

FrAgMEntiA

Pilot Episode

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"PILOT"

TEASER

OVER BLACKNESS. RUSH OF RUNNING WATER.

BACKGROUND MUSIC: "Dust and water", Antony & the Johnsons

CATHERINE (V.O.)

People are made of memories. All of what we are, all of our fears and loves, all of our opinions and mannerisms, all of our likes and dislikes - everything comes from past experiences that were imprinted in our minds. Consciously or unconsciously, good or bad, these memories are there, in our heads, composing our being. When we try to let go of our past, to ignore who we really are, then our memories can become a ghost to us, which comes to haunt our present with images we'd rather forget.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. WIDE FIELD / HOUSE - DAY 1

AERIAL SHOT:

The scene is BRIGHT and FADED, with YELLOW SHADES, as if it was a very old photograph. It shows a small two-stored house in the middle of a vast yellowish field. A small DIRT ROAD leads to its front porch, and it's the only sign that civilization isn't that far away. In front of the house, a 1969's RED BEETLE is parked, but besides it, no human invention seems to crowd the view.

Not too far away from the house, woods and mountains as far as the eye can see. In the sky, grey clouds hovers.

BIRD SINGING can be heard far away. CHILDREN SQUEALS can be heard as well, echoing through nothingness and trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. BACKYARD / HOUSE - SAME 2

Still BRIGHT and FADED. The background music is still on. In the backyard, we can see a girl, CATHY, and a boy, CHARLIE, both with five or six years old, with fair hair and handsome faces, playing on a SWING.

He PUSHES Cathy on the swing, who is thrilled with it.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
 (screaming)
 Higher, Charlie, higher!

He PUSHES the swing as much as he can, his face is red with the amount of strength he is putting on his task. It never seems to please the girl though.

CATHY (CONTD)
 C'me on! What are you? A girl?

CHARLIE
 (laboured breathing)
 Cathy!... I... ain't... no girl!

CATHY
 So push me HIGHER!

And he pushes her like never before.

CLOSE ON

CATHY's face, screaming out, thrilled. Her smile is bright and innocent. We STAY ON HER until

SLOW FLASH TO:

3 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

3

The scene has the same faded characteristic as the previous scenes, but now it's not bright. Now it's DARK and with soft BLUE SHADES.

Cathy now is desperately running through a deep forest; her breathing is heavy and unsteady. She has scratches and bruises over her body. If they were gotten during her running or due to something else, we can't tell.

The night is chilly, but she is covered in sweat anyway. She is fighting hard against her tears.

CATHY
 Daddy... Daddy... where are you?

She is still running as fast as her little legs can, but the noise of leafs and sticks being CRUSHED by many pairs of boots warn her that her pursuers are getting closer.

Cathy sobs and finally comes to a HALT, looking her surroundings in agony. The dark shadows of trees and rocks and bushes around her all seem hostile.

(CONTINUED)

She can only SOB once more. There is the rush of RUNNING WATER not too far away. The sound of OWLS and other mysterious small animals scare her, but she seems even more scared of the boots that MARCH in her direction. The whole forest seems to BEND OVER her, suffocating her small figure.

Cathy CROUCHES and EMBRACES HER KNEES, lowering her head.

CATHY
Daddy, where are you?

HOLD ON

Cathy's crouched figure.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
People are made of memories. What few people know is that when we forget something, when we really forget something, we are losing a small fragment of our soul. And the deeper this obliviousness is, the more real your ghosts are.

MUSIC LINE: "Did you think I'd leave you here forever?"

ZOOM OUT of Cathy's small silhouette in the middle of the forest, swinging back and forth.

Finally, we can hear a SOFT CRY coming from her.

FADE OUT

OVER BLACK. RUSH OF RUNNING WATER. CATHY'S CRY ECHOING.

CATHERINE (V.O., CONTD)
People are made of memories. And so are ghosts.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

4 EXT. DESERT / DIRT ROAD - DAY 4

BACKGROUND MUSIC: "Alcohol", Gogol Bordello.

AERIAL SHOT:

The desert, which has a DIRT ROAD going on and on, knowing no end. We can see a BUS STOP (?) at some point of it. The reason why a bus stop would be there, in the middle of nowhere, is beyond logical explanation.

(CONTINUED)

The sky is CERULEAN BLUE, not a cloud is seen. A small CLOUD OF DIRT disturbs the stillness of the scene.

CLOSE ON the BUS on the road. It is old and noisy.

The driver makes an abrupt stop at the sign of BUS STOP, and through the window, we can see MICHAEL WALKER (Joseph Gordon-Levitt) arising from his seat, a professional camera dangling from his neck. He carries his luggage.

When he stops at the stairs to adjust the weight he is carrying, the BUS DRIVER (50's, Afro-American, doesn't seem like he would stand out in a crowd) turns to look at him. The music FADES AWAY.

BUS DRIVER
(with French accent)
Good luck, pal.

WALKER
(smiling)
Thanks.

BUS DRIVER
(smiling wisely)
Non, non. You are really going to need it.

Walker, who had just GOT OUT of the bus, looks at the driver, intrigued. The door is CLOSED with a SOFT NOISE and the bus DRIVES AWAY, covering his brown leather jacket (which is over a black X-FILES t-shirt) with dirt.

WALKER
(shaking his jacket)
Oh, great! Really lucky indeed.

Finally giving up of getting all that dirt off of him, he looks around. All he can see is hot and deserted land. The road and the bus stop are the only trace of man's presence there.

Walker looks frustrated. He takes his cell phone out of the pocket and looks at it.

INSERT - CELL PHONE'S DISPLAY:

Big, red titles under the icon of an empty battery: LOW BATTERY.

BACK TO SCENE:

While he is looking at the cell phone, it immediately turns off with an arrogant cheery tune.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Oh, fuck.

5 INT. COUNTY MORGUE / HALLWAY - MORNING/DAY 5

CLOSE ON SOMEONE'S HIGH HEELS, as she walks along a white corridor with a steady pace.

PAN UP to find CATHERINE PARKER (Margarita Levieva). In one hand she has a MANILA FOLDER, and on the other, a RED PEN that she is almost breaking in two. Her curly brown hair, waist-length, falls free on her shoulder blades. Her dark clothing is covered by a white lab coat.

She looks pissed. Really pissed.

She stops walking and TURNS to a door, brutally OPENING it. She gets in the

6 AUTOPSY ROOM, 6

Startling CHARLIE PARKER (Jamie Bell). He is working on a corpse (female, Afro American, 40's), lying in an exam table between him and the door.

CATHERINE

(looking away, sickened)

Shit, Charlie!

CHARLIE

(slight British accent)

Jesus, Catherine! Don't you ever freakin' knock?

CATHERINE

(eyes closed)

Can you PLEASE get rid of... it?

He looks at the corpse, and then back at Catherine. Finally, he covers the female body with a white sheet.

CHARLIE

If you just knocked, we could prevent that from happening.

Catherine opens her eyes, checking the exam table.

CATHERINE (averting
her gaze)

I doubt it. This is a fucking morgue, Charlie. There are corpses in every corner.

CHARLIE

Well, you keep startling me like that and I'll be next.

(playful)

You don't want to see that, do you?

Catherine's casual expression turns into an angry look. She approaches him with her steady pace, and he BACKS UP a little, until he BUMPS in the bloody counter.

CATHERINE

(pissed)

Oh, you bet I do!

She shows the manila folder, threatening. He attempts to SMILE. It comes out as a strange grimace.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

Charles Jonathan Parker, HERE is the fucking result for the FIFTIETH or so test you asked me to do on Mr. Michaels, proving ONCE AGAIN that he WAS NOT murdered by poisoning as you so vehemently defended.

CHARLIE

But you saw his stained nails as well, Cathy, and--

CATHERINE (crossing
her arms)

I didn't see shit, Charlie! I don't go looking at dead people. It's not my job. That's YOU. We may be twins, but don't go mistaking me for you. I stay as far as I can from... it.

She indicates the exam table with her head.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

All I know is what I see on this paper. The magic of chemistry.

Charlie lowers his head to the manila folder, OPENS it and takes a quick look.

CHARLIE

(disappointed, looking at
the folder)

So there's nothing?

Catherine UNCROSSES her arms and looks at Charlie.

CATHERINE
(tired)
For the thousandth time, NO.

She MASSAGES her temple with one hand, while the other goes to rest on her hip, still holding the pen.

CHARLIE
But his stained nails...?

CATHERINE
It could be any number of things,
and you know it better than I do,
don't you, coroner?

Catherine looks at Charlie, who is still absorbed by the folder, looking completely disappointed.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
Do you really want me to test
this shit again?

He gives his back to her, leaning on the counter covered with many surgical instruments.

CHARLIE
No.

Catherine relaxes her facial expression and smiles.

CATHERINE
(softer voice, almost
condescending)
Charlie, you're the only one who
really thinks this is a murder
case. There's no need for more
tests. The family is happy with
just burying him. Everyone knows
Mr. Michaels was a dear one here
in the Faram county.

CHARLIE
Right.

Charlie raises his head and looks to the ceiling, as if making a silent prayer. Catherine's smile is now sad.

CATHERINE
This is not the Big-Murder-Case
for your book, Charlie. Not this
time.

CHARLIE
(bitter)
Again.

She SIGHS.

CATHERINE

I know I've said this before,
but... you can always come up
with a story. You don't need to
be a witness to it.

CHARLIE

But it wouldn't feel the same
way, would it?

He SHRUGS. Catherine smiles and sighs, thoughtful.

CATHERINE

Well... Some times I think
SOMETHING could happen here.
Don't you?

CHARLIE

(rolling his eyes)
Is the Pope Catholic?

He smiles and she gives his shoulder a soft punch.

CATHERINE

You have lots of dead people
waiting for your scalpel,
brother.

Charlie doesn't reply to that.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

Don't let your ambition of
writing this novel cloud your
judgment, Charlie. You cannot
afford any mistakes in this job.
You don't want to make any
mistakes, do you?

At that, he finally TURNS to her and gives a weak smile.

CHARLIE

No.

CATHERINE

(playful, winking at him)
Besides, you're gonna need double
attention when I get out of
Faram.

CHARLIE

(ironic)
When you get out of Faram, Miss?

She smiles.

CATHERINE

Yeah, you know. When I get the chance. When I get the answer from that college in England?

CHARLIE

(jokingly)

Oh, no! I can't live without you, dearest sister!

She PUNCHES him again, and he pretends to be mortally wounded.

CATHERINE

(playful)

You did just fine without me when daddy was gone and we were split up.

Both their smiles VANISH along with the light mood. They look at each other deeply. Catherine gives the weakest of smiles.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

Better than me, anyway.

The silence that comes with this statement is terribly uncomfortable.

Catherine averts her brother's gaze. She MASSAGES HER TEMPLE again, which attract Charlie's attention.

CHARLIE

(frowning)

Migraines?

CATHERINE

Yeah...

She clears her throat.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

I gotta go. There are other tests pending back in the lab.

She makes an attempt to go to the door, but a steady hand on her shoulder STOPS her.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

She is still with her back to him, and being so, she closes her eyes. Charlie is O.S. We can only see his HAND on Catherine's shoulder.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I know you don't like working here.

(CONTINUED)

She forces a LAUGH, which comes out almost like a bark.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONTD)

I know you don't. I mean, a morgue? It's definitely not you, Cathy, and I know. And I'm sorry because it's my fault.

CATHERINE

It's not your fault, Charlie, don't be ridiculous.

She starts TURNING AROUND to look at him, but Charlie PUSHES her in the direction of the door.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Yes, it is.

Gently, he lets her out and softly CLOSES the door behind her. She finds herself alone in the

7 CORRIDOR,

7

And she just stands there for a while, puzzled. What the fuck...?

She finally SHAKES her head and WALKS AWAY. Though they are twins, usually she cannot understand Charlie.

8 INT. COUNTY MORGUE / MS PARKER'S OFFICE - LATER

8

Catherine is sitting across her desk, in a small crowded room, surrounded by papers and folders and charts and cardboard boxes, the only source of light coming from a desk lamp. On the walls, many panels with paper cuttings, lists and graphics.

The only picture in the room, positioned next to the lamp, is one of Catherine, Charlie and an OLDER WOMAN (CHRISTINE WILLES, with her bright smile), all of them smiling brightly. Catherine and Charlie both look slightly younger on the picture. Actually, they look happier.

The only small window in the room is opened, but it doesn't seem to reduce the hotness inside. Catherine is sweating: she took off her coat lab and rolled up her sleeves, and now she has her hair tied up. She is working on something with the same RED PEN she had been holding before.

She is writing compulsively in a notebook with blue cover, absolutely focused. She doesn't even notice the sound of the DOOR being OPENED.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)

Catherine?

She is STARTLED by the VOICE, and raises her head, surprised.

By the doorjamb DONNIE (Keir Gilchrist), stares at her curiously. Although he looks like your typical geek without the glasses, he is much more than just that.

CATHERINE

Jesus, Donnie! You startled me.

DONNIE

(shrugs)

Sorry, not my intention. What are you working on?

She looks to the opened notebook and then back to Donnie.

CATHERINE

Well, nothing that I can't do later.

(closing the notebook)

What is it?

DONNIE

You've cancelled our last lesson... Again, so I thought I might come by to see you. I'm almost forgetting your face.

He smiles at that last comment. She smiles back at him.

CATHERINE

Yeah, it's very much likely with your eidetic memory, Mister. Just come in, you know guys here don't like seeing you around.

He does what he is told, CLOSING THE DOOR behind him. He approaches the desk, looking around the messy office.

DONNIE

I just can't get used to your 'organisational' system, Catherine.

She shrugs.

CATHERINE

You're not exactly better than me, Donnie.

DONNIE

Well, at least I admit I'm a mess.

(CONTINUED)

Catherine gives the boy a questioning look, while she puts the blue notebook inside a drawer and closes it.

CATHERINE
(playful)
What is it? Did someone just die?

DONNIE
You know, the morgue isn't exactly the best place to make that joke.

Beat.

CATHERINE
Tell me what's wrong, Donnie.

DONNIE
I should be the one asking this question, don't you think?

She GETS UP, circling her desk and standing by Donnie's side. She leans on the desk and crosses her arms, looking confused.

CATHERINE
I'm not sure I'm following.

DONNIE
I'm talking about you not coming to our lesson three consecutive times.

CATHERINE
I told you, I'm having migraines.

DONNIE
Is that all?

CATHERINE
(sharp)
Donnie, this has nothing to do with you! It's not like it never happened before. Just relax, everything's fine.

DONNIE
If you say so.

Beat.

CATHERINE
I'm not going to disappear.

He won't look at her.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
(playful)
For a genius boy, you're pretty
unsure of yourself, Mister.

DONNIE
(shrugs and smiles)
Self esteem and maturity doesn't
come along with high IQ, I'm
afraid.

Catherine gives her back to him and walks to the door. She gets her purse, lying on top of some cardboard boxes.

He FROWNS.

CATHERINE
You know what I think, Donnie?

Catherine OPENS the door. He approaches her, curious.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
I think we should go for some
fresh air. Let me just "skip
class" today and get the hell out
of here.

She WINKS at him. Donnie raises a questioning eyebrow and follows her through the opened door, which is CLOSED.

HOLD ON THE DOOR.

DONNIE (O.S.)
You know, Catherine, I think
you're hanging out with me way
too much.

9 EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

9

Catherine and Donnie are sitting in a PARK BENCH.

PAN AROUND

showing the city park. Children are playing and SCREAMING at the playground right in front of them. MOTHERS are all around, looking at their kids proudly.

Catherine seems distracted with the kids at the playground, though she looks tired and unhappy. Donnie is slouched down in the bench, as your typical teenager.

They don't look at each other while talking.

DONNIE
You want to call off our lessons,
don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

After one whole year, Donnie,
what makes you think that?

DONNIE

Well, your behaviour maybe?
(beat)

You don't look happy when
teaching me now. You don't look
happy while you're working at the
morgue. Hell, you don't even look
happy now, and you love this
freakin' park!

CATHERINE

This has nothing to do with you.
You should know that by now
(sharp, after a beat)
Anyway, this is none of your
business, in fact.

Donnie grimaces. Oh, nossir.

DONNIE

Actually, it is. I'm the teenage
boy here with likeliness to end
up as a frustrated adult unable
to achieve success in any aspect
of his life.

Catherine stares down at him and FROWNS. Donnie SHRUGS.

DONNIE (CONTD)

That is, unless you save me from
my neglecting parents and a
school that does not comprehend
my potential.

Catherine doesn't answer right away. She takes a long
breath and massages her forehead. Migraine again?

CATHERINE

You mean, all your brilliant
future as the possible Einstein
of this century lies in my hands?

Donnie nods.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

And that without me, you'd be
swallowed by this cruel world
that doesn't understand your
great mind?

He nods again. She looks seriously at him.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (CONTD)

Jeez. You ought to get on your own two feet, kid.

DONNIE
Don't call me that!

CATHERINE
Then grow up!

DONNIE
Catherine!

He is really hurt by her last comment. Donnie is very dependent of Catherine, and she is not aware of this to watch her tongue.

She bites her lower lip. Her head hurts even more, and she CLOSES her eyes for a brief second, MASSAGING her forehead.

CATHERINE'S P.O.V.

She opens her eyes and Donnie's face BLURS in front of her. She averts her gaze from him. She looks to the children on the SWINGS. They also look BLURRED.

In the background of her mind, she can hear DONNIE'S VOICE ECHOING, but she can't understand a word he is saying.

There is a FLASH in front of her eyes, and the children on the swings are multiplied by a thousand, a myriad of faces.

BACK TO SCENE

EXTREME CLOSE UP.

She closes her eyes and attempts to cry out, but she only opens her mouth, no sound coming out of it. She LOWERS her head between her knees.

WIDER.

There is a SCREECHING NOISE and she grabs her own head, visibly disturbed by that.

EVEN WIDER.

When Catherine opens her eyes and raises her head, she sees herself surrounded by a small CROWD, Donnie's face being the closer one. He seems distressed.

DONNIE
My god, Catherine! Are you okay?

She shakes her head, visibly not paying attention to Donnie's observation. An elder man, wearing a runner's outfit, approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

ELDER MAN

Are you okay, ma'am? I'm a
doctor, do you need help?

She gets scared when the elder man attempts to TOUCH her,
and abruptly RISES from the bench, startling everyone
around.

CATHERINE

No. I'm OK. I'm okay now. It was
just dizziness.

ELDER MAN

(unconvinced)

Okay... But I advise you to see a
doctor.

CATHERINE

Yes. Thank you. I gotta go.
(TURNS to Donnie)
Donnie. We'll talk later.

And she is marching back to the morgue before he can even
open his mouth to protest. Her pace is fast and
determined, though she seems really stressed out.

DONNIE (O.S.)

Catherine!

She STOPS and looks over her shoulder to the boy.

CATHERINE

(speaking slowly, demanding)
We'll TALK. LATER. DONNIE.

And she resumes her fast pace to the morgue.

HOLD ON Donnie. He is frowning, visibly worried.

10

INT. COUNTY MORGUE / RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

10

When she gets there, her breathing is laboured. Her hair
is messy; her mascara is running on her face, she is
sweaty and breathless.

Two grieving families are distracted by the sudden
apparition of Catherine. She resumes her march, ignoring
everyone's gaze.

She walks through a narrow corridor, and when she passes
by the opened maintenance door, she looks inside it.
Seeing an old man, MR. CLIQUOT (same BUS DRIVER!), she
stops and attempts a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE
(breathless, tries to sound
cool)
Hi, Mr. Cliquot. I've been
looking for you for the past
three days.

He just looks at her, and doesn't seem very eager neither
to answer nor listen to her. He does really look like a
zombie, his face shows no emotion at all.

She continues talking anyway.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
My air conditioning is broke for
a good week now. Can you please
see that for me?

He just stares at her, and then, slowly NODS.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
Thanks.

She turns around and gets in her

11 OFFICE

11

When she finds herself alone, she leans on the door. Her
eyes are closed. Her breathing is heavy. She is a mess.

CATHERINE
Shitshitshit. Not again. NOT.
AGAIN.

Catherine takes a DEEP BREATH. She opens her eyes and
stares at nothing in particular.

A smile plays on her face, but it is a self-depreciating
smile. She shakes her head to herself.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
You're just sick in the mind,
Cathy. Very sick in the mind...

She goes to her desk and OPENS a drawer. Inside it, LOTS
of medication. She takes one SMALL WHITE BOTTLE, and when
she is ready to open it, her cell phone RINGS, startling
her.

She puts the bottle over her desk and goes for her cell
phone in her trousers' pocket.

CATHERINE
(on the phone, tired)
Say it.

(CONTINUED)

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Catherine, my dear, it's me.

She sighs and smiles at the voice on the other end, but her own voice sounds permanently tired throughout the dialogue.

That call isn't enough to cheer her up.

CATHERINE
Hey, Aunt Nancy. What's up?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's your lunchtime, right? I called your direct number at the office but the answering machine picked up.

She turns her back to her desk and LEANS on it. She closes her eyes and with a free hand, MASSAGES her temple.

CATHERINE
Yeah, I just got back. I was in the park with Donnie.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
That petulant boy again?

CATHERINE
Nancy... He's a very special boy.

She's rolling up her sleeves now, with the cell phone cradled between her ear and her shoulder. It's a goddamned hot summer day in Faram, TX.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Okay, okay. I didn't call to talk about him. I called to tell you that the answer from that college just arrived by mail.

Immediately Catherine straightens up her spine. The tired look is replaced by one of anxiety.

CATHERINE
Really? And... did you open it?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Oh, I couldn't. I'll leave this for you.

She starts moving around the office, looking for something.

CATHERINE

I'm on my way home, aunt.

She is clumsy, which makes her STUMBLE upon many cardboard boxes that FALLS to the floor, scattering all its contents around, making Catherine sighs tiredly.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Actually, you're not.

CATHERINE

(confused)

What?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Betty Walker -- you know, that small old lady living next door -- just called me asking for a favour.

Catherine goes to her desk and sits down, taking the small white bottle between her hands.

While Aunt Nancy speaks, she plays with the medication. She considers the object in her hands as a curious artifact.

CATHERINE

And why are you telling me this?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Because I told her you could do this favour for her.

Catherine's hands stop and her jaw drops.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry, I think I didn't hear you. Did you just say I'll do a favour to an oblivious neighbour with an English accent who always call me AMY?

She lets go of the bottle and puts both hands on her forehead, apparently in PAIN.

She CLOSES HER EYES.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Your BOYFRIEND is English, Catherine, for god's sake! She's an old debilitated woman, have you no heart? Her grandson just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUNT NANCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
landed in Roswell's airport, but
she can't drive and her driver
called in sick today. She's
desperate because she doesn't
know whom else to turn to. I said
you could pick him up.

CATHERINE
(NOT right)
Right.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Catherine, please.

CATHERINE
(sharp)
I said it's alright!

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Catherine, you...

At that, Catherine rises from her seat.

CATHERINE
(losing it)
Shit, Aunt Nancy, I'm 25 years
old! I think I can do things by
myself. I've ALWAYS done things
by myself since I was 10, damn
it, long before I met you! You
just never fucking listen to me!

Long beat. Catherine's expression softens, and she frowns.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
Aunt Nancy?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Are you going to get him or not?

She buries her head on her hands again. Then, slowly, she
lets her hands fall to her sides and SIGHS.

CATHERINE
Yes, I AM going to get him.

Catherine gets a post-it, ready to take notes.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
His name is Michael Walker, dark
hair, tall, dark eyes. Coming
from DC. He's probably wearing an
X-Files t-shirt.

Catherine stops taking note and raises an eyebrow to that last piece of information.

CATHERINE
(skeptic)
An X-Files t-shirt? Really?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
That's what I just said. She doesn't remember the flight's number, so...

CATHERINE
Didn't she write down somewhere?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
She did, but she doesn't remember where she put the note...

Catherine sighs and rubs her face.

CATHERINE
His phone number?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
She can't remember that too...

Catherine rolls her eyes, forgetting about the medicine for a moment.

CATHERINE
Roswell airport?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Exactly.

She writes that down.

CATHERINE
Time of flight?

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Well...

CATHERINE
Wait, let me guess. She doesn't remember either.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)
(filtered)
She has some issues with numbers, Catherine.

Cradling the phone between her shoulder and her ear, Catherine goes for the bottle of medication with her free hand.

She opens it.

CATHERINE

She has some issues with everything, Aunt Nancy.

She puts the pen down and looks inside the small bottle, taking TWO BLUE PILLS from it. Then, she puts the post-it on her trousers' pocket and looks at the pills.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'll tell her you're going to get him, she'll be so relieved!

CATHERINE

(looking at the pills)

Leave the letter on the kitchen table, okay? I'll just come back at night. It's a long drive.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Okay. Good luck, honey.

CATHERINE

(still looking at the pills)

Thanks.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

I mean, in finding this guy...

She lowers the hand that is holding the pills. Oh.

CATHERINE

Oh, that too.

AUNT NANCY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Bye, honey.

Catherine presses the end button and again stares at the pills. She stays like that for a few seconds.

In a SNAP, she THROWS them inside the small bottle and goes back looking around, making things messier than they already are.

CATHERINE

Where's that fucking purse?

VOICE (O.S.)
(slight British accent)
Right here.

She JUMPS in surprise and looks at the door. CHARLIE is leaning on the door frame, holding her purse and looking at her with a serious look.

CATHERINE
Shit, Charlie! Now it's you who
is trying to kill me.

He steps into her office, casually looking around.

CHARLIE
Donnie went to me and told me a
funny story about dizziness on a
park bench...

Catherine goes for defensive, crossing her arms as Charlie walks in her direction. He puts her purse over her desk.

Charlie puts his hands over her shoulders, giving them a gentle SQUEEZE. Catherine just stiffens her body.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
Cathy, what was that dizziness
about? Are you okay?

She backs up and get rid of his grip, impatient.

CATHERINE
Fuck, Charlie! I ain't no little
girl!

She walks to the other side of the small office.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
I'm fine. It was just a fucking
migraine, damn it. It just caught
me off guard, that's all.

CHARLIE
Then why are you so aloof?!

CATHERINE
I'm "aloof", Charlie!

CHARLIE
Right, you're just being your
normal fucking self!

Beat.

Beat.

She's the first to blink and LOWERS her head.

CATHERINE

I gotta go.

She picks up her purse and red pen from the desk and turns her back to him, going for the door.

CHARLIE

Go where?

CATHERINE

Roswell.

CHARLIE

(taken aback)

Roswell?

CATHERINE

Yes, Charlie, Roswell.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you going to do in Roswell on a Tuesday afternoon?

She turns to him and smiles a cynical smile.

CATHERINE

Well, you should ask dearest Aunt Nancy, once that's her doing.

And with that, she LEAVES.

12

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE / PARKING LOT - LATER

12

Inside her car (same RED BEETLE on the teaser, and looking brand new), parked just outside the morgue, she straightens her make up and hair, and stops to take a deep breath.

CATHERINE

It was just a migraine. You're OK. You're normal. You're FINE.

She closes her eyes and sighs. Her cell phone RINGS and she looks at it.

INSERT - CELL PHONE'S DISPLAY:

LUKE CALLING...

BACK TO SCENE

Catherine SNORTS and starts the car. The phone keeps RINGING. She ignores it and throws the cell phone on the back seat, DRIVING AWAY.

13 EXT. DESERT / HIGHWAY - SUNSET

13

BACKGROUND MUSIC: "Alcohol", Gogol Bordello.

Walker is walking slowly by the roadside. His figure is blurred in the horizon because of the hot steam coming out of the ground.

CLOSE SHOT OF WALKER.

He is sweating. His huge backpack is obviously giving him a backache, and he also pulls a traveling bag. He has a folded MAP dangling from an open pocket of his backpack.

At some point, he stops and takes a look at it.

INSERT MAP:

It's a Texas' map. The Faram County is circled in red.

BACK TO SCENE

He SIGHS. He folds the map and puts it back on the backpack.

WALKER
Stupid small town...

As soon as he says that, he spots a CLOUD OF DIRT in the horizon. He gets hopeful and straightens up.

A RED BEETLE is coming from Faram, full speed. He doesn't think twice before JUMPING in front of it!

14 INT. THE RED BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

14

Catherine just notices the walker when he puts himself in front of her Beetle and OPENS his arms. At first, she acts as if she is about to turn aside from him, but then she thinks better of it and squints at him.

Something attracts her attention. Something that makes her step on the brakes so violently that if it weren't for the seat belt, she'd have ended up with her head against the windshield. She just stares out, open-mouthed.

CATHERINE'S P.O.V.:

The walker is wearing a black t-shirt with a big "X" in the middle of it, almost as if he was a walking target.

Almost as if he was an X-FILES fan.

BACK TO SCENE

She is still bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE
Un-fucking-believable.

On the

15 HIGHWAY

15

Walker slowly puts his arms down and stares at her. His dark eyes denote fatigue and signs of dehydration.

She sticks her head through the window and looks at him.

CATHERINE
Michael Walker?

His tired look suddenly becomes one of distrust.

WALKER
Who are you?

CATHERINE
I'm your grandma's neighbour,
she...
(Sarcastic)
..."asked" me to get you.

He still seems really distrusting and doesn't move.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
(shrugs)
Get in; I don't want to bring a
toasted grandson to Mrs. Walker.

He hesitates, but when Catherine opens the passenger's door and shows him a bottle of water, he gives in.

Oh, well.

16 INT. THE PRETTY RED BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

16

Walker gets the water and drinks avidly. After the whole bottled water is gone, he finally looks at his rescuer. She is closing all windows and turning on the air conditioning.

WALKER
Thanks.

CATHERINE
Here, let me.

She takes his backpack and throws in the back seat. He mimics her action with his traveling bag.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (CONTD)

More water?

He simply NODS. She leans to him and opens the glove compartment, taking one more bottle of water and offering it to him.

While he is drinking it, Catherine watches him curiously.

CATHERINE

My fucking god, what got into you
to walk in the middle of the day
from Roswell's Airport to Faram?

He has his eyes closed and head resting on the headrest.

WALKER

(closed eyes)

I think something is not right
here.

Catherine frowns. He turns his head to look at her.

WALKER (CONTD)

You rescue me from the desert,
know my name and give me water.
And I don't even KNOW who the
hell you're.

That takes Catherine a little aback, unresponding at first. When the surprise is gone, she shakes her head.

CATHERINE

(sarcastic)

Well, I'm sorry. But, shit, I
thought you'd rather refresh
yourself before we got into
formalities.

He looks through the windshield, considering her words.

WALKER

You may be right.

And TURNS his head to her again.

WALKER (CONTD)

So?

Any initial empathy she might have had for him fades away, and her expression is more closed off now.

CATHERINE

I'm Catherine Parker. Your
granny's neighbour, as I said.
She wasn't able to get you in the
airport.

(CONTINUED)

Now he is the one frowning.

MICHAEL
In the airport, you said?

CATHERINE
(sharp)
Yes, that's what I said.

He shakes his head.

WALKER
You know, Catherine--

CATHERINE
It's Parker.

Beat. Walker really looks at her. She doesn't even flinch.

WALKER
Well. Parker. I told her like
five hundred times that I was NOT
getting that plane, and I'd get
here by bus.

CATHERINE
Well, she didn't say THAT.

WALKER (tired
laughter)
Of course not...

She finally starts the car, now going back to Faram.

CATHERINE
Why didn't you go to the airport
instead of going to Faram?
Roswell is closer, and probably
even closer to where you were
before.

WALKER
Really? I didn't know.
(mockingly)
I just followed the signs that
said "FARAM - THIS WAY".

Discreetly, Catherine looks through the rear view.

CATHERINE'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE REAR VIEW:

She sees Michael's backpack in the backseat, noticing the
folded map under it.

BACK TO SCENE

She gives him a sideways glance.

CATHERINE
(as if)
Right.

WALKER
So we're closer to Roswell then?

CATHERINE
Yeah. You'd probably drop dead
before getting even near Faram.

WALKER
At least I wouldn't have to go to
granny's.

Beat.

The awkward silence is only disturbed by the HUMMING of the motor and the AIR CONDITIONING - things that only add more awkwardness to the moment.

Catherine has her attention focused on the road. Walker seems very interested in looking at the landscape passing by. Sometimes silent can be much more dangerous than talking.

CATHERINE
So... Why the camera?

WALKER
I'm a photographer.
(smiles)
This thing is almost a part of my
body already.

This doesn't pick her interest though, and they resume their initial positions, silent and unaware of each other.

CATHERINE
What kind of photographer are
you?

WALKER
Well, I like to think I tend more
for the Art in it. But I've
worked in newspapers back in DC,
won a few minor photojournalism
awards...

CATHERINE
How interesting.

The cynical tone in her voice comes out almost naturally. Walker stares at her. He let out a low, bitter laugh and resumes his staring out the window.

She shrugs. Whatever. She doesn't give a shit really.

17 EXT. FARAM / ALMAS ST. - SIMULTANEOUSLY 17

PAN THROUGH the Almas Street, which is your typical suburban street, only there is something unreal about it. The houses are all very tidy, and their respective gardens are flowery and green, with small butterflies flying around. A white, small DOG is panting on the sidewalk. The twilight gives a very nostalgic mood to the scene.

The unreal thing is exactly the whole scene: it's like the perfect neighbourhood coming out of a show from the 1960's.

Frightening.

Charlie's figure APPEARS, riding a bike full speed. He has his sunglasses on, messy hair, rolled up sleeves, and is carrying a backpack. He has his earphones on, and the music is so loud we can hear it.

MUSIC: "Muse Breaks" by Infected Mushroom.

He looks completely out of place. When he gets to a yellow house, N 329, with the most beautiful job of gardening in the street, he stops and gets down from the bike, walking the rest of the way to the doorsteps.

Charlie leaves the bike on the front porch and GETS IN the house.

18 INT. PARKER'S RESIDENCE / ENTRY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 18

He takes his earphones off and looks to the room. PAN AROUND the room. It is wide and lit up, all the furniture in pastel colours.

Many PAINTINGS of beautiful landscapes are hanging on the walls - bucolic views mostly: rivers, yellow fields, mountains, etc. One in particular, the biggest one, is the HOUSE from the TEASER, although there it is located in a dry land, not in a field. We HOLD ON it a while longer.

To his right, the STAIRS to the upper floor. To his left, a piano and a couch set. The LIVING ROOM. Straight ahead of Charlie there is an OPEN DOOR, leading to the kitchen. Next to it, another door, but closed. He takes off his sunglasses as he drops the backpack.

CHARLIE

Auntie?

No answer.

CHARLIE (CONTD)

Aunt Nancy?

(CONTINUED)

AUNT NANCY (O.S.)
I'm in the kitchen, honey!

Following the voice, he steps into the

19 KITCHEN,

19

A very well-ventilated and lit up place. NANCY PARKER (Christine Willes) is near the oven, wearing an apron and a bright smile. The image is so similar to a perfect-life ad that is disturbing.

Charlie smiles back at her nonetheless.

CHARLIE
That's an awfully good smell,
aunt!

AUNT NANCY
Thank you, my dear. Banana pie,
your favourite.

CHARLIE
Oh, I recognise it, don't worry!

He sits down on the table and goes silent. Aunt Nancy busies herself a little with the content of a saucepan until she finally turns to him again. He looks thoughtful.

She approaches the dining table and FROWNS.

AUNT NANCY
What is it?

CHARLIE
Why did Cathy went to Roswell?

She shrugs and resumes working on the saucepan.

AUNT NANCY
Just doing a favour to Mrs.
Walker.

CHARLIE
That old English lady next door?

AUNT NANCY
Her grandson arrived from D.C.
and she had no one to get him
there, so I asked Catherine.

Aunt Nancy leaves the saucepan and approaches Charlie. She sits down in front of him. She knows he wants to say something, because she smiles even more to him and nods, as if asking him to keep talking.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Something, hun, happened today to her. She said she had a 'sudden migraine' in the park today.

(beat)

She was so disturbed she didn't even notice she left her purse behind. Donnie was with her and brought me her purse and told me what happened.

AUNT NANCY

(speaking to herself)

A sudden migraine, you said?

CHARLIE

That's what she said.

AUNT NANCY

Charlie... Did she ever tell you about what she used to see before coming to live here with me? I mean, before you both came to live here?

Charlie goes on the defensive and gets restless.

CHARLIE

The doctors always said she was making that up. It was just her lack of emotional bonds speaking!

AUNT NANCY

The people, the objects, everything she claimed to be seeing?

CHARLIE

(nervous)

Why are you bringing this up again? It's been almost five years, Aunt Nancy! She's cured. She's cured from her depression, from her violent behaviour, from her so-called schizophrenia, from everything she suffered because of--

AUNT NANCY

Please don't blame your father, my child.

Beat.

CHARLIE

Maybe it was not his fault only.

(CONTINUED)

AUNT NANCY

It's been too long, sweetie. I'm sorry I evoked these painful memories.

(laughs weakly)

I don't know what got into me, honestly.

Charlie rubs his face tiredly and GETS UP, going for the door. The kitchen phone RINGS!

CHARLIE

I'm gonna take a shower, aunt.

RRRRRING!

AUNT NANCY

Okay. Your pie will be waiting!

She smiles at him. RRRRRRRRING!

He turns and LEAVES the kitchen. RRRRRRRRRRING!

She finally answers it, her toothpaste-ad smile on her face.

AUNT NANCY

Yes?

The MAN ON THE PHONE's voice is sharp and hoarse. He talks slowly and sounds very self-confident.

MAN ON THE PHONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Nancy. Did the letter arrive?

Aunt Nancy's casual smile remains throughout the whole talk. Her good humour is bullet-proof.

AUNT NANCY

Oh, yes, it did. She was accepted again. Isn't that wonderful?

MAN ON THE PHONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

She is a very intelligent girl. You must be proud.

AUNT NANCY

Of course I am! She is as clever as her brother...

MAN ON THE PHONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Did you take care of this?

(CONTINUED)

AUNT NANCY

You talk as if you didn't know me. Yes, I have taken care of this. The letter has already been replaced.

MAN ON THE PHONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Good. I think she won't try any other colleges anymore.

AUNT NANCY

I hope so. I think she has already run out of options anyway.

MAN ON THE PHONE (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'll call if anything else comes up.

And he HANGS UP.

Aunt Nancy puts the phone on its cradle and SIGHS, still smiling, as if she had heard some great news. Bullet-proof it is, or is it a different kind of good humour?

In a SNAP, she turns her head, as if she had sensed something strange.

PAN AROUND,

We follow Aunt Nancy's gaze.

Charlie is standing by the doorjamb, looking at her bitterly. She just smiles at him. He shakes his head at her, turns around and LEAVES.

20 EXT. DESERT / HIGHWAY - SUNSET

20

AERIAL SHOT:

The sunset is astoundingly beautiful in the desert. It leaves behind a purple-blue sky dotted with shiny stars and a moon that is just a slice of light in the sky.

The desert is burning under the sky, a dark line of road cutting the nothingness. On the highway, a RED BEETLE passes, slowly.

21

INT. THE PRETTY RED BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

21

Catherine is looking at the sky, frowning and appreciating the view. That's why she's driving so slowly. She looks truly happy for the first time. She is even SMILING!

WALKER (O.S.)

Did you know that the moon is a
she and the sun is a he?

Catherine LOOKS at him, startled, her smile disappearing in a flash. She shakes her head, not pleased with this.

CATHERINE

(confused)

What?

WALKER

They.

He indicates the rising moon and the setting sun with a nod of his head.

CATHERINE

(sarcastic)

Are you gonna tell me an Indian
tale about the platonic love
between the moon and the sun?

Walker gives a sarcastic chuckle.

WALKER

I'm just saying this because you
seemed as fascinated as a child
with the night sky, and I thought
you might enjoy knowing that.

He's embarrassingly honest. It makes Catherine embarrassed anyway, but she just SHRUGS, turning her gaze to the highway.

She plays along nonetheless.

CATHERINE

I didn't know the moon and the
sun had gender.

WALKER

They do. But not in English. I
just find it funny that English
has no gender about things like
the moon and the sun.

She lets out a nervous laughter. Walker, on the contrary, is very comfortable with the talk.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

Would you be surprised if I told you I have no fucking idea what you're talking about?

WALKER

(smiling)

I'm sorry. I think I was just carried away by the scenario.

(beat)

In other languages, things like the moon, the sun and the stars have gender. Everything does, from the sky to saucepans. Or even banana pies.

She remains quiet for a few seconds.

CATHERINE

Do you speak all these languages to be so sure about it?

WALKER

(shrugs)

I kind of like different languages. Women find it kinda sexy.

They LAUGH.

The awkward silence is GONE!... But it doesn't last long.

When Catherine passes by a great ROCK on the roadside (that was obstructing her view), she sees something wrong just a few miles away from them - the very distinguished shape of a CAR can be seen against the purple sky, and TWO PEOPLE are moving around it. She straightens her spine.

CATHERINE

What shit could've possibly happened over there?

WALKER

Where?

Walker seems clueless about what she is talking about.

CATHERINE

There, right in front of us.

CATHERINE'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

There it is, the car and the two people - that now we can identify as a MAN and a WOMAN. The woman seems to be SCREAMING at her companion, GESTURING nervously, royally pissed.

(CONTINUED)

The man GETS DOWN on his knees and starts looking at the front tire.

BACK TO SCENE:

Walker squints his eyes.

WALKER

Oh, there. Car accident? Flat tire? Someone got murdered? It could be anything...
(looking strangely at her)
Why so interested?

CATHERINE

Well, aren't you?

WALKER

In an abandoned car?
(beat, looks at the scene)
No, I'm not.

She finally averts her gaze from the scene, now very close, and looks at Walker.

CATHERINE

What are you fucking talking about?!

WALKER

Did anyone ever tell you that you have a very potty mouth?

CATHERINE

Look, there's a---

She TURNS her head to the couple and their car and realises what is going on.

CATHERINE'S P.O.V.:

The couple is still there, arguing, but they are wearing very old fashioned clothes - from the 1980's, apparently. At a certain point, when Catherine's red Beetle is almost by them, they VANISH, as if BLOWN by an unnatural wind.

BACK TO SCENE:

She STEPS ON THE BRAKES violently. Walker is PUSHED FORWARD. He looks at her, shocked. She grips the wheel for dear life.

Catherine is PALE, in a COLD SWEAT. Her eyes are unfocused, and she is unaware of his presence by her side. Her breathing is LABOURED, and she is FROZEN with panic.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER
Parker?... Catherine?

She slowly turns her head to him, but not her eyes.

CATHERINE
Yes?

WALKER
(what the hell is going on!)
What just... Are you, hum,
alright?

Beat.

CATHERINE
(weak voice)
Just a sudden dizziness.

WALKER
You... You want me to drive?

CATHERINE
Hum?

WALKER
Drive. You want me to drive to
Faram so you can take a break?

CATHERINE
(weak voice)
You... don't know the way.

WALKER
You guide me.

As she doesn't move from her seat, he UNBUCKLES both of their seat belts. She won't move though.

WALKER (CONTD)
Come on, Parker. Let me drive.

He OPENS his door and GETS OUT of the car. Catherine just looks at the empty seat Walker has left.

WALKER (CONTD, O.S.)
Catherine?

PAN AROUND TO WALKER.

He stands outside her door, frowning.

WALKER (CONTD)
Please.

She MOVES, finally letting him OPEN the driver's door and get in the car again.

WALKER (CONTD)
Seat belt, Catherine.

She puts her seat belt on, and keeps staring into space.

WALKER (CONTD)
So. I just drive straight ahead?

CATHERINE
Yeah... Yeah, basically that.

She doesn't seem really aware of him though. She is in shock. A DROP OF SWEAT runs down her pale face.

Slowly, Walker REACHES for her forehead, his intention being just to feel her temperature, but she FLINCHES under his touch, as if he is burning her, and she looks at him, honestly scared.

WALKER
I'm... I'm sorry. I was just--

CATHERINE
Just fucking drive, Walker.

WALKER
Okay. Okay. Sleep, I'll just follow the road signs.

CATHERINE
Don't get lost, for god's sake...

She is still staring into space again, and her whole body seems to be getting heavier on the seat. She is rapidly getting into a state of numbness, after all that adrenaline.

Walker notices that and SPEEDS UP. He looks to the abandoned car through the REAR VIEW.

WALKER'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE REAR VIEW:

The CAR we see by the roadside now is different. It is the same car, but it's obviously ABANDONED, and it seems that there hasn't been anyone around for a very long time.

BACK TO SCENE:

He glances at Catherine. She's passed out in her seat, her curly hair covering part of her face. He EXHALES.

WALKER
(whispers)
What the hell...?

HOLD ON Walker's worried face.

MATCH CUT TO:

22

INT. OUR PRETTY RED BEETLE - LATER / NIGHT

22

Walker's face screams "LOST". He is really, definitely, without a shadow of doubt, lost. He rubs his face.

WALKER'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

Excepting for the partial view of the highway illuminated by the headlights, it is pitch black outside.

BACK TO SCENE:

He looks at the sky, looks at both sides of the road. Panic starts to set in his face.

Catherine MOANS (O.S.), which startles Walker. She does look less pale, and more like when we first saw her. She opens her eyes and looks at Walker.

Blank stare both ways.

WALKER

Hey there. How you feeling?

CATHERINE

Better.

Beat.

WALKER

Can I ask wha--

CATHERINE

(sharp)

No.

Yep, she's back. Catherine looks at Walker and frowns. She looks at the road. And back at Walker.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

Why do you look like you're lost?

WALKER

Hum, I, I think it's because I actually am lost.

CATHERINE

You're kidding.

WALKER

Nope, 'fraid not.

Beat.

CATHERINE

Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Yeah. Swearing helps a lot.

Catherine straightens up and looks more carefully at the dark, desert road. She is very much awake now.

CATHERINE

Holy shit, how could you get lost?! You had to just follow the fucking highway!

WALKER

Well, I'm sorry, Ms Parker, but this method of yours didn't work out as you can see!

She doesn't seem to be listening to him.

CATHERINE

Shit!

WALKER

Would you PLEASE stop cursing? It's not helping!

CATHERINE

Oh, excuse me Mr. I-Can-Get-Lost-Following-A-Straight-Line, but I have the fucking right to swear as much as I fucking want to right now!

He looks like he is about to answer her with the same politeness, but he just licks his lips and keeps driving.

WALKER

So what do we do now?

CATHERINE

I'm thinking, give me a minute.

He shakes his head. Unbelievable.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

Okay, how long ago did you see the last sign indicating Faram?

WALKER

Hum, about one hour ago.

CATHERINE

And how could you miss it?!

WALKER

Will you just give me a break here?!

CATHERINE

Okay, okay. I think I know what happened. You were driving in the dark and didn't see the slight fork after the Old Rock. It's so subtle you don't even realise you're turning to a different way until, well, you find yourself lost.

WALKER

You didn't mention a "slight fork", Catherine.

CATHERINE

It's Parker.

WALKER

Whatever. So what do we do?

CATHERINE

What do you mean, "what do we do"? Just turn around until you find the board sign to Faram again.

Walker grimaces to himself and averts Catherine's gaze, though he still watches her out of the corner of his eye.

WALKER

You, hum, haven't heard the whole story yet.

Catherine just stares at him, waiting. This can't be good.

WALKER (CONTD)

We're running out of gas.

Beat.

CATHERINE

(slouching down her seat)
Un-fucking-believable.

She looks through the passenger's window, clearly pissed off but trying to hold herself up.

WALKER

Well, this time it's not my fault! You were the one who went out to a nice 5 hours drive without filling your tank!

Catherine MOANS and hides her face in both hands.

CATHERINE
 (muffled)
 I can't believe this is
 happening.

She has her face still buried in her hands, and Walker keeps driving slowly. It seems like they've stumbled upon a problem with no solution. They both SIGH and give each other sideways glances.

CATHERINE
 Okay. It's your turn. Any ideas?

WALKER
 Pray to God?

CATHERINE
 I don't believe in God.

WALKER
 Allah?

CATHERINE
 Nope.

WALKER
 Buddha?

Catherine gives him a drop-dead look. He shrugs. This is not going to work out.

Something from OUTSIDE the car LIGHTS UP their faces, and they turn their gazes to the road again.

23

EXT. MIDDLE OF FREAKING NOWHERE / MOTEL - NIGHT

23

Perspective from the motel's LIGHT SIGN ("GRAB'AROOM MOTEL"). PAN DOWN TO the red Beetle, that comes to a stop just half a mile away from the old, crappy motel. Another thing that we can't really know why the hell was built in the middle of nowhere.

It's a two-storey complex, with a parking lot in the opposite side of Catherine and Walker. It's actually a very small motel. They get OUT of the car, astounded, looking at the neon sign open mouthed.

Then, they look at each other.

WALKER
 Say again you don't believe in
 God.

CATHERINE
 Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

She goes to the motel, followed by him. There is LIGHT coming from the inside, giving a gloomy mood to the front porch.

Catherine hesitates only a second before opening the door and GETTING IN, Walker joining her short after.

24 INT. MOTEL / RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

24

The inside is just as poor and crappy as the outside. Your typical low-priced motel for a desperate night on the road. Even with the electrical lights, the place is as gloomy as the outside. The wallpaper is peeling off, the couch set at one side has holes on it, and there is a pile of very old, very dirty (with a pun intended here) magazines next to it.

There's no one behind the counter. A door is cracked open behind it, from where COUNTRY MUSIC comes out. Catherine SIGHS. Oh, shit.

WALKER
(to the empty counter)
Hello?

There is the noise of a chair being DRAGGED, and someone TOSSING compulsively.

VOICE (O.S.)
Comin'!

A tall, black man, that we'll call LEE (40's) comes out the door, chewing a gum.

He does look very much like our previous BUS DRIVER/MR. CLIQUOT, but it's not the same man. He could be his younger brother, though.

LEE (CONTD)
(dirty smile)
Oooh, a young couple on the road.
What can I do for ya folks?

He WINKS at them. Catherine is faster than Walker.

CATHERINE
Do you have gas you can sell us?

Lee FROWNS. He wasn't expecting that. He chews in silence for a beat.

LEE
Nah, 'fraid not. Sold the last few gallons to a bus driver this afternoon.

Catherine ponders for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

What about your car? You have a car, don't you, Mr...?

LEE

You can call me Lee, sweetie.

CATHERINE

And you CAN'T call me sweetie, Lee.

Behind her, Walker GRIMACES with her lack of sensibility. Lee just stares at her, forgetting to chew his gum. Finally he shakes his head and resumes chewing.

LEE

I ain't gonna sell my last tank of gas, girly girl. All I got for ya guys is a room. Take it or leave it.

CATHERINE

We don't want to stay overnight, mister! We just want to get the fuck out of here!

Lee crosses his arms.

LEE

You can always sleep in your cozy, small red Beetle out there, sweetie.

(beat)

Take it or leave.

Catherine opens her mouth to answer him, but Walker takes a step further and stops her.

WALKER

We'll take it.

Catherine looks at him, shocked. Lee is pleased. He gives Walker KEY NUMBER 25.

LEE

Have a good night. Tomorrow morning we'll talk about how much you guys owe me.

Both Catherine and Walker frown. But before she can open her mouth again, Walker is dragging her outside.

25

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

25

He's going for the Beetle, followed by a very pissed off Catherine Parker.

CATHERINE

What the fuck was that about?!

He opens the driver's door and lowers the seat, going for his belongings on the back seat.

WALKER

I wasn't about to let you ruin my only chance of sleeping in a real bed after one week, Catherine.

CATHERINE

PARKER! And fuck you and fuck your "real bed"! That man is an ass!

Walker turns to her, already with his backpack and traveling bag. He shuts the car door. Now he is the one who has lost his shit. He is fed up with her.

Finally.

WALKER

Just because he didn't want to sell us his gas? Or because he called you "sweetie"!? Did your mommy spoiled you that much you can't get a "no" for an answer?!

Beat.

Catherine's face is pure anger. He said too much.

CATHERINE

Go fuck yourself, Michael Walker.

He sighs and walks to the motel's front door. Catherine is quiet still, her back turned. She's not going to move.

Walker opens the door and looks over his shoulder.

WALKER (CONTD)

Not half an hour ago you just woke up from an emotional breakdown.

She slowly turns to him, pissed. He sighs.

WALKER (CONTD)

Come on. I'll leave the bed for you.

PAN AROUND THE ROOM:

We start from Walker's luggage by the door, going for the old TV set, following the horrible wall paper until we meet a DOOR, leading to the bathroom, from where a GURGLING NOISE comes out.

We follow, showing more of the wallpaper until we come to the BED, which is a double. It has cheap sheets and doesn't inspire trust.

Catherine stands by the foot of the bed, staring at it with suspicion. She's not going to touch that. No chance.

CATHERINE

Do you have any idea of how many micro bacteria can be living and growing in this very bed while we speak?

WALKER (O.S.)

(muffled)

I usually tend to ignore this thought. It helps when I lay down on motel beds to spend good six hours of sleep.

Catherine makes a disgusting face.

CATHERINE

There's no fucking way I'm gonna lay down on this. You can keep the bed, I'll sleep on the floor.

Walker appears by the bathroom's door. He is wearing ANOTHER X-Files t-shirt now, which says "XF3 ARMY", and sweatpants. We linger in his smiling figure for a while longer, taking a good look at that pretty shirt.

WALKER

Do you think I've been traveling this past week unarmed?

Catherine frowns at him. He smiles and goes for his backpack, crouching in front of it and opening it.

She watches him. The only sound in the room is of Walker searching his backpack. She looks back to the double bed. Uncomfortable.

Catherine coughs.

CATHERINE

So. One week just to get to Faram and see granny Betty? That's what I call love.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

(still roaming through his
backpack)

Nah, no big deal. I've traveled
much more in worse situations to
get even worse gratifications.

She arches an eyebrow, surprised.

WALKER (CONTD)

She's not even my grandmother,
anyway. She's my grandaunt, but
I've been taught to call her
grandma.

He finally rises, carrying in both hands two clean
blankets. Catherine widens her eyes to them.

WALKER

(offering the blankets)

Tah-dah!

CATHERINE

(smiling)

I knew you ought to be useful for
something.

WALKER

Why, thank you.

She takes the blankets and throws them on the bed. They
both stare down at it a little too long.

WALKER (CONTD)

So tell me again why I can't ask
for another room.

If Catherine was uncomfortable before, now she is
undoubtedly FLUSHED. She wanders away from Walker, her
long hair conveniently covering her face.

CATHERINE

I, ah, don't think it's a good
idea. This place doesn't feel
safe. Neither does that guy.

WALKER

You afraid he's going to break
into your room or something?

He's concerned. She combs her hair with her fingers.

CATHERINE

Um, yeah... You could say that.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

She walks around the room. You can't tell what she is looking for. In fact, she seems a little lost. Walker just follows her with his eyes, wondering.

WALKER

You know what I think, Parker?

She doesn't stop to look nor answer him.

WALKER (CONTD)

I think you really don't like that Lee guy... But I also think you're not telling the whole truth. I think you're afraid of something else and don't want to be alone tonight.

Catherine stops and let out a sarcastic laughter.

CATHERINE

Oh, yeah. You've known me for five fucking hours and you've got me all figured out, haven't you?

He shrugs. Catherine rolls her eyes and resumes walking around the room. She gets to the nightstand and opens the bottom drawer.

CATHERINE

Aha!

She turns to Walker.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

The remote.

She shows him the REMOTE proudly. All she wants is to let go of this talk. He ignores her big time.

WALKER

You wouldn't answer me if I asked what--

CATHERINE

No, I wouldn't.

She sits on the bed. She looks unsure for the first time.

WALKER

Right.

She raises her head to him, and then lowers her gaze to his X-Files t-shirt. She shakes her head disapprovingly, but as if just now she had understood something.

She smiles to herself. Now he is the one embarrassed.

WALKER

What?

Catherine rises and walks in his direction.

CATHERINE

I know your type.

WALKER

My type?

He arches an eyebrow. She gets closer to him.

CATHERINE

Yeah. X-Files type. So don't even fucking start with me, okay? I might not have watched this stupid show, but I know the drill. I know what you're thinking. Stupid things. Unreal things. I have news for you, Mr. Walker. This is REAL life, so get REAL.

She is on him now, smug. He doesn't backs up though.

WALKER

You're sounding paranoid, you know.

(beat, smiling weakly)

Look, I have no idea what you're talking about.

She doesn't believe him and smiles even more.

CATHERINE

Oh, I think you do.

He frowns. No, he doesn't.

She waits for some kind of reaction on his part, but he remains quiet. She carries on, very close to his face now.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

What do YOU think happened back there, Walker?

WALKER

That is exactly my question, Catherine.

CATHERINE

PARKER! And don't fucking play dumb with me, okay? I think we both know what you think happened back on the road.

He stares at her oh-so-close face, disbelieving. He can't understand her. He's completely lost with that talk.

WALKER

Seriously, Catherine. You REALLY sound paranoid now.

(beat)

I told you, I have NO IDEA what happened! Otherwise I wouldn't be asking you! Whatever it was, it really got into you. I didn't see anything but that old car, but you...

She backs up a little.

CATHERINE

(aloof)

What about me? I saw exactly what you saw.

WALKER

Then why are freaking out now?!

She let out a BREATH.

CATHERINE

Look. I don't need anyone around me telling me any bullshit about seeing things. I fucking know what is real, I can distinguish reality from hallucinations, okay?

WALKER

So you really saw something by that car?

Catherine forgets her mouth open, even though she can't reply to that. For a split second we can see her eyes watering. Then she gets mad. REALLY mad.

She PUSHES Walker against the wall! He is so surprised he can't really react to that. Her hands are on his chest now, which is rising up and down with his laboured breathing.

Their faces are very close now. Sexual tension is palpable. Walker is bewildered. Talk about being uncomfortable. She lowers her gaze to his chin. Her hands are still on him.

CATHERINE

(whispering, disbelieving)

What did you say?

WALKER

I mean... Um, unless you're having your period, this thing back in the road really got to you. I've never seen anyone changing temper as fast as you did today.

She tries to reply to that, but no words come out of her mouth. She looks at him in the eye again. He tries to look relaxed, but he is obviously tense.

WALKER (CONTD)

Okay, I don't know you. But I can tell when someone is going through some shit when I see them. Call it a gift. And trust me, it's written all over your face. You're going through some really big shit now. And I don't know why you've decided I'd fit nicely as a punching bag while you don't have the guts to punch whoever you blame for whatever is going on in your life.

She is still flushed, hiding the tears. Walker bites his lips, probably regretting his words.

WALKER (CONTD)

Look, I'm sorry. I always say too much.

CATHERINE

(whispers)

Can I... do something?

Walker stares at her, confused. He wasn't expecting that. He shrugs, trying to let go of the uneasiness in him.

WALKER

Um, sure.

Catherine only hesitates one second before closing her eyes and leaning to him, KISSING him on the lips!

He is totally taken aback, and it takes quite some time for him to close his eyes and kiss her back. THAT he wasn't expecting at all, not in a million years.

He almost raises his arms to hold her, but let go of the idea and his arms drop back to his sides. They stay like that for a few seconds, sharing an unmoving kiss.

Finally, Catherine PULLS BACK and looks at him. She takes a deep breath, obviously calmer. She looks at him curiously.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE
Did you feel anything?

Walker stares down at her face. SHOCK is his middle name.

WALKER
Um, you mean, besides your
tongue?

She ignores him.

CATHERINE
Because I didn't.

He nods, very slowly.

WALKER
Okay.

CATHERINE
I'm sorry if I embarrassed you, I
just had to check for myself.

WALKER
Check?

CATHERINE
Yeah, that uncomfortable feeling
lingering.

WALKER
That uncomfortable feeling?

CATHERINE
Yes. I had to check if it really
was what I was thinking, but it
wasn't.

Silence. He shakes his head.

WALKER
Sweet Jesus.

CATHERINE
I said it was no big deal. Don't
get all touchy about it.

WALKER
Who? Me?...

She turns around and walks towards the bed.

CATHERINE
Good. I'm exhausted. The bed is
mine, right?

Walker is still against the wall, exactly how she left
him.

WALKER

Sure.

She sits down on the bed and start arranging the blankets the way she wants them.

CATHERINE

Okay. Good night.

She lies down and turns away from him. Walker shakes his head. The shock is gone and is replaced by a feeling we can't clearly identify. Bitterness, maybe?

He goes for his backpack and from one pocket he takes out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. Slowly, he opens the door and LEAVES the room. We stay on the DOOR until we

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. DESERT / MOTEL - MORNING

27

The sun is slowly rising on the horizon, filling the scene with yellow and orange shades. The motel down there, lost in the middle of nowhere, seems even more crappy and abandoned at sunlight. Catherine's red Beetle is parked exactly where they left it.

Finally, the door of ROOM 25 is cracked OPEN, and Catherine GETS OUT of the room.

CLOSE SHOT on her tired face. She looks to her left, and then to her right. We follow her P.O.V. She RUBS her face, trying to wake up. Slowly, looking very drowsy, she walks to the reception door and GETS IN.

28 INT. MOTEL / RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

28

There is no sign of Lee there. Catherine shrugs. It is not as if she was expecting any different.

CATHERINE

Mr. Lee?

Catherine RUBS her face once again.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

(louder)

Hey, Mr. Lee!

COUNTRY MUSIC BLASTS ON out of nowhere! She JUMPS UP!

CATHERINE (CONTD) I

just wanna pay for the
goddamned room, okay! Mr. Lee?!

(CONTINUED)

The COUNTRY MUSIC is her only answer. She rolls her eyes. The door behind the counter is half-opened, and through it Catherine can see an EMPTY CHAIR.

CATHERINE

Fuck.

She turns around and GETS OUT.

29

EXT. DESERT / MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

29

She is more awake now, her pace is steadier. Catherine is walking back to room 25, but as soon as she gets there, Walker GETS OUT, carrying his luggage.

WALKER

Hey, I thought you had abandoned me.

She ignores him. She is very good at that.

CATHERINE

He's not there.

WALKER

Who is not where?

CATHERINE

Don't fuck around, Walker. That man, that Lee guy. He's not there.

WALKER

Have you tried to look around?

She rolls her eyes.

CATHERINE

Well, have YOU? There's no PLACE to look around, Walker!

She gestures to the whole lot of nothing around them.

WALKER

(shrugs)

Good for us. We don't get to pay for the room.

CATHERINE

But how we get OUT of here, genius, if we don't have fucking GAS to fill the tank?!

WALKER

I'm sure he must have a phone there.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
Why you never see things from the
bright side, Catherine?

CATHERINE
Damn you! PARKER! How many times
do I have to...

While Catherine speaks, something O. S. catches Walker's attention over her shoulder. Before she can finish her sentence, he let go of his backpack and starts RUNNING towards something behind Catherine.

WALKER
HEY! YOU THERE!

Catherine, though confused, goes after him.

CATHERINE
WALKER!

He runs for the red Beetle, but we cannot see whom he was chasing after. There's no one around.

WALKER
(whispers)
Son of a bitch.

Catherine catches up with him, panting.

CATHERINE (CONTD)
What the fuck...?

Walker shakes his head.

WALKER
I thought I saw someone.

CATHERINE
(mockingly)
Oh, that's very much possible,
here in the middle of fucking
nowhere.

Walker looks at her. Then he turns back to the Beetle and stares at it, to the driver's side.

WALKER
(not looking at her)
I think that's the point.

Catherine is confused.

CATHERINE
What do you mean?

He is not listening to her though. Something inside the Beetle attracts his attention. Something in the car's panel.

WALKER
What the hell...?

Catherine frowns. She's not liking being left in the dark.

CATHERINE
Can you PLEASE tell me what the fuck is going on?

He opens the driver's door and settles down in the seat, always staring at the panel. Then, he laughs like a madman!

Catherine could kill him now for her looks.

WALKER
(laughing)
Look! The tank is filled!

INSERT - BEATLE'S PANEL

The pointer of the tank shows it was completely filled.

BACK TO SCENE:

Catherine stares at it, open mouthed, while Walker still laughs like crazy. Something weird is going on...

WALKER
This life is indeed full of miracles, don't you think, Parker?

She won't answer him, she just stares at his laughing face, disbelieving.

DISSOLVE TO:

30

EXT. FARAM COUNTY / ALMAS ST. - MIDDAY

30

The Almas Street is still the same perfect street, with its houses and flowering gardens and butterflies and all. The midday sun gives it a luminescent, almost alive shade.

It's frightening indeed.

Our old RED BEETLE APPEARS on the far end of the street. We can see through the windshield that Catherine is driving. Slowly it gets to a stop in front of n°. 317.

31 INT. OUR OLD RED BEETLE - SAME

31

Catherine is visibly drained. Walker pretends to be very carefree, though he is obviously tense. She doesn't look at him, opting for facing the house outside.

CATHERINE

Here we are. Believe it or not.

They both attempt to laugh. And they both fail.

Long awkward silence. They won't look at each other.

WALKER

Well, thanks then.

Catherine shrugs, not even looking at him. He turns to get his backpack from the back seat, and then opens the car door.

Walker looks at Catherine, who is still not looking at him. He SIGHS and STEPS OUT of the car.

Catherine starts the car while he walks around it. But before she can step on the accelerator, Walker leans to her opened window. She just stares back, blank face.

WALKER

I won't tell anyone. Trust me.

She EXHALES... And ignores him.

CATHERINE

Next time you decide to take a long walk in the middle of the desert, Walker, do it at night. That way you won't dehydrate so fast nor will end up as a toasted piece of meat on the road. Be a night walker.

He smiles an appreciative smile to her.

CATHERINE (CONTD)

I gotta go. They were waiting for me to get there yesterday night.

Walker steps back as Catherine speeds up to stop three houses away from him.

CLOSE ON Walker, smiling and shaking his head.

Catherine STEPS OUT of the Beetle and turns to him.

WALKER

(shouting out to her)
I think that means we're neighbours?

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE
(shouting back)
But it doesn't mean we're
friends.
(whispers)
And it doesn't mean I trust you.

She turns around, walks to the doorsteps and GETS IN the yellow house. Walker just EXHALES, tired. He goes to the doorsteps, calling out for Granny Betty.

BACKGROUND MUSIC: "Cliquot", Beirut.

We PAN AROUND the street, showing its quietness, until we come to a HALT with a CLOSE UP on a BLACK MAN's back, who is watching, in the background and unfocused, Walker being hugged by a SMALL LADY on the doorsteps of N°. 317.

We PAN AROUND him, WIDER, revealing MR. CLIQUOT smiling.

MR. CLIQUOT
(In French, with subs)
This is going to be a tough one.

He gives a broad smile, and starts walking.

AERIAL SHOT OF ALMAS STREET.

The only person is the black man walking away. He pass by the red Beetle and gives it a tender slap.

Slowly, our angle of vision turns to the blue sky over Faram. The music FADES AWAY as we

FADE OUT

OVER BLACK. RUSH OF RUNNING WATER. SOFT PANTING. CATHY'S CRY.

BACKGROUND MUSIC: Dust & water, Antony & The Jonhsons.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Ghosts are made of memories. They stay there, on the edge of the conscious mind, on the border of the real world, haunting us. Some people notice them. Most people don't.

FADE IN:

32 INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

The bedroom is as messy as her office. Catherine's bed is exactly under the only window, which has its windowsill at the same height of the bed, giving the person lying on it plenty of view.

Catherine twists around in the bed, panting.

CATHERINE (V.O., CONTD)
 Sometimes these memory ghosts
 don't want to be ghosts any
 longer.

FADE OUT

We stay OVER BLACK.

CATHERINE (V.O., CONTD)
 Then, they try to make themselves
 real again, to come back to you.
 One way or another.

FADE IN:

33 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

33

It's the same teaser scene: Cathy CROUCHED, CRYING softly. A silhouette of a MAN appears behind her. He is holding a piece of FABRIC.

When he steps forward, he CRUSHES some leaves, and the sound makes Cathy raise her head. Slowly, she TURNS to the man. She starts CRYING silently.

CATHY
 Please...

The man STEPS FORWARD and GRABS her! He COVERS her face with the fabric. She FIGHTS him, but to no avail. He is bigger and stronger.

He starts WALKING with her deeper in the forest. Cathy won't stop SCREAMING and CRYING and TWISTING in the man's arms.

It doesn't take long until he reaches his goal: the river running fast in the middle of the forest.

He GETS IN the water, walking FURTHER until he is up to the waist in the water. Cathy SCREAMS even more.

Slowly, almost kindly, he DROWNS her. She squirms under water, but after a few seconds, she is unmoving. The river carries the fabric with it, uncovering Cathy's lifeless face.

34 INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

Catherine SCREAMS OUT and JUMPS UP. Her face is covered with tears, and she is shaking desperately.

She embraces her legs and buries her face between her knees, crying even more. Softly, she starts rocking back and forth.

CATHERINE (V.O., CONTD)

And there's only one thing these
ghosts are trying to tell you:
Remember. Always.

We PULL BACK from the bedroom until we

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE