

LONG LOST

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A rundown farmhouse in the middle of nowhere, every window lit. Tacky purple mailbox at the end of a dirt driveway. Rusted tractor in the front yard, tethered by overgrown weeds. An abandoned tire swing hangs, eerily still. All is calm and quiet. Until --

REAGAN (V.O.)

When I was seventeen, I killed two people...

A soft CRACKLE breaks the silence of the night as a faint TRAIL OF SMOKE slithers from the back of the house.

REAGAN (V.O.)

... I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, I'll be the first to admit, but *that* wasn't one of them.

FIND TWO HOODED FIGURES standing in the woods, watching as the crackle swells to a ROAR and the house ERUPTS INTO FLAMES.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Follow a NURSE marching down the hall. This is KATIE ALBRIGHT (27). Sweet and overwhelmed, though she'd never admit it.

REAGAN (V.O.)

We spent months planning the first murder. Me and my two best friends.

Katie turns a corner into --

INT. HOSPITAL, ROOM - WALDEN LAKE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Katie checks on a sleeping patient, BONNIE (40s). She wets a wash cloth, and starts wiping sweat off Bonnie's forehead.

REAGAN (V.O.)

Katie, straight As in high school, my emotional rock. Always cared about everyone else before herself. Guess that's why she became a nurse...

INT. RYAN'S STUDIO - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

A lump stirs on the murphy bed in a shithole studio apartment. The ALARM CLOCK reads 1:38pm. RYAN HUNTER (28) emerges, a shower and a 30-day chip away from handsome.

He takes a swig from a BEER BOTTLE on his nightstand. Grimaces. Looks at the bottle. Takes another sip. Grimaces again. Then goes to the fridge and grabs a fresh one.

REAGAN (V.O.)

... And Ryan, this sweet, nerdy guy we met in ninth grade. I don't actually know what ended up happening to him. He kinda fell off the grid...

Ryan pushes the bed up into the wall without making it. It sticks out awkwardly. He doesn't care.

His lab, MANSON (70, dog years), gives him a look. A very judgmental look. Ryan takes another sip, glaring right back.

REAGAN (V.O.)

We were all so angry back then. And now...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

REAGAN MALONE (27), a striking brunette, and quite possibly the most miserable girl in the world, eats a vending machine breakfast. This is our hero.

REAGAN (V.O.)

... Now we're just lost.

She tosses the remnants of her breakfast in the trash on top of TWO EMPTY BOXES of BROWN HAIR DYE and takes the bin to the sink where BLONDE HAIR litters the counter. She cleans up way better than any normal motel patron would. Destroying any trail of herself.

Reagan fastens a CHAIN around her neck, kissing the pendant out of habit before dropping it inside her shirt, then slides a large DIAMOND RING on her finger. One final long look at herself in the mirror. Dissatisfied, but owning it.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Reagan leans against a concrete wall under a bridge. A suspicious-looking THUG approaches.

THUG

You Jane?

Reagan nods.

THUG

You're not a cop, are you?

Reagan shakes her head.

THUG
I need you to say it.

REAGAN
No, I'm not a cop.

She raises her arms so the Thug can pat her down. He finds a gun in her boot, pulls it out.

THUG
This it?

REAGAN
Yep.

THUG
It been used in a crime?

REAGAN
Does it make a difference?

Thug is intrigued. She's not his typical clientele.

THUG
I'm going to take that as a yes.

REAGAN
Take it however you want.

Reagan pulls a WAD OF CASH from her bra, raising an eyebrow as she hands it to him. His search missed that.

Thug counts the money and gives her another SMALLER PISTOL. As Reagan checks it for ammo --

THUG
Don't worry, it's clean.

REAGAN
I don't care if it's clean, as long
as it can't be traced back to me.
We good?

Thug nods as Reagan tucks the gun in her boot and takes off.

EXT. RURAL FREEWAY - DAY

A 90s alt-rock song blasts as we soar above a nearly deserted freeway. A RED BLUR races dangerously through a curve. Follow it, gaining speed until we're right on top of a CHERRY RED VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE, Reagan inside, hair flying in the wind.

INT. REAGAN'S CAR - DAY

Reagan holds a BURNER PHONE, some sort of internal struggle happening. The ripped phone PACKAGING sits on the passenger seat atop a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE and another UNOPENED BURNER.

She takes a deep breath and dials --

REAGAN (INTO PHONE)
Hey, it's me... Are you there? Pick
up.

We race forward ahead of the car, giving our hero some privacy as the song surrounds us.

INT. REAGAN'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Reagan glances at the gas gauge which reads EMPTY. She steers the car off the freeway at the next exit, immediately greeted by a GREEN OFFICIAL SIGN that reads **WELCOME TO PARKER'S CREST, WINTER BLUEBERRY CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.**

In awe, Reagan peers through the windshield at the town's water tower in the distance, painted to look like a blueberry.

EXT. GAS STATION - PARKER'S CREST - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Reagan pumps gas, looking at the strange town around her. A LARGE TRACTOR rumbles into the service station, heading straight for her. Alarmed, she scrambles to replace the nozzle and get into her car.

The tractor lurches to a stop at the pump behind her, and a Farmer hops off to fill the tank. He tips his hat at her. Reagan half waves, a mixture of relief and awkward wtf.

INT. REAGAN'S CAR - PARKER'S CREST - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

She drives slowly through the town, looking for something, though we're not sure what. A DOZEN GEESE HONK at her from the bed of a PICKUP TRUCK as it passes.

REAGAN (V.O.)
They say it's easy to forget where
you came from. You know... the things
you had to do to get to where you
are.

She turns into a POST OFFICE and pulls up to the BLUE MAILBOX.

She holds up her hand to examine the DIAMOND RING, taking a moment, not of hesitation - her mind has been made up - of reverence. And maybe some regret.

REAGAN (V.O.)
That hasn't exactly been my
experience.

She bites her lip, fighting off any emotion, as she slides the ring off her finger into the manila envelope, and tosses it into the mailbox with finality.

She gathers up the OPENED CELL PHONE and its packaging and throws them in a TRASH CAN next to the mailbox.

She peels out, and immediately SLAMS on her brakes to avoid hitting a Girl leading a goat on a leash across the street. The Goat has a BLUE BALLOON tied to its horns. As she waits, she glances up at a TEN-FOOT-TALL, WOODEN, GAP-TOOTHED BLUEBERRY MAN in the median up ahead.

REAGAN
(to the town)
I get it. You guys like blueberries!
(to herself)
I have to get out of here.

She CRANKS THE RADIO UP and steps on the gas but doesn't get far before -- TINK! TINK! TINK! SEEDS RAIN DOWN on the car, some landing in Reagan's lap. She looks around, wtf?

Out of nowhere, A FLOCK OF ABNORMALLY BRIGHT BLUE DOVES veer in front of the car. Reagan swerves to avoid them--

--Except a TEENAGE GIRL in a SEQUINED BALL GOWN has run out into the street, directly in her path. Reagan swerves back, overcorrecting, and plows head on into the BLUEBERRY MAN.

No airbags in the vintage car. Reagan's head slams into the steering wheel, hard!

REAGAN'S POV: Everything goes foggy.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
Oh my God, miss, are you okay?

Distorted sounds. The girl's SHOUTS for help and the music on the radio blur. An OMINOUS CREAKING, a warning.

One of the DOVES lands on the steaming hood, looks directly at us through the cracked windshield. Blinking.

CREAKING OVERTAKES ALL OTHER SOUNDS as the sign's supports give out. The Dove flutters away, barely escaping death as BLUEBERRY MAN SLAMS TOWARD US AND EVERYTHING GOES (BLUEISH) BLACK.

REAGAN (V.O.)
I'll tell you what I remember.

SEVERAL BEATS OF BLACK AND THEN --

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
She's waking up!

GROGGY FADE IN:

STILL REAGAN'S POV: Blurry figures lean over her. Seems like half a dozen people.

MAN (O.S.)
Give her some air. Everybody out.

And then there's only the Man. He snaps suddenly and sharply into focus. This is JAKE HAYWOOD (31), All-American hot and double bonus: he's wearing a white doctor's coat.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan looks around at the almost-empty room -- did she imagine those other figures?

The Teenage Girl sits at the window. This is Jake's sister, MADDY HAYWOOD (16), now appropriately dressed. Less black-tie, more punk-rock. Reagan shows no sign of recognition.

Reagan is also different. Sure, she's banged up, but the sadness and guile is gone from her eyes. It's been replaced by confusion and fear, but at least the sadness is gone.

She tries to sit up --

JAKE HAYWOOD
Hold on. Let's stay where you are.

REAGAN
What happened...? Where am I?

JAKE HAYWOOD
You're in Parker's Crest, Maine.
You were in an accident. How do you feel?

REAGAN
Uhm... like shit.
(she touches her head)
My head hurts and my throat's scratchy.

JAKE HAYWOOD
That's normal. You've been unconscious for three days. Maddy, why don't you go grab her some water?

Maddy knows he's trying to get rid of her, doesn't budge.

JAKE HAYWOOD

I'm Jake Haywood.

(clears his throat)

Dr. Jake Haywood. That's my sister Maddy. She ran out in front of your car, for which she will be apologizing shortly.

MADDY HAYWOOD

But it wasn't my --

JAKE HAYWOOD

-- After she brings you some water.

Jake glares at Maddy who pouts all the way to the door.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Man, we're glad you're okay. Your car is already being repaired. Maddy's going to work weekends at the bookstore to pay for it. Should be good as new in no time. Wish I could say the same for Barry.

REAGAN

Barry?

JAKE HAYWOOD

Barry Blue the Blueberry.

REAGAN

Huh?

JAKE HAYWOOD

I know. The mayor thinks it's clever. It's not... Listen --

Jake gets up and closes the door. Needs some privacy.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Your baby is okay. I'm assuming you know you're ten weeks pregnant?

REAGAN

What? I... I'm not sure...

JAKE HAYWOOD

You're not sure? You either knew you were pregnant or you didn't....

REAGAN

I don't really remember... anything.

JAKE HAYWOOD

(alarmed)

What do you mean exactly? Do you know your name? Where you're from? Because you're not from around here, that's for sure.

REAGAN

I have no idea who I am or how I got here.

Off Reagan's rising panic as she fights back tears.

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: LONG LOST

EXT. STREET - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY

Rain pelts down on Reagan as she hurries down the street, her umbrella completely inadequate. *[Note: In all 2013 scenes Reagan has LONGER BLONDE HAIR, as well as those sadness and guile-filled eyes I keep mentioning.]*

She stops at a dessert shop, hesitating before pushing inside.

INT. DESSERT SHOP - SEATTLE (2013) - CONTINUOUS

The bell on the door RINGS when she enters, and the cashier, PENN (35) emerges from the back room. Reagan surveys a bulletin board.

A NANNY WANTED FLYER catches her eye. She tears off the phone number and pockets it. Penn breaks the silence --

PENN

It's really coming down out there, huh?

She smiles at him politely, then turns back to the board.

REAGAN

I'm going to be honest. I didn't come in for any dessert. I just had to get out of the rain for a minute.

PENN

We have coffee too.

REAGAN

Yeah, I don't have any money. Sorry.

He emerges from behind the counter with a PLATTER OF COOKIES.

PENN

Well listen. Since we're both stuck inside during this torrential downpour, I may as well let you have one of my homemade cookies. On the house.

Reagan tries to read him, gets nothing. He smiles at her.

REAGAN

Okay...

PENN

I'll be honest, I don't usually charge for them. They're not that great. Plus they pair well with coffee which people usually feel guilty enough to buy.

He presents a selection of SUN, MOON and CLOUD-SHAPED COOKIES. She chooses a moon.

REAGAN

Good thing for me I don't have a conscience.

PENN

Interesting that you chose the moon.

REAGAN

The frosting looked the best.
(taking a bite)
Liar, this is pretty good.

PENN

Usually on rainy days, people go for the clouds.

Reagan looks at him like he's completely nuts.

REAGAN

You're kidding, right? Who cares?

PENN

(shrugs)
Guess it's a subliminal thing. But it's *interesting* because the Mayans believe that the moon was ultimately responsible for rain.

REAGAN

That doesn't seem right...

Penn pours TWO CUPS OF COFFEE and carries them to a table. He sits. Reagan hesitates before joining him.

PENN

Are you questioning my historical knowledge?

REAGAN

Yes.

(re: coffee)

Thanks.

PENN

You're welcome.

(he settles in)

Okay, so according to the Mayans, Sun and Moon were married. Makes sense. But after a while, Sun's brother, Cloud, fell in love with Moon. And while Sun was gone one day, Cloud put the moves on Moon.

REAGAN

Hot.

PENN

Now, Cloud and Moon both believed they had found their soulmates, so though they were breaking the rules of the universe, they didn't feel like what they were doing was wrong.

REAGAN

Their judgment was clouded.

PENN

Cute. So when Sun found out, he was furious. Moon hid in a cave for a few days and eventually was eaten by wolves. But Cloud searched for her, and when he found out what happened he started crying and never stopped. And that's where rain comes from.

REAGAN

One, that sounds like you completely made it up. And two, Cloud seems like a real pussy.

She reaches for another cookie, but he pulls the plate away.

PENN

Spoken like a girl who's never been in love.

Reagan's look tells him he's probably right. Changes gears --

REAGAN

Not to mention that Sun seemed kinda abusive. I mean Moon would rather get eaten by wolves than confront her angry husband? Of course she's gonna stray.

PENN

(amused)

So, I'm Penn. Like the guy from Gossip Girl.

REAGAN

Reagan. Like the Gipper.

As soon as the words slip out, she wants to take it back. Penn notices.

PENN

Did you just give me a fake name?

REAGAN

No. But I meant to.

She smiles so he thinks she's kidding.

PENN

Wanna go across the street and get some real food?

Off Reagan, considering the idea...

INT. HOSPITAL, NURSES' STATION - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Jake consults a chart. A uniformed Police Officer approaches. This is OFFICER AARON MOONEY (32), awkwardly adorable, but still deciding if he'll use his badge for good or greed.

He throws a WALLET on the counter. Jake looks at it, curious.

AARON MOONEY

Found it under the seat of your Jane Doe's car. Must've slid there during the crash.

Jake opens the wallet, sees a MASSACHUSETTS DRIVER'S LICENSE with a scowling photo of Reagan. He reads --

JAKE HAYWOOD

Reagan Malone. Boston. She'll be relieved to know who she is...

AARON MOONEY

Dude, anything seem weird to you? About the wallet.

Jake flips through it, pulls out several hundred dollar bills.

JAKE HAYWOOD

There's a lot of cash...

AARON MOONEY

Yeah, and no credit cards. No debit cards. No library cards. No froyo punch cards. No family photos. Just six hundred dollars in cash.

JAKE HAYWOOD

A lot of people don't have credit cards.

AARON MOONEY

Jake, she doesn't even have a real cell phone. Just a burner, still in its packaging.

JAKE HAYWOOD

So she has bad credit. Can't get a phone plan. Would explain why she doesn't have any credit cards.

AARON MOONEY

Or she's a drug dealer.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Except you didn't find any drugs.

AARON MOONEY

Any chance she's faking the amnesia?

JAKE HAYWOOD

No way. That girl is scared out of her mind. Christy's in there evaluating her now.

Aaron looks at the closed door, still not buying it.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan sits up in bed, absentmindedly fingering a KEY hanging from her NECKLACE. She's half-listening to CHRISTY DUNKIN (29), an adult Tracy Flick.

REAGAN

So how many of these memory therapy sessions will I need before I can remember who I am?

CHRISTY DUNKIN

There's no set number.

REAGAN

But for a typical patient...?

CHRISTY DUNKIN

There is no typical amnesia patient.
You may remember tomorrow or you may
never remember.

REAGAN

But in your experience, on average?

Christy flips through her notes distractedly, stalling.
From the windowseat, Maddy speaks up --

MADDY HAYWOOD

Parker's Crest is a small town. We
don't deal with tons of head traumas.
Everything Christy knows about amnesia
she learned from watching The Long
Kiss Goodnight.

CHRISTY DUNKIN

Not to worry. I also saw all three
Bourne movies.

MADDY HAYWOOD

There were four Bourne movies.

CHRISTY DUNKIN

(ignoring her)
Jake says you're being released today.
So we can schedule your first session
as early as tomorrow.

A KNOCK at the door. Jake and Aaron enter.

AARON MOONEY

Is this a bad time?

JAKE HAYWOOD

This is Officer Mooney.

AARON MOONEY

Aaron.

He postures authoritatively, hands on his utility belt.

AARON MOONEY

Good news. I found your wallet...
(he hands it to her)
... And ran your plates. Car is
registered to you. Reagan Malone of
Boston. Your tags are expired.
You'll need to fix that.

Reagan examines the license, her expression unreadable.

CHRISTY DUNKIN

Stunning police work.

REAGAN

Is anyone looking for me? A baby daddy perhaps?

AARON MOONEY

I called Boston P.D. No one's reported you missing yet.

MADDY HAYWOOD

But you're three hours from home. You must've told everyone you were going on a trip or something.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Your vitals are good, I'm giving you a clean bill of health. Maddy will show you where your vehicle is. You should be able to get on the road first thing in the morning.

REAGAN

(to Christy)

Looks like I won't be needing your services. Sure I can find a shrink in Boston who's dealt with this type of thing before. But thanks.

Off Reagan's tentative relief.

EXT. THE QUAD - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

The Parker's Crest business district circles a grassy quad, which Maddy leads Reagan across. A couple TEEN SUNBATHERS flip through GLOSSY MAGAZINES, while their Male Counterparts throw a FOOTBALL nearby, college brochure style.

Reagan clocks the Blueberry Water Tower looming in the distance, and Maddy points out buildings as they walk.

MADDY HAYWOOD

That's the diner. It's kinda the only place to eat here, but there's an Applebees in the next town over.

(beat)

And that over there is the book store. It's been in our family for years. That's where I was right before your accident. I was practicing for the Blueberry Queen pageant.

REAGAN

What's the deal with all the blueberries anyway?

Maddy laughs. Adopting her best valley girl --

MADDY HAYWOOD

Oh my god. You're like totally not impressed.

(beat)

The Blueberry Festival is a *huge* deal here. It's months away and it's already all anyone can talk about. Once it's over, what happened at the Blueberry Festival will be all anyone can talk about. And then it will be time to start talking about next year's again. This town is full of boring halfwits.

REAGAN

And you want to be their queen.

Maddy shrugs.

MADDY HAYWOOD

For my talent, I have a very complicated magic act where I make birds appear out of my cupped hands. And those girls --

(points to Sunbathers)

-- Opened the door and threw birdseed outside so my doves would fly away.

REAGAN

Why would they do that?

MADDY HAYWOOD

I'd like to say it's because they feel threatened. But nope, they're just evil bitches.

The smirking Sunbathers softly CHIRP without looking up from their magazines. Maddy pretends not to care as they move past them arriving at --

EXT. GAS STATION - PARKER'S CREST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Where Reagan pumped gas when she arrived. There are two small garages at the side of the building. Maddy points --

MADDY HAYWOOD

That's the inn over there. My brother booked you a room for tonight.

(MORE)

MADDY HAYWOOD (CONT'D)
 And this, is the car place. Craig
 is the mechanic. He's super old.

CRAIG (doesn't know he's super old) comes out to meet them.

CRAIG
 You must be the young lady who
 bulldozed our poor Barry. I'm Craig.

REAGAN
 (trying out the name)
 Reagan. Really sorry about Barry.

CRAIG
 Quite alright. We're fixing him up
 too.

A brand new Blueberry Man is being painted in one of the
 garages. A Sedan is on a lift in the other.

REAGAN
 That my car?

Craig seems momentarily surprised, but catches himself.
 Word has already spread about the stranger's amnesia.

He points to the WRECKED CONVERTIBLE outside.

CRAIG
 No ma'am. *That's* your car.
 Unfortunately it's going to be a few
 more days. Needed some rare parts
 that I had to special order.

Reagan's bummed. Maddy tries to stifle her excitement --

MADDY HAYWOOD
 Wow, that sucks for you, but we could
 use some excitement in Parker's Crest.
 A stranger with amnesia to shake
 things up. Yes, please!

But Reagan doesn't hear her. She teeters on her feet.

CRAIG
 Miss, you okay?

She tries to nod, dizzy. The world spins and their voices
 distort as Reagan stretches her arm out for Maddy, but can't
 quite reach her before she collapses.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. RYAN'S STUDIO - WALDEN LAKE - DAY (MONTAGE)

-- Ryan plays a video game with Manson's head in his lap.

RYAN (V.O.)
Tomorrow is the ten year anniversary
of my girlfriend's death.

-- He sits on his balcony, smoking a cigarette and just
staring into space.

RYAN (V.O.)
Ten years. That's a long time for
most people. But not me. I relive
the day she died every single... I
mean, in a way, it's like no time
has passed at all. I'm stuck as the
same eighteen year old little shit I
was back then.

-- He tries to feed Manson, but the DOGFOOD BAG is empty.

RYAN (V.O.)
But I'm getting better. Back then,
my actions destroyed lives. Now I'm
living much more responsibly.

-- He checks several pairs of DIRTY JEANS for cash. Manages
to accumulate a small pile of BILLS and CHANGE.

RYAN (V.O.)
I got a new job. Might keep this
one a while. Money's decent.

-- A Delivery Boy hands over a PIZZA, looks at the crumpled
money dubiously.

-- Ryan holds a SLICE out for Manson; he reluctantly eats.

RYAN (V.O.)
I don't associate with anyone from
my past. I can't. Or else I'll
back pedal.

-- He prepares a line of COKE. Snorts it. Washes the drip
down with another beer.

END MONTAGE.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Ryan stands in a circle of fellow ANONYMOUS ALCOHOLICS.

RYAN

I've been sober for one year, three months and four days. And I want to keep it that way.

The other members CLAP as Ryan takes a seat, avoids meeting his counselor's eyes.

COUNSELOR

Thank you for sharing, Ryan.

INT. HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan sits on the exam chair in a paper gown. Jake enters.

JAKE HAYWOOD

We need to stop meeting like this. Maddy says you fainted... You okay?

REAGAN

Yeah. I got dizzy, that's all.

Reagan meets Jake's eye as he feels her forehead. He blushes.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Listen, it's common to have some residual issues following a trauma like the one you experienced. It's probably nothing, but I'd like to run some tests just to make sure this won't be an ongoing problem.

REAGAN

Yeah, okay...

Reagan looks away as Jake prepares to take her blood, far from the fearless woman we saw in the park.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY

Reagan and Penn sit, a half eaten pizza and a few empty beer mugs between them, a lot shared in the hour we missed.

PENN

I feel like you've avoided telling me what it is you did in Boston...

REAGAN

I haven't avoided.
(MORE)

REAGAN (CONT'D)

It's just a boring story. I nannied
and tutored a lot. Odd jobs.

PENN

But what is it you want to do?

It's a normal question, but Reagan just looks at him blankly.
She's saved by the music. HERE WITHOUT YOU by THREE DOORS
DOWN begins to play from the restaurant's speakers --

REAGAN

Oh my god. I love this song.

PENN

You're kidding, right? Everybody
likes this song. Nobody *loves* this
song.

REAGAN

I'd literally listen to it on repeat
if I had a CD player in my car.

PENN

With your windows rolled up, I hope.

REAGAN

Ha ha.

Reagan sways to the song, singing along. Penn watches her
amused. When the chorus is over --

PENN

(joking)

Whoa. Look at the time. I have to
go.

Reagan checks her watch.

REAGAN

Shit, I actually do have to go. It
was really nice meeting you, Penn.

PENN

(meaning it)

You too, Reagan.

She throws some MONEY down on the table and stands.

PENN

I thought you said you didn't have
any money!

REAGAN

Yeah... I'm kind of a liar.

She smiles sheepishly and exits. Penn watches her go.

EXT. PIZZA PARLOR - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

The rain has subsided. Reagan exits the pizza parlor and pulls the FLYER NUMBER out of her pocket along with an already unwrapped BURNER PHONE. A familiar cycle for her is starting all over again. She dials the number --

REAGAN (INTO PHONE)

Hi. I'm calling about the nanny position you have advertised.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan, back in street clothes, walks down the hall with Jake. Maddy scurries to keep up, seemingly texting.

JAKE HAYWOOD

I'll put a rush on those lab results, but in the meantime, my professional opinion is that you should stay close to the hospital. Just in case.

Reagan doesn't like that plan at all.

REAGAN

But what if people back home are worried? And I'm just sitting here waiting...

MADDY HAYWOOD

Why can't we take her to Boston?

JAKE HAYWOOD

Maddy...

MADDY HAYWOOD

What? We're already going.
(to Reagan)
We're going into the city to shop for a new pageant dress tomorrow. We can just drop you off on the way.

REAGAN

Really? That would be amazing.

JAKE HAYWOOD

It's a plan then.
(beat)
We're headed home. Need a ride to the inn?

They see Aaron approaching from the end of the hall --

REAGAN

Oh, I'm not staying at the inn.
Aaron offered me his guest room.
Seemed silly to waste money on a
room when I can just stay with him.

Maddy thrusts Reagan's CELL PHONE into her hands --

MADDY HAYWOOD

Here's your phone. I programmed my
number so we can text.

REAGAN

Thanks...

Jake watches with a hint of jealousy as Reagan joins Aaron
at the end of the hall. And nothing gets past Maddy --

MADDY HAYWOOD

You sure don't waste any time, player.

EXT. WEED DISPENSARY - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Ryan exits a medical marijuana dispensary carrying a PLASTIC
BAG, almost plowing into Katie. Both very surprised to see
each other.

RYAN

This can't be possible. Katie
Albright is not buying weed!

KATIE

Ryan, just don't.
(examines him, softens)
How are you? It's been a long time.

RYAN

Don't change the subject. Go inside,
get your stuff, then we can go back
to my apartment and toké up. Just
like old times. You know, except
this time you'll participate.

KATIE

I'm not buying weed for myself.

RYAN

Right. You're just holding it for a
friend?

KATIE

You don't know, do you?

The mood shifts. Ryan may be a junkie, but he's no idiot.
Aware that she's about to bring up an unpleasant subject --

RYAN

You know, if you're not gonna join me, I'm just gonna get to this.

He holds up his bag.

KATIE

It's Bonnie. She's sick.

He looks over his shoulder. At his shoes. Anywhere but at her face.

RYAN

See ya, Katie.

He turns to go, but what Katie says next stops him --

KATIE

She's dying, Ryan. She's dying, and she has no one.

RYAN

And whose fault is that?

KATIE

(lowering her voice)

Well... technically I think it's ours. You should go visit her...

RYAN

Yeah, I'll move that right to the top of my to-do list.

Katie knows there's no use arguing with him.

KATIE

What's going on with you? You taking care of yourself?

RYAN

Oh yeah, of course. Never been better. Got myself a husband, a kid, picket fence. Oh wait, that's you.

KATIE

You're mad? That I'm happy? That's a little unfair.

RYAN

Please, Katie. I can take one look at you and tell you're not happy.

(holding up his weed)

Shall we try to fix that?

KATIE

Can't. I have responsibilities.

She's pissed, as she throws the Dispensary door open --

RYAN

Great seeing you, Katie!

Once she's gone, his false cheer fades. He stands in the middle of the sidewalk, staring at the place she just occupied lost in the past...

EXT. FARMHOUSE, WOODS - WALDEN LAKE (2005) - NIGHT

We're behind the TWO HOODED FIGURES we saw earlier at the edge of the woods as they watch the farmhouse burn.

REVEAL THAT IT'S RYAN AND KATIE. Ryan reaches out and takes Katie's hand, squeezes it. She looks down at their entwined fingers, then back up at his face.

RYAN

We're doing the right thing.

A tear slides down Katie's cheek. Ryan tries to wipe it away, but Katie turns her head, forcing herself to watch the house go up in flames.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. UNIDENTIFIED ROOM - NIGHT

Reagan wakes up in an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar room. She sits up, disoriented, wondering what woke her.

Something CREAKS in the doorway.

REAGAN

Who's there?

A GUST OF WIND RUSTLES the curtains. Reagan looks to the open window, DISTANT VOICES ECHO from somewhere outside.

DISTANT VOICES

You'll pay for this.

Reagan throws the covers back to investigate, but as soon as her feet hit the ground, the window SLAMS SHUT.

All around her, the walls suddenly BURST INTO FLAMES.

Reagan runs to the window, tries to open it, but it won't budge. She runs to the door, but it's locked from the outside. She starts BANGING on the door --

REAGAN

Help me! Somebody please, help!

INT. UNIDENTIFIED ROOM - NIGHT

Reagan wakes up in the same unfamiliar bed in the same unfamiliar room. She uneasily sits up, looking around.

Something CREAKS in the doorway.

REAGAN

Who's there?

She glances at the window. It's closed, the curtains still. Aaron bursts through the doorway in sweatpants and a T-shirt, GUN DRAWN, half-ready to protect and serve.

AARON MOONEY

It's me. Aaron. You okay? You were yelling for help?

REAGAN

It was a dream. I'm so sorry I woke you up.

AARON MOONEY

You're on edge. I get it. You know what you need? A drink. Come on.

REAGAN

Dude, I'm pregnant. Supposedly.

AARON MOONEY

Next best thing then?

He smiles at her and tucks the gun into the waistband of his sweatpants. She can't help but be charmed.

INT. AARON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

Reagan stands alone in borrowed PJs, studying the contents of the bookshelf, mostly RELIGIOUS STUDIES and MYTHOLOGY TEXTS. DISHES CLANK and CABINETS CLOSE in the next room.

AARON MOONEY (O.S.)

Hot fudge or caramel?

REAGAN

Honestly, not sure what I like. Surprise me.

(beat)

You're into mythology?

AARON MOONEY (O.S.)

What?

REAGAN

Your books.

AARON MOONEY (O.S.)

Oh, right. They're not mine.

Reagan tilts her head curious, but doesn't push it. She moves over to a PIANO in the corner, PLINKS a few keys. Something draws her in. She sits. Then, as if her body has taken over, she begins to play.

At first, just a melody, but then a full blown song with chords and everything. It's **HERE WITHOUT YOU** - the song from the pizza parlor.

Aaron enters in the doorway with TWO BOWLS OF ICE CREAM.

AARON MOONEY

So you can play the piano.

REAGAN

Yeah, I guess so.

They look at each other, both a little impressed.

INT. MARTIN HOME, LIVING ROOM - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY

Reagan sits on the floor with CAMERON MARTIN (3), pig-tailed precociousness, in her lap playing with finger puppets.

TRISH MARTIN (33), a pearls and cardigan type, sips her HERBAL TEA and skims a RESUME while Reagan bonds with her daughter.

TRISH MARTIN

And how long did you work for the Montgomeries?

REAGAN

Six years. Until Franklin was old enough to babysit Jessica hisself.

Reagan glances at the pristine GRAND PIANO in the corner of the room, odds good it's never been played. Trish notices --

TRISH MARTIN

We're going to start Cameron on lessons next year. Do you play?

REAGAN

Sorry, no. I was just admiring it. It's beautiful.

TRISH MARTIN

It was my mother-in-law's.

(beat)

Here's the deal. My husband and I both work long hours and sometimes weekends. The position is six days a week, live-in. You'll have Sundays to yourself. We have a housekeeper three days a week, so your sole responsibility will be Cameron's care and transportation.

CAMERON MARTIN

My last nanny said I'm... what was it mommy?

TRISH MARTIN

Difficult. You still interested?

REAGAN

Yes, it sounds perfect.

TRISH MARTIN

I don't have a ton of time to spend interviewing nannies, and heaven knows I can't trust my husband to do it. Your resume is excellent. When could you start?

REAGAN
I could start right now.

Trish looks tempted to take her up on it.

TRISH MARTIN
I'll have to check your references
of course.

Reagan smiles widely, a flicker of panic in her eyes.

REAGAN
Of course. Should be no problem.

INT. HOSTEL, REC ROOM - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY

Reagan sits in the common room of a crappy hostel writing in a JOURNAL.

Her Roommate approaches, teasing --

ROOMMATE
Dear Diary, today I met a boy.
(beat)
You've been scribbling away in that
thing ever since you got here.

Reagan closes the journal and turns around, teasing back --

REAGAN
And you've obviously been reading
it.

A PHONE RINGS. Reagan looks at FOUR CELL PHONES laid out on the table in front of her, labeled with index cards.

REAGAN
Oh hey, this one's you. You ready?

Her Roommate nods, takes the phone, adopts a snooty voice.

ROOMMATE (INTO PHONE)
Lindsey Montgomery speaking.
(a beat, while she listens)
Reagan Malone? She was the best
nanny we've ever had. Clifton and I
were so sad to see her go.
(another beat)
No ma'am. Never had a single problem.
She's a lovely girl, we loved her,
and Franklin and Jessica loved her
even more.

Reagan nods, gives her a thumbs up.

ROOMMATE (INTO PHONE)
Of course. If you have any other
questions, call anytime.

Reagan shakes her head, discouraging that idea.

ROOMMATE (INTO PHONE)
Ta-ta!

Roommate hangs up. Reagan smiles. Hands her a HUNDRED.

REAGAN
Thank you so much!

Another PHONE starts ringing. Reagan grabs it, and looks
around the room.

REAGAN
You seen, Marta? This next one is
hers.

ROOMMATE
Over there.
(beat)
Hey promise me you're not gonna kidnap
that lady's kid or anything.

Reagan smiles and shrugs, heading across the room to Marta.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Reagan stares out the window in the back seat of Jake's car,
oblivious to Jake and Maddy giggling in the front seat.

JAKE HAYWOOD
No way, cheater.

MADDY HAYWOOD
How did I cheat? You asked me if it
can fly, I said yes.

JAKE HAYWOOD
Chickens can't fly, Maddy.

MADDY HAYWOOD
They have wings.

JAKE HAYWOOD
So do penguins, doesn't mean they
can fly.

MADDY HAYWOOD
I've seen a chicken fly.

JAKE HAYWOOD
Let's consult the official twenty
questions judge. Reagan?

He glances at Reagan in the rearview mirror. She continues
to stare out the window at the trees racing by.

JAKE HAYWOOD
Hey Reagan? What's going on?

REAGAN
What? Nothing. I'm just suddenly
nervous. Like, why was I three hours
away? Maybe I was trying to get
away from whoever is here...

Maddy and Jake glance at each other, too late for that.

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
Your destination is on the right.

MADDY HAYWOOD
Well we're about to find out...

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
You have arrived at your destination.

JAKE HAYWOOD
You sure this is the right address?

They all look out the window at a SIGN that reads **ROSLINDALE
RETIREMENT CENTER**. Off Reagan's confused dismay.

INT. NURSING HOME - BOSTON - DAY

Jake leads them in. They're immediately greeted by a NURSE.

NURSE
Welcome to Roslindale Retirement
Center. Are you here to visit a
loved one?

Reagan steps out from behind Jake.

REAGAN
We're not sure.

NURSE
Reagan Malone. What on earth are
you doing here!?

INT. NURSING HOME, REC ROOM - BOSTON - DAY (LATER)

Reagan and the Nurse sit on a PIANO BENCH. Jake and Maddy
sit on a couch nearby with some BLUE HAIRS watching Cocoon.

NURSE

Your grandmother, Charlotte used to live here. You'd come every day. The first to arrive, the last to leave. Most days you'd sit right here in the rec room and play this piano for everyone. She loved it.

Reagan looks at the piano blankly, memory unjogged. An Elderly Woman lingers nearby, eavesdropping.

NURSE

You really don't remember?
(Reagan shakes her head)
Your hair was red then. I like it now though.

REAGAN

Do you know anything about me? Where I live? Do I have a boyfriend?

NURSE

Oh sweetie, I have no idea. Charlotte died two years ago. We haven't seen you since the funeral.

REAGAN

What about her admittance records? If I was her emergency contact, my information must still be on file...

NURSE

Of course. I'll go check.

The Nurse exits to a back room. Reagan faces the piano, lifting the fallboard and running her hands over the dusty keys. The Elderly Woman sits next to her, a hint of crazy.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Who're the fools you brought with you this time?

REAGAN

Excuse me?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Obviously you're leading them up the garden path. Just like Charlotte.

REAGAN

I don't know what you're talking about... You knew my grandmother?

ELDERLY WOMAN

She wasn't your grandmother. You were pretending. You're always pretending. For money. For freedom. For absolution.

REAGAN

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(intense, in her face)

I saw you.

REAGAN

What?

ELDERLY WOMAN

With the pillow. I saw you standing over her with it. Then she was dead.

Under this, Maddy eyes them curiously from across the room.

REAGAN

I... wouldn't do that.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Charlotte knew who you weren't. Said the true Reagan was too rotten to ever step foot in this place. But she was lonely. Thought a stranger who cared was better than family who didn't.

(growing agitated)

But you *didn't* care.

REAGAN

You must have misunderstood...

The Nurse reemerges, noticing the Elderly Woman --

NURSE

Joyce, go watch the movie and leave our visitor alone!

Reagan, clearly shaken, stands, joins the Nurse uncertainly.

NURSE

I'm sorry if she was bothering you. I'm afraid Joyce's mind has deteriorated quite a bit in the last few years.

The Nurse holds out a FILE, but Reagan is looking back at the old woman who returns her stare, eyes accusing.

EXT. MARTIN HOME - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY

Reagan stands on the front porch with a duffel bag. Trish opens the door, ushering her inside.

INT. MARTIN HOME, FOYER - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY

TRISH MARTIN

Where's the rest of your stuff?

REAGAN

I pack light.

Trish doesn't have time to be curious. She's in a hurry. She leads Reagan to the hallway and into --

INT. MARTIN HOME, REAGAN'S ROOM - SEATTLE (2013) - DAY (CONT)

Trish pushes open the door and shows Reagan around her room.

TRISH MARTIN

This will be your room. The sheets are clean, there are fresh towels here. Make yourself at home.

Cameron runs into the room holding up a STUFFED BEAR.

CAMERON

Mommy, kiss Marnie!

Trish ignores her. Reagan bends down, kisses the bear, thus immediately winning Cameron's undying devotion.

TRISH MARTIN

Mommy has to run to work. Listen to Reagan. She's the boss.

(to Reagan, grateful)

Numbers are on the fridge. There's a car for you in the garage. Keys on the hook by the door. Thank you!

And with that, Trish is gone. Reagan sets her duffel on the bed and squats in front of Cameron.

REAGAN

Well? What are we going to do now?

Cameron smiles shyly.

EXT. CHARLOTTE MALONE'S HOUSE - BOSTON - DAY

An African-American couple watches from the doorway as Reagan walks back to the car, dejected. She gets in, joining Jake and Maddy --

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JAKE HAYWOOD

What happened?

REAGAN

They say they've never met me. A realtor showed them the place two years ago, and they just deposit rent into my bank account every month.

A long beat as she lets that sink in. Then --

MADDY HAYWOOD

Sorry to be insensitive, but the dress place closes at five...

REAGAN

Can we make one more quick stop?

INT. BANK - BOSTON - DAY

Reagan, Jake and Maddy sit at a desk in front of a BANK MANAGER (mid 40s). He seems excited to see Reagan.

REAGAN

So... I'm not sure what the procedure is for these kinds of scenarios --

BANK MANAGER

-- Amnesia scenarios...?

JAKE HAYWOOD

She has a driver's license. She can prove who she is...

Bank Manager looks meaningfully at Reagan, waiting. She looks back blankly. Finally --

BANK MANAGER

I actually remember you.

Reagan's eyes light up.

REAGAN

Really?

BANK MANAGER

Yes. It's kind of a big deal when someone brings that kind of money in here.

MADDY HAYWOOD

What kind of money exactly?

Bank Manager taps some keys and turns the monitor to show Reagan. Maddy tries to see, but Jake gives her a warning look and pulls her back down in her chair.

REAGAN

Holy shit!

BANK MANAGER

You came into quite the inheritance.

Reagan studies the screen.

REAGAN

Are these withdrawals?

(off his nod)

Can I get a printout of these transactions?

BANK MANAGER

Yes. I'll get you all set up with that, and we can order you a new debit card while you're here.

(hesitation)

You also have a safe deposit box...

REAGAN

Definitely want to see that.

BANK MANAGER

Do you have the key?

Reagan shows him the KEY on the CHAIN around her neck.

REAGAN

This it?

BANK MANAGER

No. It would be gold with the bank name engraved on it.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Come on. If there's any scenario that requires an exception to be made, this is it.

BANK MANAGER

I'm really sorry. The box requires two keys to open. Ours and yours. This isn't about policy. It's just simply not possible.

(beat)

Let me get you those records.

He leaves them sitting at his desk, answers just out of reach.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

The dejected group drives back to Parker's Crest, a GOWN BAG hangs in the backseat. Reagan's studying the printout.

MADDY HAYWOOD

Was it just me, or did that bank manager recognize you?

REAGAN

What? He said he remembered me.

MADDY HAYWOOD

I know, but he like, really wanted you to remember him.

JAKE HAYWOOD

You're imagining things, Maddy.

Maddy sighs loudly. Nobody gets her.

MADDY HAYWOOD

And what was that old lady saying to you at the nursing home?

REAGAN

(a moment of hesitation)

Nothing. I think she was senile.

Maddy looks at Jake, not buying it. Jake's eyes lock with Reagan's in the rearview mirror. He's genuinely concerned.

REAGAN

Do you think it's weird that I withdrew large amounts of cash a couple times a year from all over the country? And then never used my debit card for anything else?

MADDY HAYWOOD

It's super weird.

REAGAN

I mean Boise? Dallas. San Diego. Memphis. There's no consistency. The last time I withdrew was last week in Newark. I got seven thousand. What happened to that money?

MADDY HAYWOOD

Maybe you were being held hostage. And your kidnapper made you give him money out of your account but you escaped. Or, maybe you're CIA.

(MORE)

MADDY HAYWOOD (CONT'D)
 (adjusting the mirrors)
 Is anyone following us?

REAGAN
 It kinda seems like I was up to no
 good...

They were all thinking it, but relieved that she said it --

JAKE HAYWOOD
 Here's my two cents. You seemed to
 be living a transient lifestyle.
 Maybe you were on the run. Maybe
 you're just independent. Either
 way, here you are with a clean slate.
 A second chance to be a better person.

MADDY HAYWOOD
 You could always settle down in
 Parker's Crest. It's boring, but
 it's a good place to raise a family.

REAGAN
 What family? It's just me and this
 kid. For all I know, the father has
 no idea I'm even pregnant.

INT. MARTIN HOME, KITCHEN - SEATTLE (2013) - NIGHT

Reagan sits on a barstool watching Cameron eat.

CAMERON MARTIN
 Mommy doesn't let me eat mac and
 cheese.

REAGAN
 What? Why'd you wait until you're
 almost done to tell me? Are you
 trying to get me fired?

CAMERON MARTIN
 No. I like you way better than my
 last nanny.

REAGAN
 Well, hurry up and finish before
 your Mommy gets home so I don't get
 in trouble.

HEADLIGHTS skim across the wall as a car pulls into the drive.

CAMERON MARTIN
 Daddy's home! His car is noisier
 than Mommy's.

REAGAN

Will he care about the mac and cheese?

Cameron shakes her head reassuringly, hops down and runs to the next room. Reagan quickly rinses out her bowl.

MAN (O.S.)

How's my little angel?

CAMERON MARTIN (O.S.)

I got a new nanny, Daddy.

MAN (O.S.)

Are you going to introduce me?

More HEADLIGHTS slide across the wall as Trish pulls into the driveway. Reagan heads into the ADJOINING ROOM, where a Man hugs Cameron. Cameron points over his shoulder at Reagan.

CAMERON MARTIN

There she is. Daddy, what's a gipper?

The Man slowly turns around to face her, letting Cameron slide to the floor. It's Penn. Reagan's jaw drops. Penn is just as surprised to see her.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CHRISTY'S OFFICE - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan attends her first memory therapy session with Christy.

CHRISTY DUNKIN

So fire typically represents the process of psychological transformation. Purging the decay of the past, Phoenix rising up from the ashes and all that...

REAGAN

I don't know, the dream seemed pretty real. Could the fire be a memory?

CHRISTY DUNKIN

It's certainly a possibility. However, it seems unlikely. You have no visible burn scars. And you're not experiencing any other sort of remembrance, are you?

Reagan shrugs, picking imaginary lint from her jeans.

REAGAN

What's the deal with doctor patient privilege? How does that work when Jake's insurance is paying my medical bills?

CHRISTY DUNKIN

Whatever you tell me is private, regardless of who picks up the tab.
(eagerly)
Why?

REAGAN

I'm just afraid that maybe I wasn't that great of a person before.

CHRISTY DUNKIN

And why is that?

REAGAN

(long beat, debating)
There was this lady at the nursing home. She insinuated that I might have... posed as Reagan to inherit Charlotte's fortune.

CHRISTY DUNKIN
That seems like it would be hard to
fake. You have a driver's license...

REAGAN
Yeah...

CHRISTY DUNKIN
I think the DMV is more reliable
than some senile old woman.

Christy scribbles on her notepad: *lady at nursing home.*

REAGAN
You're right. I mean, I don't think
I'm capable of anything like that.

CHRISTY DUNKIN
Sometimes we can surprise ourselves.

Reagan looks up curiously, but Christy just stares back, her
expression blank.

INT. MARTIN HOME, FOYER - SEATTLE (2013) - NIGHT

Reagan's still in shock.

REAGAN
Hi.

PENN
Hi.

Trish comes in, carrying GROCERIES.

TRISH MARTIN
Oh good. You guys've met.
(to Penn)
Honey, what time is Todd coming over?

CAMERON MARTIN
Uncle Todd! Uncle Todd!

PENN MARTIN
In thirty minutes.

TRISH MARTIN
Great. Reagan, please give Cameron
a bath and put her to bed. I'll get
started on dinner.

Reagan leads Cameron out of the room.

CAMERON MARTIN
But I wanna see Uncle Todd!

INT. MARTIN HOME, DINING ROOM - SEATTLE (2013) - LATER

Reagan has no idea why Cameron wanted to see Uncle Todd so badly. TODD WALDECK (35), handsome, confident and douchey, sits, texting under the dinner table while Reagan, Trish and Penn talk and eat like civilized people.

TRISH MARTIN

How was Cameron today?

REAGAN

She was an angel. She had our entire afternoon scheduled. Tea parties, play dates, Gymboree.

PENN MARTIN

She takes after her mother.

Trish smiles at him. Reagan looks at her lap.

PENN MARTIN

So Reagan, what brings you to Seattle?

TRISH MARTIN

How do you know she's not from here?

Penn momentarily panics, then catches himself.

PENN MARTIN

The car out front had Massachusetts plates. I assume that's yours?

REAGAN

Yeah. I just closed my eyes and pointed at a map. Romantic, huh?

Penn does think it's romantic. Of course, it's a lie.

PENN MARTIN

Sounds like something I'd do if I weren't married with a kid.

TRISH MARTIN

(mocking, releases him)
Feel free...

REAGAN

So Todd... you're Penn's brother?

TODD WALDECK

(not looking up)
From another mother. Just besties.
(he puts the phone down)
What's your deal anyway?

(MORE)

TODD WALDECK (CONT'D)

I have to question the motives of anyone that takes a cash paying job.

TRISH MARTIN

Please excuse him. He's an intelligence analyst for the FBI, which makes him suspicious of everyone. A real fun guy.

REAGAN

The FBI? That's cool.

TRISH MARTIN

Not that cool. I mean it's not like he's a real agent or anything.

She says it lightly, but it's clear she's not a fan.

TODD WALDECK

I mean... you don't pay taxes, right? So I assume you don't vote either. You'd have to choose one or the other. Or else you'd be a hypocrite.

It's accusing, but he states it all with boredom.

PENN MARTIN

Todd. Lay off.

REAGAN

So what exactly do you do at the FBI? Can you find people?

TODD WALDECK

Depends on if I like you.

Off Reagan more curious than offended.

INT. MADDY'S ROOM/CLOSET - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

TIGHT ON: CHARLOTTE MALONE'S OBITUARY on a laptop screen. REVEAL Reagan sprawled out on the bed, skimming it. Maddy's in the closet changing. We INTERCUT --

MADDY HAYWOOD

Any luck googling yourself?

Reagan clicks another link. There's a PHOTO of a girl smiling from atop a horse, the caption reads: **LOCAL GIRL, REAGAN MALONE (11), PLACES FIRST IN HER AGE GROUP.**

REAGAN

Not really. My grandmother's obituary. That's about it.

Reagan closes the tab, revealing Maddy's Facebook page open in the other browser. She types **REAGAN MALONE** into the user search. **NO RESULTS FOUND.**

MADDY HAYWOOD

Jake likes you, you know...

REAGAN

I kinda sensed he had something going on with my shrink.

MADDY HAYWOOD

Christy Dunkin? No way. I mean, she wishes. They have a history.

REAGAN

What kind of history?

MADDY HAYWOOD

I was little, so I'm pretty sure I got the watered-down version. Jake and Aaron have been friends since they were kids. Christy dated Aaron in high school, totally broke his heart. Afterwards, she went after Jake, but he wasn't interested. She doesn't like being told no.

REAGAN

And she's been harboring feelings for him all this time?

MADDY HAYWOOD

Maybe. Jake has been off the market until a couple months ago. He was dating this girl, Peyton, super cool. Now that she's out of the picture, Christy must think it's finally her chance to swoop in and snatch up the one thing she always wanted.

REAGAN

What happened to Peyton?

MADDY HAYWOOD

She moved to New York, wanted Jake to come with her, but...

(hesitates)

Our father... isn't well. Jake refused to leave us behind.

Maddy emerges from the closet in the floor-length gown.

REAGAN

You look amazing!

(MORE)

REAGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

So what's *your* story? You have a boyfriend?

MADDY HAYWOOD

Nah. The boys at school don't like me. They all think I'm weird.

REAGAN

Why?

MADDY HAYWOOD

Because *I'm weird*. I'm doing a magic act for my talent. Need I say more?

REAGAN

Weird is good...

MADDY HAYWOOD

Says the girl who surely had all the guys in high school. I bet you were a cheerleader and prom queen and all that...

Reagan shifts uncomfortably. No way to know.

REAGAN

Can I ask something without you getting offended?

(Maddy nods)

You're totally hot. But you don't seem like the type of girl who would be interested in beauty pageants...

MADDY HAYWOOD

(beat, then softly)

My mom was the Blueberry Queen. She died when I was little. It's stupid. I just do it to feel close to her.

REAGAN

I don't think that's stupid at all.

Maddy smiles at her in the mirror, pleased to have a friend.

EXT. CEMETERY - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Holding a BOUQUET of wilted flowers, Ryan approaches a TOMBSTONE: **CORINNE MITCHELL, LOVING DAUGHTER AND FRIEND, TAKEN TOO SOON 1987-2005**. FRESH FLOWERS and DECORATIVE CANDLES line the grave.

He sits, staring somberly at the tombstone.

RYAN
 (whispers)
 Corey... I'm so sorry.

KATIE (O.S.)
 I go a decade without seeing you,
 and suddenly you're everywhere.

Ryan turns to see Katie holding another DECORATIVE CANDLE.

RYAN
 I can tell you've been here before.

KATIE
 Of course. You haven't?

RYAN
 First time. I mean since the funeral.

KATIE
 Why?

She sits, an ease with him. Ryan points to the tombstone --

RYAN
 It just doesn't feel like a real
 thing. I mean it's not like she's
 actually buried here. I go to where
 it happened sometimes.

KATIE
 I haven't been since that night.

Ryan looks at her seriously for a long beat.

RYAN
 Her ashes are in those woods. It's...
 like I can feel her all around me.
 You should go sometime.

KATIE
 The last thing I want is to feel her
 all around me. I can't. I feel
 guilty enough here.

RYAN
 We deserve to feel guilty. I go to
 punish myself.

Katie starts crying. Her tears only anger Ryan --

RYAN
 I don't understand how you can move
 on. You got married, had a kid.
 (MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're living a full life. Or at least pretending to. We took that away from her. From both of them.

KATIE

Not *just* us.

RYAN

We played our part.

KATIE

But we're the only ones suffering. When will it be enough for you?

Ryan stares at the tombstone. He doesn't have an answer.

EXT. AARON'S HOME, PATIO - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

Aaron, Christy and Jake drink beers around a firepit. Reagan nurses a water. The fire is starting to die down.

JAKE HAYWOOD

So, Reagan, what's the plan now?

REAGAN

As soon as my car's ready, I'm gonna follow my recent bank withdrawals. See if I can find anyone who recognizes me. Unless you guys have a better suggestion?

AARON MOONEY

What if you stay put and wait for your baby daddy to come here? You can crash with me as long as you want. I like the company.

REAGAN

That's sweet, Aaron. But I can't just sit around and wait to be found.

Christy collects the empty beer bottles, trying to hide her irritation that she isn't the center of attention.

CHRISTY DUNKIN

Anyone want another beer?

JAKE HAYWOOD

I think I have time for one more round before Maddy picks me up...

As Christy closes the sliding door behind her, Reagan reaches for a BOOK OF MATCHES and some KINDLE to revive the fire.

AS SHE STRIKES THE MATCH, something is triggered in her brain. WE FLICKER THROUGH A SERIES OF IMAGES, SOUND DISTORTED, like an old film shooting through a projector too quickly:

The head-on COLLISION with BARRY BLUE the BLUEBERRY... The DIAMOND RING sliding into the envelope... The GUN EXCHANGE with the THUG in the park... A GUNSHOT... A WOMAN in an evening gown clutches a GROWING BLOOD STAIN on her dress... TWO NAKED, SWEATY BODIES grind against each other, the man moaning as his lips graze her shoulder, her breathing heavy... CHARLOTTE MALONE is suffocated with a pillow... A wholesomer RYAN (18) holds TWO GASOLINE CANS, his voice just an echo --

RYAN

You ready?

REAGAN

I'll meet you guys out there. I need a minute with him alone.

DISTANT VOICE (O.S.)

You'll pay for this.

A MAN in a RECLINER looks at us WARILY, as SHAKING HANDS STRIKE A MATCH --

REAGAN'S POV as she opens her eyes with a GASP. She's surrounded by BLURRED FIGURES leaning in, reminiscent of her first awakening in the Parker's Crest hospital.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Are you okay?

Christy, Aaron and Jake snap sharply into focus. They're all still outside on the deck. Reagan looks down at the MATCHES still in her hand.

REAGAN

(forced casual)

Yeah, I uh, I guess I burned myself...

AARON MOONEY

Uh, no. You were catatonic. For like five minutes.

Jake's face is etched with concern, but Christy eyes Reagan suspiciously. She takes the matches from her and lights the fire herself --

CHRISTY DUNKIN

Next time, be more careful.

Off Reagan remembering, but wishing she could forget...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. AARON'S HOME, KITCHEN - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

Reagan enters, pacing frantically as her mind reels. The only thing more terrifying than losing her memory is regaining one she doesn't want.

She eyes a CORDLESS PHONE in its dock. Hesitates, then punches in a number. She peers out the window at the group on the patio until someone on the other end of the line picks up. We're only privy to one hushed side of the conversation --

REAGAN (INTO PHONE)

Hey it's me... I know, I'm sorry.
It was out of my control. Listen,
we're going to have to postpone for
a while...

(she reacts angrily)

Maybe you've forgotten that *you* work
for *me*... Yeah... I'll be in touch
when I'm ready.

MADDY HAYWOOD (O.S.)

Reagan?

Reagan hangs up and spins to see Maddy standing in the doorway, concerned. Reagan plasters a smile on her face.

REAGAN

Maddy. You scared me.

MADDY HAYWOOD

Who were you talking to?

REAGAN

I'm embarrassed you overheard that.
I lost my temper with the pizza place.
They said it was gonna be two hours
for delivery. I told them to forget
it. I guess I was kinda rude.

The lie slips out of her mouth easily, and Maddy eats it up.

MADDY HAYWOOD

Oh my God. I thought...

REAGAN

You thought I was talking to my
handler at the CIA? Come on.

Maddy laughs as they both join the others outside.

EXT. HOSPITAL - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Aerial over the hospital, revealing a beautiful courtyard garden with stone paths and high flowering bushes.

EXT. HOSPITAL, GARDEN - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Katie pushes Bonnie in a wheelchair along the stone path.

BONNIE

I've accepted that I'm never going home. Which is almost a relief. It must look like a disaster. My plants are probably dead. And in six months, I will be too...

They arrive at a secluded area tucked away behind a water fountain. Bonnie opens up a plastic bag on her lap.

BONNIE

Thanks for getting this.

Bonnie lights up a JOINT, offers it to Katie, who laughs.

KATIE

Can't. I'm on the clock.

Katie locks the chair in place and sits down on a bench across from her, opens a PACKED LUNCH. Bonnie watches her.

BONNIE

Are you a good mother, Katie? You seem like you'd be.

KATIE

(surprised)
I try to be... Why?

BONNIE

I was never a good mother.

KATIE

Bonnie... that's not --

BONNIE

-- No, it's true. If I'd been a better mother, maybe my own kid would be taking care of me instead of you.

Katie's eyes well up, but Bonnie is stoic.

KATIE

What happened wasn't your fault.

BONNIE

I just think... I was being punished
for being a shit mom.

(beat)

Today's the anniversary you know.
Ten years ago tonight.

KATIE

I know.

BONNIE

She hated me.

Katie doesn't argue.

BONNIE

The most important thing a parent
can do is try, to just make an effort.
And I couldn't even manage that.
You've always seemed like a tryer.

KATIE

I try.

That gets a small laugh from Bonnie.

BONNIE

Your daughter is very lucky. And my
daughter was lucky to have a friend
like you.

Katie can't meet her eye. If only she knew...

KATIE

Tell you what. When my shift is
over, I'll go to your house. Get
your mail. Water your plants. Clean
up a bit. That way it's not such a
disaster when you go home...

Bonnie nods indifferently, and takes another puff from the
joint, knowing she'll never go home again.

EXT. PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Establishing. Blueberry fields forever. Barry Blue the
Blueberry has been re-erected in The Quad.

INT. HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan lays on the exam chair, eyes on the monitor as a Nurse
performs an ultrasound. Something's bothering her.

ULTRASOUND NURSE

There's the heartbeat.

Reagan starts to cry as if she's been holding it in for years. The Nurse smiles knowingly, until --

REAGAN

It's not too late to terminate, right?

The Nurse's smile vanishes, replaced by a look of horror.

ULTRASOUND NURSE

You still have time, but... we don't do that here.

Reagan quickly wipes the tears from her cheeks when Jake enters, a concerned expression on his face.

JAKE HAYWOOD

What's wrong?

REAGAN

Nothing. It's just... overwhelming.

Jake takes her hand, struggles with what he has to tell her.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Listen, your lab work came back. You're fine, but there's a high level of protein in your urine.

REAGAN

What does that mean?

JAKE HAYWOOD

It could mean nothing. But your blood pressure is higher than I'd like. And unfortunately, without your medical history, I don't know if this is a sign of chronic hypertension or something more serious like pre-eclampsia.

REAGAN

I'm sorry... I don't understand what any of that means.

JAKE HAYWOOD

(to the nurse)

Can we have a minute?

ULTRASOUND NURSE

Of course.

The Nurse throws a worried look at Reagan, then exits.

JAKE HAYWOOD

It means that this is a higher risk pregnancy, which isn't the worst thing in the world. You just need to be closely monitored. Traveling probably isn't a great idea right now.

Reagan half-heartedly argues. She's already decided to stay.

REAGAN

But I need to find the baby's father.

JAKE HAYWOOD

And you can. In seven months.

REAGAN

In seven months, I'll have a baby in tow. It will be impossible to run around the country.

JAKE HAYWOOD

Maybe.

(a long beat)

Listen. You and I are strangers, I get that. But even if you find where you came from, even if you find the father... he'll be a stranger to you too. Technically, as far as you're concerned, I'm your oldest friend.

He squeezes her hand and shoots her a lopsided grin. Reagan smiles back as she realizes his words are true, just not in the way he meant.

INT. MARTIN HOME, REAGAN'S ROOM - SEATTLE (2013) - NIGHT

Reagan enters, closes the door behind her, relieved to finally be alone. She shoves her duffel bag to the ground and throws herself on the bed, emotionally exhausted.

The ceiling offers no solace. She turns on her side and slides her hand under the pillow, surprised to find a CASSETTE TAPE. The handwritten label reads: *HERE WITHOUT YOU*.

A KNOCK on the door. She sits up, hiding the CASSETTE behind her back.

REAGAN

Come in.

Penn pushes the door open, sits on the edge of the bed.

PENN MARTIN

I thought we should talk...

REAGAN

You made me a mix tape?

PENN MARTIN

It's just one song. Fifteen times.

Reagan just looks at him. Processing it.

PENN MARTIN

You said you wanted to listen to it in your car... I've been bringing it to the shop every day in case you came back.

REAGAN

I wish you'd told me you were married.

PENN MARTIN

What?

REAGAN

You weren't wearing a ring...

PENN MARTIN

It was getting cleaned... what's the big deal?

Reagan stares at him in disbelief. He can't be that clueless.

REAGAN

When I met you the other day, I just felt like... I don't know. I just felt. For the first time in forever.
(she searches his face)
Am I crazy? There's something here.

Penn can't meet her eye. She isn't crazy.

PENN MARTIN

I'm sorry if I led you on. It was just lunch.

REAGAN

You're right. This is embarrassing, I'm sorry. I need to get some air.

PENN MARTIN

Reagan, wait a second.

Reagan jumps up, pulls on her coat.

REAGAN

I'm sorry. I just... can't talk about this right now.

She hurries out, leaving Penn slumped against the bed.

EXT. BAR - SEATTLE (2013) - NIGHT

Reagan walks down the sidewalk, lost in thought. It starts pouring rain. She looks up at the NEON SIGN above her head. A dive bar. Perfect. She goes in --

INT. BAR - SEATTLE (2013) - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Reagan walks up to the bar, orders a whiskey and sits. As she takes a sip, she notices Todd sitting a few stools down. They look at each other uncertainly.

Todd slides his beer down the bar and joins her.

TODD WALDECK

Tax evader and an alcoholic?

(he whistles)

Yikes. Are you stalking me too?

REAGAN

I'm sorry, did it look like I wanted company? Because I don't. And even if I did, it wouldn't be you.

Todd would be deeply offended if he had any feelings--

TODD WALDECK

Down girl. Think we got off on the wrong foot.

(long beat)

Why don't we call a truce? Maybe I can help you find whoever it is you're looking for.

Todd looks at her meaningfully, curiously.

INT. MARTIN HOME, KITCHEN - SEATTLE (PRESENT DAY)

[Note: Present day Seattle scenes will be chyroned, as needed]

An older CAMERON (5) sits across from Penn. They're both eating Lucky Charms in their PJs.

Trish bustles around the room, putting on earrings while she reads over some papers. She shoves them in her briefcase and snaps it closed. Clocking Penn's wardrobe --

TRISH MARTIN

So you're not working again today?

PENN MARTIN

I figured I'd go open the shop in an hour or so with my little assistant.

He ruffles Cameron's hair. She grins between spoonfuls.

TRISH MARTIN

Honey, I think it's time to hire a new nanny. You're going to lose all your regulars if you don't maintain normal business hours.

PENN MARTIN

I'll think about it.

CAMERON MARTIN

What about Ray-Ray? She's my nanny.

TRISH MARTIN

Reagan isn't your nanny anymore, sweetie.

(derisively)

Daddy is your nanny.

CAMERON MARTIN

Daddy can't be my nanny. He's a boy. I want Ray-Ray to still be my nanny.

TRISH MARTIN

Reagan doesn't want to be your nanny anymore.

PENN MARTIN

Trish!

CAMERON MARTIN

Why? Because I spilled juice on the couch?

Cameron begins crying. Trish leaves the room.

PENN MARTIN

No, Cammie. Ray-Ray loves you. She still wants to be your nanny, but she had to go be with her own family.

CAMERON MARTIN

Ray-Ray doesn't have a family. She told me.

Trish returns with a STAINED COUCH CUSHION.

TRISH MARTIN

Do you see this, Penn? That little bitch flipped the cushion over and didn't say anything.

PENN MARTIN

Uhm, language?

(re: Cameron)

I think we have a bigger problem here, dear.

CAMERON MARTIN

I hate you both. I wish Ray-Ray was my Mommy.

Cameron runs from the room. Penn looks at Trish neutrally.

TRISH MARTIN

Oh, so this is my fault.

PENN MARTIN

I didn't say anything.

He takes their bowls to the sink and starts washing them.

TRISH MARTIN

I'm hiring a new nanny this week.

PENN MARTIN

And if Reagan comes back?

TRISH MARTIN

If Reagan comes back, it doesn't matter. She left in the middle of the night without a word. She's fired.

Penn turns to leave.

TRISH MARTIN

Where are you going?!

PENN MARTIN

I'm gonna go tell our daughter that she isn't going to see her best friend ever again. Of course, I'll probably screw it up. Did you want to do it?

He exits without waiting for a response. Trish's anger is interrupted by the phone RINGING. She answers --

TRISH MARTIN

Hello?

NURSE (ON PHONE)

Reagan Malone?

TRISH MARTIN
 (beat of hesitation)
 Yes?

NURSE (ON PHONE)
 This is Planned Parenthood. I'm
 calling because you missed your
 appointment yesterday. Would you
 like to reschedule your termination,
 or did you change your mind?

Shocked, Trish hangs up, completely caught off guard...

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - SEATTLE (PRESENT DAY)

Todd is sprawled out on the couch watching an old movie. His immediate vicinity is cluttered with beer cans and half eaten bags of junk food. Penn enters, holding some MAIL --

PENN MARTIN
 I got your mail.

Todd ignores him. Penn tosses the mail on the bar and grabs TWO BEERS from the fridge. He plops down next to Todd, shoving his legs out of the way. Todd takes one of the beers gratefully. As they drink --

PENN MARTIN
 You hear from her?

TODD WALDECK
 Naw, man.

They're quiet for a long time. Finally Todd rolls his head sideways to look at Penn. He's wasted, almost teary --

TODD WALDECK
 Dude, I don't think she's coming
 back.

PENN MARTIN
 I think you might be right.

TODD WALDECK
 I promised not to say anything, but
 she had this picture of her parents
 in front of the Space Needle. Said
 her mom met her dad there. She came
 to Seattle looking for him. Maybe
 she found him...

This is news to Penn. And he thinks this is something he should've known.

PENN MARTIN

But how could she just leave like that? Without saying goodbye.

TODD WALDECK

Because she's a bitch. I'm starting to think none of us really knew her at all.

They both let that possibility sit for a minute. Then --

PENN MARTIN

I feel like I knew her pretty damn well.

Todd glances at him warily. There is an unspoken tension on the subject that doesn't matter anymore.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - WALDEN LAKE - DAY

Katie lets herself in, stepping over a large pile of letters and bills that have accumulated in front of the mail slot.

The plants are indeed dead, or close to it, and a thin layer of dust covers everything.

-- She pulls her hair into a pony tail and surveys the room.

-- She gathers up an armful of mail and dumps it on the dining room table, opens them methodically, sorting into piles.

-- She snaps on a pair of dish gloves and grabs some cleaner from under the sink. Starts wiping down counters. She notices the cordless phone dock is blinking, alerting twenty-three voice messages.

-- She sighs, dials the passcode and starts listening, continuing to clean. We don't hear the messages.

-- She dusts the framed photos that line the mantle as she listens to voicemails.

And with A GASP, she drops the FRAME she's holding and claps a hand over her mouth.

The GLASS SHATTERS as it hits the hearth. We see the photo for the first time: it's of a younger, healthier BONNIE and a TEN YEAR OLD GIRL. But Katie doesn't notice. She's frozen, listening, as if hearing a ghost.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - PARKER'S CREST - DAY

Reagan stands next to her convertible, once again in pristine condition. Craig smiles, hands her a CLIPBOARD.

CRAIG

You're all set. I just need your signature saying you received the car, and that it was all nice and purty again.

Reagan glances at the car anxiously as she signs the papers--

REAGAN

And you didn't find anything unusual?
(correcting herself)
Any kind of clue to where I was?

Craig shakes his head apologetically and hands her the keys --

CRAIG

No ma'am. Drive safe now.

Reagan waits for Craig to reenter the shop before she pops the trunk and urgently pries back the carpet lining in the back corner. She uncovers AN ANTIQUE WOODEN BOX and breathes a sigh of relief that all her secrets hadn't been discovered.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, WOODS - WALDEN LAKE - DUSK

Katie stands where she and Ryan stood ten years ago. The sun sets as she stares at the vacant space where the farmhouse used to be. All that remains is the tire swing and that tacky purple mailbox at the end of the driveway.

Ryan and Manson join her.

RYAN

What's going on? Are you okay?

Katie shakes her head no. She's numb.

KATIE

I don't know what I am.

Ryan reaches for her hand. She looks down at it, then at his face. She starts crying. They may be older, but they're in the exact same place they were back then.

RYAN

You can feel her, can't you?

KATIE

She's not here, Ryan. Listen.

Katie pulls out her cell phone, pushes a few buttons --

REAGAN (SPEAKER PHONE)

Hey. It's me... Are you there?
Pick up... I guess you need an
explanation, not that you deserve
one... so... obviously I'm not dead.
I did us both a favor, and I ran
away. I'm not coming home or
anything. I'm just calling because
I'm pregnant, and... I have no one
else to tell. So I'm telling you.

(long beat)

I'm gonna be a Mom, and I'll be better
at it than you were... Maybe this
was a mistake.

(muffled sob)

I can't stop you, but please don't
tell Katie or Ryan I called. It's
better if they don't know...

CLICK. The message ends and Ryan looks up at Katie, not quite registering the flood of new information --

RYAN

I don't understand.

KATIE

She left this voicemail for Bonnie
last week. She's alive, Ryan!

Ryan's shock shifts to fury. He's literally thrown his whole fucking life away for nothing. He releases her hand.

RYAN

Why would she do this to us? She
ruined our lives.

KATIE

It doesn't matter. Don't you see?
We didn't kill her.

But Ryan is lost in his anger and confusion.

RYAN

All this time, we could've been
happy...

INT. AARON'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

Aaron sits at the piano, not playing. His CELL buzzes and he smiles as he answers --

AARON MOONEY (INTO PHONE)
Christy, to what do I owe this
pleasure?

INT. CHRISTY'S OFFICE - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

Christy twirls in her office chair, on speaker phone.

CHRISTY DUNKIN
What's the status on our amnesic
fugitive?

INTERCUT:

AARON MOONEY
She's sticking around for now.

CHRISTY DUNKIN
Ugh. She's going to be trouble.
Are you on my side with this?

AARON MOONEY
When have I ever not been on your
side? I'm keeping my eye on her.
She's staying in my guest room.

CHRISTY DUNKIN
Perfect. But hide your matches. My
professional opinion is she's a pyro.

AARON MOONEY
So much for doctor-patient privilege,
Christy!

CHRISTY DUNKIN
(ignoring him)
I want daily updates.

He looks at the closed bathroom door. Sounds of the shower
running float down the hall.

AARON MOONEY
I'm on it.

INT. AARON'S HOME, BATHROOM - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT (SAME)

Reagan sits on the closed toilet, the shower running empty
next to her. The ANTIQUE BOX on her lap.

REAGAN (V.O.)
Memory is a bitch...

She uses the key on her necklace to open it, revealing:

-- A CREASED PHOTO of Young Bonnie and a Man standing in front of the Space Needle.

REAGAN (V.O.)
A selectively resilient and cruel
bitch. Sure, it allows us to remember
a few of the happy times. The
victories...

-- A PHOTO of Reagan and Katie at 16, cheerleading uniforms.

-- A PHOTO of Reagan with her arms around Cameron, big grins on their faces. Reagan's wearing the diamond ring.

REAGAN (V.O.)
But it refuses to let us forget any
of the failures.

-- AN OLD SONOGRAM. Dated 2005.

-- A FOLDED LETTER, worn, read a hundred times.

REAGAN (V.O.)
And if I'd been a model citizen my
whole life, I'm certain I would never
have recovered my memory...

-- The TINY HANDGUN she purchased in the park, along with the "missing" cash. Several thousand dollars.

-- A STACK OF DRIVER'S LICENSES. Different states, different names, but all have pictures of Reagan or girls who look like her.

REAGAN (V.O.)
But as I mentioned before... I'm no
angel. So I remember everything.

She pulls out a CASSETTE TAPE labeled **HERE WITHOUT YOU** and clutches it to her chest, crying quietly --

INT. MARTIN HOME, CAMERON'S ROOM - SEATTLE - NIGHT

Penn and Trish tuck Cameron in, a truce between all three.

REAGAN (V.O.)
I remember the lies...

As the parents leave the room, Cameron pulls her stuffed bear close and kisses a GOLD KEY tied around its neck. A printed logo on it reads: **BROOKLINE BANK AND TRUST**.

As we glide through the wall into the adjoining room --

INT. MARTIN HOME, REAGAN'S ROOM - SEATTLE - NIGHT

Penn steps tentatively into Reagan's room. It's neat as a pin. No bedding. No sign she was ever there.

REAGAN (V.O.)
I remember loving... and pretending
to love.

He lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling, missing her. He turns on his side, and as he readjusts the pillow --

He sits up surprised and pulls A CASSETTE TAPE out from under it. He reads the label sadly: **Try to forget**. It's a strange way to say goodbye.

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - SEATTLE - NIGHT

Todd, still drunk, wanders to the fridge to grab another beer. He glances at the pile of mail Penn brought in. The handwriting on a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE catches his eye.

REAGAN (V.O.)
I remember losing everything.

He rips it open, excitement quickly shifting to confusion. The envelope seems empty. He turns it over, and the RING falls into his palm. He stares at it numbly.

REAGAN (V.O.)
And I remember setting the fire...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - WALDEN LAKE (2005) - DAY

Fire blazing behind her, Reagan pushes out the back door, shoving a MATCHBOOK into her windbreaker.

REAGAN (V.O.)
And killing my stepfather...

She suddenly stops, feeling something in her pocket. She pulls out THE FOLDED LETTER WE JUST SAW IN THE BOX (but crisp and new). She doesn't unfold it, knows exactly what it is.

She looks towards the woods where her friends are waiting... and makes up her mind. She shoves the letter into her coat and runs back into the house.

REAGAN (V.O.)
...And, as far as everyone else was
concerned, killing myself.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, WOODS - WALDEN LAKE (2005) - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Katie's and Ryan's backs as they watch the farmhouse burn, a golden lab puppy at their feet.

Ryan reaches out and takes her hand, squeezes it.

KATIE

Shouldn't she be here by now? What if he hurt her?

RYAN

I saw him. He was restrained.

REVEAL Reagan watching quietly several yards behind them. The puppy looks in her direction, ambles over. Reagan ducks behind a tree to avoid being seen. As she pets the dog --

REAGAN

(whispers)

You're a good boy, Manson. Take care of them, okay?

Curiously, Ryan makes his way toward them.

RYAN

Manson, what is it?

Ryan rounds the tree to find Manson whimpering. Alone.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, WOODS - WALDEN LAKE - DUSK

Katie and Ryan sit on a fallen log lost in their own thoughts. After a beat, he numbly rests his head on her shoulder.

REAGAN (V.O.)

... And I remember betraying the only real friends I've ever had.

INT. HAYWOOD HOME, DINING ROOM - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

Jake helps HIS FATHER to the table where Maddy already sits. They exchange words and laughter we don't hear.

REAGAN (V.O.)

I've spent the last ten years trying to become someone different. Someone better.

Jake spoon feeds his father, who struggles with the chore.

EXT. AARON'S HOME, PATIO - NIGHT

REAGAN (V.O.)

But the only way I can do that is by forgetting.

A FIRE BLAZES in the firepit as Reagan ceremoniously tosses the OLD SONOGRAM and the other mementos into it. The black tape from the cassette shrivels in the fire, as she clutches the WORN LETTER in her hand, unable to part with it --

REAGAN (V.O.)

After all, what makes us who we are? Is it all the bullshit we've done in the past? No. It's who we decide to be right now. Like Jake said, this is my second chance, and given a clean slate, I think I can make a life for myself in Parker's Crest.

(joking)

Maybe even without murdering anyone.

Just in case, Reagan has kept the GUN and the CASH, which we notice as she returns the letter to the box, sliding it under a blanket as Aaron joins her outside.

AARON MOONEY

Check it out, you made front page of the paper...

He hands her the local PARKER'S CREST POST. A photo of Reagan, comatose in her hospital bed, is accompanied by the headline **JANE DOE DESTROYS TOWN SQUARE**.

REAGAN

Wow. That's a complete violation of privacy isn't it?

AARON MOONEY

Welcome to Parker's Crest.

Reagan smiles widely and tosses the paper into the fire --

INT. UNKNOWN PLACE - UNKNOWN TIME

CLOSE ON the same NEWSPAPER article being pinned to a board by an UNSEEN PERSON. The board is covered with PHOTOS of Reagan at various points in her life.

REAGAN (V.O.)

So yes, I remember all the horrible things I've done. But mostly I remember that I wanted to forget. That I never wanted to be found.

We quickly find an older CLIPPING. A photo of Reagan (17) and a Man. Headline: **LOCAL BEAUTY QUEEN KILLED IN BLAZE.**

EXT. AARON'S HOME, DECK - PARKER'S CREST - NIGHT

The fire burns on as Reagan and Aaron stare into it quietly.

REAGAN (V.O.)

And memory may be a bitch, but it's
my bitch. And it belongs only to
me.

Reagan casts a look at Aaron, almost daring him to cross her, as we PUSH INTO THE FIRE and:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW