

THE ONES - Pilot
"Merrily, Merrily"

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TEASER

EXT. COUNTRY PARK - DAY

A six year old girl, PHOEBE SAWYER, laughs and runs around a RED BLANKET as her father, CHARLES chases her, giggling. Her mother, MARCIA, stretches on the blanket, watches and smiles.

CHARLES

I'm going to get you. Here I come!

PHOEBE

You can't catch me!

She looks over her shoulder, laughing, as her father reaches out toward her.

He stops suddenly, looks out toward the nearby FOREST at a hidden FIGURE. He bends over and whispers something to Marcia. Her eyes close, a tear forms. Then he walks away.

PHOEBE

Daddy? Where are you going?

He disappears into the forest at the edge of the park, as Phoebe runs after him.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

She enters the forest path, turns in all directions, and can't find him.

PHOEBE

Daddy? Where are you! Come back!

The forest suddenly grows DARK. Shadows form eerily along the path, and she turns toward them, suddenly realizing she is no longer six, but now is almost thirty years older.

This is a DREAM.

A young boy, ADAM (10), runs past her. Out of breath. Panicked. Looks over his shoulder several times and then trips and falls.

A DERANGED MAN with ragged clothes weaves through the trees, chasing him. His teeth are black and rotten, strands of gray hair cover his face.

The boy gets to his feet and darts behind a bush to hide. He holds himself and rocks back and forth, scared to death.

Suddenly a hand THRUSTS through the bush and GRABS him. He SHRIEKS and breaks free. He scrambles to his feet, but the hand trips him up. He cries out.

ADAM

Help me!

In the distance - a bright LIGHT. And Phoebe's voice.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Find the light, Adam.

The boy kicks away the madman's hand and runs toward the light source. As he gets closer he notices that the light is a DOOR. A DOOR OF LIGHT hovering just above the forest path.

Phoebe appears ahead of him in the doorway, coaching him.

Adam reaches the doorway and sees Phoebe (now 34, strong, secure) standing calmly in front of the floating door.

ADAM

Dr. P? He's chasing me...trying to get me...help!

PHOEBE

You're doing great, Adam. Breathe.

Adam breathes deep and scans the dark forest, the trees illuminated by the light of the doorway.

The deranged man LUNGES forward into the light, and Phoebe notices his pocked and rotted face leering at her. He grabs Adam's ankle and pulls.

ADAM

Let go of me!

Phoebe seems surprised by this turn of events. She grabs onto Adam and pulls at him hard toward the doorway.

PHOEBE

Fight it! Pull...toward...me!

Adam looks over his shoulder at the madman and kicks at him but he won't let go. His grasp slipping from Phoebe's.

The madman's rotted grin widening at Phoebe as he pulls harder from the underbrush.

ADAM

Don't let go, Dr. P! Don't let...

A sudden lurch from the madman and the grip is lost. Adam slides into the darkness while Phoebe falls backward through the door and into-

INT. WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- an antiseptically clean room, outfitted with only a leather chair and an old 1960's-era RCA CONSOLE TELEVISION.

DEAFENING knocks at the door as she turns toward the sound which drowns out Adam's SCREAMS-

INT. PHOEBE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe GASPS as she wakes from the nightmare and catches her breath. Loud KNOCKS on a door upstairs; the neighbors again.

She sits up and pauses a moment. Confused. Shaken.

SMASH TO:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A swanky dinner party in Alexandria, Virginia with several middle-aged men and their lovely wives. These folks have known each another a long time.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The hostess, KATHERINE SINCLAIR, prepares a tray of coffee and desserts with her husband, KARL, who slides up behind her and kisses her neck.

She closes her eyes, leans into him then turns and kisses him passionately. Her leg lifts up and curls around his. This stirs him up even more.

KARL

Mmm, babe. Guests are waiting. I'll give you dessert later.

Katherine's hand drops down below and grabs a handful.

KATHERINE

Ladies first?

Katherine kisses him quick, then hands him the tray. She smacks him on the butt as he turns.

Karl heads out the kitchen door into the living room.

KARL

Always.

Katherine arranges the dessert tray, then pauses. Her face suddenly goes blank as her royal BLUE eyes roll back for a moment and her eyelids FLUTTER. She stands motionless.

Her eyes roll back, but now they are GREY. The overhead light catches the stainless steel KNIFE on the counter and it reflects in her eyes.

She methodically places it on the tray, and slowly heads out the door.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karl and two other men chat by the fireplace drinking.

MAN #1

You really think we're going to
intervene in the Middle East?

KARL

President better do something soon,
or else it will boil over.

The ladies sit on the couch directly opposite them stirring cream into their coffee.

WOMAN #1

I just loved the wine tonight, Kat.
What was that again?

Katherine walks silently over to the group, placing the tray onto the coffee table.

The two women look up at Katherine waiting for a response. The silence hangs like a corpse from a tree.

WOMAN #1

Katherine?

Katherine picks up the knife.

Karl glances across the room and watches as Katherine carries the knife like a trained Navy Seal.

KARL

Dear?

Suddenly, Katherine SPRINGS toward the men.

In a very quick succession of movements, she strikes each of the men with grace and precision; lungs first, then long fluid strokes of the knife across the neck, blood everywhere.

Cups fall and shatter to the floor. The carpet discolors as brown and red flow together.

Each man gasps for air that their lungs can't hold, and they collapse against each other like dominoes in shock.

Katherine moves the attack to the women, who don't put up much of a fight. She moves like a master fighter, not a middle-aged housewife.

In about twelve seconds, each member of this intimate gathering lies motionless, strike-point stabbed, throats slit. Cheesecake pools in blood on the coffee table.

Like an ant carrying a leaf, she easily picks each man up off the floor, and places them carefully on the couch next to the slain women. Places a glass in each of their hands. POSES THEM. A party portrait.

Once finished, Katherine walks over to a nearby armchair, then stares toward the TELEVISION. She PIVOTS the armchair toward it. Then grabs an empty glass.

She sits, and without fear or hesitation, DRAGS the knife upward from her wrist toward her elbow. Blood pools on the floor at her feet.

Then she SLASHES her inner thigh, slowly and deliberately. Blood PULSES from her femoral artery. She drops the knife. Picks up the glass.

Her face remains emotionless, an empty stare.

CLOSE IN on her eyes as they shift from GREY to BLUE to shut.

CUT TO BLACK

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A well-built FBI Agent, COLIN SIMMONS (38) walks slowly around the freshly taped off crime scene. His younger partner, SETH EVANS (32), takes notes and fills him in.

SETH
Neighbors found them. Been like
this for about twenty-four hours.

Colin mumbles to himself.

COLIN
A party.

Seth points to the coffee table.

SETH
It's more festive than the portrait
killings, at least. Think he's
changing his M.O.?

Colin squats and examines Katherine's position on the chair, body slumped forward, blood drained from her wrists and thighs, but her posture aimed directly toward the television.

COLIN
Not changing. Coming out.

SETH
Coming out?

COLIN
He's sending a message. This is
different...but for a reason.

SETH
Reason is the last thing in this
room. This makes three killings now
in six weeks. We got nothing. And
what about that weird request from
Lewisburg this morning?

COLIN
Yeah. Time to call an old friend.

EXT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - LATER

CLOSE IN on a flyer outside the George Washington University lecture hall showcasing the day's event.

ON FLYER

"LIVING THE DREAM" WITH DR. PHOEBE SAWYER.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's a moderately-sized hall as a roomful of STUDENTS take notes and listen attentively as the lecture finishes up.

Phoebe stands behind a lectern in front of the hall as a projector streams IMAGES on a screen behind her. Right now, it shows a simulation of the brain's electrical activity.

PHOEBE

Studies at Stanford University in the Seventies proved that events we consciously experience are the results of distinct patterns of neural activity that produce effects on our bodies.

Black and white images of two patients laying next to each other, wires connecting their heads via EEG, surrounded by monitors.

PHOEBE

Neural activities that happen while awake are virtually identical to those that happen in the dream state. There are people called Oneironauts (Pronounced: OH-NIGH-ROH-NOTS)- dream travelers in layman's terms - who are able to connect with and navigate at those frequencies and can coexist within these dream activities as if in waking life.

Black and white images of Sigmund Freud and Karl Jung.

PHOEBE

Freud wrote about the ability to travel in another's dream through lucid dreaming, while Jung's "Synchronicity Theory" described an eternal river of interconnected lives - past, present and future - all co-existing in a Collective Unconscious.

The projector shows an image of a bubble-like sphere.

PHOEBE

Given that each brain has a
distinct neural fingerprint...

Then several of these spheres interconnected to one another
forming a cube of connected spheres.

PHOEBE

...and each of us are connected
through an ever-expanding ocean of
neural gateways...

Then, an infinitely interconnected matrix of bubble-like
spheres, each stacked next to another.

PHOEBE

...the pathway to the collective
unconscious is as close as our own
mind, and our ability to navigate
these frequencies is as close as
your own dream state.

Colin YAWNS in the first row and looks at his watch. Phoebe
catches him out of the corner of her eye.

PHOEBE

So the only true difference between
experiencing a dream and living the
dream is your choice to actively
engage in it. Thank you for coming.

Students CLAP as Phoebe steps from behind the lectern.
Several students huddle around to ask questions.

Colin stands off to the side as the college kids finish up.

PHOEBE

Glad I could keep your attention.

He smirks and hands her a formal-typed memo.

COLIN

I think corrupting young minds
should be a Class One misdemeanor.

Phoebe takes the memo and opens it. The three BLUE letters
jump off the WHITE background on the top: FBI.

PHOEBE

Thought you didn't believe in this
stuff.

COLIN
I don't. Boss needs you.

She hands the memo back.

PHOEBE
Not my boss anymore. I'm not coming
back.

Colin is not phased.

COLIN
Let me buy you a coffee.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Colin and Phoebe are in a corner spot away from the noise and
hustle of the café. He hands her a manila folder.

COLIN
Over the past six weeks, there have
been a series of killings.

Phoebe opens the folder and a pile of color pictures slide
across each other. HORRIFIC shots of bloody crime scenes.

PHOEBE
Him again.

Colin points to several pictures on the table. Each show
murdered bodies posed together as if in a family portrait.

COLIN
Each copy-cat has the same M.O.
Knife as weapon. Victims killed
with precision, the final victim
made to look like a suicide. Then
the bodies are propped up like a
morbid family portrait.

Phoebe looks up.

PHOEBE
What's all this got to do with me?

Colin hands her a mug shot of what appears to be a drifter.
The GREY-EYED, pock-faced demented man from her DREAM. The
eyes pierce through her.

PHOEBE
Who is he?

COLIN

This is Hadrian Gregory. He has to be connected to all this somehow.

PHOEBE

Why?

Colin takes the folder, flips it to a series of pictures and places it next to an older set of crime photos. The two sets of pictures are almost IDENTICAL in detail.

COLIN

His handiwork then, and the murders now. This isn't a coincidence. We need you. I need you.

Phoebe looks back up.

PHOEBE

Need me for what?

COLIN

He wants to talk to you tomorrow.

PHOEBE

Me? Why me? I don't know him.

COLIN

That's why I'm here. To put two and two together.

PHOEBE

Where is he?

COLIN

In Lewisburg prison serving twelve consecutive life sentences. For nearly thirty years now.

PHOEBE

But I have patients tomorrow.

COLIN

Reschedule. Pick you up at eight.

Colin leans over and picks up the folders. He walks out leaving Phoebe flabbergasted.

Her phone CHIMES. Phoebe looks down to an alarm: MICHAEL - READING, 5PM

She takes her coffee and heads out.

INT. PRIVATE HOME - AFTERNOON

Phoebe waits in an anti-chamber inside a lovely suburban home, while a psychic reading ends in the neighboring room.

MICHAEL MORRIS, an ex-cop and MEDIUM in his late 40's, enters with PATRICIA EAGLECLAW, the grandmother-hen of the group in her late 60's but looking half her age.

They hug one another and sit.

PHOEBE

Here's some validation for you.
Simmons wants me to work a murder
case again for the FBI.

He nods.

MICHAEL

I told you he'd be back.

Patricia leans forward.

PATRICIA

The Portrait Killer? I remember
that one. And Simmons didn't say
what he wanted from you?

PHOEBE

(surprised)
How did you know about-

Patricia smirks and looks over her glasses, eyebrows raised.

PHOEBE

Not really. Just that this Hadrian
guy wants to talk to me tomorrow up
at Lewisburg. I was only six when
those murders took place. What
could I possibly know?
(to Michael)
Can you read anything on this?

Michael closes his eyes, moves his head up and over to the left. Pauses a beat.

POV FROM ABOVE

An out of body experience. Michael sees the three of them beneath him in the room.

Suddenly, the room becomes PITCH BLACK. Total darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael opens his eyes; reacts with caution.

MICHAEL
I see...nothing.

PHOEBE
Like you're not reading anything?

Michael becomes somber.

MICHAEL
No, not that. Complete emptiness.

Patricia raises her eyebrow at this.

PATRICIA
That happen often?

Michael looks to Patricia, then to Phoebe. Concerned.

MICHAEL
Never. But I'll keep my mind on it.

Phoebe squeezes his hand.

PHOEBE
Thanks. Both of you.

Patricia takes her hand.

PATRICIA
We've known each other for a long
time. Stay in the light. We got
your back.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

A low traffic day, especially out in the middle of nowhere.
The morning sun beats down on the highway.

INT. COLIN'S CAR - MORNING

Phoebe wrestles with the iPad on her lap as she finishes up a
phone call with her assistant.

PHOEBE

So that's Adam next Tuesday at ten and Alexis at two?...Yes, and the Fitzpatricks gets moved to Wednesday at three...Okay, thank you, Claire.

She scribbles some notes, then jams it in her briefcase.

PHOEBE

It was a nightmare changing all of my appointments. The Bureau owes me big time.

The comment barely registers with him. He knows she's as curious about this trip as he is.

COLIN

So you really have no idea why Hadrian asked for you?

PHOEBE

No, do you? Why would I want to talk him?

COLIN

You won't be. I've been talking to him...well, at him...for weeks about the other cases. Nothing. And now he suddenly asks for you.

PHOEBE

Why me? I don't know him.

COLIN

I'm hoping to clear that up today.

PHOEBE

Why do you think he's connected to the recent killings?

COLIN

Those pics I showed you? These murders have too much in common with Hadrian's. He must be helping a secret admirer somehow.

PHOEBE

You said they were suicides.

COLIN

I said they were murders made to look like suicides. And the knife skills?

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)
Done by a trained pro, identical to
Hadrian's handiwork. So, we'll see
what he has to say.

A moment of silence between them. It gets uncomfortable.

COLIN
You miss it. I know you do.

PHOEBE
Believe me, I don't. You were
always the thrill seeker, not me. I
thought computer analysts were
running The Cave now, anyway.

COLIN
They help, sure, but they're not so
good with...carbon-based forms. But
you? College lectures and pro-bono
patients? You think you're making a
bigger difference now than when you
were on the team?

PHOEBE
I wouldn't be doing it otherwise.
Maybe my reason is just over your
head.

Colin glances at her.

COLIN
Or maybe it's all in yours.

Phoebe smirks.

PHOEBE
You've probably never had an
original idea in your life.

This gets a rise out of him.

COLIN
What's that supposed to mean?

PHOEBE
See, that's another reason why I
quit the Bureau, all the closed-
minded bullshit.
(beat)
Where do ideas come from, Simmons?
Thin air? No, from your mind.
(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

And when you experience that original thought, that 'break in the case', it often feels like it just 'dropped out of nowhere', right?

Colin can hang with the mental gymnastics.

COLIN

I see. Just because we can't explain the absolute origin of thought or idea, that must mean it comes from some magical ocean of collective unconsciousness, right?

He chuckles.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You're gifted, I'll give you that, but I'll stick with forensics, thank you very much.

PHOEBE

Just because you can't prove it, doesn't mean it's not real.

COLIN

It's got nothing to do with proof. I just don't believe in fairy tales, is all.

Phoebe rolls her eyes and looks out the window at the landscape. A LARGE BUILDING with WATCHTOWERS in the distance gets her attention. Her eyes focus on it.

COLIN (CONT'D)

And we're not heading to Cinderella's castle.

They leave the highway as they pass a road sign that reads LEWISBURG FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - NEXT EXIT.

INT. LEWISBURG INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - DAY

POV through ONE-WAY glass, as Phoebe takes in the sterile room, table bolted to the ground. A single fluorescent light overhead, cameras in the corners.

The interrogation room door opens, and Phoebe watches an INMATE in bright orange, ankles and wrists chained together, escorted in. He's WHISTLING "Row, Row, Row Your Boat".

The guard secures his chains to the table then steps aside.

INT. LEWISBURG INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HADRIAN GREGORY, 51 and evil from bones to balls, sits at the table. He looks even more morose than his mug shot.

He WHISTLES the tune throughout, winding down as Colin enters the room.

HADRIAN

"...life is but a dream". Agent Simmons, how are you today?

COLIN

I lived up to my end, so talk.

HADRIAN

Now, now, Agent Simmons. Not until I know the package is here.

COLIN

She's here.

Hadrian takes in this information. Every action calculated to yield the maximum impact. He cracks a rotten smile then turns toward the mirrored glass.

HADRIAN

And how can I know for sure?

Colin turns toward the glass and nods.

INT. LEWISBURG INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An ATTENDANT in the room presses an intercom button and nods toward Phoebe. She takes a short breath.

PHOEBE

I'm here.

She watches Hadrian's reaction. His GREY eyes suddenly WIDEN and come to life, locked onto hers from behind the glass. His smile exposes his dark, ROTTED teeth.

HADRIAN

So glad you could join us, Phoebe. I've looked forward to this moment for a very...long...time.

Colin raps on the table to get Hadrian's attention.

COLIN

Eyes on me.

Hadrian turns to Colin slowly, smirking as he does.

HADRIAN
So what is it that you need today,
Agent Simmons?

COLIN
You know what I'm here for. The
copycat murders. Tell me how you
are helping them.

Hadrian leans back.

HADRIAN
Oh yes, the ones on the news.
Brings back fond memories.

Hadrian looks toward the glass and smiles.

INT. LEWISBURG INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe takes a step back from the glass. She holds herself as
she listens.

INTERCUT BETWEEN INTERROGATION AND VIEWING ROOM

Colin leans in.

COLIN
How are you getting information to
the killer?

Hadrian ignores the question and talks, not to Colin
directly, but around him. Into the room.

HADRIAN
The latest one is different than
the others though, isn't it?

COLIN
Latest one? How do-

HADRIAN
The others...so...picture perfect,
wouldn't you say?

Hadrian turns toward the glass again. Smiles.

HADRIAN
(mocking)
Why would Daddy do such a thing?
Even the children? Terrible, just
terrible.

Hadrian's eyes focus like lasers on the reflection of the glass in front of him. Then he chuckles.

Phoebe catches her breath as Colin interrupts.

COLIN

You said the latest one.

Hadrian ignores the comment.

HADRIAN

That's right. But not this one. No, this one was a party, wasn't it? I love a good party, don't you Agent Simmons?

Hadrian's stare is directed back at Colin.

COLIN

Stop messing around and tell me who you're helping.

HADRIAN

You may already know the answer to that, Agent Simmons, but you just don't want to...believe.

Hadrian talks to the room again.

HADRIAN

You know what I miss the most about those families? My families?

Now toward the mirror.

HADRIAN

The feel of the blade across the neck, that first shower of wet warmth against my skin.

Colin's loses his temper.

COLIN

How are you contacting them?

Hadrian stares directly at Phoebe through the glass.

HADRIAN

The warmth washing over me like a blanket. Like a red quilted blanket left in the sun at a family picnic.

Phoebe's eyes locked on Hadrian's, instantly pulled into a flash of memory at those words.

FLASHBACK - EXT. COUNTRY PARK - DAY

PHOEBE (6), laughs and runs around a RED BLANKET as her father chases her, giggling. Her mother stretched out on the blanket, watching. Smiling.

FATHER

I'm going to get you. Here I come!

PHOEBE

You can't catch me!

She looks over her shoulder, laughing, as her father reaches out toward her.

He stops suddenly, looks out toward the nearby FOREST at a hidden FIGURE. The father bends over and whispers something to her mother. Then he walks away.

PHOEBE

Daddy? Where are you going?

He disappears into the forest at the edge of the park.

END FLASHBACK

Hadrian draws his tongue over his decayed teeth.

HADRIAN

The warmth almost swallows you
whole. Doesn't it, dear?

Unable to breathe, Phoebe quickly escapes out of the viewing room. The door slams behind her.

Colin hears the door and strikes his hand on the table.

COLIN

How are you helping him?!

Hadrian cackles as Colin stands to exit.

HADRIAN

Welcome to the party!

END ACT ONE