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ORIGINAL SIN

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February 20, 2015	WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT
February 25, 2015	BLUE (REVS.)
February 27, 2015	PINK (FULL)
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March 6, 2015	GOLDENROD (REVS.)
March 10, 2015	2 ND WHITE (REVS.)
March 12, 2015	2 ND BLUE (REVS.)
March 12, 2015	2 ND PINK (REVS.)
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March 18, 2015	2 ND GREEN (REVS.)

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ORIGINAL SIN

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"ORIGINAL SIN" PILOT

2nd Yellow Revisions

CHARACTER LIST

ADAM WARREN
BRIDEY CRUZ
CLAIRE WARREN
DANNY WARREN
HANK ASHER
NINA MEYER
JOHN WARREN
WILLA WARREN
YOUNG DANNY WARREN
YOUNG WILLA WARREN
YOUNG ADAM WARREN

ICE CREAM MAN*
GAS STATION ATTENDANT
HIGH SCHOOL GIRL/YOUNG BRIDEY CRUZ
JOSH LANGHAM
REPORTER #1
PAUL THE AIDE
WOMAN #1
WOMAN #2
COP
TRASHY GIRL #1
TRASHY GIRL #2
NEWS ANCHOR
PRISON GUARD
JUDGE
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
LAWYER
UNCLE FRED*
GUS
MAKE-UP LADY
SHRINK
BAR CREEPER
TEEN GIRL
POCK-MARKED MAN
CUSTOMER

***ADDED**

ORIGINAL SIN

2nd Green Revisions

SET LIST

INTERIORS

POLICE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

GAS STATION - NIGHT

WARREN HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

KITCHEN

ADAM'S ROOM

ADAM'S OLD ROOM

ATTIC

RED PINES POLICE STATION - DAY & NIGHT

BULLPEN

INTERROGATION ROOM

HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

TRASHED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

HOSPITAL - ***DAY**

HALLWAY

ADAM'S ROOM

RED PINES CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

HANK'S CELL

COURTROOM - DAY

RED PINES TRIBUNE - DAY

HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

DOWNSTAIRS

HANK'S BEDROOM

STAIRCASE

HALLWAY

RED PINES MALL - DAY

SUPERMARKET - DAY

BAR - NIGHT

CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

CABIN - NIGHT

***TIME CHANGE**

EXTERIORS

HIGHWAY THROUGH MAINE WOODS - DAY & NIGHT

RED PINES - DAY & NIGHT

DOWNTOWN AREA

DOWNTOWN PARK AREA

MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

FRONT STEPS

WARREN HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT

BACKYARD

HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

OUTSIDE BEDROOM WINDOW

WOODS - NIGHT

TEASER

1 INT. POLICE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - OUT OF TIME 1

WE SOAR ABOVE a huge, darkened police evidence warehouse, a single lit aisle in the back. Someone's here late.

NINA (V.O.)

They say every cop has two.

QUICK FRANTIC CUTS -- EVIDENCE BOXES are hurriedly PULLED from SHELVES, tipped over, PAPERS and EVIDENCE BAGGIES spilling everywhere. Someone's desperately looking for something.

NINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The case that makes you. Pushes you to your limits. Earns you that badge.

Then -- stillness. Silence. The frantic search over. We MOVE through the TRASHED evidence aisle, over the piles of files, tipped boxes, loose papers, to land on --

DETECTIVE NINA MEYER, mid-thirties, an air of wryness, swagger and authority that belies her small stature. But right now she's none of those things. She's broken, paralyzed, mascara streaked, her face a storm of emotions we can't yet understand. She's staring down at SOMETHING in her HAND.

NINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the one that breaks you. Rips it all apart. Tears you to shreds.

REVEAL in Nina's hands -- a small SHIP IN A BOTTLE, delicately and lovingly made, encased in a plastic EVIDENCE BAG.

Nina struggles to breathe, her eyes wide. Whatever she's realizing here is too much to digest. TIGHT ON HER FACE as --

NINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sometimes? They're the same case.

The LIGHTS ON THE CEILING BLUR TO BECOME --

2 EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH MAINE WOODS - NIGHT 2

CHYRON: PRESENT DAY

The WHITE MARKINGS ON A HIGHWAY. ON a pair of dirty BARE FEET. Doing something between a stumble and a run, right down the middle white line. TILT UP to reveal they belong to -- a YOUNG MAN, 19, haunted, skinny, covered in dirt, his clothes don't fit him quite right. ONE HAND is shoved into a pocket -- we'll keep it there, hidden, throughout the Teaser. But he moves with purpose. He knows where he's heading. A CAR whizzes around him, HONKING, sending the Young Man sprawling.

The Young Man picks himself up off the road. Staring UP.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

At a BILLBOARD high above the edge of the highway, reading, "MAYOR CLAIRE WARREN WELCOMES YOU TO RED PINES, MAINE: WHERE FAMILY VALUES STILL MATTER." Below the print, a SMILING, POLISHED, ELEGANT WOMAN.

And as the Young Man looks at the picture, at the woman, a hint of recognition in his eyes, the image of CLAIRE WARREN on the billboard becomes --

3 **EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - DAY - PAST**

3

CHYRON: 10 YEARS AGO

A younger, less polished picture of CLAIRE WARREN smacked on a hastily, probably drawn by a child "Claire Warren for City Council" poster. We're in a bustling downtown PARK, large CROWDS OF PEOPLE congregating: booths, food and drink, etc. A BANNER READS -- "Meet your Candidates for City Council!" Under it, multiple CANDIDATES and their FAMILIES introduce themselves to PASSERSBY, vying for votes.

We're with the WARRENS. We recognize CLAIRE WARREN from the billboard we just saw -- only now she's younger and unpolished, frazzled and adorable. As she smiles stiffly at a PASSERBY, almost comically awkward --

CLAIRE

Hi, I'm Claire Warren. Did you know my permit proposal would reduce traffic in your neighborhood by...

(as the Passerby ignores her)

...Have a nice night.

Claire turns to her husband, JOHN WARREN, 30s, charismatic, warm, crinkly-eyed charm. Shoots him a look. He smiles. They've been through this before.

JOHN

You DON'T suck at this.

CLAIRE

I kinda suck at this.

JOHN

Honey --

CLAIRE

I didn't suck at carpool. I didn't suck at PTA. Who am I to think people will actually vote for some lame, cupcake-baking, stay-at-home --

Claire abruptly stops as another PASSERBY moves past, quickly planting another brightly robotic smile on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hi, Claire Warren. Did you know my parking permit program could reduce --

John grins, amused, and gives Claire an affectionate squeeze, lots of love here. Nearby, Claire's TEENAGE CHILDREN, wise-ass star athlete DANNY, 17, and WILLA, 15, an adorable Tracy Flick in the making, hand out flyers with Claire's picture.

DANNY

(to the next one)

Vote for my mom. She'll give you ten bucks.

WILLA

Danny!!!

Danny shoves the rest of his STACK of flyers in the next PASSERBY'S hands. We notice a SMALL JOCK TATTOO on his arm -- a FOOTBALL in midair. Then, turning to John and Claire --

DANNY

Yo, can I bail now? I'm outta flyers.

During this, we DRIFT DOWN TO LAND ON ADAM, the Warren's quiet, sweetly brainy youngest son, 9, under the table where he's carefully assembling a SHIP IN A BOTTLE. If you don't know how these work, he shows you right here, pulling the string on the hinge to inflate the mast INSIDE the bottle. It pops up perfectly. Adam smiles proudly.

WILLA

Mother, he is BUYING you votes --

CLAIRE

Great, how many?

WILLA

Hello, it's called election fraud!

DANNY

So call the President. Tell him you're the nerd with the giant stick up her --

John pulls out some cash, so over all of them.

JOHN

O-kay, who wants ice cream?

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

WILLA

*I can't believe this. Democracy is
so dead.*

*John hands cash to Danny as Adam scrambles up from beneath
the table, holds up the ship in a bottle for John to see.*

JOHN

*Best one yet, Chief. Where's the
crew?*

ADAM

There is no crew. It's a ghost ship.

*John smiles, ruffles Adam's hair. Danny pockets the cash and
nods to Adam, who eagerly grabs his older brother's hand.
Willa reluctantly follows them. Claire calls after them --*

CLAIRE

Watch your brother --

*We drift away from the adults and LINGER FOREBODINGLY on the
THREE KIDS disappearing into the large CROWD, Adam's SHIP IN
A BOTTLE dangling from his little hand as he runs up to an
ICE CREAM STAND. The ICE CREAM MAN smiles down at him --*

ICE CREAM MAN

How can I help you, son?

4 INT. RED PINES - GAS STATION - NIGHT - PRESENT

4

*The GAS STATION ATTENDANT stares. REVEAL he's looking at --
the Young Man roaming the aisles, longingly touching all the
packaged junk food like you would a long lost lover.*

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Help you with somethin'??

*The Young Man turns to face the Attendant. And haltingly, as
if he hasn't spoken to anyone in a long time --*

YOUNG MAN

Do you have a pay phone?

The Attendant stares at him weirdly, then --

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Where you been the last ten years?

Adam doesn't answer. A long beat. Then, looking up --

YOUNG MAN

I need a ride.

CUT TO:

4A OMITTED

4A

5

EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - DAY - PAST

5

Where Danny has a GIRLY CHEERLEADER TYPE, also 17, pushed up against a rec center wall, away from the crowds. They're making out when a panicked Willa appears.

WILLA

Have you seen Adam?!

They ignore her, still going at it.

WILLA (CONT'D)

Hey!

An impatient Willa YANKS Danny's hand pointedly off the GIRL'S ASS. The Girl laughs good-naturedly.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

That never works when I do it.

DANNY

Who left your cage open, Butt Steak?

WILLA

I can't find Adam. I looked everywhere, he's gone.

DANNY

Well, look again. I'm sure he's around somewhere. C'mon.

Annoyed, Danny grabs the Girl by the hand and leads her off. She winks at Willa as she follows him.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

Stay in school.

Off an increasingly panicked Willa, we TIME CUT TO --

6 OMITTED 6

7 **EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - NIGHT - PAST** 7

The festival's over, the square emptied out save for POLICE CARS parked, lights flashing. COPS swarm the scene, interviewing VENDORS and PEOPLE from the rally.

Slowly at first, then faster and faster, in hyperspeed, the cars begin to disappear and then we reverse to REVEAL --

7A EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - NIGHT - PRESENT 7A

The PRESENT NIGHT. The Young Man. Standing in the now empty park. Remembering what, we're not exactly sure yet. Ghosts.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
THE TWO OF YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE
WATCHING HIM!

We're back to --

8 **INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PAST** 8

A warm, comfortable, middle-class Victorian house. A silent Willa sits ramrod straight on the sofa, head down, while a panicked Claire angrily lashes out at a sullen Danny slumped in the corner. John's pacing, calmer, but also on edge.

DANNY
He was fine, he was with Willa --

JOHN
You shouldn't have left them alone,
you're the oldest, you're in charge --

WILLA
Except when he's getting to third
base with some slut --

DANNY
Like you will EVER know what that
is, you freak of nature --

NINA (O.S.)
STOP IT.

They all turn to find our COP NINA, then 25, noticeably green and young, but with the same wise wryness underneath.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

NINA (CONT'D)

Turning on each other doesn't help anyone. Definitely not Adam. The first few hours of a missing child case are critical and if you spend them screaming at each other instead of remembering what he was wearing, what he was doing and who he was doing it with... might as well bury your kid right now.

They all just stare at her, stunned for a moment. Then --

JOHN

You're the officer they sent?

CLAIRE

(whispers, horrified)

She's just a little girl, John.

NINA

I'm the little girl who's gonna find your son.

And off Young Nina, facing down this family, we're BACK TO...

9 INT. RED PINES POLICE STATION - MORNING - PRESENT

9

A hustling, bustling mid-city precinct. The Young Man stands motionless in the busy lobby, activity swirling around him, staring at something on the wall.

HIS POV -- a FRAMED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FROM 2005. THE HEADLINE: **MISSING CHILD CASE SOLVED: RED PINES ROOKIE PUTS SEX OFFENDER AWAY FOR MURDER OF LOCAL BOY. Underneath the headline is a photo of 9-Year-Old Adam Warren.**

As the Young Man continues to stare at the clipping, a young, sweet, eager beaver rookie, JOSH LANGHAM, 25, approaches.

JOSH

High school finals week, it's like you gotta egg a car to pass. Who'd you need to see again?

The Young Man doesn't move his eyes from the clipping. That hand still shoved deep in his pocket.

YOUNG MAN

Officer Meyer.

JOSH

Watch out, it's big time Detective now, she'll eat ya for that.

(calls out)

Meyer!!!

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

The Young Man watches as the present day Nina we recognize from the opening, now in plain clothes, heads over, good-humored, grinning at Josh --

NINA

What, Tom, whaaaat?!

Josh grins, this is clearly their little routine.

JOSH

It's Josh. You know it's Josh.

NINA

(shrugs, grins)

You look like a Tom.

Finally, Nina takes in the Young Man's filthy, bedraggled appearance, then, warily --

NINA (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

YOUNG MAN

You're Nina Meyer?

NINA

Yeah? Who are you?

A beat. Then the Young Man turns, and takes the hidden hand out of his pocket -- it's a gruesome, bloody mess, wrapped haphazardly in toilet paper, red oozing through. He uses it to point at the newspaper picture of Young Adam Warren on the wall, says matter-of-factly --

YOUNG MAN

I'm him.

And off Nina's utter shock, that's our --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

10 OMITTED 10
11 EXT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - FRONT STEPS - DAY 11

Where now MAYOR CLAIRE WARREN, polished and politically savvy,
even icy at times, a stark contrast to the woman we saw in
the Teaser, holds a small press conference, deftly answering
some REPORTERS' questions.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CLAIRE

I promised the people of Red Pines a return to family values and I meant it --

REPORTER #1

But don't you think firing Deputy Conroy while the affair is still just alleged is a bit drastic --

CLAIRE

I don't tolerate lying, Frank. Just ask my kids.

Her daughter WILLA, now 25, cool, androgynous quality, the twinkle in her eye at 15 long gone, now replaced with pure Type A efficiency, nods at her mom from a few feet over, pleased with the performance. She's the puppet master here, pulling the strings. A cute MAYORAL AIDE with a twinkle in his eye, PAUL, leans over, flirting.

PAUL THE AIDE

Maternal -- yet bitchy. That one was all you.

WILLA

If I had a penis, you'd say it was cutting and to the point.

PAUL THE AIDE

I don't want you to have a penis. I'm trying to get you on a date here.

WILLA

I don't date, Paul.

PAUL THE AIDE

Men?

WILLA

People.

O-kay. Then, giving up for the moment --

PAUL THE AIDE

So when's the Governor announcement?

WILLA

No idea what you're talking about.

Paul rolls his eyes at her carefulness.

PAUL THE AIDE

She's the politician in the family. When'd you become the shady one?

Something haunted and dark suddenly crosses Willa's face. She fingers the small CROSS NECKLACE always around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

WILLA

A long time ago, Paul.

Willa signals to her mother -- time for one more. And we SEE she's always pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

CLAIRE

I'll take one more question. Make it brief, please --

Suddenly Willa's CELL and the CELLS of the other mayoral staff begin to go crazy, chiming and buzzing with NEWS ALERTS and TEXTS. As Willa scrolls through them, her eyes widening in shock, Paul's next to her, doing the same thing --

PAUL THE AIDE

Holy crap.

Willa's head SNAPS UP. She's just realized what's about to happen. The REPORTERS' CELLS are BUZZING crazily too --

WILLA

Mother!

Claire looks up, surprised. But it's too late. Every hand in the crowd SHOOTS UP. Total chaos.

REPORTERS

Mayor Warren, can you comment on the return of your son? / Where has he been for the past ten years? / Is his kidnapper in custody yet? What is his current physical and mental condition?? MAYOR WARREN/MAYOR WARREN/MAYOR WARREN!!!

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

12

A PACKED lecture, mostly women. We're ON two MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN, drooling as they listen to the INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER (O.S.)

Grief, the inevitability of loss...

One leans in to the other --

WOMAN #1

I didn't even lose anyone. I just come here to look.

WOMAN #2

(bluntly)

I want to ride him like a bronco.

REVEAL the Inspirational Speaker they're lusting after -- is JOHN WARREN, grayer but just as handsome, the quiet, aching sadness lurking just under the surface making him more so.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

Next to the PROJECTION SCREEN a SIGN SHOUTS SAN FRANCISCO WELCOMES JOHN WARREN, AUTHOR OF THE SERIES "GRIEVING WITH GRACE: LEARNING TO LIVE WITH LOSS."

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

JOHN

Life isn't a straight shot, my
friends, it's full of hills and
valleys. Confront grief, your fear
of it, you take away its power...

John trails off at the sight of a HOTEL MANAGER leading a
couple LOCAL COPS into the doorway to the ballroom.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, folks -- can I help you?

COP

A word, Mr. Warren.

Off a suddenly alarmed John, CUT TO --

13 INT. TRASHED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

13

Where we PAN OVER the trashed remnants of an EPIC PARTY --
empty bottles, powders on the table, discarded room service,
and lacy panties, to find a SCANTILY-CLAD TRASHY GIRL tiptoeing
toward the BED, where another SCANTILY-CLAD TRASHY GIRL channel
surfs the TV next to a sleeping SHIRTLESS GUY.

TRASHY GIRL #1

Hotel guy's at the door, he says you
haven't paid the bill.

Shirtless Guy rolls over and we see that little FOOTBALL in
midair TATTOO from the Teaser on his arm -- only now it's the
epicenter of a WEB OF TATTOOS covering the guy's upper body.
We recognize DANNY WARREN, 27, still as good looking as he
was at 17, now equally self-destructive. He blearily fumbles
around in his pants, comes up with a dollar. Shit.

DANNY

Tell 'em payday's Friday.

TRASHY GIRL #1

You have a job? What do you do?

DANNY

(ironically)

I cash checks.

Trashy #2 gasps at something on TV. We stay on Danny's face,
his eyes closing again.

TRASHY GIRL #2

Oh my God, they found that boy...

TRASHY GIRL #1

What boy?

TRASHY GIRL #2

That one that was murdered years
ago... the Mayor's kid.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13
And as Danny's EYES SUDDENLY FLASH OPEN, SMASH TO --
14 OMITTED 14
15 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 15*

CAMERA SWERVES FRANTICALLY as Claire and Willa rush off the elevator to meet a worse for wear Danny.

CLAIRE

Where is he, *where's Adam* --

DANNY

I dunno, she wants us to talk to the doctors first --

CLAIRE

Screw her, I want to see my son!

Willa sniffs the air sarcastically around Danny.

WILLA

Bourbon -- with a hint of... panties?

DANNY

Bite me -- is Dad coming?

CLAIRE

He's trying to get a flight -- *where is she?!*

NINA (O.S.)

Right here.

And they all TURN to find a calm Nina approaching. Willa steps forward, all business.

WILLA

I want to know how something like this gets leaked.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

NINA

He walked into a busy precinct, Will --

CLAIRE

How is this happening -- how did he --
where did he come from --

NINA

He said he traveled for at least
twenty miles, I've got teams in every
woods within fifty searching for the
bastard that took him --

WILLA

Does he know who he is?

NINA

Yeah --

DANNY

But how do we know it's him?

They all stare at an incredulous Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's been ten years, he was supposed
to be dead --

NINA

We ran a DNA test. It's him.

CLAIRE

Is he -- what do the doctors say?

NINA

That he'll need time. Intensive
rehabilitation and therapy.

(hard for her to say)

He's got scars, signs of abuse. He
was kept in shackles, took half the
skin off his hand in the escape.

Willa goes pale, quickly makes the sign of the cross. Danny
slumps against the wall, shell-shocked. Claire sinks down
into a chair, the enormity of it hitting.

CLAIRE

God, oh my God...

Nina takes them all in for a beat, this family she has such
history with, then, quietly --

NINA

All right. Take a moment. Then
shut it down.

Claire looks up at Nina, incensed.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Shut it down?

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

NINA

The only thing that's important right now, is when you walk in that door, he feels safe. 'Cause I don't know what kind of hell he's been through... but it's been a long one.

As her words land on the very overwhelmed Warrens, CUT TO --

16 INT. HOSPITAL - ADAM'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

16

We're ON Adam's back as he sits cross legged on the bed, eagerly watching CARTOONS on TV. Even though he's a man, everything about the way he's watching, his posture, screams young child. It's both haunting and devastating at the same time. The hospital gown is open in the back REVEALING -- Adam's bare skin, covered with scars. Like someone spent a lot of time and care carving into him.

REVEAL we're watching him from the POV of the Warrens, accompanied by DOCTORS, framed in the doorway. We just watch them watch Adam for a long, excruciating beat, until Claire takes a tremulous step forward. In barely a whisper --

CLAIRE

...Adam?

Adam turns. His hand now bandaged. Solemn. Matter of fact. Childlike innocence.

ADAM

...Hi, Mom.

Claire moves forward to him, gently touching his cheek, his brow, his hair, like she's re-memorizing it...

CLAIRE

Hi, honey... hi, my sweet boy...

And then she's touching his scars, horrified, and pulling him close like she'll never let him go, wetness streaming down her face, sobbing, these aren't quiet reserved tears, these are ugly, racking sobs, it's so intense it's actually hard for us to even watch so we drift to Willa from behind Claire, more reserved but undeniably touched too.

WILLA

Welcome home, Ad.

Off this emotionally intense reunion, we find Danny, hanging back, looking haunted... As we digest Danny's mysterious reaction, we finally LAND ON --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

A pained Nina, watching the family from the doorway. Politely keeping her distance, not technically part of this family, but undeniably linked nonetheless... unable to keep watching, her demons surfacing, she turns and goes.

17 INT. RED PINES CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - HANK'S CELL - NIGHT

17

A SMALL, EERILY QUIET MAN methodically works on a crossword puzzle in his sad, simple cell, a few BOOKS, some little old lady KNICK KNACKS. His small TV plays in front of him.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Bed check! On your feet!

The Eerie Man carefully and painstakingly folds his crossword away, saving it in a notebook when he suddenly hears on the TV --

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Tonight, we're still gathering details on the shocking return of Mayor Warren's youngest son Adam.

Eerie Man's head SUDDENLY SNAPS UP, laser focused on his TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)

The boy was last seen by his family members in a city park over ten years ago.

The weary PRISON GUARD appears before Hank's cell.

PRISON GUARD

On your feet, Asher. Now.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

The Eerie Man ignores this, still glued to the news feed, breathless, as --

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Though a body was never found, after an extensive investigation, the Warren's neighbor was eventually convicted for Adam's murder. But hospital sources say tonight the young man has been reunited with his family and is resting comfortably at City Memorial...

Prison Guard sighs, unlocks the door, making his way to turn off the TV as he fumes --

PRISON GUARD

You want solitary? I'll give it to you --

The Eerie Man lunges for the TV protectively --

EERIE MAN

DON'T DON'T DON'T!! DON'T TURN IT OFF!!!

The Prison Guard reacts, taken aback. That's the most he's heard out of this guy. He follows Eerie Man's gaze to the TV newsfeed.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

More on this miraculous story -- the return of Adam Warren -- as it develops.

PRISON GUARD

What's that to you?

A beat. Eerie Man takes a breath. Overcome.

EERIE MAN

Freedom. It's... *freedom*.

And off the shocking realization that this is the man who has been locked up for ten years for murdering Adam Warren, that's our --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 **EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN PARK AREA - LATE NIGHT - PAST** 18

CHYRON: 10 YEARS AGO

Where SEARCH TEAMS with DOGS carefully fan out, FORENSIC TEAMS comb through the grass with those little CSI-ey type instruments, looking for signs of the boy... the cold scientific technicality of the search contrasting with --

19 **INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT - PAST** 19

The utter fear and devastation of this family. Everyone's calmed down a little, trying to focus. Nina questions the Warren children as a distraught Claire and John look on.

NINA

So you went to get Adam the ice cream...

WILLA

He said he wanted bubble gum but they only had chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, rum raisin --

DANNY

Okay, Rain Man. How does any of this help find Adam?

JOHN

Let her talk, Danny.

NINA

So... rum raisin. Gross.

Nina smiles at Willa encouragingly. She's good at this, being so young herself. Willa smiles back, a bond forming.

WILLA

I told him to wait for me by the water fountain.

NINA

And you didn't see him talking to strangers, people you didn't recognize?

WILLA

Just me, the ice cream guy and Hank.

At this, Claire and John's heads snap up.

NINA

Who's Hank, Willa?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

WILLA

*Our neighbor down the street... right,
Mother?*

*It's clear fifteen-year-old Willa doesn't know. Nina looks
to John and Claire to explain.*

JOHN

*Years ago there was some sort of...
indecent exposure thing in a park --*

CLAIRE

*"Thing"? Try conviction.
(to Nina, panicked)
The man's a sex offender.*

And as Nina leans forward, now very interested, SMASH TO --

20 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING - PRESENT

20

Where HANK ASHER sits quietly as his low-rent LAWYER holds
forth, enjoying this. A tired-looking JUDGE and DA listen.

LAWYER

The conviction of my client ten years
ago was based on purely circumstantial
evidence. Mr. Asher was bullied
into taking a plea deal by the police
department, our "city's finest"...

And we FIND Nina sitting in the very back of the courtroom,
Josh sitting next to her, hearing this, the guilt, the heavy
responsibility clearly written all over her face...

LAWYER (CONT'D)

So in light of the DNA test confirming
the identity of Adam Warren, we can
all safely assume he wasn't murdered
by my client. I'm asking for his
immediate and unconditional release.

Josh eyes Nina. Sees the self-hatred on her face. Quietly --

JOSH

Even the best cops miss one, Meyer.
You taught me that, day one.

Nina doesn't answer. Her silence speaking volumes.

JUDGE

I'm going to agree, unless the state
has any objections?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (O.S.)

No, Your Honor.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Hank looks to his Lawyer in wide-eyed disbelief.

HANK

I can go home?

LAWYER

You can go home.

The Judge pauses, his heart heavy.

JUDGE

Mr. Asher, the Court would like to apologize. A decade ago, justice was profoundly absent from this case.

It's at this moment, as Hank's lawyer happily shakes his hand, that Hank's eyes land on Nina, at the back of the courtroom. He stares at her, it's been a long time, but there's a flicker of dark recognition. If looks could kill... After a beat, Nina can't hold his gaze any longer.

Off a stricken Nina, as she rises and exits the courtroom, what she thought she knew about this case completely unraveling before her. As the SHOUTING OF THE PRESS TAKES US STYLISTICALLY TO --

20A INT. RED PINES TRIBUNE - DAY

20A

Red Pines' local paper -- not a small operation by any means, but has a hometown feel. The BULLPEN is abuzz as local REPORTERS compete with the national media to cover Adam's story. We're WITH A YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER, 27, pierced, edgy, ballsy, as she trails the curmudgeonly EDITOR IN CHIEF, GUS, through the chaotic bullpen. He shouts at the staff.

GUS

I want bodies outside the Mayor's house, where she gets her coffee in the morning, her dry cleaners, find out what her favorite bathroom to poop in is and wait outside that too --

YOUNG REPORTER

Gus --

GUS

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

She lifts her chin defiantly.

YOUNG REPORTER

Lead on the Warren story.

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

20A

GUS

Every major national media outlet is down here covering this. Mayor won't return Katie Couric's calls, so why the hell would she talk to a -- whatever it is you do here --

YOUNG REPORTER

Lesbian lifestyle blog.

GUS

We have a lesbian lifestyle blog?

YOUNG REPORTER

We do. And you're right, she won't.

He heads into his office, shaking his head.

YOUNG REPORTER (CONT'D)

But her son will.

He turns back, listening now. And off this Young Reporter's mysterious connection to Adam --

21 OMITTED

21

22 EXT. WARREN HOUSE - DAY

22

Where there's a large MEDIA presence outside the home, all shouting questions, as Nina and some other COPS usher the Warren family inside. Claire helps Adam out of the car, Willa and Danny following when ---

BEHIND THE CROWD OF PRESS, we SEE A TAXI PULL UP. A frantic John Warren emerges, pushing through the photogs --

JOHN

Excuse me, excuse me, can you -- get out of my way, that's my son!!

The crowd of press parts and John rushes up to Adam, who's flanked by Claire and Willa. He stares at his son, tears filling his eyes, completely and utterly overwhelmed --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh God, oh Adam...

ADAM

Hey, Dad.

JOHN

Hi, Chief.

Claire lets them have a beat. And then she steps forward, gently, quietly --

CLAIRE

Let's do this inside, John.

(CONTINUED)

And we're TIGHT on Claire's HAND on Adam's shoulder as she smoothly steps in front of John and maneuvers it so she's the sole parent leading Adam inside, the mother bear protecting the cub, as the BULBS FLASH. It's a blatant, brilliant political move for the cameras but done with expert subtlety and skill so it barely registers on anyone -- except for John, who knows her moves so well. He clocks it then follows them all inside -- as Willa faces the press as the others hurry inside, fully and calmly in her element here --

WILLA

This is a personal family matter,
the Mayor will make a statement when
the time is right, thank you.

Leaving Nina and the rest of the COPS to set up a perimeter
to keep the PRESS back.

NINA

All right, vultures, you got your
show, move it back.

CUT TO:

23 INT. WARREN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

23

Where the family watches breathlessly as Adam tentatively enters, looks around. He approaches the wooden mantelpiece which is covered in family photos, most without him in them... staring at it like he's seen a ghost. Claire shifts guiltily, still gripping onto her son's arm, the politico gone, now purely the picture of maternal concern.

CLAIRE

I took them all down. The photos of you. I just, I couldn't...

She shakes her head, unable to finish. But it's not the photos. Adam touches the edge of the mantel again in amazement, as if he's remembering --

ADAM

This was so *high* before.

And now he towers over it. The poignancy isn't lost on the family, how long he's been gone, his childhood destroyed.

ON Nina, who's entered quietly, watching from the doorway, taking in the emotional tableau.

WILLA

Why don't we go up to your room?

ADAM

Okay.

A beat. Willa gently removes Claire's hand from Adam's arm.

WILLA

We'll just be upstairs, Mother.

Claire nods, and it's clear it's hard for her to let her son out of her sight. Willa turns to Danny, quietly ordering --

WILLA (CONT'D)

Get me some of your old clothes.

Danny nods, grateful for something to do. As the three kids head upstairs, Nina approaches John and Claire.

NINA

If we're gonna have a shot at catching the guy who did this, I need to question him --

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

CLAIRE

It can wait 'til morning, the boy
just got home --

NINA

He knows Adam's escaped, he could be
on the move, every second counts --

CLAIRE

*I waited ten years to get my son
back, you can wait one night.*

Nina flinches. 'Cause Claire's implication -- that Nina had something to do with those ten years -- doesn't go unnoticed by anyone. Then, quietly, he's still shell-shocked by it all --

JOHN

He could have other boys, Claire.
(beat)
He could be doing this to other
families.

He puts his hand on her shoulder familiarly. Nina clocks this. A long beat, then finally Claire nods.

CLAIRE

I want the shrink here for this.

Then she wordlessly turns and walks upstairs. A beat. Nina turns to face John, forcing a smile, nodding after Claire --

NINA

You two seem... good.

John looks briefly uncomfortable, then, shaking his head, changing the subject, so overwhelmed --

JOHN

I'm glad you're here.

NINA

I came for Adam.

We PUSH IN ON NINA as she turns to move off, a tension apparent between them, although we're not quite sure what it is yet, we MOVE TO --

23A

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY (PREVIOUSLY OMITTED SC. 24)

23A

Where a similarly surreal homecoming is happening as a DISTANT relative, UNCLE FRED, 70s, lets Hank into his mother's house.

It's darkly-lit and wall-papered in a depressing floral pattern. PORCELAIN FIGURINES line the shelves. An old lady most certainly lives here. As Uncle Fred turns on lights, puts some rudimentary groceries in the fridge --

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

UNCLE FRED

Well, here ya go, Hank. Your Aunt Sally and I are real happy all that ugly business got straightened out.

Hank's barely listening, he touches a FRAMED PHOTO of his younger self and a sweet ELDERLY LADY.

HANK

Where's my mom?

Uncle Fred stops and stares at Hank, surprised.

UNCLE FRED

Oh boy. The people there at the facility, they were supposed to tell you...

Beat.

UNCLE FRED (CONT'D)

She passed, Hank. 'Bout a month ago. She'd been sick for a long time.

HANK

Oh.

UNCLE FRED

Well now, they really shoulda told ya.

Beat. Hank looks down at the photo again.

UNCLE FRED (CONT'D)

We were gonna sell the house but you can stay here for now.

HANK

Thanks.

And as we take in the great toll his incarceration has taken on this man's life, we HEAR --

NINA (O.S.)

Tell me about the man in the woods, Adam.

24 OMITTED

24

25 OMITTED
AND
26

25
AND
26

27 INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

27

Where Adam sits on the sofa, eating a giant bowl of ice cream.
Claire and John sit by his side, Nina faces them, a notepad
in hand. Next to Nina is a cerebral-looking SHRINK, behind
her a solemn Willa, Danny and a FEW COPS AND FBI AGENTS listen.

NINA

What does he look like?

ADAM

He has brown hair, some of it's white.

NINA

Okay. Can you picture anything else
specific about him?

A beat. Adam plays with his ice cream, making little circles.

ADAM

His skin looks like... gravel. He
has holes in his face.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

ON NINA'S NOTEBOOK -- Nina writes ACNE SCARS.

NINA

What about the place he kept you in?
Was there anyone else there, any
other kids?

ADAM

Just me.

NINA

What was the room like? Any windows?

Adam shakes his head, "no."

NINA (CONT'D)

Where was the door?

ADAM

Up on the ceiling.

ON THE NOTEBOOK -- Nina writes BASEMENT IN CABIN.

NINA

Did he ever take you outside?

ADAM

What do you mean?

NINA

To get fresh air, some sun, maybe
out to eat or...

ADAM

No.

NINA

Never? Not once?

ADAM

He came to me. He always came to me.

And he's so matter-of-fact about the fact he's been confined
to a basement for ten years, it's horrifying. As Claire blinks
furiously, trying to hold back tears and John shuts his eyes,
both just trying to survive this, CUT TO --

28

INT. RED PINES MALL - DAY

28

ON A BANK OF TVS PLAYING NEWS FEED OF HANK'S RELEASE FROM
JAIL AS --

*
*

We FIND a newly freed Hank Asher is having the opposite
experience of what Adam's describing -- walking through the
brightly-lit, crowded mall. He's wide-eyed and startled,
over-stimulated by the sights and sounds -- we STYLISTICALLY
SEE THROUGH HIS POV AN ALMOST NIGHTMARISH KALEIDOSCOPE OF
HAPPY PEOPLE TALKING TOO LOUD, CHILDREN SHRIEKING, ETC...
this is his startling re-entry to society seen through his
eyes.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Suddenly, an overly made up MAKE-UP COUNTER LADY steps in front of him, holding some cologne. He recoils, startled.

MAKE-UP LADY

Try our new fragrance, *Euphoric Venom!*

Alarmed, Hank backs away from the Make-Up Lady, bumping into a couple of DADS with their kids. As Hank hurries off, we linger on one of the Dads watching him go, recognizing him...

ADAM (O.S.)

Sometimes? He forgot to close the door behind him...

As we CUT BACK TO --

29 INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

29

As before.

ADAM

And I could see outside through a window upstairs.

NINA

What could you see?

Adam indicates his now empty bowl of ice cream.

ADAM

Can I have some more?

NINA

Sure, in a minute, if you just tell me -- what could you see?

ADAM

You won't believe it.

NINA

Try me.

ADAM

A red dragon.

Adam has a faraway, almost peaceful look on his face, remembering this. It's eerie.

NINA

Tell me about that. The red dragon.

ADAM

I watched it. I watched it while the man lied on top of me. It was glowing. It was beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Claire's stricken, her knuckles WHITEN on Adam's arm. John, Willa and Danny all react, disturbed --

CLAIRE
Stop this. Now.

SHRINK
He's been through enough tonight,
Detective, we'll continue tomorrow
at our scheduled session --

NINA
What was the dragon doing, Adam?

ADAM
The man lied on top of me. Every
night he would come so he could --

CLAIRE
I said, STOP --

JOHN
Nina, please.

NINA
But what was the *dragon* doing, Adam?

JOHN
Dammit, Nina --

ADAM
He was breathing fire. Right at me.
He was breathing fire... *right at*
me... right at me.

As Adam smiles hauntingly at the beauty of the memory, and Nina struggles, knowing it means something, we CUT BACK TO --

30 INT. RED PINES MALL - DAY

30

The very crowded food court. Where Hank sits down with his pizza and soda, eating a solitary fast food dinner.

We WATCH THE FIRST ONE HAPPEN -- the HARRIED MOM at the next table glances over as she wipes her TODDLER'S FACE, recognition suddenly dawning. The sex offender just released on the news. Her eyes widen in alarm as she suddenly hurries her KIDS out of their seats, leaving their food on the table.

Hank keeps eating, his eyes focused downwards as we SWIRL STYLISTICALLY around the food court as ONE BY ONE, more PEOPLE RECOGNIZE HIM, FREAKED OUT PARENTS PULL THEIR KIDS AWAY FROM THEIR TABLES, TEENAGERS POINT AND GIGGLE BEFORE HEADING OFF, UNTIL WE LAND AT A BREATHTAKING HIGH ANGLE TO SEE --

Hank is the only person left in the now EMPTY, GIANT FOOD COURT. And off this incredibly lonely image --

31 INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

31

Silence. Tears run freely down Claire's face now. John slumps, his head in one hand, the other resting helplessly on Adam's shoulder. The rest of the Cops and Feds look on, silent. Nina turns to Adam. Grateful. And sorry to have pushed him so far. She leans forward.

NINA

Hey. I'm gonna get him, okay?

Adam's tucked into a giant second bowl of ice cream. He looks up at her, nods, then goes back to eating, the picture of childlike innocence.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE32 **EXT. WARREN HOUSE - DAY - PAST**

32

CHYRON: 10 YEARS AGO*Nina stands at the door, knocking --*

NINA

*Hello?**-- But she immediately trails off at the sound of a knock-down, drag out coming from the backyard.*

CLAIRE (O.S.)

At least I'm MOVING ON with my life --

JOHN (O.S.)

WE NEED YOU HOME --

CLAIRE (O.S.)

This endless grieving is killing US --

JOHN (O.S.)

*Not running some stupid campaign to feed your damn ego --**As Nina quietly moves around the porch to the back --*

CLAIRE (O.S.)

How dare you -- I can do more for Adam -- for other kids --

JOHN (O.S.)

*What about YOUR OWN?!**And arrives in the backyard. She watches silently, knowing she shouldn't but it's impossible to turn away.*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Danny's drunk, missing games --

CLAIRE

Why is this all on me, you're their father --

JOHN

Willa's becoming a religious nutjob, she's at that church all the time --

CLAIRE

Where the hell have YOU been --

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

JOHN

It's just not the right time!!

CLAIRE

When is? When he comes back?!

JOHN

Don't say it --

CLAIRE

*(choked)**He's not coming back.**And Nina can't watch anymore, this couple's private pain -- she clears her throat.*

NINA

*Sorry. I heard you back here so I...**Claire and John turn to look at her, startled.*

NINA (CONT'D)

The judge denied the search warrant again. Said there's still no evidence that Hank Asher had anything to do with Adam's disappearance.

CLAIRE

But Willa SAW them together --

JOHN

So we can't get a search warrant unless we have evidence but we can't get evidence 'til we have a search warrant?

NINA

*Welcome to the justice system.**And off Nina's grim face, we TILT UP TO --**The BALCONY. Where Young Willa Warren, we notice the cross around her neck now, sits listening, her eyes haunted, having heard Nina's news, her wheels now turning... and off this image, MATCH TO --*

33 OMITTED (COMBINED WITH 32)

33

34 INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT

34

TIGHT ON Present-Day Willa, the same haunted look in her eyes, staring at something as she fingers that cross necklace again. Danny steps up to her, quietly disturbed, staring too --

DANNY

For only ten cents a day, you, too, can feed a starving child.

(CONTINUED)

Their POV -- Adam at the kitchen table. Shoveling in breakfast, eggs, with his fingers like he is, indeed, a starving child. No table manners to be found. It's a haunting image. Claire sits by him, her hand protectively on the back of his chair as he eats. Willa looks at Danny, who's pouring some vodka from a flask into his OJ.

WILLA

(re: the vodka)

Couldn't make it 'til noon today,
Champ?

But Danny's not paying attention to her, he's now busy giving the PRESS the finger through the window while he drinks.

WILLA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Willa drags him away from the window.

DANNY

Don't worry, they're still there.
Like roaches.

Claire shoots Danny a look from the table.

CLAIRE

While it's lovely to have you home
again, if you could refrain from
taunting the media -- I still have a
job to get back to.

Willa heads to the table, joining Claire and Adam, all business.

WILLA

Speaking of, we can't stall much
longer, people want to see you
handling this, as a mother, we should
book something, an interview --

John, who's been cooking eggs at the stove, looks up sharply.

JOHN

This isn't a political opportunity,
Will, it's our life --

WILLA

Or at least make a statement. Ideally
before the announcement --

JOHN

What announcement?

Claire locks eyes with John from the table. Adam watches all of this, wide-eyed, as he continues to shovel in food.

CLAIRE

We talked about this, John.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

JOHN

Guess I figured with everything going on right now... the Governor thing would be off the table.

Claire's eyes flick carefully over to Adam, shooting him a soothing smile.

CLAIRE

Let's not make any decisions about anything right now. We just got our son back.

John turns back to the stove, his jaw tight. Adam holds up his empty plate.

ADAM

Can I have some more?

CLAIRE

'Course, baby.

She spoons him some more eggs. He begins to wolf those down too. Danny stares from across the room, realizing --

DANNY

You used to hate those. You'd get sick from the smell.

ADAM

(his mouth full)
Of what?

DANNY

Eggs.

And as the family continues to eat in silence, the moment slipping past, off a curious Danny watching his little brother --

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

36

An exhausted John pushes a shopping cart through the aisles, tossing items in, grateful for the normalcy of the activity. He spots some SHOPPERS and GROCERY STAFF pointing and whispering, follows their gaze around a corner to see --

Hank Asher. His arms full of CANNED COFFEE, he clearly pulled the wrong one and now the whole DISPLAY PYRAMID of CANS is toppling over. He's struggling to stop the avalanche. No one moves to help him.

John's frozen for a moment, staring at Hank, and then snapping out of it, moves over to help him. Kneeling on the linoleum, the two men pick up the toppled cans in silence, then --

JOHN

I'm John. Warren. I'm --

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

HANK

I know who you are.

Beat. John speaks low and quietly.

JOHN

Look, I don't know what to say except... I'm sorry. For what happened to you. And we're all just in shock and trying to move on here and... well, I hope you can do the same.

Hank stops picking up coffee cans. Looks at John for the first time. Incredulous.

HANK

What happened to me? You're sorry for *what happened to me*?

JOHN

Yes. I am.

HANK

You happened to me. *Your family* happened to me. Do you want me to... forgive you?

And it's suddenly amusing to Hank, the thought, he even chuckles a little. John takes a step back, on edge.

JOHN

No, I... no, that's not --

HANK

This city was a mob, they were after me, they were gonna get this monster no matter what and you people lit the torches.

JOHN

Now wait a minute --

HANK

Know what I thought about the most, John? It's John, right? While I laid in my cell? Your boy... I thought of your beautiful little boy and I wished that I did it. I wished that I took him from you and hurt him. Wrapped my fingers around his neck and felt the life drain out of his little body, bit by bit... So don't be sorry for what happened to me. I wasn't sorry for a minute about what happened to you.

Hank holds John's gaze for a moment and then picks up the last coffee can from the ground and turns to go, muttering --

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

HANK (CONT'D)

Price of coffee's not what it used
to be.

As John watches him go, shaken to the core, we're BACK TO...

37 INT. WARREN HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

37

An old childhood bedroom turned into extra storage. Toys replaced by adult books and boxes of clutter. The only semblance of boyhood -- Adam's old ships in bottles, about ten of them, lining the shelves. Adam stares, holding one of the ships in a bottle. He turns it over carefully in his palm. Then, from behind him, quietly --

DANNY (O.S.)

Why didn't you run?

Adam turns to find a troubled Danny in the doorway, watching him. Danny shakes his head, it all comes out in a rush, he suddenly, desperately needs to know --

DANNY (CONT'D)

I mean, for *ten years*, some crazy dude has you in a basement, every day he came to bring you food, right, he had to forget to lock the door, at least once or twice -- *why didn't you run? Why didn't you run the first chance you got?*

A long beat. Adam swallows, then --

ADAM

I did. I ran. The first chance I got.

DANNY

When was that?

ADAM

Yesterday.

A long beat as that lands and our hearts break for him all over again. And Danny immediately feels like shit for asking.

DANNY

I'm sorry, I... crap, I'm sorry.

Danny abruptly turns to go. Adam calls after him.

ADAM

Danny? How does it get in there?

DANNY

What?

Adam holds up the ship in a bottle. Childlike wonder.

ADAM

The ship. How does it get in there?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

And off Danny, staring at Adam, stunned by this, though we're not yet sure why... we CUT TO --

38 INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

38

Where an equally shaken Danny bursts in on Willa and Claire going over city business.

DANNY

What if it's not him?

Claire and Willa look up at him, startled.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I know it sounds crazy and maybe it is, but he's just, he's different, okay, from the moment I saw him in the hospital -- there's something off about him, he's *different* --

Claire stares, her face unreadable. Willa's eerily calm.

WILLA

Are you drunk?

DANNY

No! Just listen to me --

WILLA

Adam's different. Because he's not nine years old anymore. Because he eats *eggs* --

DANNY

The ships, in the bottles. He doesn't *remember* that you *collapse the mast*. It was ALL he did, it was all he cared about, how could he forget --

WILLA

I don't know, maybe it was the decade of rape and torture --

DANNY

Willa --

WILLA

THEY DID A DNA TEST, YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF --

CLAIRE

(quietly)

That's enough.

Claire rises, moves to Danny, gently takes his face in her hands. Tears in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You're my son and I will always love
you. But you're a drunk, Honey.
And it's my fault for cleaning up
after you... but you're just a drunk.

Danny blinks. It's so hurtful, her tenderness towards him
contrasting the awfulness of her words.

DANNY

Mom...

CLAIRE

You're a drunk and you're confused.
(beat, firmly)
So don't you ever, EVER say anything
like that again.

As Claire gently wipes the tears from Danny's face, CUT TO --

39 OMITTED

39

39A INT. WARREN HOUSE - ADAM'S OLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS (RESTORED
PREVIOUSLY OMITTED SC. 39)

39A

Where Adam's been listening to the conversation downstairs,
turning the ship in a bottle over and over in his hand, an
unreadable expression on his face... as we MOVE TO --

40 EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH MAINE WOODS - SUNSET

40

Nina speeds down the highway, it looks just like the one we
saw Adam on in the beginning, she's listening to a recording
of her interview with Adam, her mind racing --

NINA (O.S.)

What was the dragon doing, Adam?

ADAM (O.S.)

The man lied on top of me. Every
night he would come so he could --

CLAIRE / JOHN (O.S.)

I said, STOP -- / Nina, please --

NINA (O.S.)

But what was the *dragon* doing, Adam?

JOHN (O.S.)

Dammit, Nina --

Her BLUETOOTH rings, interrupting the recording. She answers.

NINA

Tell me something good, Tom.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

JOSH (O.S.)

Again, Josh, thank you. And patrol's
back. Covered over twenty miles of
woods --

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

NINA

I want twenty more.

JOSH (O.S.)

They're exhausted, Nina, they're covered in mud --

NINA

Aw, poor little girls -- send 'em back out.

A pause. Then from the Bluetooth, breathing, then, quietly --

JOSH (O.S.)

How you sleeping these days?

NINA

Like a baby, Tom.

JOSH (O.S.)

You're full of it. Saw the toothbrush on your desk. Next to the hooch.

NINA

Well, you gotta rinse. That's just basic dental hygiene.

JOSH (O.S.)

Yeah, sure. Tell me something. What is it about this one?

NINA

What do you mean?

JOSH (O.S.)

Why's it hittin' you so damn hard?

Nina doesn't answer. Her face so haunted. Then, spotting something ---

NINA

Holy crap --

She suddenly SWERVES VIOLENTLY OFF THE ROAD, TIRES SQUEALING, CAREENING ONTO THE SHOULDER.

JOSH (O.S.)

Meyer, you okay??

Nina doesn't answer, scrambles out of the still running squad car, the door dangling open. She stares up, at the sky. Stunned. And we suddenly FLASH TO --

41

INT. WARREN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

From before. The questioning of Adam. TIGHT ON ADAM'S FACE --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

ADAM
*A red dragon. He was breathing
fire...right at me...*

BACK TO --

42 EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH MAINE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

42

As before. Nina stares. From the bluetooth --

JOSH (O.S.)
Hello? Meyer?! You alive!?

And we REVEAL what she's looking at:

42 CONTINUED:

42

A mountain range in the distance, the JAGGED RIDGES on top
looking exactly like a dragon's back. In the light of the
SETTING SUN, it's glowing red-orange. And behind it? An OIL
REFINERY blows SMOKE in the distance.

The red dragon breathing fire.

Off Nina, realizing, we --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 **EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY - PAST** 43

CHYRON: 10 YEARS AGO

ON A CURL OF SMOKE AS IT REACHES UP INTO THE NIGHT AIR. For a moment we wonder, Red Dragon? But then we TILT down to see a chimney, we're at Hank's house, WATCHING as Hank exits, heading out on a walk with a SMALL DOG. He locks the door behind him and whistling cheerfully, heads down the walk, his FEET TAKE US RIGHT PAST --

-- Young Willa Warren, hiding in some bushes, clutching her knapsack and a small rosary. She says a quick prayer with it, then waits breathlessly until Hank's out of sight --

Then runs to the back of his house, prying open a cracked window. Hoisting herself up, Willa shimmies in through the window. We CUT TO --

44 **INT. HANK'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY - PAST** 44

Where Young Willa makes her way carefully through the darkened, creepy house, quickly opening drawers, cupboards, looking for anything to implicate Hank in her brother's disappearance. She tiptoes past the living room, where a TV blasts, an OLDER WOMAN asleep in a chair -- presumably Hank's elderly mother. CUT TO --

45 **INT. HANK'S HOUSE - HANK'S BEDROOM - DAY - PAST** 45

Willa takes in Hank's perfectly neat bedroom, not a hair out of place. She looks around nervously, where to begin? As we suddenly CUT TO --

46 **EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - SAME** 46

Where Hank's returning from his walk!! As he pulls out his keys to unlock the door, BACK TO --

47 **INT. HANK'S HOUSE - HANK'S BEDROOM - SAME** 47

We FIND Willa staring down into one of Hank's dresser DRAWERS, her eyes wide, seeing SOMETHING IN THERE, her expression unreadable, breathing hard.

HER POV -- Little Adam's Ship in a Bottle. The one he had with him at the rally. In Hank's underwear drawer.

Then suddenly Willa looks up, hearing a creak from downstairs. She quickly shuts the drawer, banging it a little in her haste --

48 **INT. HANK'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - SAME** 48

Hank looks up, hearing it, startled. He heads up the stairs to investigate --

54 CONTINUED:

54

NINA (CONT'D)
that's his "red dragon." And how it
"breathes fire"?

She circles a landmark on the map.

NINA (CONT'D)
Oil refinery right behind it.

JOSH
So the guy's cabin in the woods --

NINA
For it to seem like the smoke was
coming from the dragon's head, it
could be anywhere from here...
(draws a dot in pen)
Down to here...
(arcs a curved line)
And figure line of sight on a clear
day might go back four miles, so...

She draws a semicircle in back of the first one, connecting
the edges, forming a crescent moon.

NINA (CONT'D)
All deep woods. Hardly populated.
Perfect cover. This is our search
area.

She looks up, excited, meets Josh's eye. He grins, impressed,
crushing on her.

JOSH
Damn, gurl.

NINA
Get a team ready, let's move.

Josh grins back at her. As the officers scatter, off the
excitement of the much needed break in the case --

55 EXT. WARREN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

55

Claire sits on Adam's old rusty swing set, swinging idly, a
box of FRAMED FAMILY PHOTOS on her lap. The older ones, with
Young Adam in them. John approaches, sits down on the swing
next to her and picks up a photo, looks at the image. Young
Adam grinning widely with his family.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CLAIRE

(re: photos)

I shouldn't have taken these down.
I gave up on him.

JOHN

We all did. We had to. That or
drown.

A beat. And then Claire leans over and puts her head on John's shoulder.

CLAIRE

I won't run. If you're not ready --
I don't need to be Governor.

John takes that in gratefully, relaxes into her, curling his arm around her, holding her. They sit like that for a moment, until -- John freezes. Spotting something in the distance. Realizing --

JOHN

Everything's a damn photo op with
you.

We follow his gaze to SEE -- a throng of PRESS beyond the back bushes, silently taking pictures of the two of them, of the intimate moment on the swing set.

CLAIRE

Oh come on, I didn't even know they
were there --

JOHN

Please, you've got a sixth sense --

CLAIRE

That's not fair --

JOHN

Hey, I get it, I do. Adam won you
City Council, why not Governor this
time around. Hell, even President.
Mayor Puts Family Back Together,
it's gold. Ride it all the way to
D.C., baby.

And though he's lashing out, the hurt's written all over his face. Claire hardens.

CLAIRE

Like you didn't do the same thing?
You used it too. *Grieving*
Gracefully, my ass. How many widows
did you screw on that tour?!

They glare at each other for a long beat. Then John turns to go, Claire immediately regrets it, tries to stop him --

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Honey, wait --

He stops. Looks at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Everything I have done -- I have done for this family.

John takes that in, unmoved. If only he believed it. Then he's turning to go, angrily shouting to the press --

JOHN

Get the hell off my lawn!

And we're off an unreadable Claire, unsure if she's a wounded mother or political animal or both, as the cameras continue to silently CLICK CLICK CLICK on her...

56 INT. BAR - NIGHT

56

Danny's belly up, drinking whiskey straight. He finishes one off, then motions to the BARTENDER for another.

DANNY

Bring the bottle.

The Bartender does and moves off. A voice from the side --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Are you deaf AND dumb -- I said, I'm WITH someone!!!

Danny glances over to SEE the Young Reporter from the Trib, angrily pulling away from a BAR CREEPER.

BAR CREEPER

Yeah, who?

The Young Reporter glances around desperately, then nods to Danny --

YOUNG REPORTER

Him.

BAR CREEPER

You haven't even talked to that guy!

The Young Reporter raises an eyebrow then slides over to Danny. Taking his face in her hands, she leans in deliberately and gives him a slow, very hot kiss. A beat as their eyes lock, then she turns back to the now stunned Bar Creeper. Shrugs.

YOUNG REPORTER

We don't do a lot of talking.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Duly shown up, the Bar Creeper turns and moves off. The Young Reporter turns back to Danny, who's still recovering from the heat of that kiss.

YOUNG REPORTER (CONT'D)
Desperate times. Sorry.

DANNY
Happy to help.

She eyes him for a moment, then --

YOUNG REPORTER
Oh my God. Danny. You don't recognize me, do you?

DANNY
Should I?

YOUNG REPORTER
You have seen my boobs. But to be fair, they were much better at 16.

DANNY
Now I'm just looking at your boobs.

BRIDEY
Bridey Cruz. High school.

DANNY
Yeah, right -- of course. I knew that, I just --

BRIDEY
Hey, I watch the news, you have a lot on your plate right now.

Bridey grabs a slug of Danny's whiskey, then --

BRIDEY (CONT'D)
So how is he? Your brother.

DANNY
He's good. I mean, he's got scars and it'll take time, but he's...

And then the wind just goes out of Danny, he suddenly blurts --

DANNY (CONT'D)
My sister and I were supposed to be watching him.

BRIDEY
I remember.

It's now we realize she's not just a reporter, she's --

57 **EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - NIGHT - PAST - FLASHBACK** 57

An impatient Willa YANKS Danny's hand pointedly off the GIRL'S ASS. The Girl laughs.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL
That never works when I do it.

BACK TO --

58 INT. BAR - NIGHT 58

The Girly Cheerleader from the Teaser -- the one Danny was making out with when Adam disappeared. All girliness gone now. They drink in silence for a beat, then --

BRIDEY
So I guess we've all got 'em.

He looks up at her, questioning. She shrugs.

BRIDEY (CONT'D)
Scars.

She takes out a pen and scribbles her number on the BAR NAPKIN. Pushes it over to him. He takes it, his expression unreadable.

We FOLLOW Bridey as she heads out of the bar, passing the Bar Creeper. As she coolly slips him a fifty on her way out and we realize it was all a setup --

59 INT. WARREN HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT 59

Where Adam lies in bed, his back facing Claire, who's curled up asleep on a recliner chair next to his bed, her hand again clutched protectively on his arm, once again very the picture of devoted mother. We DRIFT over Claire to see Adam's eyes suddenly open.

He glances over at Claire, making sure she's asleep, then carefully untangles himself from her grasp and rises out of bed. We START A SEQUENCE, INTERCUT WITH --

60 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT 60

As a solemn, nervous, Willa tentatively enters the empty sanctuary. Off the image, CUT TO --

61 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 61

SWAT POLICE in VESTS, aided by FBI with FLASHLIGHTS and GUNS, deftly creep through the woods, Nina leading the team. They're approaching a SMALL RUNDOWN CABIN in the middle of nowhere. Through one LIT WINDOW a SHADOWY FIGURE can be seen moving around. Nina exchanges an excited nod with Josh, and we can tell -- this is it. She silently motions to the rest of the team, it's go time. As they close in on the cabin... CUT TO --

62 INT. WARREN HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 62

Where Adam's on the floor, in front of the TV, intently watching, cross-legged again like a little boy. We don't see his FACE, just over HIS SHOULDER ON THE TV -- AN OLD HOME MOVIE PLAYS, HIS NINTH BIRTHDAY PARTY, THE WHOLE FAMILY IS THERE, CUTTING THE BIRTHDAY CAKE. BACK TO --

63 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT 63

Where Willa's in a confessional booth, crossing herself, her voice quietly pained as --

WILLA

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned.
It's been six days since my last
confession...

BACK TO --

64 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 64

Nina, Josh and the SWAT team burst into the dimly-lit cabin --

NINA

POLICE, HANDS UP, ON YOUR KNEES, NOW
NOW NOW!!

We STAY on Nina's face as she suddenly REACTS --

NINA (CONT'D)

What the --

REVEAL TWO BUSTED, SCARED SHITLESS, HALF-NAKED TEENAGERS, BONG in hand. The GIRL looks to the GUY, freaked.

TEEN GIRL

You said it was legal now!

And off an incredibly disappointed Nina, exchanging a look with Josh, realizing this is no kidnapper's lair, BACK TO --

65 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT 65

Dead silence in the confessional booth. Willa sits stiffly, tears spilling down her cheeks silently, the most vulnerable we've seen her yet.

WILLA

...And ten years since my last true
confession.

And off a devastated Willa, as we wonder just what darkness it is she's about to confess to, we're BACK WITH --

66 INT. WARREN HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

66

Where Adam's still watching his younger self on TV, he's rewinding the same section of the video over and over again --

Only this time we REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL HIS FACE and see -- he's talking along with the video, imitating his own nine-year-old voice and mannerisms.

As if he's trying to learn them.

YOUNG ADAM (ON THE TV)

I want a big piece! I want the frosting!

ADAM

(imitating)

I want a big piece. I want the frosting.

And off this creepy and incredibly haunting image, CUT TO --

67 INT. RED PINES POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

67

Hours later. The office is dark, Nina's in the interrogation room, staring hollowly at an evidence COLLAGE that's she's got tacked up on the wall: Pock-Marked Man. Cabin in the Woods. Red Dragon.

We PUSH IN on her face, riddled with anger and disappointment, she takes a swig of a bottle of SCOTCH, she's deep into it ---

JOHN (O.S.)

That bad, huh?

Nina whirls around to see John standing there, watching.

NINA

What are you doing here?

JOHN

I want to help.

Nina snorts, starts picking up the mess she made.

NINA

Go home. To your son. And your wife.

And that was loaded --

JOHN

You think I have 'em back now?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

NINA

John --

JOHN

I don't have my son back. Not the
sweet little boy I took my eye off
for one damn second -- and a wife?
I'm married to a machine, not a wife.

He steps closer to her. Nina doesn't back away from him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And the only thing I can do now,
'cause I sure as hell can't sleep
anymore, is help you catch the monster
who did this to us --

NINA

You want to know who wrecked your
family --

JOHN

So tell me *right now* --

NINA

You want to know who the monster is?

JOHN

HOW I CAN HELP --

NINA

I am the monster.

John just looks at her. Nina chokes something back. A bitter
laugh, or a sob, maybe a strange combination of both.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm the one who had it all figured
out at 25, who looked you in the eye
and told you your son was *dead*.
Every scar on that kid's body? Wasn't
a bogeyman, it was me. I did that.
I stopped looking and I got promoted
for it. So blame me. Hate me. I'm
the one who didn't save your son.

A long beat. John just stares at her.

JOHN

No. You didn't.

And there it is. The blame she's been asking for. She sags
a little. She'd never admit it, but from him, it hurts.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But you saved me.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

And she looks up, startled. And then he's crossing the short distance between them and pulling her into his arms, his open mouth breathing into hers --

NINA

Screw you.

And that just lingers there in the air for just a second -- until she suddenly kisses him. Hard. And then they're clumsily sweeping shit off the nearest desk, and ripping at each other's clothes, mouths locked, he flips her over, this is not sweet, tender sex, it's pained and torturous, pure need, two people desperate to feel anything other than what they're feeling... And as the nature of their past relationship finally becomes shockingly clear, we tilt down to --

A PHOTO of 9-year old Adam that Nina ripped from the board. It's TORN, across his face, an eerie image, as we --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

68 INT. RED PINES POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - PAST 68

CHYRON: 10 YEARS AGO

A calm Younger Nina enters, a BAG over her shoulder, to find Hank. He's been held there a while but he's unfazed. He meets her gaze, calmly defiant.

NINA

Sorry that took so long. Thanks for waiting.

HANK

I didn't take that boy's ship. I don't even know how it got in there.

She watches him for a moment, then --

NINA

Here's what I think, Hank. I think just 'cause someone does a bad thing doesn't make 'em a bad person. You agree?

HANK

I don't know.

NINA

But see, if this thing goes to trial, the jury's not gonna see it like me. 'Cause first, they're gonna hear about what you did in that park --

HANK

That was years ago. And I took my lumps. I paid a fine and I registered --

NINA

Then they'll see this.

Nina pulls a LAPTOP out of her shoulder bag. Angles the screen in front of Hank, so he can see it and WE can't.

HANK

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

NINA

What I found on your home computer.
(beat)
Wanna watch?

Hank swallows, trapped, as Nina hits a few keys, PLAYS something. Hank flinches as if he's in pain, turns away --

HANK

Turn it off.

NINA

Hey, you're the one who likes it. I just wanna know why. Is it 'cause they're so little and helpless?

HANK

Please turn it off --

NINA

Or is it more about the innocence... that they don't even understand what's happening --

HANK

TURN IT OFF!!!!

And he's practically shaking from fear and shame. Nina slowly closes the laptop. Waits. Then, barely a whisper --

HANK (CONT'D)

I just look at that stuff, I don't act on anything, I just look.

NINA

I believe you.

HANK

You do?

NINA

But again... a jury? They're not going to see it like me. They're gonna see a monster who likes little boys. Little boys like Adam Warren.

Now Hank's rocking, a faint whine coming from the depths of him even though his lips aren't moving... Nina waits a beat, then --

NINA (CONT'D)

You didn't mean to kill him. Sometimes things just get out of hand.

HANK

No.

(CONTINUED)

NINA

And that's why you cleaned your garage to get rid of the blood, but kept his toy. So you could remember what you did. Dream about it.

HANK

No...

NINA

It's not your fault, Hank. You were born this way. It's like having straight hair or curly, blue eyes or freckles. You can't help the way you were born.

HANK

I don't want to be like this...

NINA

But I can help you. If you tell me what you did to Adam, I won't let them make you their monster. They're gonna sentence you to death. Wipe you away. Like a stain.

HANK

Oh God...

NINA

There's no God, Hank. If there was, why would he make someone like you?

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

HANK

Please...

NINA

*There's just me. I'm the only one that can save you now. So tell me about Adam. Tell me what you did to him.**And she's masterful, her words are soothing like honey. Hank turns and looks at his own reflection in the TWO-WAY MIRROR, tears now running down his face, trapped. And as we PUSH IN ON THE MIRROR, MATCH CUT TO --*

69 OMITTED

69

70 OMITTED (COMBINED WITH SC. 68)

70

71 INT. WARREN HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - PRESENT DAY

71

Where Adam stares at his own reflection in his bedroom mirror, his face unreadable. He's dressed in a suit, struggling to tie his TIE, his hand still bandaged.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Here, honey, let me.

It's Claire behind him. As she gently takes the tie from Adam's hands, and shows him how to do it, we WATCH, in the mirror...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You wanna go under like this... then bring it up through. There. That's a Windsor knot.

It's sad and incredibly poignant, a mother showing her grown son how to tie his tie, something she never got to do. Claire feels the significance. As she finishes --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So listen, today, it's just a short, little statement, but it might be a bit... overwhelming for you.

ADAM

Why?

CLAIRE

My job, it's -- different than you remember.

And off Adam's wide-eyed gaze as Claire touches his cheek tenderly, both of them turning back to the mirror, taking in the image of the two of them together --

CLAIRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good morning. I'll keep this brief.

72

EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN PARK AREA - DAY

72

THE EXCITED BUZZ OF A GIANT CROWD, half MEDIA, half curious
CITIZENS, gathered in the same square that the rally was in
ten years ago, as they eagerly watch the Mayor's first public

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

statement since the return of Adam. Behind her stand Willa, Danny, John and Adam, staring at the crowd, a bit stunned by the attention.

CLAIRE

Let me first begin by thanking the people of Red Pines for their overwhelming support -- the medical staff at City Memorial, everyone in the Mayor's office and the media for allowing us a moment to breathe, to begin the healing process.

She pauses dramatically, and for the first time we're really seeing how good she is at this now, striking the delicate balance between politician and mother, it's effortless.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Family has always been paramount to who I am and what I stand for.

We FLASH TO --

73 **EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - DAY - PAST**

73

Back to the scene we SAW from the Teaser, happy chaos. ONLY NOW it's from a WEIRD ANGLE, visually askew --

JOHN

O-kay, who wants ice cream?

WILLA

I can't believe this. Democracy is so dead.

John hands cash to Danny as Adam scrambles up from beneath the table, holds up the ship in a bottle for John to see.

JOHN

Best one yet, Chief. Where's the crew?

ADAM

There is no crew. It's a ghost ship.

John smiles, ruffles Adam's hair. We PULL BACK TO FIND --

We're watching from the POV OF Younger Hank Asher, standing in the crowd, his eyes glued on Young Adam Warren. And off this haunting image, MATCH TO --

74 EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN PARK AREA - DAY - PRESENT

74

CLAIRE (O.S.)

And mine got a happy ending. But we're the exception, not the rule in this country...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

The present, where Hank Asher now stands in the thick crowd, amongst the people watching Claire's statement. Only he's not looking at the Warrens, he's looking at --

A GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS, all around ten years old, on the edge of the crowd, kicking a soccer ball around in the park.

Hank watches intently, his motives unreadable. And as we wonder what evil has been set free in this city, we find --

Nina watching Hank, a troubling thought suddenly occurring. She moves off, on a mission, as we CUT TO --

75 INT. RED PINES TRIBUNE - DAY

75

Bridey Howard in the bullpen watching the Warrens on TV with the rest of the paper staff. Gus steps up alongside her, a STACK OF NEWSPAPERS in hand. The top one's headlines screams -- DNA CONFIRMS MAYOR'S SON'S RETURN.

GUS

We're getting smoked by every other paper in the country. Like it's their story to tell.

Bridey glances down at the headline, then shrugs.

BRIDEY

Don't believe everything you read.

GUS

What's that mean?

BRIDEY

The doctor at City Memorial who verified Adam Warren's DNA test. I called him this morning for comment.

GUS

And?

She finally turns to look at Gus, pointedly --

BRIDEY

He doesn't exist.
(off Gus, then)

This is *our* story. And there's a helluva lot more to it.

And off Bridey, now on the scent of something, turning back to watch the Warrens on TV, her eyes narrowing in suspicion...

CLAIRE (ON THE TV)

Now, more than ever, I want to strengthen our child protection laws, increase sex offender monitoring,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

CLAIRE (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)
 fund more programs like Amber Alert
 to protect our children.

PUSH IN ON THE TV TO TAKE US BACK TO --

76 EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN PARK AREA - DAY

76

CLAIRE
 Stop the nightmare we've been living
 for the past ten years from happening
 to other good American families.

Beat. Claire takes a breath, tears in her eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 And that's why, today, with the
 support of my family behind me, I'm
 announcing my candidacy for Governor
 of our great state of Maine...

The CROWD goes crazy with the surprise news, BULBS FLASHING,
 people buzzing, cheering her strength.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Not for me, but for my Adam, and all
 the other Adams still out there.

We PUSH IN on the rest of the Warrens behind Claire. Danny looking to John who's completely stunned and blindsided by the sudden announcement, realizing Claire lied to him. Adam blinking wide-eyed at the flashing cameras, and Willa, a calm, even, look on her face, clearly she knew this was coming from her mother.

Nina, who was heading out, stopping, turning in shock back to the podium, digesting Claire's announcement, carefully watching every move this family makes as we SMASH TO ---

77 INT. POLICE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

77

The SCENE that opened the show. The QUICK FRANTIC CUTS -- EVIDENCE BOXES are hurriedly PULLED from SHELVES, tipped over, PAPERS and EVIDENCE BAGGIES spilling everywhere, only now we recognize it's Nina looking for something --

She finds Adam's Ship in a Bottle, the one found in Hank's drawer, encased in the evidence bag. Her hands shaking, gasping for breath, she slumps to the floor, devastated --

JOSH (O.S.)
 Meyer? You okay?

Nina looks up numbly to see a tentative Josh.

NINA
 You following me, Tom?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

JOSH
I'm worried about you. You're
unraveling on me here.

NINA
Nah, c'mon, I'm fully 'raveled.

That was hollow. A beat. Then Nina holds up the bag.

NINA (CONT'D)
The kid's little ship. Forensics
pulled the pedo's prints off it ten
years ago. Makes sense, since it
was in his underwear drawer --

JOSH
So?

NINA
So that's *all* they got.

JOSH
I don't get it.

NINA
The *kid's* prints were never on it.
Seems odd since he was seen carrying
it around that night.

Josh stares at Nina, realizing --

NINA (CONT'D)
Unless someone cleaned it and then
put it there. *For me to find.*

She shakes her head, then darkly calling back Josh's earlier
line to her --

NINA (CONT'D)
Even the best miss one, right, Josh?

He smiles, gently noting she got his name right. And off a
crushed Nina, her eyes closing, her world collapsing --

NINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They say every cop has two.

78 EXT. RED PINES - DOWNTOWN AREA - DAY

78

As Willa puts her arms around both her brothers, Claire takes
a stiff John's hand, concealing the betrayal between them,
and they all smile bravely for the camera --

NINA (V.O.)
The case that breaks you.

As we HOLD on the perfect American family, MATCH TO --

79 INT. GAS STATION - DAY

79

A few days later. The Same Image of the Warrens from the press conference, now frozen on the cover of a newspaper in a man's WEATHERED HANDS.

NINA (V.O.)

And the one that makes you.

We STAY OVER THE MAN'S SHOULDER as a CUSTOMER NEXT TO HIM grabs a snack and reads over his shoulder --

CUSTOMER

(re: the paper)

Gosh, I've been praying for that family, they have a long road ahead.

We SWING AROUND to reveal the MAN'S FACE -- it's covered in POCK-MARKS. *The Pock-Marked Man*. He smiles up at the Customer, nodding sympathetically.

POCK-MARKED MAN

They sure do, ma'am. They sure do...

BACK TO --

80 INT. POLICE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

80

PUSH IN ON NINA as before. Her eyes opening. Hot. Blazing. Pure determination.

NINA (V.O.)

Which one will this be?

BACK TO --

81 INT. GAS STATION - DAY

81

The Pock-Marked Man goes back to his paper. And as we DRIFT OUT the gas station WINDOW beside him to the mountain range towering in the distance, our *Red Dragon Breathing Fire*, this case far from over...that's our --

END OF SHOW

NEWS ANCHOR DIALOGUE FOR SC. 17

NEWS ANCHOR

Tonight, we're still gathering details on the shocking return of Mayor Warren's youngest son Adam. The boy was last seen by his family in a crowded city park over ten years ago. Though a body was never found, after an extensive investigation, the Warren's neighbor was eventually convicted for Adam's murder. But sources say the young man showed up earlier today to a downtown police precinct and clearly identified himself as the youngest Warren child. He was promptly taken to City Memorial for evaluation, and I am told though his physical condition is weak and he has sustained several injuries of unknown nature, he is now stable. There are still more questions than answers tonight, but the young man has been reunited with his family and is resting comfortably... we'll have more on this miraculous story -- the return of Adam Warren -- as it develops.

NEWS ANCHOR DIALOGUE FOR SC. 28

NEWS ANCHOR

Back to our continuing coverage of the extraordinary Adam Warren story -- tonight, Hank Asher, behind bars for over ten years for the boy's murder, is home. After DNA yesterday confirmed the boy's return, an emergency hearing this morning declared Asher a free man. His lawyer tells us tonight Mr. Asher has no plans to sue the Red Pines police department after being wrongly held for so many years, a decision the lawyer called "extremely generous." Let's go to weather.

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE FOR SC. 11

REPORTER #1

There's been a lot of speculation about who's going to replace the Deputy Mayor, can you comment on that --

CLAIRE

When there's something real to comment on, I'll comment on it. Until then, all I can say is, we're going to find the best person for the job --

REPORTER #1

What about City Council member Lee Sanders --

CLAIRE

She's definitely in the mix, we're looking at a lot of people right now.