

WAYWARD PINES

"Pilot"

Written by

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Directed by

M. Night Shyamalan

Based on the Novel Pines by Blake Crouch

EXT. IDAHO -- DAY

TITLE: IDAHO, BOISE NATIONAL FOREST

A green, brown and blue expanse of mountains, fields and sky. A LINCOLN TOWN CAR speeds along SR-21, also known as the Ponderosa Pine Scenic Route. It's the only car for miles.

I/E. LINCOLN TOWN CAR -- SAME -- MOVING

SPECIAL AGENT ETHAN BURKE (37) rides in the passenger seat. He's strong, quick, stealth, aware. He looks out the window as SPECIAL AGENT PETE STALLINGS (35, buddy-buddy) drives.

STALLINGS

Whenever I'm in a place like this I'm like, "Why don't I just live here?"

Ethan ignores Stallings, who has been talking for hours.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

Probably what Evans and Hewson thought, right? They probably got out here and thought "Hey, screw being Secret Service agents! Let's just bail and live the good life!" Right?

Ethan doesn't respond.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm not necessarily saying they're in a romantic thing --

ETHAN

They would just quit.

STALLINGS

Huh?

ETHAN

If two Secret Service agents on assignment in Nowhere, Idaho --

STALLINGS

It's called Wayward Pines.

ETHAN

-- if they liked it so much they wanted to quit their jobs and move, they would do that. They would quit. They wouldn't just disappear and hope the Secret Service wouldn't come looking for them.

Stallings looks back at the road. Ethan looks down at the CASE FILES in his lap: DOSSIERS (w/PHOTOS) on SPECIAL AGENT BILL EVANS (40) and SPECIAL AGENT KATE HEWSON (27).

STALLINGS

(re Kate's picture)

Talk about a honeypot. Is it true?

ETHAN

What?

STALLINGS

The rumor was you and Kate were --

ETHAN

Partners. Nothing more.

STALLINGS

No one would blame you.

ETHAN

Drop it.

STALLINGS

And now she's out here missing with Evans, you might be jealous, motivated to find her. That's gotta be why they sent you, right?

Ethan looks over at Stallings like he's going to punch him when he reads the word **MACK** several feet away on the other side of Stallings' window. He has barely read the word when --

WHAM! -- the window next to Stallings' head bursts in a shower of glass pebbles. Stallings' head takes a direct hit from the MACK TRUCK'S grill. The truck's engine tears into the car, an apocalypse of crashing glass and metal. Geysers of gasoline and brake fluid.

ANGLE: Refusing to let go of its prey, the Mack truck pushes the Town Car through an intersection. The car is hurled into a ditch and **EXPLODES**.

The Mack truck keeps driving. Hit and run.

Still no other cars for miles, not a single witness in sight.

ANGLE: The Town Car in the ditch. CLOSE ON: Stallings and Ethan, trapped inside, unconscious. Or dead.

EXT. FOREST DITCH -- DAY

Some hours later. TWO BOYS ride their bikes along the road. One stops when he sees the smoking Town Car in the ditch.

EXT. FOREST DITCH -- DAY

A fire hose pummels a torrent of water on the Town Car. Fire truck, ambulance, tow truck up on the road. FIREMEN and PARAMEDICS pry off the driver's side door. Stallings' body tumbles out, burned, broken. A MEDIC feels for a pulse.

MEDIC

Nothing.

A *THWACK* as other workers pry off the passenger door. A FIREMAN peers inside the rest of the car.

FIREMAN

At least it's just the one guy.

REVEAL: there is no one else inside. Ethan is gone.

SMASH TO TITLE:

WAYWARD PINES

CLOSE ON: ETHAN'S CLOSED EYES. They SLAM OPEN. They're grey.

His POV: looking straight up from a forest floor. Pine trees climb to a cloudless sky. Sap drips. Air crackles.

Back to ETHAN'S EYES. His FACE. He has no idea where he is. Or that his face is black and blue. Or that his hair is caked with blood. POP OUT to REVEAL he's:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Near the edge of a forest floor. A sharp *THROBBING* in the base of his skull that we can hear. Ethan hears the *RUSHING OF WATER*. He looks toward the sound, to his right. It's a river. White rapids, rushing, beautiful.

Ethan rolls onto his side, pushes up into a sitting position. He wears a black suit, white shirt, black tie. Dirty, bloody, destroyed. He takes a painful first breath, looks out. Between Ethan and the river is a meadow of perfect green grass. Across the river, a cliff sweeps up thousands of feet, pines growing in clusters along the ledges. It's magical. But not crossable.

Ethan stands. He looks confused, aimless. He feels inside his pants pockets, then his jacket. No wallet. No money. No ID. No keys. No phone. Nothing. He turns around.

In front of him is a dense forest. He starts to walk.

EXT. FOREST -- ELSEWHERE -- MOMENTS LATER

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Ethan walks faster through the forest.

EXT. PARK -- MOMENTS LATER

Ethan emerges from the forest into a charming town park. Swing sets. See-saws. Even a merry-go-round. But not a soul in sight. Beyond the park, Victorian houses. Beyond those, the buildings of a perfect Main Street. It looks like a model toy railroad town. At most the whole town is a mile across, enclosed by an amphitheater of stone, cliff walls rising several thousand feet on every side.

Where is he? He walks toward the town.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

Ethan passes pristine perfect houses, each freshly-painted and fronted with squares of bright green lawns framed by picket fences. In every backyard, flowers and vegetable gardens. Every mailbox is black with the household's name in white.

He passes a GROUP OF CHILDREN running through a sprinkler. They all become still and quiet as Ethan walks by, watching him shuffle past with unrestrained stares.

Ethan winces, a pain down his left side. He removes his jacket, un-tucks his shirt, looks down at his body. Dark purple bruises everywhere, torn skin. Ethan reacts. It's clear he has no idea what hit him.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- MAIN STREET -- DAY

There are only a few PASSERSBY, but they all notice Ethan as he arrives on Main Street. He's an alarming sight. Ethan looks up the street. Not a chain store to be found. A quaint PHARMACY on one corner. Next door, a CAFE. Next to the cafe, a three-story building with a swinging sign: *Wayward Pines Hotel*. Next to the hotel, a coffee shop: *The Steaming Bean*.

INT. STEAMING BEAN -- DAY

Ethan opens the screen door of the small, charming shop. A barista bar, a bookshelf of classics, a wall of local artwork. Three stools occupied by LADIES, two older GENTLEMEN at war on a chessboard. He approaches the girl at the register, RUBY (24, blonde dreadlocks). She stares at Ethan's face, clearly horrified. He stares back, doesn't understand her reaction.

ETHAN

Do you know me?

RUBY

What?

ETHAN

Do you recognize me? Do I come here often?

RUBY

You don't know if you've been here before?

Beat.

ETHAN

No.

RUBY

I don't think I've seen you before.

ETHAN

You're sure?

RUBY

Well, it's not like this is New York City.

ETHAN

What is it?

RUBY

What is what?

ETHAN

This town. Where am I?

RUBY

You don't know where you are?

Ethan has never felt this helpless or stupid.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Sorry. You're in Wayward Pines, Idaho.

ETHAN

Why am I in Idaho?

RUBY

I -- I don't know. Umm. Sir, your face... did something happen?

Ethan finally catches a reflection of his bruised and bloodied face in a mirror behind the register. He can't believe how horrible he looks. Has no idea what happened. Delirious.

ETHAN

I don't know. Is there a hospital?

RUBY

It's seven blocks that way.

Ethan's eyes start to shut, he loses some balance...

RUBY (CONT'D)

Should I call an ambulance?

He falls to the floor, out cold.

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRELAP)

Mr. Burke? Mr. Burke?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Ethan wakes, sees the face of a nurse smiling down at him. Strong, arresting. This is NURSE PAM (39, think Elizabeth Banks). She wears a one-piece short-sleeved white uniform with buttons all the way down to where the skirt stops above her knees.

NURSE PAM

Can you hear me, Mr. Burke?

Ethan takes a slow, careful breath. Nurse Pam smiles bigger.

NURSE PAM (CONT'D)

Do you still have discomfort on your left side?

ETHAN

It's a little more than discomfort.

NURSE PAM

I can get something stronger for the pain.

ETHAN

I'm fine.

NURSE PAM

Okay, but don't you be a hero. Anything I can do to make you more comfortable, just name it. I'm your girl.

ETHAN

Thank you.

NURSE PAM

Dr. Carol will be in shortly to see you. Mind if I take your blood pressure?

ETHAN

Go ahead.

NURSE PAM

Wonderful.

She straps the cuff around his bicep.

ETHAN

What happened? What are my injuries?

NURSE PAM

You were in a nasty car accident. Dr. Carol will fill you in better than I can, but I know you had a concussion and you've got a few cracked ribs. Obviously you have some superficial cuts and bruises, but nothing too bad. Could have been much worse.

(off the blood pressure pump)

A-plus for you. Systolic 122, diastolic 75. I'm Pam, by the way.

ETHAN

Thank you, Pam.

NURSE PAM

And you are?

ETHAN

Ethan Burke.

NURSE PAM

Correct! I'm glad your memory's coming back. When you came in you were delirious, didn't know who you were.

ETHAN

Where did you find me?

NURSE PAM

We didn't find you. They called us from The Steaming Bean.

ETHAN

(coming back to him)

The coffee shop.

NURSE PAM

Right. You must have walked from the accident all the way into town, you poor thing. You passed out right in front of little miss Ruby at the register.

ETHAN

How long have I been here?

NURSE PAM

Since yesterday afternoon.

Pam raises the blinds. Light pours in. It's morning.

ETHAN

Where's Stallings?

NURSE PAM

Who?

ETHAN

The guy who was driving when the truck ran into us.

NURSE PAM

Oh. I'm afraid he didn't make it.

Ethan looks at her, severely disturbed.

ETHAN

You're kidding.

Pam puts a hand to his arm.

NURSE PAM

Was he a close friend of yours?

This is worse than Ethan thought. The weight, reality and memory of what happened crashing in on him.

ETHAN

I need to call my wife and my supervisor.

NURSE PAM

Oh, I believe someone from the Sheriff's office got in touch with your emergency contacts after the accident.

ETHAN

Where are my things? I had my iPhone in my jacket, a wallet...

NURSE PAM

Well, we don't have anything of yours, but I can certainly put on my Nancy Drew detective hat and check into that for you. I bet the Sheriff's office has everything.

ETHAN
I'd appreciate it.

NURSE PAM
So what brings you to our little slice of
heaven here in Wayward Pines?

ETHAN
I can't discuss it.

NURSE PAM
(testing him)
Do you remember?

ETHAN
I remember. I can't --

NURSE PAM
I'm not asking you to tell me your
business, Mr. Burke. I'm a nurse and
it's my job to figure out if everything
is working properly.

ETHAN
My things, Pam.

NURSE PAM
Excuse me?

ETHAN
I really need my things.

NURSE PAM
Nancy Drew will get right on that. See
this little red button?

She points to the NURSE CALL button.

NURSE PAM (CONT'D)
I'm just one click away.

Nurse Pam flashes another smile and goes.

Ethan looks around the room. Nothing special. No television.
No telephone. He looks out the window. Looks like he's about
three floors up. He can see straight down Main Street. A few
PEOPLE walking. Nearby, a CONSTRUCTION CREW frames a house.
It's oddly quiet, peaceful, beautiful.

He turns to look at the only entertainment in the room: a WALL
CLOCK above the door: **9:06 A.M.** The second hand ticks.
Tick. TICK.

EXT. SEATTLE -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

Seattle, bathed in thick mist shot through with neon beams from the Space Needle's cloud deck. In the distance, the white mass of Mt. Rainer. The mist gives way to A HOUSE in the hip neighborhood at the top of Queen Anne Hill...

INT. BURKE HOUSE -- DAY

Ethan's wife THERESA (35) and her sister DARLA (38) sit in the kitchen. Theresa is pensive, self-sufficient, magnetic. She hangs up her cell. She's had it.

THERESA

I'm not calling him again.

DARLA

Is it just going straight to voicemail?

THERESA

Sometimes. Sometimes it rings.

DARLA

Okay, let's give him the benefit of the doubt for a second, right? I mean, didn't you say he was going to some remote area?

THERESA

He left yesterday at five a.m.

DARLA

He's on assignment, maybe he's busy --

THERESA

He's on assignment looking for her.

DARLA

Who?

THERESA

His ex-partner. Kate.

DARLA

Wait. The one he had an affair with?

THERESA

Don't say that, Darla, you know we worked through it. They didn't have an affair, they almost had an affair.

Beat.

DARLA
And now, what, she's missing?

THERESA
Apparently. I mean, obviously I'd never
want anybody to be hurt or missing --

DARLA
Except her.

THERESA
(a small laugh)
Except her. No.

DARLA
Why is Ethan the only one who can look
for her?

THERESA
I guess because he knows her best.

Darla gives her a look. Vulnerable, Theresa starts to cry.

BEN (O.C.)
What's wrong?

Theresa looks over at her son BEN (13), just home from school.
He watches his mom, curiously waiting for an answer.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Ethan wakes from a deep sleep. Still in the hospital room.
He whips his head to look at the wall clock:

3:45 P.M. He freaks out. Jams the call button. A moment
later, Nurse Pam walks in.

NURSE PAM
Well, look who's up and at 'em --

ETHAN
Where's the doctor? It's been seven
hours --

NURSE PAM
Oh, he's been tied up in an emergency
surgery all day. One of those eight-hour
nightmares. But I filled him in on your
vitals and he thinks you're doing a-okay.

She gives him a double thumbs-up.

ETHAN
What about my things, my phone?

NURSE PAM
Working on it, Captain.

ETHAN
I also had a briefcase.

NURSE PAM
Working on it, Captain.

She gives him a military salute. Ethan gives her a look.
What's wrong with this woman?

ETHAN
Just bring me a landline right now. I
need to make some calls.

NURSE PAM
Oh, I wish I could, but we don't have
phone jacks in our patient rooms. Who
wants phones ringing and people
chattering away when patients are trying
to sleep and heal, right?

Pam smiles. Ethan stares, blank. This makes no sense. But
he's made a decision. He's getting out of here.

ETHAN
Right.

NURSE PAM
I'll be back in an hour with your dinner.
Green beans and gravy!

Pam goes. The door *CLICKS* closed.

Ethan yanks the IV needle from his arm, climbs over the bed
railing onto the floor. The floor is cold on his feet. He's
a bit unsteady, but better than he was. He rushes to the
closet, finds his black suit on a hanger, his shoes on the
floor. Whips off his hospital gown. He's naked. Sees
himself in the mirror. Riddled with bruises and scars.

He quickly dresses. Knots his tie. A little blood stain on
his collar. Oh well. He washes his face. Looks at himself.
This will do. He goes to the door, turns the knob.

INT. HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Ethan looks up and down the corridor. Empty. Checkered
linoleum tile for hundreds of feet. All the doors are closed,
no light from under the cracks. No sound except the buzzing
of the fluorescent lights. Like no hospital he's ever seen.

He pads down the hall. At the end he finds a NURSES' STATION at the nexus of three more corridors. All empty, dark. Further down, the word **SURGERY** hangs above double doors. He moves a bit further, finds the elevators. Punches the down arrow. Hears the *PULLEYS TURN IN THE SHAFT*. Then:

A HAND grabs his arm with alarming force. He turns to see:

NURSE PAM

What on earth are you doing, Mr. Burke?

A dark, strange look on her face.

ETHAN

I'm leaving.

NURSE PAM

Leaving? I can't let you leave.

ETHAN

I need my things. I'm going to the Sheriff.

NURSE PAM

I told you I'd put on my Nancy Drew hat --

ETHAN

That was this morning and I still don't have my things. I also haven't seen a doctor, or anyone else for that matter, anywhere around here.

NURSE PAM

But Mr. Burke, you're --

ETHAN

A federal agent with the full authority of the United States government. Which means I have authority over you.

NURSE PAM

I'm sorry, you're in no condition to be --

ETHAN

Leaving. Thank you for your help.

The elevator doors open. Ethan backs into the car. He presses "**G**" three times. Pam stretches her foot across the threshold, blocks the door from closing.

NURSE PAM

Mr. Burke, you're not thinking clearly.

ETHAN
Move your foot.

NURSE PAM
This is my job.

ETHAN
Move your foot.

NURSE PAM
I'm worried about you.

Ethan steps forward, taps the tip of Pam's white shoe with the tip of his black shoe. For a long moment, she holds her ground. Finally, she pulls her foot back. The door closes.

INT. HOSPITAL -- GROUND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH -- the elevator doors open on the ground floor. Ethan looks. More empty hallways. Somewhere, he hears the *SQUEAL OF A GURNEY ROLLING ON A BAD WHEEL*.

He runs toward an exit sign, pushes through the door...

INT. HOSPITAL -- EXIT STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

... hurries down the half-flight of stairs, punches out the door at the bottom and --

EXT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS -- DUSK

Stumbles outside. The sky is pink. The mountains are bathed in purple and orange. Stunning. He turns to look at the hospital behind him: it's a four-story red brick building that looks more like a country schoolhouse. Or an insane asylum.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Ethan steps onto Main Street and discreetly watches the action: CHILDREN skip with ice cream cones. DOGS wag their tails. A restaurant sits in a small house with a patio and an aspen tree strung with tiny white lights. It's all frighteningly perfect.

He spots a WHITE PHONE BOOTH. Odd. Aren't phone booths extinct? But if the phone isn't dead...

I/E. PHONE BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

The phone is dead. Ethan isn't shocked. But under the phone is a slim PHONE BOOK. He picks it up, thumbs through it until he finds: *Wayward Pines Sheriff's Office. 801 Laurel Avenue.*

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DUSK

Ethan walks up a small pathway of baby pines as he approaches the single-story Wayward Pines Sheriff's Office. He grabs the GLASS DOUBLE DOORS. Locked. Looks inside -- lobby is dark.

He bangs on the doors. Nothing. Again, with more force. The doors rattle in their frames. No one is here.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

Ethan walks back past a toy store, a couple of gift shops, the Wayward Pines Hotel. He stops in front of a dimly-lit pub called THE BIERGARTEN.

INT. BIERGARTEN -- NIGHT

Cozy. Two tables occupied, otherwise empty. Ethan takes a seat on a stool at the bar as a woman pushes through the swinging doors from the kitchen: BEVERLY (35) is the bartender, hair propped up on her head with chopsticks, Julia Roberts-esque, doesn't mince words.

BEVERLY

Kitchen's closing in ten minutes, know what you want?

ETHAN

Can I start with a phone?

BEVERLY

I don't know how good that will taste. If you want any real food, the kitchen's closing --

ETHAN

Cheeseburger. No onions. Rare as the health department allows.

BEVERLY

You got it.

She sets a telephone in front of him, winks, friendly. Before he picks up, his guilt takes over.

ETHAN

You're going to kill me.

BEVERLY

Not yet. I hardly know you.

ETHAN

I don't have any money.

BEVERLY

Okay, maybe you're onto something.

ETHAN

Did you hear about the big car wreck that happened here a few days ago?

BEVERLY

No. That where you got those pretty bruises?

ETHAN

Right.

BEVERLY

And what does this have to do with you not paying me?

ETHAN

I'm a special agent with the Secret Service.

BEVERLY

And what does that have to do with you not paying me?

ETHAN

Apparently the Sheriff has my wallet and phone. Everything I had with me. But the Sheriff's office is closed. As soon as I get my wallet back tomorrow, I'll come straight back and --

BEVERLY

Lay a big tip on me?

ETHAN

I wouldn't believe me, either.

BEVERLY

Is the President here?

ETHAN

The President?

BEVERLY

Don't you Secret Service guys protect the President?

ETHAN

We handle some other things, too.

Beat.

BEVERLY

Well, either you're exactly who you say you are or you're a spectacular liar. Either way I'll spot you your dinner.

ETHAN

Thank you. What's your name?

BEVERLY

Beverly.

ETHAN

Ethan.

Beverly gives him a half-smile, turns to give his order to the kitchen. Ethan picks up the phone. A *DIAL TONE*. Thank god.

He dials. Gets as far as *1 + 2-0-6, 8-*. His finger hovers above the keypad. Can't remember the next number.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I -- Jesus, I don't know my wife's cell phone number. It's stored in my phone, I've never had to --

BEVERLY

Don't you have a home phone number?

ETHAN

(realizes)

Yeah. We barely use it, but.

He starts to dial his home phone number. Beverly gives him some space, goes back to the kitchen.

INT. BURKE HOUSE -- NIGHT

At the front door, Theresa and Darla put on their coats. Theresa picks up a small overnight bag she's just packed. Ben comes downstairs with his backpack, confused.

BEN

Where are we going?

THERESA

We're spending a few nights with Aunt Darla.

BEN

Why?

THERESA

Because I'm angry with your father.

BEN
Why do I have to go?

THERESA
Because I don't have a sitter.

BEN
People my age are baby-sitters.

DARLA
Come on, you love my house. I have better food.

BEN
(to Theresa)
Where's Dad?

THERESA
I don't know.

And that's the point. Theresa holds Ben's eye contact. He doesn't fight. They continue out of the house.

INT. BIERGARTEN -- NIGHT

Phone to his ear, Ethan waits for Theresa to pick up her home phone. *RING. RING. RING...*

ETHAN (INTO PHONE)
Come on, baby, pick up.

After the fourth *RING*, Ethan hears the machine:

THERESA (ON MACHINE)
Hi, you've reached the Burkes. Sorry we aren't here to take your call, unless you're a tele-marketer, then we're thrilled to have missed your call. Otherwise, leave a message.

BEEP.

ETHAN (INTO PHONE)
Theresa, it's me. I'm okay, I'm alive. I think they told you I was in a car accident out here. No one can seem to find my things, including my wallet and my phone. I'm sure you've been trying to call so I'm sorry. There's a hotel in town so I'm gonna try to convince them to give me a room for the night. Try calling there. The Wayward Pines Hotel. I hope you and Ben are okay. I love you. So much.

He hangs up. Beverly returns with his cheeseburger.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
That was fast.

BEVERLY
You asked for rare.

He starts to eat. It's delicious.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
So what exactly is it you're doing here,
mister agent man?

She's been nice to him. He trusts her. Maybe she knows something. This is why he's here, after all.

ETHAN
I'm on a missing persons investigation.
Maybe you can help.

BEVERLY
Who went missing?

ETHAN
Two other Secret Service agents.

BEVERLY
They went missing here?

ETHAN
About a month ago they came here on a
classified investigation.

BEVERLY
About what?

ETHAN
If I told you it wouldn't be classified.

BEVERLY
Well, you're no fun.

ETHAN
Last we heard from them was four days
ago. After the first thirty-six hours we
had the local forces on it. They found
nothing so now I'm here. Seen any new
faces around here in the last month?

BEVERLY
None other than yours.

ETHAN

Their names are Kate Hewson and Bill Evans.

Beverly blinks.

BEVERLY

No bells ringing. You think something bad happened?

ETHAN

I don't know. That's what I'm here to find out. I hope not.

BEVERLY

Well. I hope you find what you're looking for. Here's your damage.

Beverly pulls a check out of her apron, writes on it, slides it across to Ethan. He glances down at the check. It's not an itemized bill. It's an address: **604 First Ave.**

ETHAN

What's this?

BEVERLY

That's where I live. If you need anything, run into trouble, whatever.

ETHAN

Now you're worried about me?

BEVERLY

No, but you've got no money, no phone, no ID and you don't know a soul in town.

ETHAN

So you believe me now?

BEVERLY

I always believed you.

A strong beat. Beverly pushes back into the kitchen.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- NIGHT

Ethan walks, turns off Main Street, heads onto a residential street, enjoying the night. It's totally quiet. Not a single siren or car alarm. Just the sound of his footsteps and:

The solitary *CHIRP OF A CRICKET* in a bush up ahead.

Ethan comes parallel with the juniper bush. Almost smiles. Loves the sound. And it's the only sound out there.

A nearby streetlight throws a decent splash of light on the branches. Ethan sees something odd in the bush. Leans in to get a closer look. The chirping continues, unabated.

He squints, gets a closer look at the odd object in the bush poking up between the branches. It's a BOX ABOUT THE SIZE OF AN IPHONE. Ethan reaches through the branches. Pulls the box out. It's connected to a wire. It's a SPEAKER.

The chirp of the cricket is emanating from this speaker.

CHIRP, CHIRP, CHIRP.

Off Ethan...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SECRET SERVICE HQ -- SEATTLE -- MORNING -- ESTABLISHING

The imposing nondescript glass-and-metal skyscraper that houses the Seattle branch of the Secret Service.

INT. HASSLER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

S.A.C. ADAM HASSLER (40, to the point, great at his job, which is why he's a Special Agent in Charge) walks into his office with his assistant JIMMY (30, brilliant but will never have the swagger to be the Special Agent he wants to be).

HASSLER

Send Peck and Kendrick to help check out that reactor in Sandpoint.

JIMMY

I think Kendrick is still staging a sit-in until he gets his G-11 promotion.

HASSLER

Tell Kendrick that until his ass is in Sandpoint I'll be staging his firing.

JIMMY

(smiles)

That's gonna be fun to say.

HASSLER

Anything from Stallings and Burke?

JIMMY

Nope.

HASSLER

Nope as in they haven't found anything yet or --

JIMMY

Nope as in nothing.

Hassler's PHONE RINGS. Jimmy glances at the caller ID.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But now you've got an incoming call from Idaho and that happens about, oh, once every never.

HASSLER

How do you know it's Idaho?

JIMMY

Area code 208.

(off Hassler's look)

I like area codes. I have since I was ten. They're always changing which makes it hard, but good hard, so.

Jimmy moves to pick up the phone, but Hassler grabs it first.

HASSLER (INTO PHONE)

Hassler.

Hassler listens. His face changes.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HQ -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Hassler walks, motivated. Jimmy tries to keep up.

HASSLER

I want what's left of the car transferred here. We're taking over the investigation.

JIMMY

I can't believe they waited a day-and-a-half to call you.

HASSLER

The body was burned so badly it took them two days to figure out who Stallings was.

JIMMY

Why was he the only one in the car? He was with Ethan Burke.

HASSLER

Maybe he wasn't with Ethan Burke.

JIMMY

But Burke checked in by email at 1:20 P.M. from Lowman, Idaho where they stopped for gas.

HASSLER

Anything could have happened between Lowman and a ball of fire on the side of the road twenty miles later, including the possibility that Ethan Burke's body was burned so badly there was nothing left of it.

JIMMY

I'll call their families.

HASSLER
(nice try, pat on the shoulder)
 I'll call their families.

ON HASSLER, thinking, bothered, as he reaches the finish line of his motivated walk -- the MEN'S ROOM.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES HOTEL -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

The sign swings peacefully over the *Wayward Pines Hotel*.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Stuffy. A badly-done painting of a cowboy on a bronco. CLOSE ON ETHAN -- sleeping in bed. **BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.** The sound comes from his head. He wakes, winces when he recognizes the enormous pain. **BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.** He grabs his head.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Ethan looks up, realizes someone is banging on his hotel room door.

GUY'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Mr. Burke. Mr. Burke!

ETHAN
 Just a second.

Ethan reaches for his pants, balled up on the floor, jumps into them, stumbles to the door. Opens it. It's someone from the front desk named TIM (25, troubled, nervous, the kind of guy who might alphabetize the contents of his refrigerator).

TIM
 Checkout is at eleven.

Ethan turns to look at the clock: **12:21 P.M.**

ETHAN
 Jesus. Sorry, I slept in.

TIM
 What happened to "I'll pay first thing"?

ETHAN
 I just woke up.
(beat, realizes)
 Are the phones working yet? There was no dial tone last night and --

TIM
 Why wouldn't the phones be working?

ETHAN

I don't know, but I couldn't make any calls and you haven't put any through.

TIM

Nobody has called for you.

ETHAN

Are you sure? That's hard to believe.

TIM

I'm sure. I'm the only one who's been at the front desk since you checked in. Have you found your wallet?

ETHAN

Obviously not, but as soon as I find something for this headache I'm going straight to the Sheriff's office and --

Ethan grabs his head from a jolt of shooting, thunderous pain.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any Advil?

TIM

No. I need you to evacuate the room.

ETHAN

To what?

TIM

Evacuate. Right now.

Ethan takes a hard look at Tim, searching his face for any compassion. There is none. His head throbs.

ETHAN

Let me get dressed.

Ethan starts to close the door, but Tim steps in, holds it open. He's not going anywhere until Ethan is out of the room.

EXT. DARLA'S HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- DAY

Theresa stares at her cell phone. Darla gardens nearby.

DARLA

The longer you stare, the sooner it will ring.

THERESA

You'd think if he was having an affair
he'd at least try to pretend he wasn't by
calling. That's cheating 101.

THERESA'S CELL RINGS. It almost scares her. She looks at the
caller ID: *Private*. She picks up instantly.

THERESA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. HASSLER'S OFFICE -- SAME (**INTERCUT**)

Hassler, on the phone at his desk.

HASSLER (INTO PHONE)

Theresa, it's Adam Hassler.

THERESA

Hi, is everything okay? I haven't --

HASSLER

There's been an accident.

Theresa closes her eyes, braces herself for the news.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- MAIN STREET -- DAY

Clutching his throbbing head, Ethan walks quickly down Main
Street toward the pharmacy he saw when he first arrived. He
arrives at the glass front door of PARKWAY DRUGS, comes face-
to-face with one of those signs that says **BACK IN 20 MINUTES!**

Ethan nearly punches the glass. He clenches his jaw, closes
his eyes in anger, stops himself. Then, he remembers:

He slides his hand into his pocket, pulls out the slip of
paper Beverly gave him last night at the pub: **604 First Ave.**
Maybe she has Advil.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- OAK STREET -- DAY

Holding the address in his hand, Ethan moves quickly along Oak
Street toward Beverly's house. His pain getting worse. He
passes Third Avenue... two blocks to go. Strange: the houses
begin to look a bit more rundown. At First Avenue, he stops.

The road is dirt. No sidewalk, no road beyond this one. He's
at the edge of Wayward Pines. Behind the houses that line
First Avenue, civilization comes to an abrupt end. A steep
hillside wooded with pines runs several-hundred feet up.

He limps down the middle of the dirt road. Passes mailboxes
in the 500's, knowing Beverly's house is on the next block.

Finally he stands in front of **604 First Avenue**. The mailbox is covered in rust. A bird nests inside. The house might have been lovely once, but the paint had long ago chipped away. Much of the wood has disintegrated from rot.

This can't be Beverly's house. Ethan rechecks his piece of paper. **604 First Avenue**. This is the house. He pushes his way into the waist-high weeds that have overtaken the yard. Reaches the two steps that lead to the covered porch. Doesn't trust them, leaps over them up to the porch. Barely avoids a trio of nails sticking up through the floorboards.

ETHAN

Beverly?

The house swallows his voice. He crosses the porch. Tries the door. It's open. He steps through the doorway...

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

He treads carefully into the living room. Springs lay rusting on the floor amid the crumbling frame of an ancient sofa. A coffee table is covered in cobwebs.

He moves forward past half a staircase into a narrow hallway that runs between the kitchen and dining room. In the dining room: a cascade of light streams onto the splintered remains of where the ceiling collapsed and crushed the dinner table.

The far end of the hallway grows dark, still protected under a ceiling that drips from the last good rain. The door at the end of the hall is closed. Ethan reaches for the doorknob. But there is no doorknob.

He nudges the door open with his shoe. The hinges grind. The door bangs into a wall and Ethan steps across the threshold.

Bullets of light shoot through holes in the far wall of the room, glinting off the labyrinth of cobwebs before striking the only piece of furniture in the room:

A bed. The metal frame still stands. The bedsprings are coil copperheads springing through the soupy ruin of the mattress.

He hears THE FLIES. A metropolis of them, the sound of their collective buzzing is like a small outboard motor. They're congregated inside the mouth of:

The dead man lying on the bed. White shows through everywhere on his body. His wrist and ankle bones handcuffed to the headboard and the iron railing at the base. His right leg is shredded. His stomach bloated. Welts, bruises, cuts everywhere. The internal architecture on the left side of his face is exposed right down to the roots of his teeth.

This man was tortured, brutally murdered. His face is only half there, but it's enough to match. And the hair is right --

MEMORY FLASH -- THE DOSSIER PHOTO OF AGENT BILL EVANS

This is one of the two agents Ethan was sent here to find.
This is --

ETHAN

Evans.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Ethan runs up the pine path to the Sheriff's office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The reception area is wood-paneled. Animal heads on the walls. Ethan rushes in. At the front desk, a woman (50) with long silver hair plays Solitaire with a physical deck of cards. The nameplate in front of her reads **ARLENE MORAN**.

ETHAN

Secret Service Special Agent Ethan Burke
here to see the Sheriff.

Arlene lays down four more cards before she finally tears herself away from the game to look up at Ethan.

ARLENE

May I help you?

ETHAN

What's his name?

ARLENE

What's whose name?

ETHAN

The Sheriff.

ARLENE

Oh. Pope. Sheriff Arnold Pope.

ETHAN

Is he in?

ARLENE

Yes, but he's very busy today. You can
wait right over there.

She points to a cluster of chairs in the corner.

ETHAN

I need to see him now.

ARLENE

You can wait right over there.

Arlene goes back to her game of Solitaire.

ETHAN

This is an emergency, Arlene. Put down the cards and tell the Sheriff that or I'll be happy to walk back there myself.

Arlene stares at him. Beat. Threatened enough, she lifts her rotary phone, dials a three-digit extension.

ARLENE (INTO PHONE)

Hi, Arnie, there's a man here to see you. Says he's a secret agent or something.

ETHAN

I'm a Special Agent with the --

Arlene holds up a finger to Ethan, turns away, whispers.

ARLENE (INTO PHONE)

I don't know. He's all disheveled. Okay. Okay.

Arlene spins back, hangs up the phone, looks up at Ethan.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

You can go on back. His office is at the very end of that hallway.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Ethan enters the Sheriff's office. The floor is a deeply-scuffed hardwood. A large rustic desk. Behind the desk: three antique gun cabinets brim with rifles and ammo, probably enough to execute everyone in town three times over.

SHERIFF ARNOLD POPE (48) reclines in his leather chair, cowboy-booted feet propped up on the desk. Dark brown canvas pants, hunter green button-down shirt. His SHERIFF'S STAR is solid brass, etched with the letters *WP*. Ethan extends his hand.

ETHAN

Ethan Burke, Secret Service.

Sheriff lets loose a private smirk. After a beat too long, he slides his boots off the desk, leans in, shakes Ethan's hand.

POPE

Arnold Pope. Have a seat.

Ethan sits.

POPE (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

ETHAN
I've been better.

POPE
I'll bet. Rough accident you had a couple days ago.

ETHAN
Yes. And I just found a body decomposing in a house six blocks from here.

POPE
(beat, stares)
Elaborate on "I just found."

ETHAN
Last night a bartender at The Biergarten gave me her address in case I needed anything. She didn't give me her phone number because I don't have my phone, you do, which we'll get to --

POPE
Why would I have your phone?

ETHAN
I'm told you have my things.

POPE
What things?

ETHAN
My cell, gun, wallet, badge, briefcase --

POPE
Who told you I had your things?

ETHAN
A nurse at the hospital.

POPE
No clue where she got that idea.

Ethan stares at him in disbelief.

ETHAN
Is it possible they're still in the car?

POPE
Which car?

ETHAN
The one --
(keeps his tone in check)
(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

The one the truck hit when I was in it.
You just said you knew I was in an
accident.

POPE

Yes. Tragic.

ETHAN

Is the truck driver being charged?

POPE

Would be if we could find him.

ETHAN

It was a hit-and-run?

POPE

Yep. Hauled ass after he T-boned you.
Long gone by the time we reached the
scene.

ETHAN

Where's the car? Maybe my things --

POPE

Your pals the feds took over the
investigation. They've got the car.

Beat. Ethan's mind focuses.

ETHAN

I need to make some calls. Can I borrow
a phone?

POPE

Sure, once you finish your story about
finding a decomposing body in a house --

ETHAN

I woke up this morning with a crashing
headache. No money. Got kicked out of
my hotel room. I went to the bartender's
house to see if she had any medicine, but
the address she gave me was wrong. 604
First Avenue. It's an old abandoned
house. Agent Evans' body is chained to a
bed in one of the rooms. His body is
mutilated, it's clear he was tortured --

POPE

"Agent Evans?"

ETHAN

He's one of the agents I was sent here to find. I need to call my S.A.C.

POPE

Who's that?

ETHAN

My supervisor in Seattle. Adam Hassler.

POPE

He sent you here?

ETHAN

Yes.

POPE

Did he also instruct you to not bother calling me ahead of time to let me know you'd be rolling up in my world? Or was that all you?

ETHAN

(struck)

We don't have an obligation --

POPE

Courtesy, Ethan. Courtesy. Being a fed, maybe you aren't familiar with that word.

ETHAN

I would have contacted you eventually.

POPE

Oh. Well, in that case.

Pope picks up a SNOW GLOBE from his desk. Tosses it back and forth. Back and forth. Looks at Ethan.

Ethan needs him. Changes his tone.

ETHAN

I was sent here to find two Secret Service agents we haven't heard from in four days. Now I'm only looking for one.

POPE

What were they doing in Wayward Pines?

ETHAN

I don't know, I wasn't briefed on their investigation. But if the Secret Service was involved, it probably had something to do with a financial crime.

POPE

Who's the agent still missing?

ETHAN

Kate Hewson. She worked out of the Boise field office. Before that, Seattle.

POPE

So you knew her.

ETHAN

We were partners.

The Sheriff's persistent scowl softens slightly.

POPE

I'm sorry to hear that.

ETHAN

Nothing to be sorry about yet. I'm hoping she's still alive.

POPE

Look, I apologize for -- I was angry you didn't call before coming to town. And you're right. There was no obligation. I'd like to help. What does she look like?

ETHAN

Five-five, hundred-and-ten pounds. Long blonde hair last time I saw her. Blue eyes. Beautiful.

Pope looks up at him. Caught that "beautiful".

ETHAN (CONT'D)

By anyone's standards. She's the best agent I've ever worked with.

POPE

Any distinguishing marks?

ETHAN

A small beauty mark on her cheek.

POPE

I'll put the word out.

ETHAN

Thank you. I'd love to make those calls now.

Beat. Pope stands, towers over Ethan, at least 6'4.

POPE
What was that address, again? The dead
agent in the house?

ETHAN
604 First Avenue.

POPE
You're sure it's him?

ETHAN
Ninety-percent. I'll walk you over.

POPE
No need.

ETHAN
I want to.

POPE
I don't want you to.

ETHAN
I'm sorry?

POPE
Don't you need to make your calls?

Pope stares at Ethan, unchanging.

ETHAN
Yes.

Pope smiles a big toothy smile.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ethan, on the phone in a nearby conference room, frustrated
and depressed that he's getting the machine again.

THERESA (ON MACHINE)
... unless you're a tele-marketer, then
we're thrilled to have missed your call.
Otherwise, leave a message.

BEEP.

ETHAN (INTO PHONE)
Theresa, it's me. I've been trying to
reach you. I need to hear your voice.
Ben's voice. I'm at the Sheriff's office
in Wayward Pines. I still don't have my
phone so... I guess just try me back
here.

(MORE)

ETHAN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 I'm doing everything I can to get back for Ben's game. Tell him that. Okay? And -- and I hope you don't think that I'm out here with Kate. I know that's what you're thinking... and me saying this probably isn't making it better, but I'm saying it because it's true and I don't want you to worry about that. I don't want you to worry about anything. I can't wait to see your face. I love you. Do you hear me? I love you.

He hangs up. Wishes he didn't have to. Gets a *NEW DIAL TONE*. Dials a new number. *RING. RING.* Someone picks up on the other end:

WOMAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
 Secret Service.

It's a voice he doesn't recognize.

ETHAN (INTO PHONE)
 Hi, this is Ethan Burke. I need to speak with Adam Hassler, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 He's not available at the moment. Is there something I can help you with?

ETHAN
 I'll try him on his cell. Can I please have that number?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Oh, I'm afraid I'm not allowed to give out that information.

ETHAN
 Sorry, there must be a misunderstanding. This is Agent Ethan Burke.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Is there something I can help you with?

ETHAN
 What's your name?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Marcy.

ETHAN
 You're new.

MARCY'S VOICE

This is my third day.

ETHAN

Okay, look, Marcy, I'm in Wayward Pines, Idaho in the middle of a shitstorm. Get Hassler on the phone immediately. I don't care if he's in a meeting, I don't care if he's taking a shit, just get him on the goddamn phone.

MARCY'S VOICE

Oh, I'm sorry.

ETHAN

What?

MARCY'S VOICE

I can't continue this conversation with you speaking to me like that.

ETHAN

(beat)

I'm sorry I raised my voice, but I have to speak with Hassler right now.

MARCY'S VOICE

I'd be happy to slip him a message if you like.

Ethan closes his eyes, grinds his molars.

ETHAN

Tell him to call Agent Ethan Burke at the Wayward Pines Sheriff's Office. He has to do this the moment he gets the message. Agent Evans is dead. Do you understand?

MARCY'S VOICE

(brightly)

I'll give him the message!

CLICK. Marcy has hung up the phone. Ethan pulls the receiver away from his face, slams it into the table five times.

INT. SECRET SERVICE TECH LAB -- DAY

The destroyed Town Car hangs mid-air in an analysis brace as a group of TECHS analyze its charred remains. Hassler enters with Jimmy. They're seeing the car for the first time.

HASSLER

Christ almighty.

JIMMY

This does not bode well for our insurance premium.

The HEAD TECH (30s, proud, honest) approaches.

HEAD TECH

Mr. Hassler, thank you for coming --

HASSLER

When do we get the download from their GPS module?

HEAD TECH

We can't find the GPS module.

HASSLER

What do you mean? Ours are indestructible.

HEAD TECH

That's not all we can't find.

Hassler reacts, confused.

INT. BIERGARTEN -- DAY

Ethan rushes in looking for Beverly. The pub is empty except for one BARTENDER (male, 40s, bald head, large silver-frame glasses) sitting on a stool at the bar reading a paperback novel. Ethan approaches.

ETHAN

Is Beverly here?

The bartender holds up a finger, finishes the passage he's reading. Finally, he closes the book, looks up at Ethan.

BARTENDER

What can I get you to drink?

ETHAN

Nothing. I'm looking for Beverly.

Bartender reacts, confused.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

She was tending bar last night. Pretty brunette. Fairly tall.

BARTENDER

You were here? Last night?

ETHAN

Correct.

BARTENDER

And you're telling me that a tall
brunette was tending bar?

ETHAN

Yes. Her name was Beverly.

BARTENDER

(shakes his head)

There's two people that tend bar here.
Guy named Steve, and me.

ETHAN

No. She waited on me last night. I ate
a burger, I sat right there.

BARTENDER

Don't take this the wrong way, buddy, but
how much did you have to drink?

ETHAN

I had nothing to drink. I know I was
here and I know who served me.

BARTENDER

Sorry, man. You must have been at a
different restaurant.

Ethan's head suddenly crashes with pain. He grabs it,
staggers back, dizzy.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You okay?

ETHAN

She was here. I know it. Why are you
doing this to me?

BARTENDER

I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

Ethan erupts forward, grabs the man by the vest.

ETHAN

All I want to do is leave!

BARTENDER

Take your hands off me.

ETHAN

Shut up. All I want to do is get out of this insane fucking town and go home to my wife and my son. Now tell me where Beverly is and don't tell me she wasn't here because I'm not the crazy one.

It happens in milliseconds: **WHAM** -- Bartender violently knees Ethan in the stomach. **WHACK** -- punches Ethan out. Ethan is on the floor. Out cold. Bartender stands over him.

BARTENDER

(a dark smile, mocking)

No. You're not the crazy one.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

THE FLIES BUZZ LOUDER in the mouth of Evans' dead body, eating and sucking away. The body suddenly jerks to life, yanks taut the handcuffs that chain him to the bed. And SCREAMS.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ethan bolts upright from the nightmare flashback. He looks down, sees he's in a hospital bed. He tries to bolt from the bed but hears an immediate **CLANK**. He looks down, horrified to see that his hands and feet are chained to the bed.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

There we are.

Ethan looks over to see a pair of small black eyes peering at him over gold wire-rim glasses. DR. JENKINS (60) sits in a chair beside Ethan's bed.

ETHAN

Let me go. This is exactly how they chained up Evans --

DR. JENKINS

Do you mean the dead man you say you found in the abandoned house?

ETHAN

I didn't say I found him. I found him. Who are you?

DR. JENKINS

My name is Dr. Jenkins. Do you know where you are?

ETHAN

Please tell me I'm in Seattle.

DR. JENKINS

If I said you're in a hospital in Wayward Pines, Idaho, would that sound familiar?

ETHAN

(fuck)
Yes.

DR. JENKINS

What's the last thing you remember?

ETHAN

I had a headache. I was in a bar.
Talking to a bartender.

DR. JENKINS

Yes. Do you still have the headache?

ETHAN

No. What kind of doctor are you?

DR. JENKINS

A psychiatrist. Do you have a history of
mental illness, Ethan?

ETHAN

What kind of question is that?

DR. JENKINS

The kind I get paid to ask.

ETHAN

The answer is no. And I'm not delusional
and I'm not having hallucinations --

DR. JENKINS

Well, you wouldn't know if you were
having hallucinations, now would you? I
mean, if you were hallucinating me and
this hospital room and this entire
conversation you wouldn't know it was a
hallucination.

Ethan yanks the chains, tries to break free.

ETHAN

Let me go!

DR. JENKINS

Walking around with a brain injury is not
on the list of smart things to do.

ETHAN

Excuse me?

DR. JENKINS

Your MRI shows that your brain is
bleeding. We believe it's why you're
having this dissociative breakdown in
memory, awareness, identity.

ETHAN

There's something wrong here.

DR. JENKINS

Yes, precisely what I've been trying to --

ETHAN

No. This town. The people in it. You. Something's off and if you think I'm going to sit here and let you fuck with me for one more second --

DR. JENKINS

I'm not doing that, Ethan. No one is doing that. You were in a terrible accident and we just want to get you better. That's why we're getting ready to roll you into surgery.

ETHAN

I don't consent.

DR. JENKINS

We need to drain the blood --

ETHAN

I don't consent to surgery. I want to be transported to a hospital in Boise.

DR. JENKINS

That's the first thing we thought of, too, but we talked to the surgeons in Boise and everybody agrees that transporting you is much too risky.

ETHAN

(erupts)

I want out of this town right now!

All goes WHITE as a BLINDING LIGHT bores down on Ethan's face. He can't see, but he can hear:

DR. JENKINS (O.C.)

Nurse, calm him down, please.

Nurse Pam's smiling face enters Ethan's field of vision.

NURSE PAM

Let's see if we can't make you just a pinch more comfortable, okay?

She holds a mammoth needle.

ETHAN

What's in that?

NURSE PAM

Just a little something to steady those
jangled nerves.

ETHAN

I don't want it.

NURSE PAM

Hold still now.

She taps the antecubital vein on the underside of his arm.

ETHAN

I don't want it!

Ethan writhes, strains, his steel bracelets banging against
the bed frame. Nurse Pam leans in close to Ethan's face.

NURSE PAM

You hold still, Mr. Burke, or I'll jam
this motherfucker straight to the bone.

A chill goes through him. She smiles. He writhes even
harder. Nurse Pam adjusts her grip on the syringe, holds it
like a knife, jams the needle into Ethan's rear end.

NURSE PAM (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Jenkins)

He was moving too much, I couldn't --

DR. JENKINS

How long before he's sedated?

NURSE PAM

Fifteen tops.

DR. JENKINS

Roll him to the O.R.

(turns, to Ethan)

We're gonna get you all fixed up.

INT. HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Pam rolls Ethan's gurney along the empty corridor.
Ethan is woozy, eyes glazing.

ETHAN

I don't consent. You're violating my
rights as a patient.

Pam just whistles along with the gurney's squeaky wheel.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Why aren't you listening to me?

Pam parks his gurney in the middle of the hallway, walks through the nearby swinging doors marked **SURGERY**. In the several seconds the doors are swung open, Ethan can see:

A DOCTOR IN BLUE SCRUBS, hands already covered in latex gloves. An operating table flanked by large, bright lights. A metal cart with scalpels of every size. Bonesaws. Forceps. A drill. Other instruments that look like power tools.

The doors swing closed. He's alone in the hallway.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(screams)

Hey. Hey!

His voice just echoes. A fluorescent bulb hums above him.

He tugs hard against the chains, jerking hard enough for the steel edges of the bracelets to break the skin on his wrists.

He's fucked. Can't move. And getting woozier, the drug seeping through his body. He hears: *DING*. Then the *ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING* behind him. Then quick *FOOTSTEPS*. He cranes his neck to see who's coming, but by the time he does his gurney is in motion, someone rolling him back toward the elevator. He stares up, surprised by the familiar face:

Beverly. The bartender from last night. She rolls him into --

INT. ELEVATOR CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Beverly punches **B** for the basement. She's wearing a navy poncho dripping with rain water.

BEVERLY

Never got that big tip you promised.

The elevator doors start to close.

ETHAN

What's happening?

BEVERLY

They're trying to break your mind. We'll talk when you're safe.

She pulls a handcuff key from her jeans. Her fingers tremble as she tries to unlock the chain around his arm. It takes her three attempts to get the key into the lock. Finally, the bracelet pops open. Ethan sits up, grabs the key, starts on the other chains. The elevator descends at a crawl.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

If it stops and someone gets on, we fight. Are you okay to run?

ETHAN

They just shot me with a sedative.

BEVERLY

When?

ETHAN

I'm probably out cold in five minutes.

Ethan pops open the last chain, rolls off the gurney.

BEVERLY

When the doors open, we head left, all the way down the corridor. There's a door that will put us out on the street.

The elevator stops. For a moment, the doors don't open. Ethan shifts his weight to the balls of his feet, ready to explode if people are on the other side waiting for them. The doors creak open an inch. They freeze. Then they slowly open the rest of the way. Ethan steps forward, peeks out.

ETHAN

Clear.

INT. HOSPITAL -- BASEMENT CORRIDOR A -- CONTINUOUS

They turn left out of the elevator and run along the checkered linoleum tile toward the doors at the far end. But the sound of a *DOOR SLAM* ahead stops them fast. Beverly runs in the opposite direction. Ethan follows.

They come to a vacant nurses' station at the intersection of three more corridors. A *DOOR BEHIND THEM BANGS OPEN*. Beverly and Ethan accelerate, sprint down one of the corridors...

INT. HOSPITAL -- BASEMENT CORRIDOR B -- CONTINUOUS

They come to the end of the corridor. Dead end. No exit door. They turn to run back -- but they stop in their tracks when they hear *FOOTSTEPS* coming their way in the distance.

Ethan notices the water dripping from Beverly's rain coat. He quickly opens the nearest door -- an empty patient room.

ETHAN

Go in there.

BEVERLY

Where are you --

ETHAN

Right here.

He opens an identical door exactly opposite. Beverly nods, pulls her door closed. Ethan slips inside his room...

INT. EMPTY PATIENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The exact layout as the patient room he was in upstairs. He moves into the bathroom, grabs a towel from the rack, wraps it around his hand. Faces the mirror. He looks terrible. Upper lip swollen, nose bruised from the fight with the bartender. A gash across his right cheek closed with a few stitches.

He punches the lower right corner of the mirror, holds his towel-wrapped fist against the broken glass so it doesn't all fall out at once. He quickly picks the pieces away, chooses the largest of the bunch, unwraps his hand.

Glass shard in hand, he moves back to the main door, presses his ear against it, listens. The sound of *DOORS SLAMMING OPEN AND CLOSED*. They're checking every room. But still far enough away, out in the main hallway.

Ethan reaches for the doorknob, turns it slowly. Gives the gentlest of tugs. The door swings in two inches, mercifully silent. He holds the mirror shard between the open door and the jamb, inching it further until it shows a reflection of the corridor behind him:

Empty. But the *DOOR SLAMS* are getting closer. Between the slams, the *SQUEAK OF RUBBER-SOLED SHOES* on the floor.

Then: Nurse Pam strolls into view at the intersection of the corridors. She holds a syringe in her hand. She turns and starts down his corridor. She walks in short controlled strides. She stops, inspects something on the floor. Wipes her finger across the linoleum and holds it up. Water from Beverly's raincoat. Ethan reacts. Shit.

Nurse Pam follows the trail of water along the linoleum, an odd smile on her face.

NURSE PAM

Mr. Burke? I know you can hear me.

Her voice echoes down the empty corridors. Ethan draws the mirror shard back into the room and eases the door closed. His eyes begin to close. The drug is taking over, powerful.

NURSE PAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Since you're my new favorite patient I'll make you a deal. If you're a good sport and come out I'll give you a present.

(MORE)

NURSE PAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

The present is anesthesia for your surgery, Mr. Burke. I hope you understand that the drug I gave you ten minutes ago will render you unconscious any moment now. If you don't come out and surrender, I promise we won't roll you into surgery right away. We'll let the drug that's in your system wear off. You'll wake up on the operating table. No straps, no handcuffs, but you won't be able to move. This is because I'll have injected you with a monster dose of Suxamethonium, which is a paralytic drug. Have you ever wondered what surgery feels like? Well, you'll get your own private show. The only movement you'll be capable of is blinking. You won't even be able to scream as you feel the cutting and sawing and drilling. Our fingers inside of you. The surgery will take hours, and you'll be alive, awake, and fully alert for every agonizing second.

Ethan forces his eyes open, puts his hand on the doorknob, tightens his grip. He waits for her to speak again...

NURSE PAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I know you can hear my voice, Mr. Burke. I'm standing outside the room where --

... and begins to turn the knob.

NURSE PAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

-- you're hiding. Are you in the shower? Under the bed? Just standing behind the door, hoping I'll walk blindly past?

Nurse Pam laughs. Ethan edges the door back, fully believing that having followed the trail of water, Nurse Pam will be facing Beverly's door and not his.

NURSE PAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You have ten seconds to come out, then my generous offer of anesthesia will expire. Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six...

He edges it back further until he can see into the corridor. The first thing he sees is the back of Pam's head. Yes, she's facing Beverly's door. The syringe gripped in her hand.

NURSE PAM (CONT'D)

Five. Four. Three...

Ethan edges the door fully open.

NURSE PAM (CONT'D)

Two. One. Now I'm angry.

She lifts a walkie-talkie from her pocket.

NURSE PAM (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)

I'm down in the basement. West wing.
Pretty sure he's here. Come quickly.

Ethan backs several steps into his room to give himself a running start. Deep breath. Goes for it. Covers seven paces in two seconds. Crashes into Nurse Pam's back at full speed, driving her across the corridor and slamming her face-first into the concrete wall. **WHAM.**

Pam twirls around, blood sheeting off her face. She smiles at Ethan a moment before she collapses on the floor. Ethan nearly collapses with her, the drug almost fully in charge.

Beverly whips her door open, picks Ethan up.

BEVERLY

Hold onto me. Let's go.

Ethan clings to Beverly as they move back down the corridor. Ethan struggles to put one foot in front of the other. He glances back, sees Nurse Pam struggling to sit up.

INT. HOSPITAL -- BASEMENT CORRIDOR A -- CONTINUOUS

Running now. The EXIT DOOR is fifty feet ahead. Ethan trips. *FOOTSTEPS* and *VOICES* nearby.

BEVERLY

They're coming down the stairwell.

Ethan scrambles up, they keep running, finally reach the end of the corridor. Beverly jerks the door open, drags Ethan across the threshold and they're --

EXT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Outside. Rain. Cold pavement.

BEVERLY

This way. We have to hide you before you pass out.

ETHAN

I can barely feel my legs.

BEVERLY

One more block.

EXT. CEMETERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Beverly drags Ethan into a cemetery filled with crumbling headstones interspersed with oaks and pines.

ETHAN

Where are you taking me?

She hauls Ethan to a small, stone MAUSOLEUM. It takes Beverly three digs with her shoulder to force open the crypt's iron door. But Ethan collapses at the entrance.

BEVERLY

No, I need you inside. You're almost there. Four more feet.

Ethan crawls through the narrow doorway out of the rain.

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- CONTINUOUS

Beverly pulls the door closed after them.

BEVERLY

You'll be safe in here.

Ethan catches his breath. But he's fading, fading...

ETHAN

What is this town?

BEVERLY

When you wake up, I'll --

ETHAN

Tell me now.

BEVERLY

I don't know. I have my theories.

ETHAN

You sent me to that house.

BEVERLY

As soon as you told me you were looking for Bill Evans I knew you had to see him. I wanted you to know how dangerous this place is.

ETHAN

What happened to him?

BEVERLY

He tried to escape.

Ethan looks at her, confused. And thankful.

ETHAN
Why are you helping me?

BEVERLY
Because we both want the same thing.

ETHAN
What's that?

BEVERLY
To escape.

He's still confused. And the drug has almost taken over.
He'll be out inside of a minute.

ETHAN
Why did you come here in the first place?

BEVERLY
I was a rep for IBM. Came here on a
sales call trying to outfit the local
schools with Tandy 1000's.

Ethan reacts. Tandy 1000's? He wants to talk, but he's
barely conscious now. Can't open his mouth.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I parked my car and was walking up to the
school when a motorcycle hit me out of
nowhere. They told me I suffered a head
injury and some memory loss.

ETHAN
(barely)
When?

BEVERLY
I can't hear you.

ETHAN
When did you come here?

BEVERLY
That was October 3rd, 1986. In fact,
next week is my anniversary. I'll have
been in Wayward Pines a whole year.

Off Ethan...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. SECRET SERVICE HQ -- SEATTLE -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

Heavy clouds glide past the glass at Secret Service HQ.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HQ -- HASSLER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Hassler, at his desk. Jimmy enters the doorway, perplexed.

JIMMY

Ethan Burke's wife is here to see you.

HASSLER

I know, I told her to come.

Hassler gets up, starts out.

JIMMY

But I don't have her in your calendar and you have that mandatory sexual harassment seminar in five minutes.

HASSLER

What a coincidence.

Jimmy physically blocks Hassler at the doorway. Won't move.

JIMMY

You've missed it three times, everybody at the company has to complete --

HASSLER

This woman's husband has been missing for four days, Jimmy. He's probably dead. Do you mind if I buy her a coffee?

Beat.

JIMMY

If I give you money will you bring me back a white chocolate latte?

EXT. SEATTLE -- PIKE PLACE MARKET -- DAY

Clutching coffees, Hassler walks with Ethan's wife Theresa.

THERESA

I know I'm spinning but it just doesn't make sense. If Ethan is alive, why hasn't anybody heard from him? If he's dead, why hasn't anybody found his body?

HASSLER

I've been through a lot of cases like this before. You've seen this story in the paper a million times. But...

Hassler stops. Theresa stops.

THERESA

What?

HASSLER

I wish I could say this was like those cases.

(beat)

We analyzed the Town Car he was riding in, Theresa. I even called in a favor from CODIS, the FBI's scientific analysis team. They're the absolute best.

THERESA

And?

HASSLER

They didn't find anything.

THERESA

What do you mean?

HASSLER

I mean they found nothing. No trace of Ethan's skin cells or blood or hair or even residual sweat. Not even what they call degraded DNA. If Ethan had ridden in that car for three hours on the drive from Boise to Wayward Pines, they would have found some molecular trace of him.

THERESA

How is that possible?

HASSLER

I don't know. But I promise you -- I'm doing everything I can to find him.

Theresa's eyes get wet, she can't hold it together. Hassler puts an arm around her shoulder.

THERESA

He said he'd be home for Ben's soccer game tomorrow.

HASSLER

How is Ben? God, I remember the day he was born like it was --

THERESA

He'll be fourteen next week. So I really hope Ethan is home for that.

HASSLER

I'm sure he will be. And if you need anything in the meantime, I'm here.

THERESA

Thank you. And thank you for keeping me in the loop.

Theresa hugs him, goes. Off Hassler, watching her walk away. He feels for her. And he has feelings for her.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

Back in Wayward Pines, the mausoleum sits quietly.

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- SAME

Ethan wakes on the cold stone floor. It takes him a moment to remember where he is. Looks around for Beverly. She's gone.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Ethan charges in. Arlene looks up from her Solitaire game, stands, shocked to see Ethan.

ARLENE

Mr. Burke.

He doesn't trust these people, but he needs to know --

ETHAN

Have there been any calls for me?

ARLENE

No. Should there have been?

ETHAN

Yes, I told some people they could reach me here. My wife hasn't called? Or my supervisor Adam Hassler?

ARLENE

I'm sorry, no one has called --

ETHAN

Look me in the eye and tell me my wife didn't call.

Beat.

ARLENE
Your wife didn't call.

Ethan turns, charges out, doesn't need her for anything else.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
Don't leave, Mr. Burke. I know Sheriff
Pope will be very excited to talk to you.

Ethan turns, looks at Arlene and her forced smile. Not at all like she was when he first met her.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
He stepped out for a moment but he'll be
back in a snap. Why don't you take a
seat and I'll get you something to drink
and a snack. Do you like potato chips?

Ethan turns, charges out.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
Mr. Burke, where are you going?

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DUSK

Ethan turns a corner onto a residential street. Looking for something, anything. A way out. He hears a *LAUGH* -- one he recognizes. He looks toward it:

In a bright green yard in front of a house, a few FAMILIES have gathered for a barbecue. TWO MEN flip burgers on a grill. TWO OTHER MEN play horseshoes. KIDS chase each other in the grass. Tag. FOUR LADIES stand talking near a pair of red coolers. One of them laughs *THAT LAUGH* again.

Ethan crosses to get a closer look at the laughing woman.

She wears a skirt that drops below her knees, red flats and a plaid blouse. She's 40, beautiful by anyone's standards, 5'5" with short blonde hair, blue eyes and a small beauty mark on her cheek. PUSH IN ON Ethan...

MEMORY FLASH -- THE DOSSIER PHOTO OF 27 YEAR-OLD KATE HEWSON

This woman in front of him looks like KATE HEWSON. The other agent Ethan is here to find. His former partner. The one he almost had an affair with. But the woman in front of him is thirteen years older than Kate was in her dossier photo.

KATE
(to one of the women)
I'm going to hold you to that, Christine.

Kate glances briefly at Ethan, then turns and walks to the horseshoe pit where she laces her fingers through those of a tall, broad shouldered man with wavy, silver hair.

KATE (CONT'D)

Come on, Harold, we'll miss our program.

HAROLD (50) gives his last horseshoe a toss. It rings the metal stake. Harold bows dramatically to applause from his friends, then lets Kate drag him away. Their friends call "good night" after them. Kate and Harold walk up the street.

Ethan follows.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- HEWSON HOUSE -- DUSK

Ethan quickens his pace, follows them around a corner onto the next street. They turn into a green house with white trim. A front porch with a swing. The front door closes behind them.

Ethan stands in front of their picket fence. Notices the mailbox is painted with the name **Ballinger**. He unlatches the gate, walks up the old stone path, raps his knuckles on the door. After a moment, the door opens. It's Harold.

HAROLD

Can I help you?

ETHAN

Yes, may I speak with -- is Kate here?

HAROLD

Who are you?

ETHAN

A friend. My name is Ethan.

Beat. Harold turns, calls into the house.

HAROLD

Honey, could you come to the door?

Harold looks back at Ethan. Beat. Then Kate appears. Ethan stares at her. Making sure.

MEMORY FLASHES -- SEVERAL SHOTS OF ETHAN AND KATE AS PARTNERS ON THE JOB. SHE'S 27. BUT IT'S THE SAME WOMAN. IT'S HER.

Only now she's 40.

ETHAN

Is your name Kate Hewson?

KATE

Yes, Hewson was my maiden name.

Ethan tries not to freak out.

ETHAN

I must be -- Kate, it's me. Ethan. I came here to find you.

KATE

I think you must be confusing me with someone else.

ETHAN

I'd know you anywhere. At any -- age.

KATE

(beat, to Harold)

I'll be in in a moment.

Kate steps down onto the porch, closes the door.

ETHAN

What is happening?

Kate leads Ethan to the swing at the end of the porch. They sit. A cricket, or the recording of a cricket, chirps nearby.

KATE

They're watching us.

ETHAN

Who?

KATE

Shh.

Kate makes a slight gesture with her finger toward the ceiling of the porch overhang.

KATE (CONT'D)

And listening.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. KATE'S PORCH -- RESUME

Ethan and Kate, where we left them on her porch. He's freaking out.

ETHAN

Kate, tell me what the hell is going on.
Why are you -- how old are you?

Kate looks over at him, a haunted look in her eyes.

KATE

You shouldn't ask a woman her age.

ETHAN

How long have you been here?

KATE

Years.

ETHAN

That's impossible. That's impossible.
Unless I'm really going crazy I know I
came here looking for you four days ago.
They'd lost contact with you and Evans
and they sent me to find you. Evans is
dead.

Kate has no reaction. She's not surprised.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Why were you sent here in the first
place?

Kate lowers her voice to barely a whisper.

KATE

It was about David Pilcher.

ETHAN

Who's David Pilcher?

KATE

Reclusive billionaire, owns a bunch of
bio-pharmaceutical companies.

ETHAN

What's his connection to Wayward Pines?

Kate briefly glances upward. They're listening.

KATE

I don't have answers for you, Ethan. You should go.

ETHAN

Kate --

KATE

Right now.

ETHAN

I'm in trouble.

KATE

I know.

ETHAN

I need a phone, a car, a gun --

KATE

Now you're putting my life at risk.

ETHAN

From who?

Kate stands, goes back to her door. Talks louder now, almost as if she wants whoever is listening to hear her:

KATE

You could be happy, Ethan.

ETHAN

What are you talking about?

KATE

You could have an amazing life here.

She pushes through her door, steps inside. Ethan stands.

ETHAN

Kate. Tell me if I'm crazy.

Kate looks back. She shakes her head "no", heads inside, closes the door. Ethan rushes after her.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Kate!

He hears the deadbolt turn. His frustration boils over. He looks back to the street. Zeroes in on a mid-80s Buick LeSabre parked on the street. Its windshield plastered with dried pine needles. In the house behind the car, Ethan can see and hear a BOY PLAYING PIANO in the window.

Ethan makes a decision. He lifts a concrete cherub planter from Kate's porch. It weighs about thirty pounds.

EXT. BUICK/STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The PIANO PLAYING continues as Ethan heaves the cherub at the window behind the driver's seat. **CRASH.** He unlocks the door, pulls it open, climbs inside over the seats and behind the wheel. He cracks the hard plastic under the steering column, exposes the ignition cylinder. His fingers tug out the power wires, strip their plastic sheathing, twist them together.

The dashboard lights up. The PIANO PLAYING STOPS. Ethan looks up to see the boy and his MOTHER in their doorway.

With his teeth, Ethan shaves the plastic off the starter wire as he hears --

MOTHER

Wait here, Elliott.

Ethan touches the starter wire to the power wire. The engine coughs. The Mother starts running toward Ethan.

ETHAN

Come on...

Ethan touches the wires together again. The engine turns over. He revs the RPM's, shifts into DRIVE, punches the headlights, and speeds down the street as the Mother SCREAMS.

EXT. WAYWARD PINES -- MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

Ethan tries not to speed so as not to attract attention. He passes the Biergarten, the hotel, the Steaming Bean. After seven blocks, the hospital. There are no outskirts. The buildings simply end. He accelerates out of town.

INT. BUICK / EXT. FOREST ROAD -- NIGHT

Ethan speeds through a forest of giant pines. Mist hovers between the trees and across the road. He looks up, sees the road ahead is a winding grade for several thousand feet up the mountains to the pass. But then:

He hits the brake for a LONG, SHARP CURVE. The mist takes over, visibility almost nothing. The road straightens. In the distance, a BILLBOARD:

Four painted figures stand arm-in-arm. Mother, father, son, daughter. In block letters under the perfect family: **WELCOME TO WAYWARD PINES. WHERE PARADISE IS HOME.**

Ethan accelerates, headlights grazing over a pasture and a herd of cattle. Soon, he's passing houses again. Then the park with the merry-go-round. Then he's back on Main Street.

He stares through the windshield. The road out of Wayward Pines took him right back to... Wayward Pines.

He whips the car back around.

INT. BUICK / EXT. FOREST ROAD -- NIGHT

Ethan is going eighty by the time he hits the forest road again. Back through the mist and the towering pines. He hits the LONG, SHARP CURVE again. In the sharpest section, he pulls off, throws the car into PARK. Leaves the car running, crosses the road and starts running along the shoulder.

He runs through the mist. His car disappears in the fog behind him. He comes to the other side of the curve where the road straightens out again and runs back into town.

He looks back. The road shouldn't turn here. It should keep going and dive into the switchbacks up the mountain.

He steps off the shoulder into the forest...

EXT. FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

The pines tower above him. He glimpses icy points of starlight through the tops of the trees. Another fifty yards. Looking for any way out, or another road. He plunges deeper into the forest.

EXT. SEATTLE -- VOLUNTEER PARK -- NIGHT

Seattle. Cold, black rain. Under an umbrella, Hassler walks through Volunteer Park, the highest point in Seattle. He stops at a point near the mammoth glass conservatory, a stunning botanical greenhouse made of 3,426 panes of glass.

A moment later, a man emerges from the darkness to meet Hassler. The man's face is obscured in shadows. He hands a MANILA ENVELOPE to Hassler. Hassler checks to see that the envelope is filled with CASH.

HASSLER

Thank you, Mr. Pilcher.

The man looks up from the shadows. And now we see his face: it's Dr. Jenkins, the psychiatrist who was by Ethan's bedside in the hospital. But Hassler just called him "Pilcher".

DR. JENKINS/PILCHER

Thank you.

Jenkins/Pilcher walks off. Hassler walks off in the other direction, clutching his payoff.

EXT. FOREST -- SAME

Ethan bolts through the forest. He reaches a cluster of boulders. Climbs over them on all fours. As he works his way around a bend, a new sound creeps in over the constant noise of the shifting rocks: a low decibel *HUM*. He stops, tries to listen over the sound of his own *RAGGED BREATHING*.

He turns a corner. Fifty feet up, Ethan stares straight at the source of the *HUM*: A TWENTY-FOOT HIGH FENCE crowned with coils of razor wire. A sign on the fence advises: **HIGH VOLTAGE. RISK OF DEATH. RETURN TO WAYWARD PINES. BEYOND THIS POINT YOU WILL DIE.**

Ethan spots a rodent -- a marmot -- who made the mistake of trying to crawl through one of the fence squares adjacent to the ground. It looks like it was microwaved between the fence for eight hours. Then:

A *SCREAM*. From the vastness of the world beyond the fence. The sound of terror. High, thin, fragile. Like a hyena or a banshee. Or coyotes at their maddest. But unlike anything you've ever heard. Ethan freezes. His heart thumps.

Again, the *SCREAM*. Ethan turns, runs back through the forest at top speed.

INT. BURKE HOUSE -- BEN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ben is on his laptop, Facebook. Headphones cover his ears. Theresa enters, sits on the bed. He takes off the headphones. Waits for her to talk. She's not entirely sure what to say.

BEN

Is he dead?

THERESA

What? No. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you, I'm just -- here to say good night.

BEN

Oh.

THERESA

We used to do this every night, you know. You'd always get mad if I was late.

BEN

Yeah.

THERESA

Your favorite book was Go, Dog, Go.

BEN

Do you think he'll be back for my game tomorrow?

Beat. Theresa forces some confidence.

THERESA

Yeah. I do.

BEN

But you don't know for sure. I mean -- he's Secret Service. He could be doing anything and we wouldn't know about it.

Theresa kisses her son's forehead. Closes his laptop cover.

THERESA

Exactly. Now get some sleep.

EXT. FOREST / FOREST ROAD -- SAME

Ethan sprints through the mist and the trees, gasping for air. Finally the ground slopes up and he climbs on his hands and knees, stumbles back onto the road. Runs back through the fog until he sees two cylinders of light in the distance -- the headlights of his car.

INT. BURKE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Theresa comes downstairs as she pulls her cell phone from her pocket. No missed calls. She moves to the answering machine in the kitchen. Checks it like she's been checking it for days. The display reads: **MESSAGES: 0**

EXT. FOREST ROAD / INT. BUICK -- NIGHT

Ethan runs through the thick mist along the road, finally reaches his car. Whips open the driver-side door. Climbs in behind the wheel. Puts his foot on the brake. Reaches for the gear shift. Looks in the rearview mirror:

In the red glow of his brake lights he sees a POLICE CRUISER parked thirty feet behind him.

When Ethan looks back through the driver side window -- **WHAM** -- Sheriff Pope's face is right there staring at him.

POPE

Didn't get very far, did you?

ETHAN

How do I get out of here?

Pope smiles, dark.

POPE

You don't.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT