LINE OF SIGHT

by

Blake Masters

Pilot Episode

"Ceiling Unlimited"

2/3/12

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. HANGER - DAY

Wreckage. A thousand pieces. Arranged in a reconstruction of the commuter jet they formed before impact.

Standing in the middle of the vast puzzle NTSB investigator LEWIS BERNT (41, intense) examines a twisted bundle of metal and wire. Rubbing at the char-marks with his thumb.

At a nearby table, DAVE TCHIKO (39, cerebral) enters data into a computer.

DAVE
Pieces talking to you yet?

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

Lewis's cellular rings. Caller ID: HOME. Lewis hits ignore.

DAVE
Engine guys are pitching the airframe builder accidentally 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.

Far across the hanger a tiny figure pokes in the door (his name for point of reference is HOWARD).

TINY FIGURE (HOWARD)
Lewis. Your wife's on the phone.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lewis picks up the phone. Through the crackling line we hear the voice of his wife, DOT.

LEWIS
Hey, hon, what's up?

DOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Tony called to check that you're still going.

LEWIS
Of course, I'm still going.

An awkward beat. Something not being said.

DOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
He seemed all nervous and excited.

LEWIS
It's just a hunting trip.

DOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Well, fly safe.

LEWIS
Walker's the best pilot I know.

Another odd beat.

DOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
I love you.

LEWIS
Love you too, all my heart.

DOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
I'll see you Sunday.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Lewis and Dave pull duffles and hunting rifle cases from the trunk of Lewis's car and cross to a six seat Piper Matrix where TONY VIE (43, soft), JIM STIGER (45, bland) and ALVIN HARRIS (35, jocular) are loading their bags.

TONY
Ten more minutes we were gonna leave you behind.

DAVE
Likely story.

TONY
Okay, we'd've waited but only fifteen.

LEWIS
Walker inside?

TONY
Getting her all warmed up.

Lewis loads his bags and climbs into the plane.

INT. COCKPIT, PIPER - CONTINUOUS

Lewis settles into the copilot's seat and launches into his pre-flight checklist. 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.)
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)
Did 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... Tendrils of black smoke creeping downward...

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' eyes. Medical personnel hover. Hands without faces attach sensors, an oxygen mask, 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 X-ray camera CLANKS. It WHIRRRRRRS...

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Blood, Lewis' 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 a clutch of agitated shadows whisper about Lewis' "condition."

LEWIS
If you're gonna talk about me, you can do it in front of my face.

The shadows 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' 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

Lewis' wife, DOROTHY "DOT" BERNT (38, weighed down by her intelligence and her discontent) charges 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' clothes and boots to another DARK SUIT who seals them up in an evidence bag...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Velcro RRRRRRRIPS as a MEDICAL TECH detaches a blood pressure cuff from Lewis' arm. Dot enters. In the presence of the Tech, Lewis and Dot stare tongue tied.

DOT
I guess sometimes prayer works.

A beat. A hesitation. They embrace. The Tech blesses the reunion with a smile and exits.

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 cradles Lewis' face in her hands.

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

Lewis sets his hands on her hands. Controlling them.

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 pivots and drops its ramp. RUBY JENSEN (38, wry and penetrating) steps out into the harsh Dallas 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 trip was my idea.

SUIT 1
A three day hunting trip?

TONY
The lodge belonged to a real estate client. Let me, let us use it. As a favor.

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 lodge?

TONY
Sunday, I think.

SUIT 3
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 stealing glances at 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' shoulder Sparks spots something. His manner instantly down-shifts.

SPARKS (CONT'D)
I've over-stepped. I'm sorry. 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 just 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 goes. Lewis stands alone for a beat. He considers the leaves Dave found so captivating. TWO MORE RANGERS appear...

INT. LEWIS' 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
We know this must be a difficult experience.

LEWIS
I just want to know what happened to us.

SUIT 1
Tell us what you remember.

LEWIS
Nothing. I-- remember dinner Saturday night. Look, you know who I am. You must have some working theories.

SUIT 1
We understand your qualifications--

LEWIS
Qualifications? If I wasn't a passenger, I'd be the one asking the questions. Which one of you is the NTSB rep?

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

JENSEN
That'd be me.

LEWIS
The, um, the wreckage 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? *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. I've got another friend just *gone*. You've got the telemetry. You have the data. I don't have the answers.

Lewis' stone-faced interrogators stare back, unmoved.

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 in her face. Dot and Tammy blanch. 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.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Lewis exits the hospital with Dot.

LEWIS
Remind me, I need to mow the back.

Lewis notes a CASUALLY DRESSED MAN on his cell. 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 watches the casually dressed man avert his gaze 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. He does 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
You just don't want to talk about what could've driven your wife to be so colossally stupid and desperate she did something awful.

LEWIS
It's behind us. I promise.

Lewis turns once again for the car. Dot can only shake her head in frustration at Lewis' refusal to engage.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
You wanna give me the keys?

DOT
I'm happy to drive.

LEWIS
No, I got it.

Dot hands over the keys and reaches for the passenger door handle when --

She spots PHILLIP SPARKS crouched hiding in the back seat. Dot jumps/yelps.

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, It's always ten-fourteen...

DOT
(digging out her phone)
I'm calling 911.

SPARKS
No no no no...

Sparks reaches toward Dot's phone. Lewis flings Sparks to the ground and digs a TIRE IRON out of the trunk.

SPARKS (CONT'D)
Ten-fourteen, ten-fourteen wake up, three-sixteen awake, ten-fourteen, 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?!*

Lewis raises the iron when Sparks suddenly spooks. Not about the iron. But over something he has seen out of the corner of his eye. Lewis turns. Again there's nothing there. But Sparks is terrified. He scrambles up and runs off 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.

INT. DAVE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dave stands beneath the TV flip-flip-flipping through the channels as fast as they'll go. An odd bemusement spreads across Dave's face as he drinks in jumbled fragments of video.

JANE BARKUS (39, highly educated) appears at the door.

JANE
Hi.

DAVE
You're here?

JANE
I couldn't not come.

DAVE
I suppose that makes sense.

JANE
It's not like I don't still have love for you.

DAVE
(without hostility)
No, you don't.

JANE
Dave --

DAVE
It's what you couldn't let yourself say when we... I should've seen. But couldn't, wouldn't. I got ugly instead.

JANE
You were hurt.

DAVE
I could've opened my eyes. I have eyes.

Dave's serene detachment has Jane on the back foot.

DAVE (CONT'D)
It okay. You're allowed to have made yourself happy.

JANE
And here I was worried you'd be all shell-shocked and wanting me back.

DAVE
No, but I see how you thought that.

JANE
My own ego.

DAVE
We all want to think we're the hero of the story. Or if not, at least the villain.

Dave allows his gaze to drift back to the flipping channels. Jane is left thrown and unsure.

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 stands. She looks around at the open country. She looks over at the porch where a TECH in full-body hazmat suit sweeps the cabin with a CRACKLING geiger counter...

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

An army of Hummel figurines smother 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 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 and runs down his arms. It spouts off his elbows and onto his pants.

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

Tony snaps to. No idea why the floor is soaked and his pants are drenched. He struggles to comprehend.

Tony panics. He snatches a towel. He mops his pants. He mops the floor. Desperate to cover whatever it was that just happened. *What just happened*?

O.S. from the VENT, Tony hears a MURMUR/WHIR. Like whispering 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
It was a private plane.

TAMMY
Built by someone.

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
It's gonna be a waste of time.

TAMMY
Then don't do it.

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

TAMMY
It's just protection.

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

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Dot leans against the doorjamb watching Lewis change into a denim work-shirt and jeans.

DOT
I feel like I should look the guy up on the internet.

LEWIS
Nothing to be gained. He was whack job.

DOT
I guess the police'll tell us if there's anything more we need to know.

Moving past Dot, Lewis stops, gives her a tentative peck.

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

Lewis exits off down the hall.

EXT. LEWIS' HOUSE - DAY

A cookie cutter beige and brick home in a cookie cutter development. Lewis guides a growling, ravenous lawnmower forth and back and forth.

Two houses down Lewis spots Tony staring blankly at the horizon. Lewis watches him. The mower strains against Lewis' grip, hungry...

Tony sees Lewis and waves, awkward, half-tentative. Lewis waves back in kind. Tony comes over. Lewis kills the mower.

TONY
Pay you ten bucks to do mine when you're done.

LEWIS
Tammy hovering?

TONY
You know it.
(a beat - fishing)
So how you doing? I mean, I keep having to remind myself we're still here.

LEWIS
Best I can tell, I'm same as I ever was.

Tony was hoping he wasn't the only one...

TONY
I just wish I had some explanation, you know? People keep asking and I got nothing. It enough to make you wanna hide out with the curtains drawn.

LEWIS
There's always an answer. Somewhere. Even if you never find it.

Side-by-side they stare at the sun sinking into the horizon.

TONY
They said rain, but I don't see it.

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, soaking up the random words/letters as they flitter 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 unordinarily closely...

LYDIA (CONT'D)
So. I heard Jane came by the hospital?

DAVE
(captivated by the water)
Out of empathy, not love.

LYDIA
Still, she came.

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-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. Shapes emerging into a design. A schematic...

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

INT. LEWIS' GARAGE - DUSK

Lewis guides the mower back inside. Through the rear passenger window of Dot's car he spots something under the seat. An envelope. Lewis opens the door and retrieves it.

Lewis carries it to his workbench. He pinches open the clasp. He dumps it out. A packet of photographs and a folded sheet paper tumble out.

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, over and over in an endlessly repeating manner, are the numbers **10.14** and **3.16...**

INT. LEWIS' DEN - NIGHT

Lewis' pulls up the NTSB database on his computer. Enters his password: **d-o-t-l-o-v-e-d-o-t.** The little hourglass spins-spins-spins. His password verifies.

Lewis enters the first flight number on sheet: "**N1001HIG.**" Again the hourglass spins. Then

An incident report pops up. "**In-flight explosion (Origin unknown)... 3 fatalities... 10/14/75**"

Lewis enters the next flight: "**EAL1080.**" The results: "**Mechanical failure... 0 fatalities.... 10/14/88**"

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

Lewis looks at the dates. "**10/14...10/14... 10/14...**"

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A large modernist house of worship with acres of parking. The familiar silver pick-up pulls into the lot. The casually dressed man (from outside the hospital) climbs out...

INT. MEETING ROOM, CHURCH - NIGHT

A dozen highly ordinary people sit in a ring of chairs, each with an open bible in their lap...

CASUALLY DRESSED MAN
(reading from his bible)
...For God so loved the world, he gave his only begotten son, so that whoever believes in him should have everlasting life.

For a beat no one speaks. Then the group's leader, the ROUND-FACED NURSE, takes charge.

ROUND FACED NURSE
I think we all pretty much know that one, so let's move on. John, Chapter 10, Verse 14: I am the good shepherd. I know my own and my own know me...

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Lewis snaps awake. His heart is racing. His breathing fast and shallow.

EXT. LEWIS' BACK YARD - NIGHT

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

Four houses down, Lewis notes a SILHOUETTE in a window. *Someone who can't sleep or someone watching?*

Lewis retreats inside.

INT. KITCHEN, LEWIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Lewis downs a glass of water. He studies the sweat beads snaking down the side of 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 feeeeels the texture. He digs his thumb into the skin. He macerates the flesh. He explorrrrrrres its strawberry-ness...

And then -- for no real reason -- the spell breaks. He becomes self aware. Self-conscious.

Lewis flips on the tap and washes away the evidence of what he was doing. *What was he doing?*

Dot appears in the doorway.

LEWIS
I was hungry.

DOT
It’s all right. You can be hungry.
(beat)
You were having some kind of dream.

LEWIS
Did I kick you? I’m sorry.

DOT
What was it about?

LEWIS
I don’t know. I don’t remember.

Dot can feel his answer is, at least in part, a lie.

LEWIS (CONT’D)
Let’s go to bed.

INT. LEWIS’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dot lays down. Lewis lays down. Dot closes her eyes. Lewis does not. Far off somewhere Lewis hears the wind and beneath the wind the almost music....

INT. LEWIS' BATHROOM - MORNING

Lewis SCRRRRRAPES the razor up his neck. The sound/feel of the blades crackling and vibrant. SCRRRRRRRAPE. Lewis peers at his reflection. He squares his shoulders, military posture. He wants to feel in control. Yet somehow everything feels overly vivid and alien. SCRRRRRAPE...

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Lewis knots his tie. Dot flutters, packing her purse.

DOT
You know you can take a couple more days.

LEWIS
The files on my desk will still be sitting there.

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

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

DOT
They are tasty.

Dot's attempt at humor lands flat.

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

Lewis tucks Sparks' list of 10/14 flights in his pocket --

LEWIS
Don't stress over dinner. We'll do take out.

-- and exits.

EXT. NTSB OFFICE - DAY

An anonymous bunker adjacent to the 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)
Um, I need some database help. A stupid... thing, anyway, 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. Need for perspective, 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 the Mussolini role of keeping 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. Look, can you at least tell me where you are with my crash?

JENSEN
Procedure.

LEWIS
I can be helpful to you.

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? Under the table. I'll be a good boy, I'll 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. Dave's right hand scribblescribblescribbles on a legal pad. Dave's left hand absently pivots a Phillips head screwdriver on its tip. O.S. a phone RINGS. Dave keeps scribbling. Mathematical equations, circuit diagrams. Lydia pops her head 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' OFFICE, NTSB - SAME

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

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?

LEWIS
Make me laugh.

HOWARD
Turns out since 1950 October 14th has had three times the median number of reported accidents. In fact it has the second most of any day all year.

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

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Like two devil horns.

LEWIS
What's the date of this other peak?

HOWARD
March 16th.

LEWIS
Three-sixteen?

EXT. NTSB OFFICES - DAY

Lewis strides across the windswept parking lot studying the "3.16/10.14" scrawl filling the margins of Sparks' list. He swipes his ID card at the door of a WAREHOUSE/HANGER. Denied. He stabs the call button. No response. He jerks the door and peers through the glass. The intercom fritzes --

VOICE ON SPEAKER (O.S.)
Yeah?

LEWIS
It's Lewis.
(no response)
Can you buzz me in?

Another long beat and then --

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

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

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, but --

LEWIS
I just want a look. A peek. If you'd been 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 in any way about the telemetry and you know that. If you were Investigator-In-Charge you'd insist on 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 should try being thankful.

Christian's eyes dart over Lewis' shoulder. Lewis turns to see Jensen huddled outside with THREE FBI AGENTS. Jensen's eyes though are watching Lewis...

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 coming by the wake at Mary Jo's?

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

TAMMY
Alvin's sister was planning out the funeral. Asked me if I thought someone should say a few words on behalf of Walker.

DOT
I guess someone probably 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.

DOT (CONT'D)
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.

TAMMY
I don't know anything about anything.

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

ECU ON - A GOLD CROSS. Jouncing between two naked breasts.

CLOSE ON - TONY'S FACE. His eyes fixated on the cross as he grimly strains and thrusts to the o.s. sound of spectavision porn on the hotel TV. 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...

ECU ON - The cross bounces. The cross spins...

INT. SAME - LATER

Tony, post-coital, sits at the foot of the bed studying the porn movie on the TV. Bothered by it. Tony's hands itch. He rubs them together. *What is it about this movie that's bugging him?*

In the bathroom SHANNON (25, owner of the cross and the breasts) 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, no, I just meant, you know, "how much?"

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

Emerging from the bathroom, Shannon sees Tony staring puzzled and teary-eyed at the TV.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TONY
This girl... Just so pained and hateful.

SHANNON
This the same one we watched last time?

TONY
Yeah, just... It seems different. Like suddenly it's the saddest thing I've ever seen.

SHANNON
Are you okay?

TONY
Sure, yeah. Out of sorts, I guess.

SHANNON
I was really scared for you, you know? A plane crash. It's gotta be like 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.

Shannon leans in to kiss Tony. Tony fingers her dangling gold cross.

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
(like a mantra)
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, they shrug, they exchange unimpressed looks.

Tony's hands itch like mad. He wipes then against 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)
The 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 burrrrn.

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. *Relief.*

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'd you say?

ROUND-FACED WOMAN
Can you see?

TONY
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 hurries in. Searches the aisles for Dave. Spots him in the power tools.

TONY
Dave...

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

TONY (CONT'D)
Dave?... Hello?

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

TONY
(a bit baffled)
They’re all right.

Dave nods and strides off up the aisle.

TONY (CONT’D)
You okay?

DAVE
Swell. Why you ask?

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 just background noise.

Dave walks away then returns.

DAVE (CONT’D)
You know you’re being watched. By the paint brushes.

Dave motions to an INNOCUOUS MAN in paint-splattered whites.

DAVE (CONT’D)
His boots. There’s no paint on them.

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

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE, NTSB - DAY

On Lewis' desk a bobbing “drinking bird” dips its beak into a glass of water. Perpetual motion. Dip... Dip... Lewis stop the bird and inspects its face. Its wide-eyed unblinking stare... Jensen enters.

JENSEN
You look like a sad, lost puppy.

LEWIS
A hunting dog with nothing to hunt.

JENSEN
I talked to Joe. Convinced him to let me give you some busy work. For your sanity.

Jensen tosses a file on the desk. Lewis considers Jensen.

LEWIS
I'm... touched.

JENSEN
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.

LEWIS
You want me to review you?

JENSEN
Try and be gentle.

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

INT. KITCHEN, LYDIA'S HOUSE - DAY

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

SARAH (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, no, 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 begins 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 my 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 my mom's vacuum... I'll text you later.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)
Uncle Dave? I, um, 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)
I know you. You *could* go, but if you do, you'll slack off, get overwhelmed -- small fish big pond -- 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 marry one of them. Some decent guy, who'll make a decent living and give you a decent ordinary life;
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
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.

Dave violently yanks out the vacuum's motor.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Why give yourself the pain? Why waste the two semesters?

Dave takes the motor, leaves the rest, and exits off to the garage leaving Sarah shattered in his wake.

INT. GARAGE, LYDIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dave tosses the motor on the workbench and places a call.

INT. JANE'S BIOLOGY LAB, SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY - SAME

Jane's phone RINGS. She recognizes the number as Dave's. She hesitates then answers.

JANE
Hello?

DAVE (O.S. - ON PHONE)
What's the name of that energy company, the one your uncle use to do R&D for?

JANE
Uncle Keith? Tejas Oil.

DAVE (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Tejas, right.

Dave abruptly hangs up. Jane stares at her phone. Befuddled. Then pissed off. She calls Dave back --

-- But the line just RINGS and RINGS and RINGS...

INT. FILE STORAGE - DAY

A Kafka-esque storehouse of floor to ceiling bankers boxes. Lewis stands at a table beneath the BUZZING fluorescents. He spreads out the documents in the file Jensen gave him. Howard wheels up a trolley laden with boxes.

LEWIS
That all of it?

HOWARD
Just boxes one through ten. The other sixty are stored 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 long aisles, Lewis spots Christian searching for a box but to Lewis it feels like Christian is keeping tabs. Christian acknowledges Lewis with a nod/wave.

LEWIS
Who was the rest of the "Go" team?

HOWARD
(off the summary report)
Names are redacted. Guess they don't want us being influenced.

Lewis broods. Then heaves the first box onto the table and digs in.

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 too hinky.

Lewis glances up to 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 of the photo.

On Lewis. K owign it's not the angle of the photo.

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 just 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
Haven't seen anything yet. Still just getting acquainted with the facts.

JENSEN
If and when you do.

LEWIS
(thinks, counter-punches)
There any details you didn't put in the report I should know about?

JENSEN
Truth of everything I know's in those boxes.

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

LEWIS
So what makes you think I'm gonna isolate a cause where you couldn't?

JENSEN
Because your smarter than I am. And I care more about the truth than my own ego.

LEWIS
I'm supposed to buy that?

JENSEN
Not really, but it sounded good coming out of my mouth.
(beat)
By the way, FBI tracked down a voice recording of your plane talking with the Midland Tower. The voice of the pilot was your voice. You were the one flying the plane. Figured you'd prefer not to get blindsided by the Fibbies.

LEWIS
Thanks.

Jensen walks off. Lewis watches her go. Wishing he knew what kind of game she was playing. 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 cardboard 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 exact 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 and cuts her off. Befuddled Lydia watches Dave walk around the hood of the car.

Dave considers the 10 lanes of whizzing traffic. His eyes gauge the non-stop flow. Then -- to Lydia's horror -- he simply walks across the highway...

Lydia leaps from her door to scream at him, to stop him, to pick up the pieces after some truck flattens him. But it doesn't happen. Dave walks at the exact pace and angle so that the cars WHOOSH just in front or 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 reach the far shoulder and walk back up the highway to help a STOUT HISPANIC WOMAN who is struggling with the lug nuts on a flat tire.

On Lydia. Frightened...

INT. MELINDA DERWIN'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest home filled with modest furniture. MELINDA DERWIN (35, radiant eyes with hidden depths masked by a controlled 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' 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 the hospital. I've tried but... Have you ever lost time?

LEWIS
No. Sort of. In high school. 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)
Are 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? Maybe 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 to the living room with a cold glass of water and a bowl of strawberries.

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

Lewis looks at the sweat-beaded glass. At the red ripe strawberries. *The same items 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 lots 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 feel 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; and 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 rrrrrred, sweeeeeet flesh. The feeeeeeeeling of it...

A beat. They each realize they are being observed by the other. They both turn shy/reticent. O.S. The front door CLICK-CLACKS.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
My husband.

Melinda rises and goes to kiss her husband. Lewis reels. *What was that? What just happened between us?*

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

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

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

A smile grows across his lips. Elation. He is flying. He He feels great. He's at 125 and filled with lightness and joy. Alive. Electric. And --

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

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

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

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.

The trooper returns to his cruiser.

In his mirrors, Lewis watches the trooper enter his license into the computer. Watches the trooper react. Watches the trooper get on his 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 returns to his car and drives off. Dumbfounded, Lewis watches the trooper's car shrink into the wide open distance....

INT. MARY JO'S HOUSE - DAY

A dining table covered with casseroles. Mourners clustered in hushed knots. Lewis lurks off to the side, alone. He feels tight. He feels watched. He feels spied on and judged and talked about in whispers.

OVER IN THE LIVING ROOM - Dot sits with a cluster of WOMEN including Tammy. As the women chatter o.s., Dot watches Lewis skulking/drifting along the fringe of things.

WOMAN 1 (O.S.)
I hope Mary Jo doesn't leave it to Reverend Enoch to select the reading. He always picks the same one: "My father's house has many rooms."

WOMAN 2 (O.S.)
I like that one.

WOMAN 1 (O.S.)
Everyone likes that one. That's why everyone uses it. It's anonymous.

WOMAN 3 (O.S.)
Has anyone decided if they're going to have someone speak for Walker?

Tammy shoots a look at Dot. Dot plays it poker faced as she watches Lewis escape down a hallway toward the back bedrooms.

WOMAN 1 (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. KITCHEN, MARY JO'S HOUSE - SAME

Tony grips a cold soda in both hands, wanting/unable to feel normal amid the whispers and glances directed his way. Jane comes over and they embrace, Tony grateful for the cover of someone to talk to.

JANE
How you doing?

TONY
Good, you know, considering. Helluva thing.

JANE
Have you spoken to Dave?

TONY
Yeah, no, no, he's mostly holed up at his sister's.

JANE
Is he okay? I mean, he's always up in his own head, but when we talked, it was like some part of him had been lifted away.

TONY
I wouldn't read too much into anything.

JANE
(emphatic)
Tony. He's not right.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - SAME

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

LEWIS
(backing out)
Sorry.

MARY JO
Stay.

LEWIS
Are you sure?

MARY JO
Close the goddamn door.

Lewis complies. A beat. Another beat. At last...

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 stands up and slices past Lewis out the door.

INT. HALLWAY, MARY JO’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lewis emerges from the bedroom. Dot finds him.

DOT
You feeling okay?

LEWIS
I’m same as I was five minutes ago, so, please, 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 tries to flag him down. But Lewis just waves Tony off and bulls his way outside.

EXT. MARY JO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lewis blows out onto the front lawn. He yanks at his too-tight tie. He closes his eyes and listens to the wind. There is peace in the wind. In 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**" then steps 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.

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

DAVE
If that's how he pronounces it.

LUNKY 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, lips smacking, teeth slicing, mashing...

A second set of images show the body splayed out on an autopsy table. A close up of the head shows that one half of the face is recognizable while the other half is a caved-in mush of sinew and blood and pulverized bone.

LEWIS
So you found him.

EDGAR
Vultures found him. A 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 400 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 though you'd be willing to help us figure out the questions.

LEWIS
Of course. Anything I can to help.

Edgar mouth screws up into a chillingly beneficent smile as he downs the tart bowl of juice. Lewis' 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 bottle. It doesn't help. The itching grows. It swells. It burrrrrns.

Tony claws through the cabinets. Pots and pans 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 water from the sink sprayer hose 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 into the kitchen. Sees the open freezer, the scattered pans, the dangling sprayer hose, 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 hand strokes the box. Across the lobby, a TAILORED MAN steps off the elevator. The man confers with the Lunky Guard then comes over. Dave sees what's coming before the man even speaks.

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 this, 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 Lunky)
Floyd.

DAVE
15 seconds on the phone --

SECURITY MAN
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 for Floyd and the security man. They grab Dave by the arms. Dave tries to yank loose. The box goes flying...

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

Enraged, Dave PUNCHES the security man. Floyd and two more 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 BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lewis undresses. Dot watches Lewis from the bathroom doorway.

DOT
I'm worried about you.

LEWIS
Don't. I'm fine.

DOT
You keep saying that. But you're not fine. We're not fine.

LEWIS
I didn't say we were fine, I said I was fine.

DOT
Well, hallelujah. You're finally willing to admit half the truth.
(beat)
I was miserable. I needed you to see that I was miserable.

LEWIS
You think I didn't know that. You think I don't understand my part? I deal with charred bodies, Dot. I do it by finding the math; I take the emotion out of it; I...

Lewis grabs Dot and kisses her. Dot tries to reciprocate, but Lewis is urgent and all over the place. He wants to "not talk." He wants to get lost and blot everything out. Dot can't keep up. Their fumbling turns awkward.

DOT
Slow down.

Lewis accelerates instead. His hands mash her breasts, dig up her blouse, dive down her pants.

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

Dot shoves at Lewis. Lewis tries to keep going. Dot fends him off.

DOT (CONT'D)
No.

Lewis retreats. Feral. Clinging to his rage so he isn't overwhelmed by his fear.

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

DOT
(sensing there's more)
What?

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.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
So what now? Now we're *talking?*

The phone RINGS. Neither moves. RING...

INT. HOLDING CELL, FT. WORTH POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dave slouches on a steel pallet. The guard scrolls open the door and waves Dave out.

EXT. FT. WORTH POLICE STATION - NIGHT

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

INT. LEWIS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Dave stares out the window. Angry and lost and agitated.

LEWIS
What the hell were you doing?

DAVE
Nothing. Doesn't matter. Trying to teach Italian to a water buffalo.
(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, Dave. Your sister wants you to stay with me and Dot, she's so freaked out.

DAVE
People don't matter. They're... *incidental*. You matter. I matter. Tony would matter but he's a turtle back up into his shell. You *know*. You *see*.

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 --

EXT. LEWIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Tony standing there, a shaky, distraught mess.

TONY
I am *not* fine.

Lewis and Dave step from the car.

TONY (CONT'D)
What's happened to us?

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

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Blue sky. Painfully bright. Lewis blinks against the glare. Confused and disoriented. His body aches. His mouth is cotton. O.S. a cell phone RINGS...

Lewis is slumped against the side of his car. Tony and Dave are passed out in the back. RING... They are parked on a rural road on 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. It's just 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. Across the roadway Lewis spots a weathered, hand-painted sign: **"organic strawberries $2/pt."**

EXT. ANCIENT WORN DOWN BULLRING, MEXICO - SAME

Empty except for a lone figure high up in the stands. The figure hangs up his cell phone and for the first time we see the face of WALKER BOYD (the same Walker Boyd we saw in the autopsy photos). Walker peers down at the silent cathedral of blood sand.

WALKER
Toro.

END OF EPISODE