

Imagine That

By

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EXT; PARKING LOT; DAY

The door of a dark blue sedan opens and a leg emerges, clad in black slacks, attached to a foot adorned with a white tennis shoe.

Inside the car, a steady chime is heard.

WOMAN

I hear you, I hear you.

Keys jangle. The chiming stops.

Another foot and leg join the first pair.

The feet set firmly on the ground, and a tall woman with long, auburn hair, BRIANNA PARKER, steps out, dragging a large black purse behind her. She is wearing a white polo shirt and a thin gold locket hangs around her neck.

She pushes the door of the car shut, muttering to herself.

BRIANNA

Stupid purse.

Brianna adjusts the purse on her shoulder and turns to face the building before her.

The sign on the gray storefront reads DALE'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

Brianna eyes the building. She squares her shoulders and takes a deep breath.

BRIANNA

Another day in paradise.

Whistling, she walks with purpose toward the store.

INT; DEPARTMENT STORE; DAY

Automatic doors swing open as Brianna approaches, and the bustle of a busy afternoon greets her as she enters.

People are rushing by on the carpeted floor of the well-lit store pushing shopping carts filled with merchandise. Children are running away from parents. Parents are screaming through clenched teeth at children.

To the right, clothes hang haphazardly on racks.

To the left, lines form at the cash registers and the customer service desk.

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Brianna takes this all in.

WOMAN

Brianna! I'm so glad you're finally here!

Brianna turns to the voice calling her.

Behind the customer service counter, a short, petite young woman with long blond hair pulled back into a ponytail is handing a bag to a customer. Her name tag reads MELINDA.

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Hey, Lin. How's it been today?

Melinda looks woefully at Brianna, then sighs deeply and rolls her eyes.

Brianna frowns.

BRIANNA

One of those days, huh?

Melinda nods.

MELINDA

And then some.

Melinda swings her arms around.

MELINDA

This place is hopping today! And...

Dropping her voice, Melinda looks around to make sure no one can hear her.

BELINDA

Jerry is in one of his moods.

Brianna groans.

BRIANNA

Our manager and his moods.

Melinda opens her mouth to speak.

WOMAN

Brianna! You're here! Now I can go home.

The two ladies turn as a tall, heavy-set woman, SUSAN approaches them. Susan has short, black hair that is peppered with gray. She is taking off her name tag and smiling.

Brianna holds her hand up.

BRIANNA

Woah, there, Susan. Not so fast.
I'm not even clocked in yet.

Susan snorts, turning away.

SUSAN

Clock in fast, honey. I'm
practically running out the door.

Brianna looks at Melinda, shaking her head in amazement.

She starts walking toward the back of the store as she calls out to Susan.

BRIANNA

That doesn't give me much hope for
today, does it?

MAN

What kind of hope do you ever have
working here?

Brianna looks over her shoulder, not breaking her stride.

ADAM BANKS, a tall, thin man in his 30s with light brown hair shaved short, approaches her.

Brianna smiles at him.

BRIANNA

Pessimistic much, Adam?

Customers with shopping carts pass by them silently.

ADAM

Pessimistic?

Adam considers this, then shrugs.

ADAM

Nah. Just truthful.

He points to nothing in particular.

ADAM

See, I've worked here long enough,
Brianna. I've got it all figured
out.

Brianna laughs as they turn the corner.

BRIANNA

Really, Adam? Tell me. What is it
all about?

Adam motions to the store around him with his arm.

ADAM

Take a look around, Brianna, what
do you see?

Brianna looks around her.

People fill the aisles, placing items in their cart.

In the distance, a child screams.

Another laughs.

Brianna shrugs.

BRIANNA

I see people.

She smiles slightly and drops her voice.

BRIANNA

I see live people.

Adam shakes his head, smiling.

BRIANNA

Seriously, Adam, I see customers. I
see another paycheck. As long as we
have people to help, we have money
in our bank accounts.

They turn another corner.

BRIANNA

Why? What do you see?

Adam looks at her intently.

ADAM

Let me tell you something, Brianna.
Every morning, I wake up. I get up,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (cont'd)
sit in front of the television drinking my coffee. I eat breakfast while I watch the tv anchorman tell me about the poor state of our economy and how high gas prices are. I listen to the weather man talk about global warming. I take the dog for a walk and pass by three different men at three different corners panhandling because they claim to be out of work. Whether they really are destitute or not isn't for me to say, I don't know them. Do I spare a couple of bucks?

He shrugs.

ADAM
Maybe. If I have it.

He shrugs again.

ADAM
After I walk the dog, I take a shower and I come here. And I pick up after rowdy kids whose parents don't watch them. And I sell things that people don't really need to people who never really appreciate it anyway. All they care about is if the price is right and, if it isn't, they try to weasel me into one that is.

Adam pauses as they enter through double doors leading the employee area.

A poster board with the week's schedule is on the plain white wall, next to a printed letter of praise for a job well done from the store manager.

Brianna watches him silently.

ADAM
And then, I go home. Pass a few more panhandlers. Walk the dog again. Eat a cheap microwavable dinner. Maybe watch a movie. And I go to bed. Knowing tomorrow I'll get up and do it again. So, you want to know what I see?

(CONTINUED)

He watches Brianna as she punches numbers into the time clock.

She looks up at him.

ADAM

I see the dead end of a long tunnel. There's no way forward. And I'm so far in, I can't remember how to backtrack and find my way out.

The two walk into a small room filled with gray lockers.

Brianna opens one up and pulls out her name tag.

Frowning, she looks up at Adam.

BRIANNA

Wow, Adam.

She pins her name tag to her shirt.

BRIANNA

That's kind of a sad way to look at things.

WOMAN

Is he ranting about doom and gloom again?

Brianna and Adam look up as a tall, dark-skinned woman with long, black curly hair, SHARISSA, stands at the doorway.

ADAM

Aw, Sharissa, come on. You know me. I never rant.

Sharissa snorts, raising her eyebrows at Adam.

SHARISSA

Yes, honey, you do.

She opens a nearby locker door and pulls out a bottle of water. Taking a sip, she nods towards Brianna.

SHARISSA

She's still pretty new here. She don't need you torturing her with all your "Nothing is right with the world" hooey.

Brianna smiles as she sets her purse in her locker and shuts the door.

BRIANNA

That's alright, Sharissa. I don't feel tortured.

Brianna looks at Adam.

BRIANNA

I just think you need to look at things in a different light. You're here to help people. To do something good for them. You never know when something positive is going to come out of doing good things for people.

Adam snorted.

ADAM

All you ever get from helping people here is sore feet.

Brianna shakes her head. She opens her mouth to speak.

ADAM

Don't you ever wish you could do something else besides help rude customers?

Brianna's eyes cloud over.

Suddenly, she is no longer at Dale's. She's in a kitchen, standing at a sink.

The dishwasher is running. The microwave is dinging.

From another room, a child cries.

CHILD

Mommy!

SHARISSA

Brianna? Earth to Brianna.

Brianna shakes herself back to the present.

Sharissa and Adam are staring at her with puzzled looks in their eyes.

SHARISSA

Girl, I don't know where you just went, but, you certainly weren't here.

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA
Yeah, sorry. I'm okay.

She rubs her eyes.

BRIANNA
Where were we?

She looks at Adam.

BRIANNA
I think you'd be surprised at how good it feels to help. If you just let yourself help.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM
I'll tell you what. If anything good ever happens because of Dale's Department Store, I mean *really* good, then, I'll change my tune.

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA
It's a deal.

MAN
(voice over)
Brianna call 200, please. Brianna call 200.

The three of them look up at the speaker on the ceiling in unison.

Brianna sighs.

BRIANNA
Off to rescue some poor, helpless customer.

INT; DEPARTMENT STORE; EVENING

Brianna is putting a box of plates on a shelf.

Stepping back, she eyes the boxes, making sure they're all lined up.

WOMAN
Excuse me, miss?

Brianna turns to the voice, a smile instantly on her face.

(CONTINUED)

A middle-aged WOMAN, stout with short brown hair and a mole on her chin, stands watching Brianna. Next to her is a BOY, about 13, with shaggy black hair and empty eyes.

The boy smiles at Brianna, his mouth droopy. He speaks with obvious effort.

BOY

Hi.

Brianna smiles back at the him.

BRIANNA

Hi there.

BOY

My mom needs help.

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Well, hopefully I can help you.

She looks at the woman.

BRIANNA

What can I do for you, ma'am?

The woman holds up a paper.

WOMAN

We're looking for this set of dishes that's in the ad, here.

Brianna steps closer as the woman points to a picture.

WOMAN

This one, right here.

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

Right this way, ma'am.

She leads them down the aisle, stopping at the end. She reaches up and grabs a box off of the top shelf.

Holding the box out to the woman, Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Is this it?

The woman smiles broadly.

WOMAN

Yes, it is. Thank you so much!

Brianna smiles back.

BRIANNA

No problem. Glad I can help.

The woman turns to leave.

WOMAN

Come on, Benji.

The boy looks at Brianna.

BOY

Thank you.

Brianna smiles at him.

BRIANNA

You're most welcome.

Brianna watches as the boy turns and walks away with the woman.

INT; BEDROOM; NIGHT

Brianna lies in a large bed, staring at the ceiling. The moon shines through the open blinds hanging from the window, casting shadows on the walls.

CHILD #1

(voice over)

Mommy, mommy!

Brianna turns to her side, staring at nothing.

MAN

(voice over)

How does this look, honey?

She turns to her other side, rubbing her eyes.

CHILD#2

(voice over)

But, I don't want to go.

Sighing heavily, Brianna sits up, pulling the covers off of her legs, and touches the lamp sitting on the nightstand next to the bed. Light fills the room, and she blinks.

(CONTINUED)

Cautiously, she throws her legs off of the bed and steps over to the large dresser that stands against the wall. Opening a drawer, she reaches in and pulls out a brown bottle.

She eyes the bottle, looking at the name Brianna Parker printed on it, before slowly pulling the lid off.

Dropping two pills into her hand, she puts the lid back on and tosses the bottle back into the drawer.

Popping the pills in her mouth, Brianna grabs the glass of water sitting on the nightstand and takes a drink.

She crawls back into bed, sighing, and pulls the covers up.

INT; EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM; DAY

Bleary-eyed Brianna is standing at her locker fastening her name tag to her shirt when Adam walks into the room.

ADAM
Hey, Brianna.

Brianna smiles at him.

BRIANNA
Hi, Adam.

Adam eyes Brianna as he opens his locker.

ADAM
You look rough. Everything okay?

Brianna nods, closing her locker.

BRIANNA
Yeah, thanks. Just had a rough night.

She stares at the wall, thinking.

BRIANNA
Something is bothering me, though.

ADAM
What?

Brianna speaks to Adam, but continues staring at the wall.

BRIANNA

Something is nagging at me. But, I don't know what it is.

She looks at Adam.

BRIANNA

It's like my subconscious knows something, but, the rest of my mind hasn't figured it out yet.

Adam nods.

ADAM

I hate when that happens.

He closes his locker.

ADAM

I'm sure you'll figure it out eventually. It'll come to you when you least expect it.

Brianna nods, leaving the room.

BRIANNA

I hope so.

INT; DEPARTMENT STORE; EVENING

Brianna walks down an aisle void of customers, a smile on her face. She passes toiletries as she reaches the end of the aisle.

The woman and boy that she had previously helped walk by her.

The boy smiles at Brianna.

BOY

Hi.

Brianna smiles back.

BRIANNA

Hi, there. How are you today.

BOY

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
Come along, Benji.

BOY
Okay, momma.

Brianna watches them walk away.

She turns, and then stops in her tracks.

Her face drops as she turns back to where the woman and boy just were.

Thoughtfully, Brianna shakes her head, whispering to herself.

BRIANNA
No. It can't be.

Her eyebrows scrunch up as she walks in the direction the woman and boy had just gone.

Seeing them in the distance, the woman staring at an item in her hand, Brianna quickly grabs the nearest item off of the shelf and continues walking.

Seeing her, the boy smiles at Brianna.

BOY
Hi.

Brianna smiles at him, looking him up and down as discreetly as possible.

BRIANNA
Hi.

She walks past the woman, nodding toward her. The woman nods back, then goes back to the item.

Turning down the nearest aisle, Brianna slows down, lines of concentration lining her face.

She rubs her forehead, muttering.

BRIANNA
No no no. It's impossible.

She looks back in the direction she just came from.

The boy is at the end of the aisle, holding something out for the woman.

Brianna stares at him, her eyes intense. Then, she turns and walks away.

INT; BEDROOM; NIGHT

Brianna sits on the edge of the bed. Light from the lamp on the nightstand fills the room.

She stares at the dresser. Her gaze drops to the bottom drawer.

Shaking her head, Brianna forces her gaze away.

In a moment, her eyes drift back to the dresser drawer.

Slowly, Brianna stands and makes her way to the dresser. Kneeling, she opens the bottom drawer. She reaches in and pulls out a cream colored file folder.

Taking a deep breath, Brianna opens the folder.

A small picture of a blond-headed child stares back at her. The picture lies in the middle of a crinkled piece of paper, with the words, 6 YEAR OLD BOY MISSING at the top, and a small paragraph printed beneath.

Brianna stares intently at the picture, then closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

BRIANA

I must be losing my mind again.
This cannot be real.

Opening her eyes, she looks at the picture again. Shaking her head, she closes the folder and sets it back in the drawer. Standing to her feet, she grabs her cell phone off of the nightstand and pushes buttons.

Putting the phone to her ear, she listens.

BRIANNA

Yes, I need a plane ticket, please.

INT; DEPARTMENT STORE; DAY

Wearing a pair of tan khaki pants and a black blouse, Brianna passes racks of clothes as she walks towards the back of the store.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Early shift today, Bri?

Brianna turns to the voice that is calling her.

A woman of medium height with short black hair, DENISE SMITHTON is heading her way. She is dressed in a plaid button-up shirt and a pair of blue jeans.

Brianna stops walking and smiles at her.

BRIANNA

Hey, Denise. How goes catching shoplifters today?

Denise looks around at the empty store.

DENISE

Super slow. I'm surprised to see you here. You never work in the morning.

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

Not working. Just going to go talk to Jerry. I had an emergency come up and have to leave town for a while.

Denise's eyes grow large. Gasping, she puts her hand on Brianna's shoulder.

DENISE

Is everything okay, Bri? Do you need help or anything?

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

I'm good. It's not something I can really talk about right now, though.

Denise nods understandingly.

DENISE

Okay, no problem. Just remember, I'm here if you need anything, k?

Brianna smiles and nods.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

Thank you, Denise. You're amazing.

Brianna turns to walk away, then stops in her tracks.

She eyes Denise, thinking.

BRIANNA

Wait. Maybe there is something.

DENISE

What?

Brianna licks her lips.

BRIANNA

I need a picture of a customer from last night.

Denise raises her eyebrows.

DENISE

A picture of a customer?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

I can't tell you why. Not just yet, at least. It's kind of important, though.

Denise considers Brianna's words, then nods.

DENISE

Okay. Let's go to my office.

INT; SMALL OFFICE; DAY

A long desk fills the room. A calendar with a picture of a beach is tacked to the wall, and pictures of small children surround it.

One whole wall is filled with video monitors, showing clips of various sections of the store. The monitors are connected to a computer and printer.

Denise sits in the chair in front of the desk. She puts her hand on the mouse, and looks up at Brianna.

DENISE

Do you know what you're looking for?

(CONTINUED)

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

It was last night around eight. A woman and a teenage boy.

She taps a screen.

BRIANNA

I saw them around this area.

Denise nods and clicks the mouse.

The screen blinks and switches. The bodies on the screen begin moving quickly as Denise holds down the button on the mouse.

DENISE

Tell me when you see them.

Brianna watches silently as people blink in and out of the screen. Suddenly, she points.

BRIANNA

Right there.

Denise clicks the mouse. Another click and the screen enlarges to show the woman and the boy.

DENISE

That lady right there?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

Yes. I need the lady and the boy separately.

Denise clicks the mouse, and the printer whirs and spits out two pieces of paper.

BRIANNA

Do you know who they are?

Denise shrugs and pulls the printed pictures.

DENISE

I've seen them at the pharmacy a couple of times.

She hands the papers to Brianna.

Brianna takes them, looking at them.

BRIANNA
The pharmacy?

Denise nods.

DENISE
Yeah. I think her name is Brenda or
Wanda or something.

Brianna stares at the pictures, then smiles briefly at
Denise.

BRIANNA
Thank you so much for this, Denise.
You have no idea how big this is.

Denise searches Brianna's face.

DENISE
Just tell me about it someday, k?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA
Promise.

INT; SMALL OFFICE; DAY

A desk and chair occupy the majority of the room that
Brianna steps into. A large computer sits on the desk. In
the chair behind the desk, a man in his 40's with short,
light brown hair and a blue suit, JERRY WALKER clicks on the
mouse. He speaks without taking his eyes off of the
computer.

JERRY
Have a seat, Brianna. What can I do
for you today?

Brianna sits in the padded gray chair in front of the desk.

BRIANNA
I've had an emergency come up. I'm
going to have to leave town for a
week or two.

Jerry looks at Brianna, frowning.

JERRY
Leave town? Just like that?

Brianna nods.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA
Tomorrow. I'm really sorry. It's
something unavoidable.

She pauses. Jerry stares at her silently.

BRIANNA
I'm really sorry, Mister Walker. I
know it's inconvenient. I do have
vacation time, though. And, I've
covered all of my shifts.

Jerry sighs deeply, looking back at the computer screen.

JERRY
Fine.

He nods to Brianna.

JERRY
Enjoy whatever it is your doing.

Brianna stands.

BRIANNA
Thank you.

INT; KITCHEN; EVENING

Brianna stands in front of an island counter in a small kitchen. A bowl of fruit sits in the middle of the counter, and Brianna picks an apple out of the bowl and takes a bite.

She walks over to the refrigerator and stands in front of it, looking at a picture that's enclosed in a small frame and held to the door by a magnet.

Two children with dark hair, a boy around 7 and a girl around 4, smile for the camera.

Touching the frame, Brianna sighs, her eyes filled with pain.

Slowly, she turns away.

EXT; CROWDED AIRPORT; DAY

Brianna, clad in a light colored shirt and dark sunglasses passes rushing people, pulling a small black suitcase with wheels.

(CONTINUED)

She approaches a taxi. The TAXI DRIVER opens the trunk, and Brianna sets her suitcase inside.

The trunk shuts. The driver opens the back door of the car, and Brianna slides inside.

EXT; LARGE BUILDING; DAY

Brianna stands in front of a large building that has dark paint and tinted windows. As she approaches, the sign on the door gets easier to read. POLICE DEPARTMENT

Taking a deep breath, Brianna opens the door and steps inside.

Taking her sunglasses off, Brianna glances around, giving her eyes a chance to adjust.

In front of her, a woman, NAOMI SPITZ, sits at a large desk. She holds a phone to her ear with one hand. With the other, she adjusts her dark-framed glasses.

Brianna approaches the desk slowly.

The woman hangs up the phone and glances up at Brianna.

NAOMI

What can I do for you, sweetie?

The slightest hint of a southern accent lines her words, and Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Hey, Naomi.

Naomi stares at Brianna in confusion. As recognition hits, her eyes grow large and her mouth drops open and she stands to her feet.

NAOMI

Brianna? My Brianna?

Brianna's smile grows wider.

BRIANNA

The one and only.

Naomi runs out from behind the desk and throws her arms around Brianna's neck.

NAOMI

Well, knock me down with a feather
and call me lightheaded! I can't
believe you're here, Brianna!!

Naomi steps back.

NAOMI

Let me look at you, girl.

She gives Brianna an appraising glance and whistles.

NAOMI

No wonder I didn't recognize you.
You're hot stuff now, girl.

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Thanks, Naomi.

NAOMI

So, what brings you to town, girl?

Brianna looks intently at Naomi.

BRIANNA

Jimmy Jackson.

Naomi's face drops.

NAOMI

You did not just speaks those words
to me, girl. Not five minutes in.
Not after all these years.

Brianna says nothing.

Naomi looks at her watch.

NAOMI

It's close enough to bein' five o'
clock. Let's get out of here.

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Okay.

INT; COFFEE SHOP; EVENING

Brianna and Naomi sit in a small booth inside a dark coffee shop, laughing. The room is shared by two other people. Employees wipe down tables counters.

NAOMI

I can't believe you're really here,
Brianna. I've missed you so much!

BRIANNA

I've missed everyone, too.

She sips coffee out of a white styrofoam cup.

BRIANNA

It was for the best, though.

Naomi nods.

NAOMI

I understand. We all understood.

She puts her hand on Brianna's wrist.

NAOMI

You're here now, though. That's
what matters. I'm going to make the
most of it.

Naomi grabs her purse and pulls out her wallet.

NAOMI

So, tomorrow is my day off, and I
already have a full day lined up
for us.

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

I am here on a mission, you know.

Naomi stands, smiling back at her.

NAOMI

So am I, honey. So am I.

EXT; BUSY ROAD; DAY

Naomi drives a light colored mini van. Brianna sits in the seat next to her. Their windows are cracked, and the radio plays quietly in the background.

Naomi lets out a little squeal as they stop at a stoplight.

NAOMI

I can't believe you're really here!
Sitting in my car!

She looks over at Brianna.

NAOMI

Girl, it has been way too long!

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

I agree.

Naomi's face grows serious as the van moves.

NAOMI

I guess it's partly my fault. I
didn't have to stay out of touch.
It's just...

She shakes her head, thoughtful.

NAOMI

None of us knew what to do. What to
say.

She looks at Brianna.

NAOMI

Especially after Josh and the kids.

Naomi shrugs.

NAOMI

We were all kind of lost. And then,
everyone just kind of moved on.

She looks at Brianna.

NAOMI

We never meant to leave you behind.
Or forget about you. It
just...happened that way.

Reflectively, Brianna nods.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

Life happens. Sometimes it happens
in ways we wish we could change.

She shrugs, looking at Naomi.

BRIANNA

I understand. I really do.
Everything was a mess. Just...a
mess. And then Josh and the kids...

Brianna shakes her head sadly as tears spill down her
cheeks.

BRIANNA

It may have been for the best that
I was left behind or forgotten. I
was at a time in my life when no
one would've wanted me. And I'm not
sure I would've wanted anybody
else.

Tears fill Naomi's eyes.

NAOMI

I'm so sorry, Brianna.

Brianna nods, wiping her eyes.

BRIANNA

The job I have now, Dale's, was my
first attempt to step out in public
and be human again.

NAOMI

How's it working out for you?

Brianna smiles softly.

BRIANNA

I didn't realize how much I missed
people until I started working
there. It has it's moments, but, I
love it.

She looks down sadly.

BRIANNA

Josh would've gotten a kick out of
me working there.

Naomi smiles.

NAOMI

I'm sure he would have.

Brianna looks at Naomi, shaking her head.

BRIANNA

Not a day goes by that it doesn't hurt. Some days it's almost more than I can handle.

NAOMI

That's how it's supposed to be, honey.

Brianna nods, swallowing hard.

BRIANNA

Yeah.

Naomi grabs her hand.

NAOMI

Okay, sweets. No more tears. We have lots of lost time to make up for. Let's get started.

Brianna smiles at her.

BRIANNA

Let's go!

INT; BUSY SHOPPING MALL; DAY

Brianna and Naomi push their way through crowds of people rushing past them. They pass by stores, pointing and walking.

NAOMI

Let's go there.

Brianna nods.

INT; STORE; DAY

Brianna and Naomi stand in front of racks of clothes. Naomi holds a blouse on a hanger up. Brianna looks at it and scrunches her face up.

Giggling, Naomi puts the blouse back on the rack.

Brianna grabs a hanger.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA
What about this one?

INT; CROWDED RESTAURANT; DAY

Brianna and Naomi look through menus.

NAOMI
This sounds good.

She points at an item and shows it to Brianna.

Brianna looks at it, nodding.

INT; CROWDED RESTAURANT; EVENING

Brianna giggles.

BRIANNA
I totally remember that.

Naomi snorts, taking a sip of water.

NAOMI
That was a classic.

Brianna sighs deeply, looking at Naomi.

BRIANNA
Naomi, this has been the best day
I've had in a long time. Thank you
so much.

Naomi smiles, wiggling her eyebrows.

NAOMI
The night is young, my dear.

Brianna looks at her watch.

BRIANNA
Is it?

Naomi nods, leaning forward in her chair excitedly.

NAOMI
Let's go dancing.

Brianna gives her a funny look.

BRIANNA
Dancing? In this town?

Naomi nods, her eyes dancing with excitement.

NAOMI
Yup. We have a club, now. No more
traveling twenty miles to have a
decent time someplace other than
one of our wimpy country bars.

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA
What's the name of it?

NAOMI
The Club.

Brianna grabs her purse.

BRIANNA
Yeah. What's the name?

Naomi smiles.

NAOMI
The Club.

Seeing Brianna's confused look, Naomi chuckles.

NAOMI
The club is called The Club. Why do
you need some fancy name when
there's only one in town?

Brianna raises her eyebrows.

NAOMI
Makes sense, don't it? All you have
to say is, Let's go the The Club.

Brinna laughs.

BRIANNA
Clever.

NAOMI
Let's go to The Club.

EXT; CROWDED SIDEWALK; NIGHT

Bright colored lights and loud music stream out through the open door of a large building littered with loitering people. Two MEN at the door check identification of people wanting in.

Brianna and Naomi approach the men, IDs in hand.

One man takes Brianna's ID and looks at it.

He glances at her.

MAN #1
New in town, huh?

Brianna shrugs.

BRIANNA
Yes and no.

MAN #2
What are you doing, Naomi? Put that thing back in your wallet.

Naomi puts her ID away, smiling.

NAOMI
You're not supposed to let my friend here know how much I come.

The man smiles.

MAN #1
Have a good time, ladies.

The women step inside the building and are immediately assaulted by loud music, bright lights and the overwhelming smell of alcohol.

Brianna scrunches her face up.

She yells so that Naomi can hear her.

BRIANNA
I forgot how loud a club can be.

Naomi nods, heading toward the bar.

NAOMI
Want something?

Brianna shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

Naomi stops and turns towards Brianna.

NAOMI
I forgot. You probably can't,
right?

BRIANNA
Right. But, don't let that stop
you.

Naomi waves her off.

NAOMI
Alcohol is overrated. What do you
think of the place?

Brianna looks around, nodding in approval.

BRIANNA
Pretty nice.

Her perusal of the room stops as her eyes rest on a tall man with wavy hair and a drink in his hand seated at the other end of the bar.

Brianna's jaw drops. She looks at Naomi.

BRIANNA
Is that PJ?

Naomi follows Brianna's gaze and smiles. Inching closer to Brianna, she speaks out of the side of her mouth.

NAOMI
He goes by Preston, now.

Brianna speaks, not taking her eyes off of the man.

BRIANNA
Amazing.

She looks at Naomi and smiles shyly.

BRIANNA
PJ was always my, um, guilty
pleasure when I was married. My
secret crush.

Naomi smiles broadly.

NAOMI
Get out of here, girl!

Brianna blushes.

Naomi's smile turns sly.

NAOMI
He isn't married, you know.

She winks at Brianna.

NAOMI
And neither are you, anymore,
sweetie.

Brianna blushes again and looks away.

NAOMI
Please tell me you've had some kind
of relationship since Josh.

Brianna slowly turns her head back to Naomi. She shakes it slightly.

Naomi's eyes grow large.

NAOMI
Brianna! It's been a long time.
There hasn't been *anyone? Anything?*

Brianna shrugs.

BRIANNA
Certain medications take care of
that.

Naomi's jaw drops.

NAOMI
Are you kidding me?

Brianna shakes her head.

NAOMI
Honey, you'd better hand that
bottle of medicine over to me right
now.

Brianna looks at Naomi, puzzled.

NAOMI
I'm throwing it in the trash!

Brianna giggles.

BRIANNA

I haven't taken any in a long time,
actually. I'm to the point where
it's as-needed.

Naomi nods in approval.

NAOMI

Good! Cause it certainly isn't
needed tonight.

She puts her arm around Brianna's shoulder.

NAOMI

Now, let's go have a chat with
Preston, shall we?

Brianna smiles and blushes.

The two women walk over to where PRESTON JONES is talking to
a group of people.

Preston looks at the ladies and smiles.

PRESTON

Naomi! Good to see you tonight.

He glances at Brianna and smiles.

PRESTON

And we have a new friend. Introduce
me!

Naomi smiles.

NAOMI

She isn't exactly new.

Preston looks at Naomi in confusion. He turns his gaze back
to Brianna. He looks hard at her for a moment. Suddenly, his
eyes grow large and his jaw drops.

Setting his drink on the counter, he stands to his feet.

PRESTON

Brianna? Are you kidding me?

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

Hi, PJ.

She shakes her head quickly.

BRIANNA
Er, Preston. Sorry.

Preston shakes his head in amazement and holds his arms out, wrapping Brianna in a hug.

PRESTON
Don't even worry about it. You can
call me PJ any day.

He steps back and glances over Brianna's body.

PRESTON
You look amazing!

Brianna blushes.

BRIANNA
Thanks.

Still in shock, Preston takes a sip of his drink.

He waves at the BARTENDER.

PRESTON
This lady needs a drink. On me.

He looks at Brianna.

PRESTON
What'll it be?

Nervously, Brianna speaks to Preston and the bartender.

BRIANNA
I'll have a diet soda.

Preston scoffs.

PRESTON
You can't have a diet soda. That's
illegal in this state.

Seeing the serious expression on Brianna's face, Preston nods in understanding.

PRESTON
Oh. I gotcha.

He looks at the bartender, nodding.

PRESTON

This lady needs a diet soda.

The bartender nods and looks over at Naomi.

NAOMI

Same.

Preston glances over at Naomi and shoots her a dirty look.

PRESTON

Really, Naomi, you couldn't give warning that our favorite girl was coming?

The bartender sets two glasses on the counter.

Naomi scoffs, taking a sip of her soda.

NAOMI

I didn't know she was coming! She just showed up.

Preston shakes his head, looking down at Brianna.

PRESTON

Now, that's just all kinds of wrong.

Brianna smiles.

Preston sets his drink down.

PRESTON

Tell you what. You can make it up to me by dancing with me. How's that?

Brianna laughs.

BRIANNA

I haven't danced in years, Preston.

Preston grabs her hand.

PRESTON

Once you have it, you never lose it. Come on.

Brianna shoots Naomi an embarrassed smile as Preston drags her to the middle of the dance floor.

Brianna smiles at Preston as they dance.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

Don't you want to know why I'm here?

Preston shakes his head.

PRESTON

Nope.

Brianna wrinkles her forehead in confusion.

BRIANNA

You don't?

Preston shakes his head again.

PRESTON

Not right now, at least. Right now? I'm dancing.

EXT; CLUB; NIGHT

Brianna, Naomi and Preston stand outside the club.

NAOMI

You're gonna take her?

Preston nods.

PRESTON

Yeah. No problem.

Winking at Brianna, Naomi walks away.

NAOMI

See ya tomorrow, toots.

BRIANNA

Night, Naomi.

EXT; HOTEL; NIGHT

Brianna and Preston sit in the parking lot of a large hotel. Brianna looks over at Preston.

BRIANNA

You still haven't asked me why I'm here.

Preston considers this. He looks at Brianna.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON

Do you have to go back right away?

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

No, I have a little time.

Preston opens his door.

PRESTON

Well, throw your reason to the side. Just for a little while, you know. Let us get a chance to know you again before business takes over.

Preston shrugs.

PRESTON

Then you can deal with whatever it is that brought you here.

Brianna sighs in frustration as Preston walks around the car and opens her door. Brianna steps out and looks up at him as they start walking to the hotel.

BRIANNA

I understand what you mean, Preston. But, this is kind of important.

PRESTON

So is catching up with an old friend.

The two reach the doors of the hotel. Brianna stops walking and faces Preston.

BRIANNA

Jimmy Jackson.

Preston's eyes fill with sadness. He turns to leave.

PRESTON

Good night, Brianna.

INT; POLICE DEPARTMENT; DAY

Naomi is seated at her desk, pencil in hand, looking at her computer screen.

The door opens and Brianna walks in. Naomi smiles and sets the pencil down, standing to her feet.

NAOMI
Hey, girl.

The ladies hug.

Stepping back, Naomi eyes Brianna.

NAOMI
Well?

Brianna looks at Naomi in confusion, then smiles, shaking her head.

BRIANNA
He just took me home.

Naomi frowns.

NAOMI
Well, what fun is that now?

MAN
Well, look at what we have here.

Brianna and Naomi turn to face a tall, balding man, MARK WITHERS, heading their way.

Brianna's smile grows large.

BRIANNA
Mark, it's so good to see you.

Mark hugs Brianna and steps back, looking at her.

MARK
Wow.

Brianna blushes.

BRIANNA
Thanks.

Mark looks up at a row of pictures on the wall. He points to one of a woman with blond curly hair and a chubby face.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

You're sporting a pretty different look there, nowadays.

Brianna looks at the picture, shaking her head in amazement.

BRIANNA

Wow. You should totally take that picture down.

Mark and Naomi chuckle.

Brianna stares at the picture silently.

Softly, she shakes her head.

BRIANNA

You know, I love how I look and feel now, I just hate what it took to get to where I am.

Her face turns serious.

BRIANNA

Marks, there's something I need to talk to you about.

Mark's smile fades.

MARK

Yeah, I did hear that you were here for a reason.

Brianna glances at Naomi, whose face remains passive.

MARK

Listen, Brianna...

The door next to them opens and Preston walks in. He smiles at the group.

PRESTON

Good morning.

BRIANNA

Morning.

NAOMI

What are you doing here? I thought it was your day off.

Preston smiles.

PRESTON

It is, it is.

He nods toward Brianna.

PRESTON

I had an idea that a certain
someone would be here today. So, I
thought I would swing by and steal
her.

Naomi chuckles.

NAOMI

You're gonna steal her?

BRIANNA

You're going to steal me?

Preston nods.

PRESTON

Yup.

Brianna frowns, pointing at Mark.

BRIANNA

I really need to...

Naomi shushes her.

NAOMI

Honey, everything will be here when
you get back. Just go. Have fun.

Brianna looks at Naomi, then Mark, a protest on her lips.

Mark nods.

MARK

She's right.

NAOMI

It's not like you're here everyday.

Sighing in frustration, Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

Okay.

Forcing a smile, she looks at Preston.

BRIANNA
What are we doing?

Preston smiles.

EXT; HIGHWAY; DAY

Preston drives his light colored sedan down the road. He glances over at a silent Brianna.

PRESTON
It seemed like you didn't want to
come with me. Did I force you?

Shaking her head, Brianna looks at Preston.

BRIANNA
It's not that. It's just...

Preston looks at her.

PRESTON
What?

She looks down at her hands, ringing them together.

BRIANNA
I came down here on a mission,
Preston. Yes, I love seeing people.
I love catching up. But, I can't
forget my mission.

Preston frowns.

PRESTON
Jimmy Jackson.

Brianna looks at him, her gaze serious. Preston shakes his head.

PRESTON
You really believe he's still
alive, Brianna? Come on. His buried
body is probably rotted away by
now.

BRIANNA
Preston, I...

Preston holds his hand up, stopping her.

PRESTON

Fine. I understand you feel this is important. But, like Naomi said, everything will be here later.

He locks eyes with Brianna.

PRESTON

Today, can you just enjoy yourself? Forget your problems, forget everything, and just enjoy yourself?

Brianna considers his words. She nods slowly, sighing.

BRIANNA

Okay. Today.

She looks at Preston, determination in her eyes.

BRIANNA

After today, though, no more messing around. After today, we talk Jimmy Jackson.

Preston nods, staring straight ahead.

PRESTON

Fine. I can handle that.

BRIANNA

Fine.

She smiles.

BRIANNA

You never did tell me where we're going.

Preston smiles and glances at Brianna.

PRESTON

You'll see.

EXT; FAIRGROUNDS; DAY

Tents, booths and a variety of rides and games are set up on an open field.

Preston holds the door open for Brianna and she steps out. Smiling, she looks around.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

I have so many memories of this
fair.

Preston smiles.

PRESTON

Well, you're about to make more.
Come on.

EXT; FAIRGROUNDS; DAY

Brianna and Preston stroll past booths and games, talking
and laughing.

EXT; FAIRGROUNDS; DAY

Brianna and Preston are at a game booth. Brianna is
laughing. Preston is handing her a teddy bear.

EXT; FAIRGROUNDS; EVENING

Brianna and Preston are sitting at a picnic table, eating.

EXT; FAIRGROUNDS; EVENING

Brianna and Preston climb into the seat of a ride.

EXT; BUSY ROAD; NIGHT

Preston and Brianna drive slowly through town, silent.
Brianna holds her teddy bear, a content smile on her face.

BRIANNA

Thank you for this, Preston. I had
a great time.

Preston smiles.

PRESTON

I had a good time, too.

Preston turns into the hotel parking lot.

Taking a deep breath, Brianna turns to face him.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

Why does it seem like everyone wants to forget why I'm here? No one wants to talk about Jimmy Jackson.

Frowning, Preston turns the car off and faces Brianna.

PRESTON

Brianna, Jimmy Jackson was seven years ago. And, like I said, his body is probably rotted out by now.

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

So, everyone's given up.

PRESTON

After seven years? Come on, Brianna.

BRIANNA

He's still an open case, right? Or was the case closed?

Preston shrugs and nods.

PRESTON

It's open, yes. But, maybe he's a case that *should* be closed.

He faces Brianna.

PRESTON

Closed to you.

Brianna shakes her head sadly.

BRIANNA

Preston, I think I saw him.

Preston closes his eyes.

PRESTON

Of course you did.

Brianna gasps, her eyes growing large.

BRIANNA

Preston, I am not imagining this. I saw him. At least...

She looks away.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

I think I saw him. No, I'm sure I saw him.

Brianna looks back to Preston, who is watching, sadness in his eyes.

BRIANNA

You *have* to believe me, Preston.

Preston shakes his head slightly.

PRESTON

Brianna, nothing good is going to come of this. You were too involved in that case.

BRIANNA

Only because he was the same age as my own son.

PRESTON

Reasons don't matter. What matters is that you let it get to you. You let it overwhelm you. You...you...

Brianna nods pointedly.

BRIANNA

I had a nervous breakdown. But,

She pauses.

BRIANNA

I'm better now, Preston.

Preston looks away, chewing on the inside of his lip. He turns back to Brianna.

PRESTON

Okay. Fine. You're better. But, that doesn't change the fact that you had a nervous breakdown, Brianna. Working this case.

He hesitates, looking out the window, then back to Brianna.

PRESTON

For that reason alone, this is not something you should ever bring up or try to solve. *Ever*.

Preston takes her hand.

PRESTON

Brianna, some bodies are better
left buried.

Brianna takes her hand away, sadness filling her eyes.

BRIANNA

Don't you think I know that,
Preston? Don't you think I know
about how much I let this case
consume me? Don't you think I know
about the consequences of reviving
it?

Brianna throws her hands in the air.

BRIANNA

I lost everything because of this
case, Preston. Everything. My
career. My life. My family.

She looks away as tears roll down her face.

BRIANNA

You know what my daughter said to
me the last time I saw her?

She turns her gaze back to Preston. He watches her silently.

BRIANNA

She asked me if I really was crazy
like everyone said. And then they
left.

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

And they ended up in the bottom of
a ravine.

She pauses.

BRIANNA

I didn't know about it for a month,
Preston. Because everyone was so
worried about my *mental state*.

Brianna makes a gesture with her hand.

BRIANNA

All of a sudden I stopped dreaming
that I was looking for that six
year old boy, and I started

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA (cont'd)
dreaming that that six year old boy
killed my family.

She looks at Preston, her gaze serious.

BRIANNA
Don't you think this is a body that
I would want kept buried, if I
didn't know in my heart that it
didn't belong in the grave.

Not taking her eyes off of Preston, Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA
I need to know, Preston. I need to
know if this is him. I'll never be
able to rest until I do.

Preston watches silently as Brianna turns her head and
stares out the window.

BRIANNA
Seven years ago, I made a promise
to a mother that I would bring her
son home. And I failed.

She looks back at Preston.

BRIANNA
I can't rest until I know if this
boy I saw is Jimmy Jackson or not,
Preston. I have to know. To be
certain. Otherwise it will eat me
alive.

Preston is silent.

BRIANNA
If it's not him, then I drop it.
Forever.

Preston takes in her words. Taking a deep breath and looking
out the window, he nods slowly.

He faces Brianna again.

PRESTON
I'll see what I can do. No
promises.

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA
Thank you.

INT; POLICE DEPARTMENT; DAY

Brianna walks into the station cautiously and looks around. She's holding a cream colored folder in her hand.

Naomi looks up from her desk and smiles.

NAOMI
Hey, honey.

Brianna smiles at her.

BRIANNA
Good morning.

Preston and Mark walk through a door, talking and laughing. They stop when they see Brianna.

Brianna looks between them, silent.

Preston nods.

PRESTON
It's all good.

Brianna breathes a sigh of relief.

BRIANNA
Thank you.

Mark holds out his arm and motions Brianna toward the door the two men just came through.

MARK
Come on, Brianna. Let's check this out.

Mark looks over at Naomi.

MARK
Why don't you come, too, Naomi.

Naomi stands, nodding.

NAOMI
Okay.

The group walks through the door into a dimly lit room filled with desks and computers. Large screens connected to the computers cover the walls.

(CONTINUED)

A short ebony skinned man, TYRONE SPARKS, sits at one of the computers, his head resting on his hand. He glances up as the group walks into the room.

TYRONE
Hello, hello.

He looks at Brianna, offering his hand.

TYRONE
This must be the Brianna I've been hearing about so much. One of the best detectives this town's ever seen.

Brianna blushes and takes Tyrone's hand.

TYRONE
I'm Tyrone.

BRIANNA
Hello, Tyrone. You're only half right, though. Brianna? Yes. Best detective? Not so much.

Preston snorts.

PRESTON
Don't sell yourself short.

Brianna looks up at Preston and shakes her head. She opens her mouth to speak.

MARK
Not to interrupt, but, what exactly are we doing here, Brianna?

Brianna looks at Mark and nods.

She looks at Tyrone.

BRIANNA
Are you my computer guy?

Tyrone smiles and cracks his knuckles.

TYRONE
You bet I am, little lady. What can I do for ya?

BRIANNA
Can you get a picture of someone on the screen for me? Jimmy Jackson.

Tyrone's fingers click keys, and a picture of the young boy from Brianna's newspaper clippings cover the screen. Tyrone sings out.

TYRONE

Bing.

Brianna stares at the picture, taking a deep breath.

NAOMI

You okay, sweetie?

Brianna nods, collecting herself.

BRIANNA

Can you do a projection of what he would look like today?

Tyrone's clicks keys, and next to the image of the young boy pops up one of a young teenager.

Preston walks up to Brianna and slides the folder out of her hand. He opens it up and pulls out a paper. His gaze goes between the paper and the picture on the wall.

PRESTON

Make his hair black.

Tyrone clicks and the image changes.

Brianna gasps.

The boy in the store.

Preston swallows hard, staring at the image.

PRESTON

I apologize, Brianna.

Brianna nods, staring at the picture on the screen.

BRIANNA

Accepted.

Naomi walks up to Preston and takes the sheets of paper out oh his hand. Looking at them, she gasps.

Turning to Mark, Naomi hands him the papers, then turns back to Brianna.

NAOMI

Honey, I'm so sorry.

Brianna faces her, tears filling her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

I totally understand, Naomi. If I were in your shoes, I don't know what I'd think.

Naomi wraps Brianna in a hug.

Stepping away, Brianna wipes her eyes.

BRIANNA

Now, I know that this doesn't make anything final. Just because the picture looks like him, it doesn't mean that it is.

Mark hands the papers to Tyrone. Tyrone puts them into a scanner. Two more images pop up on the screen.

MARK

It gives us a good start, though.

BRIANNA

I don't really know anything about the woman he's with. Her name is Brenda or Wanda or something. I heard her call him Benji.

MARK

Where did you find them?

BRIANNA

At work. Dale's Department store. They were shopping.

Preston points to the image on the screen.

PRESTON

There is one thing about this boy that makes me hesitate, though. His eyes. There's something...

Brianna looks at the screen, nodding.

BRIANNA

I was wondering about medication. Maybe she's been giving him something to affect his mind.

Preston considers this, then nods.

PRESTON

That's a possibility.

(CONTINUED)

TYRONE

So, who is this kid?

Everyone is silent for a moment.

MARK

Well, we can't be sure yet about the teenager. The kid, though, is a missing person case from seven years ago that Brianna here worked.

Tyrone whistles.

TYRONE

Seven years? That's a long time to be a missing person.

Mark nods.

MARK

I agree. Let's get started on this.

He looks at Brianna, hesitating.

Brianna looks at him, taking a deep breath.

BRIANNA

Mark, there is nothing that would satisfy me more right now than to sit for hours on end staring at a computer screen searching for things.

Mark takes in her words, then smiles.

MARK

Welcome back to the team.

He looks at the others.

MARK

The Jimmy Jackson case is back in business.

NAOMI

Woo!

Brianna smiles.

INT; COMPUTER ROOM; DAY

Brianna stares at a computer screen, tapping the mouse with her finger.

Preston walks up behind her.

PRESTON

Any luck?

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

Nope. No Brenda or Wanda in the system from seven years ago. At least not that I can find yet.

Preston nods.

PRESTON

And I can't find any Benji or Benjamin matching his description anywhere in the schools.

Brianna looks thoughtful.

BRIANNA

If I stole a boy, I don't think I'd put him in public schools. I'd probably home school him.

Preston considers her words, nodding.

PRESTON

Good point. Even though it's been seven years, that paranoia is probably going to always be there.

Brianna nods, frowning.

BRIANNA

Unfortunately for us. When the paranoia weakens is when we get the breaks in our cases.

Preston eyes Brianna curiously.

He smiles and rests his hand on her shoulder.

PRESTON

It's nice to have you back.

INT; OFFICE; DAY

Mark is sitting at a small desk, a stack of papers in front of him. A cup of coffee is in his hand. Plaques and pictures cover the walls. Behind him sits a metal cabinet.

He looks up as Brianna walks into the room, a smile on her face.

BRIANNA

You may want to come see this.

INT; COMPUTER ROOM; DAY

Brianna leads Mark to the computer she was working at. Preston, Naomi and Tyrone follow them.

On the computer screen is a mug shot of the woman.

PRESTON

Bingo.

MARK

Who is she?

Brianna addresses the group.

BRIANNA

Well, I was having no luck with Brenda or Wanda, so, I thought I'd try similar names. The result?

She taps the screen.

BRIANNA

Barbara West. Arrested eight years ago for child trafficking. Case was dismissed due to lack of evidence.

Tyrone whistles. Naomi shakes her head.

PRESTON

Chances are she *is* Brenda or Wanda now. I doubt she'd keep the same name.

NAOMI

And she never came up in the investigation seven years ago?

Brianna shake her head.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

I still need to do a little more research on her to find out where she fits in here.

Mark smiles.

MARK

Just get what we need for a warrant.

Brianna smiles, sitting back down in front of the computer.

BRIANNA

Will do, boss.

INT; COMPUTER ROOM; DAY

Brianna writes something on a notepad. On the wall screen in front of her is four pictures. Young Jimmy Jackson, projected Jimmy Jackson, the woman and the boy. Preston walks up behind her carrying a cup of coffee and a take-out dish with noodles in it. He sets the coffee by Brianna.

PRESTON

Here. You need this. Can I get you something to eat?

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

I'm good, thanks.

She leans back in her chair and looks up at Preston.

BRIANNA

So, this lady, Barbara, had a son the same age as Jimmy Jackson.

PRESTON

Had?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

He drowned in a canal eight years ago.

Preston eats some noodles.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON
Was his name Benji?

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA
Benjamin.

Preston pulls a chair next to Brianna and sits down, setting the dish of noodles on desk.

PRESTON
Was this before or after the child trafficking charges.

Brianna consults her notes.

BRIANNA
After. Months after.

Preston thinks.

PRESTON
So, instead of selling children, heartbroken mom decides to keep one for herself.

Brianna nods, taking a sip of her coffee.

BRIANNA
That's what it sounds like.

Preston eats his noodles, thoughtful.

PRESTON
So, now what? Should we contact the local authorities to see if they recognize her?

Brianna considers this.

BRIANNA
That's an idea. I couldn't do it, since, I don't technically have my badge anymore.

Preston nods.

PRESTON
I could fly up there and take a copy of her picture with me.

He stands.

PRESTON
Let me clear it with Mark.

EXT; POLICE STATION; DAY

Preston stands in front of a large police station. Officers step out the doors, and he walks through the open door.

A middle-aged man with salt and pepper hair and a prominent nose sits behind the counter. The name plate in front of him reads RAY PETERSON.

Preston walks up to the counter, pulling out his shield.

Ray smiles at him.

RAY
What can I do for you, sir?

Preston show him his badge.

PRESTON
My name is Detective Preston Jones.

He passes the picture of the woman to Ray.

PRESTON
I'm trying to find this woman. I was wondering if maybe you could help.

Ray glances at the paper, then back up to Preston.

RAY
And you're from where? Let me see that badge, sonny.

Preston pulls out his badge and holds it in front of Ray.

Ray chuckles and calls out over his shoulder.

RAY
Hey, Tony, you gotta see this.

MAN
See what?

A tall, thin man with hair so blond it appears white walks up to the counter. Ray takes the badge and holds it out to Tony.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
You ever heard of this place?

Tony looks at the badge and eyes Preston.

TONY
You're pretty far away from home,
aren't you, officer?

PRESTON
Detective.

TONY
Forgive me. Detective.

PRESTON
As I was explaining to this
gentleman here...

RAY
Officer.

PRESTON
...to this officer here, I'm trying
to find this woman. I was wondering
if this department might be of some
assistance.

Ray chuckles and Tony raises his eyebrows.

TONY
What are you looking for her for?

Preston holds in his irritation.

PRESTON
She's come up in an investigation.
We believe she's from this area.

Without a glance at the picture, Tony shakes his head and
slides it back to Preston.

TONY
Good luck finding her, *Detective*.
You're this far, obviously you
don't need our help.

Preston stares at the men, then turns and walks away.

EXT; COMPUTER ROOM; EVENING

Brianna, Mark and Naomi are seated, eating out of styrofoam containers.

Preston enters the room, a frown on his face.

BRIANNA
No luck, huh?

Preston shakes his head.

PRESTON
What a bunch of...

Naomi stands as the shadow of a figure fills the doorway.

MELISSA JACKSON, a middle-aged woman with short, black and white hair, enters the room, her eyes glued to the images of the woman and the boy on the wall screen. Her face is pale.

NAOMI
Mrs. Jackson. What can we do for you, honey?

Melissa slowly walks toward the screen, not moving her eyes.

MELISSA
I dreamed last night that Jimmy came home to me.

She swallows, turning away from the pictures to look at the people in the room. She points at the screen.

MELISSA
Where is he? Where's my son?
Where'd you find him? I need to know.

Mark stands and walks to Melissa, putting his arm around her shoulder and leading her away.

MARK
What makes you think that this is Jimmy, Mrs. Jackson.

Melissa looks at Mark, then reaches into her purse. With shaky hands, she pulls out a small wallet. Unzipping the wallet, she reaches in.

MELISSA
Let me show you a picture of my sister and her children, captain.

(CONTINUED)

Melissa hands Mark a picture. Looking at it, he turns to face Brianna, Preston and Naomi.

MARK

Wow.

He hands them the picture.

MARK

If we had doubt before, we sure shouldn't now. That boy is a spitting image for the one you saw, Brianna, except for the hair color.

Brianna looks at the picture.

MELISSA

Are you back, Detective Parker?

Brianna looks at Melissa. The woman is eying her curiously.

BRIANNA

I'm here to help. For your son, Mrs. Jackson.

Melissa smiles as tears fill her eyes.

MELISSA

Where is he?

PRESTON

We don't have an address yet. Just a general idea. We're doing our best, though.

Not taking her eyes off of Brianna, Melissa nods.

MELISSA

I know you'll find him. I've always known.

Tears fill Brianna's eyes.

Melissa looks around the room.

MELISSA

I can't believe after all these years I'm back in this place, looking at a picture of my son. It just...

Her voice catches and she shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA

It's an awful lot to take in, isn't it?

Melissa nods, wiping her eyes. She turns to leave.

MELISSA

I'll let you continue your work.

Looking at the screen again, Melissa walks slowly toward the door.

MELISSA

Good night, detectives. I expect to hear from you soon.

The group watches her go.

EXT; POLICE DEPARTMENT; DAY

Brianna, Preston and Mark walk together, talking.

INT; COMPUTER ROOM; DAY

Brianna stands at the computer, looking at her notebook. Mark and Preston stand next to her, sipping coffee. The picture of the woman and the boy are on the screen.

Naomi appears in the doorway, a tall man with thick dark hair, RALPH ANDERSON, stands behind her.

NAOMI

Mark, there's a man here who would like to see you.

Mark opens his mouth to speak as Ralph forces himself into the room, his eyes on the screen on the wall.

RALPH

Well, I'll be.

MARK

Excuse me?

Ralph looks at Mark and smiles.

RALPH

Forgive me.

He reaches his hand into his jacket. The hand emerges, holding a badge.

(CONTINUED)

RALPH
Ralph Anderson, FBI. You must be
Captain Withers.

Ralph holds out his hand.

Hesitantly, Mark takes Ralph's hand and shakes it.

MARK
Yes, sir. Mark Withers.

He points to Preston and Brianna.

MARK
Detective Preston Jones, Miss
Brianna Parker.

Ralph acknowledges Preston and Brianna.

MARK
What can we do for you, Agent
Anderson?

Ralph glances at the screen on the wall again.

RALPH
Our computers have shown a search
for one Miss Barbara West coming
from this location.

He nods to the screen.

RALPH
Obviously this is correct. We need
to know why.

Mark looks at Brianna and Preston, who look at the picture
of the woman in shock.

BRIANNA
It matters that we're searching for
her?

Ralph nods.

RALPH
Indeed it does. Please...

Ralph indicates the pictures on the screen.

RALPH
Tell me where you got this picture.

Mark looks at the picture, then at Ralph. He exchanges glances with Brianna and Preston.

MARK

Can we know why you're here, Agent?
This is an ongoing investigation.

Ralph considers this, then nods.

RALPH

Fair enough. In good time.

Mark raises his eyebrows as Ralph watches him silently.

BRIANNA

Dale's Department store. About a week ago.

Ralph nods, looking at the picture. He opens his mouth to speak and Mark holds his hand up.

MARK

Tit for tat.

Ralph looks at Mark. An approving smile creeps on his face and he nods.

RALPH

Barbara West. Aka Barbara Stuart.
Aka Brenda Riley. Aka Brenda West.
Aka Belinda Riley.

His eyes go around the room.

RALPH

Wanted in four states for identity theft, fraud, robbery and, uh, a few bad checks.

Preston whistles.

RALPH

She's disappeared off of our radar.

He looks at the picture again.

RALPH

But, apparently not yours. What are we adding to the list of bad things she's done?

PRESTON
Kidnapping.

Ralph whistles.

Mark motions to Brianna.

MARK
Bring up Jimmy, Brianna.

Brianna goes to the computer and taps the mouse. The image of young Jimmy Jackson pops up on the screen next to the woman and the boy.

MARK
Seven years ago Jimmy Jackson disappeared without a trace.

Mark indicates Brianna.

MARK
Miss Parker was lead detective on the case, which eventually went cold.

He points to the screen.

MARK
Until last week when Brianna saw this boy and believed him to be Jimmy.

Ralph looks at Brianna.

RALPH
She still have that mole?

Chuckling, Brianna nods.

RALPH
What were you doing at Dale's?
That's up north, right?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA
I work there now.

Ralph eyes her curiously.

RALPH
You let the case get to you? Lose it? Walked off the job?

(CONTINUED)

Brianna nods sadly.

BRIANNA

Lost it. Haven't done police work since then.

Ralph looks at Mark.

RALPH

She's a detective again, though, right?

Ralph looks at Brianna.

RALPH

Someone who can see a face seven years later and recognize them should never not be a detective.

Brianna smiles.

MARK

We haven't really discussed it. Yet. I'd love to have her back, though.

Preston shakes his head.

PRESTON

I don't know, Mark. It may be tough talking her out of her fine job at a department store.

Mark chuckles.

MARK

Brianna, bring up the projection of Jimmy.

Smiling, Brianna taps the mouse and the other picture pops up on the screen.

Ralph nods.

RALPH

I see it.

Mark hands Ralph Melissa's picture.

MARK

Last night the boys mother showed up unexpectedly. Said she dreamed Jimmy came home. Saw that image and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (cont'd)
knew it was him immediately because
of the family resemblance.

Mark indicates the photo.

MARK
That's her sisters kids there.

Ralph looks at the picture.

MARK
Barbara West never came up in our
last investigation. We've been
trying to get as much as we can on
her as we try to locate her.

Ralph nods, looking around the room.

RALPH
Any idea where she is? That's the
million dollar question.

Brianna, Preston and Mark look at each other. Ralph smiles
briefly.

RALPH
I want you to know that you have
the full support of the FBI in this
case. We'll work together on this.
And, when we get her, of course,
I'll take the credit for it.

Silence. Ralph chuckles.

RALPH
That was a joke.

He shakes his head.

RALPH
Why do the feds get such a bad rap?

Mark smiles.

MARK
Honestly, Agent Anderson...

RALPH
Please, Ralph.

Mark nods.

MARK

Ralph. We don't have any idea where she lives.

PRESTON

I contacted the local authorities. They were no help.

Ralph smiles.

RALPH

Ray Peterson still there?

Preston snorts. Ray chuckles.

RALPH

No wonder you didn't get any help.

Brianna gasps.

BRIANNA

What have I been thinking?

Everyone looks at Brianna. Brianna shakes her head, sitting down. She looks at Preston.

BRIANNA

The pharmacy.

Her gaze goes to Mark and Ralph.

BRIANNA

She goes to the pharmacy at Dale's.

Mark smiles, pointing at Brianna.

MARK

Excellent. We need to get a warrant for her prescriptions.

Ralph nods.

RALPH

Consider it done.

Ralph pulls out his phone.

RALPH

She always uses the same names as aliases, just in different combinations. I'll get a warrant for each one.

EXT; PARKING LOT; EVENING

Brianna and Preston walk slowly towards Brianna's car.

PRESTON

So, you coming back?

Brianna looks away, thoughtful.

BRIANNA

I don't know, Preston. I went through so much when I left here. I don't know how it would be to come back permanently.

Preston eyes Brianna.

PRESTON

Anderson is right, you know. When it's something you're made for, like you obviously are, you should never not be a detective.

Preston looks away, thoughtful.

PRESTON

Yeah, you went through a lot. You had problems.

He returns his gaze to Brianna, his eyes serious.

PRESTON

But, you were meant to do this, Brianna. You belong here.

He touches her shoulder, then walks away.

PRESTON

Good night.

Brianna watches him walk away, thoughtful.

INT; SMALL ROOM; DAY

Brianna sits at an empty table in an equally empty room. Pencil in hand, she writes something on a piece of paper, smiling to herself.

Setting the pencil down, she stands.

INT; OFFICE; DAY

Mark is seated at a desk, talking on the phone.

He looks up and smiles as Brianna enters the room, holding a piece of paper.

MARK

Listen, I'll call you back.

Hanging up, he stands.

Brianna hands him the paper. He reads over it, nodding.

MARK

I appreciate this, Brianna.

He waves his hand dismissively.

MARK

It's all just a formality, really,
but...

Brianna chuckles.

BRIANNA

I remember all about formalities.

Mark looks at her, smiling. He goes to the cabinet and opens the door. Rummaging around, he looks over his shoulder at Brianna.

MARK

You ready for this?

Brianna smiles.

BRIANNA

As ready as I'll ever be.

Mark steps back, holding his arms to his chest. He sets something on the desk.

He stands in front of Brianna and extends his right arm.

Brianna shakes his hand, and Mark hands her a badge, a gun and a pair of handcuffs.

MARK

Welcome back, Brianna.

Brianna smiles at the objects in her hands. She looks up at Mark.

(CONTINUED)

BRIANNA
Thank you, sir.

INT; DALES; DAY

A short red head with a name tag that reads REBECCA stands at a register in front of a large glass window. Behind the window rows of medicine bottles line shelves.

Ralph walks up to the counter carrying a black briefcase. Rebecca gives him a friendly smile.

REBECCA
Hello there. What can I do for ya?

Ralph glances around to make sure no customers are nearby. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out his badge.

RALPH
I'm agent Anderson, with the FBI...

He reads her name tag.

RALPH
Rebecca. It's nice to meet you.

Rebecca's eyes grow large as she looks at his badge. She looks back up at him.

REBECCA
How can I help you?

Ralph unzips the briefcase and reaches his hand in, pulling out a stack of papers.

RALPH
Well, Rebecca, I have the need for some information about one of your customers. She goes by a number of aliases, we're just not sure which one she is using now. I have a warrant for each of the aliases, I'm hoping you can tell me which one to use.

He smiles at her and hands her the picture of the woman.

Rebecca looks at the picture, her hand shaking slightly. She nods.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
That's Brenda Stuart.

She looks at Ralph as he searches through the papers in his hand.

RALPH
Aha.

He pulls out a paper and hands it to Rebecca.

RALPH
Warrant for any and all medical and
personal information concerning one
Brenda Stuart and her son Benjamin.

Rebecca swallows hard, reading the words on the paper.

Nodding and biting her lip, she reaches for the computer mouse.

REBECCA
Let me get it for you.

A few aisles away, Denise watches, silent.

INT; COMPUTER ROOM; DAY

Brianna, Mark, Preston and Naomi are seated next to the computer, drinking coffee. They look up as Ralph enters the room.

RALPH
What this woman gives that poor boy
is enough to turn his brain to
mush. I'm surprised he's still
functioning.

Brianna stands.

BRIANNA
You got it?

Ralph nods.

RALPH
I did. And I spoke to a doctor
about all of the medications,
too. All I can say is, poor boy.

Mark, Preston and Naomi stand to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON
We have an address?

Ralph smiles.

RALPH
We have an address. Let's get moving.

Preston smiles at Brianna.

PRESTON
Looks like you're about to fulfill your promise.

Brianna looks at him, puzzled.

BRIANNA
What?

PRESTON
You're about to bring Jimmy Jackson home to his mother.

Brianna smiles as tears fill her eyes.

Preston looks at Ralph.

PRESTON
I'm going to go pick up Mrs. Jackson. That okay?

Ralph nods.

RALPH
You bet. Let's go.

INT; DALES PHARMACY; DAY

Rebecca is at the computer, fingers moving rapidly across the keyboard. Looking up, she sees a tall man with brown hair, SCOTTY, approaching. He is wearing a dark vest that reads Dale's Pharmacy and carrying a jacket.

Rebecca smiles at him.

REBECCA
Hey, Scotty.

Scotty smiles as he steps behind the counter.

SCOTTY

Hey, Rebecca. How's it going?

Scotty steps behind the glass and sets his jacket down. Rebecca turns her head back and looks at him.

REBECCA

You will never believe what happened.

Scotty walks up next to Rebecca, who resumes typing.

SCOTTY

What? Did the president stop by?

Rebecca shakes her head smugly.

REBECCA

Nope. Not too far off, though.

She looks up at Scotty.

REBECCA

An FBI agent.

Scotty's jaw drops.

SCOTTY

An FBI agent? Here?

Rebecca nods.

SCOTTY

What for?

REBECCA

He had a warrant for medical information for a customer and her son. Get this...

She starts typing again.

REBECCA

He had a stack of warrants to use, because she has so many aliases. He had me identify her in a picture, then he grabbed the right warrant.

Scotty shakes his head in disbelief, leaning against the counter.

SCOTTY
One of *our* customers?

Rebecca nods.

SCOTTY
Who?

Rebecca looks at him.

REBECCA
Brenda Stuart.

Scotty's jaw drops again.

SCOTTY
Brenda? He had a warrant? For
Brenda and Benji?

Rebecca nods.

SCOTTY
Why?

Rebecca shrugs.

REBECCA
He didn't say. I didn't ask.

She closes her eyes.

REBECCA
I was so freaked out.

Scotty grunts and steps behind the glass.

SCOTTY
Anybody would be.

Around the corner, the woman, BRENDA/BARBARA, is standing with an armful of items. Her face pales as she listens to Rebecca and Scotty talk.

Dropping the items on the nearest shelf, she hurries away.

EXT; DALE'S; DAY

Brianna walks across the parking lot, looking ahead at the store.

Brenda/Barbara drives by her in a brown pickup that's in need of a paint job, a worried frown on her face. Benji sits next to her, looking out the window.

INT; DALE'S; DAY

Brianna walks with determination to the back of the store. She walks up stairs and knocks on the door at the top.

JERRY

Come in.

Opening the door, Brianna enters Jerry's office.

Jerry is writing on a piece of paper. He looks up and smiles.

JERRY

Brianna. Good to have you back.

Brianna takes a deep breath.

BRIANNA

Well, you might not think that way for long. I need to quit.

INT; EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM; DAY

Brianna opens her locker up and reaches in, pulling out a container of plastic silverware.

She looks up and smiles as Denise stands in the doorway.

BRIANNA

Hi, Denise.

Denise folds her arms over her chest, not smiling.

DENISE

You, honey, owe me an explanation.

Brianna's smile disappears.

BRIANNA

What do you mean?

Denise looks up as Adam walks by her. He smiles at Brianna.

ADAM

Brianna! You're back.

Brianna smiles at him.

BRIANNA

Kind of. Just getting my stuff.

Adam's jaw drops.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
You're leaving?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA
I'm going back to an old job in a
different city.

ADAM
Doing what?

Brianna looks at him and Denise awkwardly.

BRIANNA
Police detective.

Denise's eyes grow large. Adam guffaws.

ADAM
A detective?

Brianna nods.

DENISE
You were a detective?

Brianna nods again.

DENISE
That's why you ask for a picture of
a customer and all of a sudden an
FBI agent shows up at the pharmacy
with a warrant for her medical
information?

Brianna's jaw drops.

BRIANNA
Someone told you?

ADAM
An FBI agent was here?

Denise shakes her head at Brianna.

DENISE
I was nearby and saw the whole
thing. What is going on Brianna?

Brianna looks between Denise and Adam. She takes a deep
breath.

BRIANNA

Seven years ago I was working a kidnapping case.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM

This is unreal.

Brianna looks at him.

BRIANNA

A young boy was taken. Without a trace. We looked for him for a long time.

Brianna looks down at the container in her hand.

BRIANNA

He was the same age as my own son.

DENISE

You have kids?

Brianna shakes her head and looks up.

BRIANNA

Had. My husband and children were killed in a car accident.

Denise gasps.

DENISE

I'm so sorry.

Brianna nods, looking away. She stares at the lockers.

BRIANNA

What six year old goes missing from his front yard without anyone noticing? I couldn't let it go.

She looks back at Denise and Adam, who are watching her in silent amazement.

BRIANNA

I had a nervous breakdown. Ended up in a mental hospital. Took a long time to recover. Dale's was my first real job in the real world.

She swallows hard.

BRIANNA

Last week, I saw a teenage boy that looked like the boy from my case. I had to find out if it was him or not.

ADAM

Was it?

Brianna nods.

DENISE

Wow.

BRIANNA

We're on our way now to go get him. They're waiting for me. I just had to come let Jerry know I was done and get my things.

DENISE

You'll keep in touch, right?

Brianna holds her arms open and hugs Denise.

BRIANNA

Of course!

Brianna steps away.

BRIANNA

Thank you for helping me get those pictures, Denise.

Brianna looks at Adam, who is still shaking his head.

BRIANNA

Imagine that, Adam. A kidnapped boy is about to be reunited with his mother after seven years. All because of Dale's Department store.

Adam chuckles, shaking his head thoughtfully.

ADAM

Imagine that.

INT; SMALL HOUSE; DAY

Brenda/Barbara rushes through the front door and into a small, scarcely furnished living room. A couch lines the wall, with a small coffee table in front of it. A small television sits in the corner on a stand.

Benji walks over to the television and turns it on. Staring at the screen, he lowers himself to the floor.

Brenda/Barbara rushes down a short, unlit hallway and opens a door. Pulling a large duffel bag out, she mutters to herself.

BRENDA/BARBARA

How did they find me? What did I do? I have to get out of here.

She hurries into a nearby bedroom that is decorated with only a bed and a small dresser. White curtains on the window match the blanket on the bed. Opening one of the dresser drawers, she starts throwing clothes into the duffel bag.

Rushing out of the room, Brenda/Barbara goes to the open door, setting the bag that's in her hand on the floor. She reaches in the open door and pulls out another duffel bag.

Quickly, she enters another bedroom. The large bed with frilly covers takes up most of the room. Next to it, a long dresser lines the wall. On the other side of the bed, a small table holds a television and a laptop computer. Wires connect the computer to a printer that is sitting on the floor.

Brenda/Barbara opens a dresser drawer and grabs out a handful of clothes, still muttering to herself.

EXT; DESERTED ROAD; DAY

A gray, unmarked police car drives down the road. Mark is behind the wheel, whistling softly. In the passenger's seat, Melissa sits, ringing her hands together nervously. In the back, Brianna and Preston look out the window at the passing scenery.

Two dark SUVs and three police cars follow them.

INT; SMALL HOUSE; DAY

Still seated on the floor staring at the television, Benji is laughing at the cartoon on the screen.

Brenda/Barbara rushes into the room, carrying the duffel bags. She sets them by the door.

BRENDA/BARBARA
Benji, honey, we gotta go.

Benji ignores her, laughing at the television.

Brenda/Barbara looks at him.

BRENDA/BARBARA
Benji. We need to go.

Benji looks at her. He shakes his head and points to the television.

BENJI
My show.

Brenda/Barbara shakes her head.

BRENDA/BARBARA
We don't have time today, honey.
Something came up. We need to go.

Benji shakes his head roughly, speaking slowly.

BENJI
My show. You promised.

He looks at her.

BENJI
I was good.

Brenda/Barbara closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

BENJI
You promised.

EXT; DESERTED ROAD; DAY

Mark glances over at Melissa as he drives.

MARK
I do need to warn you, Mrs.
Jackson, the doctor Agent Anderson
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (cont'd)
spoke to said that Jimmy's mind may
not ever go back to normal because
of the medication he's been on for
so long.

Melissa nods.

MELISSA
That's all right, Captain. Having
my son back is all that matters.

She smiles softly.

MELISSA
Even if he never realizes that I'm
his mother.

Mark nods and eases the car to the side of the road.

MARK
This is where we get out, Mrs.
Jackson. We're just around the
corner from the house. We want to
make sure all the cars are out of
sight.

He taps the steering wheel.

MARK
We need you to stay back here with
a few of our officers. We don't
know what this lady will do when we
approach her.

Swallowing hard, Melissa nods.

MELISSA
Alright, Captain. I was expecting
that.

Mark opens the car door and steps out. Brianna and Preston
join him.

Behind them, a group of federal agents in suits climb out of
the SUVs. Officers in uniform step out of the police car.

Mark motions to two of the officers.

MARK
Come sit with Mrs. Jackson.

INT; SMALL HOUSE; DAY

In the living room, the television is turned off. The duffel bags are no longer by the door.

EXT; SIDEWALK; DAY

Leaving the group of cars, Brianna walks towards a small yellow house with a large yard surrounded by a white picket fence. As she nears the house, the vehicles disappear out of site.

The brown pickup sits in front of the house. Flowers line the sidewalk leading to the front door.

Silently, officers surround the house as Brianna climbs the three steps in front of the door. She rings the doorbell, then steps back down to the sidewalk.

Nothing. Brianna waits, silent.

INT; SMALL HOUSE; DAY

Silence.

A toilet flushes.

EXT; SMALL HOUSE; DAY

Brianna steps up and rings the doorbell again.

Slowly, the door opens and Brenda/Barbara peeks her head out.

BRENDA/BARBARA

Yes?

Eying Brianna, she quietly breathes a sigh of relief and smiles.

BRENDA/BARBARA

You're the young woman from Dale's.

Brianna nods. Brenda/Barbara opens the door a little more.

BRIANNA

Yes, I am. I was wondering if I could have a word with you. Just for a minute.

Brianna motions to the spot next to her.

(CONTINUED)

Hesitating, Brenda/Barbara looks in the house. Looking back at Brianna, she steps in front of the door and closes it slightly.

BRENDA/BARBARA

What is this about? I can't leave my son alone for very long. He's got problems.

Brianna nods, smiling.

BRIANNA

I understand, Mrs. Stuart. This shouldn't take very long.

Brenda/Barbara walks slowly down the stairs, eying Brianna.

BRENDA/BARBARA

You know, you look familiar to me. From someplace other than Dale's. Have we ever met before?

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

No, ma'am. I don't believe we ever have.

She opens her mouth to speak as the door opens and a black head peeks out.

BENJI

Momma?

Brenda/Barbara looks at the head poking out. Her eyes grow large for a split second, then return to normal.

BRENDA/BARBARA

Benji, I need you to stay inside, honey. I'll be inside in just a minute, okay?

Seeing Brianna, Benji smiles and opens the door further. Stepping out, he walks down the steps, carrying a duffel bag.

Brenda/Barbara eyes the duffel bag nervously.

BENJI

Hi.

Brianna smiles at him.

BRIANNA
Hi, there.

Brianna eyes the duffel bag.

BRIANNA
Are you going somewhere?

Benji nods.

BRENDA/BARBARA
Benji, honey, go inside.

Brenda/Barbara looks at Brianna suspiciously.

BRENDA/BARBARA
What are you doing here, ma'am?
What do you want?

Brianna smiles at Brenda/Barbara sweetly. Brenda/Barbara licks her lips nervously.

BRENDA/BARBARA
Who are you? Do you really work at Dale's?

Brianna takes a deep breath.

BRIANNA
My name is Brianna Parker.

Brianna shrugs.

BRIANNA
I do work at Dale's. However, I've actually just recently returned to a job I used to have.

BRENDA/BARBARA
What's that?

Brianna looks Brenda/Barbara in the eyes.

BRIANNA
Detective.

Frowning, Brenda/Barbara throws a quick glance at Benji.

BRENDA/BARBARA
That right?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

Yes, it is. Actually, I've picked up on a case that I left seven years ago. The case of a missing boy.

Brianna looks at Benji.

BRIANNA

You know, I saw you last week, and I noticed that your son here looks a lot like him. The missing boy.

Brianna shrugs.

BRIANNA

And he is the right age.

Brenda/Barbara scoffs nervously.

BRENDA/BARBARA

That's ridiculous. My son and I have lived here since he was a baby.

Brianna shakes her head.

BRIANNA

I don't believe you have, Mrs. Stuart. And, I don't believe this is your son.

Brenda/Barbara's jaw drops.

BRENDA/BARBARA

You have some nerve. My son...

BRIANNA

Your son was killed in a tragic accident, Mrs. Stuart. Or, should I say, Mrs. West?

Hate fills Brenda/Barbara's eyes as she glares at Brianna.

BRENDA/BARBARA

Get off of my property.

Suddenly, Benji turns and walks off, still carrying the duffel bag.

BRENDA/BARBARA

Benji, where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

Saying nothing, Benji keeps walking. It's then the women notice another figure standing nearby.

Melissa Jackson.

Brenda/Barbara gasps when she sees the woman.

BRENDA/BARBARA
Benji! Get back here!

Brenda/Barbara starts to follow after him. Brianna grabs her arm as officers surround them.

Gasping, Barbara looks at the officers.

BRENDA/BARBARA
Benji!

Silently, Benji approaches Melissa.

BENJI
Hi.

Melissa smiles softly at him, tears filling her eyes.

MELISSA
Hi there.

He stares at her, touching her face.

Melissa remains still, letting him touch her.

When he opens his mouth, his words come out in a slur.

BENJI
I remember you. From a dream I used
to have.

Melissa gasps softly.

BENJI
I...I called you Mom.

Tears roll down Melissa's cheeks.

MELISSA
Did you have a different name in
your dream, Benji?

Benji nods, his lips working to form a word.

BENJI

Jimmy.

Clearing her throat, Brianna glares at Brenda/Barbara, She reaches into her pocket, pulling out a pair of handcuffs.

Grabbing Brenda/Barbara's shoulder, Brianna turns her around and slips the handcuffs on her.

BRIANNA

Barbara West, you're under arrest.
For the kidnapping of Jimmy
Jackson. And...what else do we
have?

Ralph approaches the two women, grabbing Barbara's shoulder and leading her away.

RALPH

Identity theft, fraud and robbery.
Oh, and, uh, let's not forget those
bad checks.

Sighing, Barbara looks over at Benji/Jimmy.

Tears streaming down her face, Melissa puts her hand on the hand that is still touching her face.

MELISSA

Benji, how would you like to come
home with me? You can call me Mom,
and I can call you Jimmy?

Benji/Jimmy smiles.

THE END