LINE OF SIGHT

by

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Pilot Episode

"Ceiling & Visibility Unlimited"

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EXT. AIRBORNE - DAY

Flying. Through a blue and silent sky. Clouds. The whine of the wind. And beneath the whine an atonal vibration that becomes a note. Almost music but not quite.

The sky twists. The earth thousands of feet below comes into view. We dive. We spiral/spin. In silence except for the wind and the almost music. Down, down, down....

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A woman's purse. Sitting on a table by the door like a bomb about to go off. Somewhere a clock TICKS...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I don't see it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Try my purse. It's by the door.

Entering frame, the man's hands dig through the purse. Toward the bottom they find a cell phone then suddenly...

The hands go still. Cautiously (as if having discovered the bomb) they lift out a HOTEL KEYCARD. Dallas Hyatt Regency.

REVEAL - the man is LEWIS BERNT (41, incisive, solid, a Texan through and through). And based on his expression his world has just torqued off axis. The voice from the other room belongs to his wife, DOT.

DOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Find it?

Lewis remains rooted to the spot. Staring at the key card.

LEWIS
Yeah. I'll plug it in for you.

DOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
So what time are you leaving tomorrow?

LEWIS
Dave and I are going to the range with Tony at four; we fly out with the others at six.

DOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Walker's plane?

LEWIS
There's a dirt strip near the lodge.

DOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Well, be safe.

LEWIS
Walker's the best pilot I know.

Lewis tucks the keycard in his pocket and exits frame.

INT. LEWIS & DOT'S BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Lewis broods darkly in a chair watching Dot sleep. In his fingers he twirls the keycard over and over and over...

Rising, he peers down at his wife with ambiguous intent. Then -- quite tenderly -- brushes a hair from her face, collects the wine glass from her bedside, and exits.

INT. LEWIS'S GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

Bunkered in the garage, Lewis talks quietly on the phone.

LEWIS (INTO PHONE)
...I'm calling about a contested hotel charge on my last bill... That's it, Dallas Hyatt... Turns out I made a mistake. My wife reserved a room for a friend and by accident the minibar got put on her card... Not right now... You too.

Hanging up, Lewis digs out a hidden pack of cigarettes. His can't-quite-quit stash. Lighting up, he activates the garage door. The door GRINDS as the chilly dawn slices in.

A sudden HISS pulls Lewis's head around. Coiled beneath the workbench is a RATTLESNAKE.

Lewis doesn't even flinch. He peers at the snake, calm and cold. The snake peers back, calm and cold.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Not your house, buddy.

The snake slithers off and disappears into the grass.

INT. KITCHEN, LEWIS'S HOUSE - MORNING

The coffee maker GURGLES. A duffle and a rifle case sit perched on a chair. Lewis sets out two mugs, his emblazed with the UT logo, Dot's with Van Gogh's Starry Night. He sets the sugar and a spoon beside Dot's mug. Dot enters.

DOT
I didn't hear you slip out of bed.

Lewis shrugs/Mmm's and goes about filling his mug.

LEWIS
Snake in the garage this morning.

DOT
Seriously?

LEWIS
It's the cold.

DOT
You didn't try to kill it?

LEWIS
Safer to let it go. Serves me right for sneaking a cigarette.

DOT
I wasn't gonna say anything.

Lewis collects his duffle and his rifle case.

DOT (CONT'D)
So what do I do if the snake comes back?

LEWIS
Don't worry. I'm gonna take all the snakes with me.

Lewis gives Dot a peck and exits.

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Lewis drives off. His foot heavy on the gas.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN -

Dot fills her mug. Reaching for the sugar, she finds the keycard laying, very purposefully, out on the counter.

A beat. A long uneasy exhale. Picking up the phone she starts to dial. Then stops and sinks into a chair.

INT. HANGER - DAY

Charred wreckage arranged in a reconstruction of the commuter jet the pieces formed before impact. Burned seats, twisted metal. Standing at the center of the vast puzzle, Lewis examines a thick bundle of wire.

At a table, DAVE TCHIKO (39, a cerebral goofball) thumb-drums a jaunty rhythm as he reviews data on his computer.

DAVE
Pieces talking to you yet?

LEWIS
Pieces don't talk. They're just pieces you put back together one at a time.

DAVE
Engine guys are pitching the airframe builder cross-wired the sensors.

LEWIS
Airframe builder's looking to blame the mechanics, mechanics wanna blame the baggage handlers, and the pilot union's just happy for once no one's trying to pin the blame on pilot error.

DAVE
So which is it?

LEWIS
All of 'em. None of 'em. It's not cross-wiring though.

DAVE
You'll keep after it 'til the answers shows. You always do.

Lewis's phone BUZZES. A new text adding to a string of texts. **"Come home tonight." "Please." "I want us to talk."**

EXT. HANGER - DAY

Break time. Dave basks in the warmth of the sun. Lewis tears a cinnamon donut in half.

DAVE
You hear the one about the guy shot the bear?

LEWIS
“You’re not in this for the huntin’, are you?”

DAVE
I told you that one?

LEWIS
Twice.

DAVE
Well, you didn’t laugh.

Lewis’s phone BUZZES. Another text. Lewis hits ignore without even looking to see what it says.

LEWIS
Want half?

DAVE
Just eat it.

Lewis tosses one half of donut in the trash, eats the other.

LEWIS
You like it that I don’t laugh. If I actually laughed at your jokes you’d stop telling ‘em.

DAVE
Come on. It’s got *ursine fellatio*. The guy gives a bear a blow job.

Dave’s got him there. Lewis lets a tiny grin slip out.

A car pulls up. TONY VIE (43, too soft for his ambition) kicks out.

TONY
What’s this b.s. about you not coming?

LEWIS
Who says I’m not coming?

TONY
Dot told Tammy you might not be coming. I told Tammy, no way, but she said Dot seemed damn pretty sure you weren’t coming.

Lewis looks over at Dave. Dave rolls his eyes.

LEWIS
First off -- we've graduated sixth grade. Number two, I'm coming.

TONY
Oh. Good. Great. I just, I put a lot of planning into the weekend.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Dave, Lewis, and Tony stand in adjacent stalls firing at distant O.S. targets. Rifle shots CRACK throughout.

TONY
Up and left. Every time. Just pulls.

LEWIS
Let me see.

Lewis gives Tony's rifle a proficient once over. Skilled, intense, respectful of the weapon's power.

TONY
Bought it from my sister's idiot husband. The way it pulls, I guess that makes me the idiot, him the smart one.

DAVE
So who's bringing booze to this particular clam bake?

TONY
Walker and Alvin. Alvin's bringing the beer, Walker said he'd bring the rest.

DAVE
As long as he's bringing more than his ridiculous tequila.

TONY
We can always stop for whatever.

LEWIS
Dave'll be fine with tequila, he just likes bitching.

Lewis shoulders the rifle. Fires three quick shots in succession. Lewis grins. Dave gives an impressed whistle.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Nothing wrong with that weapon.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Carrying their duffles and rifle cases, Lewis, Tony, and Dave cross to a six seat Piper Matrix where JIM STIGER (45, bland) and ALVIN HARRIS (35, jocular) are loading their bags.

ALVIN
Ten more minutes we were gonna leave you boys behind.

DAVE
Likely story.

LEWIS
Walker inside?

ALVIN
Getting her all warmed up.

Lewis loads his bags and climbs aboard the plane.

INT. COCKPIT, PIPER - CONTINUOUS

Lewis settles into the copilot's seat and launches into his pre-flight checks. O.S. Beside him in the pilot's seat (hidden from our view) is WALKER BOYD.

LEWIS
I rechecked weather. Looks like ceiling and visibility unlimited.

WALKER (O.S.)
Nice to see you too.

LEWIS
Where are you in the checklist?

WALKER (O.S.)
You are all business all the time.

LEWIS
You're fucking my wife.

Without waiting for a response Lewis plows on with his preflight routine.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
You file a flight plan?

FLARE TO WHITE:

TITLE CARD: **"LINE OF SIGHT"**

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

The empty eye sockets of a sun-bleached deer skull... Thin tendrils of black smoke creeping downward (instead of up)...

Lewis blinks against the sun, confused and disoriented. His body aches. His mouth is cotton. He rolls onto his stomach so that the smoke is now rising as it should.

He is in the middle of the Texas scrub plains surrounded by the wreckage of what was before impact the Piper Matrix.

Heaped on the ground are the dead bodies of Jim Stiger and Alvin Harris, bruised and swollen as if their insides were scrambled until their capillaries burst.

DAVE (O.S.)
We're alive.

Through the smoke, Lewis spots Dave staring at the horizon.

DAVE (CONT'D)
We're... fine.

LEWIS
Where's Walker?

Before Dave can respond, a SCREAM rips. Tony. He's laying in the dirt not far from Lewis and he won't stop SCREAMING.

A MEDIVAC HELICOPTER swoops overhead. EMERGENCY VEHICLE SIRENS approach. And still Tony keeps SCREAMING. The cacophony swells and --

EXT. SAME - MINUTES LATER

Strapped to a back board, Lewis is loaded onto the helicopter. The helo revs and lifts off.

Looking down, Lewis sees the crash site in its totality. His expression goes puzzled as if something about the wreckage doesn't make sense. The ROAR of the helicopter builds and --

INT. ER - DAY

A light is shined in Lewis's eyes. Medical personnel hover. Hands without faces attach an oxygen mask, sensors, an IV.

Lewis spots Dave and Tony being whisked through on gurneys. Lewis claws at his mask and tries to call to them, but they are out the door and gone.

SILHOUETTED DOCTOR
Do you know what day it is?

LEWIS
Sunday. The 14th, I think.

The silhouetted doctor looks to someone O.S. -- *Wrong answer.*

LEWIS (CONT'D)
It's the 14th?

SILHOUETTED DOCTOR
Do you remember leaving the hunting lodge?

LEWIS
It's Sunday. October 14th.

Again the doctor looks o.s. before responding.

SILHOUETTED DOCTOR
It's Wednesday. The 17th.

Lewis fights to comprehend. The clatter of the ER swells --

INT. X-RAY ROOM - DAY

A FACELESS TECH targets the cross-hairs in on Lewis's face forming an image reminiscent of the bleached deer skull. The Machine CLANKS and WHIRS...

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Blood, Lewis's blood, seeps out of his arm into a vial. A ROUND-FACED NURSE swaps vials filling a second then a third.

Out in the corridor shadows whisper about Lewis's condition. Realizing that Lewis is trying to listen, they lower their voices and step further out of sight.

ROUND FACED NURSE
Can you see?

LEWIS
See what?

ROUND FACED NURSE
Can you see?

LEWIS
I don't know what you're talking about.

The nurse gives a cryptic nod/shrug and gathers up her gear.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
What are you talking about?

ROUND FACED NURSE
It's all right. It's not your fault.

The Round-Faced Nurse disappears with the blood vials. Lewis's DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR
Sorry for the hallway discussion. I was reviewing your chart and... You're fine. No contusions, no broken bones. You're... *fine*.

LEWIS
I was in a plane crash. I have no memory of the last three days.

DOCTOR
We'd like to run some more tests.

INT. HOSPITAL VISITORS' LOUNGE - DAY

A hand scribbles two sets of numbers in the margins of a well-handled newspaper. **3.16 10.14.** Over and over. Filling every bit of space. **3.16 10.14 3.16 10.14...**

The hand belongs to PHILLIP SPARKS (rawboned and jittery inside a suit bought for a fleshier version of himself). Sparks spots the Round-Faced Nurse coming down the corridor. Sparks shrinks in his seat and hides his face...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dot comes charging off the elevator. She flags a NURSE.

DOT
My husband, I think he was taken to C Ward. Lewis Bernt?

NURSE
Down the hall.

Striding on, Dot glances back to see the nurse relating something to a trio of DARK SUITS. The suits peer over at Dot. Casually, in a manner that is not at all casual.

Passing the NURSES' STATION Dot notes an ORDERLY delivering Lewis's clothes and boots to another DARK SUIT who seals them up in an evidence bag...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Velcro RRRRRRRIPS as a TECH detaches a blood pressure cuff from Lewis's arm. Dot enters but stops just inside the door.

LEWIS
You can hug me. I won't break.

They embrace, holding tightly, yet cheek to cheek so they don't have to look each other in the eye. The Tech exits.

DOT
I guess sometimes prayer works.

LEWIS
Jim's dead. So's Alvin. I think Tony and Dave are like me, I think they're okay. They haven't let me see them.

DOT
Three days. I've been going out of my mind

Lewis pulls back to look Dot square in the face.

LEWIS
Walker's missing. I don't know if he's... I don't know.

EXT. LOVE FIELD - DAY

A jet engine WHINES. A GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT PLANE drops its ramp. RUBY JENSEN (38, wry and penetrating) steps out into the harsh sun. A man in a tie and SHORT SLEEVES hustles up.

SHORT SLEEVES
We've confined the wreckage. Two dead at the scene. Three survived.

JENSEN
And number six?

Short Sleeves just shakes his head. Jensen considers the oppressively flat landscape.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
(like a personal nemesis)
Texas.

Jensen spots a THICK SET MAN (let's call him EDGAR) standing beside a town car. His tie flaps in the wind but the rest of him is rooted deep in the earth, solid and unmovable. Jensen hands her valise to Short Sleeves and walks over.

Short Sleeves watches Edgar talk at Jensen, his instructions to her inaudible, swallowed up by the JET WASH...

INT. TONY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tony sits faced off with five men in DARK SUITS. Credentials hang from their pockets. FBI and Texas Dept. Of Public Safety (aka Texas Rangers). Tony is antsy. Wanting to give all the right answers.

TONY
The lodge belonged to a real estate client of mine. Let me, let us use it as a favor. For the weekend.

SUIT 1
So where were you the other three days?

TONY
I don't know. I don't remember.

SUIT 2
What day did you leave the hunting lodge?

TONY
Sunday, I think.

SUIT 3
And who was flying the plane?

TONY
It was Walker's plane.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lewis sits on the edge of his bed. Out in the corridor an ORDERLY arranges items on a cart. To Lewis, the Orderly seems to be watching him. Lewis rises. The Orderly wheels his cart out of view.

Lewis walks out into the hall. The Orderly vanishes around the corner. Lewis starts down the hall after him when --

Sparks steps up, business card thrust out.

SPARKS
Mr. Bernt? Phillip Sparks. I was hoping to have a word.

LEWIS
(off Sparks' card)
You're a lawyer?

SPARKS
Attorney by trade, litigation.

LEWIS
I don't need a lawyer.

SPARKS
You were in a terrible accident. I just... It's important people are held responsible. For negligence.

LEWIS
I said, "no, thanks."

Lewis turns. Sparks grabs his wrist.

SPARKS
I was in a crash myself five years ago. You have answers no one else can give, the frequencies--

Over Lewis's shoulder Sparks spots something. His manner instantly down-shifts.

SPARKS (CONT'D)
I've over-stepped. Please, if you change your mind...

Sparks hands Lewis his card and strides off. Lewis looks back to see what tweaked Sparks. But there's nothing there.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

Outside the window branches waft. Dave traces the pattern of the leaves on the glass with his finger. The corners of his mouth twitch upward as if some cosmic joke has just revealed itself. Lewis enters.

LEWIS
You look in one piece.

Dave glances toward Lewis then resumes to his fascination with the leaves.

DAVE
The pattern. Of the leaves. It's so damn elegant. Like Calculus.

Behind them two dark suits amble past. Lewis pointedly takes note. Dave pointedly does not care.

LEWIS
I keep trying to remember what happened. The crash.

DAVE
It's not worth remembering.

LEWIS
So you remember?

DAVE
No.

Lewis considers Dave. Something about his friend is... *off.*

DAVE (CONT'D)
(a sudden nonsequitor)
What do you think happened to Walker?

LEWIS
I wish I knew.

DAVE
He was such a prick.

A SUIT WEARING A RANGER STAR walks up.

RANGER
Mr. Tchiko? If you'll come with me, we have a few questions.

Dave starts to go with the Rangers. Stops.

DAVE
Hey, Lewis. How many mathematicians does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Pi.

Dave sprouts an eerily hollow smile and exits.

INT. WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - DAY

A snack machine rejects the dollar of TAMMY VIE (40, driven by what she lacks rather than what she has). Tammy tries again. The slot spits the bill out again. Dot approaches.

TAMMY
It's taunting me because I *really* shouldn't eat those Skittles.

DOT
How's Tony?

TAMMY
He's just-- He's "a-okay." Three days of torture for me not knowing but...
(beat)
I need to be grateful.

Tammy smacks the machine.

DOT
Try kicking it.

TAMMY
It was a stupid weekend hunting trip. Fly to some goddamn ranch, kill some goddamn doves, fly home.

Tammy kicks the machine really fucking hard. Two bags of chips fall into the tray. Tammy and Dot titter at the transgressive release of tension.

Down the hall MARY JO STIGER (44, frayed) emerges from the elevator, desperation etched on her face. Dot and Tammy hitch. Mary Jo sees them.

MARY JO
They said they were bringing them all here. That if-- Jim-- They'd bring him here...

DOT
Mary Jo...

MARY JO
Jim's here? He's... They have to have made a mistake.

Dot and Tammy's faces can't hide the truth that Jim's dead.

MARY JO (CONT'D)
I just... As long as there was hope.

DOT
I'm so sorry.

Dot enfolds Mary Jo in her arms. Mary Jo refuses to cry, refuses to break down. Dot's arms help. But only a little.

INT. LEWIS'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lewis takes his turn before the unsmiling wall of suits.

SUIT 1
You and Walker Boyd were the only licensed pilots in the group?

LEWIS
We were in the Air Force together, he got out went to work for a commuter airline, I joined NTSB, and none of this is important.

SUIT 1
This must be a difficult experience.

LEWIS
I just want to know what happened.

SUIT 1
Tell us what you remember.

LEWIS
Nothing. I-- remember dinner Saturday night. Look, you know what I do for a living.

SUIT 1
We understand your qualifications--

LEWIS
You must have some working theories. Which one of you is the NTSB rep?

REVEAL -- Half hidden behind the wall of bodies is JENSEN.

JENSEN
That'd be me.

LEWIS
Okay, the, the wreckage, it showed clear signs of horizontal impact. But when I looked down from the helo, there were no ground scars, no sign the plane impacted horizontally.

JENSEN
Okay.

LEWIS
Okay? It doesn't make any sense.

JENSEN
All things make sense. You just have to look at them from the right angle.

Lewis stares at his stone-faced interrogators.

LEWIS
Two of my friends are dead. Another just *gone*. You've got the telemetry. You have the data. I don't have the answers.

Lewis's stone-faced interrogators stare back, unmoved.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Lewis exits the hospital with Dot. Lewis notes a CASUALLY DRESSED MAN on his cell phone. The man peers at Lewis, a little too long and with a little too much purpose...

Lewis reaches out and takes Dot's hand. Dot is surprised by the gesture. Happy but surprised.

LEWIS
Remind me, I need to mow the back.

Lewis watches the man hang up and go inside. Lewis drops Dot's hand again leaving her confused by his mixed signals. She stops.

DOT
Just go ahead, just yell at me, okay?

Lewis glances around, not want to have this conversation.

DOT (CONT'D)
It's not that I didn't love you.

LEWIS
I know.

DOT
No, you don't.

LEWIS
Don't tell me what I know.

DOT
It was stupid and awful, but it's not like I didn't know what I was doing.

LEWIS
You want a divorce?

DOT
No.

LEWIS
Well, I'm not leaving, so let's just... Not do this in the middle of a parking lot, okay? Gimme the keys.

Lewis steps to Dot with a forceful suddenness that almost makes her flinch. Very tenderly, Lewis leans in to kiss Dot on the forehead, takes the keys, and heads for the car.

Following Lewis, Dot opens the passenger door and... YELPS as crouched in the back seat of the car is SPARKS.

SPARKS
I just need the frequencies, you have the frequencies...

Lewis swoops in and yanks Sparks from the car.

LEWIS
What are you-- You broke into my car?

SPARKS
You're ten-fourteen it's always ten-fourteen your crash my crash...

DOT
I'm calling 911.

SPARKS
No no no no...

Sparks reaches toward Dot. Lewis flings him to the ground.

SPARKS (CONT'D)
Ten-fourteen, three-sixteen, ten-fourteen wake up, three-sixteen awake, we're both ten-fourteen...

LEWIS
Get the hell away or I will bash your skull...

SPARKS
What are the frequencies? *TELL ME THE FREQUENCIES?!*

Sparks suddenly freezes. Spooked by something he has seen over Lewis's shoulder. Lewis turns. There's nothing there. Terrified, Sparks scrambles away, when out of nowhere...

WHUMP - **Sparks is slammed sidelong by a SILVER PICK-UP.** Sparks body is sucked under the wheels, dragged 20 yards then spit out as the pick-up roars off without ever slowing.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE - DUSK

A rustic bunkhouse halfway to nowhere. Masked TECHS scour and swarm and grid search. A caravan of SUVs roars up. Jensen climbs out. Short Sleeves is there to greet her.

SHORT SLEEVES
It's round the back.

JENSEN
Show me.

Sleeves leads Jensen to a crusty brown patch of dirt beside the ashes of a fire. Jensen squats and inspects the crust.

SHORT SLEEVES
It's blood.

JENSEN
Human?
(a shrug from Sleeves)
Type and test it.

Sleeves motions for a tech to take samples. Jensen looks around at the open country. Then over at the porch where a TECH IN A HAZMAT SUIT sweeps a CRACKLING geiger counter...

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LEWIS & DOT'S HOUSE - DAY

The treadmill WHIRS. Lewis runs. Camera is directly behind Lewis so that he is running, running, running away from us but never getting anywhere. Never getting away...

The machine stops. Lewis stops. Sweat drips from his nose. Yet he feels just the same as when he started. No relief. No pleasurable exhaustion. Just the same.

INT. LEWIS'S GARAGE - DAY

Lewis digs through the tool cabinet for a his cigarettes. Can't find them. Dot appears at the door.

DOT
More snakes?

LEWIS
Did you throw out my cigarettes?

DOT
It was... before... It was meant to be a gesture of love.

LEWIS
It's fine. It's good.

Dot wraps her arms around herself.

DOT
I keep thinking about that man.

LEWIS
He was a psycho not worthy of our time. If there's anything more, police'll tell us.

DOT
I guess.

Lewis sees Dot's fragility.

LEWIS
I can't get it out of my head either.

DOT
I'll have dinner soon.

LEWIS
We could order.

DOT
I bought the stuff so...

LEWIS
I do love you, you know.

Dot wells. Then stuffs it down behind a rueful look.

DOT
It's just tacos.

INT. LIVING ROOM, TAMMY & TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

An army of Hummel figurines smothers the mantle. Red-cheeked cherubic faces...

TAMMY (INTO PHONE)
Tony's great, happy to be home. I'm a wreck but who cares about me... You're sweet... No, no. Tony says he owes me a big vacation... Hawaii or Paris, my choice...

INT. BATHROOM, TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Water flowing out of the tap.... Tony's eye frozen in place... Tony's rigidly cupped hands filling with water... Tony's face, his whole body, paralyzed and stiff...

The water from the tap overflows Tony's frozen hands, runs down his arms, spouts off his elbows, onto his pants.

Tony doesn't move. He is a statue. Wide awake but someplace else as his pants go from flecked, to damp, to soaked....

Tony snaps to. No idea why the floor is wet and his pants are drenched. He panics. He snatches a towel. He mops his pants. He mops the floor. Desperate to cover up whatever just happened. *What just happened*?

O.S. from the VENT, Tony hears a MURMUR/WHIR. Like voices. Or maybe just a fan. Tony leans in. He strains to discern...

INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tony hurriedly/ashamedly changes his pants. Tammy enters.

TAMMY
So I was talking to Dot at the hospital?

TONY
Uh-huh.

TAMMY
She says she doesn't think they're gonna talk to a lawyer.

TONY
Why would they talk to a lawyer?

TAMMY
Liability. For the crash. Not that I'd go with any of them, but three different attorneys gave me their card at the hospital.

TONY
I'm fine.

TAMMY
You "feel" fine.

TONY
Not everything in the world needs to be a lawsuit.

Tammy gives him a look. Tony caves.

TONY (CONT'D)
Will it make you happy?

TAMMY
It's not about me.

TONY
Give me the cards. I'll call one of them tomorrow.

TAMMY
It's just protection.

Tammy hands Tony the business cards. The top card is from "**Phillip K. Sparks, esq. Attorney-at-Law.**" Scrawled on the corner of the card are the numbers **3.16** and **10.14.**

EXT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

A cookie cutter beige and brick. Lewis guides a growling lawn mower across the grass.

Three houses down, Lewis notes Tony staring out at the horizon. There is a slack vacancy to Tony's expression. A long beat. The hungry mower strains against Lewis's grip...

Finally spotting Lewis, Tony offers a tentative wave. Lewis offers a tentative wave back.

INT. LEWIS'S GARAGE - DUSK

Lewis guides the mower back inside. Through the window of Dot's car he spots something under the seat. An envelope.

Lewis retrieves the envelope and dumps the contents out on his workbench. A pack of photos and a folded sheet of paper.

The photographs are all of the horizon at dusk. None particularly beautiful. Yet Lewis finds them... *compelling*.

Lewis unfolds paper. Printed along the left margin are 8 airplane call signs: N1001HIG, EAL1080, N1990G, DLI311, etc. Scribbled everywhere else, in an endlessly repeated manner, are the numbers **10.14** and **3.16...**

INT. LEWIS'S DEN - NIGHT

Floor to ceiling shelves over-packed with non-fiction books. Lewis's pulls up the NTSB database on his computer and enters his password**: d-o-t-l-o-v-e-d-o-t.**

Lewis enters the first number**:** "**N1001HIG.**" The little hourglass spins. An incident report pops up. "**In-flight explosion (Origin unknown)... 3 fatalities... 10/14/75"**

Lewis enters the next number**:** "**EAL1080** -- **Mechanical failure... 0 fatalities.... 10/14/88"**

The next**:** "**N1990G**" -- "**Weather... 6 fatalities... 10/14/08"**

The dates. **10/14... 10/14... 10/14...**

EXT. CHURCH / INT. LEWIS'S CAR - DAY

A modernist house of worship with acres of rapidly filling parking. Lewis and Dot pull up. Dot gives Lewis a peck.

DOT
See you in about an hour?

LEWIS
I'll be here.

Dot kisses Lewis again and goes inside. Lewis finds a parking space and takes out the Sunday crossword.

The first few answers come quick and easy. So easy it makes him smile as his pen fills box after box. Looking out he stares at the horizon...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Dot rises with the packed house rises to sing a hymn.

INT. LEWIS'S CAR - DAY

Lewis reclines with his eyes shut. Dot wraps on the window. He rouses. She climbs in.

LEWIS
How was the sermon?

DOT
C-43 on the ecclesiastical jukebox. We can't know God's will, so have faith, be good, it'll all work out.

Pulling Lewis's crossword from underneath her butt, Dot looks at it and frowns.

DOT (CONT'D)
I don't get it.

Dot hands the crossword to Lewis. Nearly all the boxes are filled. But with *numbers*. 10 & 14. 3 & 16. Lewis has no idea how this happened. He covers.

LEWIS
Inside joke. Let's go to brunch. It'll be good to see the crew.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Brunch. Lewis and Dot sit at a long table with friends. CAMERA slowly PUSHES IN on Lewis, lost in his own world, as everyone happily chatters around him.

BRUNCH WOMAN (O.C.)
Janine asked if there was news on Walker. I told her after this long, it couldn't be good.

DOT
No.

BRUNCH WOMAN (O.C.)
You wouldn't know if he had family to reach out to?

DOT
He had an ex-wife but that's about it.

Lewis rubs his thumb into his palm. Fighting an itch. Pretending he's fine. Dot sees his distress. Squeezes hand: *Are you all right?* Lewis makes himself smile.

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave's sister, LYDIA (40s, worn down by the inertia of her life) cracks open a head of lettuce and washes it in the sink. In the adjacent living room, Dave runs a hand over the faux stone mantle. Reveling in the texture.

LYDIA
You know Trey and I are completely happy to have you stay with us as long as you like.

DAVE
Kicking me out already?

LYDIA
We - Want - You - To stay.

Dave picks up a yellowed paperback. He riffles the pages, his eyes soaking up random words as they flick past.

DAVE
I don't need anyone to keep me.

LYDIA
The doctors don't want you home all by yourself.

DAVE
Nothing's going to happen.

LYDIA
If it did.

Dave considers the water flowing out of the tap and rinsing the leaves and washing the dirt down the drain. An ordinary thing looked at extrordinarily closely...

DAVE
You have a pen?

Lydia slides a pen cup across the counter. Dave RIPS the back cover off the paperback and starts jotting notes. Off Lydia's reaction --

DAVE (CONT'D)
You were done with the book?

She was but that's not the point. Just then Lydia's daughter, SARAH, blows through on her way out the door.

SARAH
Going to Jenny's.

LYDIA
Hang on. Which Jenny?

SARAH
Don't be dense. It's not like I can walk to *Jenny's*?

LYDIA
Oh. Jenny's.

SARAH
("duh")
Yeah.

Dave studies Sarah as she exits. Bemused with insight.

DAVE
She's lying. About Jenny's.

LYDIA
She's going to her boyfriend's. It's the lie we've agreed on.

Dave considers this. Then resumes scribbling. Furious pen strokes on the cramped page. A schematic of some kind.

Lydia watches her brother, hunched over, consumed. She tells herself it's fine, but there is something unnerving...

INT. LEWIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ECU ON - Lewis's eyelids. Beneath the lids Lewis's eyes twitch and dart. Frantic REM. A dream going turbo vivid...

Lewis wakes. Slowly. His heart racing, his breath shallow.

EXT. LEWIS'S YARD - NIGHT

Lewis lurches outside. The night is calming. He notes a HUM in the wind. Like quivering high tension wires. The noise builds. It morphs. Becoming the almost music...

Across the way Lewis notes a SILHOUETTE in a window. *Someone who can't sleep or someone watching?* Lewis retreats inside.

INT. KITCHEN, LEWIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lewis downs a glass of water. He considers the sweat beads snaking down the glass. Captivated.

Lewis shakes off the feeling and jerks open the fridge. He scans the shelves, unsure what he's looking for. On instinct he pulls out a plastic container of strawberries.

Lewis rolls one of the berries in his fingers. He digs his thumb into the soft flesh. He feeeeels the texture...

And then -- for no real reason -- the spell breaks. He becomes self-conscious. Flipping on the tap, he washes away the evidence of what he was doing. *What was he doing?*

INT. KITCHEN, LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

The coffee maker GURGLES. Lewis sets out the two mugs, the spoon, the sugar. The old routine. Yet something about it, the deja vu of it, gives Lewis pause.

DOT
You know you can take a couple more days.

LEWIS
Files on my desk'll still be sitting there.

DOT
If they're gonna be there, what's the harm in letting them sit?

LEWIS
I can't just lay around being pointless. What am I supposed to do, eat fudgesicles all day?

DOT
They are tasty.
(beat)
(MORE)

DOT (CONT'D)
I just want you to take care of yourself.

Lewis tucks the list of 10/14 flights in his pocket, kisses Dot, and heads for the door.

LEWIS
I'll be home by six.

EXT. NTSB OFFICE - DAY

An anonymous 3 story bunker adjacent to DFW Airport. As Lewis climbs from his car a 767 rips just overhead. Lewis squints up at the jet as it disappears into the sun...

INT. NTSB OFFICE - DAY

A cubicle farm ringed by offices. Lewis strides in. His entrance is greeted with surprise and awkward salutations.

HOWARD
Hey, hi, you're back?

LEWIS
Neither rain, nor sleet...

HOWARD
How's Dave, he coming in too?

LEWIS
Dave's good, he's, you know, haven't really talked to him.

Lewis starts to walk on. Stops.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
I need some database help. A stupid thing. I want to compile a breakdown of every reported incident that's ever occurred on October 14th.

HOWARD
Why?

LEWIS
Because some lunatic told me to, I don't know. I don't believe in karma but maybe dates have karma.

HOWARD
Totally get it. What you've been through--

LEWIS
It's got nothing to do with that. It's just... Just do it for me.

Lewis continues on into his office to find --

INT. LEWIS'S OFFICE, NTSB - CONTINUOUS

-- Jensen, glasses on, hair bunned up with a pencil, digging through his desk as pages upon pages spew off his printer.

LEWIS
Can I help you?

JENSEN
No.

LEWIS
You're at my desk.

JENSEN
You left me a lot to catch up on. Your cases. We couldn't just let them lie fallow. Where's your stapler?

LEWIS
They're not fallow.

JENSEN
Stapler?

LEWIS
Credenza, top left.

JENSEN
Nobody knew how long you'd be out, and until the higher-up-the-food-chain-powers-that-be decide you're all the way back I've been assigned to keep the trains running on time.

Jensen swipes the pages from the printer and THWACKS a staple through them.

LEWIS
Joe assigned you my crash *and* my caseload?

JENSEN
Joe was just the messenger. Here, have your desk back. I found what I needed on your computer.

LEWIS
If you're handling my cases, I'm what, on the beach, frozen out?

JENSEN
All I know is until something new falls out of the sky, you're taking long lunches at Applebee's.

Jensen turns to exit.

LEWIS
Hang on. Can you at least tell me where you are with my crash?

JENSEN
Procedure.

LEWIS
I can be helpful.

JENSEN
Was there something you left out of your statement at the hospital?

LEWIS
No, I, I was on site, I saw the wreckage in pristine condition.

JENSEN
Lack of ground scars.

LEWIS
How about off the record? I'll be a good boy, sit at my desk, let you take away all my cases.

JENSEN
If I could, trust me. I don't want your grunt work.

LEWIS
This is horseshit.

JENSEN
First class, Grade A.
(empathizing)
Talk to Joe. I'll talk to Joe.

LEWIS
Sure.

JENSEN
I really am with you on this.

Jensen departs.

INT. LYDIA'S GARAGE - DAY

Dave hunches over a workbench. With his right hand he scribblescribblescribbles on a pad. With his left he absently pivots a Phillips-head screwdriver. O.S. a phone RINGS. Dave keeps scribbling. Mathematical equations, circuit diagrams. Lydia pops in.

LYDIA
Call for you. It's Lewis.

DAVE
I'm not here.

LYDIA
I told him you were in the garage.

DAVE
Tell him I'm not. Tell him I'm busy with stuff.

LYDIA
What stuff?

DAVE
Stuff more important than chattering with Lewis.

Lydia retreats.

Spinning the screwdriver on its tip, Dave triumphantly tears the sheet off the pad and admires his cryptic scrawl.

PANNING BACK TO THE BENCH - the screwdriver is still, somehow, in defiance of gravity, spinning on its tip... and spinning... and spinning... and spinning...

INT. LEWIS'S OFFICE, NTSB - SAME

Lewis has the phone to his ear. Electronic silence CRACKLES on the line. In his hand is Sparks' list.

LYDIA (O.S. - ON PHONE)
He, um, says he's busy.

LEWIS
How is he?

LYDIA (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Says he's fine. So. I guess he's fine.

LEWIS
Get him to call me, okay?

LYDIA (O.S. - ON PHONE)
'Course. I've gotta go.

The line goes dead. Howard knocks on the jamb.

HOWARD
Wanna see something goofy?

INT. HOWARD'S CUBICLE, NTSB - DAY

HOWARD
Turns out since 1950, October 14th has had three times the mean number of crashes. In fact it's had the second most of any day all year.

Howard shows Lewis a graph of incidents by date. The line is relatively steady except for two spikes, the shorter of which is October 14th.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Like devil horns.

LEWIS
What's this other peak?

HOWARD
March 16th.

LEWIS
3-16?

Lewis sees Howard glance over his shoulder. Lewis turns to see Jensen escorting FOUR FBI AGENTS into a conference room.

HOWARD
What's she doing with the FBI?

LEWIS
(covering his anxiety)
Her job I guess.

Jensen gives Lewis a nod -- "*I see you watching me*" -- and snaps the conference room blinds shut.

EXT. ROOFTOP, NTSB OFFICES - DAY

Lewis bangs outside onto the roof. He paces. He closes his eyes. A deep breath. Fighting for control. Control.

Lewis feels the breeze on his face. He hears the distant hum of the almost music. A 737 ROARS overhead...

Eyes still closed, Lewis steps up on the ledge and leans out into the wind. Out over the edge, over the abyss, impossibly far as if there's no way he won't fall...

He feels light. Free. Just the wind and the almost music...

Lewis's eyes open. *What the fuck am I doing?* Lewis step back down off the ledge. And marches back inside.

INT. RECEPTION, LARGE OB/GYN PRACTICE - DAY

Dot passes a clipboard across the counter to an arriving patient (a middle aged woman).

DOT
If you'll note any changes to your information and make sure we have all your current medications? Dr. Lavarnway's running about 10 minutes behind.

The patient takes a seat in the reception area. Over at the billing desk, Tammy tick-tacks at a computer.

TAMMY
Wanna do Thai for lunch?

DOT
I gotta hit Wally-World. We're out of pretty much everything.

TAMMY
You and Lewis still going by the thing at Mary Jo's?

DOT
Figured I'd bring a lasagna. Something she can freeze and eat later.

TAMMY
She and Alvin's sister finally agreed on a date for the memorial. They asked me if I thought someone should say a few words on behalf of Walker.

DOT
I guess someone should.

TAMMY
She thought maybe Lewis.

DOT
(a hitch, then)
What'd you say?

TAMMY
I said I didn't know if he'd be up for it.

DOT
I'll ask him.
(Tammy scoffs/snorts)
What?

TAMMY
You wanna go 'round like I'm deaf and blind...

DOT
Fine. I'm not gonna ask him. You feel superior?

TAMMY
I'm not trying to judge.

Like hell she's not. A beat. Dot softens.

DOT
Thanks for the heads up.

The patient returns the clipboard. Dot pastes on her smile.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A gold cross. Jouncing between two naked breasts.

Tony's eyes fixate on the cross as he grimly strains and thrusts to the o.s. sound of hotel porn. He wants this to feel good. Wants it to feel great. But it's just... Not bad. He just can't make it feel normal...

The gold cross bounces. The gold cross spins...

INT. SAME - LATER

Tony, post-coital, sits studying the porn movie on TV. Bothered by it somehow. His hands itch. He rubs them.

In the bathroom SHANNON (25, owner of the cross) takes a washcloth to her southern regions and re-dons her skirt.

SHANNON
So I saw this bag at Nieman's.

TONY
How much?

SHANNON
I did *not* mean it like that.

TONY
No, I meant, you know, "how much?"

SHANNON
Totally not worth it. Besides with Carla between temp gigs, I'm gonna end up covering her part of the rent.

Emerging, Shannon sees Tony staring wet-eyed at the TV.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TONY
This girl, it's just... hateful.

SHANNON
This the same one we watched last time?

TONY
Seems different. Like suddenly it's the saddest thing I've ever seen.

SHANNON
You okay?

TONY
Yeah. Out of sorts.

SHANNON
I really was scared for you. A plane crash, it's gotta be life altering.

It is but Tony doesn't want to deal with all that.

TONY
Just made me grateful for my afternoons with you. How much you need to tide you over?

SHANNON
Don't.

TONY
Let me play the big man, help you cover Carla's part of the rent.

SHANNON
I promise you'll get paid back.

TONY
Whenever. No big deal.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Tony enters and closes the door. God, do his hands itch. He takes a deep breath and considers his reflection.

TONY
Bill, Bob, and Janey; Bill, Bob, and Janey; Bill, Bob, and Janey.

INT. RAW OFFICE SPACE - DAY

An unoccupied floor in a downtown office tower. Tony shows the space to his potential clients (BOB, BILL, and JANEY).

TONY
Bob, Janey, Bill, come check the view. The whole Metroplex like a sea of ants outside your window.

The clients nod/shrug, unimpressed. Tony's hands itch like mad. He wipes them on his pants. He claws at his palms.

TONY (CONT'D)
Now the space is flexible. Leave it open, chop it up. Whatever works for your firm.

BILL
You all right?

TONY
Hands are just a little hot. Hot hands. Let me show you the sample floor plans.

Tony goes to hand a glossy folder to Bill, only to zap him with an oversized jolt of static electricity.

TONY (CONT'D)
Dry air.

God, do his hands itch...

EXT. TAQUERIA STAND - DAY

Tony, tie at half mast, waits for his order. He stares at his hands. He rubs them. He flexes them. They burn. Traffic WHIZZES. A radio BLARES a mix of mariachi and static. His hands are on fire. Tony slaps open the drink cooler and seizes a ice cold soda can in each fist.

A beat. Tony has the awkward realization that he's being studied by a woman at one of the tables. We recognize her as the Round-Faced Nurse but Tony's never seen her before.

ROUND-FACED WOMAN
Can you see?

TONY
What? I...

Over the woman's shoulder, Tony spots Dave on the far side of the street walking into a HARDWARE STORE.

TONY (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

Tony hustles off in pursuit of Dave...

INT. HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tony searches the aisles for Dave. Spots him in the tools.

TONY
Dave...

Dave turns. Sees Tony. Then turns back and continues shopping. Tony strides after him.

TONY (CONT'D)
Dave?...

DAVE
You have those solar powered lawn lights? How they working out for you?

TONY
(baffled)
They're all right.

Dave nods and strides off up the aisle.

TONY (CONT'D)
You okay?

DAVE
Five aces. You?

TONY
I don't know, I just, I haven't been feeling like myself. I figure what we went through, it's bound to take a while...

DAVE
It's all in your head. Go outside. Enjoy the sunshine. The rest of this, it's all background noise.

Dave walks off. On Tony thrown/troubled...

EXT. NTSB OFFICES - DAY

Lewis strides across the windswept parking lot studying the "3.16/10.14" scrawl that fills the margins of Sparks' list.

He swipes his ID at the door of a WAREHOUSE/HANGER: "*DENIED*." He stabs the call button. No response. He peers through the glass. He jerks at the door. He rattles. He bangs. The intercom fritzes --

VOICE ON SPEAKER (O.S.)
Yeah?

LEWIS
It's Lewis. Can you buzz me in?

A long beat then --

VOICE ON SPEAKER (O.S.)
Hang on. I'll be right down.

Through the glass, Lewis sees a figure trudge out of the back. It's Short Sleeves. Sleeves cracks the door but does not let Lewis in.

LEWIS
Hey, Christian.

SHORT SLEEVES (CHRISTIAN)
Don't even ask.

LEWIS
So it's in there? The wreckage, my wreckage?

CHRISTIAN
Your plane's here, yeah, but --

LEWIS
I just want a look. A peek. If you were on a plane that plowed into the ground, you'd want a peek.

CHRISTIAN
You think they don't know you're gonna ask me? It's not me, Lewis. I'd let you in, I'd show you the telemetry --

LEWIS
What about the telemetry?

CHRISTIAN
Lewis...

LEWIS
There's something in the telemetry?

CHRISTIAN
I can't comment on the telemetry, and you know that. If you were Investigator-In-Charge you'd want the same Chinese Wall.

LEWIS
I should've died, Christian. I'm alive, and there's no logical reason why I'm alive.

CHRISTIAN
Maybe just, you know, you should try being grateful.

Christian retreats. The door CLICKS shut.

Exploding, Lewis turns his frustration on nearby trash can and just kicks the shit out of it. Savage and pent up anger.

And when he's done, he looks at the mess, the mess *he* made -- And cleans it up. Sets the can upright. Gathers up the trash. Puts it all back in the can.

INT. KITCHEN, LYDIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah builds herself a snack bowl and yammers on the phone.

SARAH (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, no, no... Totally. NYU's like, I mean, come on...

Dave tromps through with his bag from the hardware store and yanks the VACUUM CLEANER out of the closet.

SARAH (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
...I know... No, it's not like, like UT sucks. It's just, it's Austin...

Dave unscrews the shell of the vacuum and starts tearing apart the guts. Sarah takes note. Dave is oblivious to (or is it unconcerned by?) her concern.

SARAH (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
...Exactly. New York's New York. It's *New York...* No, Columbia's too snooty and mom would never go for Parson's...

Dave rips out a chunk of the blower. Tosses it aside.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(cautiously)
What are you doing?

DAVE
I need parts.

SARAH
You talk to mom about this?

DAVE
No.

SARAH (INTO PHONE)
What? Sorry, it's, my uncle's like destroying the vacuum cleaner... I'll text you later.

Sarah hangs up. Dave continues to break down the vacuum.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Uncle Dave? I, uh, I don't think Mom's gonna cool with this.

DAVE
(still working away)
You should forget NYU. You'd just be squandering time.

SARAH
What, what do you know about it?

DAVE
(never looking up)
You *could* go, but if you do, you'll slack off, get overwhelmed -- small fish, big pond -- and you'll invent some rational for copping out on yourself and you'll slink home after two semesters. It's not anything remarkable. People cop out on themselves all the time. You'll probably marry one of them. Some decent guy, who'll make a decent living, give you a decent ordinary life; and you'll go ahead and convince yourself New York was a teenage fantasy, even though you'll ache every day at the what-ifs if you'd stayed. Why give yourself the pain? Why waste the two semesters?

Dave violently yanks out the vacuum's motor, leaves the rest, and exits, leaving Sarah shattered in his wake.

INT. LEWIS'S OFFICE, NTSB - DAY

On Lewis's desk a bobbing "drinking bird" dips-dips-dips its beak. Lewis stops it with his finger. Jensen enters.

JENSEN
You look like a sad, lost puppy.

LEWIS
Hunting dog with nothing to hunt.

JENSEN
Not anymore. I convinced Joe to let me give you some busy work.

Jensen tosses down a file. Lewis is surprised. And wary.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Crash event, two years ago. Report guesses at a couple causes, none of 'em really fit. A U.S. Marshal was among the fatalities so some subcommittee somewhere wants a re-review.

LEWIS
Who was the original IIC?

JENSEN
I was. Try and be gentle.

Jensen exits. Lewis flips the file open and searches for... *Sonofabitch.* "**Date of incident: 3/16/10.**"

INT. FILE STORAGE - DAY

A Kafka-esque storehouse of floor to ceiling bankers boxes. Beneath the BUZZING fluorescents, Lewis spreads out the file Jensen gave him. Howard wheels up a box-laden trolley.

LEWIS
That all of it?

HOWARD
Just boxes one through ten. The other sixty are with the physical wreckage over by Love Field.

LEWIS
They hubbed this out of our backyard and our office wasn't looped in?

HOWARD
Must be a Fed thing. Aircraft was a Bureau of Prisons charter.

Down one of the aisles, Lewis spots Christian searching for a box, but to Lewis it feels like he's keeping tabs.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
So how you wanna work this?

LEWIS
Step by step, page by page, until our eyes bled.

HOWARD
What about lunch?

LEWIS
Anywhere but Applebee's.

Lewis comes upon an aerial photo of the crash site. Something dings. Big and loud and hinky. Glancing up, he see Christian disappear out the door.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Look at this. What do you see?

HOWARD
I see horizontal stress across the airframe consistent with low angle impact. I see post-crash fire. A separated aft section.

LEWIS
What don't you see?
(Howard doesn't get it)
Ground scars.

HOWARD
Maybe it's the angle.

On Lewis. Knowing it's not the angle.

EXT. NTSB OFFICES - DAY

Lewis pushes out the door and heads for his car, only to run into Jensen who is headed back toward the building.

JENSEN
Already solved my puzzle?

LEWIS
One of the survivors lives over in Carrollton. Thought I'd get a first hand account.

JENSEN
Melinda Derwin.

LEWIS
Yeah.

JENSEN
You know, I don't want you to spare my feelings. If you see something I missed...

LEWIS
Still getting acquainted with the facts.

JENSEN
If and when you do.

They're both playing it cagey and they both know it. In a strange way Lewis respects the honesty of her dishonesty.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
By the way, FBI tracked down a recording of your plane talking to Air Traffic Control. It was your voice. You were the one flying the plane. Figured you'd rather not get blindsided by the Fibbies.

LEWIS
Thanks.

Jensen walks off. Lewis watches her go. Wishing he felt less like a rat in a maze.

INT. LYDIA'S CAR / EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Lydia drives. Dave rides. Dave cradles a box in his lap. Delicately. Reverentially.

LYDIA
What the hell were you thinking?

DAVE
That if it were me, I'd want the truth.

LYDIA
It's not the truth and it's not you. You don't say stuff like that to a 16 year old girl.

DAVE
If you can't see that's the future Sarah's headed for.

LYDIA
Sarah is still young. She can be anything she wants.

DAVE
But she's not. "Gonna be anything she wants."

LYDIA
Why are you being horrible?

DAVE
Stop the car.

LYDIA
I know I need to be patient with you but--

Dave reaches over and jerks the wheel forcing Lydia to slam the brakes and swerve onto the shoulder. Dave kicks open his door. Sets the box gently on the seat.

DAVE
Keep yourself inside the car. This should only take a few minutes.

LYDIA
Where are you--

Dave slams the door cutting her off. Befuddled Lydia watches Dave walk around the hood of the car.

Dave considers the 10 lanes of whizzing traffic. Then -- to Lydia's horror -- he simply walks across the highway...

Lydia leaps from her door ready to see Dave get splattered, but Dave walks at the exact right pace so the cars WHOOSH just in front or just behind him and he never has to break stride.

Crossing the near lanes, he vaults the retaining wall, and repeats the feat with the far lanes. No squealing brakes, no swerving cars. Dave times his walk just.... ***Perfectly***.

Lydia watches Dave walk back up the shoulder and help a STOUT HISPANIC WOMAN who is struggling with a flat tire. Lydia doesn't know what to think, but she knows she's frightened.

INT. MELINDA DERWIN'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest home filled with modest furniture. MELINDA DERWIN (35, with hidden depths masked by a demure demeanor) sits across the coffee table from Lewis.

MELINDA
I don't know what kind of insight you expect me to have.

LEWIS
Tell me how you came to be on a B.O.P. charter.

MELINDA
My boss, Mr. Harper, and I were hitching a ride. I was his paralegal. We'd been deposing inmates at Levenworth and needed a way home.

LEWIS
So you weren't originally supposed to be on the plane?

MELINDA
Whole thing was a stroke of unhappy luck.

Lewis's hands feel itchy. He flexes his fingers. Tries to shake it away. Melinda takes note.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

LEWIS
Tell me about the flight.

MELINDA
I don't remember it.

LEWIS
Not even takeoff?

MELINDA
I remember the airport in Kansas and then the hospital. I've tried but... Have you ever lost time?

LEWIS
No. Sort of. In high school, I took an elbow to the head. I went up for a rebound then I was on the bench.

MELINDA
Multiply that by a thousand.

Melinda smiles. Knowing and sad and withholding something. Lewis struggles not to claw at his itchy hands.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
You sure you're okay?

LEWIS
Maybe a glass of water.

Melinda goes into the kitchen. Lewis watches her through the pass through.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Were there any after-effects? From the crash? Images, memories that came back to you.

MELINDA
(a pause before lying)
No. Never.

Lewis sees Melinda rub her hands on her hips.

LEWIS
Itchy hands?

MELINDA
Must be contagious. Like yawning.

Melinda returns with a bowl of strawberries.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
My mother'd tell me I was a terrible hostess if I didn't offer you a strawberry.

Lewis looks at the red ripe berries. *The same as last night.*

MELINDA (CONT'D)
They're just at the end of the season.

Lewis tries to gauge Melinda's affect. It's innocent, seemingly unaware. Lewis picks a strawberry from the bowl.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
You've talked to a lot of crash survivors? Over time?

LEWIS
It's my job.

MELINDA
Are any of them the same person they were before? I mean I don't feel changed but I know I am, and I was hoping you could tell me everyone feels that way so I wouldn't seem like such an outlier.

LEWIS
How are you different?

MELINDA
(thinks, looks away)
I appreciate the sunlight on my face; every now and then my hands itch; sometimes... the wind...

LEWIS
You hear something in the wind?

MELINDA
Just the wind.

LEWIS
No “music”?

MELINDA
I’m not crazy.

Melinda takes up a strawberry. Lewis realize he is still holding his in his hand.

Melinda bites into her strawberry. Lewis does likewise. They chew. They taste. They savor the sweeeeeet flesh. The feeeeeeeeling...

Simultaneously, they each realize they are being observed by the other. They both turn reticent. O.S. The door CLICKS.

MELINDA (CONT’D)
My husband.

Melinda rises to go kiss her husband. Lewis reels. *What was **that?***

INT. LEWIS'S CAR / EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Lewis drives. His mind swims. His emotions churn. He feels trapped. He feels puppet-on-a-string. He drives faster.

Faster is good. Faster is control. Lewis whizzes past cars. Faster is freedom. Faster is relief. Faster makes everything fade away.

A smile grows across his lips. Elation. He is flying. He feels great. He’s at 125 and alive and electric and --

Police lights appear in his rearview. WHOOP-WHOOP....

INT. LEWIS'S CAR / EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - PARKED - DAY

The STATE TROOPER glares at Lewis's license and registration.

LEWIS
How big a ticket am I looking at?

STATE TROOPER
Six-seventy-five minimum. Two thousand and a suspended license, if decide to be a dick about it.

LEWIS
Fair enough.

In his mirror, Lewis watches the trooper return to his cruiser and enter his license into the computer. Watches the trooper react. Watches the trooper get on the radio. Watches the trooper return.

STATE TROOPER
You're free to go.

LEWIS
What about the ticket?

STATE TROOPER
There is no ticket.

The trooper drives off. Lewis watches the trooper's car disappear into the wide open distance. Lewis's feelings of disquiet have just turned into paranoia.

INT. MARY JO'S HOUSE - DAY

A table covered with casseroles. Mourners clustered in knots. Lewis lurks off to the side. He feels tight. He feels watched. He feels talked about in whispers.

OVER ON THE SOFA - Dot sits with a clutch of WOMEN including Tammy. As the women chatter (o.s.), Dot watches Lewis. Watches his discomfort. Watches him poke at a tray of deviled eggs then escape off down a hallway.

WOMAN 1 (O.S.)
Have they decided if they're going to have someone speak for Walker?

Tammy shoots a look at Dot. Dot plays it poker faced.

WOMAN 2 (O.S.)
I don't see how they have a choice. You can't celebrate two lives and not the third. Even if he was a reprehensible s.o.b.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - SAME

Lewis ducks in looking to a place to hide only to find Mary Jo already hiding out, knees tucked under her chin, smoking a joint.

LEWIS
Sorry.

MARY JO
Stay.

LEWIS
Are you sure?

MARY JO
Close the damn door.

Lewis complies. A beat. Another beat.

MARY JO (CONT'D)
I loved his arm. In bed at night, beneath my neck.

LEWIS
I'm sorry.

MARY JO
Don't keep saying that word. I hate it. I hate you.

LEWIS
I'd hate me too.

MARY JO
Stop it. You don't get to be a victim.
(beat)
Why you? Why you and Tony and Dave and not Jim? You're not better people. You not stronger or younger. But you don't have a scratch on you.

LEWIS
I don't have an answer.

MARY JO
Why not? Why the fuck not?

Lewis aches with unresolved guilt/grief.

LEWIS
He was my friend.

Mary Jo glares. No comfort, no absolution. She crushes out the roach.

MARY JO
I have guests.

Mary Jo slices past Lewis and out the door.

INT. HALLWAY, MARY JO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lewis emerges from the bedroom. Dot finds him.

DOT
You okay?

LEWIS
I'm same as I was five minutes ago, so stop asking.

DOT
Alvin's sister's gonna ask you to speak for Walker at the funeral. I tried to sidetrack it but...

LEWIS
Tell them I'll do it.

DOT
Lewis--

LEWIS
He was an asshole and you were screwing him, but everyone deserves a few kind words, so why not?

Leaving Dot there, Lewis marches for the front door.

Tony sees Lewis and shoulders through the crowd trying to flag him down. But Lewis waves Tony off and bulls outside.

EXT. MARY JO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lewis yanks at his too-tight tie. He shuts his eyes and listens to the wind. To the almost music.

Two FBI SUITS step from an unmarked and flash their shields.

FBI AGENT
Mr. Bernt?

INT. LOBBY, FT. WORTH OFFICE TOWER - DAY

Dave enters cradling his box. He admires the almost magical engineering of the vaulted glass and steel atrium. The way the sun glints off the beams.

Crossing to a touch screen directory, Dave scrolls the listings under "**TEJAS OIL**" until he arrives at "**Carl Dumas, SVP Resource Development.**" Stepping to the security desk --

DAVE
Dave Tchiko. I'm here to see Carl, I think it's "*do-Mah*"? He's your senior VP of Resource Development.

DESK GUARD
You mean Mr. *Doo-mus*?

DAVE
If that's how he pronounces it.

DESK GUARD
I'll call up. Take a seat.

Dave retreats to the waiting area and sits on the couch, one hand draped over the box protectively. A FOREGROUND FIGURE settles onto the couch opposite. Ignoring the new arrival, Dave watches the Guard call upstairs.

FIGURE (O.S.)
Can you see?

Something in the question grabs Dave's attention. REVEAL - the figure is the Round-Faced Woman.

DAVE
Of course I can see.

ROUND-FACED WOMAN
Most people can't.

DAVE
Can you?

ROUND-FACED WOMAN
A bit. But not like you.
(beat)
Be careful with yourself. In the land of the blind the one-eyed man is an enemy of the state.

The Round-Faced Woman rises and departs.

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

Fingers twirl a gold pen. In the B.G. the FBI Suits usher Lewis in the door and direct him to the booth of the man with the pen. Lewis sits. REVEAL - the man is Edgar.

EDGAR
So how are you?

LEWIS
Is there some news?

EDGAR
That well?

LEWIS
There's just not much to say.

EDGAR
Trauma.

A waitress sets down a half grapefruit garnished with an upended strawberry. Edgar topples the strawberry aside and digs into the sour flesh with carnivorous zeal.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
I need you to review some photographs. They're disturbing but it's necessary.

Edgar passes the photos to Lewis. The first few images are of a body laying in the dust, limbs at tortured angles, the torso deflated and without substance.

Lewis glances up at Edgar devouring the grapefruit, teeth slicing, mashing...

A second set of images show the body splayed out on an autopsy table. A close up shows one half of the face is recognizable while the other is a bloody caved-in mush.

LEWIS
So you found him.

EDGAR
Vultures found him. Local deputy followed the vultures. Prints confirm the ID -- Walker Boyd.

LEWIS
At least we know.

EDGAR
You're not just here for the confirmation. I'm not a sadist. I'm looking for your professional opinion. How he got there and you got elsewhere.

LEWIS
I couldn't even begin.

EDGAR
Your instinct.

LEWIS
Cataclysmic event hit the plane, he was ejected, the rest of us rode the plane into the ground.

EDGAR
What if I told you he was found 200 miles from the crash site?

Lewis tweaks. Plays along.

LEWIS
Then I'd say you're looking at a Payne Stewart. Decompression; he's sucked out; we're knocked unconscious; autopilot guides the plane until it runs out of fuel.

EDGAR
What if I told you his blood was coagulated before impact? That the ME thinks he'd been dead at least half a day?

Lewis tweaks again. He burns at the game Edgar's playing.

LEWIS
Then I'd say I don't know. I'd say you're screwing with me because you think I have some kind of answer and I don't.

EDGAR
You want my strawberry?

LEWIS
No.

EDGAR
You keep looking at it.

Lewis fights for stillness. Edgar squeezes the juice from the grapefruit rind into the bowl.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
I don't expect you to have answers. I *was* hoping you'd be willing to help us figure out the questions.

LEWIS
'Course. Anything I can to help.

Edgar mouth screws up into a chilly smile as he downs the tart bowl of juice. Lewis's spine crawls.

INT. TONY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tony and Tammy return home. Tony heads straight for the fridge and a beer.

TAMMY
You talk to Lewis at all about how he's doing?

TONY
Lewis is Lewis. He keeps his stuff to himself.

TAMMY
Dot seemed concerned is all.

Tony looks at his hand. Flexes his fingers. Itchy.

TONY
If there's something going on with Dot and Lewis, they'll let us know.

Tammy notes Tony's distraction. She kisses him on the cheek.

TAMMY
I'm gonna get my bed stuff on.

Tammy exits. Tony clamps his itchy hands around his cold beer. Doesn't help. The itch grows. It swells. It burns.

Tony claws through the cabinets. Pots clatter on the floor.

He lumps a spaghetti pot on the counter. He jerks open the freezer. He cracks ice trays into the pot. He tosses in frozen peas, frozen corn, anything frozen.

He fills pot with the sink sprayer and thrusts both hands into the icy bath. Relief. But then...

O.S. a WHISPER/MURMUR. Coming from the sink tap. Drip... murmurwhisperwhisper... drip... murmurwhisperwhisper...

The voices grow louder. Mumblewhispermurmurmumble... Tony snatches a sauce pan and smashes the tap - WHAM... WHAM-WHAM.

Silence. It's gone. Whatever ***it*** was.

TAMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tony?

TONY
Be in in a minute.

Tammy comes back in. Sees the open freezer, the scattered pots and pans, the spaghetti pot ice bath...

TONY (CONT'D)
(snaps)
I said, I'd be in in an minute.

Tammy retreats, cowed and little scared. On Tony. Freaked out and a lot scared. *What is happening to me?*

INT. LOBBY, FT. WORTH OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

Dave's arm hugs the box. Across the lobby, a TAILORED MAN steps off the elevator, confers with the Desk Guard, then comes over. Dave sees what's coming --

DAVE
You're not Mr. Dumas.

TAILORED MAN
Mr. Dumas asked me to come down, find out what your visit's regarding.

DAVE
Security? You're security.

SECURITY MAN (A.K.A. TAILORED)
Can I ask what's in the box, Mr. Tchiko?

DAVE
Everything. The future. Mr. Dumas needs to see me.

SECURITY MAN
That's not gonna happen.

DAVE
I'm here to give you the next 60 years of your company. I'm not ignorant of the economic imperative; I know all this *exists* to make money.

SECURITY MAN
There's no need to raise your voice.

DAVE
Change is coming. It's obvious, it's so... This box, what's inside...

SECURITY MAN
Tell me. Show me.

DAVE
Do you have a Ph.D in engineering? Physics, math?

SECURITY MAN
No.

DAVE
Then you're gonna look in this box and see a bunch of junk. Vacuum cleaner parts. Solar cells. I need Mr. Dumas because Mr. Dumas has credentials to understand.

SECURITY MAN
You're clearly getting agitated, Mr. Tchiko, so maybe it's best if you and I exit the lobby and --

DAVE
Call Mr. Dumas. There's a phone right there. Call him --

SECURITY MAN
(to the Desk Guard)
Floyd.

DAVE
15 seconds on the phone --

DESK GUARD (FLOYD)
Let's go, Mr. Tchiko.

DAVE
I guarantee this company a half billion in profit --

The security man takes Dave's elbow. Dave jerks free. That tears it. Floyd grabs Dave by the arms. Dave tries to yank loose. The box goes flying...

CRASH - whatever contraption was inside the box shatters and spills across the floor in a million pieces.

Enraged, Dave PUNCHES the security man. Floyd and two more arriving guards tackle Dave to floor. Dave thrashes.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You're dinosaurs. Your world's over and you don't even know it...

INT. LEWIS'S DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Lewis pulls on a longneck beer. Still wound up and unable to wind down. Dot appears.

DOT
If you need to go out and buy a pack of cigarettes...

LEWIS
I'm fine.

DOT
We're not ever gonna talk, are we?

LEWIS
I don't much see the point. Walker's gone...

DOT
I was lonely.

LEWIS
And I wasn't? I get my part in this, okay? I know all the ways I disappoint you. You didn't suddenly get hit on the head, become a different woman and start fucking people.

DOT
So say that. Is it so goddamn hard to drop your goddamn armor and let me inside your head?

LEWIS
Yes! I deal with charred bodies, Dot. I do it by finding the math; I take the emotion out of it; I find the answer. Because there's always an answer.

DOT
Not for me and you. We're not an "*incident*" with a "*tidy chain of causation*." We're a tangled fucked up mess and I just need you to admit that you're not fine, that we're not fine.

LEWIS
I just... I can't, I...

Lewis's hands are shaking from the adrenaline of the moment. Surging emotions he can't control. He just wants control. Dot sees his distress. She reaches out to touch him.

Lewis grabs her and kisses her. Needy and urgent. Dot tries to reciprocate, but Lewis is all over the place. Dot can't keep up. Their fumbling turns awkward.

DOT
Slow down.

Lewis accelerates instead. His hands mash her breasts.

DOT (CONT'D)
Stop it... Stop.

Dot shoves Lewis away. Lewis retreats. Feral.

LEWIS
Walker's dead. They found his body, they think... he was dead before the crash.

DOT
What does that mean?

LEWIS
I don't know. I don't know what I'm doing.
(beat)
Last thing I remember... before... I was kicking Walker's head in. He was on the ground and he was bleeding and I was gonna kick his head in.

DOT
There's no way...

LEWIS
My boot was right over his face...

DOT
You didn't...

LEWIS
I wanted to.

Dot doesn't know what to say. How to respond. How to react. The phone RINGS...

EXT. FT. WORTH POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lewis leads Dave out the door and over to his car.

INT. LEWIS'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Dave stares out the window. Agitated/lost.

LEWIS
What the hell were you doing?

DAVE
Nothing. Doesn't matter. Trying to teach a water buffalo Italian.
(beat)
I see *things*. Things that were hanging, always, right there only I never... And I don't know how and I don't know why. And I don't care. I just don't want it to stop.

LEWIS
You're scaring people. Your sister's freaked out.

DAVE
Doesn't matter. *People* don't matter, they're incidental. You matter, I matter. Tony'd matter but he's a turtle backed up into his shell.

LEWIS
I don't even know what you're talking about.

DAVE
Bullshit. Cock-sucking bullshit.

LEWIS
Dave--

DAVE
Tell me you don't want to watch the sun melt into the horizon. Tell me you don't want to eat a perfect strawberry. Tell me.

LEWIS
You're spewing like a crazy person.

DAVE
And you're a goddamn liar.

Lewis swerves into his --

DRIVEWAY -

-- only to slam the brakes as his headlights discover Tony standing there, a shaky, distraught mess. Lewis and Dave step from the car.

TONY
What's happening to us?

As Dave and Lewis approach Tony -- the first time they've all been in close proximity since the crash -- they all suddenly jolt/seize as if shot through with electricity and --

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The sun still low in the sky glares painfully bright. Lewis blinks and squints. Confused and disoriented. His body aches. His mouth is cotton. O.S. a cell phone RINGS...

Lewis is slumped against his car. Tony and Dave are passed out in the back seat. RING... They are parked at the edge of an arid field. RING... Lewis answers. A familiar voice crackles...

WALKER (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Hey, buddy.

LEWIS
Walker?

WALKER (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Died, risen, born again.

LEWIS
This isn't you...

WALKER (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Don't believe the truth. Hell, it's not even true.

LEWIS
Where are you?

WALKER (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Coming home. A week from Tuesday. You and I have a reckoning due. Give Dot a squeeze.

CLICK - the line goes dead.

EXT. ROOFTOP, UNKNOWN LOCATION - PREDAWN

Walker stand atop a tall building somewhere west of Texas where it is still night. Visible in the distance are the lights of a freeway. Life. Humming along.

Above Walker's head one, two, three SHOOTING STARS streak across the sky together. A mini-meteor shower. (*Right?)*

WALKER
Ceiling unlimited...

END OF EPISODE