

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 TIGHT ON A MAN 1

He's terrified, his cheeks tear-streaked, his chin trembling.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Smile.

He makes a feeble attempt, succeeding in a horrible caricature of a smile.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Come on, put some life into it.

There's a FLASH as he snaps a photo.

TIGHT ON A POLAROID

As the PHOTO OF THE MAN spits out of the camera. We see a hand turn the photo over, then write this on the back with a PEN: "**Expiration Date: Sunday 5 a.m.**" And we DISSOLVE TO:

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. FBI HQ - DAY 3

Jess rushes in, holding her PAGER in her hand. The place is humming. Agents rushing around everywhere. Jess finds Brooke, who is looking harried.

JESS

I got your page at the movies with Hunter.

(re the pager:)

You didn't tell me you installed a subwoofer in this thing. It's like having a fire alarm clipped on my hip.

BROOKE

The body of a missing person was found in Chicago this morning.

Brooke hands her the picture of A DEAD MAN, his body wrapped in plastic. It's THE MAN WE SAW HAVING HIS PICTURE TAKEN. Jess turns serious fast.

BROOKE

We need your help, Jess.

Jess hands the photo back to Brooke as if it contains something contagious.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JESS

These visions I have in my dreams...
they're always about missing people.
Now that you've... found him... what
can I do?

BROOKE

You can help us find the next victim.

Brooke shows her a NOTE IN A BAGGIE.

BROOKE

This was taped to the body.

JESS

(reading:)

"You were too late. Now there's
another one. Tick-Tock."

And on Jess, reacting to this deadline, we FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. FBI HQ - DAY

4

The place is crammed with FBI agents, working the phones, the keyboards, or running around with files. BROOKE, JESS, and SUNNY sit at the conference table with several AGENTS. A PHOTO of the DEAD MAN from the teaser is on a LARGE FLAT SCREEN COMPUTER MONITOR with information scrolling beside it. A picture of the dead man, before he was a dead man, is on the screen.

BROOKE

Three days ago, Manny Clarke, a thirty-two year-old insurance broker, disappeared from his girlfriend's condo in Chicago. She found this photograph on her refrigerator.

Sunny hits some key and brings up the image of a POLAROID of MANNY, looking terrified. Then shows the reverse side of the Polaroid -- there's WRITING on the back.

BROOKE

It says "Expiration Date: Sunday, 5 a.m." This morning Manny Clarke's body was found in a dumpster. He'd been suffocated. His wrists were bound with rope and ashes were found on his clothes. Sunny...

Brooke nods at Sunny, who brings up the image of the note left on Manny's corpse.

BROOKE

There was a note on the body.

(reads:)

"You were too late. Now there's another. Tick-tock."

(then:)

Clearly there's another victim and that clock started counting down when Manny Clarke died.

SUNNY

The Chicago M.E. puts Clarke's time of death at 5 a.m...exactly 72 hours after he was kidnapped.

Brooke looks at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

BROOKE

It's five p.m. now, which means we've already lost 12 hours on the next victim. We've only got 60 hours to find our missing person.

(to head of Logistics:)

Logistics: Contact VICAP. Find out if this M.O. has turned up any where before.

(to head of Deep

Background:)

Deep Background: Examine every aspect of Manny Clarke's life and see if that leads to anyone who's vanished.

(to Sunny:)

Forensics: I need you to examine the work done by the Chicago C.S.I. Give them whatever help they need.

Jess speaks up hesitantly.

JESS

So... we have to find a missing person, but we don't know who's missing.

The others exchange a look. This is the hard part.

BROOKE

That's about the size of it.

Now Jess is completely lost. Brooke slides a BULGING FILE down the table toward Jess... along the way, the file opens, spreading out a STREAM OF PHOTOS OF MEN AND WOMEN of ALL AGES and RACES. There must be at least fifty pictures.

BROOKE

This is everyone reported missing in the Chicago area in the last 48 hours. Ordinarily, we wouldn't tackling most of these cases... but one of them could be our victim.

Jess starts to sort through the photos... it's overwhelming. Brooke turns to the other agents.

BROOKE

You have your assignments. Update me every twenty minutes.

The agents file out, leaving Brooke alone with Jess.

JESS

Brooke... I don't know if I can do this.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

BROOKE

I know this is hard.

JESS

Maybe it's not even possible. I was hit by lightning one night and woke up with visions of missing people... I've got no idea how it works... or why.

BROOKE

There's a life depending on it, so we've got to try.

JESS

I will. But what if I dream about one of these people and it's not the next victim?

BROOKE

Let's hope that doesn't happen.

She gives Jess a sympathetic look and leaves. Jess studies the photos... so many lost people...so little time. And on her look, we DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

Jess returns home and realizes that the door to her apartment has been jimmed. She tenses up immediately. That's when she hears A VOICE, startling her.

VOICE

Young lady, where have you been?

She turns in the direction of the voice and sees DOUG sitting in the shadows at the kitchen table. She relaxes... a bit. She goes in and turns on the lights.

JESS

Doug, what are you doing here?

DOUG

You mean, aside from my astonishing impression of Mom?

JESS

(interrupts:)

Doug. I don't care if you're my brother, you can't just break into my house.

DOUG

I rearranged your spice cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JESS

I don't have a spice cabinet.

DOUG

You do now.

He points to the counter where ALL OF JESS' NEW DISHES are piled. Great. She flings open the cabinet he took them from. It's empty. Except for a BOX OF SALT.

DOUG

By the way, you're running low on a couple of spices. I made a list.

She pulls out a chair and sits down wearily across from him.

JESS

You didn't come over here to rearrange my cabinets. You always get compulsive when you're upset.

(then:)

You're fighting with Mom again.

DOUG

It's not a fight.

JESS

Good.

DOUG

It's a principled stand.

JESS

Oh, Doug.

DOUG

I know I have a mental condition. I'm aware I need a certain level of medication. But I have a right to my feelings, even if she can't understand them. The new pills smother everything. I won't take them.

JESS

Mom doesn't know you're here, does she?

DOUG

I didn't copy her on my itinerary.

JESS

I can't deal with this right now. You call Mom and tell her you're here. I've got work to do.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

And she goes to her bedroom, Doug looking after her. And we DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. JESS' APARTMENT - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT 6

Jess is curled up on top of the bed, asleep, the MISSING PERSONS PHOTOS all over the floor. We PUSH IN on Jess and into

THE VOID

Of Jess's dream. She is standing on the edge of an ABYSS... a BIG BLACK HOLE. DOUG rushes up behind her and SHOVES HER IN. As she PLUMMETS into THE PITCH BLACKNESS, she can see DOUG receding behind her, LAUGHING. As Jess tumbles, she SEES a WOMAN'S FACE, frozen in a SCREAM, in front of her. Jess passes THROUGH the face as if it were made OF MIST. Jess hits the bottom...rolls over on her back to see a pinpoint of light above her. And then something covers the lights and she's CONSUMED IN DARKNESS.

BACK TO SCENE

Jess is still sleeping, still dreaming, but it's far from peaceful. She's thrashing around in the bed, almost like she's trying to fight or run in her sleep. On her face, an expression of terror.

7 INT. JESS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 7

Doug is laying on the couch, asleep, when he hears A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. He jumps off the couch and rushes into Jess' room to find...

8 INT. JESS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

...his sister sitting up, trembling and drenched with sweat, absolutely terrified. He goes to her side and hugs her.

DOUG

Jess...it's okay, it was just a dream.

JESS

No, it wasn't.

And on Jess, deeply troubled, we CUT TO:

9 INT. FBI HQ - DAY 9

Brooke looks up from her computer to see Sunny delivering a LARGE GIFT BASKET to her.

BROOKE

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

SUNNY

It was left for you at the front desk. I happened to be passing by so I thought I'd save you the trip.

BROOKE

You're just nosy.

SUNNY

I'm jealous. Alfie doesn't send me gifts like when we were first married. He's down to four or five a month.

Brooke sorts through it. It's full of SOAPS, BUBBLE BATH, BATH GEL, CANDLES, a BOTTLE OF WINE etc. Brooke is embarrassed... and touched.

SUNNY

Hmmm. Someone likes a warm bath. Is it for one... or two?

BROOKE

I'm a shower person myself.

SUNNY

There's no card.
(then, with a smile:)
I can dust it for prints if you like.

Brooke glares at her, more out of embarrassment than anger.

BROOKE

Don't you have work to do?

SUNNY

Yes, ma'am.

Sunny stifles her smile and hurries off. Brooke sets the basket aside, and looks up again to see Jess coming in, obviously very disturbed. She is holding a picture. Brooke rises and hurries out to meet her. Jess thrusts the photo at Brooke.

JESS

She's the one.

The photo is of SUSAN WILHITE, a woman in her early forties, who we will recognize from the brief flash we saw in Jess' vision.

Brooke turns the photo over, reads the sheet attached to it.

BROOKE

Susan Wilhite, 44, married, mother of two, lives in Chicago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Reported missing yesterday afternoon
by her husband, Kenneth.

(to Jess:)

What else did you see?

JESS

Nothing.

BROOKE

Are you sure?

LIGHTNING CUT

To a split second recall of Jess HURTLING through Susan's
face, and we're

BACK TO SCENE

Jess shudders involuntarily.

JESS

Her face was... cloudy.

BROOKE

What do you mean? It was hard to
see? Out of focus?

JESS

No. It was like a cloud. A swirling
fog of a face. Kind of like --

BROOKE

Okay, that's good. What else?

JESS

There is nothing else.

BROOKE

Nothing at all?

JESS

I don't know. I woke up and the
dream was... gone. I try to think
back on it, and there's nothing.

BROOKE

We need to know, Jess. Any detail,
no matter how small, could be crucial.

JESS

I don't remember.

Brooke sighs with frustration. Checks her watch. Comes to
a decision.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

BROOKE

You better come with me.

JESS

Where are we going?

BROOKE

Susan Wilhite's house in Chicago.
Maybe it will give you something
more to dream about.

And we CUT TO:

10 INT. WILHITE HOUSE - DAY

10

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO. WILHITE RESIDENCE.

Sure, it's easy to bash suburbia -- until you see this kind of perfect family home. Well, perfect except for the squad of FBI FORENSICS AGENTS rampaging through it. KENNETH WILHITE, 40s, tries to ignore the agents searching his house, and focus on Brooke, as they walk together. Jess wanders through the house, looking, touching, feeling. Outside, the Wilhites' children, ages 6 and 8, play in the backyard.

WILHITE

Something's really wrong, isn't it?

BROOKE

Why do you say that, Mr. Wilhite?

WILHITE

Yesterday, when I called the police,
they took my name and told me to
call back after three days if Susan
hadn't come home. Now...

He gestures at the storm of investigative activity.

BROOKE

We just want to find your wife.

(to an Agent:)

Make sure you dust all the windows,
inside and out, for prints.

WILHITE

But that's only half the sentence,
isn't it?

BROOKE

The sentence?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WILHITE

We just want to find your wife --
before... Because... In case... What's
the part you're leaving out?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

BROOKE

Where were you when your wife
disappeared, Mr. Wilhite?

WILHITE

I took the kids to church, then out
to breakfast.

BROOKE

Less than twelve hours after you got
home from Disneyworld?

WILHITE

What difference does it make?

BROOKE

I have to ask these questions. Until
we know what happened, we have no
way of knowing what's important and
what isn't.

(to another agent:)

Check all the drains in the house
and have whatever you've vacuumed
from the carpets sent directly to
our lab in Indianapolis.

Wilhite calms down, but his nerves are still on edge.

WILHITE

After four days of unadulterated
consumerism, Susan thought Thomas
and Lizzie should be reminded of
what's really important.

BROOKE

Why didn't she go with you?

WILHITE

She'd been on hold with the airline
half the night. I let her sleep.

BROOKE

On hold?

WILHITE

They lost one of our bags. The one
with all our souvenirs, of course.
She wanted to get it back before the
kids realized it was gone.

(then:)

And yes, that was the other reason
for going to church.

That's when SPECIAL AGENT CHET RYKER, 30s, appears in the
doorway, motioning to Brooke.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

BROOKE

Excuse me.

She gets up and goes over to Chet, who offers his hand.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

CHET

I don't think we've had a chance to meet. I'm Special Agent Chet Ryker, Chicago office.

BROOKE

Brooke Haslett. What's up?

He leads her across the room. We GO BACK to Jess, who is admiring a shelf of HANDCRAFTED POTTERY FIGURINES.

JESS

These are beautiful.

WILHITE

Susan makes them. She wants to sell them on e-bay, put the money in the kids' college fund.

Jess takes one off the shelf.

JESS

I love this.

That's when a little voice says:

TOMMY'S VOICE

Mine, too.

Jess turns to see a little boy, age 8, has joined them.

TOMMY

Maybe Mom will make one for you.

JESS

I'd like that very much.

Tommy looks up at his father.

TOMMY

When is Mommy coming home?

WILHITE

Soon, Tommy.

Tommy smiles and runs off to play with his sister. Wilhite studies Jess.

WILHITE

You're not one of them, are you?

He motions to one of the agents.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

JESS
I'm with the FBI.

WILHITE
With them, not of them.
(off her look)
What's really happening? Where's my
wife? You can tell me.

The pleading on his face is so urgent, it breaks Jess's heart.
But she can't say what she knows.

JESS
We'll find her, Mr. Wilhite. Excuse
me.

She leaves the room. Jess heads towards Brooke and Chet.

10A OMITTED

10A

Chet hands a Polaroid photo to Brooke.

CHET
This was under the workbench.

BROOKE
Why didn't the police find it?

CHET
No reason to look. It's not an active
case until the subject's been gone
three days.

BROOKE
Which means they'll start looking
for her as soon as she's dead.

Brooke looks down at the IMAGE OF SUSAN WILHITE on the
POLAROID Chet has given her (the picture is in an EVIDENCE
BAGGIE). Then flips it over to see the handwriting:
EXPIRATION DATE: WEDNESDAY, 9 AM.

BROOKE
We have 48 hours to find her.

And on her concern:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. FBI JET - DAY / INT. FBI HQ - LAB - DAY

11

SUPERIMPOSE: FBI JET

"TIME REMAINING: 47 HOURS, 22 MINUTES."

Jess lies on the couch in the back of the plane, trying to relax, trying to sleep. Brooke is ON THE PHONE with Sunny, who is back at FBI HQ. MANNY CLARKE'S PICTURE is up on the VIEW SCREEN beside SUSAN WILHITE'S.

SUNNY

Manny Clarke lived in Park Slope, Brooklyn, worked for First Fidelity Casualty in Manhattan, and traveled frequently, often to Chicago, where his girlfriend Carol Tamlyn is a medical supplies rep with Allied MedTech. He visited her this time on his way back from a business trip to Houston.

BROOKE

Contact the local police and our field office in Houston. Have them retrace every move Clarke made. If he bought a hot-dog on the street, I want to know who he bought it from and what he put on it.

(then:)

What about forensic evidence?

SUNNY

The rope used to bind his wrists was a twisted synthetic fiber, a Dacron and polypropelene blend made by the Tiemaster company and sold under a variety of brand names at any hardware store.

BROOKE

Any chance of tracing it?

SUNNY

Three hundred and fifty thousand feet were sold in Illinois alone this month.

BROOKE

What else?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SUNNY

The ashes found on Manny Clarke were from some kind of refined grain. Again, nothing unique or traceable on its own.

BROOKE

The killer was burning grain? Why?

SUNNY

Could be some kind of ritual sacrifice. Pagan. Appollonian. Even Aztec. Or maybe he was making breakfast and overcooked his oatmeal.

BROOKE

Let's see what else we can find out about the ash. What do we know about Susan Wilhite?

SUNNY

Full-time mother, amateur potter. Husband Kenneth owns a small chain of pet stores.

BROOKE

Did she or anyone in her family ever do business with First Fidelity?

SUNNY

Nope. And as far as I can tell, they haven't used an Atlas MedTech product, either.

BROOKE

There must be a connection between Manny Clarke and Susan Wilhite.

SUNNY

So far, all we can confirm is that they're both members of the human race who happened to be in Chicago.

BROOKE

I'd really like to narrow that down just a little. There's a reason the killer chose these two people. Find it and we find him.

END INTERCUT. Brooke HANGS UP THE PHONE, gets up and moves to the back of the plane...

12 INT. FBI JET - REAR COMPARTMENT

12

...where Jess is lying on a couch in the back, holding the photo of Susan Wilhite.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Brooke starts to back away, quietly, not wanting to wake her. But Jess opens her eyes, turns to her.

BROOKE

How's it coming?

JESS

It's not.

BROOKE

It will.

(glances at her watch:)

Soon, I hope. I know we can find her, I just don't know if we can do it in 47 hours without some help.

JESS

I'm trying.

Brooke takes a seat across from her.

BROOKE

I don't know anything about visions. But I have a feeling they're a lot like tennis. When I'm relaxed, I can serve the ball and make it land exactly where I want. But when it really matters, I start to try. I start to think. And it all goes to hell.

JESS

Isn't thinking a good thing?

BROOKE

Not in tennis. It's got to come straight from the subconscious. Thinking just gets in the way.

JESS

That's not my problem.

BROOKE

You start thinking about it, then you think about not thinking about it and then--

JESS

(interrupts:)

You don't understand. I just can't sleep.

Brooke looks at her for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

BROOKE

Yes, you can. You're just under too much pressure here. We're almost home, Jess. I'm sure you'll sleep in the peace and quiet of your own bedroom.

And on Jess' anguish, and Brooke's concern, we CUT TO:

13 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

13

SUPERIMPOSE: "TIME REMAINING: 45 HOURS, 34 MINUTES"

The curtains are drawn. An aromatherapy candle soothes the air. Quiet MUSIC softly drowns out the sounds from outside. Heck, we're getting sleepy just describing the scene. Jess lies on her bed, her eyes fluttering closed, on the brink of sleep, when she sees a LIGHTNING FLASH MEMORY OF:

THE ABYSS

from her dream -- Jess plummeting through the void and the sound of DOUG LAUGHING and --

BACK TO SCENE

Jess's eyes flash open. She's breathing hard, terrified. Tries to get herself under control again. She takes a deep breath, relaxes her muscles, slowly closes her eyes. And sees another LIGHTNING FLASH MEMORY OF:

THE ABYSS

falling, screaming, terrified. And DOUG'S LAUGHTER making it even worse.

BACK TO SCENE

Jess bolts up in bed, sweat dripping off her face, gasping for breath. This is useless. She can't sleep. That's when she hears VOICES from the other room.

14 INT. JESS'S LOFT - KITCHEN - DAY

14

Doug and her mother TONI argue furiously, loud and emotional.

TONI

Do you want to go back to the hospital?

DOUG

I want to think for myself, Mom

TONI

Like last time? Do you remember what happened last time?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DOUG
I was happy!

TONI
You almost died!

That's when Jess appears in the doorway, still shaken by the memory of her dream...

JESS
Can you keep it down? I'm trying to sleep.

TONI
How long were you going to let him hide here? Did you even care that I was going out of my mind worrying?

JESS
He said he'd call you. I really need to sleep right now.

DOUG
I won't take those pills.

TONI
(to Jess:)
You know better than to take his word on something like that. How could you be so irresponsible?

DOUG
You can't force me to do this.

TONI
(to Doug:)
Not with your sister enabling your illness, I can't.

DOUG
Leave Jess out of this.

TONI
She's already in it.

It's all too much for Jess. She explodes.

JESS
Stop it! Both of you!

Doug and Toni freeze. Jess never yells.

JESS
There's a woman out there. A woman with a husband and two kids.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

JESS (CONT'D)

They're waiting for her to come home.
But she's not going to come home.
She's going to die.

TONI

Honey...

JESS

She's going to die unless I help
find her. But I can't do that if I
can't sleep and you won't let me!

She turns and storms out. And on Toni and Doug's shock:

15 INT. FBI HQ - DAY

15

SUPERIMPOSE: "TIME REMAINING 45 HOURS, 5 MINUTES"

Brooke stands next to the giant flatscreen monitor that churns through photos and information about the two victims, searching for a connection. She ignores it, instead working at a DRY ERASE BOARD, which is now COVERED with photos of MANNY CLARKE and SUSAN WILHITE... with LINES connecting them to their HOMES, FAMILY MEMBERS, JOBS... but no LINES connecting them to each other. She stares at the board, fighting exhaustion. Coyle watches for a moment before coming up to her.

COYLE

We've got a new gadget here. Called
a computer.

BROOKE

I'll remember that when I feel like
a game of Solitaire.

(off his look:)

I need to see the connection. Have
it all in front of me.

COYLE

Maybe there is no connection. Maybe
it's completely random.

BROOKE

No such thing. There's a reason
these two people were chosen.

COYLE

Then why hasn't the computer found
it?

BROOKE

Because the computer only searches
for what we tell it to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Maybe the connection is only in the
killer's mind -- a pun, a metaphor,
an anagram, something it's not
programmed to find.

COYLE

Washington wants to hear we're going
to find this woman alive. I think
it's time to lower their expectations.

But Brooke doesn't hear him -- because she's staring at the
board, realization dawning on her.

BROOKE

Or maybe it's so obvious we've looked
right past it.

(then:)

Manny Clarke came here from Houston.
Susan Wilhite was on vacation in
Orlando. The one thing they had in
common -- they both flew into O'Hare.

COYLE

Along with a half million other
people.

BROOKE

That's why the computer didn't kick
it out -- it's not specific enough
to be a useful match.

COYLE

Exactly.

(off her look:)

Did they at least fly on the same
airline?

BROOKE

Wouldn't that be nice.

Brooke glances at the details on the board, then shakes her
head.

BROOKE

Different airlines. Different days.
Different terminals.

COYLE

Ground transportation?

BROOKE

Manny Clarke rented a car. Susan
Wilhite's minivan was in long-term
parking.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

COYLE

So all we need to do is go through
thousands of airport employees and
hundreds of thousands of passengers,
and we've got our guy.

Brooke's already on the move, grabbing A PASSING AGENT.

BROOKE

Stan -- talk to the Transportation
Security Administration. We need
background on everyone who works at
O'Hare.

STAN nods and rushes off. Brooke finds Sunny.

BROOKE

I want airport security camera footage
from an hour before to an hour after
each victim's arrival.

SUNNY

Which cameras?

BROOKE

All of them.

SUNNY

You're talking about hundreds of
cameras and thousands of hours of
tape.

BROOKE

Just get it.

Sunny shrugs and heads off. Coyle looks Brooke in the eye.

BROOKE

We'll find the connection.

COYLE

Maybe in a month, but not in 45 hours.
I'm going to alert DC there's going
to be another victim.

BROOKE

We still have time.

COYLE

You're dreaming.

Coyle looks past Brooke to see Jess' office.

COYLE

More importantly, is she?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3) 15

And on his look, and Brooke's uncertainty, we CUT TO:

16 INT. FBI HQ JESS'S OFFICE - DAY 16

Jess sits on the couch, staring at the ground, barely looking up as Brooke comes in, under pressure, tired, and showing it. Jess looks up at her, anguish on her face.

JESS

I'm trying.

BROOKE

I know. But we're running out of time.

JESS

Do you think I don't know that? Do you think I don't care?

BROOKE

What you know, what you care about, that's doesn't matter. Right now, all that matters is finding that woman.

JESS

I woke up one morning and I had this... gift. I could see people in trouble. I could help them. But I can't make- it happen, and right now it doesn't feel like much of a gift.

BROOKE

Jess, you've saved lives.

JESS

Not me. I didn't do anything. It's this... thing that happens when I sleep. I don't understand it.

BROOKE

As long as you get results --

JESS

But I'm not! And I don't know how to change that. I can't summon a vision, I can't control this power. I'm like a TV -- when I'm working I can show you whatever you want to see, but unless someone else hooks up the cable, I'm just an empty box.

Brooke realizes how hard she's been pushing Jess and what Jess must be going through.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BROOKE

You're right.

JESS

Great. Two votes for the empty box.

BROOKE

Maybe we have taken your gift for granted. That's not fair to you -- but we can't deal with that now. We have to find Susan Wilhite.

JESS

I don't know what to do. Every time I close my eyes...

She throws up her hands.

BROOKE

There's something we haven't tried yet. Inducing sleep... Medically.

JESS

Drugs? I don't even like to take aspirin for a headache...

BROOKE

We have to try this...

JESS

Okay. I'll do it.

And on her determination:

17 INT. FBI HQ - LAB AREA - LATER

17

SUPERIMPOSE: "TIME REMAINING: 43 HOURS, 34 MINUTES"

Jess lies on a couch, hooked up to all kinds of WIRES and READ-OUTS as an FBI MED-TECH GUY prepares an I.V. Jess' CELL PHONE rings.

JESS

Hello?

(then:)

Hey, Hunter. How are you?

(then:)

I'd love to hang out with you tonight.
The thing is...

She glances at the MED-TECH preparing the IV. She swallows hard.

JESS

I'm kind of tied up right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

JESS (CONT'D)

(then:)

I don't know about tomorrow either.
But I really want to see you. I'll
call, okay?

She hangs up just as Brooke comes in. Jess glances nervously
at the needles, IV bags, etc.

JESS

I really didn't think there'd be a
needle involved. Couldn't I just
take a sleeping pill with a glass of
warm milk?

BROOKE

If all we wanted was a good night's
sleep. We need to control how long
you're out and we need to wake you
as soon as you emerge from the R.E.M
state. You had trouble remembering
what you saw before -- we don't want
that problem this time.

The Med-Tech INSERTS THE IV NEEDLE into Jess' arm. She
winces.

JESS

I always wondered if that would hurt.
It does.

BROOKE

In a minute, you won't feel anything.

JESS

Will you talk with me 'til then?

Brooke would rather not, the watch on her wrist weighs a ton
right now -- but she can see Jess looking nervously at all
the readouts, all the machinery. Trying so hard not to think
about it.

BROOKE

Sure. What do you want to talk about?

JESS

How about Sunny? What do you know
about her?

BROOKE

Enough to give her the job. She's a
brilliant analyst. She was on the
fast track in DC.

JESS

What knocked her off?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

BROOKE

Her husband's promotion. The software company he works for sent him here a few years ago...so she requested a transfer, too. Nobody in the FBI decides to be in Indiana. It gets decided for you.

JESS

Maybe she doesn't care what track she's on.

BROOKE

You don't become a PhD at 25 just to have something to hang on the wall. She's an achiever. I'm familiar with the type. Very.

JESS

You mean... she like you?

BROOKE

Well, in my case it was a law degree.

JESS

You never told me you were a lawyer.

BROOKE

We all have dark secrets. I worked in the D-A's office. But it was about compromises, cutting deals. I was interested in ... justice. So, I joined the Bureau.

Jess is finally getting sleepy, her eyelids becoming heavier. And she's talking slightly... dopey.

JESS

See, this is the sort of stuff you need friends to talk about.

BROOKE

I have lots of friends.

JESS

But they're all in D.C. You're in a new town. You need friends. Like Sunny, for instance... or...

Isn't Jess supposed to be unconscious by now? Brooke looks hopefully at the med-tech guy, but he's busy monitoring Jess.

BROOKE

I've got the mystery guy.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

JESS

What mystery guy?

BROOKE

I don't know. That's why it's a
mystery. He's been sending me
flowers. And soap.

JESS

Soap.

BROOKE

I know it sounds silly, but it's
also kind of... romantic. I suppose
I could find out who he is... I mean,
that's what I do for a living ...
but I'm afraid if I do, it might
ruin things. What do you think?

Brooke turns to Jess for answer and discovers she is FAST
ASLEEP. Brooke exits, relieved--

18 INT. FBI HQ - DAY

18

-- collides with Sunny, who drops the file he was carrying,
spilling a half-dozen PHOTOS on the floor.

BROOKE

Sorry. I haven't had much sleep.

They both bend down to pick up the pictures. Brooke looks
at the top one -- a FIFTEEN YEAR-OLD BOY.

BROOKE

What is this?

SUNNY

Coyle ordered me to contact the
Chicago PD and get copies of all
missing persons reports as they come
in.

BROOKE

He's giving up on Susan Wilhite and
moving on to next victim.

Brooke glares in the direction of Coyle's office, where he's
talking on the phone, oblivious to her.

BROOKE

He thinks we're going to fail.

SUNNY

I don't think so. I think he's
protecting us from their expectations,
he's buying us some time.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BROOKE

I hadn't thought of it that way.

(then:)

What do you have?

Sunny sorts through the pictures.

SUNNY

Joshua Tate, 15, packed his things and left an email for his parents saying he was going to LA to become a star.

(then:)

Tom Banks, 29... didn't show up at an Atmospheric Sciences Symposium to deliver his paper on "Linear Eddies In Cumulus Cloud Formations."

(then:)

Charlie Pruitt, 54, left on a fishing trip to--

BROOKE

(interrupts:)

Cumulus clouds?

Brooke yanks the photo of TOM BANKS from Sunny's grasp.

BROOKE

Did Banks come in through O'Hare?

SUNNY

(checks documents)

Flew in from Rochester.

(then to Brooke:)

What the sudden interest in Atmospheric Science?

BROOKE

Jess said Susan Wilhite's face in her dream was like a cloud.

SUNNY

That's a stretch.

BROOKE

We're relying on her dreams to help us solve cases. Nothing is a stretch any more.

SUNNY

So you're off to Chicago.

BROOKE

While I'm gone, find out everything you can about Tom Banks.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SUNNY
What about Coyle?

BROOKE
He's got to play politics. I don't.

Brooke hurries off. And we CUT TO:

19 INT. HOTEL - DAY

19

SUPERIMPOSE: EDGEWATER HOTEL, CHICAGO

"TIME REMAINING: 40 HOURS, 13 MINUTES"

Brooke and Special Agent Chet Ryker march down the hall, putting on PLASTIC GLOVES as they go.

CHET
Mr. Banks checked in Saturday morning. According to the maid who services this floor, the room hasn't been used.

BROOKE
And no one said anything?

CHET
People meet people... have liaisons, if you know what I mean...according to the hotel manager, it's not unusual for a guest at one of these events not to occupy their own room for several days. No one noticed he was gone until his speech.

They reach the room. Chet unlocks the door. Brooke steps in slowly, followed by Chet. There's a LAPTOP BAG on the table, a coat draped over a chair. Chet starts opening drawers. They're empty. Brooke opens the closet. There's a POLAROID clipped to a hanger. Brooke snatches it. It's Tom, looking utterly terrified.

CHET
Looks like we just found victim number three.

Brooke flips the Polaroid over. There's a message.

BROOKE
Victim number two.

Chet looks confused. Brooke hands him the Polaroid.

CHET
"Expiration Date: Tuesday, 9 a.m."

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BROOKE

Tom Banks was taken 24 hours before
Susan Wilhite. Our time has just
been cut in half. In 16 hours, this
man is going to die.

And on her look, and Chet's realization, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. FBI HQ - KITCHEN - DAY

20

SUPERIMPOSE: "NEW DEADLINE. TIME REMAINING: 14 HOURS, 50 MINUTES."

The place is even more frenzied than before. Jess staggers groggily out of the lounge to the kitchen, where an exhausted Sunny is making herself a much-needed cup of coffee. Jess has just come out of sedation... and looks it.

JESS

Good morning. Good night. Whatever.

Jess takes a mug and reaches for the pot... but Sunny yanks it from her reach.

SUNNY

This isn't for you.

JESS

What did you say?

SUNNY

You can't have any of this coffee.

Jess glares daggers at her, which amuses Sunny enormously.

JESS

I may not have a badge, but I'm a full-fledged member of this team. I can drink from the same pot as the Special Agents.

Jess grabs for the pot, but Sunny yanks it away again with a big smile.

SUNNY

You really think a caffeine jolt is gonna help you sleep?

JESS

Oh. Right. Sorry.
(then:)

I never been sedated before. I guess it makes me cranky. And stupid.

SUNNY

You're allowed.

JESS

I didn't dream.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SUNNY

I know. We were watching your EEG.

JESS

I want to sleep. I want to dream.
But as soon I close my eyes, I freak
out. I can't breathe, my heart is
pounding, I'm dizzy. I want to throw
up.

Jess has a LIGHTNING FLASH MEMORY of
THE ABYSS

from her dream -- Jess plummeting through the void and the
sound of DOUG LAUGHING and we're --

BACK TO SCENE

as Jess fights the fear. Sunny studies her thoughtfully.

SUNNY

That's okay. You did what you could.

JESS

I want to do more. I'm still trying.

SUNNY

But the little bit you already gave
us helped a lot.

(then:)

There's been another victim. His
name is Tom Banks...and he's only
got ten hours left.

JESS

Just ten hours? I don't understand.

SUNNY

The killer snatched him before Susan
Wilhite. But we wouldn't know about
him at all if it wasn't for your
cloud-face-vision thing. You did
good.

Sunny walks away, Jess looking after her, feeling like crap.

21 INT. FBI HQ - ELSEWHERE - DAY

21

Brooke is just coming out of the conference room as Sunny
approaches her.

SUNNY

Can I give you some unsolicited
advice?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

BROOKE

Will it help me find Susan Wilhite
and Tom Banks before they expire?

SUNNY

It might.

BROOKE

Advise away.

SUNNY

I think you should talk to Jess.
She's having panic attacks whenever
she tries to sleep.

BROOKE

What's she afraid of?

SUNNY

If I had to guess, I'd say something
scared her a long time ago, probably
when she was a child. Scared her so
much she completely buried the memory.
Until she saw something in a vision
that tapped into her fear. Now her
mind has shut off access to her
subconscious rather than deal with
whatever she buried.

BROOKE

That's some guess.

SUNNY

My Mom's a shrink... try growing up
with that... and I've spent a little
time studying psychology... just so
I could win an argument with her
once in a while.

BROOKE

So what do you recommend we do about
Jess?

SUNNY

Get her with a therapist who could
earn her trust and help her find the
courage to face her crippling fear.

BROOKE

Let's do it.

SUNNY

Great. It shouldn't take more than
a couple of months for Jess to work
through her issues.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Unless the therapist is a Freudian --
then it could be decades.

BROOKE

We have 12 hours.

SUNNY

So we need to jump start it. We
need someone in the room she already
trusts, so she feels safe enough to
confront what's scaring her. A
friend.

Brooke gets the message.

BROOKE

She's only known me for a few weeks.
Why is she going to think of me as a
close friend?

SUNNY

Maybe if you treat her as yours.
Share with her. Bond.

BROOKE

Fine, but since it's your idea, you're
going to be there too.

SUNNY

All right. The Bureau keeps a
therapist on retainer... I'll book
some time.

Brooke sighs.

BROOKE

First, give me what you have on Tom
Banks.

SUNNY

He came from Rochester for a week-
long climatology convention. He's
carrying two mortgages and a couple
thou of credit card debt. Married
for thirteen years, faithful as far
as anyone can tell. Wife's been
notified, she's flying in.

BROOKE

He was supposed to be here a week?
(off her nod:)
There was only one bag in his room --
his laptop carry-on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I'm thinking even Atmospheric
Scientists like to change their
underwear once in a while.

Brooke moves past Sunny into the conference room and goes
to the big dry-erase board, studies the scribbles for a
moment, then points to something.

BROOKE

There. Susan Wilhite's husband said
she was on hold with the airline for
three hours on the day she
disappeared. They lost her suitcase
full of souvenirs. That's our
connection.

SUNNY

I'll find out if Manny Clarke and
Tom Banks also reported lost bags.

BROOKE

Don't wait for the results. Call
our agents in Chicago. Tell them to
start looking at the baggage handlers
who worked those flights.

Brooke marches out and we CUT TO:

22 EXT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

22

SUPERIMPOSE: O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

"TIME REMAINING: 13 HOURS, 42 MINUTES"

FBI Agent Chet Ryker approaches THREE BAGGAGE HANDLERS who
are tossing SUITCASES onto a CONVEYOR BELT from a LUGGAGE
TRUCK.

CHET

Hey, fellas. Can I talk to you a
minute?

BAGGAGE HANDLER #1

Talk slow. We're paid by the hour.

CHET

I'm on a clock, too. Only I don't
have time to spare.

BAGGAGE HANDLER #2

You don't look like you punch a time
card.

Chet flashes his ID.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CHET
Chet Ryker. FBI.

Suddenly BAGGAGE HANDLER #3 bolts.

CHET
Damn.

Chet leaps over the conveyor belt and gives chase, tackling the guy into an OPEN LUGGAGE TRUCK full of SUITCASES. They both tumble through to the other side in a cascade of luggage. Chet wrenches the man's hands behind his back, eliciting a painful yelp from the baggage handler, and yells in his ear.

CHET
Where are they?

BAGGAGE HANDLER #3
In the trunk of my Impala.

Chet handcuffs the man and yanks him to his feet.

CHET
Are they still alive...or have they
already expired?

BAGGAGE HANDLER #3
I suppose some of the batteries are
still good.

And on Chet's look, we CUT TO:

22A THE TRUNK OF AN IMPALA

22A

Being popped open, to reveal DOZENS OF CAMERAS, CD PLAYERS, and CAMCORDERS inside. We PULL BACK to reveal Chet, the handcuffed baggage handler, and a dozen COPS looking into the trunk.

CHET
You were stealing electronics out of
luggage?

BAGGAGE HANDLER #3
Bags break. Things fall out. I
keep them here as customer service
so they don't get lost.

CHET
The other two baggage handlers who
were with you tonight, did they also
work Thursday morning, Saturday
morning, and Sunday afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

BAGGAGE HANDLER #3
Them and Earl. But he hasn't been
around today.

And on Chet's look, we CUT TO:

23 INT. FBI HQ - JESS OFFICE - DAY

23

SUPERIMPOSE: "TIME REMAINING: 13 HOURS, 8 MINUTES"

Brooke comes in to find Jess looking at a picture of Tom Banks.

JESS
Nothing's happened yet, but I'm sure
it will.
(then:)
What's up?

*

BROOKE
Did Sunny tell you she's setting up
a session with a therapist?

*

*

*

JESS
Yeah, I like that idea even less
than the medication.

*

*

*

Brooke would like nothing more than to walk out the door.
But she forces herself to speak.

BROOKE
Speaking of which... what you said
before. When we gave you the
medication. About me not having any
friends in Indianapolis. You were
right.

*

JESS
Oh.
(then:)
I'm sure you'll make some, soon. I
guess I'd better get back to work.

But Brooke sits down. Stiff, yes, and thoroughly
uncomfortable, but she's going to do this.

BROOKE
Fact is, I don't have time for many
friendships. My work keeps me too
busy.

JESS
Always?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

BROOKE

No, not always. In college, I had a
roommate. Alice. We were really
tight. We --

(then:)

This is ridiculous.

JESS

What is?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

BROOKE

Sunny's idea. I'm supposed to share with you, then we bond, so you feel like you have a friend in the therapy session and boom, the panic attacks are gone.

*
*
*

JESS

I don't think it'll be that easy.

BROOKE

Me either.

JESS

What happened with Alice?
(off her look:)
So it's not a cure. I still want to know.

BROOKE

She died.

JESS

She was murdered? And that's why you joined the FBI?

BROOKE

No. She had cancer. She was 22.

JESS

Must have been terrible having your friend suffer like that.

BROOKE

I was okay. As long as I didn't see her. Or think about her. Soon as I did, I couldn't breathe. I couldn't stand. I just wanted to run.

JESS

Panic attacks. Like me.

That's right. Funny, Brooke never put that together.

JESS

How did you get over them?

BROOKE

Alice died. I was there when she went.

Brooke's cell phone RINGS. She snatches it up.

BROOKE

Haslett.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3) 23

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(then, to Jess:)
We've got him.

And on her triumph:

24 INT. EARL PEVNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 24

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO

"TIME REMAINING: 8 HOURS, 57 MINUTES"

A bleak little house in a bleak corner of suburban Chicago. The door is bashed in towards us. FBI AGENTS and SWAT OFFICERS swarm in, led by BROOKE. She motions to some SWAT OFFICERS who rush forward with a BATTERING RAM. The door EXPLODES off its hinges and the agents POUR IN, guns out.

25 INT. EARL PEVNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 25

Earl Pevney, in sweats and a t-shirt, makes a run for the back-door, but Chet Ryker is waiting, gun leveled right at Pevney's face, a team of AGENTS behind him. Brooke comes up behind Pevney.

BROOKE
FBI. On your knees, hands on your head. Now.

Pevney looks at Brooke, blows her a kiss, and drops to his knees. While Chet handcuffs Pevney, AGENTS call out "CLEAR" from various corners of the house. Brooke acknowledges them and gets on her radio.

BROOKE
(into radio:)
The house is clear.
(to Pevney:)
It's over, Pevney. Tell us where they are.

He just smirks at her. Brooke holsters her gun and glances at Chet as Jess comes in, along with the FORENSICS TEAM.

BROOKE
Get him out of here. I'll talk to him downtown.
(to Forensics team:)
Take this house apart, down to the studs.

JESS
Is it him?

BROOKE
Oh yeah.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Brooke leads Jess into the living room and motions to the wall. Above the mantelpiece are THREE BASEBALL CAPS, mounted like ANIMAL HEADS. One cap is SOUVENIR FROM ORLANDO, another says "CLIMATOLOGISTS DO IT IN THE CLOUDS," another has the FIRST FIDELITY LOGO on it.

BROOKE

Those are his trophies.

And on the horrible realization:

26 INT. CHICAGO PD - NIGHT

26

SUPERIMPOSE "TIME REMAINING: 4 HOURS, 37 MINUTES"

Brooke stands with Jess and Chet in the observation room, looking through the one-way glass at Earl Pevney in the INTERROGATION ROOM, sitting casually in his chair, utterly relaxed. Brooke refers to a file.

BROOKE

We ran his prints. It turns out Earl Pevney aka Arnold Erskine, has been in and out of mental institutions all his life. He started torturing pets when he was a teenager...and graduated to attempted rape, attempted kidnapping, and attempted murder.

CHET

Looks like he finally got it right.

JESS

Why did he wait until now to start taunting the police?

BROOKE

Because he wasn't getting the attention he wanted before.

JESS

(chilled:)

Before?

CHET

He lived in Baltimore and Detroit, changed his ID and moved to Chicago. VICAP found killings in both cities that match his M.O.

Brooke gives them a look, then goes into...

27 INT. CHICAGO PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

27

She takes a seat across from Pevney, who doesn't even acknowledge her presence.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

As she begins talking, we INTERCUT with Jess, who watches from the other side of the one-way glass.

BROOKE

You refused a lawyer. Does that mean you're ready to confess?

Pevney just looks at her, disinterested, as if she were talking about nothing.

BROOKE

Why bother? We know everything. Your garage was full of stolen luggage...including the bags belonging to Manny Clarke, Susan Wilhite and Tom Banks.

She studies Pevney. He gives her nothing back.

BROOKE

We know you grabbed them when you came to deliver their lost baggage. We even know how you picked them. We saw your trophy collection.

He acknowledges her now with a look of smug satisfaction.

BROOKE

It was like a scavenger hunt for you, wasn't it? Going through the bags, looking for a baseball cap. Whoever had one got nabbed. What is it about caps that gets you off, Earl?

She leans forward provocatively.

BROOKE

Inflatable women too intimidating for you?

But Earl won't be provoked.

BROOKE

If you don't help me, you are going to die. They will strap you down and give you the needle. You can save yourself. Just tell us. Where are they?

He shifts his gaze from her and glances at the mirror... it's like he's looking right at Jess, who instinctively takes two steps back from the glass. He smiles, as if he can see that, too. Without shifting his gaze, he says:

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

EARL
Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

And on Jess' horror, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. CHICAGO PD - BULLPEN - NIGHT

28

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO.

TIME REMAINING: 3 HOURS, 42 MINUTES

Brooke snaps out orders to assembled agents and officers.

BROOKE

I want to know where Pevney was every
second of the last three days.
Somebody must have seen something.
Go!

The assembled masses rush off to their tasks. Brooke turns
to find Jess standing behind her.

BROOKE

Jess, if you're ever going to help
us with this, it has to be now.
We've arranged a session with a
therapist. So you try to work through
this... get to the root of the panic
attacks.

JESS

I really don't want to do this.

BROOKE

We have to. If there's anything I
can do to help...

JESS

Tell me how you did it.

BROOKE

What do you mean?

JESS

You said you were with your friend
Alice when she died. But you said
the panic attacks didn't stop until
after she was gone. How did you
conquer the fear?

Now Brooke sees where she's going.

BROOKE

I didn't. But I realized if I gave
into it, I'd lose the chance to see
my best friend before she went.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BROOKE (CONT'D)

That was worth fighting through the fear.

(then:)

But you never conquer fear. But if you're strong enough, you can face it. And live with it.

JESS

Okay... let's try this session. I think I can do it. If you help.

And on their look:

29 INT. CHICAGO PD - LOUNGE - NIGHT

29

SUPERIMPOSE: TIME REMAINING: 3 HOURS, 14 MINUTES

It's as dark as they can get it. Jess lies on the couch, her eyes closed, a Therapist, DR TILMAN, works with her. Sunny and Brooke are sitting next to her.

DR TILMAN

Just relax. Let yourself go.

JESS

Easy for you to say.

DR TILMAN

Take deep breaths, let them out slowly.

(then:)

Imagine yourself floating gently on the water... weightless, completely at peace.

TIME DISSOLVE

29A INT. CHICAGO PD LOUNGE - LATER

29A

DR TILMAN

You are still in control, Jess. You are so relaxed... your senses are heightened. Your hearing... your taste. Your memory.

TIME DISSOLVE

29B INT. CHICAGO PD LOUNGE - LATER

29B

DR TILMAN

Let's find that place, Jess. That place that makes you so afraid.

Jess does -- and gets a LIGHTNING FLASH MEMORY of THE ABYSS. She stiffens, her eyes flash open, terrified.

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED:

29B

BROOKE

I'm here, Jess. Nothing's going to happen.

DR TILMAN

What scared you?

JESS

I was falling.

DR TILMAN

Where?

JESS

It was dark, that's all I know. But I don't mind the falling. It's the laughter.

Jess closes her eyes and gets ANOTHER LIGHTNING FLASH OF MEMORY. But this time she keeps her eyes closed, despite the panic wracking her body.

SUNNY

May I talk to her?

DR TILMAN

Please...

SUNNY

Who's laughing?

JESS

It's Doug. He's laughing at me.

SUNNY

Because you're falling?

JESS

I don't know!
(then:)
It's just a dream!

She's breathing hard now, sweat beading on her brow.

SUNNY

It's something real, Jess. Something you don't want to remember. But you have to. Why is Doug laughing at you?

Jess forces her eyes to stay closed, feeling waves of fear and nausea slamming into her as we

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED: (2)

29B

FLASH

to her memory, the dream she's blocked out, Jess all alone
in a TIGHT, DARK SPACE.

BACK TO SCENE

Jess is fighting to get past the crippling panic.

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED: (3)

29B

JESS

It's dark. And I'm alone. Oh, God,
I can't move.

(then:)

I can't do this!

BROOKE

Where are you, Jess?

FLASH

to her memory. Jess is cramped into a tiny space, dirt under her, dank wood walls closing in on her.

SUNNY

Why is Doug laughing at you?

BACK TO SCENE

Jess fights off a wave of nausea, realizing:

JESS

He put me in here!

BROOKE

Where are you?

JESS

He put in me in here and locked the door and he went away and he's never coming back! Why won't he come back? Why did he lock me in this --

She breaks off, finally remembering.

BROOKE

In this what?

JESS

Crawl space. In the basement. He talked me into climbing in, then he locked the door behind me. I was there for hours.

(then:)

I couldn't have been more than three. Can't believe I didn't remember that.

SUNNY

You did. Just not consciously.

Jess starts to get up from the couch when she suddenly freezes. She looks terrified.

BROOKE

Jess... what is it?

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED: (4)

29B

Jess looks past Brooke...as if seeing something rushing towards them.

JESS

I don't know.

DR TILMAN

Jess... it's all right. You're in control.

JESS

No I'm not...

And we PUSH RAPIDLY into Jess' eyes and

INTO THE ABYSS

Where we are falling with Jess, Doug's laughter following us down, until we hit bottom. She is in a TIGHT, ENCLOSED SPACE. It's made of brick. She looks up. It's DOUG, dressed as a baggage handler. She reaches out to him...and notices her arm is COVERED IN WHITE POWDER. In fact, she's ENTIRELY COVERED in white powder...she looks like a ghost. Doug closes the opening...it SLAMS SHUT with a HEAVY IRON CLANG, leaving her in darkness. And yet there is still light from some undefined source, just enough for her to see...the FIRE below her. As the FLAMES RISE to lick her skin--

BACK TO SCENE

Jess snaps out of it, as if jolted by a bolt of electricity. Brooke and Sunny are holding her steady, both concerned.

BROOKE

Are you all right?

Jess is still slightly stunned, like someone who just stepped off a monster rollercoaster.

JESS

I had a vision. Right then. While I was standing there.
(then, confused:)
But I'm awake...

DR TILMAN

I've never seen this...

BROOKE

Tell me about it.

JESS

It felt like an enormous shove, like--

BROOKE

No, I meant tell me what you saw.

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED: (5)

29B

JESS

Doug was dressed like a baggage handler. I was covered in white powder. Locked in some kind of crematorium. Then the flames came on--

She shudders. Brooke turns to Sunny.

BROOKE

The ash found on Manny Clarke. What was it?

SUNNY

Some kind of refined grain, like cereal, pasta or--

BROOKE

(interrupts:)

Flour.

(to Jess:)

You were covered in flour. Which means it wasn't a crematorium you saw. It was an oven.

(to Sunny:)

Is there anything that ties Pevney to a restaurant or bakery?

SUNNY

His father worked at the Weidermeyer Bakery for twenty-five years. They closed down in '97.

Brooke heads out.

BROOKE

Let's go. Call for a medical team to meet us there.

And they roll... we CUT TO:

30 EXT. WEIDERMEYER BAKERY - DAY

30

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO. WEIDERMEYER BAKERY

"TIME REMAINING: 1 HOURS, 48 MINUTES"

TWO FBI SEDANS, a PARAMEDIC UNIT, and an AMBULANCE come to a screeching halt outside the old building, it's windows broken, weeds poking up through the asphalt.

Brooke, Jess, Chet Ryker, and several FBI agents spill out of the cars, followed by the MEDICS, and rush into the building, holding FLASHLIGHTS.

31 INT. WEIDERMEYER BAKERY - DAY

31

They make their way urgently through a maze of old machinery. It's EERIE and SPOOKY. They finally discover the huge, rusted, INDUSTRIAL OVEN. There's a PADLOCK on the OVEN DOOR. Chet takes a BOLT-CUTTER and SNAPS THE LOCK. Brooke pulls open the heavy door and SHINES IN A FLASHLIGHT...

...revealing SUSAN WILHITE and TOM BANKS curled up inside, BOUND AND GAGGED, cowering and wincing against the light. But they're ALIVE.

BROOKE

It's okay, we're the FBI... you're going to be all right.

Brooke shares a smile of relief with Jess and, as the medics move in to bring the victims out, we DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. WILHITE HOUSE - DAY

32

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO. WILHITE RESIDENCE.

Susan Wilhite emerges from her husband's car and embraces her kids, tears streaming down her cheeks. Brooke, Jess and Chet Ryker, are watching the family reunion from a polite distance.

BROOKE

You did good work today, Agent Ryker. We really appreciate it.

CHET

My pleasure. Haven't had a chance to tackle anybody since high school. We still lost the Regionals, though.

BROOKE

This time we won.

He smiles and ambles off. Kenneth joins Brooke and Jess.

KENNETH

Thank you for bringing her home safe.

BROOKE

It's what we do, Mr Wilhite.

Kenneth glances at Jess, sees something in her eyes.

KENNETH

I think this time you did a little more.

He smiles warmly at Jess.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

KENNETH

You'll always be in our prayers.

As he returns to his loving family, Jess turns to Brooke.

JESS

This thing I have... if it ever
frightens me again, remind me that
whatever I'm feeling doesn't matter.
It's not about me.

BROOKE

Of course it is. These visions are
part of you.

JESS

And what happens if I ignore what I
see? Or I'm just too scared to look
at it? Who gets hurt?

(looks at the Wilhites:)

Not me.

BROOKE

You're learning more about your
visions everyday. Today you tapped
into them because you wanted to.

Jess gives her a look.

JESS

Oh, come on. I was half-conscious
and terrified. I have no idea how I
tapped into them...or if I can ever
do it again.

BROOKE

But you did it this time. This is
only the beginning of the journey,
Jess.

JESS

Great -- now I never know when a
vision will hit. That's what it
feels like, by the way. Being hit.
At least when I was asleep, I didn't
feel it.

BROOKE

You didn't have any control over
them, either. Maybe soon you will.

JESS

And what if they begin to control me
instead?

Brooke looks at her thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

BROOKE

I'll be there to make sure that
doesn't happen.

Jess smiles. So does Brooke. And on the two of them walking
away together we DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - DAY

33

Jess is with Doug. They've been talking for a while.

DOUG

I'm sorry I locked you under the
stairs.

JESS

Why didn't you let me out? I must
have been screaming.

DOUG

I tried. But I couldn't.

JESS

Then why didn't you tell Mom and
Dad?

DOUG

I was embarrassed. It's hard to
admit you lost your only sister.
Then... well, I forgot.

JESS

You forgot?

DOUG

I had a lot going on back then.

Jess sighs. Has to smile. That's Doug. They take a seat
on a PARK BENCH.

JESS

I think I understand why you won't
take the new meds.

~~~~~DOUG

I doubt it.

JESS

Sometimes what you see in your head  
scares you or depresses you...but  
when the meds take it away, nothing  
replaces it. There's just a void.

DOUG

You end up living there.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Everything becomes empty. I'd rather  
be sick than dead inside.

JESS  
Why does it have to be one or the  
other?

DOUG  
What's the alternative?

JESS  
Accept the fact you're on medication  
for a long time, maybe for life.  
And start working with Mom and the  
doctors to find a level you can live  
with.

DOUG  
They never listen to me.

JESS  
They will -- if you stop shouting  
and start talking.  
(then:)  
You have to go home and deal with  
Mom. Work out a compromise.

DOUG  
Can you be the compromise? Can I  
come here when it gets bad?

JESS  
You can always come here.

She snuggles up against her brother. They enjoy their  
closeness for a moment, then:

DOUG  
Did you know your bran was full of  
raisins? It took me a while, but I  
think I got them all out.

But Jess doesn't respond. She's fast asleep. And on Jess,  
sleeping soundly, we FADE OUT.

**THE END**