, Frank falls to the ground as Little Jay's car
speeds away.

A beat. Frank on his back, eyes open, not moving, shot...

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy stands. *What the hell is going on...*

EXT. ABANDONED BOATYARD - NIGHT - 1996

Frank, still. And now gasping for air. Alive. As--

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - BACK SHED - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy reels. Her brain fills with NEW MEMORIES:

Frank and Young Raimy [8] on a Coney Island Roller Coaster.

Frank coaches Young Raimy [15] in a softball game.

Frank and 18-year old Raimy at her High School graduation.

*Frank and Raimy drinking beers. Watching a sunset. Her head
leans against his.*

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy bursts from the shed. Gordo follows.

(CONTINUED)

GORDO
Hey. Whoa. Rains. Slow down.

RAIMY
Can you feel it? Everything's
different. My dad wasn't murdered.

GORDO
Okay.
(a beat)
What?

RAIMY
You don't remember?

GORDO
I remember the accident.
(then)
Your father died five years ago in
a car accident. Just after his
43rd birthday. Tell me you
remember that, kiddo.

Raimy's mind races at this new information.

RAIMY
I remember.
(then, holy crap)
I remember it both ways. Life when
he was murdered, life when he
wasn't.

Gordo stares.

GORDO
I don't know whether to get you to
a hospital or a bar.

But Raimy just beams. Kisses Gordo on the cheek.

RAIMY
Everything's changed, Gordo.

Raimy stands there a moment. Flushed. She can't believe it
herself. But-- yeah. She bearhugs Gordo as we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. QUEENS SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy rushes onto a subway car, dressed for dinner. She slips into a seat, flushed with excitement. She texts her Mom:

RAIMY
(texting)
911. Urgent.
(a beat)
Not pregnant.

She smiles, pushes send just as the train enters a tunnel.

On the phone - "Message Undelivered".

Raimy sighs, sits back.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Frank lies in a hospital bed. On a boatload of painkillers.

Stan Hope sits in a chair. Wrung out. Nothing tonight went as planned.

STAN
Needless to say, you're blown, pal.
They're rolling up the whole
operation.
(then)
What happened out there, Frank?

Frank just stares back for an uncomfortable moment -- it's impossible to tell if he trusts Stan or not.

FRANK
Hard to say.

And then-- the door opens. It's Young Julie and Young Raimy.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy shifts in her seat as this NEW MEMORY hits her.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Frank, eyes shining. As Young Raimy stares at him, wide-eyed. Young Julie puts on a brave smile.

YOUNG JULIE
Hey...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Hey, yourself.

Stan bends down to Rainy.

STAN
Your dad's a real hero, you know
that?

All pretty unsettling, coming from this guy. Stan exits.

FRANK
(to Rainy)
Hey. C'mere.

Young Rainy goes to Frank. He touches her cheek. Gestures
for her to move closer.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm okay, little girl. C'mere.

He whispers something into her ear.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT - 2016

Rainy reacts. Her eyes begin to water as she hears her
father's words, spoken now, for the first time, to her
younger self.

FLASH TO-- Young Rainy's POV, 1996. As Frank whispers only
for her ears. This time we hear what he says.

FRANK
You did good, kiddo.

RESUME RAIMY on the train. As this new memory pierces her
like a bullet.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Young Julie and Young Rainy wait for the elevator. There's a
knot of cops and brass holding court outside Frank's room.

The elevator opens, Young Satch steps off. He embraces Young
Julie, whose brave facade is starting to crumble.

YOUNG SATCH
Hey. How we doing?

YOUNG JULIE
They're shipping his personal
effects to the house. Everyone
seems to assume he's coming home.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (CONT'D)

I totally owe you some codeine.
Joking.
 (mouthing)
Not joking.

Young Julie smiles as the doors close. As Young Julie and Young Raimy stand there, we become aware of ANOTHER PERSON in the elevator. Wearing scrubs. Could be a nurse, orderly, janitorial. We never see this person's face or any identifying features. But we do see--

THE UNKNOWN PERSON'S POV. And it is creepy. His eyes linger on Young Julie's neck, her back. Her ID BADGE. As if she were a newfound toy.

And now we see hands. Idly kneading a set of ROSARY BEADS--
DING! The doors open. Young Julie and Young Raimy exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy moves through the bustling restaurant to find Daniel and his parents, finishing dessert and after-dinner drinks.

RAIMY

I am so, so sorry.
 (to the parents)
Hi, I'm Raimy.

Daniel's parents smile politely, if not with some mild confusion.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

I truly am so excited to be meeting
you both.

Daniel stands, guides her away from the table. Raimy doesn't realize it but he's doing his best to diffuse an odd situation, to create separation between them and the other diners.

DANIEL

Can we talk this way?

RAIMY

Okay...
 (then)
Are you angry at me?

DANIEL

What? No, not at all.

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY
Because all that other stuff,
there's an explanation-- I'm sorry
if I scared you--

Daniel has led her to the front of the restaurant.

DANIEL
--Miss... I think there's been a
mistake.

RAIMY
Miss? You're seriously doing this?
I'm not nervous enough meeting your
parents, you're screwing with me
now?

DANIEL
I think you may be mistaken. Maybe
you are confused. You and I don't
know each other.

But Raimy assumes this is another of his jokes. Deadpan--

RAIMY
Okay.

--and turns back to the table, when she freezes. Seeing--

ANOTHER WOMAN, about her age, slip into the empty seat -- her
seat -- at the table with Daniel's parents.

Daniel exchanges looks with the Maitre'd, who has overheard
and assures Daniel with a nod he'll take care of it. Daniel
attempts to slip by Raimy back to his table--

MAITRE' D
Miss..

--when Raimy grabs Daniel's arm.

RAIMY
--Stop. Your name is Daniel Badour.
We live together in Bayside,
Queens. Say you know who I am.

DANIEL
How do you know my name?

RAIMY
I'm your girlfriend.

ACT SIX

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT - 2016

London Grammar's "Nightcall" begins as Raimy steps into frame. Dazed, stricken, cellphone to her ear. As an AUTOMATED MESSAGE PLAYS.

RAIMY

Mom? Why is your message screwy?
You have to call me right now-- you
hear me? Call me right now. I'm
coming over.

She disconnects, hails a cab. Her cell chirps. She looks at the Caller ID, composes herself, answers.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Detective Sullivan.

(then)

Now? Did he say what it was about?

(then)

Fine... fine. I can be there in
twenty.

A cab pulls beside her. As she enters, RACK FOCUS TO--

A FLYER. Stapled to a lightpole. It's a "Wanted" flyer posted by the police. On it, the same SKETCH ARTIST FACE we've seen before... in 1996. The Nightingale Killer.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy steps out of the elevator. Satch waits for her.

SATCH

Okay, look. There's no other way
to say this. I know it's been a
long, painful journey for you, and
I'm hoping, somehow, this can help
that.

(then)

We've ID'd the remains from the
marsh.

RAIMY

Rose Cairone. The nurse missing
from '96. We talked about this.

SATCH

No, I wanted to speak to you in
person for this--

(CONTINUED)

Satch exits toward the bullpen. A beat later, Raimy follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 1996

Frank lays zonked out on drugs. Totally helpless.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy enters the bullpen -- except it looks different now. One entire wall set up like a war room. All about the Nightingale. But there aren't three murders...there are 20. And he never "disappeared", he's been active since 1996.

Raimy looks closer, finds her Mom's picture on the wall, the word "CONFIRMED" newly scrawled across her face. The date of Mom's disappearance is listed: January 10th, 1997. Meaning, in our 1996 time period, Mom is going to be abducted eleven weeks from now.

Raimy, totally spooked, backs up into a desk. Things spill. Other cops watch her, feel for her, as she brings her hands to her head, squeezes her eyes as if to wish it all away as--

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1996

Police Techs empty his apartment. One TECH boxes up the HAM RADIO. As he places the top on the box, we--

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY - 1996

Young Julie makes a sandwich, watches the TV news. *It's two days after heroic undercover cop Frank Sullivan survived a shoot-out with the drug gang he'd infiltrated. Just last night, various members of the gang, including Jason "Little Jay" Garza, were found dead from what authorities are assuming was a hit from a rival gang--*

YOUNG RAIMY (O.S.)

Mom?

Young Julie quickly turns off the TV. Young Raimy is there.

YOUNG RAIMY (CONT'D)

Does this mean Dad is coming back?

JULIE

You have to stop asking me that. I don't know.

RAIMY

Are you two getting back together?

(CONTINUED)

RAIMY

I know.

WE SEE before Raimy: OLD ARTICLES about the shooting.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

But I need you to do something for me, can you do that? I need you to tell your father that his friend on the radio needs him now.

And now we see the entire shed is covered with Nightingale paperwork. Pictures, statements, clues. A war bunker for what's coming: the fight to save Mom.

RAIMY (CONT'D)

Can you tell him that?

As Raimy waits for an answer...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - 1996

Frank still in bed. The door opens. It's Young Julie with Young Raimy, who purposefully places the boxed ham on his bed. As Frank wonders what the hell is going on...

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - NIGHT - 2016

Raimy drinks a glass of water at the kitchen sink. Watches the darkened back shed for a sign, anything. She sighs, turns away, hope sinking. And then, over her shoulder--

Through the kitchen window, in the back shed, A GLOW APPEARS.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...