

~~LIMETOWN~~

Episode 101

Written By
Zack Akers & Skip Bronkie

Network Draft 05/30/18
Studio Draft 05/29/18

Copyright © 2018 Endeavor Content, LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No portion of this script may be performed, published, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including any website, without prior written consent. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above.

1

INT. BATHROOM - HADDOCK RESIDENCE - NIGHT [1991]

1

POV of GRAINY CAMCORDER FOOTAGE: A sink covered in hair. YOUNG LIA HADDOCK, 5 years old, sits on the edge of the sink. *But her head is shaved bald.*

Lia looks up at the camera, wiping her eyes. A MALE VOICE comes from behind the camera:

VOICE (O.S.)
Now we're twins, like you wanted!

YOUNG LIA
Yeah.

The CAMERA RISES to the mirror. To reveal: EMILE HADDOCK, male, late 30s. His head is also shaved bald.

The camera moves back to Lia.

EMILE HADDOCK
Hey, you know what you look like?

YOUNG LIA
What?

Emile touches her bald scalp.

EMILE HADDOCK
An apple!

YOUNG LIA
That's not why you call me "Apple."
You said it's because I'm the Apple
of your eye!

EMILE HADDOCK
You are right!

A beat. Then:

YOUNG LIA
Uncle Emile... Why did we cut our
hair?

Emile reaches a hand out to gently hold his niece's face.

EMILE HADDOCK
It's so they can see us easier.

This lingers for a moment before Lia's eyes move from the camera lens to the doorway beyond.

YOUNG LIA
Mom! Look what Uncle Emile did!

Emile jams the camera toward a shelf to hide it. It sits static, awkwardly framing ALISON HADDOCK, 30s.

Alison moves to the sink, pulling her daughter to her chest.

ALISON HADDOCK
It's beautiful, baby.

She kisses Lia's bald head. And then looks at the camera, toward Emile. With a glare that could end worlds.

Emile fumbles turning the camera off. And we CUT TO:

BLACK. Over which, we HEAR:

911 OPERATOR (PRE-LAP)
(PHONE)
9-1-1, where is your emergency?

2

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - NIGHT [2004]

2

Headlights illuminate the winding gravel road leading to the gates of Limetown. Ambulance lights spin off into the night.

GAIL (O.S.)
(PHONE)
--llo? Can you hear me?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Yes, ma'am, how may I help--

GAIL (O.S.)
We need emergency services in
Limetown: ambulances, uh, firemen,
police, dammit, just send the whole
fucking army!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Ma'am, ma'am, I'm going to have to
ask you to calm down, what is the
nature of your emergency?

GAIL (O.S.)
(overlapping)
CUT IT OFF! CUT IT OFF! CUT IT--

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hello? Ma'am? Are you there?

TITLE: February 8, 2004

PARAMEDIC DAN, 30s, comes to a stop outside the gates of LIMETOWN, where a massive collection of POLICE and FIREFIGHTERS have gathered. Dan hops out.

3

EXT. LIMETOWN GATES - NIGHT [2004]

3

Dan jogs up to OFFICER STEVE, 50s, overweight.

PARAMEDIC DAN
What's going on?

OFFICER STEVE
They won't let us in.

PARAMEDIC DAN
Who?

Steve motions up. ARMED MERCENARIES line the fence.

PARAMEDIC DAN (CONT'D)
But you're the cops!

Steve shrugs.

Dan continues, walking towards BULLHORN COP, 40s, who is barking instructions to the EMERGENCY WORKERS.

PARAMEDIC DAN (CONT'D)
(waving arms)
Hey! Hey! I need to get in there!

BULLHORN COP
We don't have clearance.

PARAMEDIC DAN
This is an emergency!

BULLHORN COP
No shit! Get back in the ambulance.

Dan stares back defiantly for a beat. His eyes move to the armed mercenaries at the gate. Dan marches towards them.

BULLHORN COP (CONT'D)
Hey!

Dan walks until he stands a few feet from the front gate.

PARAMEDIC DAN
LET THE PARAMEDICS IN! YOU HEAR ME?
LET US IN! PEOPLE COULD BE HURT!

Dan runs up and kicks the gate.

PARAMEDIC DAN (CONT'D)

OPEN IT!

Bullhorn Cop and a couple other COPS grab Dan and pull him back away from the gate.

PARAMEDIC DAN (CONT'D)

(being pulled away)

THE BLOOD IS ON YOUR HANDS!

BULLHORN COP

Alright, alright, that's enough.

They escort Dan back to his ambulance.

Dan looks back towards the gathering.

PARAMEDIC DAN

HEY! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

4

EXT. LIMETOWN GATES - DAY [2004]

4

CHYRON: February 10, 2004

TIGHT ON: Screaming, angry FACES. *WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER? OPEN THE GATES! KNOCK THEM DOWN! YOU'RE SITTING THERE DOING NOTHING.*

TIGHT ON: Signs of protest. "OPEN LIMETOWN!" "WHAT ARE THEY HIDING IN LIMETOWN?" "RHEALORE CAN GO TO HELL!"

PROTESTERS line up against the barricade as cops stand on the other side, their backs to Limetown.

There is a large presence from the government: black SUVs for the ATF, FBI, attack vehicles, etcetera. A tent has been set up near the gate.

A FEMALE PROTESTER IN A POLO SHIRT, 20s, stares at two cops talking to each other. One laughs, turning his back.

Polo Shirt *jumps* the barricade and *runs towards the gate*.

Police on the other side of the barricade react and move to catch her, but she runs just out of their grasp.

Several other protesters *jump the barricade*.

A mass confusion as cops and protesters clash. Most are kept at bay, but a few make a break for the fence.

The AGENTS inside the tent step out to assess the commotion. RON CALHOUN, mid-50s, with the harried look of the man-in-charge about him, sees the protesters running for the fence.

RON CALHOUN
Son of a bitch.

The cops manage to grab all the runners but two, the Woman in the Polo Shirt and ANGRY MAN (30s). The closest cop catches up to Angry Man and tackles him, as Polo Shirt keeps running.

Angry Man struggles free, *PUNCHING THE COP* who tackled him. Other cops grab his arms. One of the cops *CRACKS HIM ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH A BATON*, as he falls limp.

Polo Shirt now stands at the base of the tall chain-link fence surrounding Limetown. She takes a deep breath. Polo Shirt begins to climb the fence.

Ron Calhoun and several other agents rush to the area below where she climbs, screaming for her to get down.

The protesters cheer as Polo Shirt climbs the fence.

When Polo Shirt gets halfway up, the armed mercenaries all *RAISE THEIR WEAPONS TO THE WOMAN*.

ARMED MERCENARY
STOP.

Polo Shirt freezes, staring at the weaponry.

The cops and agents below begin to shout at the armed mercenaries, several *drawing their guns*.

RON CALHOUN
(to the cops)
STAND DOWN! LOWER YOUR WEAPONS!
LOWER YOUR WEAPONS!

Polo Shirt stares into the face of the mercenaries. They are ready to fire. Polo Shirt looks down.

POLO SHIRT
I'm coming down!

Polo Shirt begins her descent.

The protesters get quiet. A few dissenting voices spring up.

As Polo nears the bottom of the fence, a couple of cops roughly pin her to the ground and handcuff her.

The protesters find their voice again, their rage validated.

Ron Calhoun stands outside the central tent sipping from his coffee mug, watching as a military helicopter flies in.

SADIA LATIFI, 20s, Pakistani-American, jumps out.

6

INT. SITE COMMAND TENT - DAY [2004]

6

Ron pulls back the flap to reveal a TEAM of men and women standing around discussing a schematic of the Limetown complex. Everyone has a coffee in hand. They look awful.

Ron moves to the schematic, setting down his mug.

Sadia enters the tent.

RON CALHOUN

Ah folks, this is my partner, Sadia Latifi. Coffee if you need it.

Ron twirls his hand for her to take over...

SADIA LATIFI

R.B. Villard can't be reached.
We're working it. And the gunmen?

RON CALHOUN

There are 24 of them stationed at outposts every 20 yards surrounding the facility, with a cluster of 6 at front gate. They're armed with Barrett .50 caliber rifles.

SADIA LATIFI

Jesus Christ.

RON CALHOUN

They've refused any attempt at communication. We don't know yet if this is a hostage situation, but we have to treat as such. What we do know? There are over 300 people inside that complex, including children. And listen, if--and I do mean *if*--we need to go tactical, we will. But we're certainly not barging in on day three. Remember Waco. We are not losing a single person on either side here, folks. Sadia, can you --

A young officer, MARTY, rips open the tent flap.

MARTY

They're leaving!

Ron takes a moment to process this before stepping outside.

7 **EXT. LIMETOWN GATES - DAY [2004]** 7

The main gate has been opened and A CONVOY OF TRUCKS, each containing a few gunmen, rolls down the cleared driveway out of Limetown. Everyone stands watching, agog.

Ron takes charge. He shouts to a nearby SWAT LEADER.

RON CALHOUN

As soon as that convoy hits the public roadway I want it stopped.

Ron looks back at the people behind the barricade...

RON CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Sheriff! Keep the civilians on the other side of this fence. Do whatever you have to.

As an ARMORED VEHICLE pulls up, Ron steps in.

8 **INT. / EXT. ARMORED VEHICLE / LIMETOWN COMPLEX - DAY [2004]** 8

Ron looks back at the SWAT TEAM sitting in the back of the vehicle. He peers into the side mirror and sees they're followed by ample police, firemen, and paramedics.

Limetown appears ahead of them. All the lights are off.

9 **EXT. LIMETOWN COMPLEX - DAY [2004]** 9

The armored vehicle drives directly into the center of town and stops. Ron jumps down from the vehicle, as the SWAT team storms out the back doors.

Ron looks around, scanning the town.

THE GROUNDS ARE SILENT.

SWAT reports of "clear!" come from building after building...

One empty home after another. One empty movie theater and school house. Empty shops and restaurants. *Empty, empty...*

A ringing begins in Ron's head as the horror dawns on him...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER NIOBE, 20s, runs up to Ron and says something he can't understand.

RON CALHOUN

What?

SWAT TEAM MEMBER NIOBE
The town. It's clear, sir.

Ron stares at her. Shakes his head softly.

RON CALHOUN
What do you mean clear?

BLACK.

TITLE PAGE: LIMETOWN

10 **EXT. ROAD TO LIMETOWN - DAY [2018]** 10

CHYRON: Present Day

It's autumn in rural Appalachia: a colorful valley, rolling mountains, and an unpainted road.

A SINGLE CAR appears, passing through.

11 **INT. TERRY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY** 11

CLOSE ON: a CELL PHONE. It reads: "CALL RON."

In the passenger seat is LIA HADDOCK, 30s. Behind the wheel is TERRY HILKINS, 40s.

Lia scrolls through the list of "previous calls" on her phone. The name "RON CALHOUN" appears many times.

She hits his name, to initiate the call.

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)
Hello, Lia.

LIA
Are you ready to talk today?

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)
Of course not.

LIA
OK. Call you tomorrow then.

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)
Please don't.

Lia hangs up. Ahead, she sees a long driveway.

12 **EXT. LIMETOWN DRIVEWAY - DAY** 12

The Limetown driveway is now lined with RV'S, TRAILERS, and POP-UP TOURISM TRAPS, long removed from their heyday.

A billboard-sized SIGN reads: "*LIMETOWN, Take A Ghost Walk!*"

A janky RV business sign: "*Want To Get Away Forever?*"

There's even a freshly built CHURCH or two. A marquee reads:
"*The Rapture Has Come And Will Come Again. Love Your
Neighbor, Love Yourself.*"

A few LOCALS sit in lawn chairs in front of T-shirt shops.
Some TOURISTS mill about.

Terry's car continues down the drive until it's out of sight.

13 **EXT. OUTER GATES - LIMETOWN - DAY [2003]** 13

Terry's car, LOOKING BRAND NEW, idles next to a security
checkpoint. A line of cars sit impatiently behind him.

BENJI, 50s, the security guard, scans a clipboard.

BENJI
Hilkins, Hilkins...

His pen stops.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Oh! The Spartan Sentinel! My cousin
was in there once for her flowers.

A YOUNGER TERRY HILKINS smiles politely as Benji digs around
for a press badge. Benji lifts it up from the pile.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Just pull up to the right there.
Totem is speaking at noon, so feel
free to poke around until then.

TERRY HILKINS
Thanks.

Terry starts to pull away. Benji leans out of the booth.

BENJI
Welcome to Limetown!

14 **EXT. TOWN CENTER - LIMETOWN - DAY [2003]** 14

Terry walks down the middle of main street. HAPPY PEOPLE walk
by, chatting. MOVING TRUCKS are everywhere; Terry looks at
the brand new movie theatre; He looks at the research center,
the people streaming in and out, past a bustling DINER.

THEN: SOUNDS OF A BRASS BAND, the sound of someone tapping on
a microphone.

LIMETOWN ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)
(Into Mic)
Excuse me. Excuse me...

15 **EXT. TOWN CENTER - LIMETOWN - DAY [2003]**

15

THE LIMETOWN ANNOUNCER, 40s, leans into the microphone on a stage. The BRASS BAND, dressed in pork pie hats and striped suits, ends their playing at the announcer's behest. A banner dangles above which reads: "I HAVE HEARD THE FUTURE!"

A LARGE CROWD is gathered before him, slowly quieting down.

LIMETOWN ANNOUNCER
Yes, yes. Please. Ladies and gentlemen, I just want to be the first! To welcome you to Limetown!

The crowd cheers, clapping and whistling. Scattered amidst are people we won't know now, but will become deeply familiar with in the episodes to come.

Terry has a tape recorder in hand, staring around him uncomfortably. To his right, he sees WINONA, 30s, African-American. She's the only person in the crowd who seems reluctant to be there. She's holding hands with SYLVIA, 7. They make extended eye contact, sharing a moment before:

LIMETOWN ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
We have a lot to get to today. But before all that, I want to introduce you to the man responsible for all of this! Ladies and gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to: Oskar Totem!

The crowd erupts. OSKAR TOTEM, 50s, steps up. He leans forward, peering out over the crowd. Waits. A *real ham*...

OSKAR TOTEM
Dreams speak to us. Sometimes, a dream can speak to a common people, unifying them in a cause. We can't explain it to those who don't hear it. We just *feel* it. *This*.

Oskar waves his hand, to incorporate everything around them.

OSKAR TOTEM (CONT'D)
This... is a dream.

He steps back from the microphone, allowing the crowd to cheer. He quickly leans back in.

OSKAR TOTEM (CONT'D)
(shouting)
And in my dream - our dream - I
have heard the future!

The crowd only gets louder. Oskar picks up speed with the energy of the crowd.

OSKAR TOTEM (CONT'D)
I do not think we are as limited,
or as powerless as we sometimes --

Terry stands in the crowd, nervously looking all around him as Oskar continues, holding his tape recorder high in the air. He looks for Winona, but she's gone.

The SOUND of the crowd roaring grows tinny, filtered...

16 **EXT. TOWN CENTER - LIMETOWN - DAY [2018]** 16

Terry hits "STOP" on his tape recorder playing the sounds he recorded that day fourteen years ago. Lia and Terry stand in the middle of the same green space, years later, now forgotten like everything else.

LIA
He sounds like a preacher.

TERRY HILKINS
He was a preacher. Just of... who
knows what.
(beat)
Come on. Don't be shy.

17 **EXT. STREETS - LIMETOWN - DAY** 17

Lia and Terry walk the streets, now covered in dead leaves and trash. Lia stares at the overgrowth on all the houses, all the windows boarded up. The abject decrepitude.

18 **INT. FRONT PARLOR - HOUSE - LIMETOWN - DAY** 18

The front door opens and light floods into the darkened home.

Lia walks in, Terry follows. Lia covers her nose. *That smell.*

The inside of the home is unsettling. Furniture covered in dust and filth. As if abandoned in a hurry, then forgotten.

Lia takes in the scene while Terry watches her closely.

There's a noticeable sun discoloration on the carpet next to the door where a large piece of furniture once sat. There are scratch marks leading from that discoloration to the door.

LIA
They barred the doors?

TERRY HILKINS
Yeah.

LIA
Why would they do that?

Terry sighs sadly before shrugging. Just *another unknown*.

Lia walks into the kitchen. Magnets hold FAMILY PHOTOS onto the refrigerator. Looking closely, *all of the faces in the photographs have been scratched off*.

Lia drifts to the table. She stops. Her hand reaches out, grabbing the PILE OF MAIL sitting there. She reads the label.

TERRY HILKINS
They weren't hiding, Lia. This was all in plain sight. They are just people. And this is just a place.

LIA
You believe they're still alive?

Terry smiles, knowing she might think he's crazy.

Lia reads his face for a moment. She sets the mail down.

TERRY HILKINS
Want to see the execution site?

Lia takes a moment before nodding solemnly.

19 **EXT. EXECUTION SITE - LIMETOWN - DAY**

19

A 12 FOOT WOODEN STAKE stands planted in the ground. An area of dirt around the base, burn marks covering it entirely.

Lia stares at the stake as Terry stands awkwardly behind her.

TERRY HILKINS
They found Dr. Totem there. In the dirt. They nailed his hands to the stake, and then he was set on fire.

Lia reaches down, running her fingers through the dirt.

LIA
Was he a good man?

TERRY HILKINS

I don't know. No man deserves that,
if that's what you're asking.

LIA

I wasn't.

Lia stands, lost in thought.

LIA (CONT'D)

I read that the Roman justice
system had all sorts of tools at
its disposal. Stoning, throwing
someone off a cliff. But
crucifixion, something like this,
was only used to send a message.
It's an awful, awful way to die,
but it was supposed to be.

Lia stares at the stake as Terry studies her.

A **buzz** of a cell phone. Lia digs into her pocket, pulling it
out. The phone reads: "ASSHOLE GINA."

LIA (CONT'D)

Dammit.

20

INT. GINA PURRI'S OFFICE - APR STUDIOS - DAY

20

TIGHT ON: "APR" logo on wall

TIGHT ON: framed photo of Lia Haddock in the field. Name
plate reads: "LIA HADDOCK / CORRESPONDENT"

TIGHT ON: glass of office door which reads: "GINA PURRI,
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT & CHIEF CONTENT OFFICER"

GINA PURRI (O.S.)

And how does this make you feel?

GINA PURRI, 40s, sits behind her desk in a clean, plain
office. Lia stands on the other side, arms crossed. She grits
her teeth, uncomfortable with this conversation.

LIA

I feel... Very angry.

GINA PURRI

You're a month over deadline on a
story we agreed would take four
months to complete. Do you
understand how this situation might
make *me* feel?

LIA

No.

Gina stares back, waiting.

LIA (CONT'D)

(getting it, rote)

How does this make you feel, Gina?

GINA PURRI

It makes me feel like the trust between you as a reporter and me as an editor is in danger of being broken. Can you understand that?

LIA

Can you understand my confusion with an editor who wants to abandon her reporter?

GINA PURRI

I'm not abandoning you OR the story, Lia. I'm just giving you a hard deadline. You have a week to finish-

LIA (CONT'D)

This isn't just any other story, *Gina*. I need more time than that.

LIA (CONT'D)

326 people vanished from the face of the earth without a trace and no one knows what happened to them! No one has heard or found anything in *fifteen years* to help us understand. Fifteen!

GINA PURRI

A fifteen-year-old event with nothing new to say, which is what I told you when you pitched it. We knew you weren't going to "*solve the mystery of Limetown.*" Finish your little retrospective and let's move on.

LIA

There have to be answers, and giving up on that because of some arbitrary schedule is exactly why this is still impossible!

GINA PURRI

Lia, when you raise your voice it makes me feel --

LIA

Oh Jesus, Gina, I don't care how you feel.

GINA PURRI

Huh. Well. Then. You have a week. AND you're going to have someone working with you to make sure we meet this goal.

LIA

What?

Gina extends an arm towards the corner of the room.

GINA PURRI

His name is Mark Green, he's a new hire from Chicago who I think can--

LIA

(interrupting)

I don't need a babysitter.

Gina has her arm extended, glaring at Lia.

GINA PURRI

Lia.

She motions emphatically to the corner of the room.

Lia looks and sees MARK GREEN, early 30s, sitting in the corner of the room. *He's been here this whole time?*

Mark smiles awkwardly, lifting a hand as a greeting.

MARK GREEN

Hi, I'm Mark.

LIA

Fuck you, Mark.

MARK GREEN

Nice to meet you.

Lia turns back to Gina.

LIA

Don't take this from me.

Lia walks out of the office.

Mark turns to Gina.

MARK GREEN

I *feel* like that didn't go well.

Gina, disgusted, motions *follow her*. Mark chases after Lia.

21 **INT. HALLWAY - APR STUDIOS - DAY**

21

Mark catches up to Lia --

MARK GREEN

Look, I know you don't want me to--

She whirls on him...

LIA

What do you know about Limetown?

MARK GREEN

Wellllll, I don't think they're all dead... I prefer that TV-movie theory about Dr. Finlayson contacting alien life forms and falling in love with them --

LIA

(over)

Stop. Stop. Jesus. I have to go now. But I can't emphasize enough how little I will be able to tolerate you not knowing all there is to know about Limetown very soon.

MARK GREEN

Understood. Now what's a Limetown?

Lia looks like she may combust.

MARK GREEN (CONT'D)

Joke! That was a joke!

Lia walks away before he can finish.

MARK GREEN (CONT'D)

Ok, bye. I'll just be here. Until I'm dead.

22 **INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT**

22

Lia sits on the moving train. She eyes the other COMMUTERS. All tired, bored, headphones in their ears, closed off.

Lia stares at her purse. Sighing, she digs her hand inside. She pulls out a mirror and lipstick. Lia opens the mirror and applies the lipstick.

23

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

23

Lia walks into the crowded restaurant, her eyes scanning the room. Finally seeing what she is looking for, she moves -- eyes down -- towards the table.

Seated is ASHLEY FORD, 30s, African-American. She smiles and stands when she sees Lia.

ASHLEY FORD

Lia?

LIA

Yes. Ashley?

ASHLEY FORD

Yes! So good to finally meet you.

Lia sticks her hand out for a handshake, but Ashley hugs her. Lia is uncomfortable, but allows it to happen.

Ashley pulls out Lia's chair before sitting back down.

Lia cautiously sits.

ASHLEY FORD (CONT'D)

You look beautiful.

Lia instantly pats her hair down, uncomfortable.

LIA

Thank you.

ASHLEY FORD

You're welcome. I hope you like Indian food.

LIA

I do, yes.

An awkward beat.

LIA (CONT'D)

I once did a story on a restaurant where one of the cooks accidentally cut off his finger, and in the confusion of making sure he was okay, the finger was mistakenly served to someone next to their cheeseburger.

ASHLEY FORD

That's disgusting.

LIA

Yes.

An INDIAN WAITER, 50s, approaches.

INDIAN WAITER

Would you like anything to drink?

LIA

Scotch. Yes. On the rocks.

The waiter bows and walks away.

ASHLEY FORD

You don't have to be nervous, you know? I already like you. It's just a date.

LIA

It's not a date.

ASHLEY FORD

What?

LIA

This is not a date.

ASHLEY FORD

Then what is it?

LIA

It is... A meeting of two people --

ASHLEY FORD

(over)

Who met on a dating site.

Lia pauses, staring at the table cloth in front of her.

LIA

I... I just.

Lia smooths out the table cloth.

LIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Lia gets up from the table and leaves.

24

INT. LIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

Lia walks into her apartment, locking the door behind her. She rests her head against the door for a moment.

25

INT. BEDROOM - LIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

Lia's walls are covered in well-organized Limetown research and paraphernalia. Conspiracy theory reports, maps, time-lines, drawings, highlights. This is the life she keeps private.

We see various headlines: *"Possible Cave Extraction?"*; *"Where Are The People Of Limetown Hiding?"*; *"I Was A Limetown Slave"*; *"Alien Abduction: The Best Limetown Theory Yet!"* Etc.

But Lia is pulling a drawer open in her desk, full of overstuffed manilla folders. She reaches into the back of the drawer, pulling one out. She opens it on her desk, staring inside. This clearly dredges up some something deep for her.

Lia picks up her phone. Stares at the glowing screen. Debating. Then -- Lia calls "RON CALHOUN."

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)

Ms. Haddock, it's 10:00 at night. And this is twice in one day. Now what in God's good name is this --

LIA

I want to ask about something else. Something I don't like to discuss.

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)

(beat, after big sigh)
What?

LIA

About five years ago, before I left for APR, I worked for the Kansas City Star. I was covering a Jane Doe death scene.

INSERT: A camera flashes over a horribly mutilated body.

LIA (CONT'D)

Her... her fingers had been sanded down to the bone.

INSERT: A camera flashes over a bloody hand, fingers sanded raw. Nerves and bone exposed.

LIA (CONT'D)

On her legs and torso there were random slabs of skin that had been removed, possibly to hide any identifying birthmarks or tattoos.

INSERT: A camera flashes over an unhealed calf wound. A half-dollar sized portion of skin had been cut away.

LIA (CONT'D)

All of her teeth had been ripped out. They were never found. But you wouldn't have been able to tell because a .12 gauge shotgun had removed the front of her head.

INSERT: A camera flashes over a mess of a head. Muscle and brain and bone. Nothing that resembles a face or a person.

LIA (CONT'D)

The worst part -- the part I've never been able to wrap my head around -- is that this was --

RON CALHOUN

-- a suicide.

LIA

Yes! She had done it all to herself. I don't know why, I know it's not rational, but I've always had the feeling this was connected to Limetown.

(beat)

I spent months on it, but there was nothing to find. What is hidden should stay hidden.

(she trails off)

I see Limetown everywhere.

(beat)

I have a week to finish this story, Ron. A week, that's it. I've called you every day for 97 consecutive days, so you know how much this matters to me. And if you talk to me, it will be the last time you ever have to talk to a reporter again.

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)

Oh, really? Why's that?

LIA

Because I'm going to be the one who finally solves this.

A long pause, followed by a chuckle. Finally:

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)

When do you want to talk?

Lia shakes her head in surprise, smiling broadly.

LIA

Um... Does tomorrow work?

RON CALHOUN (ON PHONE)

I'll be here unless the good Lord decides otherwise.

LIA

Thank you, Mr. Calhoun.

She hangs up the phone, stunned, laying back onto her bed.

26 **INT. BEDROOM - LIA'S APARTMENT - DAWN** 26

Lia wakes up to an alarm. She stops the alarm on her phone.

27 **INT. PLANE - DAY** 27

Lia sits, pouring over a pile of notes on her tray table.

28 **EXT. CAR RENTAL PARKING LOT - DAY** 28

Lia slings her suitcase into the trunk of a rental car.

29 **INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - RURAL MARYLAND - EVENING** 29

Lia slowly pulls into a long driveway of a horse farm.

Beautiful horses graze on either side of her as she drives. She sees a large white house on the hill. OLDER RON stands holding a cup of coffee on the porch.

30 **EXT. TOWN CENTER - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 30

CHYRON: February 11th, 2004 - 11:06 AM EST

Ron stands amidst the confusion.

SWAT Team Member Niobe, standing next to Ron, pipes up.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER NIOBE

Sir, are you okay?

Ron rubs his forehead. *Get it together.*

Various leaders are amassing around Ron, looking for direction. Sadia, Dyer, SWAT leader Sterling.

A SWAT TEAMER runs up in a panic to the group.

SWAT TEAMER

We have, uh, something.

31 **EXT. EXECUTION SITE - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]**

31

Before them is the charred wooden stake, the base of which is obscured by two SWAT TEAM MEMBERS, kneeling, helmets off.

Sadia arrives first. The rest gather around.

We finally see the base: the *carbonized bones of a human, forearms*. Bound behind the stake. And there are METAL HOOKS, SCREWS AND RODS anchored to the burnt spinal column.

SADIA LATIFI

Jesus. Totem.

Ron and the SWAT members look at Sadia.

SADIA LATIFI (CONT'D)

Those are from scoliosis surgery.
Oskar Totem had it as a teenager.

This sits with the group. Ron notices the Bullhorn Cop from earlier barking orders. He comes to life.

RON CALHOUN

May I?

The Cop gives Ron the bullhorn. Ron raises it to his lips:

RON CALHOUN (AMPLIFIED) (CONT'D)

Listen up!

No one stops what they're doing. There are authorities as far as the eye can see, swarming the complex.

RON CALHOUN (AMPLIFIED) (CONT'D)

Excuse me, everyone. Can I have your attention.

He might as well not exist.

RON CALHOUN (AMPLIFIED) (CONT'D)

STOP WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT NOW!

That does the trick. One hundred or so men and women stop and stare at Ron from various points in the town.

RON CALHOUN (AMPLIFIED) (CONT'D)

This entire complex is a crime scene. If you have not been given an order directly from Special Agent Latifi or myself, stop what you're doing and exit the gates.

Everyone remains frozen, wondering if this applies to them.

RON CALHOUN (AMPLIFIED) (CONT'D)
*If you are wondering if this
applies to you, then yes, it
absolutely applies to you.*

Ron hands the bullhorn back to the officer.

RON CALHOUN (CONT'D)
Latifi, Sterling, and Sheriff Dyer.

Latifi, Sterling, Dyer, and Ron walk as they talk.

RON CALHOUN (CONT'D)
Latifi: work the stake with
forensics. Get me FEMA and Urban
Search & Rescue. Have a team start
processing the gunmen for
interviews. Dyer: prints and shoe
molds from everyone who just walked
in and out of those gates, now.
Sterling: there are 326 people
here, find them.

The team breaks. He stands alone as the world continues.

32 **INT./EXT. - HOUSES / TOWN CENTER - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 32

FBI SWAT teams move in and out of homes. Framed photos on the wall. Food in the fridge. The homes look well lived in.

33 **EXT. RESEARCH FACILITY - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 33

A SWAT team moves into the domed research facility.

34 **INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 34

The team moves through a large open area, filled with desks and whiteboards. It's a cross between a chem lab, a tech company and a university.

They move into a long research facility hallway.

35 **INT. HALLWAY - RESEARCH FACILITY - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 35

Clearing rooms as they go, we see surgical tables, holding cells, pharmacology rooms.

There is a DISTINCT NOISE coming from the far end of a lab hallway: a piercing, raspy screaming.

The team moves cautiously forward, the scream growing with intensity and rage.

Stopping outside a windowless HOLDING CELL DOOR, they prep for entry, three men on each side.

The door is banged open. The sound becomes unbearable.

36 **INT. PIG CHAMBER - RESEARCH FACILITY - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]**

It's a filthy pig pen. Manure, blood, wood chip shavings. In the corner is a very large wounded SADDLEBACK PIG, **running in circles, screaming.**

A SWAT TEAM MEMBER points his weapon at the pig. But the TEAM LEADER immediately signals for him to halt.

He takes one last look at the pig, then closes the door.

37 **INT. BOILER ROOM - RESEARCH FACILITY - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]**

In a basement now, the SWAT team discovers a secure door that looks like what you'd find on a chef's freezer.

They open it... And find it leads to a VAST UNDERGROUND CAVE SYSTEM.

38 **INT. CAVES - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 38

They enter the dark, wet, cave cautiously. 100 yards in, they find a ladder leading up to an exit panel. They open it...

39 **INT. HOME - LIMETOWN - DAY [2004]** 39

They're looking up into a Limetown home, with another SWAT team above them, guns drawn, shouting... Then silence.

Wide eyes are exchanged at this revelation.

40 **INT. CAVES - LIMETOWN - NIGHT [2004]** 40

Hundreds of SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM MEMBERS accompanied by armed SWAT TEAMS explore the cave system.

4K Lights powered by generators have been brought in, lighting up the eerie network.

KAYE DANIELS, 40s, the head of the Search and Rescue team, wearing a reflective vest and hard hat, presides over all.

SANDERS, 30s, S&R member, approaches Kaye.

KAYE DANIELS
Is the site ready?

SANDERS
Yeah.

Kaye solemnly nods.

41 **EXT. TOWN CENTER - LIMETOWN - NIGHT [2004]**

41

Lights everywhere. A large entrance to the cave system has been freshly dug. A backhoe sits nearby.

Kaye walks down the main street to Ron.

RON CALHOUN
Give me something, Kaye.

KAYE DANIELS
Sir, there are no signs of any unusual activity in the caves.

RON CALHOUN
Nothing?

KAYE DANIELS
Afraid not.

Sadia has joined them from a nearby house.

KAYE DANIELS (CONT'D)
This cave network is one of the largest in the country. 80 miles in all directions. We're obviously not through it all yet. But there aren't any local disturbances
(beat)
We have something else for you to see though. Follow me sir.

Ron glances at Sadia as they follow Kaye.

42 **EXT. FIELD - LIMETOWN - NIGHT**

42

There's a backhoe and a team of people surrounding a freshly excavated trench. At the bottom is a sealed plastic lining.

Ron appears revolted as he approaches. He covers his mouth and nose. There's a *smell* in the air.

RON CALHOUN
Kaye, what am I looking at?

KAYE DANIELS
We were waiting on the Mass Fatality Squad to go any further. We discovered a 100 yard plot of fresh topsoil.

Ron looks to ground. He takes a deep breath. He understands.

RON CALHOUN
(quietly)
Open it up.

Kaye looks down at the team at the bottom of the trench, a person every 20 yards. All clad in level D hazmat suits. A TEAM LEADER looks up for direction. Kaye twirls his finger.

Then, like a baseball park field staff pulling out the rain tarp, they fold back the plastic.

Bones. Skulls. Flesh. Rot. Bodies.

But these aren't human. It's nearly 200 pigs in varying states of decay. This was a mass pig grave.

There's a bit of confusion as the team digests.

TEAM LEADER
(shouting up)
They're pigs!

Sadia & Kaye look to Ron for some sort of reaction.

SADIA LATIFI
What the hell happened here?

Ron begins to speak, then stops himself, in a daze.

He walks away into the field as the group looks on.

RON CALHOUN (O.S.)
The investigation went on for almost 200 days. We issued 6,000 grand jury subpoenas. There were 13 Congressional hearings, before the official Commission.

43

INT. RON'S BARN - DAY [2018]

43

We're back in Ron's barn, with Lia and her microphone.

RON CALHOUN
I retired not too much longer after that. I never was any good at dealing with loss.

LIA
I remember that. The mass grave. Villard never even hinted at what the pigs were for. Have you heard of any new developments with the case?

Ron shakes his head "no."

LIA (CONT'D)

What... happened?

RON CALHOUN

There was nothing left behind. We dusted for prints, combed every surface for hairs, fingerprints... We know there was a large population there on February 8, and on February 11, it's like no one ever was.

LIA

What do you make of that?

Ron stares, taking his time.

RON CALHOUN

This is, uh, unprofessional to say but... It was too clean... This was purposeful. I have never seen anything like it.

LIA

How could 326 people be moved without anyone noticing?

RON CALHOUN

(beat, deeply sad)
I don't know.

LIA

What about the Jane Doe suicide?

Ron braces himself against the horse stall.

RON CALHOUN

Have you ever heard of the "Library of Babel?"

Lia shakes her head "no."

RON CALHOUN (CONT'D)

An old book, by Jorge Borges. It's about this universal library. It contains every book that has ever been and ever will be. Every answer we've ever sought as a species. Only problem is all the good stuff is drowned out by shelves and shelves of nonsense.

(beat)

Do you hear what I'm saying, Lia?

(MORE)

RON CALHOUN (CONT'D)

The answers might be there, but that doesn't mean you won't go crazy looking for them.

(beat)

You need to move on from Limetown. Of course I feel insane. We *know* something happened, but there's not a damn thing to prove it did. So we just have to be insane and keep acting like we're not. That's that. What is hidden should stay hidden.

Lia stares down, her own words highlighting her failure.

44

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

44

Lia, distraught, sits on her bed on the hotel's phone, her arm extended to the phone base. She stares, then breathes deeply. She lifts her finger from the hook switch. Dial tone.

Lia dials a number. It rings a couple of times.

LIA

Hey Mark, it's Lia Haddock. I got the interview, I just uploaded it.

(listening)

Yes, he was very good.

(listening)

No.

(listening)

No, this is the last thing. We will just do the best we can with what we have.

Lia slams her eyes shut, the emotion becoming too much.

LIA (CONT'D)

Thank you, I'll see you tomorrow.

Lia hangs up the phone. She wipes the tear from her face, shaking her head, annoyed.

45

EXT. SNOW-COVERED WOODS - NIGHT

45

A campfire burns in the distance through the trees.

Lia walks in the dark, towards the fire, feeling her way, careful not to fall. Fog on her breath.

As she gets closer, she sees a MASSIVE HULKING FIGURE. He is THE PROPHET, 40s, crouching near the fire, his back to her.

Lia steps into the clearing where the fire burns.

The Prophet has his ARM **extended into the coals**, his hand **burning in the flames**.

He turns his head at the sound of Lia's gasp.

The Prophet has EMPTY SOCKETS where his eyes should be. His ears and nose are missing, cut from his face. *His mouth has been **SEWN SHUT***.

The Prophet removes his hand from the fire. Placing it in a nearby WATER BUCKET. His hand hisses as it hits the water.

He rises. His body is strong, but scarred, burned, beaten, pale. He carefully and unnaturally steps towards Lia.

She is terrified, but remains standing, not backing down.

The Prophet stops within inches of Lia, towering over her.

Lia, terrified, searches his face for any sign of humanity.

When A VOICE speaks to Lia inside her head:

THE PROPHET (V.O.)
Don't be afraid.

The Prophet remains standing for a moment longer before turning back to the fire. He crouches again.

The Prophet turns his head to Lia once more.

THE PROPHET (V.O.)
This is the only light.

Lia looks down at her closed fist. She opens it to find she's holding SEVERAL BLOODY TEETH.

The Prophet turns his face back to the fire. He extends his arm back **sinking his hand slowly into the coals**.

46 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

46

Lia's eyes open as she sits up in the darkness.

She looks to the door to the room and notices *the latch is open*.

Lia quickly moves from the bed to the door, closing it.

She slowly leans towards the peephole.

LIA'S POV THROUGH PEEPHOLE: Lia scans the empty hallway. She looks left. She looks right. *Nothing*.

MARK GREEN

I'm sorry.

LIA

It's okay. I barely ever knew him.

MARK GREEN

Is that why this is so important to you?

Lia turns back, annoyed.

LIA

I'm a professional journalist, Mark.

Lia turns back to the edit station as Mark winces, yet another *faux pas*.

Lia's phone **buzzes**. She looks down at it: "Terry Hilkins."

LIA (CONT'D)

It's Terry Hilkins.

MARK GREEN

Should we record it?

Lia concedes, grabbing the phone, quickly stepping into --

49

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - APR STUDIOS - DAY

49

It's dark except for the light from the connected edit suite. A red EXIT light looms behind.

Lia positions herself under the microphone in the room. She looks up at Mark through the glass. Mark gives a thumbs up.

Lia swipes to answer, switching it to speaker phone.

Heavy breathing is coming from Terry's side of the line.

LIA

Hello?

TERRY HILKINS (OVER PHONE)

Lia, Christ... Sorry, my heart is racing.

LIA

What's going on?

TERRY HILKINS (OVER PHONE)

Well. The timing of this is... Troubling, among other things.

(MORE)

TERRY HILKINS (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
*But I guess you rattled enough
cages or pestered... Hell! I don't
know!*

Lia leans forward, eyes focusing.

LIA
What are you saying?

TERRY HILKINS (OVER PHONE)
*Lia. It's a survivor. And she wants
to speak to you.*

Lia looks at Mark through the glass. They're both stunned.

LIA
A survivor? What are you saying?

TERRY HILKINS (OVER PHONE)
*She's verified -- you'll just have
to trust me that I know she is who
she says she is, and she says she
wants to talk to you. I'm going to
merge the calls.*

LIA
Terry, wait, what is going on, we
need to tell someone --

LIMETOWN SURVIVOR (OVER PHONE)
NO! No.

Lia realizes this is ANOTHER VOICE modulated unnaturally...

Mark frantically picks up a phone on his side of the glass...

LIA
Excuse me?

LIMETOWN SURVIVOR (OVER PHONE)
Is this Lia Haddock?

LIA
Yes.

LIMETOWN SURVIVOR (OVER PHONE)
How soon can we meet?

LIA
Where are you?

Silence.

LIMETOWN SURVIVOR (OVER PHONE)
How soon can we meet?

LIA
Um. As soon as... you want to.

LIMETOWN SURVIVOR (OVER PHONE)
*I'm only going to talk to you.
That's the only way this will work.*

LIA
Okay... How can I believe you?

LIMETOWN SURVIVOR (OVER PHONE)
I'll call you soon.

The call drops.

Lia looks over to the booth... She sees that Gina is now standing next to Mark. Both of them look astounded.

LIA
What the hell just happ--

50

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

50

The hand of the LIMETOWN SURVIVOR hangs up a rotary phone. She tosses a voice modulator into an open packed duffel bag. She zips it closed and slings it over her shoulder. This is Winona, the woman Terry saw in Limetown years ago.

She calmly grabs a red gasoline canister and walks to the far end of the room where all her bedding and towels are piled. She dumps the gasoline all over the linen pile.

Winona pulls a matchbox from her back pocket, strikes a match, and drops it into the pile. The fire spreads quickly, but she turns and walks out of the room into --

51

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT/STREET - NIGHT

51

Winona closes the door behind her and walks away from the room.

She strikes another match, and lights a cigarette, never breaking her deliberate stride.

Behind her, we see smoke starting to billow in the windows. A MAN IN FLIP-FLOPS walking nearby with an ice bucket sees the smoke and runs to the door, shouts for anyone.

Winona walks off into the night, unnoticed.

BLACK.