

MEDIUM

Episode 065-05

"BURN BABY BURN"

Written By

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1st Draft

White

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Directed by David Arquette

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CAST LIST

ALLISON DUBOIS.....PATRICIA ARQUETTE
JOE DUBOIS.....JAKE WEBER
DISTRICT ATTORNEY DEVALOS.....MIGUEL SANDOVAL
ARIEL DUBOIS.....SOFIA VASSILIEVA
BRIDGETTE DUBOIS.....MARIA LARK
DETECTIVE LEE SCANLON.....DAVID CUBITT

MARIE DUBOIS
CYNTHIA KEENER
TOM VAN DYKE
MARJORIE DUBOIS
GRAHAM JAMESON
LEO KLEIN
SALLY GREER
JUDGE BROCK
FIRE BRIGADE CAPTAIN
NEWSCASTER

SET LIST

INTERIORS

Dubois House
 Bedroom
 Kitchen
 Living Room
 Dining Room
 Hallway
 Bridgette and Marie's Bedroom

Police Station
 Bullpen
 Interrogation Room
 Corridor
 Holding Cell
 Cell Block Gate

Courtroom

Allison's Volvo

Joe's Jeep

Ameritips Office
 Conference Room
 Cynthia's Office
 Hallway

Leo's House
 Living Room
 Corridor
 Dental Chair Room

Jameson House
 Living Room
 Garage/Workshop

Leo's Dental Office
 Corridor

Burned Jameson Living Room

Leo's Car
 Trunk

Graham Jameson's Car

Airport Parking Structure

EXTERIORS

Whispering Groves
 Gate/Road

Burned-Down Jameson House

Seedy Phoenix Street

"BURN, BABY, BURN"

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

1 ALLISON'S VOICE ushers us into the gloom... 1

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)
Once upon a time, mankind lived in
darkness.

A PLUME OF ANIMATED FIRE

...ERUPTS from the center of the screen with an ECHOING
WHOOSH...and as the fire grows, OVERTAKING the darkness...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)
Until the titan Prometheus took pity on
mortal men and stole fire from the gods.

...an ANIMATED HAND enters screen, REACHES into the heart of
the fire and PULLS IT AWAY -- the fire gathering into a
massive torch as we...

GO WIDER TO REVEAL

...an animated PROMETHEUS -- a renegade DEMIGOD, muscular and
beautiful in his Olympian splendor -- REGARDING the torch
with much amusement...the animation looks like an ancient
Greek frieze come to life -- colorful shapes and figures
carved from marble...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)
Prometheus carried the fire in the stalk
of a fennel plant and gave it to man.

GO EVEN WIDER TO REVEAL

...that Prometheus is standing ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN...and as
he reaches down with his torch-wielding arm we FOLLOW THE
DOWNWARD PATH OF THE FLAME to...

THE MOUTH OF A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINSIDE

...where a puny ANIMATED PRIMITIVE MAN stares up at the
massive fireball, and -- with great gratitude on his coarse
and primitive features -- REACHES UP to take the flame from
the beneficent titan...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

Once man was able to control this great gift, civilization was born.

WE ZOOM OUT

...as primitive man lays the fire on the ground...and a tent city springs around the light...a tent city that soon MORPHS into the might of ancient Athens...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

Man could now see through the darkness...and the fire became a place where he could gather and tell his stories...man could now hunt, build cities and wage war by the light of Prometheus's gift.

IN QUICK SUCCESSION

...the fire MORPHS into a beautiful avian shape that resolves into a PHOENIX, rising in fire from a BED OF ASHES...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

Fire became a symbol of birth and renewal.

...and as we MOVE THROUGH the fiery body of the animated phoenix, we TRANSITION to an animated MOSES (the art changing styles as we move from epoch to epoch)...kneeling before the BURNING BUSH...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

Men came to see it as a sign of the presence of the divine.

...the burning bush REACHES OUT in tongues of fire as the scene transitions to TWELVE ANIMATED APOSTLES (drawn in an appropriately Byzantine style)...standing in a ROOM IN JERUSALEM, receiving the Holy Spirit in the form of a heavenly fire...

ALLISON (O.C.)

Now...while fire may have been the greatest gift man ever received...women over history have had a much different relationship with the stuff.

...the ANIMATION SHIFTS to a colorful style reminiscent of a HINDU TEMPLE MURAL...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

...showing a FUNERAL PYRE -- and it's an exit fit for a prince, attended to by a crowd carried by elephants as the high swirl of pale orange flames CONSUMES the body of an ornately dressed (and deceased) HINDU PRINCE...

...and his SCREAMING WIDOW is TOSSED IN by the attending crowd...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

I'm pretty sure that all those Hindu widows who had to follow their dead husbands into the funeral pyre don't have a lot of nice things to say about the cleansing power of the open flame...

ZOOM INTO THE FIRE

...and we TRANSITION through the flame to show JOAN OF ARC (drawn in an appropriately medieval manner) standing in the middle of a large gathering of sticks and kindling -- her eyes cast upward in desperate supplication as KNIGHTS IN ARMOR throw torches at her feet...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

...and if you ask Joan of Arc, she'll probably have some very pointed things to say about the subject.

...the knights' torches LIGHT the kindling...and as the bonfire BLAZES over our poor Joan's agonized face...

SHOCK CUT TO:

2 A WOMAN -- LYING ON A COUCH IN A SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM

2

...in LIVE ACTION...seemingly passed out, her beaten-to-a-pulp face unrecognizable, covered by blood-matted hair -- as her face is SPLASHED BY A THICK STREAM OF CLEAR LIQUID...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

And even on an average night like tonight, in an average suburb of Phoenix, Arizona...

MOVE IN CLOSE ON THE WOMAN'S EYE

...lids FLUTTERING as the liquid splashes on them and finally OPENING...we HOLD on the eye for a moment, and then go to...

THE WOMAN'S P.O.V.

2 CONTINUED:

2

...looking up through the POURING LIQUID to see the BLURRY image of the MAN STANDING OVER HER...his face is indiscernible through the haze...

...because he's the one POURING THE LIQUID ONTO THE WOMAN: dousing her face, her body, and the couch she lies on with a large, dull-colored gasoline can...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)
...there's a poor and unfortunate woman...

...the MAN turns away as the woman's face FALLS to watch him go...

...his back still turned to camera, he reaches the EXIT FROM THE LIVING ROOM...the man then reaches into a pocket and pulls something out...

...a book of matches, which he lights with a flick of the fingers...and as he tosses the matches towards the couch...

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)
...who is learning that fire is definitely not her friend.

CLOSE ON THE FALLING BOOK OF MATCHES

...EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM CATCHING ON FIRE with a SLO-MO WHOOSH...and hitting the carpeted floor...IGNITING the plush pile on contact as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

3 A CLOSE UP ON THE WOMAN'S EYES

3

...her pupils contracting as the screen lights with the BLAZING LIGHT of the inferno developing around her...as we...

ANGLE WIDE

...to show the woman on the couch...ENGULFED in the rapidly expanding inferno...and as the flames overtake the camera...

SHOCK CUT TO:

4 ALLISON -- SNAPPING AWAKE IN BED

4

...next to Joe, curled up and blissfully unaware in a profound, middle-of-the-night sleep...

...Allison touches her shirt -- she's pulled all the bed sheets away and is drenched in sweat.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Allison wipes off her brow, slides off the bed, and strides across the room to find...

THE THERMOSTAT

...and as she shakes her head and SLIDES the temperature gauge all the way to the lowest setting possible...

SHOCK CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 ON BRIDGETTE

5

...astride her chair in the KITCHEN, batting a soccer ball from foot to foot as she occasionally reaches up for her cereal and downs a spoonful...

...while ARIEL turns on the counter-top TV and settles on a morning show...and we...

ANGLE IN THE KITCHEN

...where Allison multi-tasks, juggling the coffee pot and talking into the telephone...

ALLISON

Yes, of course I can be there today.
Sure. Well...there's no "game" to be on,
I'm not sure I can just -

...Joe steps into the kitchen, carrying MARIE...he lets Marie down and takes the pot from Allison to pour her coffee as Marie sits at the table...

ALLISON

(thanking Joe with a nod while
talking on the phone)
-- yes, I can absolutely be there before
ten. OK, thanks.

...Allison puts the phone back in its cradle and takes her coffee cup from Joe, an exasperated expression on her face...

JOE

Who was that?

ALLISON

Cynthia Keener. Says she has an
"assignment" for me. Wants me to be "on
my game."

JOE

What's that supposed to mean?

ARIEL

Hey mom -- can we tell people
you're a private detective
now?

ALLISON

Just tell them I'm a consultant.
(then, to Joe)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

ALLISON (cont'd)

At least with Devalos I had, you know --
actual work to do in an actual office --
this woman treats me like I'm a puppet.

...while Joe and Allison speak, Bridgette picks up her soccer ball and tries bouncing it off her head...

JOE

Are the checks bouncing?

ALLISON

She asked the exact same thing.

...Ariel SNATCHES the soccer ball from Bridgette...holding it away as Bridgette reaches up...

BRIDGETTE

GIMME IT. GIVE IT BACK.

ARIEL

Are you gonna stop?

BRIDGETTE

I have to be ready for the game this weekend.

...Joe steps into the fray...

JOE

Bridge. I'm sure you can stop batting that ball around for the time it takes to eat breakfast.

BRIDGETTE

You never told her to stop singing at the table when she tried out for that show with the Nazis.

ARIEL

It was *The Sound of Music!*

BRIDGETTE

It had Nazis!

ALLISON

Ariel, give her back the ball.

...Ariel complies, but the triumphant expression in Bridgette's face is short-lived...

ALLISON

Now put the ball away, Bridge.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE

Mom. How am I going to hit the game-winning goal if I don't -

...Joe holds out his hand, a stern expression on his face...Bridgette hands over the ball...

BRIDGETTE

Grandma's going to be very upset.

...Joe turns back to look at Bridgette, reacting to her apparent non-sequitur...

JOE

Why would Grandma be very upset?

BRIDGETTE

Because, when she comes to the game she's going to see me hit the winning goal and she can't do that if I can't do that.

ALLISON

Bridgette, your Grandma's in Michigan.

...As Bridgette speaks, Ariel takes her plate to the dishwasher and sticks it into the rack...

BRIDGETTE

I dreamt she was going to be at the game.

MARIE

Is grandma coming over?

ARIEL

I dreamt Pete Wentz asked me to homecoming.

ALLISON

(ignoring Ariel)

Maybe what you had was more like a wish fulfillment dream.

BRIDGETTE

No. I'm pretty sure what I saw...and you're always telling me to trust what I see in my dreams.

(then, to Joe)

Maybe you should call Grandma.

JOE

Wow. Good plan.

(then)

Go get ready for school. The two of you.

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

...as the girls exit, Allison takes a sip of her coffee,
turns to look at Joe...

ALLISON

It has been a while since you talked to
your mother.

JOE

Yeah, and the last time we spoke, I asked
her for a five figure loan.

ALLISON

All the more reason to stay on her good
side.

JOE

(changing the topic)
Hey, when was the last time you spoke to
your mother?

ALLISON

Not funny, Joe.

JOE

Title of my autobiography right there.

...but Allison's mind has drifted...her focus settling on...

THE COUNTER-TOP TELEVISION

...where the LOCAL NEWSCASTER talks under a graphic that
reads HOUSE FIRE FATALITY...

NEWSCASTER

...while authorities have declined
comment...

THE SCREEN SHIFTS TO NEWS FOOTAGE OF A BURNED-DOWN HOUSE

NEWSCASTER (O.C.)

...and the identity of the person killed
in the blaze has yet to be released, the
fire is believed to have been accidental.

ANGLE ON JOE

JOE

C'mon, Al. Your puppeteer's waiting.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4)

5

...Allison shoots a last look at the TV as the news images of the burning house shift back to the NEWSROOM...and as she CLICKS OFF the set...

CUT TO:

6 SCANLON

6

...exiting his UNMARKED CAR at the site of the BURNED-DOWN HOUSE from the newscast...the front of the house is obscured by parked fire trucks and emergency vehicles as the crews pack up their gear and prepare to leave...

...Scanlon flashes his badge as he passes a clump of Firefighters and meets a FIRE BRIGADE CAPTAIN at the entrance to the house...

CAPTAIN

Detective. We're ready to hand the scene over to you.

SCANLON

What makes you think you need to do that?

CAPTAIN

Maybe you ought to come inside.

...and off Scanlon, following the Captain into the house...

SHOCK CUT TO:

7 A CARBONIZED BODY

7

...illuminated by the Captain's flashlight: a skeleton covered with a disgusting layer of char and sinew, resting on the remains of a couch in what was once a LIVING ROOM...

...the place is dark...shafts of sunlight come in through the gaps in the walls and blown-out windows as Scanlon stands over the body with the Captain...

SCANLON

Gotta put a lot of lighter fluid on the barbie to get your steak that well done.

CAPTAIN

That's what we were thinking. We had an onlooker tell us the house was owned by Graham and Mary Jameson...which one of them do you think this is?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

...Scanlon shoots the Captain a non-committal look, then extends his hand with a "may I?" look...the firefighter hands over the flashlight...Scanlon leans in on the body, looking closely at the head...

SCANLON

Skull's in bad shape...orbital fractures...shattered cheekbones -- the victim died on the couch so it's not like he or she got injured trying to escape...

(scanning the surroundings)

...and there's not a lot of falling debris in this area. Might have been beaten unconscious before the fire.

...as Scanlon speaks to the Captain, his cellphone RINGS -- Scanlon removes it from his pocket as he speaks...

SCANLON

You have an arson investigator coming?

(off the Captain's look)

You better get on that.

(then, CLICKING his phone ON)

Scanlon.

INTERCUT WITH:

8 ALLISON -- BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HER VOLVO

8

ALLISON

It's Allison Dubois. Remember me?

SCANLON

I've heard the name.

ALLISON

I'm kind of amazed you took my call.

SCANLON

What can I tell you? I got distracted, didn't have a chance to screen.

ALLISON

Thanks.

SCANLON

How can I help you, Al?

ALLISON

I was thinking maybe I could help you. I saw something in the news this morning -- about a fire.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

...Scanlon looks around at the charred, blackened remains of the house surrounding him...

SCANLON

A fire. You don't say?

ALLISON

Yeah. The newscasters said a house burned down by accident -- but the thing is, I don't think it was an accident. I think someone set that woman on fire.

...Scanlon steps back over toward the body, shines the flashlight on the skull -- the unidentifiable remains finally becoming a victim in his mind...

SCANLON

You think the victim was female?

ALLISON

Yeah, and I think the man who burned her worked her over before he set the fire. She was covered in blood...at least she was in my dream. Any of this helpful at all?

SCANLON

It is. I'm at the scene right now.

...Allison processes this -- it's just like Scanlon to withhold crucial information like that...

ALLISON

You don't say?

SCANLON

Any chance you can ID the guy you saw doing this?

ALLISON

Hair color, body type...didn't get a good look at his face.

SCANLON

I need to lock up the scene and get the ball rolling. I may call you in on this -
- would that be OK?

ALLISON

I think I'd be fine with that.

SCANLON

I'll be in touch then.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

...and as Scanlon CLICKS OFF we...

END INTERCUT ON ALLISON

...putting down her phone, happy to be of use again...

CUT TO:

9 A BANKER'S BOX -- LANDING ON A CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE

9

...at AMERITIPS, where CYNTHIA KEENER waves away the ASSISTANT who just dropped off the box, focusing all of her attention on Allison, who sits uncomfortably in a chair...

CYNTHIA

Allison Dubois, meet the Ameritips cold case box...one of them anyway.

...Allison shoots Cynthia a look as the Assistant EXITS...

CYNTHIA

We have dozens in the basement, a fact I'm not entirely proud of, but I guess it's part of life when you do the kind of volume we do.

...Cynthia reaches into the box, starts pulling out files, which she lays out in front of Allison...among them a file featuring a photo of a PRETTY 18-YEAR OLD BLONDE...but the file quickly gets buried among many others...

CYNTHIA

Missing persons, property, cases we were hired to bring to a head but haven't...if you can help us bring down the number of these boxes, I know, I for one would be grateful.

(picking up a file)

This one's a personal favorite.

...Cynthia opens one of the many files to reveal a large, black and white image of an OPULENT ENGAGEMENT RING...

CYNTHIA

Local Telecom magnates bought this for his wife, four carat pear-shaped diamond in a Harry Winston platinum setting. Worth half a million. It was reported stolen from the Whispering Groves Country Club in Scottsdale. Our commission for recovering it would be substantial.

...Allison looks at the file with some uncertainty, then...

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Wow. This is -

CYNTHIA

I'm trying to not overwhelm you, but, should you get a hit on any one of these, I can have the people involved come in to talk to you, or have their personal effects brought to you...in case you need to touch them or some such thing.

ALLISON

Cynthia. Maybe we should talk.

CYNTHIA

We are talking.

ALLISON

I mean. About what I can do. Realistically.

...Cynthia pulls out a chair and sits next to Allison, then:

CYNTHIA

Sure, Allison. Let's talk.

ALLISON

I'm not a Geiger counter. I don't necessarily get "hits" on things...the way it works is -- I can't exactly direct what I'm going to see, or how my...gift is going to bring information to me.

(then)

I mean, I can't just decide what crime I'm going to try to help solve and then close my eyes and -

...Allison's voice trails off as she realizes that Cynthia is training a laser-like stare at her...the two share an uncomfortable silence, then...

ALLISON

I'll look through the box.

CYNTHIA

(still staring)

Would you? I'd like that.

ALLISON

And, of course, if anything comes up...

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

CYNTHIA

I know you will call me.

(indicating the box)

I'm going to leave you two to become
better acquainted...and remember, there's
dozens more where this one came from.

...Cynthia stands and heads for the conference room door,
then turns to look at Allison...

CYNTHIA

I do believe in you.

...Cynthia exits the room...and off Allison, not entirely
sure whether that's good news or bad...

CUT TO:

10 BRIDGETTE

10

...RUSHING breathlessly into the KITCHEN to find Joe, leaning
into the refrigerator, putting away a large purchase of
groceries with Ariel and Marie...

BRIDGETTE

I cleaned my room, what else can I do?

JOE

All right Marie, now you can hand me the
smoked salmon...and the capers...

BRIDGETTE

DAD!

JOE

(turns to Bridgette)

Are you really done?

(off Bridgette's vigorous nod)

Put all your dolls back on the shelf?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah.

JOE

Put their heads back on?

BRIDGETTE

Why?

ALLISON (O.S.)

I'm home!

...Allison makes her way into the kitchen, the Ameritips Cold
Case box in her arms...as Bridgette races up to her, the
excitement in her voice off the charts...

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE
MOMMYGUESSWHATGRANDMA'SCOMINGTOMORROW!

...Allison puts the box down on the kitchen table, then:

ALLISON

What?

BRIDGETTE

She's going to be here
tomorrow just like I dreamt
she would!

JOE

Bridge, we agreed I was going to tell
your mother that.

BRIDGETTE

Sorry, it just came out.

ALLISON

(to Joe)

Marjorie's coming. Tomorrow?

BRIDGETTE

(suddenly very sheepish)

I have dollheads to replace.

...Bridgette RUNS away...Ariel looks over at Joe, trying to
conceal her amusement as she puts the last of the groceries
into the refrigerator...

JOE

What can I say? She's psychic.

(off Allison's silence)

So. What's in the box?

ALLISON

Don't even.

JOE

She's only staying 'til Sunday -- said
she had to go back to Grosse Pointe next
week. We already put out the good
towels. I went grocery shopping. We'll
be ready.

...Ariel finds the nearest escape route and takes it...

ARIEL

Hey Marie -- wanna go get the air
mattress...make sure the pumpy thing
still works?

JOE

Take me with you?

...Allison's eyes bore into Joe as Ariel takes Marie and makes herself scarce...Joe gathers and folds the empty shopping bags littering the floor...

ALLISON

Did you call her?

JOE

No, honey, I dropped off the girls, went to the store, post office, and when I came home, the phone was ringing. So I picked it up...and there she was. Mom.

...Joe stashes the folded grocery bags into the cabinet under the sink, then turns his attention to the dishes, turning on the spigot and putting on the latex gloves with the kind of dispatch exclusive to men afraid of the dog house...

ALLISON

And?

JOE

I'd forgotten everything Bridgette said: but it's like my mother heard it all, she was talking about how much she misses us, and how now would be a good time to come visit -- because it's not like I have to go to the office or anything like that -- and the next thing I knew, she's on the internet -- checking her airline miles...

ALLISON

She knows how to do that?

JOE

...and while she's telling me how great it is that I'm free to spend all this time with her and the kids, she realizes she has enough miles for a free ticket: some kind of online special.

ALLISON

Joe - we can't -

JOE

It's done. It's happening.
She lands tomorrow.

JOE

What was I supposed to tell her? Thanks for lending us ten thousand dollars, now give us our space, please?

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

...Allison grabs a towel, steps up to dry some dishes...

ALLISON

You could have stalled.

JOE

My mother? Come on -- it's like I got my leg caught in a bear trap.

...and off Allison, not loving the hand she's been dealt...

CUT TO:

11 JOE

11

...stepping into the bedroom to find Allison, sitting on the bed among several of the cold case files from the Ameritips box -- frustration evident in her face...

JOE

Ariel's room is clean, the air mattress has been dusted, the living room's in order...

(off her silence)

...you know, if my mother sees you not talking to me like this she might get the mistaken impression that something's wrong with our marriage.

...Allison turns from the files to look at Joe...

ALLISON

I'm not "not" talking to you.

JOE

Could have fooled me.

...Allison closes the files and puts them back in the box...

ALLISON

Joe. Your mother hasn't had a lot of time to sit with my having been in the news and the idea of what I do -- and whenever I've chatted with her on the phone, it's all very stilted and polite. Are you sure she doesn't -

JOE

Doesn't what?

...Allison closes the file box, stashes it in the closet...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ALLISON

Think I'm evil? Think I'm a bad influence on the kids? Think she can only tell me in person?

JOE

She's fine, Allison.

ALLISON

Are you sure?

JOE

Yes.

ALLISON

Joe. Are you sure?

JOE

Yes. She's my mother. She may be reserved and WASPy -- to a fault -- but I know her tone. If she had an axe to grind, I'd know. I promise.

(off Allison, unconvinced)

I promise you, Al, if I see a grenade, I'll be the first to jump on top.

ALLISON

I'm so gonna hold you to that.

...and off Joe, resigned as Allison curls into bed...

SHOCK CUT TO:

12 A LUXURY SEDAN

12

...CRUISING down a SEEDY STREET in Phoenix...a dimly lit avenue of dive bars and boarded-up buildings distinguished by a number of PROSTITUTES walking the sidewalks...

ANGLE ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW OF THE SEDAN

...ROLLING to a stop by the sidewalk...and reflected on the window of the sedan: the face of a blonde prostitute we will come to know as SALLY...Sally is only eighteen, but the jaded look on her face betrays some hard living, as does her attitude as the window rolls down...

SALLY

Need a date?

...we ARM AROUND to reveal the car's driver, a doughy middle-aged man by the name of LEO KLEIN...Leo looks Sally up and down as a thin smile develops across his lips...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LEO
Free the rest of the night?

SALLY
Want me to check my calendar? What you
got in mind?

LEO
I like your smile.

CUT TO:

13 A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

13

...on a LIVING ROOM FLOOR...the camera TRACKS ACROSS THE
FLOOR...finding two empty flutes...a cork and some foil...and
over this, the sound of SOFT MOANS as the camera finds
Sally's feet, still strapped to their lucite high heels...

LEO (O.C.)
You're perfect...you're so beautiful...

...and we MOVE UP her legs...she's sprawled over a
couch...and over her, Leo...his hands in her mouth with a
mirror and a length of dental floss...

LEO
...just what I'm looking for.

...Leo steps back...Sally smiles a drunken smirk...words
slurring as she tries to put on her most tantalizing tone...

SALLY
You know...hygiene is the second best
oral thing I do.

...Sally reaches for Leo's belt but Leo pushes himself away,
keeping her unsteady wandering hands away...

LEO
How about we go somewhere a little more
comfortable...right this way...come on...

...Leo leads Sally off the couch and into a corridor as we...

CUT TO BLACK:

14 ...AND HEAR SALLY'S VOICE...MUFFLED, BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR... 14

SALLY (O.C.)
...I knew you were a little pervy the
moment I laid eyes on you...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

...the darkness is SPLIT by the light from the corridor as Leo opens the door to illuminate the room where the camera stands...Sally is busy nuzzling up to Leo...until she turns to FACE CAMERA and sees what's in the room...

SALLY

...oh, God...what the...

...Leo motions to whatever it is that's in the room as a profound sense of horror plays across Sally's face...

LEO

Get on it.

SALLY

No...no...this is too...no...

LEO

I said get on it.

...as Leo grabs Sally's arm to keep her from backing away...

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL

...the thing inside the room: a DENTAL CHAIR, complete with overhead light, gas mask, tool trays and a spit basin...

...Leo GRABS a handful of Sally's hair and MANHANDLES her into frame, DRIVING her hard to the chair...Sally tries to fight, but she's drunk, and he's overwhelmingly strong...

...Leo rears back with his fist and lands a THUDDING PUNCH into Sally's stomach...she doubles over with a BELLOW of pain, and as he lifts her head, raises his fist...

...and lands a second blow...

SHOCK CUT TO:

15 SALLY'S FACE

15

...FEAR-STRICKEN...her mouth held open by black rubber bite blocks jammed into the hinge of her jaw...Sally BREATHES HEAVY, eyes darting up and down in a PANIC as we...

GO WIDER TO REVEAL

...that she is TIED to the chair -- her arms, legs and head all held back by thick, seat belt-like restraints...

...and that's when Leo enters frame, now in a white coat, protective mask and latex gloves...and as he reaches up for a DENTAL DRILL...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CAMERA MOVES BACK AND OUT THE DOOR TO THE ROOM

...Leo turns, finds the door, and SLAMS it shut on the camera...and we...

HOLD ON THE CLOSED DOOR

...as the high-pitched WHINE of the drill fills the soundscape...followed by Sally's PIERCING SCREAM of agony...

SHOCK CUT TO:

16 ALLISON

16

...eyes opening as this latest nightmare settles from her dreamscape into her conscious mind...Allison pushes the covers aside and sits up...

JOE

Allison -- what is it? Are you --

ALLISON

It was just...you know --

...Joe blinks the sleep from his eyes, then...

JOE

Oh, I know. You OK?

ALLISON

No.

(then)

There was a girl and this horrible man who had her in his house and...god...

(then)

...and she looked very familiar...

JOE

Friend of ours? The girls?

ALLISON

No, she was...wait a minute...

...Allison SCAMPERS out of bed and WALKS, full of purpose to the closet...and as she turns on the light...Allison pulls out the Ameritips cold case file, takes the lid off and rifles through the contents...

JOE

Allison?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

...Allison settles on a file -- featuring a picture of a pretty blonde woman: Cynthia Keener showed it to Allison at the Ameritips office...

...only now we can clearly recognize her as Sally...

ALLISON

This girl...Sally Greer. She's supposed to be a missing person...

...Allison turns to Joe, the horrible implications of her dream dawning upon her...

ALLISON

...but I think she's a murder victim.

...and off Allison and Joe...and another night destroyed by a vision of horror brought to them by Allison's gift...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 ON THE PICTURE OF SALLY -- FROM THE FILE

17

...in Cynthia Keener's hands as she sits at HER DESK AT AMERITIPS...Allison stands on the other side of the office, still shaken by the events of her dream...

CYNTHIA

...Sally Greer. Comes from a nice family up in Cameron. Ran away nine months ago, right before she turned eighteen... history of alcohol and drug problems.

ALLISON

She was working as a prostitute.

...Cynthia nods, taking notes as Allison speaks...

CYNTHIA

On the street or a call service?

ALLISON

On the street. In the Maryvale area, maybe Van Buren street...I don't know that part of the city that well.

CYNTHIA

Thankfully, I know people who do. This is a good start, and I'm sure that...

(lifts a page from the file)

...Sally's parents -- Alan, a family doctor, and his wife, Jane, a stay-at-home mother -- who mortgaged their home to put our company on retainer, are going to be very happy to know we are following up on some new leads.

(a smile)

See, Allison? You and me.

...Allison nods, but her dream is fresh in her mind, and the joy of newfound partnership isn't putting her mind at ease...

ALLISON

Cynthia. In my dream...I can't imagine what I saw ending well. He was violent, and he had a dental chair in his house. It was creepy psychotic stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

You are sure it was his house? Not an office or a medical practice.

ALLISON

Pretty sure.

CYNTHIA

And you think she's dead?
(off Allison's head shake)
So you didn't see him actually kill her.

ALLISON

No.

CYNTHIA

Then you understand how I'm not going to run to Alan and Jane with that, seeing as I have to lead with their daughter selling herself on the street.
(off Allison's nod)
But you can give us a make on the man's car? A full description of his face?

ALLISON

I think so. Yes.

CYNTHIA

I'll put you in with our composite artist, we'll update our website with the image, and we'll put men on the street with flyers, for both her and your...tooth maniac. Happy now?

ALLISON

I'll be happier if we find her alive. If he hasn't gotten to her yet.

CYNTHIA

I can only work so fast...but I am motivated. If we find this girl, we could commission over fifteen thousand dollars.

ALLISON

What if she's dead?

CYNTHIA

Closure is just as lucrative a result for us. You picked a good one.

ALLISON

I didn't pick anything.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

...Cynthia levels a stare at Allison, not liking her tone...

CYNTHIA

Ameritips isn't the P.D. We aren't in it for the public weal. It is a business, and I get paid whether you judge me or not. So I'd prefer if you didn't.

...as Cynthia speaks, Allison's cellphone BUZZES...

CYNTHIA

Why don't you take that in the hallway?

...Allison nods, and as she steps out into...

18 THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE CYNTHIA'S OFFICE

18

...and puts cellphone to ear...

ALLISON

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

19 SCANLON -- AT THE POLICE STATION BULLPEN...

19

SCANLON

It's Lee Scanlon. I have a guy in for questioning in that house fire case we talked about.

ALLISON

A suspect?

SCANLON

Yeah. Turns out that the victim was in the middle of a messy divorce -- and the neighbors saw her soon-to-be ex coming into the house right before the fire.

(then)

And get this -- he's already calling defense attorneys -- but I think they can smell the guilt on him, no one's bitten yet.

ALLISON

That doesn't bode well for him.

SCANLON

I'd like you to take a look at him, see if he matches up with what you saw -- any chance you can come down to the station?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Am I even welcome there?

SCANLON

There's a shift change in about an hour and a half, I think I can sneak you in a back door and put you in the interview room without turning too many heads. I just need you to verify if this is the guy you saw -- body type, hair color -- and, of course, if anything should come to you...

(his tone darkening)

...be just like old times, won't it?

ALLISON

Yeah, just.

...and off Allison, wondering if there could ever possibly be such a thing given all that they have been through...

CUT TO:

...tossing his mother's bag into the BACK OF HIS JEEP...parked in the structure at PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...taking a deep breath, Joe closes the rear hatch before stepping around the car and into the driver's seat...

...where MARJORIE DUBOIS sits, inscrutable...

MARJORIE

Thank you, Joe.

JOE

Mother.

...Joe offers a polite smile as he belts in and starts the car...Marjorie watches him, then...

MARJORIE

You may stop that now.

JOE

Stop what?

...Joe puts the car in gear and hits the accelerator -- and as he guides the Jeep through the HIGHWAYS INTO THE CITY...

MARJORIE

Waiting for the other shoe to drop.

JOE

I am not -- I mean -- you know how happy we are to see you.

MARJORIE

Do I?

...Joe sidesteps that one, but it is clear from his expression that he is weighing his words very carefully...

JOE

But you have to admit, usually it takes you months to --

MARJORIE

To get on a plane to see you?

(off Joe)

I know, and maybe it's time for things to be different. Is that such a bad thing?

...Joe regards his mother and decides to point out the 800-pound elephant in the room...

JOE

No. But you haven't been face-to-face with us since I lost my job and since Allison's...abilities were made public.

MARJORIE

Is she worried about seeing me?

(off his nod)

Well. I've been worried too.

...Joe tries to go through all the reasons why someone might be worried to meet their psychic daughter-in-law, then:

JOE

She won't read your mind or anything.

MARJORIE

If she read my mind, she wouldn't find anything I'd be ashamed of...except maybe a little anger.

...Joe looks away...oh boy, here it comes...

MARJORIE

What do you expect? It's...disconcerting when you have someone in your family for so long, someone you think you're close to, only to find that they're keeping secrets from you.

JOE
It's not like that.

MARJORIE
Then why did I find out what Allison was really up to at the D.A.'s office from the newspaper?

JOE
We were trying to keep it a secret --

MARJORIE
Even from me?

JOE
How was I supposed to bring it up?

MARJORIE
Like a son to a mother.
(off his shrug)
Was I ever so judgmental that you thought you couldn't come to me?

JOE
Look at how everyone else reacted; the press called her a crackpot and blamed her for -

...Marjorie lays down the law with maternal authority...

MARJORIE
Allison is the mother of my grandchildren. I've known her seventeen years; and you haven't answered my question.

...Joe doesn't know what to say -- he's unused to so direct a line of questioning from his mother -- Marjorie lets it sit for a moment and then picks the thread back up...

MARJORIE
I'm truly asking you -- and don't confuse me for your father, because I know the man I married, God rest his soul, and he did not always speak for the two of us.
(off his silence)
Well? Joseph Pritchard Dubois?

JOE
I'm sorry we didn't tell you, Mom...and so's Allison. She really is.

...Marjorie stares ahead at the unwinding road, then...

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

MARJORIE

That wasn't so hard, now was it?

...and off Joe...finding a smile for his mother...

CUT TO:

21 GRAHAM JAMESON

21

...a man in his late 30s...average in every possible way, from the brown hair to the charcoal grey suit, Jameson nevertheless stands off against Scanlon in an INTERROGATION ROOM...

JAMESON

My lawyer is on his way.

ANGLE ON SCANLON

...sitting before Jameson -- and behind Scanlon, her back to the wall, trying to be invisible...Allison...

SCANLON

I may have a birthday in the meantime.

(then)

You agreed to come here, you agreed to cooperate, why don't you just answer the questions?

...Jameson breathes, trying not to react to Scanlon's tone...

JAMESON

Because I don't like your tone.

SCANLON

All right, then, tell me why I should have a different tone. I'm all ears.

...but Scanlon's overture goes unacknowledged as a UNIFORM opens the door to allow a dapper MANUEL DEVALOS entry...

...and it's something of a shock for everyone that he's here, but Devalos tries to play it cordial and professional...

DEVALOS

Mr. Jameson. Detective Scanlon.
(and then, genuinely pleased)
Allison.

...Allison reacts with a smile -- she can't help it -- but Scanlon keeps his edge...he's in interrogation mode...Devalos holds a handshake out for her, she takes it...

(CONTINUED)

DEVALOS

I must say. I thought about calling you in on this one.

...Allison looks at Scanlon -- not sharing the pleasantries...

ALLISON

I guess I'm not at liberty.

DEVALOS

I will try to not take that as a bad omen.

...Devalos shoots his client a reassuring glance, then turns to look back at Allison as Scanlon shakes his head...

SCANLON

Hate to break up the family reunion, but -

DEVALOS

(sitting)
Yes, of course. I understand you have some questions.

SCANLON

Questions I could have easily asked without you here.

DEVALOS

Nevertheless, my client's comfort is paramount at this difficult time.

...Scanlon nods dubiously, then turns to Jameson...

SCANLON

You were seen at your wife's house at the Whispering Groves subdivision --

JAMESON

It's my house too.

SCANLON

-- on the night she was murdered. Your neighbors reported a loud argument.

*
*
*
*
*

...Jameson says nothing, Scanlon bores into him, and Devalos nods for Jameson to answer...

JAMESON

She was alive when I left.

SCANLON

You and Mary are going through a difficult divorce, am I right?

JAMESON

It's an arbitration.

SCANLON

And you still have a key to the house?

DEVALOS

How is that relevant?

SCANLON

There was no sign of forced entry.

...and this is where Devalos hits his stride, the old courtroom tone seeping into his reply as he lays into Scanlon like an adversary as opposed to a colleague...

DEVALOS

And you can tell that from the charred wreckage left by the fire?

SCANLON

Preliminary forensic investigation of the locks.

DEVALOS

Please tell me you have something more than that.

SCANLON

Did you murder your wife, Mr. Jameson?

DEVALOS

Come on, Lee.

SCANLON

(on Jameson, relentless)
Can you account for your whereabouts at nine thirty-nine last night?

DEVALOS

Nine thirty-nine?

SCANLON

That's when the fire department got the 911 call.

JAMESON

I'd had a terrible fight with my wife, I wasn't looking at the time...I mean, I was either on the road or at my hotel -- I've been living at the Lakeside Inn since we separated.

SCANLON

Can you produce anybody who will corroborate that?

...Jameson shoots Devalos a look -- he can't...

DEVALOS

I'm sure that a diligent investigation of this case will provide us with a clearer picture of who was where that night.

SCANLON

And maybe -- in the interest of diligent investigation -- your client will submit to a search of his hotel, car and person.

DEVALOS

Swear out a warrant and *mi casa, su casa*.

...Scanlon shoots Devalos a dark stare...

SCANLON

Way to set the table, Manny.

DEVALOS

The presumption of innocence would be a welcome courtesy, Lee.

...Allison is taken aback, clearly uncomfortable by the shifting valence of the relationship between the two men...

SCANLON

I have your client at the scene of the crime, arguing loudly with the victim, there's an acrimonious divorce in play: in the absence of an alibi, cooperation would go a hell of a long way.

DEVALOS

We are cooperating.

JAMESON

I didn't do anything!

...Devalos levels a "let me do my job" stare at his client...but Jameson is fed up with Scanlon's treatment of him, he has a truth to speak and he's going to speak it...

JAMESON

No, listen. It's true I was at the house, but all I did was go to the garage. That's where I saw Mary...

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

...and as Allison listens intently, we...

FLASH CUT TO:

22 MARY JAMESON

22

...late 30s...blonde and pretty, Mary stands off inside the GARAGE/WORKSHOP of the JAMESON house...in the middle of a heated, height-of-a-divorce argument with her husband...

JAMESON (O.C.)

...she wanted me to get my stuff out of the house, all my tools, the things in my workshop. I told her she didn't have the right to force me out.

...as Graham says the last sentence, we also see him mouth it in the argument with Mary: "YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT"...

...Mary goes BALLISTIC...she GRABS a jar full of a clear liquid and FLINGS IT at Graham...he ducks...the jar SHATTERS against the wall...

SMASH BACK TO:

23 ALLISON

23

...blinking out of her vision as Graham finishes his narrative, his voice trailing off into regret...

JAMESON

She was in a foul state.

ALLISON

And she became violent.

...Scanlon turns to look, his expression making it clear that she wasn't brought here to talk...but Jameson looks up to Allison like a drowning man spotting a life preserver...

JAMESON

That's right, she did.

SCANLON

Or maybe you became violent. Maybe you beat her to death and burned the house down to cover your tracks.

JAMESON

That's not how it happened. I got out of there...I got into my car and I just drove back to the apartment...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

...and off Allison, attuned to Jameson's wavelength...

FLASH CUT TO:

24 JAMESON'S CAR

24

...driving out of his subdivision -- the exit of which is marked by a large GATE and a sign reading WHISPERING GROVES...Jameson hits the accelerator and BARRELS AWAY...

...and we MOVE IN ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE to see Jameson behind the wheel, upset...fiddling with a cigarette box...

JAMESON (O.C.)

...I was upset...

...Jameson finally pulls out a cigarette...and as he REACHES DOWN for the lighter...fumbling with his eyes off the road...

JAMESON (O.C.)

...and all I wanted was to get away from her and that house and everything.

...a BLARING HONK! puts Jameson's attention back on the street and a set of headlights ARCS into his car, illuminating his face...

...we REVERSE ANGLE ON THE ROAD TO REVEAL...that Jameson has strayed into the opposite lane...a SECOND CAR is DARTING a straight line toward him...

JAMESON

...WRENCHES his steering wheel in a brusque evasive maneuver...and off the SCREECH of his tires...

FLASH CUT BACK TO:

25 ALLISON

25

...processing as Jameson says his peace...

JAMESON

I went home, took a Xanax and went to sleep. That's all that happened -- and she was alive when I left. I swear.

...Scanlon is about to pounce, but Allison is there first...

ALLISON

Wait. Tell him about the close call.

25 CONTINUED:

25

...Scanlon shoots Allison a "what the hell?" look, but Devalos is not about to let this go...

DEVALOS

What close call?

ALLISON

(to Jameson)

You strayed into the other lane while you were fumbling with your cigarettes...you almost ran another car off the road.

...Jameson looks at Allison, dumbstruck...

JAMESON

How did you?

(turning to Scanlon)

There was a car...I almost ran into them when I was driving back -- you find that car, you'll know I'm telling the truth.

...Scanlon shoots to his feet...and it's all he can do to drag Allison out of there as he turns a stare at Jameson:

SCANLON

We're done here. Don't you dare go one step out of the county line.

DEVALOS

Is my client under arrest?

...but Scanlon ignores Devalos, turns to Allison...

SCANLON

Outside.

...and off Devalos -- not unhappy at this turn of events...

SMASH CUT TO:

26 SCANLON

26

...making his displeasure clear to Allison in the CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM...

SCANLON

I brought you in to verify and validate.

ALLISON

What do you want me to tell you? I saw what I saw -- maybe it bears looking into.

(CONTINUED)

SCANLON

Maybe you wouldn't have been so eager to drop that knowledge if there'd been a different counsel for the defense.

ALLISON

That is so unfair.

...Scanlon just holds up his hand -- his house, his rules...

SCANLON

Allison. The city of Phoenix thanks you for your service.

...and with that, Scanlon goes, his die cast...Allison shakes her head, enraged...as...

DEVALOS

...steps out of the interrogation room to spot her...the two exchange glances, then, as he comes closer...

DEVALOS

Why do I get the feeling you're suddenly at liberty?

...and off Allison, torn and upset...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27 ON A WEARY ALLISON

27

...entering through the front door and BUSTLING down the hallway into the house to hear the familiar voice of her mother-in-law, ECHOING from the LIVING ROOM...

MARJORIE (O.C.)

...it's a very different thing when you have it made especially for you Ariel, more so if you have a seamstress who knows what she's doing...

...Allison crosses into the space to find Joe, holding Marie and sitting on the couch next to Ariel and Bridgette, listening as Marjorie holds court...

ALLISON

Sorry I'm late.

...Marjorie RISES, closing the distance between herself and Allison with a flourish and practically sweeping Allison into an uncharacteristically warm embrace...

MARJORIE

Nonsense. I'm so happy to see you.

ARIEL

We're going dress shopping tomorrow.

ALLISON

Are we?

MARJORIE

(without missing a beat)

You're more than welcome to come.

ALLISON

Well, I --

MARJORIE

We can talk about it later, I have a little surprise.

BRIDGETTE

Is it presents?

ALLISON

Bridgette.

(CONTINUED)

...Marjorie steps to the kitchen and produces a shopping bag...she reaches in and pulls out a large box, which she hands to Marie...and as Marie struggles to open the box...

MARJORIE

It is, indeed, Bridgette...and this is for Marie.

MARIE

Thanks Grandma!

...Marjorie hands Ariel a gift box...Marjorie smiles as Bridgette becomes more and more animated...

MARJORIE

...and Ariel...

BRIDGETTE

What about me?

...Ariel pulls a pair of designer jeans from her box -- and stares at them like she might at the Holy Grail...

ARIEL

Oh. My. God. These are Rock and Republic jeans...how did you?

...Marjorie smiles beneficently as she hands small gift boxes to Joe and Allison...

MARJORIE

I do listen when we talk on the phone, and this is for you, Joe, and Allison.

BRIDGETTE

Grandma! Do I get a gift?

MARJORIE

I may have something in here for you.

JOE

(genuinely overwhelmed)
Mom, this is a really nice watch.

MARJORIE

Nothing at all Joe. You're welcome.
(producing a last box)
And here's one for you Bridgette.

...Marjorie hands Bridgette the box -- the shape and size of a board game -- Bridgette tears through the paper with extreme prejudice...

BRIDGETTE

It's Operation!

...Bridgette looks up at Marjorie, a big smile on her face...

MARJORIE

You loved playing Operation last
Thanksgiving at your cousin's house, and
you spent all day telling me about how
you pulled out the funny bone and the
rubber band...so I thought it was time
you had your own.

...but as Marjorie speaks, Bridgette just stares at her, her
attitude changing from enthusiasm to something more closely
resembling confusion...and as Marjorie finishes, Bridgette
just stands there, silent...

ALLISON

Bridgette...say thank you.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks.

...before anyone can remark on Bridgette's strange downturn,
Marie finally gets her box open, and then BEARHUGS Marjorie's
leg...

MARIE

I love my gorilla!

MARJORIE

I'm glad, Marie. He talks, you know...

...Marjorie trains her focus on Marie, but Bridgette just
looks up at her parents...

BRIDGETTE

May I be excused?

JOE

Sure Bridgette...

...Bridgette exits...and Joe and Allison exchange quizzical
glances...

TIME CUT TO:

...entering the bedroom later that night -- as Allison sits
on the bed, obsessing over Sally Greer's cold case file...

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Did you talk to Bridgette?

JOE

She's in bed, curled up with her bears,
halfway to slumberland...trust me, all is
right with the world.

ALLISON

She seemed so quiet.

JOE

Don't look this one in the mouth,
honey...mom's helping us with the kids,
not making a fuss, handing out watches
and tennis bracelets...

ALLISON

It is a nice bracelet.

...Joe slides into bed next to Allison...

JOE

...and taking the kids out to the mall
and not asking me a single question about
our financial affairs or you about your
psychic gift...

(with a satisfied look)

...and how was your day?

ALLISON

Detective Scanlon thinks I'm a traitor,
and there's a girl out there who's either
been attacked by some dental sadist or
will be attacked by some dental sadist
and I'm completely powerless to help.

...Joe regards his wife for a moment -- what can he say?

JOE

It is a nice bracelet.

ALLISON

Yes it is.

JOE

(kissing her good-night)

I'm declaring victory and getting some
much-needed rest.

...and off Allison, as Joe turns and CLICKS OFF his light...

SHOCK CUT TO:

29 A BLOODY MOUTH

29

...brimming with gauze cylinders and TRICKLING BLOOD AND SALIVA as we...

GO WIDER TO REVEAL SALLY GREER

...MEWLING through the pink mess crammed between her jaws, eyes BLANK in a haze of drugs as she lies on the dentist's chair in the HOME OF LEO KLEIN...

...and we FIND LEO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM...removing a pair of bloody latex gloves from his hands and dropping them onto a waiting pedal-open trash can...

LEO

I had to do a lot of work to get you up to speed, young lady...

Leo smiles at his handiwork, then reaches up to a cabinet, retrieving a pair of curved paramedic scissors...

LEO

...plaque, tartar, gingivitis...you really put me through my paces...I guess you can't know someone's mouth until you really get a good look inside...

...stepping up to the chair, Leo starts with Sally's lucite shoes, cutting the straps holding them to her feet...the shoes DROP to the floor...

LEO

...the good news is, now you're just right...and I've seen a lot worse in my practice, considering you probably don't get your teeth checked regularly. I may just have to give you a lollipop.

...Leo keeps MOVING UP, cutting up the centerline of her skirt and through her leather belt...EXPOSING the flimsy thong underneath as he continues to her shirt, fabric giving way as Leo brushes it aside to hook the scissors into the panel of her brassiere...and just as he is about to SNIP...

SALLY'S EYES

...regain some of their lost focus...she shakes her head, some of the gauze spilling out, giving her the space to vocalize a RASPY CRY OF PAIN as she starts to WRITHE, fighting the restraints holding her down...

(CONTINUED)

SALLY
LGHHHEEETTMEEEOUT -- GHHHEELLP!

...Leo looks up...his eyes LOCK with Sally's...and the cry in the back of her throat gathers energy into a full on SCREAM as she THRASHES her legs...

...but Leo takes her rebellion in stride...he REACHES up for the gas mask...

LEO
Novocaine wearing out? I should have brought more from my office. This is what happens when you bring your work home. Thankfully, I got plenty of gas.

SWITCH TO SALLY'S P.O.V.

...SHAKING as the mask COMES OVER HER MOUTH, muffling her voice as Leo holds the mask and turns the gas tank knob...

SALLY
PLLGGHHHEEEEEASSE! GHHHHNNNOOOO!

...but Sally's cries die down, slowly fading under the narcotic...as the image BLURS...and finally FADES TO BLACK...

SHOCK CUT TO:

30 ALLISON

30

...eyes opening in BED, hand going to her mouth...and we...

CUT TO:

31 CYNTHIA KEENER

31

...striding down a corridor at Ameritips, paging through a number of files as she listens to Allison -- keeping up next to her while relating the details of her latest insight...

ALLISON
...and he gassed her. She passed out.

...Cynthia shakes her head as she keeps moving, her tone more than a little impatient...

CYNTHIA
Is Sally Greer dead or isn't she?

ALLISON
I don't know and that's the point. She could still be out there --

CYNTHIA

Maybe you're watching a game -- something she does with a client.

ALLISON

He hurt her -- and we could stop it.

...Cynthia stops, squaring off against Allison...

CYNTHIA

Then you're sure it hasn't happened yet.
(off Allison's shrug)
You're not really sure of much, are you?

ALLISON

Don't do that.

CYNTHIA

Fine. I already have an investigator canvassing the Maryville area -- I have leads out to the police based on your sketch, we've been through the database of registered sex offenders...

...Cynthia regards Allison, whose carriage makes it clear that she wants more out of this exchange...

CYNTHIA

...when something comes in, we'll move, whether it's to extract the girl, or find her body or question your tooth guy.

ALLISON

It's not enough.

CYNTHIA

And what might be?

ALLISON

I think I have more information about him. From my dream. I think he really is a dentist. That would narrow it down, wouldn't it?

CYNTHIA

You said he had the chair in his home, not a dental office.

ALLISON

He said things, about bringing his work home and where he got his equipment, about seeing people in his practice.

CYNTHIA

And he wasn't role playing?

...Allison's phone BUZZES, and as she finds it in her purse:

ALLISON

What does it matter? If it turns out he has a life as a legitimate dentist and that's how we find him, maybe we can save Sally -- or save someone else.

(off the phone)

It's my old boss. The District Attorney.

CYNTHIA

Aren't you popular?

(then)

I'll work on the dentist angle, Allison, you'll hear from me if it pans out.

...Cynthia steps away as Allison CLICKS ON her cellphone...

ALLISON

Mister Devalos.

INTERCUT WITH:

...at a CORRIDOR IN THE POLICE STATION...

DEVALOS

Allison, I was wondering if you were still at liberty to work with me on the Jameson case.

ALLISON

Sure -- is everything OK?

DEVALOS

Could be better. My client's been arrested. Scanlon served a warrant on his home and found traces of accelerant in the clothes he was wearing on the night of the fire...and on his shoes and car.

...as Allison takes this in...

FLASH CUT TO:

33 ALLISON'S VISION

33

...of Graham and Mary Jameson's fight in the garage workshop of their home, on the night of her murder -- Mary Jameson grabs a jar full of a clear liquid and FLINGS it at her husband, who ducks...and as the jar SHATTERS...

FLASH CUT BACK TO:

34 ALLISON

34

ALLISON
His wife threw that stuff at him.

DEVALOS
That's what my client says.

ALLISON
He's telling the truth.

DEVALOS
We have a bail hearing in 72 hours and I could use any help you've got...I'm sure we can figure out some kind of consulting arrangement. Is your day open?

ALLISON
I think I can find the time.

...Allison smiles, happy to help Devalos...and we...

CUT TO:

35 GRAHAM JAMESON

35

...now in rolled-up shirtsleeves and no tie -- a man who has been processed for a stay in lock-up -- sitting across from Devalos and Allison in a CELL IN THE POLICE STATION...

JAMESON
...can't we just find the man in the car?
The one who almost ran me off the road?

DEVALOS
That's going to take some time, and even if we do find him, it's hardly definitive. He may not recall the exact time -- or the actual incident. He may have been under the influence...we just don't know.

(CONTINUED)

...Jameson looks around the cinder block walls of his cell, mortified and not cottoning well to the idea of spending any more time in this cell than he has to...

JAMESON

I need to get out of here.

DEVALOS

I think I can convince the judge that you aren't a flight risk.

...Jameson cuts Devalos off, impatience thick in his voice...

JAMESON

You think? You were District Attorney -- that's the whole damn reason I hired you - - and that's the best you can tell me?

...Devalos steadies himself -- he knows this is not the first time in his newfound career that he will hear these words...

DEVALOS

Bail is not your biggest worry. They have you at the scene, they have traces of the murder weapon in your person, and now they have motive.

JAMESON

The life insurance policy was her idea. She's the one who took it out, not me.

ALLISON

Life insurance?

DEVALOS

On Mary Jameson. Worth seven million.

JAMESON

I don't even want the money...the charity can have it all if that's what it takes.

DEVALOS

What charity?

JAMESON

The Briarwood Foundation. My wife's pet cause...something about medical care for poor people.

(ruefully)

Maybe you ought to investigate them.

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

DEVALOS

This isn't productive. Can you tell me if there's anyone else who might have wanted your wife dead? Was she dating anyone? Did she have any enemies?

...but all Graham Jameson can think of is the world collapsing around him...as he buries his face in his hands...

CUT TO:

36 THE CELL BLOCK GATE

36

...opening with a BUZZ to allow Allison and Devalos out...but Devalos might as well be alone with his thoughts...

ALLISON

You're doubting yourself.

DEVALOS

I'm doubting this case. What I have to work with here is -- in the highly technical language of my profession -- bupkis.

ALLISON

Graham Jameson's telling the truth.

DEVALOS

I wish I could just stand you in front of the jury and have that be that. I don't like starting my first case wondering if I'm even going to have the leverage to deal my client down to Man 1.

ALLISON

Something's going to turn up.

DEVALOS

Is that wishful thinking or premonition?

ALLISON

Do you really want to know?

DEVALOS

No.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

DEVALOS (cont'd)

When I put up my shingle I thought my insight into being a prosecutor would be a benefit, but the fact is, I'm having trouble turning off that part of my brain...and the only thing that part of my brain is thinking right now is how easy it's going to be to put Graham Jameson away for a very long time.

...the two walk in silence, and as they clear frame...

CUT TO:

37 MARJORIE

37

...sitting at the head of the table in the DINING ROOM, the entire family gathers as Allison serves rice from a chafing dish and as Joe serves London broil from a barbecue tray...

JOE

My specialty, fresh off the barbecue.

MARJORIE

So nice of you to cook tonight.

JOE

I've had time to practice.

MARJORIE

Now, Bridgette, since you opted out of dress shopping today, tomorrow is going to be all about you...and I was thinking that I could take you horseback riding.

...Allison and Joe look at each other, still not knowing what to make of Marjorie's largesse...

MARJORIE

A few years ago, you told me about going to the ranch, and how you rode a horse named Whisper -- and Ariel rode Lightning -- and you said how much you liked it.

...Bridgette looks up, tears forming in her eyes...

BRIDGETTE

But I can't ride Whisper anymore.

MARJORIE

Why not, Bridgette?

...Allison turns to Marjorie, trying to avert an uncomfortable topic...

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Oh. We went back a few months later and -

BRIDGETTE

Whisper is gone!

...Joe turns to his mother, hurrying to explain the mine she's just stepped on, but Bridgette's having a meltdown...

JOE

He was an old horse and --

BRIDGETTE

He's dead!

...but before Joe can explain, Bridgette, now in the middle of a full-on CRYING JAG, scampers out of her chair and RACES out of the dining room...

ALLISON

Bridgette -- what's the -

...Allison stands to follow Bridgette, and as she exchanges glances with a befuddled Joe and Marjorie:

ALLISON

I'll go -

ARIEL

Find out why she's freaking out?

...and off Allison, shooting a stare at Ariel...

CUT TO:

...nuzzled into her bed, face buried in her pillow, SOBBING as Allison enters the room...

ALLISON

Bridgette, what's the matter?

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make a scene.

ALLISON

Hey. It's OK. You can come out from under there. We talked about Whisper. He's in a better place.

(off Bridgette's silence)

You are still upset about that...right?

...Bridgette pops out from hiding to SHAKE her head, and then, as she composes herself enough to speak...

BRIDGETTE

No. I'm sad about grandma.

ALLISON

What about grandma?

BRIDGETTE

I had a dream about her coming to see us...
only you said it was wish fulfillment but
it came true...

ALLISON

Sometimes they do that, sweetie.

BRIDGETTE

...and then last night I had another
dream....grandma was in the
hospital...the doctors were putting
needles in her -- they were very upset,
and they were talking about how sick she
was...and it was so cold and awful and
(facing the inevitable)
...what if that dream comes true?

...Allison gathers Bridgette into a comfortable embrace,
trying to process what she's just relayed and...

BRIDGETTE

Is grandma going to die?

...as Allison holds Bridgette even closer, comforting her,
but also having no idea how to answer her question...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 ON ALLISON

39

...squaring off against Joe in the BEDROOM, their conversation already in full swing, and the complications piling up high for the two of them...

JOE

Allison. We just barely -- barely -- ducked a bullet with my mother being OK about your being a psychic, and everything that goes along with it and now you want to tell her, what?

(then)

That our middle daughter -- not the one who's selling psychic fortunes at school or the little one who gets cable TV with her brain -- had a premonition of...what exactly?

ALLISON

She's your mother, don't you think we have a responsibility?

JOE

I think we have a responsibility to not scare the crap out of her based on unreliable information at a time when she's doesn't know where she stands and doing her level best to reach out to us.

ALLISON

"Where she stands?"

JOE

We lied to her, Al.

(as it sinks in)

She should have known about you, and we should have been the ones to tell her. Maybe we owed her that.

...Allison sits on the edge of the bed, as much as she wishes she didn't have to hear it, Joe is right...

ALLISON

She really is upset with us, isn't she?

JOE

It's done. She's moving past it...and she loves you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

JOE (cont'd)

She really does...but we need to give her time to be comfortable with how things are.

ALLISON

What if she doesn't have the time? What if something's wrong with her and we need to catch it now?

JOE

We don't know what Bridgette saw or what it means.

ALLISON

You want to take that chance?

...Joe lets out a sigh and PLOPS down on the edge of the bed next to Allison...at the end of his rope...

JOE

I have no idea how I would even begin to broach this with her.

...a silence plays between the two, Allison regards her husband for a moment, then...

ALLISON

I'll do it.

(off Joe)

Sometime before Sunday. It's time I came clean -- you know, officially -- and told her that I'm sorry...and I'll find a way to ask her to see her doctor...without scaring the crap out of her.

...and off the two of them...sitting in silence at the edge of the bed as Joe puts his arm around Allison...

SHOCK CUT TO:

40 A PAIR OF UNDERSTATED DESIGNER SHOES

40

...on Sally Greer's feet...DRAGGING across the carpet in a CORRIDOR IN LEO KLEIN'S HOUSE...we TILT UP to show Leo, pulling her down the hallway by the shoulders...

...Sally's ankles are bound and her arms are tied behind her back...her hooker couture has been replaced with a smart skirt, blouse, even a fancy watch and a necklace...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

...and she continues to bleed from her gauze-choked mouth, now gagged over with tape...and as Leo drags her out of frame...

SHOCK CUT TO:

41 SALLY'S LIMP, DRUGGED BODY

41

...DROPPING from Leo's shoulder into THE OPEN TRUNK OF HIS CAR...her head hits the deck, and as her eyes FLUTTER OPEN...

SWITCH TO SALLY'S BLURRY, DAZED P.O.V.

...LOOKING UP as Leo reaches up for the edge of the trunk lid, and as he SMASHES IT DOWN...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

42 ON LEO'S WATCH

42

...reading 9:03 as we...

GO WIDER TO REVEAL LEO...

...lit by dashboard glow as he speeds down a street...cursing under his breath...

LEO

...almost there...almost there...

...Leo focuses back on the drive...until a DULL THUMP sounds off from the trunk...and another -- THUMP -- and another -- THUMP...followed by a MUFFLED SCREAM...

SALLY (O.C.)

SGGGHHHHHOMEBODYGGGGHELPMEPLEASE!

...Leo shakes his head in annoyance, turns toward the back seat of his car, shouting...

LEO

SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!

...but Sally's screams continue...as does her THUMPING -- now a persistent, frantic KICKING against the rear quarterpanel of the car...

LEO

Calm down sweetheart, we're almost there...you just shut up and I'll let you out! You hear me?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

...but before Sally can respond...

...Leo turns back to the road and gets a faceful of headlights...Leo's eyes SAUCER OUT as he realizes that another car has strayed into his lane and is on a COLLISION COURSE...

...Leo hits the horn...a BLARING HONK! as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

43 GRAHAM JAMESON

43

...behind the wheel of his own CAR -- fumbling with his cigarettes -- this is the same coverage seen in Allison's vision of the night his wife was murdered --

...and as Graham torques his wheel to get out of the wrong lane and avoid Leo's car...

GO WIDE ON THE ROAD

...to show the two cars narrowly avoiding one another, the SKIDDING OF TIRES and BLARING OF HORNS filling the ever-narrowing space between them...

LEO

...gets control of his car and SWERVES to safety...

LEO

Lunatic!

...and as Leo gathers his breath, he looks out his car window to see...

THE GATE TO THE WHISPERING GROVES SUBDIVISION

...up ahead...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

44 ALLISON

44

...awakening...putting it together that both these murders occurred on the same night...Allison turns to look at Joe, SLUMBERING PEACEFULLY, then reaches for the telephone, only to notice the clock on the nightstand...it's 2:30 AM...

44 CONTINUED:

44

...Allison takes a deep sigh and slides out of bed as stealthily as she can, grabbing a robe as she makes her way out as stealthily as she can...and we...

CUT TO:

45 MARJORIE

45

...standing in the KITCHEN, pouring herself a glass of soda water as a visibly troubled Allison enters...Marjorie looks up as if caught, training a sheepish glance at Allison...

MARJORIE

Allison. You've found me raiding the fridge.

ALLISON

You're more than welcome to, of course.

MARJORIE

I'm afraid Joe's barbecue isn't sitting well with me. What's keeping you up?

...Allison does her best to find a smile for Marjorie in spite of the torrent of scenarios playing in her head as a result of her dream...

ALLISON

Bad dreams.

MARJORIE

Must be very bad.

...Allison busies herself finding a glass and pouring herself some of what Marjorie is drinking...

ALLISON

They can make it hard to go back to sleep.

MARJORIE

I suppose I can't help but ask.

ALLISON

About my dream?

...Marjorie shrugs, as if to tell Allison that the topic had to be broached eventually...then...

MARJORIE

The newspaper -- in the stories I read about you they said that's how you...

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

It's one of the ways.

MARJORIE

One does wonder...how it all works.

ALLISON

Sometimes it's all very clear, most of the time it isn't. And times like tonight, it just makes everything very, very difficult.

MARJORIE

How so?

...Allison regards Marjorie -- the cat's out of the bag and there's only one way to address this, head on...

ALLISON

There's a man accused of murder and the one person who can exonerate him may be a deranged psychotic.

...Marjorie is genuinely taken aback by this...

MARJORIE

Oh my...

ALLISON

It's bizarre...they almost got into a car accident, they were both on the road at the same place at the same time, going in opposite directions. I mean, what are the chances?

MARJORIE

...and...this is the kind of thing you deal with all the time?

ALLISON

It's harder now. With everything that's happened...I used to be able to pick up the phone and tell my friend at the police about my dreams, but now...

MARJORIE

I don't know much about what you go through, but it must have been difficult, keeping who you are to yourself, trying to protect your family.

...Allison shrugs a yes...Marjorie offers Allison a thoughtful nod as she takes a drink...

ALLISON

Thank you.

MARJORIE

Whatever for?

ALLISON

Being so good about this. I wish that we -- that I -- had handled it differently.

MARJORIE

Oh, Allison. That's...that's all fine. I do think I understand.

ALLISON

You do?

MARJORIE

Well. Joe believes in you. Why shouldn't I?

ALLISON

Thank God he does...it would drive me crazy without him.

...Marjorie acknowledges this with a quick smile, but she has more questions to ask...

MARJORIE

What about your friends? They must come to you all the time -- for advice, for, I don't know, for readings.

ALLISON

It never seems to work for people who are close to me. I get blind-sided all the time. It's never convenient.

MARJORIE

That's...a shame.

...Marjorie looks away, trying to keep the look of dashed hopes playing across her face from being too obvious... Allison can't help but notice, even as Marjorie turns to open the refrigerator and put the water bottle inside...Marjorie turns from the refrigerator to look at Allison...

MARJORIE

I haven't been honest with you -- about why I came here.

(then)

I thought you could help me.

...and this is where it all comes together for Allison...Marjorie coming to visit so suddenly, bearing generous gifts...

ALLISON

Marjorie. Is this about your health?

MARJORIE

Do you know? I mean, can you tell?

ALLISON

I can tell there's something you want to share.

...Marjorie tries to put on a brave face as she speaks, but with each word, her resolve crumbles...

MARJORIE

It was supposed to be a routine checkup. A cancer screening. They tell you it's routine and then -- the next thing you know they're scheduling a surgery, like it's something common. Like you shouldn't worry.

ALLISON

When?

MARJORIE

This Tuesday.

ALLISON

Oh. God. Why didn't you say something?

...and now there's tears in Marjorie's eyes, and the longer she speaks, the less she tries to stop herself from crying...

MARJORIE

I didn't want to upset you...or Joe, or the girls. I wanted them to see me healthy and happy. I wanted them to have that memory in case they find that it's spread and...at least that's what I told myself, but, in truth, I came because I'm scared and I thought you could use your gift for me.

(off Allison)

I thought that you could tell me. One way or another. Even if it's bad news, I just need to know how it's going to turn out, because it's the not knowing that's killing me.

45 CONTINUED: (4)

45

...Allison takes a step toward Marjorie and slowly, tentatively, embraces her...

ALLISON

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

...and as Allison holds her mother-in-law, wanting, but unable to help her...

CUT TO:

46 SEVERAL IMAGES OF BROWN-HAIRED MEN

46

...wearing suits...all of them well-coiffed and posed...the pictures are ink-jet printed on letter paper...LANDING on the CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE at Ameritips as we...

GO WIDER TO REVEAL

...Cynthia Keener, putting the images before Allison...

CYNTHIA

These are doctors John Corey, Stephen Johnson, William Wiley...

ALLISON

Where did you get these pictures?

CYNTHIA

It's the twenty-first century. Dentists have websites...here's the last one matching your description...Leo Klein, DDS.

...and before the page lands on the desk...

ALLISON

That's him.

CYNTHIA

Sure?

ALLISON

I've dreamt about this man every night for three days. I'm sure.

...Allison looks down at the picture...and off the image of Leo Klein, showing his perfect teeth for the camera...

MATCH CUT TO:

47 LEO KLEIN

47

...sitting at his tastefully appointed office, staring dispassionately at an image of Sally Greer, held across his desk by Cynthia Keener, flanked by Allison...

LEO

Ms. Keener, Ms. Dubois. It doesn't matter how many times you hold up the picture, I simply don't know that young lady.

ALLISON

Her parents are tremendously worried about her, Doctor, if you have any information.

LEO

But I don't.

CYNTHIA

Ameritips is a private investigation firm, we aren't associated with law enforcement, so your alleged relationship with this young lady -- however unconventional it may be -- is none of our concern. All we care about is reuniting her with the people who love her.

...Leo looks at the two women, his patience wearing thin...

LEO

I appreciate your kind words of reassurance, Ms. Keener, but the simple fact of the matter is I have never seen this girl. There's nothing else.

...Cynthia sees where this is going and decides to throw a Hail Mary before calling it a wash...

CYNTHIA

It's just that a man fitting your description was seen with Sally Greer.

LEO

It wasn't me.

CYNTHIA

Our reports are credible and -

...Leo's voice takes on a sharp and nasty edge...

LEO

It wasn't me. No matter how hard you try to convince me, or yourselves. Now. I have patients waiting.

ALLISON

May I ask you another question?

LEO

No.

...but Allison just keeps going, ignoring Klein's protest...

ALLISON

Three nights ago, there was a traffic altercation, a near miss on the road to -

LEO

A near miss?

ALLISON

Around nine -- were you --

*

LEO

I was at home. Probably asleep already. I wasn't having "near misses," and I sure as hell wasn't picking up hookers on Van Buren street. Now I would appreciate your leaving my practice. If you want to ask any more questions, you can ask building security.

...and off Leo Klein, irate...

CUT TO:

48 ALLISON AND CYNTHIA

48

...walking down the corridor leading out of Leo's waiting room, in mid-argument...

ALLISON

You don't know the things I've seen that man do.

CYNTHIA

You've told me in no uncertain terms.

ALLISON

There has to be something we can --

CYNTHIA

No, there isn't.

48 CONTINUED:

48

...Cynthia speeds up her pace, walking Allison to the EXIT at the end of the waiting room...

...as she speaks, they exit into an OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR...the corridor is dotted with several glass-encased display cases, featuring displays for the medical practices in the building...

CYNTHIA

I came here, brought you here, because I had a hunch that what you saw was part of some sick fetish game and the promise of helping out Sally Greer's family might get an admission out of the guy. It didn't, which means one of two things: either your dreams are wrong and he's telling the truth, or you're right, and he's some kind of psycho --

...Allison stops to stand her ground against Cynthia...

ALLISON

In which case you should have someone follow him.

...but as Cynthia retorts with an almost-mocking tone...

ALLISON

...notices something in one of the display cases, drawing her focus away from Cynthia...

CYNTHIA

Why? You think he might return to the scene of the crime? If you're right, that girl is gone, dead, buried in the desert, and we just tipped our hand.

...Allison walks to the display case, ignoring Cynthia...

CYNTHIA

What are you doing?

...and we go to...

ALLISON'S P.O.V.

...into the GLASS DISPLAY CASE, as she sees, among several posters and other signage...

A PICTURE

...showing Dr. Leo Klein, standing at a dais...

(CONTINUED)

...and shaking hands with Mary Jameson!

RESUME ON ALLISON

ALLISON
(shocked)
This woman...that's Mary Jameson.

CYNTHIA
Who?

ALLISON
She's a murder victim, in another case
I'm working on...

CYNTHIA
Don't tell me you think Dr. Klein killed
her too.

...Allison replies without turning to Cynthia, still studying
the display...

ALLISON
No. They think her husband killed her
for her life insurance...

THE DISPLAY

...features posters detailing the charitable works of The
Briarwood Foundation...Allison READS...

ALLISON
...the Briarwood Foundation...I don't
believe it...

CYNTHIA
Excuse me?

...Allison keeps looking at the display, putting the pieces
together as she speaks...

ALLISON
...it says here it's a charity...provides
dental care for the poor...and that Dr.
Klein and Mary Jameson are its
founders...

CYNTHIA
What's that got to do with anything?

ALLISON

...if Mary Jameson's husband goes to jail...the Briarwood Foundation gets all the money...

CYNTHIA

Well, bully for the Briarwood Foundation.

ALLISON

...but Dr. Klein is the main trustee...he'd be the one cashing that life insurance check...

(then)

...and he was on the street, driving toward Mary Jameson's subdivision...with a victim in the trunk of his car...at the same time her husband was driving away.

...and that's when it hits Allison...when everything comes together with absolute clarity...and it's all Cynthia can do to catch up...

ALLISON

It wasn't a coincidence that they almost ran into each other...he was driving to that house.

CYNTHIA

Allison. What in the hell are you talking about?

ALLISON

Cynthia. I know exactly where to find Sally Greer's body.

...Cynthia turns back to look at Allison, now she's intrigued...their eyes lock...

ALLISON

She's in the City Morgue, filed under the name Mary Jameson.

...and as Allison turns back to the display case, regarding the picture of Doctor Klein and Mary Jameson...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

49 ON MANUEL DEVALOS

49

...standing before JUDGE BROCK at the defendant's table at the COURTROOM, a very flustered-looking Graham Jameson sitting by his side...and on the other side of the aisle, Scanlon and District Attorney TOM VAN DYKE, who looks positively coiled to strike at Devalos...

DEVALOS

Graham Jameson is not a flight risk. His money is tied up in local investments, he has family and friends in the city, who have signed affidavits to his strong ties to the community -- and he has cooperated with the authorities in all manners pertaining to the case.

...as Van Dyke speaks, Allison ENTERS and spots Devalos...

VAN DYKE

Cooperated? He showed up to his interrogation with a lawyer. And as far as ties to the community, Graham Jameson stands accused of burning down his own home, which speaks volumes about his attitude toward his residence in Phoenix.

...Allison steps up to the rail, trying to get Devalos's attention, but he is too busy giving Van Dyke the street fight he's come for...

DEVALOS

Your honor, are we holding a trial? Because if we're not, District Attorney Van Dyke's outburst is out of line.

JUDGE BROCK

Mr. Van Dyke, try to contain the rhetoric.

...Van Dyke holds his hands in capitulation, but he is ready to fight the next round...

...and as Van Dyke gives it his all, we...

RACK FOCUS ON DEVALOS

...who has no choice but to turn and listen to the increasingly animated Allison as Van Dyke speaks...

(CONTINUED)

VAN DYKE

Your Honor, Graham Jameson is the poster child for flight risk: he was caught with the murder weapon, he has a seven million dollar motive, he was at the scene of the crime.

...as Van Dyke continues to make his case, and Devalos continues to listen to Allison...

SCANLON

...looks over to them, his interest piqued as the Judge picks up the thread...

VAN DYKE

With all of this against him, bail would send the message to the people of this community that all criminals need to do to get the court's favor is hire the former District Attorney.

JUDGE BROCK

Duly noted. Mr. Devalos, do you have a retort before I make a ruling?

DEVALOS

...is about to turn to look at Judge Brock, but Allison has one last thing to whisper to him...

JUDGE BROCK

Mr. Devalos?

...Devalos turns to face Judge Brock as Allison RUSHES OUT...

DEVALOS

Your Honor, my apologies. Begging the court's indulgence, I would like to direct one question to Detective Scanlon.

JUDGE BROCK

I'll allow it.

DEVALOS

Detective, was the identity of the victim ever confirmed through DNA?

...Scanlon shoots Van Dyke a glance, then stands...

SCANLON

The body was too thoroughly burned. The ID was made through dental records and personal effects found on the body.

DEVALOS

Would it be possible for a dentist -- a specialist -- to alter another woman's teeth to make her a match for Mary Jameson's dental record?

...Scanlon shoots Devalos a look, not sure what game he is playing...and then replies with a dubious shrug...

SCANLON

He'd have to find someone of similar build, teeth, jawline...and then place the right kind of fillings and crowns...

(then)

...but why would anybody do that?

DEVALOS

Because with Graham Jameson in prison, Mary Jameson's seven million dollar life insurance policy would go to the Briarwood Foundation.

...Van Dyke charges in, not happy with Devalos taking control of the hearing...

VAN DYKE

Your honor -- where are we going with this?

DEVALOS

(turning to Van Dyke)

The foundation just happens to be headed by a local dentist named Dr. Leo Klein...who colluded with Mary Jameson to fake her own death and frame my client in order to cash in her own life insurance policy.

...and that's when Van Dyke finds the end of his rope...

VAN DYKE

Your honor, this is ridiculous --

DEVALOS

The woman found dead in that house fire was not Mary Jameson, but a double, altered to provide a false positive dental match.

JUDGE BROCK

Mr. Devalos, can you prove any of this?

DEVALOS

I can. Thanks to the work of a private investigator.

...and as Devalos finishes his sentence, the doors to the courtroom OPEN to REVEAL Mary Jameson and Leo Klein, brought in by UNIFORM COPS, accompanied by Allison and Cynthia Keener...

...the courtroom ERUPTS as Jameson stands to see his wife, and as he shakes his head in utter and complete surprise...

DEVALOS

Your Honor, I move for an immediate dismissal of all charges against my client. He clearly did not kill his wife.

JUDGE BROCK

I'll see you both in chambers right away.
(then, to Van Dyke)
I hope you have an explanation for this, Mr. District Attorney.

DEVALOS

...allows himself a furtive but triumphant smile, which he shares with Allison...and then...

ALLISON'S P.O.V.

...DRIFTS over to Van Dyke, who EXCHANGES LESS-THAN-KIND WORDS with Scanlon before turning to see Allison...

RESUME ON ALLISON

...finally LOCKING eyes with Scanlon, who shoots her a "what do you want me to do?" shrug...

...Allison responds with her own shrug...and as she turns to go alongside Cynthia...

FADE TO BLACK:

...and after a few moments we...

FADE IN:

50 ON JOE

50

...back at the driver's seat of his car, stifling a YAWN as his mother turns to look at him...

MARJORIE

You really should have let me call a cab.

JOE

Absolutely not. Early though your flight may be.

MARJORIE

(a little mock-defensive)

It was an online special. This was the best they could do for me.

JOE

You should have let me wake up the children.

MARJORIE

We said our good-byes last night, and Allison...well, she deserves to sleep in. She works so hard as it is.

(after a moment)

She really is something.

...Joe lets out a smile, letting Marjorie's comment sit there for a moment, then...

JOE

Are we going to talk about this Tuesday?

...Marjorie looks away -- she had hoped to avoid the topic altogether, then, her tone resigned...

MARJORIE

Allison told you.

JOE

I'd have figured it out at some point, what with the gifts and the dress shopping and the pony rides and the dinner at Chuck E. Cheese...

(then)

...I wish I'd found out differently.

...Marjorie regards her son, not entirely sure how to react, and then, quietly...

MARJORIE

That complaint sounds familiar.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

(a shrug)

I guess it runs in the family.

...Marjorie takes the jab without taking offense, then...

MARJORIE

There's nothing to be done about it, Joe.
Once it's over -- we'll see.

(then)

I didn't think you needed the stress.

JOE

It's no stress. I'll be there when they
take you to surgery and I'll be there
when you wake up.

MARJORIE

I don't understand.

JOE

I found an online special. I fly out
tomorrow morning, I'll be in Grosse
Pointe by dinner, and I'm staying as long
as you need me.

MARJORIE

But you can't --

JOE

-- afford to see my mother when she needs
me?

(then, off Marjorie)

Maybe it's time for things to be
different.

(looks at her)

Is that such a bad thing?

...and off Marjorie, taking in her son's words, and grateful
for what he is doing, even if she won't say it out loud just
yet...

CUT TO:

51 BRIDGETTE

51

...tugging on Allison's nightgown, as Allison stirs awake...

BRIDGETTE

Mom. Mom. Mom.

...Allison props her head up to look at Bridgette...

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Hey sweetie. Are you OK? What is it?

BRIDGETTE

I had a dream.

ALLISON

Do you want to tell me about it?

(off Bridgette's nod)

OK.

BRIDGETTE

You and dad were there, and so was Ariel,
and Marie...only she was taller than
you...and so was Ariel...and there was a
birthday cake -- and we brought the cake
to grandma and her hair was white...

(then)

...and daddy wished her a happy seventy-
fifth birthday.

...Allison smiles at her daughter, an expression of profound
relief washing over her...

ALLISON

That's a wonderful dream.

...Bridgette nods as her mother reaches to the night stand
and takes the telephone in hand...

BRIDGETTE

Who are you calling?

...Allison sits up and motions for Bridgette to sit next to
her...and as Bridgette nuzzles up to her mother...

ALLISON

I think there's someone else who should
hear about your dream.

...and as Allison dials the phone...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE