

HARBINGER

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"Harbinger"

FADE IN:

EXT. A STRETCH OF BEACH - DAY

Dunes, beach and, in the distance, a lighthouse.

CHARLES JORDAN, 74, wearing a Vietnam Vet ball cap, Pendleton shirt and khakis, whistling "Ebb Tide", jams a PVC rod holder deep into the wet sand.

Charles casts bait out into a nearly calm sea, guides the pole's handle end into the rod holder, looks out to his line, stretching out taut just past the last row of tiny, glassy wavelets.

Charles chucks chunks of bread to some circling BLEATING gulls. He watches the birds crisscross the bright sun in a frenzy, shields his eyes.

LATER

Charles, propped in a low beach chair, dozes... wakes with a start to a ZZZZZZZ sound, looks out at his pole, ready to depart its holder.

Charles wrestles with the pole, puts that bait casting reel through its paces, pulls in his catch... a puppy shark.

He hoists the catch up onto the beach, just away from the lapping, incoming tide, clears away cans, trash.

The shark flops, HIS BLACK EYE on Charles, who pulls a pocket knife out of his khakis, leans close, and cuts the line, leaving a two foot length of monofilament. He carefully presses the shark into the sand and...

Gently removes the hook.

CHARLES

So, sorry, old pal. Here ya go.

Charles waits for a wave to send water enough to allow the shark to swim off. Satisfied, he releases it...

The shark sits motionless a long moment, then swims off in a flash.

INT. JORDAN KITCHEN - DAY

MARIE JORDAN, 71, freshly "done" blue-gray hair, round, cherub face, faded "grandma" cooking apron, pulls on her oven mittens, drops the front door of her range and loads a small turkey.

She stands back, stares ahead blankly a beat, and wipes away a tear with her apron.

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - DAY

Charles sets his fish bucket, tackle box inside the back of his aging conversion hi top van, lays his pole in carefully, slams the door shut.

INT. JORDAN KITCHEN - DAY

Marie closes the oven door, heads for the fridge, runs her index finger along the small table top as she goes, 'til it stops at the edge of the fridge, which she pulls open...

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - DAY

Charles climbs in his van, drives through the small and nearly empty parking lot, past a half-wall of graffiti.

INT. CHARLES' VAN - DAY

Charles sits at the flashing traffic light leading out from the beach parking lot. He reaches into the customized box between the seats, finds his cell phone, tabs one icon, pulls the cell close to his ear...

CHARLES

They beat me today, Marie. They truly beat me.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MARIE AT THE STOVE AGAIN, CORDLESS PHONE AT HER EAR...

She's been crying more, but wipes it all away with the back of her hand, bucks up.

MARIE

They beat you every day. You just don't like to admit.

Charles grins, nods.

Marie pokes a long, two-pronged fork between the turkey's wing and breast, gently probes. She switches off the oven.

CHARLES

Need anything?

MARIE

No... Just my old salt at the other end of the table...

CHARLES

My favorite spot. Home in a jif, hon...

MARIE

Don't make me eat this thing myself, now. I swear I'll start without you.

CHARLES

No, you won't, but isn't it pretty to think so?

MARIE

(through tears)
Ha, ha, Mr. Hemingway.

CHARLES

Everything okay?

MARIE

Uh-huh...

A HORN HONKS, three times.

CHARLES

Ciao, poor old mom.

He tabs his phone off, glances in his rearview. WE PUSH IN ON THE REARVIEW AND CHARLES' CURIOUS EYES. A bright light flashing.

INT. JORDAN LIVING/DINING ROOM - DAY

MARIE'S EYES, staring dully straight ahead...

WE MOVE AWAY FROM HER as she sits on the edge of the sofa... through the living room past the shelves of books, few framed photos, and the comfortable recliner, draped in obviously homemade afghans...

into the dining room and over the table set for two, bowls covered, an aluminum foil tent covering the center serving tray, the bird underneath...

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - DAY

Charles' van sits vacant under the stop light, flashers on.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - DAY

Marie, still in her apron, sits on the front porch glider, her feet planted firmly on the plank decking, touches the face of her watch.

PRE LAP: A PHONE RINGS

INT. MORONE HOUSE - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

A full-blown Thanksgiving dinner being served, with SANDY MORONE, 32, black, dark, frenetic eyes and smile, perfect bangs, holding court, doling out heaping helpings.

PAUL, 7, MARC, 4, the mixed-race, curly-haired Morone boys, on one side of the table, opposing two seniors, MICK, 68, and ROSE, black, 64.

TOMMY, 35, fat mustache, prematurely balding but rough, good looks, sits opposite Sandy and carves his bird with an electric knife. Edison, a fat Tabby cat, is parked eagerly right beside Tommy.

TOMMY

Not a cat holiday, Edison.

PAUL

Is there a cat holiday?

Tommy shrugs.

TOMMY

Every day?

Sandy pours wine two-handed for Mick and Rose. Rose motions "enough", while Mick gestures to bring it to the top. Sandy does. Cleanly.

ROSE

My daughter. Such talent.

MICK

You wanna see talent, check out my side, hands like a surgeon.

Tommy shuts the knife down, listens. PHONE.

TOMMY
Just let it ring.

ROSE
Who calls on Thanksgiving?

MICK
Damn telemarketers, that's who.

SANDY
I'll get it.

TOMMY
Let it ring.

The phone stops ringing. Marc peers up over piled-up mashed potatoes. He's wearing an oversized pilgrim hat.

MARC
What's a telemarker?

TOMMY
Remember those teletubbies you used to watch.

Marc nods, somewhat embarrassed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Well, not like them. Definitely not like them.

MARC
I know. Teletubbies don't have phones... They don't even talk.

Everyone but Marc laughs...

Sandy's cell goes off, CHIRPING FRANTICALLY.

Tommy shoots her a look.

Sandy excuses herself, heads for the cell charging in the

KITCHEN

Sandy picks up the cell.

SANDY
Morone.

Sandy listens as she watches her family. Tommy gestures for her to hang up with his carving knife. He WHIRRS the knife, pulls a "Shining" face.

Sandy rolls her eyes, turns back to the phone. A beat. She tabs it off.

DINING ROOM

Sandy returns to her chair, but doesn't sit.

TOMMY

You are going to sit, right?

SANDY

Can't.

TOMMY

God damn, Sandy.

Paul leans close to Marc.

PAUL

G-d. God damn.

TOMMY

I heard that.

Sandy stares across at Tommy, who starts on the turkey again.

Sandy circulates around the table, hugging everyone, 'til she gets to Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous.

She pecks him on the cheek, and, in his ear...

SANDY

Be a good host now. Not grumpy, okay?

He mumbles something under his breath, as Sandy hustles out.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - DAY

Marie sits uncomfortably on one of the comfortable recliners, nervously threading an afghan through her hands.

Sandy, a jacket over what she was wearing earlier, sits on the edge of a sturdy-looking coffee table, pad in her hand.

DETECTIVE RUDY SANCHEZ, 30, buzz-haired, angular, pock-scarred face, stands beside her.

SANDY

Every day?

MARIE

Yes, every day. That's why we moved here... to be close to the ocean. One reason.

SANDY

And he called you to say he was on his way?

MARIE

Yes, he always calls. Always.

Sandy looks at Sanchez' watch.

SANDY

And that was three hours ago, you said?

Marie can only nod.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You're alone here today? No other family?

MARIE

Oh, my son and his wife are up the coast a ways.

Her eyes glaze... A touch of Sandy's hand helps her through it.

SANDY

Would you like me to notify him?

MARIE

No. I'll, um, call him...

SANCHEZ

Mrs. Jordan, how has your husband been feeling lately?

MARIE

I'm sorry?

SANDY

Has he had any lapses of memory, been forgetful about things?

MARIE

No more than normal. He forgets which day is yard clippings and which day is garbage sometimes, ya know. Things like that.

Sandy looks up at Sanchez, who lifts his shoulders.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 But he still quotes Hemingway
 verbatim. He's retired from the
 community college.

Sandy pats Marie on the hand, looks up at the shelf.

FRAMED PHOTO OF CHARLES IN HIS FISHING GEAR

SANDY
 May I take that photo?

MARIE
 Which one?

SANDY
 (shows Marie)
 This one. In the fishing getup.

MARIE
 I have better ones.

Sandy stands to be closer to the fisherman photo. She lifts it from the shelf, stares deep into it... and

CHARLES' BRAWNY GOOD LOOKS

SANDY
 No, I like this one. He's so
 handsome.

Marie smiles.

SANCHEZ
 Mrs. Jordan, we can't really do
 any paperwork on this yet, since
 it's only been a few hours and
 most of the time these things
 sort themselves --

SANDY
 But, we're going to take a look
 around, kind of informally today,
 okay?

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - DAY

Marie stands at the front porch, apron still on, holds the porch post as Sandy and Sanchez pull away in a gray Crown Victoria.

She takes two backwards steps to the glider, empty frame in her hand. When the back of her legs feel the glider, she sits.

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC/MOVING - DAY

Sandy looks at the photo in her hands. Sanchez drives.

SANDY

Strange.

SANCHEZ

I tell you, partner, old age is coming to take us all away.

SANDY

(on the photo)

Hmm.

SANCHEZ

Where to?

SANDY

(without looking up)

Let's go fishing.

Sanchez reaches up to the visor for his shades, pulls them on.

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - DAY

Sanchez watches a Police Officer dust the driver's side door for prints.

SANCHEZ

Happy Thanksgiving, huh?

POLICE OFFICER

I got the short straw.

Sandy disappears over the dune.

EXT. A STRETCH OF BEACH - DAY

Sandy walks along the beach. Powerboats race just beyond the breakers.

She stops to pick up a beer can floating in the water's edge froth. She sighs, walks on past more trash toward the dunes. She pulls on a glove and picks up more trash, which she deposits in a waste receptacle.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - A/V SECTION - DAY

Sandy rifles through a shelf of DVDs/CDs, grabs a blank. Sanchez, pulling on his jacket, leans in.

SANCHEZ

Your husband called again.

Sandy shows him a videotape.

SANDY

You own a VHS player?

Sanchez laughs. She holds the videotape in one hand and the DVD blank in the other.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Can someone here dupe this onto this onto this?

SANCHEZ

Today?

SANDY

Yes, today.

Sanchez laughs again.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandy switches on the light. Place is as neat as a pin. She beelines it for the refrigerator, opens it, pulls out a hunk of leftover turkey, rewraps the bird, closes the fridge.

Tommy's standing there, dressed for bed.

SANDY

God, you creeped up on me again. You know I hate that.

TOMMY

I didn't creep. I walked. Lightly.

Sandy sits down on the counter stool, throws a napkin under her leftovers, separates chunks of dark meat with her fingertips. Tommy, something on his mind, leans on the counter. He stares at her, while she nibbles...

SANDY

Place is nice and clean...

TOMMY

Your mother put us all to work.

SANDY
Kids already out?

Tommy nods, stares...

SANDY (CONT'D)
God, would you stop staring at me
like that? What? You got
something to say to me? Say it.

TOMMY
One word. Thanksgiving.

He pushes himself away from the counter, turns to go,
turns back.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Another word. Family, Sandy.
Family. Big word. Gigantic word.

Tommy unfolds a sheet of paper from his pocket, hands it
to Sandy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Here ya go. Paul wanted to show
his mommy how he did his times
tables even on a holiday.

Tommy heads out of the kitchen.

SANDY
Yeah, well, I've got words, too,
you know? Try "job", for
instance. "Responsibility."
How 'bout that one, T? Huh?
Here's a major one for you, "Mo-
ney."

Tommy waves behind him without turning, walks out.

Sandy stares at the door, then down at Paul's times
tables in her hands... hand-drawn turkeys all over it.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Shit...

INT. MARONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy stands at the DVD player, inserts the disc, sits
back on the edge of the coffee table, remote in hand.

ON TV SCREEN

TV REPORTER JANE MASON in a stand-up outside a grocery
store.

MASON (ON TV)

It's been one week since the disappearance of 69 year-old Lester Franklin who was last seen at this Aldi grocery store. Police still are without clues in this case... the only evidence, two bags of groceries found inside Mr. Franklin's late model burgundy SUV. Franklin was described by neighbors as a nice man and a loner...

FOOTAGE OF A NEIGHBOR WOMAN, twin tow heads behind her trying to wave to the camera, which tightens on the Neighbor Woman and the microphone close to her face.

NEIGHBOR WOMAN

He seemed real sweet but quiet, never said too much, except to my kids. He'd bring surprises back for 'em sometimes when he went out.

BACK TO THE TV REPORTER

MASON

And so the search continues for Lester Franklin. Jane Mason, Channel five, Eyewitness news.

ON SANDY

who fast forwards, as she sorts through her file, finds a photo copy of Franklin's missing persons report.

INSERT: FILE/PHOTO and the date: 10/11/21

BACK TO TV

as it moves to another stand-up... ROGER RYLAND, black.

RYLAND (ON TV)

Daytona police today report that Lavern Rutly, 65, who lived alone in the small apartment you see behind me, vanished yesterday in what are described as suspicious circumstances. Ms. Rutly's door was found open, and items such as her small flatscreen TV and weather radio were missing.

Sandy freezes the screen, pulls Rutly's report.

INSERT REPORT: She's a dull, somber, sad-looking black woman. Date 11/3/21.

ROSE (O.S.)
Anything good on?

Sandy turns to see Rose, in her bathrobe, pulling on a pair of glasses.

Rose sits down beside Sandy, who exits the disc, leaving the news on. She mutes the TV.

Sandy hugs her mom.

SANDY
Sorry I had to bail on you.
Kitchen looks great.

Rose can sense Sandy's distraction.

ROSE
Everything all right? I mean,
between you and Tommy. He gets
so quiet around me.

SANDY
Yeah, ma, everything's cool.

Rose eyes her carefully.

ROSE
You know, it wasn't until after
your father was gone that I
realized --

SANDY
We're fine, Mom, please.

ROSE
Well, it was Thanksgiving.

Sandy rolls her eyes, closes up her folder, kisses her mother on the forehead.

SANDY
Good night. I'm glad you're
here. I think...

Sandy heads off toward the hall.

ROSE (O.S.)
Oh, god, not another one.

Sandy turns in time to see Rose adjusting the TV's volume.

ON TV: AN ELDERLY HISPANIC MAN'S FACE AND "MISSING"

The Face gives way to Jane Mason, who stands outside a Denny's Restaurant. We join her in progress...

MASON

Mr. Calderone ate dinner at this Titusville restaurant Monday night, as this 73 year-old grandfather of seven did nearly every night. But this time, he did not report back to the nursing home. His family has offered a reward off up to \$20,000 for information leading to his whereabouts. Authorities are asking anyone with any information whatsoever to call --

Sandy takes the remote from her mother's hand, clicks the TV off, guides Rose out by the arm.

ROSE

Another one. How many is that?

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanchez sits across from Sandy, who's flipping, counting through her folder. Sanchez sips from a "World's Best Hubby" mug.

SANCHEZ

So, how many is it?

SANDY

Six in a little over two months. That's just Brevard county.

SANCHEZ

Maybe they just hate it here.

SANDY

Guess they hate it in Volusia county, too.

She hands Sanchez a sheet of paper.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Five there, not counting the one on TV last night.

SANCHEZ

Well, maybe they're just old snowbirds who suddenly miss the snow. You never know.

SANDY

C'mon, Rudy. This isn't funny.
We're batting way below the
Mendoza line, and it torches my
ass to no end.

Sanchez frowns, nods.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Find out who sent us that tape?

SANCHEZ

Some fry-out kid at the media
arts college.

SANDY

Introduce me.

SANCHEZ

Hey, you know what my wife asked
me last night? What's the front
of you look like? Funny
question, huh? Like I'm always
leaving, get it?

Sandy gathers up her folders, and she's gone. Sanchez
finishes his coffee quickly. He'll have to catch up.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - DAY

HARRY JORDAN, 42, on the phone, pacing. Marie sits
nearby, staring toward the front door.

HARRY

I want to talk to her... and I
want to talk to her now.

(...)

Well, you better.

He slams down the phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What the hell's going on in this
town?

Marie just starts bawling.

Harry, now uncomfortable, sits down beside her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay. He probably
just wandered off somewhere.
He's an explorer, right?

He doesn't touch his mother.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We're gonna find him.

He looks up at the framed pictures on the shelf, and the empty frame.

MARIE

What if we don't?

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC/MOVING - DAY

Sandy's riding shotgun, flipping through papers.

SANCHEZ

I was thinking maybe we should all get together sometime, go bowling or something, ya know?

Sandy's cell phone CHIRPS. She holds up a finger for Sanchez, "hold that thought", tabs her phone.

SANDY

Morone.

Sanchez eyes her, as she looks out the window, listens.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Tell him we're on it. Tell him --

Sanchez SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES.

The car SCREECHES TO A STOP.

They both look out through the front glass, to

AN OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR, who's going backwards in a pedestrian walkway and finally crosses, but not before flipping off Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

Did you see that? Jesus. He's lucky I didn't hit him. Son of a bitch.

SANDY

He was in the crosswalk.

(into phone)

Tell him, I'll get with him later.

Sanchez drives on, but, under his breath...

SANCHEZ

Him we don't lose. Cranky old
bastard.

Sandy eyeballs him, tabs her phone off.

SANDY

Nice.

INT. MEDIA ARTS COLLEGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Small strip of buildings, couple of grip trucks parked
outside among the cars.

Sanchez's car pulls in, parks.

INT. A/V LAB - DAY

FREDDY MARIN, 26, fidgety, stringy-haired, darty-eyed,
sleep-deprived, scratches his head, sits at a console.

Sanchez and Sandy stand on either side of him.

FREDDY

No, I mean I cut some stuff
together, thought you might could
use a copy. Who am I supposed to
look at?

Sanchez points to Sandy. Freddy nods, looks at her.

SANDY

So, what made you think of
cutting stuff together?

FREDDY

I don't know. I mean I watch TV,
and I'm seeing these reports, you
know, like over and over, the
same thing. I tape everything
anyway.

SANCHEZ

You tape everything? Video-tape?

Freddy motions to Sandy, like, "Can I look at him, too?"
Sandy nods.

FREDDY

Yeah, everything. Tape's easier.
I can always dump stuff onto a
disc for you, if you want.

SANDY

Yeah. That'd help. Next time.
Unless you have something else
you might want to show us now.

FREDDY

Um... no. This is kinda my work
place, so...

Sandy glances over at Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

How was your Thanksgiving?

FREDDY

Huh? Oh, it was cool. Taped a
lot of parades and football
mostly.

SANCHEZ

Have turkey with the family?

Freddy doesn't know whom to answer. Sandy points to
Sanchez.

FREDDY

No family. White Castle.

Sandy eyes all the equipment.

SANDY

Looks like they keep you pretty
busy. What time you get out of
here most days?

FREDDY

Six or so.

SANDY

Okay, well, just wanted to say
thanks for the tape.

FREDDY

Yeah, no problem.

Sandy and Sanchez start out.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Protect and save, right?

SANCHEZ

Serve. Protect and serve.

He watches the detectives leave.

EXT. MEDIA ARTS COLLEGE - DAY

Sanchez and Morone walk out toward their car.

SANDY
Odd little critter.

SANCHEZ
Tell me about it.

SANDY
See how quick you can pull a
search warrant for his res.

SANCHEZ
No shit?

SANDY
Something's crawling around
inside him.

Sanchez nods, climbs in. Sandy pulls on her sunglasses,
looks back at the place...

INT. MORONE GARAGE - NIGHT

Tommy's working on what looks like a three-headed radar
gun. He plugs in a long USB line from a laptop
computer, adjusts a knob on the gun, aims it out at the
garage door.

Paul sits on the workbench, mesmerized by the dancing
lines on the computer screen.

Rose, Edison comfortably cradled in her arms, walks up
behind Tommy, watches...

ROSE
What's this one supposed to do?

Tommy turns to her, sets the gun down, taps some data
into the computer.

TOMMY
It senses things.

ROSE
What kind of things? Speeders or
fastballs?

TOMMY
Sounds, vibrations, through
anything... up to 500 feet.

PAUL
Even a heartbeat...

ROSE
Oh... Don't they have that
already?

Tommy sighs, gets back to work.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Oh. Phone for you.

TOMMY
Thanks for letting me know.

ROSE
You bet. He asked for Sandy, but
said you'd do.

A white 5 gallon bucket beside him quickly slides three feet one way, startling Rose.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Wow. Now there's something.
How'd you do that?

Tommy lifts the bucket up, revealing a grinning Marc.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tommy picks up the phone.

TOMMY
(into phone)
This is Tommy Morone.
(...)
Sir... sir... please... calm
down, okay?

He turns to see Rose, watching.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - NIGHT

Sanchez leans inside Sandy's office, shows her the warrant.

SANCHEZ
Got it.

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC/MOVING - NIGHT

Rain. Wipers working hard.

Sandy's reading some papers. Sanchez looks over at her.

SANCHEZ

What'cha got?

Sandy's intent on her reading.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Morone?

SANDY

Huh? What?

Sanchez gestures to the papers.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh. Forensics on the van.
Stuff. Nothing.

SANCHEZ

Wouldn't want it to be easy,
would you?

SANDY

This thing... I'm just trying to
picture it going down. Charles
Jordan goes fishing, like he
always does, finishes up, gets in
his van, calls his wife, says I'm
on my way, but somewhere between
the parking spot and the light,
he disappears.

SANCHEZ

Maybe he got another call. You
know, after he talked to his
wife.

SANDY

(off a page)
Last call on the records was
home.

SANCHEZ

He stops to help somebody... like
that backwards geriatric creep in
the wheelchair. He gets out, the
guy comes with a big knife or
gun, leads him off to a shallow
grave.

SANDY

I don't know. What, they take
this old guy, leave his van, all
his gear, his cell phone? What's
an old guy good for?

Sanchez shrugs, lifts his chin to show they're at their destination.

THROUGH THE WINDOW POV

A run-down duplex, front light flickering in the rain.
A big satellite dish on the slightly pitched roof.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)

Could'a found this place without
the address.

INT. FREDDY'S PAD - NIGHT

Freddy sits in a ball on the sofa.

Sandy and Sanchez poke around, their eyes raking the place, which is a dirtbag's dream, with the exception of one wall that looks similar to the console in the media arts college lab. State of the art.

Sanchez stands at the refrigerator, covers his mouth, pulls it open. Mostly batteries.

Sanchez meanders back out toward Freddy.

SANCHEZ

Nice place. Really nice.

FREDDY

Thanks.

SANCHEZ

Yeah, reminds me of my first place. Of course, I didn't have the Best Buy section you have.

FREDDY

I didn't steal 'em, if that's what you're thinking.

Sandy eyeballs Sanchez.

SANDY

He isn't thinking anything, trust me.

Freddy can't help but laugh at Sanchez, who shoots Sandy a glare. Sandy's cell CHIRPS.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Freddy.

Freddy nods, glances over at Sanchez, who goes from a wall of time-travel movie posters to a wall of videotapes.

Sandy walks to a door, pulls it open, looks inside: bathroom, even worse. She turns and walks out... into the rain.

EXT. FREDDY'S PAD - CONTINUOUS

Sandy stands on the stoop, now on the phone.

SANDY

Tommy, I'm sorry, okay. I'll handle it.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION: TOMMY AT HOME

TOMMY

This crap's gotta stop, Sandy. I don't like it comin' into my house.

SANDY

No, you're right. You're absolutely right. I apologize. I'm gonna handle it. Gimme the number.

INT. FREDDY'S PAD - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez pulls out a tape.

SANCHEZ

You mind?

Freddy shakes his head. Sanchez slips the tape in.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

That Morone's pretty hot, huh?

He flashes his brows. Freddy tucks even tighter into himself.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Or, is she not your type?

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN

An Elderly Woman's face. Sanchez tabs the button, to increase the volume. Below the Woman's face the caption:

"OÙ SONT-ILS?"

WE HEAR A REPORTER SPEAKING FRENCH.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sanchez fast-forwards the tape, turns to Freddy.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Now I know you didn't pick this
up from around here.

FREDDY
Satellite.

Sanchez ejects the tape, inserts another. WE HEAR A
RUSSIAN COMMENTATOR.

SANCHEZ
You speak any other languages,
Freddy, besides English?

FREDDY
(hesitates, then...)
A few. That one says a man went
missing from his job at a church.

Sanchez turns to the screen.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN

We see a man being interviewed, pointing to a small
wheelbarrow near a wall of stones.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
How recent is this stuff?

FREDDY (O.S.)
Pretty.

EXT. FREDDY'S PAD - CONTINUOUS

SANDY
Yes, I heard that. But are you
sure?
(...)
You're dropping out. I'll call
you back on a landline. If I can
find one.

Sanchez leans out the door, taps Sandy on the shoulder,
which startles her.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, I will.
(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)
 (ends the call)
 What!?

SANCHEZ
 You should come in here.

SANDY
 We gotta get over to the Jordans.

SANCHEZ
 This first.

INT. FREDDY'S PAD - NIGHT

Sandy pulls a newspaper off the metal grip box coffee table, slides it on the arm of the sofa, sits down beside Freddy.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN, ANOTHER FACE, SMILING, FREEZE-FRAMED, a name in Mandarin just under the Woman's chin.

Sandy holds a remote in her hand.

SANDY
 So, you lied to us, didn't you,
 Freddy? You don't tape
 everything, do you?

FREDDY
 Uh-uh.

SANDY
 Just these kinds of things,
 right?

FREDDY
 Yes, ma'am.

SANDY
 May I take some more of your
 tapes with me?

Freddy nods, starts to tear up.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 C'mon, you're not in any trouble,
 okay? You might even be able to
 help us.

Freddy glances over at a surprised Sanchez, then back to Sandy.

FREDDY
 For real?

SANDY

Yeah. For real. Think you could come down to the station and talk to me and Detective Sanchez tomorrow?

FREDDY

Yeah, I mean... This isn't my fault, you know? I just keep track of it, or try to. It's bigger than me, bigger than all of us, ya know?

EXT. FREDDY'S PAD - NIGHT

Rain's let up. Sanchez and Sandy stop at his car, look back at Freddy, standing in the window.

SANCHEZ

Just keep track of it. Kid knows something.

SANDY

Bigger than all of us.

SANCHEZ

If this is some kind of Heaven's Gate thing for seniors, I will be so pissed off I didn't get my mother-in-law involved.

Morone shoots a look at him.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Kidding. Jeez.

They climb in, slam both doors.

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC/MOVING - NIGHT

Sandy's deep in thought. Sanchez cheats a look her way.

SANCHEZ

So, what about us going out?

SANDY

I'm married, Detective Sanchez. So are you.

SANCHEZ

Do you ever listen to me? Pilar just wants to meet you.

SANDY

Why? What's so great about me?

Sanchez considers that, shrugs, drives on.

SANCHEZ

Exactly.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry's waiting on the top step of the porch, as Sanchez's car pulls up.

Sandy climbs out first.

SANDY

Mr. Jordan, I'm Detective Morone
and this --

As Sanchez climbs out...

HARRY

I don't give a rat's ass who he
is. What took you so long,
goddammit? You think I'm kidding
about this shit?

SANDY

No, sir. We were interrogating a
sus... following up on a lead.

HARRY

On this case? Who the hell is
he? Where is he? Let me
interrogate him.

Sanchez tries to defuse, offering an extended arm, which Harry swats away.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Where the hell are they?

SANCHEZ

They?

HARRY

She didn't tell you?

SANDY

I wasn't sure I heard you right.
Mr. Jordan thinks his mother's
missing now.

HARRY
 Thinks?! Show her to me,
 Detective Morone. Show me, so
 I'll know I'm wrong.

Neighbors step out onto their porch.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (to the neighbors)
 What the hell are you looking at,
 huh?

SANDY
 May we go inside, sir?

Harry wheels, marches up the steps and into the house.

SANCHEZ
 What's the deal? She's gone,
 too?

SANDY
 I don't know. He thinks so.
 Probably just out looking...

Sandy nods to the neighbors, heads up the steps.

SANCHEZ
 I'm not liking this.

INT. MARONE HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy kneels by Marc's bed. Marc's PJ's cover his head.
 Tommy pulls the PJ's down, kisses him on the forehead.
 Marc wipes his forehead, pulls his PJ's back up onto his
 head.

MARC
 Mommy's right, stumtimes it does
 scratch.

TOMMY
 She said that?

ROSE
 (looks in)
 Need any help there?

TOMMY
 No, thanks, we got it, right,
 pals?

Paul, busy reading in his own bed, offers a "thumbs up."

ROSE

Okay, now I just need my good-night hugs.

Rose walks in long enough to get her hugs, looks down at Tommy, who doesn't make eye contact, leaves.

MARC

Mommy's very busy, huh?

TOMMY

Who told you that?

MARC

Grandma.

TOMMY

Well, grandma's right. Mommy's got a very important job. Sometimes important jobs take more time than other not-so-important jobs.

MARC

Like your job, Daddy?

TOMMY

(calls out)
Thanks, Rose!

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry paces. Sanchez watches him closely. Sandy looks up at the photos on the shelf, reaches for one of Marie and Charles together.

They're arm in arm, outside, Marie wearing dark sunglasses. They're standing behind a swatch of sea oats with a stretch of pristine beach behind them.

HARRY

Not that one.

SANDY

Okay, give me whichever one you want me to take.

HARRY

No, go ahead, take that one.
It's from... up near my place.

SANCHEZ

You didn't find a note or anything?

HARRY

Look, I'm not stupid, okay. If I found a note I would have given you a note. I was down at the Police station looking

(re Sandy)

for her, and when I got back, the place was open, wind whipping through, and she was gone.

SANCHEZ

Your mother... ?

HARRY

No, Oprah. Who the hell are we talking about here? If you people would return phone calls, I'd'a been here for her.

SANCHEZ

What'd you do for Thanksgiving, Mr. Jordan?

SANDY

(eyes Sanchez)

Mr. Jordan, did you notice anything different about the house, anything out of the ordinary?

HARRY

You mean, besides a safety nut senior leaving the place wide open and all the lights on?

(Sandy nods)

No... no.

SANDY

Mind if I have a look around?

Harry tosses her a wave.

We leave Sanchez and Harry, awkwardly alone together, and FOLLOW SANDY...

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sandy pokes around, opens the fridge -- nothing unusual, closes the door, gets down eye level with the counter tops and the kitchen table, wipes a tissue over the surface.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy switches on the light. A woman's room, fluffy spread on the bed, antique furniture, photos on one wall of Marie and Charles younger, separately and together. Sandy stares deep into the faded images.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light already on, Sandy steps in, looks down at the tall toilet and chrome assist arm beside it, into the sparkling clean shower.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy walks into an icy silence.

SANDY

You're going to be staying here a while then?

HARRY

Until we...

Harry simply nods.

SANDY

I'm sorry I didn't get right back to you. I mean that.

HARRY

Yeah...

SANDY

Did your mother have any friends locally?

HARRY

Just my father. They kept pretty much to themselves. Always did.

Sandy glances up at the shelf of photos again, mostly just Marie and Charles, and a sprinkling of Harry as a kid.

SANDY

Good chance she went out looking for him.

SANCHEZ

That's what I'd do.

HARRY

That's impossible. What's wrong with you two, huh?

SANCHEZ

Why is it impossible?

HARRY

(eyes them both)

You seriously don't know, do you? Damn her. My mother's blind. Lost her eyesight nearly 10 years ago... just like that... called it her penance... detectives.

Sandy and Sanchez exchange incredulous looks.

SANCHEZ

But we were here. She showed us around the place.

HARRY

This place is her world. She knows every square inch. She's a very proud woman. If you didn't notice it...

Sandy looks down at the photo in her hand: Marie in dark glasses, Charles' arm around hers.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm just waiting for the other foot to drop on this thing.

SANDY

Meaning...

HARRY

I make out pretty good. Somebody picked 'em up to put the squeeze on me. It won't be long, I'll hear from... whoever.

SANDY

I hope you do. I'll check in with you tomorrow. She's impaired, so we can get going right away.

(looks around)

Mr. Jordan, would you do me one quick favor? I want you to take a good look around here. Does anything look out of place, different to you from when you left yesterday?

HARRY

I went through the place a
hundred times...
(looks around)
No, just the door being open.

SANDY

(nods)
You hear anything, here's my cell
number.

She pulls a pen out of her pocket, jots her number on
the back of a business card, hands it to him.

HARRY

What are the chances we'll find
them?

Sandy looks over at Sanchez who pretends he's looking
somewhere else. She scratches her head.

SANDY

Good. Eighty per cent of missing
seniors turn up okay within a day
or two.

Harry nods.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Sandy and Sanchez walk out toward the car.

SANDY

How 'bout you check with the
neighbors. See if anything pops.

SANCHEZ

Yeah. Whatta you gonna do?

SANDY

Check in.

Sanchez starts off toward the neighbors, stops.

SANCHEZ

Where'd you get that 80 per cent
thing?

A beat.

SANDY

Multiplied by two.

Sanchez points at her, continues across the yard.

Sandy pulls out her cell.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - A/V SECTION - NIGHT

Sandy sits at a small table, watches one of Freddy's tapes on an old TV/VCR unit. She aims the remote at the screen, freezes it on... the Chinese Woman.

EXT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING - NIGHT

Sandy, obviously preoccupied, drives along, stops at a light, notices an ELDERLY HOMELESS MAN panhandling on the corner. She steers her SUV closer to the side of the street to get a better look at him.

The Elderly Homeless Man makes eye contact with her, winks.

Sandy nods once his way, drives on, watches him in the rearview.

INT. MORONE GARAGE - NIGHT

Tommy's aiming his gun -- not operating the way it's supposed to. He makes a minor dial adjustment.

SANDY (O.S.)

How's it coming?

TOMMY

(without looking up)

Fine. Should have it up and running about a year or two after it's completely outdated.

Sandy walks up to him, under the fluorescent work lite.

SANDY

That's the attitude.

Tommy sets the gun aside, looks up at her.

TOMMY

What kind of attitude do you expect? C'mon, Sandy, tell me, so I'll know, okay?

SANDY

Look, I just wanted to see how it was going, I wasn't looking for another argument.

TOMMY

Well, I'm sorry. Your kids miss you.

SANDY

There's a lot going on right now. I'm trying to do some good.

TOMMY

What, like I'm not?
(re his gun)
You know if they'd've had something like this in after that earthquake in --

SANDY

There was something like that, right?

TOMMY

Wow. You, too, huh?

SANDY

Me, too, what?

TOMMY

Nothing.
(a beat)
You've got your mom here for one week. She doesn't even see you.

Tommy scratches the back of his head, pecks on his laptop. Sandy starts off...

SANDY

What about you, Tommy? You said the kids miss me. My mom. Do you miss me when I'm at work? Is that why you're always pissed at me anymore? Or, are you just pissed at me in general?

TOMMY

Honestly, I don't know anymore.

Sandy walks out.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sandy walks softly down the short hallway, stops at one door, pushes it open slightly. Sleep sounds.

Sandy looks in to see

Rose sound asleep.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy pulls on her sleeping nightie, stands before her solid cherry Queen Anne style Cheval mirror, stares at herself long and hard... turns and climbs into bed. Edison hops up beside her, rubs his head on her leg.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Police investigators finish dusting the area around the door jamb. Sandy and Sanchez stand with Harry.

SANDY

You've called all your relatives?
No one's heard from either of
them?

HARRY

My wife and me. That's it,
detective.

PETE, a criminalist, nods to Sandy. She leans close to him.

PETE

Doors and windows are clean.
Unless he's Santa Claus, she let
him in.

SANDY

Thanks, Pete.

Sanchez taps Harry's shoulder.

SANCHEZ

Mind if I use the facilities
before we...

Sandy shoots him a look.

HARRY

No. Please. It'd make me so
happy if you did.

Sanchez winds his way toward a small hallway.

SANDY

Sorry about that, Mr. Jordan.

Sandy's cell phone CHIRPS...

SANDY (CONT'D)

I swear this thing's a leash.
Excuse me.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)
 (tabs her cell)
 Morone.

She listens. Harry looks to her. She shakes her head.

WE MOVE THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM, DOWN THE HALLWAY.
 Sanchez's route.

WE HEAR A TOILET FLUSH, WATER RUNNING

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez leans over the sink, hot water running, sending steam up.

Sanchez reaches over for a seashell-shaped soap, thinks about it, lathers up...

He runs his hands under the water, looks up at the mirror, checks himself out... but the glass is fogging over

ON THE MIRROR GLASS

The fog forms over the glass, but drizzles away in places, leaving clear letters, forming two lines of words, longhand: "Don't worry."

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
 SANDY!!

Sanchez towels off, grabs the door knob, his hand fidgety. A KNOCK on the other side of the door.

SANDY (O.S.)
 Rudy!

Sanchez pulls open the door, points to the mirror.

Sandy and Harry step inside.

ALL THREE IN THE MIRROR, STARING AT THE WORDS.

Sandy looks over at Sanchez, who's staring at the glass.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 (to Sanchez)
 Go grab Pete, Rudy. Tell him to bring a screwdriver.

Sanchez is almost out the door...

HARRY
 My god, looks like my mother's handwriting.

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC/MOVING - DAY

Sanchez stares straight ahead.

SANDY

I've gotta take care of something. Drop me off, and just babysit him for an hour or so, okay?

Sanchez nods, finally looks over at Sandy.

SANCHEZ

"Don't worry." What kind of shit is that? If they don't want anyone to worry, why don't they just make a goddamned phone call?

SANDY

Could be old. Left over on the glass.

SANCHEZ

Yeah.

He steers the car into the PD parking lot, parks it beside Sandy's Dodge.

Sandy unhooks her seatbelt, climbs out...

SANDY

Just babysit him, okay?

Sanchez switches off the ignition, watches Sandy climb into her Durango and back out.

SANCHEZ

Don't worry. Sure. No problems. Except, hello, you're missing.

Sanchez climbs out, SLAMS the door shut behind him.

EXT. MORONE HOUSE - DAY

Tommy and Rose sit on the front porch. Rose's suitcase between them.

Sandy's Durango wheels up, stops. Sandy climbs down.

SANDY

Sorry, I got here as soon as I could.

Kisses her mother, pecks Tommy.

SANDY (CONT'D)

How's Marc?

ROSE

Running a temperature. Hundred
and two. I can stay if you want.

SANDY

No, mom, it's okay. He'll be
fine. We gotta hustle, though...

Tommy totes the suitcase to the Durango, loads it in.

ROSE

(quietly, to Sandy)
Look, why don't we do Christmas
at mine this year? It'll be a
nice getaway for everybody.

They watch Tommy, as he heads back toward them.

SANDY

We'll talk about it.

TOMMY

Talk about what?

ROSE

Christmas at my house this year.
Invite your father.

TOMMY

We'll talk about it.

Sandy scoots Rose off toward the car, motions back for
Tommy to call her.

Tommy nods, watches them drive off.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Sandy waves, as a bus pulls away, "The Villages" on the
front location display.

Rose looks out the window, waves back, blows a kiss.

Sandy stares after the bus.

LATER

The Durango pulls out of the terminal parking lot, zooms
out into traffic, causing a lime green VW Beetle to
swerve out of the way, HORN HONKING.

INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING

Sandy taps on her bluetooth system, tabs her cell, sets it aside.

SANDY

Yeah, hey, how's it going?
Everything okay?

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanchez sits on Sandy's desk, on the phone. Freddy, fidgety as all get out, stands at the window, rubbing his arm.

SANCHEZ

Just get back as soon as you can.
(turns, whispers)
This guy is a fruit basket on steroids. He started telling me what he thinks is going on. I made him stop. Creep-me-out.

Sanchez turns back to Freddy, who's just staring up into the sky.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

(back into phone)
Rapido, huh! You won't believe this shit.

INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING - DAY

Sandy jams down on the gas pedal.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Dodge Durango changes lanes, pulls up and onto the interstate.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanchez hangs up the phone, looks over at Freddy.

SANCHEZ

So... everything copacetic there, Freddy? Get you another cup 'a coffee or something?

Freddy furrows his brow, turns slowly to Sanchez, shakes his head, looks back out the window.

Sanchez sighs...

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - HALLWAY - DAY

Sandy hustles along. Pete spots her, catches up, pulls her aside.

PETE
(an odd tone)
Listen, I ran the bathroom
mirror.

SANDY
Yeah... what'd you get?

PETE
Nothing on that glass, Sandy.

SANDY
Gotta be something. Soap,
toothpaste, something.

PETE
I mean nothing. No soap, no
toothpaste, no fibers, not so
much as a trace of sweat. So,
my guess, no DNA, either.

Pete looks up at her, as she pulls away and starts off toward her office.

SANDY
I don't like guessing, Pete.

PETE
What's going on over there,
Sandy?

Sandy ducks into her office. Pete walks off, talking to himself.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - SANDY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy's sitting on the edge of her desk. Sanchez stands behind Freddy's chair, leans close to him.

SANCHEZ
Okay, tell her what you started
telling me.

FREDDY
He made me stop.

SANDY

I won't make you stop, Freddy.
Tell me what you think.

Freddy glances back to Sanchez, who rolls his eyes.

FREDDY

Okay. These people... the ones
who just disappear like they been
doing lately...

SANDY

Uh-huh...

FREDDY

They're what's called... time
wasters or time eliminators,
whichever you prefer.

SANCHEZ

"Time wasters" sounds right.

SANDY

Time wasters?

FREDDY

It's a term I made up. It's been
going on for years, but more
lately. Much more. I think
there's some kind of a plan in
motion.

Sanchez lets out an audible sigh.

SANDY

A plan?

FREDDY

See, extra terrestrials, they
know how to manipulate time, you
know, bend it up, in out,
whatever they need...

SANDY

They bend time?

FREDDY

Yeah, no, not just time... they
bend the whole entire continuum.
I mean everybody knows they have
to or they wouldn't be able to
get here from where they come
from, not and make it functional
travel, anyway. Einstein said,
time's an illusion. Einstein,
man. You know who he was, right?

Sandy's eyes narrow, catch a peek up at Sanchez...

SANDY

Yeah, go on.

FREDDY

Used to be they'd take someone, say at 1 o'clock in the morning, examine, probe, operate, scrape 'em down, whatever, then they'd drop 'em right back where they came from, only when they came back it'd be a few minutes before they ever left. See?

SANDY

So... they wouldn't really have missing time as an abduction marker? The time in between has been eliminated... wasted. Not in the throw away sense, but, what, like used up?

FREDDY

See, you got it.
(aims a thumb)
He didn't get it.

Sanchez stares blankly at Sandy.

SANDY

Freddy, this is very interesting. It really is. You said, they used to take someone. What'd you mean by that? Has the plan changed?

FREDDY

(leans closer)
People aren't coming back to pre-ab quick like they used to... at least I don't think they are. Hard to tell 'cause we can't read the total time picture yet. I mean, our whole lives could all be a second of manipulated time.
(Sanchez throws up his arms)
Anyway, I postulate and my investigations sort of support the theory that these experiments have broadened in scope.

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)

All those new missing people, I believe they'll return eventually, but not until every last one of us has been debriefed and scanned. Yeah...

(a beat, looks out the window)

We're all gonna be time wasters, eventually. Maybe we already are. That's why you guys have to save us. Protect and save.

SANDY

So, where do you think the missing people are, while they're waiting to come back?

FREDDY

Good question.

SANDY

Thank you.

FREDDY

Maybe up there...

(points out to the sky)

Maybe right next to us, in a Quantum Physics-y kind of way.

SANCHEZ

Oy.

SANDY

Can I get you anything, Freddy?

FREDDY

No, he already asked me. I'm...

(to Sanchez)

What'd you call it?

SANCHEZ

Copacetic.

FREDDY

Yeah, I'm that.

SANDY

(signals to Sanchez)

Okay then, excuse us a minute?

Freddy nods. Sandy leads Sanchez out.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez pulls the office door closed behind him. They speak in hushed tones.

SANCHEZ

What'd I tell ya? What's next?
Baker Act?

SANDY

Kick 'im, Rudy.

SANCHEZ

Kick him? You want that flake
out there among living, breathing
earthlings? Commit him's more
like it. Time wasters, Je-sus.

SANDY

Kick 'im.

Sanchez shakes his head... ducks back into Sandy's office. Sandy looks up at the big clock on the wall... second hand breezing around its face.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY/LATER

Sandy's poring through her files, stops at Charles' file, pulls out his photo, lays it out beside Marie and Charles' photo, covering Charles.

She grabs her phone, tabs in a set of numbers, including area code.

SANDY

(into phone)

Jack. Sandy Morone over at
Millstown.

(...)

Good. Everything's good. Hey, I
know you've had a few seniors go
missing over there in the last
couple of months. Could you
email or fax over the report
sheets for me?

(...)

No, nothing yet.

(...)

Yeah, perfect...

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - NIGHT

The Durango's parked high on the dune ridge. Sandy sits up on the wheel well, looks out toward the CRASHING ocean, then over to the lighthouse and the beam of light slowly circling, shining out into the darkness.

Behind her, the traffic light is on flasher.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy kneels over a sleeping Marc, pulls his head out of the pillow case, feels his pale forehead. Marc opens his eyes.

MARC

Hi... Is it time to get up?

SANDY

No, honey. Still got a whole night of sleep ahead of you.

MARC

Okay.

SANDY

You feeling better?

Marc yawns, nods. Sandy pulls his covers up.

MARC

Are we going to Gramma's for Christmas?

SANDY

Do you want to?

Sandy looks over at Paul, who's mumbling in his sleep, turns back to Marc who's already fast asleep, mouth open.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy climbs into bed. Tommy's curled into sleep, over on his side.

Sandy sits up on her elbow, looks over at Tommy, who's also mumbling lowly.

She climbs up quietly, grabs a cover-up, passes the mirror on her way out, where Marie's face catches her eye, or so she thinks. She walks back to the mirror... only her own reflection in the spare light.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy looks over the new reports, lays them side by side on the coffee table with copies from her own files, glances over at a couple of Freddy's tapes on top of the TV/VCR combo unit from work.

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - DAY

Charles' van is parked under the traffic light.

INT. CHARLES' VAN - CONTINUOUS

Charles Jordan, wearing the same getup as in the photo Sandy borrowed earlier, sits in his van, cell phone to his ear.

CHARLES
(into phone)
Okay, I'm coming home, Marie.

Charles taps his phone off... looks up in his suddenly brightening rearview mirror, sees

landing behind him, lights flashing, a circular craft, looks like a flattened out VW Beetle.

Charles drops his phone, climbs out of the van...

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Charles shields his eyes from the glow of this WHIRRING craft. He looks around. No one.

He steps closer to the craft, hesitates...

A beam of light circles, locks on him, grabs him, lifts him off the ground and pulls him quickly toward and into the craft. He's gone.

Sandy walks up over the dune...

The craft's lights spin toward her, rivet a beam on her chest, begin the process of pulling her up...

Sandy's a foot off the ground, being sucked toward the craft.

She SCREAMS OUT...

INT. MORONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV/VCR combo is on, Freddy's tape playing.

Sandy's on the sofa, twisting, agonizing.

Tommy leans over her.

TOMMY

Sandy...

Sandy bolts upright, starts fighting Tommy off, obviously still full on into her nightmare.

Tommy hugs her hard. Sandy's eyes pop open.

SANDY

Oh, shit, Tommy. Shit. Thank God.

She grabs her head, realizes the hug, holds onto Tommy's forearm.

TOMMY

You okay?

SANDY

Feels so good to have you hold me. So good...

Tommy slides down beside her, not letting her go, squeezes in between her and the sofa's armrest.

TOMMY

Tell me about your dream?

SANDY

You don't wanna know. Trust me.

(beat)

Remember when we were dating and we'd both fall asleep on my parents sofa watching Saturday Night Live? When it used to be funny?

TOMMY

Yeah... I remember. Who were those people?

SANDY

I don't know, but they were younger... and happier.

TOMMY

You're not happy?

SANDY

You know what I mean. Are you?

Tommy shrugs. They sit quiet a beat.

SANDY (CONT'D)

My partner wants us to go out
with him and his wife some time.

TOMMY

I don't think we go out. Do we?

Sandy smiles, nuzzles in tighter, PURRS.

Tommy looks over at the paperwork on the coffee table.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Making any headway?

SANDY

It's like they're just
disappearing, Tommy. Vanishing,
right off the face of the earth.
Would you do me a big favor?

(yawns)

Look at those reports for me.
See if anything jumps out at you.
I know I'm missing something,
some kind of link.

TOMMY

You want me to look at your
files? Since when?

SANDY

C'mon, don't say that. You're
the smartest person I know.

TOMMY

Shut up...

SANDY

No, it's true. The way your mind
works... maybe you'll see what
I'm missing. Help me, Tommy,
okay?

TOMMY

Is that legal, I mean me looking
at this stuff?

She nestles her head under into the crook of his arm,
closes her eyes.

SANDY

Legal by way of marriage.

Tommy pulls the files up in his lap, starts carefully sorting through them.

TOMMY

You know, maybe we should go out with your partner and his wife. Probably do us some good to get out amongst grown-up people. They are people, right?

He angles his head sideways. Sandy's fallen asleep.

Tommy begins looking at page after page of the faces of the missing: The first few we don't recognize, then Franklin, Rutly, Calderone, Charles, Marie.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry hands a flier across Sandy's desk. Sandy looks it over.

INSERT FLIER:

Charles and Marie's photo above. "Missing. Reward. \$5,000 for any information" and the phone number.

BACK TO SCENE:

HARRY

I'm trying to be proactive. With everybody out Christmas shopping... maybe somebody'll remember seeing them somewhere.

Sandy sets the flier down between them.

SANDY

Get me a box of 'em.

Harry looks up at her, somewhat stunned.

HARRY

So, you've got nothing?
(Sandy looks away)
God damn... You're giving up...

SANDY

I'm not giving up. No way.

HARRY

You said you were questioning someone.

SANDY

It wasn't related. At all.

Harry stares at her a beat, rises, walks out.

Sandy picks up the flier again.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Sanchez walks in through the open doorway, a sheet of paper in his hand.

SANCHEZ

Seventy two in California alone.
Fifty six in New York. Thirty
eight in Georgia. Plus our forty
five. You get the picture. Only
six from Montana. Good for them,
huh?

Sandy gets up, walks right past him.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tommy's mixing up a big salad. Sandy walks in, plops down.

TOMMY

God, you're home... And
there's still sun out. Did you
quit?

Sandy frowns. Tommy finishes up, wipes his hands on a paper towel.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You mind if I run up to the
computer store? I gotta beef up
my ram.

SANDY

No, go ahead...

Tommy breezes by her, pecks her on the head.

TOMMY

Thanks.

SANDY

Don't mention it.

TOMMY

Go ahead, and get the kids
started on dinner, okay? Don't
wait for me.

Sandy nods, offers a lackluster wave.

INT. MARONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul's transfixed in front of the TV, old "SpongeBob SquarePants". SpongeBob eats an exploding pie. Sandy stands in the doorway..

SANDY

Did that guy just eat an
exploding pie?

Marc climbs out of the coffee table. Hugs his mom's leg. Paul offers her a hug, as well, eyes still back on the TV.

MARC

Mommy! Spongebob's cool, huh?

SANDY

If you say so. How 'bout you two
clean up for some early dinner,
and I'll meet you in the kitchen
in 10 minutes? No explosives...
okay?

PAUL

(grins)
Okay.

Sandy watches them hustles off.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sandy pulls off her jacket, sets it on the bed, sits on top of it, stares off.

Something in the Queen Anne mirror catches her eye.

She turns quickly to the mirror, steps closer to it.

INSERT MIRROR:

Clear... until Marie's smiling, peaceful face appears.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sandy, momentarily shocked, reaches out, touches the mirror.

MARIE (IN MIRROR)

Don't worry.

SANDY

PAUL!! PAUL!

Sandy wheels, looks behind her. No one.

Paul, hands all wet, dashes into the bedroom.

Sandy, visibly upset, grabs him, pulls him up to the mirror. This scares the boy.

PAUL
What are you doing?

SANDY
Look in that mirror. Tell me
what you see.

Paul, frightened, twists away.

PAUL
Mom...

SANDY
Do it!

Paul's eyes drift from his mother's face to the mirror.

SANDY (CONT'D)
What do you see? Tell me.

PAUL
Uh... myself.

Marc stands in the doorway, peers through a Star Wars towel.

MARC
Mommy... ?

Sandy now looks in the mirror, sees
a frightened boy and an even more frightened looking
woman.

SANDY
She was in there...

PAUL
Huh? Who? Who was in there?

Marc starts crying, flops down on the floor, towel on top of him. Sandy hugs the life out of him, waves Paul over.

SANDY
I'm sorry, babies. Mommy's just
tired, that's all.

She strokes Marc's head, recovers him with his towel.

PAUL

I'm not a baby.

SANDY

I know. Go ahead and finish
cleaning up.

Marc and Paul back away from Sandy, who turns from them,
and now gazes back to the mirror.

PAUL (O.S.)

If someone was in there, Daddy's
invention would find her.

Sandy's head whirls to Paul.

INT. COMPUTER STORE - DAY/DUSK

Tommy's at the checkout, jams his credit card into a
machine, nods to the clerk, taps his finger, while they
wait for the register to catch up.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy has Tommy's radar-like gun trained on the mirror.

Paul mans the laptop, which is set up on a night stand.
Marc sits crosslegged, watches from bed, under a sheet
tent.

SANDY

What'd you set it on?

PAUL

Heartbeat.

SANDY

So, what, I just press this
button?

PAUL

Yeah... just press the button.

CLOSE ON SANDY'S TRIGGER FINGER, PRESSING THE BUTTON...

WAVES triangulate out from the gun, right into the heart
of the mirror.

SANDY

What now?

PAUL
 Move it around...
 (Sandy waves it...)
 No. Slow, slow.

Sandy slows down the gun's rotation.

SANDY
 Remember, kids, don't tell Daddy.
 This is our secret, okay?

ON PAUL'S EYES... SUDDENLY GROWING LARGER...

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN: BLIP... BLIP... BLIP

PAUL
 Mom...

SANDY
 What?

MARC
 Heartbeat.

PAUL
 Heartbeat.

SANDY
 (holding the gun
 steady)
 What?!

PAUL
 There. Right there.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN: BLIP, BLIP, BLIP...

SANDY
 Oh, my god.

MARC
 Is somebody inside the mirror,
 Mommy?

SANDY
 No!
 (sotto)
 I don't know.

Sandy's transfixed, eyes locked on mirror.

PAUL
 I think they are!

ON LAPTOP SCREEN: GOING CRAZY WITH BLIPS...

TOMMY (O.S.)

So, how's dinner coming, family?

Sandy wheels the gun to the sound of Tommy's voice.
Tommy stands behind the kids now, offers a forced smile.

PAUL

Dad, someone's in the mirror!

TOMMY

Really?

Tommy pretends to be interested in the readout on the screen.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Wow...

He peeks an eye up at Sandy, who blows hair out of her eyes, the gun back on the mirror.

SANDY

I know this is crazy, Tommy... I know how it looks.

Tommy walks right up to her.

TOMMY

Someone's in the mirror.

(Sandy nods)

Really? Not behind it?

Sandy's eyes narrow, brow furrows. Tommy reaches around the mirror, retrieves Edison from a wash basket. He shows her to Sandy, who finally lowers the gun.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Tell her, Edison, not nice to play with other people's toys. Go ahead, tell her.

Tommy holds Edison up to Sandy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(quietly to Sandy)

Someone's in the mirror? In the mirror? Is her first name Alice? Last name "in wonderland"?

(to Paul)

Turn it off, Paul. Let's get that dinner.

He winks at Sandy, rounds up the kids.

MARC

We had fun with Mommy, Daddy.

TOMMY

Oh, I know you did, buddy.
Mommy's tons of fun.

They walk out, leaving Sandy alone, staring into the mirror.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul writes a letter to Santa, while Sandy and Tommy wash dishes, Tommy's eyes hard on Sandy. Marc's under the table.

TV on the counter reports renewed fighting in the West Bank region. Bus bombing kills 15, including women, children.

SANDY

Please change that.

Tommy tabs the top of the small flatscreen TV. An infomercial appears.

INFOMERCIAL LADY (ON TV)

Ever looked in the mirror and
wondered, who is that person?
Rejuva-cream is the --

Sandy punches off TV. Paul watches her carefully.

MARC

Mommy, how many things can I ask
Santa for?

Sandy's distracted.

TOMMY

You know, Marc, you can also ask
Santa for things for other
people.

MARC

Will they ask Santa for stuff for
me?

TOMMY

Some will. Even if they don't...

PAUL

Not me.

(beat)

Dad, maybe can I ask for a new
job for mom?

TOMMY

I don't think Santa's a
headhunter, Paul, just does
presents.

PAUL

Well, that would be a sort of a
present, wouldn't it?

Sandy turns to the kids, walks out of the room, leaving
the water running. Tommy turns off the water, follows
her out.

INT. MARONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy sits on the sofa, face in her hands. Tommy sits
down beside her.

SANDY

Am I going crazy?

TOMMY

No, you're... just working too
hard, getting too close to it.
Tell them you want off this
stuff. Have 'em put you on
something else.

SANDY

Yeah...

Sandy peeks through her fingers, to a yellow legal pad
on the coffee table. Names, notes... She picks up the
pad.

SANDY (CONT'D)

What's this?

TOMMY

I thought I had something.

He takes the pad away from her, sets it aside. She
picks it right back up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Let it go.

SANDY

What'd you think you had?

TOMMY

Those people... they're all
alone, you know? You said the
Jordan couple had a son but
didn't see him much.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Not even on Thanksgiving. All the others had no one. That's what I thought I had... but Calderone didn't fit. Kids who put up a reward, grandkids, the whole schmear. So...

(takes the pad away from her)

Let it go. For the weekend, whatta ya say? We'll have a day with the kids tomorrow, get a sitter and go out with your partner tomorrow night. We'll forget today, and all the other stuff. Okay?

Sandy works up a small smile, eyes Tommy's notes.

SANDY

You don't think I'm crazy?

TOMMY

Yeah, sure I do. We'll forget that, too.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Harry staples a flier to a phone pole.
2. Sandy and Tommy relax on a blanket in a park, watch the kids play in a redwood fort.
3. Harry hands a flier to a Storekeeper who tapes it in his front window, beside other similar fliers, different faces.
4. Sandy, carrying a tray of tacos, and Marc walk back to Tommy and Paul, seated at an outside table at a Taco joint.
5. Harry reinstalls the mirror in the Jordan bathroom, using a tiny screwdriver to fasten it to the metal frame. He closes it, stares at himself in the glass.
6. Sandy gets dressed, turns to the Queen Anne mirror, turns right away from it, walks over to the closet, pulls open the door, checks herself out in the mirror there.

INT. MILLSTOWN BOWL-A-RAMA - LANE ONE - NIGHT

Pretty busy night on the hometown lanes. Tommy picks up his ball at the ball return. Sanchez tosses him his towel.

SANCHEZ

She told you about Freddy boy,
huh?

TOMMY

(at the dots)
Yeah, it's a different world out
there for some people.

SANCHEZ

Tell me about it. You know the
first time I figured that out?

Tommy eyes the pins.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I was nine years old.

Tommy's trying to concentrate... not working.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I'm spending the night over at my
neighbor friend Tommy's house.
His name was Tommy, too. Funny.
Anyway, I got --

Tommy rolls a ball down lane 1, knocks down 4 pins.

He wheels slowly, dark eyeballs at Sanchez.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Easy one, man. Third arrow.
Anyway, I gotta whiz, so I go in
Tommy's bathroom and do my number
one, ya know? I come out, Tommy
asks, "Why'd you flush the
toilet?" I tell him, that's what
you do, you whiz, you flush the
toilet. He looks at me like I'm
a freaking Martian. You know
what he says?

Tommy shakes his head, catches Sandy and PILAR, walking
back from the restrooms.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

He says, "We only flush number
two at my house. We save number
one." This family lives right
next door to me and they're
saving up piss in their toilets,
you know. What if no one goes
number two for a couple days?

TOMMY

They don't flush.

SANCHEZ

Damn right. You got piss
overpowering water. Soon you got
a bathroom and a whole nice house
smelling like a port a potty.

(a beat)

That's when I knew it for sure.
We're not all the same.

Tommy eyes Sanchez, picks up his ball.

Sandy and Pilar, 29, dark, hint of Hispanic accent, sit
down behind them on cushioned benches. Pilar pulls
Sandy's hand onto her pregnant tummy.

PILAR

Feel her?

SANDY

Yeah, she's got some kick, huh?

PILAR

Tell me about it. My insides
showed up black and blue on the
sonogram.

They share a laugh.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)

There ya go! What'd I tell you?

Tommy leans down near Sandy, Pilar, as Sanchez grabs his
ball and toes the dots.

TOMMY

I'll go grab us some beers or
something, okay?

Sandy nods, smiles apologetically.

PILAR

Coke for me. And would you bring
me some of those cheese pretzel
thingees, and maybe a hot dog and
some nachos, too?

TOMMY

Sure.

Tommy takes off.

PILAR

He's so nice.

SANDY

Yeah.

PILAR

We both found nice guys. I hope my girl gets lucky like that when she grows up.

SANDY

She will.

Sanchez sits down beside Pilar.

SANCHEZ

She will what?

PILAR

Talking about the baby, honey.

(to Sandy)

I just hope there's a future for her, you know, in a better place. All the crap going on, I didn't know if we did the right thing, bringing her into this world.

SANCHEZ

(to Sandy)

She gets a little depressed sometimes. That and hungry.

Sandy smiles.

INT. MILLSTOWN BOWL-A-RAMA - CONCESSION - CONTINUOUS

Tommy pays the female Cashier, who lifts a pitcher of beer onto a loaded tray.

Behind her, on the TV, something catches Tommy's eye.

ON TV:

The TV's muted but words run along the bottom. A stand-up. Jane Mason speaks to the camera. Behind her, the Denny's from a previous Mason stand up.

Caption on TV: "So, nearly one week after his disappearance from this restaurant, Alvaro Calderone, hungry, tired, but otherwise well, is back home."

Tommy turns. Sandy's behind him. She's seen the report, too. She grabs his arm.

SANDY

Calderone, Tommy. The one who didn't fit. Ya, see! You're so smart. I'm gonna go outside, make a call.

Sandy pushes Tommy playfully, runs out. Tommy waves to Sanchez and Pilar, picks up the tray and heads their way.

INT. MILLSTOWN BOWL-A-RAMA - LANE ONE - NIGHT

Sanchez and Pilar huddle.

PILAR

See that. Physical. They are having problems, Rudy.

Sanchez nods.

EXT. MILLSTOWN BOWL-A-RAMA - NIGHT

Sandy stands out among the cars, her cell to her ear, looks up to watch a 747 glide across a full moon.

SANDY

Yes, hello.

(...)

No, no... nothing yet. Wanted to see if I could hook up with you soon.

(looks at her watch)

Tonight. In an hour.

EXT. SANCHEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Pilar waddles up the front steps, while Rudy leans into the passenger side of the Dodge Durango.

SANCHEZ

You're gonna go see Jordan. And you don't want me to go?

SANDY

No, it's no big deal. Just need to ask him a couple questions.

Pilar stands at the front door, her right hand to her lower back.

PILAR

Rudy, quick okay? I gotta pee so bad.

SANCHEZ

Eating and peeing. Pregnancy's dynamic duo. Hey, she had a great time. I appreciate it.

SANDY
Take care of her, Rudy.

SANCHEZ
Got it covered. Um, you kids
okay?

Sandy and Tommy look at each other then back to Sanchez
with nods.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Well, okay. See you Monday,
partner. Tommy boy.

TOMMY
Hey, don't forget to flush.

Sanchez points, as the Durango pulls away.

INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING - NIGHT

TOMMY
Are we okay? Tommy boy?

SANDY
Don't forget to flush?

Tommy grins. They drive on a beat.

She looks over at Tommy, lays her hand on his.

SANDY (CONT'D)
You don't mind? You're sure?

TOMMY
I'm sure.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy sits in the Durango. Car RADIO MUSIC playing
Christmas Carols. He switches the tuner... picks up
"Candle in the Wind", second verse.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HARRY
Yes, I do mind you asking.

Harry walks away from Sandy, who's sitting on the edge
of a recliner. He walks right back.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Look, I didn't have a relationship with them, but I had my reasons. You're not implying anything here, are you? I mean I hope you're not implying something.

SANDY

No, God no. I'm just worried there's something I'm missing. I'm trying to piece this whole thing together... without any pieces, ya know?

HARRY

Well, I don't have any pieces for you. Wish to hell I did.

Sandy stares at him, looks around, slowly rises.

SANDY

I'm sorry I interrupted your night... upset you.

A beat.

HARRY

I'm gonna have to get back to my office sooner or later.

SANDY

I understand.

Sandy turns to exit.

HARRY

Detective Morone.

Sandy's pulling open the door.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy spots Sandy in the open doorway, CRANKS THE ENGINE. As soon as it's PURRING nicely, he looks up to see the door close again. He frowns, shuts off the engine.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT, LATER

Harry hands a cup of coffee to Sandy, sits down across from her. He sizes her up, finally forges ahead.

HARRY

That picture of them I gave you.
You know who took that?

INSERT SHOT:

Sandy taking the photo off the shelf, looking at it:
Charles and Marie arm in arm, outside, Marie wearing
dark sunglasses. Sea oats and a stretch of beach behind
them.

BACK TO SCENE:

SANDY

(stops mid-sip)
I assumed you did. You said it
was up where you live.

HARRY

(shakes his head)
Amy took it.

SANDY

Amy?

HARRY

Their granddaughter. They took
her to the ocean, an outing, and
I bought her a throwaway camera.
She was six years old.

EXT. A DESOLATE BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

MOS. Young, delicate AMY, swimsuit on, runs up to
Charles and Marie, asks for help with the camera.
Charles tends to his fishing line, while Marie removes
her glasses, shows Amy how to aim and shoot.

HARRY (V.O.)

My wife didn't want to let her go
without one of us. I said it
would be okay. Grandparents
time.

Amy poses Charles and Marie, snaps the photo we've seen,
dashes off, snaps another photo of a crashing wave, kelp
rolling up and over... and one of a piper rushing away
from the incoming white foam. She chases after it.

Marie sits on a blanket, pulls on her sunglasses, aims
her gaze at Amy near the seawall, then over to Charles,
who's fighting with his pole against a mighty catch.

The piper lands on the seawall. Amy goes wide-eyed.

HARRY (V.O.)
 My father... and his damn
 fishing...

Marie's clapping and laughing, as Charlesd reels and pulls.

Charles continues reeling, as Marie rolls up her white pants and tiptoes out into the water to watch close-up as Harry pulls in a massive hunk of kelp, which cracks Marie up.

Charles shakes his head, and Marie offers him a consoling hug. She looks over toward the seawall.

Amy's gone. Marie panics, starts running along the water, trips, falls.

Charles realizes what's happened, throws his pole aside, picks up Marie, runs with her... until they find the camera near the parking area.

HARRY (V.O.)
 My little girl...

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - RETURN TO SCENE

Harry's eyes are full of tears, as are Sandy's.

HARRY
 And... you know... how do you
 forgive someone for something
 like that, huh? You tell me...

Sandy can't answer. Her eyes say it all.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 You don't see any pictures of my
 kid around here, do you?

SANDY
 God. What happened to her??

HARRY
 Some low-rent useless dirtbag
 fresh outta Raiford, picked her
 up, made her his little play toy
 for a few days, then dumped her
 body in the Okefenokee Swamp.
 Campers found her.

SANDY
 I am so sorry.

HARRY

Yeah. Anyway...

SANDY

Your parents must have such guilt.

HARRY

So, no, I wasn't about to... I cut them off. I loved my parents, and I cut them off.

(a beat)

When she called me and said he disappeared... You know the first thing I thought... ? I thought, yeah, that's right. That's symmetry... balance, karma, whatever...

Harry's too choked up to continue. He tries to hide it by getting up and walking off.

EXT./INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO - NIGHT, LATER

Tommy CRANKS the Durango again, as Sandy walks up, and climbs inside.

Sandy looks over at Tommy, starts bawling full out.

TOMMY

Sandy... hey... what happened in there?

SANDY

Take me home, Tommy, please take me home.

Tommy casts a wary eye toward the Jordan house, before backing the car out of the driveway.

He looks over at her. She's staring at the house.

TOMMY

What? They had a son not that far away... but they were still alone, right?

Sandy nods slowly, eyes still locked on the Jordan house.

SANDY

Do you think we spend enough time with them? Do I?

TOMMY

Who?

(no answer)

So, what does that tell us...
you? All these old loners
turning up gone?

SANDY

She went blind out of guilt...

Tommy eyes her, starts to say something, reconsiders,
drives on.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tommy walks along, sleepy as hell. He stops, looks
into...

INT. MORONE HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

... where Sandy sits on the floor, each of her kids
tucked under an arm, covered by blankets. They're
asleep. She's wide awake.

SANDY

(lowly, but
determined)

I don't want to lose them, Tommy.

TOMMY

You're not gonna lose them.

SANDY

I mean it... ever.

TOMMY

I know.

He walks into the room, picks up Marc.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But let them get some sleep,
okay? You, too, c'mon. God,
it's 3 o'clock.

Sandy's not ready to let go of Marc, but Tommy works the
child out of her grasp, carries him over to his bed
quietly.

Sandy strokes Paul's forehead with the ball of her
thumb.

Tommy tiptoes back over, removes Paul without a
struggle, lifts him up and into his bed.

PAUL

Dad? Is mommy still crying?

TOMMY

Shhh...

He pulls the cover over the boy, who's quickly fallen back to sleep. Tommy turns to Sandy, offers his hand to pull her up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

C'mon, be a good girl for me.

Tommy eases her up, but she goes limp in his arms, falls dead asleep. He lifts her gently, carries her out.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

ON SANDY'S SLEEPING FACE

Sandy's in bed. Water runs OS. A shower.

Bathroom door open. Steam filters in.

Sandy's eyes open wide. She stares across the bedroom, sits upright.

Her eyes find

THE QUEEN ANNE MIRROR, near the bathroom door, steam fogging it over.

Sandy pushes off the bed, walks calmly, deliberately toward the mirror.

ON THE MIRROR, steam completely overtaking it... except where it drizzles away in places, leaving letters, forming one broken word slowly, writing out in longhand: "W-e-l--c-o-m-e"

Sandy's at the mirror now, barefoot... The shower stops, faucets SQUEAKING DOWN...

She looks up at the bathroom door...

quickly back to the mirror... the broken word...

She extends her hand toward the mirror, pointer finger nearly touching the glass...

Tommy walks out of the bathroom, stands just inside the bedroom... toweling off his hair... His mustache is gone.

TOMMY

Get enough sleep?

Sandy glances over at Tommy, then back to the mirror, extends her finger closer, until she's touching the second half of the word...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Whatta ya think? I shaved it off.

He dries his face with the towel, flashes a smile.

Sandy's eyes drift from Tommy back to the mirror, where she pushes her finger into "come"... It sinks up to the second knuckle.

She looks back over at Tommy, eyes bulging.

SANDY

Tommy?

Tommy, head under the towel.

TOMMY

Uh-huh...

Sandy looks back to the mirror, to her finger dipping deeper into the glass... until her right hand's inside the glass up past her wrist...

SANDY

Am I still sleeping?

TOMMY

Huh?

Tommy stops toweling off, looks over at Sandy.

Their eyes meet... just as

Sandy is pulled inside the mirror... Gone.

Tommy's eyes explode! He runs to the mirror, totally confused, scared... He looks around, back to the mirror.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

SANDY!!

INT. INSIDE THE MIRROR - DAY

Sandy's in a hazy, blur of a place. Confused, she looks around, then back through the mirror, to the room on the other side, where her bedroom is swimming.

SANDY

Tommy! Tommy!

She smashes her palms against the mirror, over and over...

Tommy, distorted, looks inside, his eyes exploding with fear. He's screaming something, but can't be heard.

He's growing smaller, smaller, 'til finally he disappears.

Sandy turns, frantic. She faces a world of mirrors. She slides down in a heap on a mirror surface. Everywhere, HER REFLECTION.

Sandy's disoriented, pushes herself up, stands, shaky. She reaches out, touches a mirror. A GROAN. She pushes herself away, breaks into a run across a sea of mirror, until she falls, slides to a stop.

She pushes up on all fours, looks around. The place is spinning now. She's just barely hanging on. She grabs the edge of a mirror. CHILDREN SCREAMING. She immediately lets go, falls backward.

Suddenly, the mirror floor tips and Sandy begins sliding. She fights it and pulls herself up, turns to see a Queen Anne Mirror. She scrambles after it, but loses her footing.

She's in a freefall, finally tumbling into a heap.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's going nuts now, hands all over the mirror, tilting it, turning it, letting go of it, running to the closet behind it, tearing things out, throwing them on the floor.

He dashes to the door, looks out into the empty hallway, pulls the door closed behind him, slumps to the floor, eyes full of confusion, fear. He covers his face with his hands.

LATER

ON TOMMY'S FACE, EVEN MORE FRANTIC

His equipment all hooked up, Tommy tabs his computer keys, the laptop wedged on top of a dressing bureau chair.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN

Into a box, the word "hearbeat" appears. The cursor moves back four spaces, inserts a "t" between the "r" and the "b."

BACK TO TOMMY

who grabs his gun, hands shaking, aims it at the mirror.

TOMMY

Impossible... I'm crazy... But I saw it. I watched her go... So, I'm not crazy. I'm just... I don't know what the hell I am. Sandy?!

A KNOCKING at the door.

PAUL (O.S.)

Daddy? Are you in there?

Tommy wheels the gun at the door, inadvertently.

THE LAPTOP BLIP, BLIP, BLIPS...

He steers it back toward the mirror...

TOMMY

Yes, son, I'm in here.

PAUL (O.S.)

Where's Mommy?

TOMMY

Uh... she's in here, too...

Tommy aims the beam at the mirror. Nothing. He collapses to the floor and drops his head in defeat.

Edison wanders out from under the bed, heads right for the mirror and parks there on his haunches.

EXT. MORONE HOUSE - DAY

Patrol cars are up in the driveway and yard. Cops hold back curious neighbors.

Tommy stands on the front porch, Paul in one arm, Marc in the other. Both kids are bawling their eyes out. It's obvious Tommy's been crying, as well.

Sanchez's Crown Vic pulls up. Rudy comes flying out of the car, leaving the door open, the car rolling. He directs a uniformed cop to stop his car.

Rudy runs up to the porch.

SANCHEZ

What happened to her, Tommy?

Tommy can only shake his head, fight off tears. Sanchez rivets a glare at him.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

It's okay, you can tell me what you did.

TOMMY

What?!

PAUL

(through tears)
My mommy went in the mirror...

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sanchez and his team scour the room, looking for some kind of foul play indicator.

Tommy sits in a corner with his kids on his legs.

A Detective walks in from the hallway, whispers something to Sanchez who nods. The Detective exits.

Sanchez walks up to the mirror, bends close and peers into it... sees only himself. He scratches his head and walks out, but not before eyeballing Tommy again.

Marc runs over to the mirror, gets down on both knees and peers into it.

Two Cops lift the mirror and carry it out.

TOMMY

No, don't take that!!

He leaps up and tries to stop them. Sanchez thwarts that effort.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Where are they taking it? Huh?

SANCHEZ

Forensics.

TOMMY

You make sure I get it back, you hear me?!

SANCHEZ

Sure, Buddy. I'll make sure.

INT. A ROOM - DAY

Sandy wakens in a barren room. No windows. A door built into a white wall. The door has no hinges, knob, or trim.

Sandy sits up, looks around. She's hyperventilating and loses her cool.

SANDY

Hey!! What the hell?!

She scrambles to her feet and goes for the door, full charge. Mistake. She bounces off it, and winds up right where she started, on the floor. She lifts her arms in frustration and flops them down.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Shiiitt!!

She falls onto her back, curls into fetal mode, and slowly lets her eyes close.

INT. MILLSTOWN PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Eyes buzzing, Tommy sits at a small table. A couple of Police Detectives sit across from him. Shirts, ties.

Detective #1 rises, runs his hand through his hair.

DETECTIVE #1

So, you guys weren't arguing, everything between you was on the up.

TOMMY

What? Yeah. No. Where are my kids?

DETECTIVE #1

They're in dispatch. You know Connie, right.

Tommy nods.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

So, you and Sandy?

TOMMY

Yeah. I mean, we were okay, getting better, working through some things.

DETECTIVE #2

Things. What kind of things?

Tommy turns to the mirror on the wall, stares.

OTHER SIDE OF THE TWO WAY GLASS

Sanchez sips a cup of coffee. Pete stands beside him, along with another Suited Detective. They stare in at Tommy and his questioners.

PETE

Whatta ya think, Rudy?

SANCHEZ

I don't know what to think. We just went out with them. I mean they argued a little, nothing major.

PETE

But that doesn't look so good.

SANCHEZ

Tell me about it. Husband's always first one you gotta check off.

(a beat)

If you can.

They all return to watching the interrogation.

MARIE (O.S.)

Detective Morone? Hello?

INT. THE ROOM - DAY

Sandy's eyes open slowly. She lifts up, angles her head toward a bright light, shields her eyes. The door in the wall is gone.

MARIE (O.S.)

Come...

Sandy pushes herself up, hesitates, then steps toward the door opening and into the bright light. She steps out...

EXT. A BEACH - DAY

Onto a dune. Marie, barefoot, wearing a white sundress, meets her there, takes her hand, strokes it. Sandy looks frantic. She's babbling incoherently.

MARIE

Shh... shh, now. You've been so worried.

SANDY

Where... am I? What's going on?

MARIE

You're safe. You're well. Don't worry, dear.

SANDY

But how... ? Where?

MARIE

In due time. Let's have a sit.

Marie leads a very distracted Sandy to a blanched wood bench on the sand. They sit.

MARIE (CONT'D)

How's my Harry?

SANDY

Who?

MARIE

Harry Jordan. My son.

SANDY

Oh, um... he's worried... sad.

Sandy looks behind her, into a hazy fog.

MARIE

Yes, he is, isn't he?

SANDY

Tommy...

Sandy starts to rise, but Marie reassures her with the touch of her hand on Sandy's arm.

MARIE

There, there now... Just sit, enjoy the view.

They look out onto a perfectly blue ocean, shimmering in a mid-day sun. A peace settles on Sandy's face.

SANDY

Where am I, Mrs. Jordan? How did I get here? Please tell me. Am I going crazy? I'm pretty sure I am.

MARIE

Oh, no. No, no. You were selected, Sandy. May I call you Sandy?

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)
 (Marie points)
 Oh, look. You got him, Poppa!

AT WATER'S EDGE

Charles work his pole; it's bending into a gently moving surf. Offshore breeze blowing the tops of the breakers back, the spray glinting in the radiant sun.

Charles looks back, waves...

BACK TO SANDY/MARIE

SANDY
 My God... you can see.

MARIE
 Oh, yes. I feel I'm growing younger, too.

SANDY
 No... What?

MARIE
 I know I'm not, but Will says when we shed worry we gain in both health and spirit. Vitality.

SANDY
 Will? I'm sorry but this all seems a little... crazy to me.

MARIE
 I know. It took me a little minute or two to adapt.
 (with a modest grin)
 Charles, on the other hand, took to it all like a fish to water. He sponsored me... and I you.

Sandy looks really confused. She gazes back behind her, but can only see clearly what's in front of her. Behind her -- a soft, hazy blur.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 No need to look back. There's nothing there.

SANDY
 There has to be...

MARIE
 Let's walk, shall we?

SANDY
 Where?

MARIE

You'll see. Remember this: you are safe here. This is a good place, a better place. Let the worry go.

Sandy grips Marie's arm seriously.

SANDY

Mrs. Jordan, did something or someone take you, operate on you?

Marie giggles, pats Sandy's arm, hooks her own around Sandy's, rises with her.

MARIE

What an inquisitive mind. You are such a delight.

(calls out)

Charles, look who's here!

They walk down the dune toward Charles, who doffs his cap, sets his pole in its holder, and meets them in the shifting sand.

Charles appears younger, healthier. His smile, too, dazzling.

CHARLES

Hello, Detective. I'm sure Marie's told you how much we appreciate the work you've done on our behalf.

He extends his hand. Sandy reaches out, tentatively...

SANDY

I... didn't do anything.

CHARLES

The doing's in the trying, young lady, and ever will be.

Sandy glances over at Marie, whose smile is gleaming.

Sandy turns to look behind her: the dunes are enveloped in a blurry haze.

MARIE

It's all still forming.

SANDY

What is?

Marie looks to Charles for the answer.

CHARLES

No, you go ahead, lovee. You tell her.

MARIE

A new place. A new, side-by-side world. Unseen by the others, yet here we are.

ON SANDY'S FACE, CONFUSED AND AWESTRUCK...

EXT. MILLSTOWN PD - DAY

Tommy exits, Paul hanging onto his hand and Marc cradled in his arm.

PAUL

How do we get home?

Tommy looks around.

A Crown Vic drives up, HONKS. Sanchez leans across the front seat.

SANCHEZ

Need a ride?

EXT. A BEACH - DAY

Marie and Sandy walk along in the sand. Marie waves to others along the way.

These are all seniors, and dressed similarly to Charles and Marie.

They sit building sand castles, stand amidst swirling gulls, toss beachballs, fish, paddle kayaks past the breakers... where a silver-haired senior rides a long board.

MARIE

See anyone you recognize?

SANDY

I don't think so. Should I?

MARIE

Let's see.

Marie leads her to a woman, whose back is turned.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Lavern.

LAVERN RUTLY, black, the missing woman from 11/21, turns. She looks stunning, not in dress, rather in countenance. Lavern hugs Marie.

LAVERN

Good morning, Miss Marie. Isn't it a fine day?

MARIE

Oh, yes. It is. Lavern, do you recall Detective Morone? She investigated our disappearance.

INSERT SHOT:

Sandy lifting Lavern Rutly's sheet out of her folder. We see her dull face.

BACK TO SCENE:

LAVERN

Oh, joy, yes.
(laughs sweetly)
But you didn't have much to go on, now did you?

SANDY

Uh... no, ma'am.

LAVERN

You're so young. Such responsibility.

Marie eyes Lavern, sends her a little message. Lavern nods.

MARIE

Lavern's one of our elders.

They enjoy an inside laugh.

LAVERN

So to speak.

SANDY

You're okay? You weren't hurt?

LAVERN

Aw, that's so sweet, you honestly worried for me, a total stranger. Isn't it, Marie? Isn't it truly caring?

MARIE

It's very much like her, though. From what I've seen.

LAVERN

Well, I'm better than terrific,
hon. That's pretty good, don't
you think?

Sandy can't help but smile a little.

MARIE

Okay, well, we're off to see him.

SANDY

Nice to, um, see you...

In seconds, Lavern is filled into the blur behind Sandy and Marie, as they walk on toward a lighthouse beyond a jetty.

Walking toward them, The Chinese Woman from Freddy's tape.

She walks closer, nods, touches Marie's hand as she passes. Sandy looks back toward her as she moves into the hazy blur.

SANDY (CONT'D)

We're going to see someone?

MARIE

Yes.

SANDY

Who.

MARIE

Will. Our fearless sector
advisor... who brought you here.

Sandy stops in her tracks.

MARIE (CONT'D)

It's okay, Sandy. I know all
this seems very different from...
what was before. I understand.
I do.

SANDY

I want to go back... to my
family, my husband, my kids.

MARIE

Yes. Yes. I know. Due time.

SANDY

They'll worry about me.
They'll...

MARIE

No. You worry for them. Don't.

Marie extends her hand again for Sandy, who turns back to the blur, then around to Marie. Their hands meet. They walk on.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I think your husband's so handsome. Even more so without the mustache, don't you agree?

Sandy can only stare at her blankly.

INT. MARONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kids sit at the table. Tommy makes them PB&J sandwiches, tosses them on a plate, sets it on the table. He grabs a bottle of milk from the fridge.

MARC

Mommy takes the crusts off.

Tommy grabs the plate, carries it to the counter, takes a knife from the knife jockey and trims the crusts off. He returns with the sandwiches, pours each kid some milk.

TOMMY

So, eat up, yeah?

Paul just starts sobbing. Marc follows suit. Tommy bucks up, grabs each by the hand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mommy's fine. She's coming home soon. Okay? Okay?

They finally nod. Tommy gestures for them to eat. They pick up their sandwiches.

PAUL

How do you know?

Tommy thinks a beat.

TOMMY

Because she loves you two more than anything in this world. That's how I know. Okay.

The kids agree and dig in. Tommy's skeptical.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Sandy and Marie walk along a blanched wood walkway, leading to the giant white tower.

Sandy looks up. Marie urges her on.

SANDY

You said he brought me here.
Why? Why me?

MARIE

I told you, I sponsored you. My
idea.

SANDY

Your idea?

MARIE

Oh, yes. We all have input here.
All. Now go up. He's expecting
you.

They're at the main door. Marie sits on a circular bench.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting right here.

SANDY

You won't come in with me?

MARIE

Me? Oh, no. I've come this far.

She smiles sweetly for Sandy, offers one reassuring nod.

Sandy looks back into the hazy blur, turns to the lighthouse door, pushes it. It SQUEAKS open.

Marie looks up toward a bright hazy sun.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sandy starts up the circular stairway.

SANDY

Wake up, Sandy. Wake up. This
is crazy. Impossible.

WILL (O.S.)

Not impossible. Implausible,
yes...

WILL, 50s, striking, grey-haired, tanned, strong features, light blue busy eyes, leans over the rail, soothing voice, looks down on Sandy.

Sandy stops, instinctively...

WILL (CONT'D)

Welcome.

He waves her up, ducks back out of sight. Sandy inhales a huge breath, mumbles to herself, continues her ascent.

LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM

Sandy steps inside the bright, circular room, lingers by the portal.

Will's standing, looking out, his back to her.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful view, Detective Morone. Sandy. Come.

He turns to her, extends his hand.

SANDY

I...

WILL

Well... come.

Sandy moves slowly toward Will's hand, takes it finally, stands beside him, looks out.

THEIR POV:

The sea, in all her majesty. Nothing disturbing the horizon. Clear view. Sunlight shimmering. Porpoise leaping.

BACK TO SCENE:

WILL (CONT'D)

You see so much more from this vantage. An overview. Do you enjoy your detective work?

SANDY

Yes, I think I do.

WILL

But you're not sure.

SANDY

I'm not sure of too much right now.

Will laughs, deep.

WILL
I take your point. Let's step
outside, shall we?

Will pushes open a glass door. They step out onto the
railed catwalk.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Sandy eyes Will, who sucks in a deep breath of that
fresh air.

WILL
We're above the haze here.

Sandy looks back.

HER POV

Nature flourishing. Small wood homes among the trees.
The sounds of HAMMERING, seniors working hand-in-hand on
housing.

Beyond the homes, an undisturbed green horizon.

SANDY
It's all so beautiful...

WILL
Yes. It is.

Wills leads Sandy, and they sit on the edge of the
catwalk, their legs hanging over.

SANDY
I'm usually afraid of heights.

WILL
Unusually is more like it.

Sandy looks down, waves at Marie. Marie waves back.

SANDY
Hello down there.

MARIE
Hello up there.

WILL
You're feeling better, more at
ease, yes?

Sandy nods.

SANDY

I'm still very, I don't know...
confused, I guess. Baffled.

WILL

Well, here it is, detective --
we've simply been gathered up.

SANDY

Who?

WILL

The lonely, the forgotten, the
unforgiven... There's quite a
number of us, and we've only just
started.

SANDY

But I'm none of those things.

WILL

I agree. And will explain.

SANDY

But how can you explain all this?

WILL

Yes. I know. Big bite of the
old apple, eh? All this... has
been coming for quite some time.
It's been in the planning stages
for decades. But recent events
have hastened the timetable.

SANDY

Recent events...

WILL

Man continues to destroy himself,
and his world. The hatred. The
anger. The ignorance. What you
see all around you is the genesis
of a new beginning. An outpost
of hope. We've been granted
another chance here. We won't
fail this time.

Sandy's tearing up.

SANDY

But things could still change.

WILL

Do you really believe that?

A beat, as Sandy stares off...

SANDY

Why me? They're all much older.

WILL

These have a wisdom that comes with age and a goodness that seems almost intrinsic. Day by day they will feel younger, more virile as they shed the worry of the old ways. They will renew, reinvigorate, but their wisdom will remain intact and their goodness will only grow. That is the new plan. The new harmony.

(a beat)

You came recommended.

Sandy rises, walks to another point on the catwalk's arc.

SANDY

I don't understand. See, I don't have the wisdom you're looking for.

(beat)

I want to go back to my family. No way I'm leaving them.

Will's standing beside her now.

WILL

Yes, as I expected. You will go back, if you so desire. Any of us can. But you are also welcome to stay. Though I feel you...

SANDY

What? I what?

WILL

I feel your most important work lies on the other side.

SANDY

I'm not sure police work is --

WILL

Not police work.

SANDY

Oh.

(looks around)

But what about the children? It's not their fault.

WILL

No. No disagreement there.
Maybe someone or many someones
will save them before it's too
late.

SANDY

When is too late?

WILL

It's your children's children
who'll mostly likely witness it.
Really, in just the blink of a
hummingbird's eye, timewise. Too
close.

SANDY

(sotto)

Time is an illusion...

She thinks he can't hear, but...

WILL

Something like that.

SANDY

What will happen, if... ?
They'll all be sacrificed?
They're innocent.

WILL

Isn't that what's happening now?
To their future? All the
innocents lost, ignored or
sacrificed in the name of greed,
hubris, revenge, political
gain... and worst of all,
religion. The good is
disappearing, quickly slipping
through our fingers.

SANDY

But not everyone's like that.
What about the good ones?

WILL

They are on the outside looking
in. Like you.

The wind swirls around them. Will closes his eyes, lets
it whip over his face, through his hair.

EXT. THE MORONE HOUSE - NIGHT

On the street: Sanchez watches the house from his car. He climbs out of his car, opens the door, carries Sandy's mirror under his arm like a surfboard back to the Morone house.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

LANTERN ROOM

Sandy's leaning against the rail, looking out across the sea. She's been crying.

Will offers her a Kleenex. She takes it.

SANDY

We just messed it all up...

WILL

Somewhere along the way, it began to unravel. Maybe you and others like you can try to stitch it back together, Sandy.

SANDY

I'm only one person. What can I do?

WILL

Whatever you can.

SANDY

How do I explain all this to my husband, to everyone?

WILL

Actions will serve you. Words will fail. Over time your memory of all this will fade away, but inside you will remember that you have a calling.

SANDY

To do what exactly?

WILL

More.

Sandy turns to Will, extends her hand. Will pulls her close for a hug.

SANDY

Who sent you, Will?

WILL

Me? I came over like all the others.

SANDY

No, I mean, is there -- ?

WILL

There is inside a goodness. At the heart of everything. Each of us must find it, hold it near, let it be a beacon, guide us in all that we do. That is what there is.

A long moment.

SANDY

So... it's not too late?

WILL

We brought you here. Now, go be a harbinger, Sandy.

Sandy draws a deep breath, takes one last look around the lantern room, through the glass to the open sea...

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Marie rises as Sandy steps outside into the light of day.

MARIE

Well...

Sandy rushes to her, sobbing. Marie welcomes her in an embrace, strokes her hair.

MARIE (CONT'D)

There, there. I know. I know.

(a beat)

You're going back then?

Sandy nods.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Well, you'll be missed here.

They stride slowly along the walkway, leading back to the beach.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You know when Charles proposed to me I was so frightened to say yes.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

So frightened that we wouldn't make it... stay together. There was a history of that in my family.

(a beat)

You know what my Charles told Will when he was brought over?

SANDY

No...

MARIE

He told him he didn't care what kind of world he was living in, but it damn well better have me in it.

Marie raises her eyebrows, which makes Sandy laugh.

MARIE (CONT'D)

He did say, "damn", too. Will was very precise in his recollection. Of course, I was in the scheme all along, but Charles took such pride in his chivalry...

SANDY

And you didn't tell him?

MARIE

Will you at least stay for a little visit?

SANDY

I don't want to waste any time with my family.

Marie nods, and they walk on.

INT. MARONE HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy tucks Paul in.

PAUL

How long are grandma and grampa staying?

TOMMY

A little while. That okay with you?

PAUL

Yeah.
(a beat)
You?

Tommy grins.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey, I can run the computer for you, if you want to try again.

TOMMY

Maybe tomorrow, okay, sport?

PAUL

Okay.

Tommy kisses the kid on the forehead, hugs him... pushes away... Paul's eyes move beyond his father to the dresser.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I can still see it a little.

TOMMY

How 'bout if we just get it out of here?

PAUL

Okay.

Tommy walks over to the dresser, lifts the draped mirror off the wall, tucks it under his arm, reaches for the light switch.

TOMMY

Off or on?

PAUL

On.

TOMMY

You can come sleep with me and Marc, if you want.

PAUL

I'll try alone first.

TOMMY

Okay.

Tommy blows the kid a kiss. Paul catches it, tucks it under his pillow.

PAUL
I'll save it for when Mom comes
back, okay?

TOMMY
Great idea.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy leaves the door slightly open, fights off his emotions.

Mick's waiting down the hall. Tommy spots him, wipes away a tear, sets the mirror down.

MICK
We need to talk.

TOMMY
Marc okay?

MICK
In your bed with his grandma.

Tommy peeks in his bedroom, to the draped Cheval mirror, to the bed, where Marc's asleep half under a pillow, and Rose is sitting up reading.

Rose puts a finger to her lips.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mick settles in across from Tommy at the kitchen table, the neck of a bottle of Gin in his fist.

MICK
Okay, tell me what's going on?
And don't give me any of that
mirror shit, okay? It's just you
and me talking here.

TOMMY
I don't know what's going on,
Dad. I wish I did.

MICK
Yeah, well, we both know your mom
and me didn't always end up in
the same sack at night. I logged
a few on the Lay-Z-Boy, helluva
lotta few. I sensed some shit
going on at Thanksgiving. Now, I
may be old, but I'm not stupid.
Lay it out, T.

Tommy looks up at Mick, who's starting to sip right out of the bottle. Tommy just starts breaking up, full on crying, which is very uncomfortable for Mick, who slowly brings the bottle back to the table.

Tommy pushes away from the table, walks around to his father, and cries right on his shoulder. Mick doesn't quite know what to do, finally pats Tommy on the back of the head.

MICK (CONT'D)

Go ahead. It's okay.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT, LATER

Marc lies asleep. Rose asleep against him.

Edison paws at the mirror.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul, too, is asleep, mouth mumbling away...

INT. MORONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy lies on the sofa, clutching a pillow. He stares up at the ceiling.

EXT. NEW JORDAN HOME - DAY, DUSK

A multi-family compound. Charles holds court in the back yard. Tiki style lights blaze in the darkness.

Lavern and an Old Gent pass bowls of cut fruit and berries around.

Sandy and several older folk sit in a circle around him, as Charles, crosslegged on a plain wood stool, reads from Hemingway's "True at First Light".

WE FIND THE YOUTH IN THE FACES IN THE CROWD during:

CHARLES

"There are always mystical countries that are part of one's childhood. Those we remember and visit sometimes when we are asleep and dreaming. They are as lovely at night as they were when we were children. If you ever go back there to see them, they are not there.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But they are as fine in the night
as they ever were... if you have
the luck to dream them."

Sandy stares up at Charles, who looks down at her.
Marie taps Sandy on the shoulder.

MARIE

Okay, hon. All ready.

Sandy rises, as do the others. Hugs all around. A kiss
for Charles.

Marie walks Sandy into the house.

INT. NEW JORDAN HOME - NIGHT

Simple decor. Set up much like the Jordan's house in
the old world, minus the photos, TV, modern amenities.

Marie takes Sandy's hand, kisses it.

MARIE

Maybe we'll meet again.

SANDY

If things changed there, the
course of things... what would
happen to all of you?

MARIE

As I said, maybe we'll meet
again. But you'll have to look
closely, as I may be even more
beautiful then.

(they share a laugh)

Would you do me a favor when you
get back?

SANDY

Yes.

MARIE

Tell Harry to go on home to his
wife. She has a big, happy
surprise for him.

SANDY

Is it... ?

Marie nods.

SANDY (CONT'D)

How old is his wife?

MARIE
 (with a giggle)
 Too.

SANDY
 Wow, that's great, huh?

MARIE
 Yes, beautiful. I just pray they
 appreciate their time together.

Sandy nods, solemnly.

Marie points to a mirror that's very similar to Sandy's
 bedroom mirror, but a rough-hewn knock-off.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 I liked yours so much. I hope
 you don't mind.

SANDY
 No...
 (re mirror)
 Do I... ?

Marie nods. Sandy steps closer to the mirror. Marie
 follows.

MARIE
 You're sure you won't stay?
 Maybe we could bring your family
 over.

SANDY
 No, I'm going back. Thank you.

Marie holds Sandy's right hand, as Sandy's left hand
 reaches for the mirror glass.

Sandy turns back to look at Marie's beautiful face one
 last time.

MARIE
 Wonderful to see you again.

Sandy smiles, turns back, and disappears into the
 mirror, as Marie lets go.

Marie stares at herself in the glass, adjusts her
 sundress, turns, walks out toward the back yard.

EXT. NEW JORDAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Charles meets her at the doorway, where all have been
 watching.

CHARLES

She's gone, love.

MARIE

Yes.

LAVERN

She's a brave one. Going back there.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

ON SANDY'S SLEEPING FACE

Sandy's in bed. Water runs OS. A shower. Bathroom door open. Steam filters in.

Sandy's eyes open wide. Edison sits right beside her, simply staring. She rubs the cat behind his ears. Edison purrs and flops his tail.

SANDY

Such a smart little boy.

Sandy looks across the bedroom, sits upright. The shower stops, faucets SQUEAKING DOWN...

Her eyes find THE QUEEN ANNE MIRROR, steam fogging it over.

Sandy pushes off the bed, walks calmly, deliberately toward the mirror. At the mirror now, barefoot, she gazes deep into it. Edison MEOWS. Sandy steps back, thinks a beat, eyes the bathroom door...

SANDY (CONT'D)

Tommy... you're not shaving off your mustache, are you?

Tommy peeks his head in, razor in hand.. Half a mustache.

TOMMY

How'd you know?

SANDY

I'm not sure...

TOMMY

Get enough sleep?

Sandy nods, rushes him, hugs the life out of him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Well, let me go shave the rest.
Damn. If only half worked that
good...

SANDY

Oh, God! The kids. The kids!

TOMMY

What?

Sandy dashes out of the bedroom. She runs right back
in, kisses him again... dashes out again...

INT. MORONE HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy's staring at Marc's empty bed. She looks over at
Paul, who's asleep and jabbering away.

She wheels, to the mirror on the wall behind her.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She runs into the room again, this time eyes on fire.

Tommy's ducking back into the bathroom.

SANDY

Tommy!

Tommy turns to her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Marc's gone! He's gone.

TOMMY

No, he's not. Check under the
bed.

Sandy drops to her knees, looks under the bed.

Marc's under there, wrapped up in a blanket.

MARC

Hi, Mommy. I had a
nightmare.(sic)

Sandy covers her mouth...

INT. MORONE HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - DAY

Sandy, Marc already in her arms, leans beside Paul. The
kid's jabbering away in his sleep.

SANDY

Hey, you, stop talking and wake up...

TOMMY

Sandy, c'mon, let him sleep.

SANDY

No way, no way. We've got a big day ahead of us.

TOMMY

We do?

PAUL

(wakens, groggy)

Hey, Mom.

SANDY

(nuzzles Paul)

Hey, you, big boy. Gimme a kiss. No, give me a hundred kisses, all right here on my smackers.

PAUL

I've got sleep breath.

SANDY

Oh, well, are you gonna share it, or what?

Paul grins, kisses Sandy on the lips.

MARC

Gross...

Sandy reaches for Tommy, pulls him close to her, then all the way down on the floor beside her.

SANDY

(to Tommy)

Call your father. Tell him to get his butt over here. Quick.

Tommy looks at her like she's nuts.

PAUL

Mom, guess what, I had a dream you went inside the mirror. And Dad tried to find you. Weird, huh?

Sandy's taken aback for an instant, looks over at Tommy...

TOMMY

Know what? Now that he says
that, I had the same exact dream.

SANDY

Wow... that is, um, weird.

EXT. MORONE HOUSE - DAY

Mick, Tommy load a big ice chest in the back of the
Durango.

MICK

What brought this on?

TOMMY

She's been under a lot of stress
lately.

MICK

Her? Should'a had the dream I
had last night.

Tommy eyes Mick curiously.

INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING - DAY

Tommy's at the wheel.

Sandy leads the kids in a song. She notices a street
sign.

SANDY

Turn here, Tommy. Here.

TOMMY

Here?

SANDY

Here.

INT. FREDDY'S PAD - DAY

Freddy scratches himself, pulls open the door. Sandy.

SANDY

Freddy, have you ever been to
The Villages?

FREDDY

No, I swear.

SANDY
(hides a grin)
May I come in?

Sandy looks back to the Durango, waves, steps inside.
Freddy's backing up, like she's a crazy woman.

FREDDY
Hey, I told you everything I
know.

SANDY
It's not aliens, Freddy.

FREDDY
What?

SANDY
The time wasters. It's not
aliens.

FREDDY
How do you know?

SANDY
Well... because... I did it
maybe.

FREDDY
For freaking real?

Sandy nods.

SANDY
Einstein was right.

Freddy high-fives her.

FREDDY
Wow...

Sandy goes for a Freddy hug, but Freddy retreats. He
steps back for another massive high-five.

INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING - DAY

Sandy leads the kids and Freddy in "Michael Rowed the
Boat Ashore." Tommy looks over at Mick, shrugs.

EXT. ROSE'S CONDO/THE VILLAGES - DAY

The Durango pulls up, parks.

Rose steps outside, sun hat on. Ice chest beside her.

Freddy climbs out, helps her with her bag, ice chest.

ROSE
Hello.

FREDDY
Hey.

ROSE
Who are you?

FREDDY
Close friend of your daughter.

ROSE
Oh...

Sandy climbs out, hugs Rose, kisses her. Sandy hustles her up and in. The Durango backs away...

INT. SANDY'S DODGE DURANGO/MOVING

Rose settles in with the others.

ROSE
So, what's the big surprise?

She looks behind her, several more coolers.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Where we going with all this food, huh?

Everyone shrugs, except Sandy.

SANDY
Okay, driver, back home.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY/LATER

Christmas decorations abound. Freddy, the kids, Mick, Rose, Tommy and Sandy pass out drinks and food from ice chests and paper bags.

Sandy meets the old Homeless Man she had seen on the street corner. She hands him a sandwich, winks at him. He winks back.

Rose doesn't look so comfortable, as she takes on a couple of rough-looking characters. Mick comes to her aid, helps dole out some grub.

Sandy reaches deep into her bag, comes up empty, runs over to Tommy.

SANDY

I'm out.

TOMMY

Me too. Can't feed 'em all.

SANDY

Not today. Let's go. Get everybody.

Sandy dashes off for the Durango.

TOMMY

Okay, let's go. I'll get everybody.

EXT. HOME CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY/ANOTHER

Sandy and her crew work on a Habitat for Humanity housing project, all adults manning tools, the kids toting water bottles to the workers.

Sandy pauses to watch Marc hand a bottle to a black, Rasta-Haired Worker, who looks over to Sandy, nods. She nods back, a connection of some kind, gets back to stapling siding.

Marc, now wearing a yellow hard hat, runs over to Sandy.

MARC

He was a nice man, Mommy.

Sandy looks at Rasta Man again. He's hard at work.

SANDY

Are you having a good time today, honey?

Marc practically nods his hard hat off.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can get some of your friends to come next time, huh?

MARC

Okay... and their parents, too?

SANDY

Sure, why not? Why should we have all the fun?

INT. MORONE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy, dressed for bed, stands in front of her mirror. Tommy watches from bed.

TOMMY

So, you wanna tell me what's going on with you?

SANDY

(turns to him)

It's... I just want everything to be better.

TOMMY

So do I.

SANDY

I know. You're a good person, Tommy. I just...

TOMMY

Just what?

He extends his arm for her. She climbs up beside him.

SANDY

Just... if everything were gone, lost, I'd miss it all, as bad as it seems sometimes, wouldn't you?

TOMMY

All what?

SANDY

Hold me, okay?

Tommy holds her tight. Sandy's eyes find the mirror again.

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC/MOVING - DAY

Sanchez is eyeing Sandy, who seems distant, pensive...

SANCHEZ

You okay?

SANDY

Yeah, perfect. Just stuff flyin' around in my head.

SANCHEZ

Pilar wants to know when we can get together again.

(MORE)

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

She thinks you're real sweet. I told her it takes time to get to know you.

SANDY

She doin' okay with her little bundle?

SANCHEZ

Yeah, she is. Won't be long now.

SANDY

You ever worry about what the world will be like for her?

SANCHEZ

Who, the baby?

(Sandy nods)

Yeah, I mean, sure. But the world is what it is. Nothing you can do about it, right?

SANDY

Not so sure about that.

The car slows to a stop in front of the Jordan house.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Wait out here for me, okay?

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sandy knocks on the front door. Harry opens up.

SANDY

Time to go home, sir. Time to let it go.

HARRY

What?

SANDY

I don't think they're missing, after all. I think they just took off, had the whole thing planned, you know?

HARRY

What?

SANDY

Look, isn't it funny we found nothing anywhere on anything? No forced entry. No struggle. Not the van, not the house.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, what're the odds of that happening... twice?

HARRY

Yeah, but...

SANDY

People do it all the time. They disappear. They pack up and leave. Charles... your father probably picked her up in a cab or something. Maybe they're off exploring Hemingway's Paris or running with the bulls.

HARRY

What? Why would they take off without telling anyone? That doesn't make sense.

SANDY

Had a man just come back out of the blue last week. Calderone. Told us he needed a break from the world. You said yourself you didn't really know them, not anymore, right? They're gonna tell you and you're gonna talk 'em out of it?

HARRY

I guess. Wait, my mother was petrified when she thought he was gone.

SANDY

Look, we could stand here all day and bounce why's and what-ifs around, but you'll probably... no definitely never figure it out. Maybe they did it this way to leave the place for you. Make it look good, ya know? For reasons only they know. Face it, Mr. Jordan, they walked out on you, gave up on you as a son.

HARRY

This is nuts. Why are you saying this to me?

SANDY

You said yourself you needed to get back to your office. We've got these things now called, what is it? Oh, yeah, phones.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

Anything comes up, you're first out.

HARRY

What about the mirror?

SANDY

I checked that out. Apparently the glass was replaced recently. Some kid in some factory somewhere probably ran something across it just before it set up, maybe a feather, left an almost imperceptible trail. Something similar already showed up in another mirror in town. Same factory's my guess.

HARRY

But it was my mother's handwriting.

SANDY

No offense, but our expert didn't match 'em up at all. Not even close.

HARRY

So you really think...

SANDY

I think they're safe somewhere. When the time's right, we'll find out where. Go home, Mr. Jordan, go home to your wife.

INT. SANCHEZ'S CROWN VIC - DAY, LATER

Sandy climbs inside.

SANCHEZ

How's he doing?

SANDY

I think he's going home, giving up.

SANCHEZ

Somehow, that doesn't seem right.

SANDY

Hmm.

INT. MORONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy sits on the sofa, jotting notes on a legal pad. The TV's on, news, no sound... Something catches Sandy's eye, and she looks up to the TV.

ON TV SCREEN

TV REPORTER JANE MASON in a stand-up outside The Flower of Cordoba Retirement Home.

Sandy picks up the remote, brings up the SOUND...

MASON (ON TV)

Yet another senior citizen has turned up missing. A woman in her early 80's has apparently walked out of this Catholic retirement home. Workers report that the woman, whom they describe as a free spirit who hadn't had a visitor in several months, was in her room one minute and gone the next. The woman's identification is being withheld pending notification of next of kin...

Sandy shuts off the TV.

SANDY

Good luck.

She gathers up her work, heads off out of the living room, into the

HALLWAY

She walks past the hallway mirror, stops, steps back to the mirror, stares into it... looks closer, checks that no one's watching, waves into the glass... sighs, heads on down the hallway.

INT. SENATE CHAMBERS, CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON - DAY

Subcommittee hearing in session. A group of Senators at the dais. SENATOR SKEAN, 58, helms it, looks out over his glasses.

SENATOR SKEAN

Let me get this straight, you're asking for a public advisory committee to work in conjunction with both houses?

At a table before them, Sandy, legal pad in front of her, the Rasta Man beside her, and a few others.

SANDY

Yes, Senator Skean, that's what we need. Overview committees. Real ones, and lots of them.

SENATOR SKEAN

Oversight... not overview. Is that what you mean?

SANDY

Name's not important, Senator.

SENATOR SKEAN

But we represent the people. That's what you elected us to do. That's our job. There's no need for --

SANDY

Senator, with all due respect, you're not doing a good enough job. Not by a long shot. Government for the people and by the people, sir, that's what we need to get back to. It's important. Vital, Senator.

The chamber goes raucous with chatter. Sandy looks over at Rasta Man, who smiles.

Sandy turns. There sits Tommy, who winks, offers her a thumbs-up.

Sandy turns back to her microphone, leans in...

EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA - DAY

A Toyota Prius Hybrid pulls in under the flashing light, parks in the spot by the graffiti half-wall. A big peace symbol the latest addition.

EXT. A STRETCH OF BEACH - DAY

Tommy and Paul carry three-foot poles over the dune. Sandy totes hard-hat-wearing Marc on her back. All have plastic bags at their hips.

They all settle down near the shore. Paul and Tommy head out along the beach, each carrying a pole.

MARC
Green or brown, Mommy?

SANDY
I'll do green this time, okay?

Marc hands Sandy a green pole. They strike off in the other direction, toward the lighthouse, poking their poles into any trash they come across along the beach, depositing the trash in their plastic hip bags.

Sandy stops, stares out at the ocean, toward an oil tanker on the horizon.

MARC
Mommy, what's that?

SANDY
A big old ugly ship.

MARC
No, that...

Marc points... to the lighthouse.

SANDY
That's a lighthouse.

MARC
What's it for?

Sandy shields her eyes from the sun... notices a long jet contrail tracing across the blue sky... miles up.

SANDY
It guides ships safely into port... helps keep them on course. Protects them. Saves them.

MARC
Like you and Daddy do?

Sandy stoops, picks up Marc. They both look toward the lighthouse.

SANDY
Yeah, like that, baby. Just like that...

Another family heads down the dunes, also carrying poles, followed by Sanchez, carrying a pole, and Pilar, toting her newborn...

WE PULL BACK AWAY FROM THEM

to include the long stretch of beach and the parking lot, the graffiti wall, the blinking traffic light...

and WIDER to include the land beyond the highway... layered in a mist... simple homes built to the horizon... and we...

FADE OUT.