

"THE KILLING"

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - WOODS - DAY

Near dawn, sky threatening rain. CAMERA TRACKS behind a lone WOMAN running through a maze of stark trees. Breathing hard, pushing herself to the limit, sweatshirt soaked through. At first you wonder if she's a young girl with her ponytail, small frame, and then you see her eyes -- wounded, haunted - and realize she isn't. Meet Homicide Detective SARAH LINDEN - 37, lone wolf type, solo distance runner, pretty without trying, her smiles rare, her intense eyes strange, unblinking.

CAMERA TRACKS past, lifting towards the sky. SMASH CUT TO --

EXT. PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

Tree limbs, like long fingers, reach down towards a young girl -- 17, sweet-faced, child-woman's body -- running hard, clothing torn, dirty blonde hair soaked with sweat. With blood. This is ROSIE LARSEN and she is running for her life.

Crashing through the brush behind her, an UNSEEN ASSAILANT closes in, FLASHLIGHT illuminating Rosie's terrified, bloodshot eyes, the bruises and cuts on her arms, legs, face. In the distance, the SOUND of an approaching train. Ahead, what looks like a break in the woods. With a strangled cry, Rosie plunges towards it--

EXT. PARK - WOODS - INTERCUT

Dawn. Sarah bursts into a clearing, stopping on a railroad track, SOUND of an approaching train in the distance. She leans over, gulping cold air, sweat pouring down her face.

Beyond, down a small embankment, is an abandoned beach strewn with driftwood, fog. In the distance, the snow-capped Olympics loom over the frigid waters of the Puget Sound.

Sarah looks up, goes still. A FIGURE lies on the beach. A blanket of loopy seaweed covering it. Gnats and flies buzzing over it. SMASH CUT TO --

EXT. PARK - WOODS - INTERCUT

Rosie bursts into the nighttime clearing, tripping, scrambling on hands and knees down a small embankment. The flashlight behind her jaggedly cuts through the woods, nearing. In the far distance, the train's horn sounds, eerie, sonorous.

Rosie crouches in a small pool of brackish water, pressing herself into the embankment, making herself as small as possible. Flashlight flits over her head, then moves off.

A breathless beat. Rosie shakily rises. The Assailant is gone. The train horn, still distant but closer now, sounds.

Rosie's face is suddenly flooded with light. The Assailant has doubled back and is now only a dozen yards away. Moving in with terrifying speed. With a scream, Rosie runs--

EXT. PARK - WOODS - INTERCUT

Sarah, transfixed, nears the bloated figure on the sand. The buzzing of flies and gnats louder now.

As the train horn blasts, unrelenting, she reaches down, pulls off the blanket of seaweed.

It is a SEA LION -- swollen and dead -- one black eye staring up at her. The train thunders past.

CAMERA PUSHES IN to an ECU on the dead sea lion's milky eye -- blank, somehow knowing. Sarah -- distorted -- reflected in it. Even here, on this beach, she is unable to escape these broken bodies. And the exhausting knowledge: life doesn't care. It is indifferent.

Suddenly, Sarah's CELL PHONE RINGS, startling her--

SARAH  
(into phone)  
Linden here.

Off this--

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (CHYRON: "DAY ONE")

Industrial docks of downtown Seattle. In the distance, through the now heavy rain, the Space Needle, the gray downtown skyline, the waters of Lake Union, all under a breathtaking, brooding sky. A city of contrasts, light and dark, sun and fog, where rain falls eight months of the year. A city surrounded on all sides by waterways, ocean, lakes. Stark beauty and dark underbelly.

Still in her sweats, Sarah exits her car, chomping GUM, humping through the rain. A UNIFORM guards the entrance of an abandoned factory, keeping a bunch of LOOKIE LOOS -- sullen emo teens and a bug-eyed crackhead -- at bay.

Badging him, Sarah ducks under the crime scene TAPE. Met by a SARGEANT -- 40s, grizzled, ex-boxer's battered face--

SARGEANT  
Bout time you got here.

SARAH  
Viaduct's a bitch this morning.  
Whaddya got?

SARGEANT

White female, from what I can tell.  
No ID. Homeless guy found her coupla  
hours ago.

SARAH

Decomp?

SARGEANT

Nah, fresh one. Someone did a real  
number on her.

Sarah glances over at the Lookie Loos. One of them -- male,  
pierced, baleful - stares back.

SARGEANT (CONT'D)

Think he wants a date, Sarah?

SARAH

Your type, go for it.

She holds the Lookie Loo's stare, then drops her eyes.  
Exhausted suddenly. Deeply sick of this shit.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Coroner do Jane Doe yet?

SARGEANT

Nah, he's en route. You're first on  
the scene. Body's in the basement.

He nods to the open freight elevator door, Sarah steps in.

SARGEANT (CONT'D)

Want me to walk you through?

SARAH

No, I got it.

He tosses her a roll of BAGGIES.

SARGEANT

You outa here next week, right?  
Last day Friday?

She punches a button and the doors begin to close --

SARAH

Nope. Today.

The doors CLANG shut--

INT. FACTORY - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doors CLANG open. Long hallway, flickering overhead lamp.  
Eerie, dark, trash strewn everywhere. The LIGHT goes out.

SARAH

Need some light down here! Hey!

No answer. As the elevator doors CLANG shut, Sarah pulls out a FLASHLIGHT. Battery iffy, flickery. She moves down the hallway, calm. Used to silent, secret places like this.

Her light catches a dark SMEAR on one wall. Blood. Below it, a pile of trash. Baggie in hand, Sarah sifts through. Pulls out a sharp deboning KNIFE. Bags it.

Trains her flashlight on a faint trail of BLOOD. Leads down the hallway to an almost pitch black room. Sarah follows...

INT. FACTORY - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large OBJECT, like a side of beef encased in plastic, hangs from a hook. Sarah slowly reaches up, rips it off--

The Object lurches at her, SCREAMING. Sarah, terrified, pinwheels back, dropping her flashlight. A glimpse of a bloated FACE. Then ARMS grab her. Sarah cries out, fights--

LIGHTS snap on, revealing a gaggle of middle-aged male DETECTIVES: one holding onto Sarah, one screaming in a high falsetto, the others bent over, clutching guts, laughing--

DETECTIVE #1

Think you crapped your shorts there,  
Sarah.

On the hook, a BLOW UP DOLL. Red mouth around a fake SPLIFF, Giants baseball CAP on its head. Written across its naked torso: "BON FUCKING VOYAGE, SARAH".

Sarah takes it in, catching her breath, grinning now. Ha ha, you assholes. PRELAP SFX: MALE LAUGHTER--

INT. DINER - DAY

Rain pelts the smeared windows of this greasy spoon. Crappy MUZAK plays on the loudspeakers. At a back booth, Detectives drink from chipped mugs, laughing loudly. Sarah with them, clutching the blow up doll, Giants cap pulled over her eyes.

No one caring they're three sheets to the wind at 7 AM. Not the HOBO muttering to himself at the counter or the exhausted, mascara-smeared HOOKERS in a nearby booth.

DETECTIVE #1

... What I'm wonderin'? What're you  
gonna do in Sonoma anyways?

DETECTIVE #2

Yeah, write speeding tickets, meter  
maid it?

SARAH  
 Know what I'm wondering, Jacobi?  
 (re: blow up doll)  
 She new? Or used?

They guffaw, Sarah bumps fists. Much love here. Yet something distant, remote in her eyes.

DETECTIVE #2  
 Candy Cane's never been popped, gots  
 her v-card just like the ladies...

Waves to the booth of bored Hookers. One of the girls tiredly mimics a blow job back at him. Sarah tops off his mug.

SARAH  
 Don't think you're shit-faced enough,  
 have another.

DETECTIVE #1  
 Serious, aren't you gonna miss being  
 a murder cop? All this...

He gestures broadly to the diner. The Hobo belches.

SARAH  
 Without a doubt.

She smiles but the message clear: No, I won't miss it at all.

OAKES  
 Always got a job, Sarah, you ever  
 wanna come back home.

Squeezing into the booth is Lieutenant MICHAEL OAKES -- 50s, portly, father figure, soft touch for Sarah.

OAKES (CONT'D)  
 How's Jack doin' with the move?

SARAH  
 Bitching about changing schools.  
 He'll live.

OAKES  
 He and the fiancé gettin' along any  
 better these days?

SARAH  
 (checking her watch)  
 Damn it...

She rises quickly, shrugging on her coat, dumping the doll.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I promised I'd drive Jack to school,  
his last day.

DETECTIVE #2  
You jumpin' ship already?

SARAH  
(shakes her head)  
No, my plane's tonight--

DETECTIVE #1  
(bursting out in song)  
*She's leavin' on a jet plane...!*

The others join, yukking it up. Shaking her head, Sarah exits. Oakes watches her run through the rain. Muzak playing. His smile fading--

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - CHINNTENDEN LOCKS - DAY

The waterway connecting Lake Union with the vast Puget Sound. Seagulls dive and soar above the dark water, their cries eerie, echoing. PRELAP VO: "Jack? Jack?!..."

INT. SARAH'S CONDO - DAY

Rain-soaked, KEYS in hand, Sarah rushes in:

SARAH  
Jack! Let's go...!

No response. The white-walled, sterile condo emptied of its furniture, its people. Packing boxes stacked everywhere.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Jack?

As she moves through the barren rooms CAMERA FOLLOWS. Someone watching, closing in... Suddenly, Sarah spins around--

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Boo.

Getting the drop on RICK FELDER -- 39, salt-and-pepper good looks, healer-of-broken wings type -- smitten with Sarah.

RICK  
Damn.

SARAH  
Charlie Brown with the football.  
Every time.

RICK  
(pulling her close)  
I think Lucy needs a spanking--

Laughing, she pushes him away, looks around.

SARAH  
Where's Jack?

RICK  
I drove him, said you had a last  
minute call.

SARAH  
Is he mad at me?

RICK  
No more than he usually is.

Sarah blinks. Turns to the packing boxes, not wanting Rick  
to see her face.

SARAH  
Looks like you took care of  
everything.

RICK  
Nothing left to do except put you on  
that plane.

SARAH  
You pack the wedding invites...?

Sarah rummages around in a box, pulls out of box of Nicorette  
GUM, pops one in her mouth--

RICK  
Already mailed them. Just family,  
this round.

SARAH  
Your family, you mean.

RICK  
And your Aunt Regi.

SARAH  
Maybe she can give me away. What'll  
your folks think about that?

RICK  
They won't care. I just packed that  
up, Sarah--

Sarah's sorting through another box--

SARAH  
Why do I keep thinking I'm forgetting  
something?

RICK

Hey.

SARAH

What?

RICK

Come here.

He grabs her hand, pulls her close.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sure you wanna do this?

SARAH

Do what?

RICK

Give up the job, the condo, move  
your kid away from his cool  
friends...?

(beat)

Marry me?

Ah. The real question. Sarah takes his face in her hands.  
Kisses him slowly.

SARAH

What do you think?

RICK

Not answering my question.

SARAH

Hmmm. How about this...?

Another kiss, longer, deeper, sexual connect between them  
electric. From the street, the HONK of a car horn interrupts--

RICK

Damn. Cab's here.

Sarah licks his neck. He groans.

SARAH

Take the later flight with us tonight--

RICK

Already rescheduled a week of patients  
getting this place together--

SARAH

But Candy Cane wants to play. Lemme  
introduce you two--

Laughing, Rick extricates himself. Barely.



RICK

Sarah. I'm gonna miss my plane--

SARAH

You're no fun, get over here--

He dodges her playful grab, heads out--

RICK

Tickets are on the fridge. Flights  
at nine, don't miss it--

SARAH

Yeah. I do.

RICK

What?

SARAH

Want to marry you.

This moment honest. No jokes. No masks.

RICK

I know.

Then he's gone. Sarah spots the TICKETS on the fridge. As she takes them down, a PHOTO - pinned underneath -- flutters to the linoleum: Sarah and her 13-year-old son, JACK, smiling into camera. Mom and Son then against the world.

Sarah hesitates, unsure what to do with the photo. Then pins it back on the fridge. Only thing left in the empty kitchen. She carefully straightens it. Making it perfect.

EXT. SEATTLE PD - ESTABLISHING SHOT

An old, weathered federal building in downtown Seattle. The American flag at its front. Pouring rain--

INT. SEATTLE PD - SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Musty and cramped, mismatched steel filing cabinets, walkie static. On one side, windows look out on the breathtaking Puget Sound. On the other, a bullpen where male UNIFORMS and DETECTIVES cross.

Sarah tosses manila FOLDERS into a cardboard box, packing up, almost finished. Pauses at one folder. Opens it. Inside, a SKETCH: a lonely grove of trees on the sand. Beautiful. Drawn by a talented child.

She stares hard for a beat, then shoves it back into the folder. Dumps it into the packing box.

Looks around. Nothing left to do. Pops a piece of Nicorette from its foil. Chews. Takes a seat at her desk, at a loss.

Then hurriedly, she picks up the phone, dials before she can think about it. A bored as hell female DRONE answers--

DRONE (O.S.)  
(from phone)  
Children, Family Services, can I  
help you?

Sarah hesitates. Wants to speak. Can't.

DRONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(annoyed; from phone)  
Hello?

Her office door suddenly bangs open, revealing Detective STEPHEN HOLDER -- 30, ex-narc, dark circles under his eyes, something jumpy around his mouth. As startled as she--

HOLDER  
(overlapping)  
Whoa, what're you doing here--

SARAH  
(overlapping)  
Can I help you--?

HOLDER  
This is my office.

SARAH  
Who're you?

HOLDER  
Holder, from County. You Linden?

DRONE (O.S.)  
(from phone)  
Hello-o-o?

SARAH  
(into phone)  
Sorry... wrong number.

Sarah hangs up. Takes in Holder; his own cardboard BOX in his arms. Uncomfortable in his ill-fitting, cheap suit.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I'm Linden.

HOLDER  
Thought you'd be outa here by now.  
You need more time, I can wait--

SARAH  
No, come in. I'm almost done.

Stiff smiles. Wordlessly, he enters, starts unpacking. Sarah packing. Awkward silence. Then--

HOLDER  
Hear you're moving to LA.

SARAH  
San Francisco area.

HOLDER  
Oakland?

SARAH  
Sonoma.

HOLDER  
Nice.

SARAH  
Yeah.

Beat.

HOLDER  
So... why Sonoma?

SARAH  
My fiance lives there.

HOLDER  
He police, too?

SARAH  
No.

Holder glances at her. End of that convo, too.

HOLDER  
L.A. born and bred myself. Nice weather, beach, sun... Hate it.

Sarah smiles grudgingly.

SARAH  
You'll love this place then.

HOLDER  
Been here five years already... Ouch.

He's glancing into one of Sarah's boxes. CLOSE ON gruesome crime scene PHOTO of an ADDICT -- white, trashy, fatty (think Courtney Love) -- cut ear to ear. Beneath, the sketch of trees from before. Holder holds up the sketch--

HOLDER (CONT'D)  
Crack head thought she was Picasso?

SARAH  
Crack head's six year old son drew  
it.

HOLDER  
Huh. Kid get iced, too?

SARAH  
(shakes head)  
Sat with Mom's body in their crap  
SRO for two days before anyone noticed  
he hadn't shown up for school.

Sarah takes the sketch from him. Puts it away.

HOLDER  
You get the prick who did it?

SARAH  
Yup.

She turns away, tapes up a box. Fort Knox this woman.

HOLDER  
So... What happened to the kid?

SARAH  
Beats me.

OAKES (O.S.)  
Don't waste any time moving in.

In the doorway stands Lieutenant Oakes.

HOLDER  
County cut me loose early...

OAKES  
Welcome. Got a tough act to follow.  
You wrapped up here, Sar?

SARAH  
Yup. All done.

Oakes hands her a PAPER.

OAKES  
Good. Got a call down at Discovery  
Park. Check it out.

SARAH  
On my last day? Seriously, Loo?

OAKES  
Still on the city's dime last I  
checked.

(MORE)

OAKES (CONT'D)

(off her look)

You can hand it off end of shift.

Six o'clock. Go. Do your job.

With a sigh, Sarah grabs her coat and a box--

SARAH

My flight's at nine...

OAKES

Yeah, yeah. Bring Holder with you.

Show him how to work a scene.

Holder and Sarah assess one another.

SARAH

Grab a box. We'll take my car.

Off this--

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Sarah drives, Holder yaks. Squat factories -- abandoned, graffiti-marred -- sliding past their windows.

HOLDER

... Worked county narcotics eight years, mostly undercover.

SARAH

(no shit)

You? A UC? Never woulda guessed.

Holder shoots her a look: whatevs.

HOLDER

Mostly street level buys and busts, Joaquim shooting Rakim, blah blah. War on drugs a hot crock o' shit.

SARAH

And you think Homicide's gonna be different?

HOLDER

Least you got a bad guy.

They stop at a light. Through Holder's window, a TEEN RUNAWAY -- 16, male, filthy dreads, kindly face -- slouches numbly against a monstrous duffel bag on the sidewalk. Rain drizzling down.

Holder presses two fingers against the glass: "Peace". The Teen Runaway lazily sticks up his middle finger: "Fuck you".

Holder grins, gives him the finger back. They pull away.

HOLDER (CONT'D)

Punk ass.

SARAH

They hate us, you know.

HOLDER

Ya think?

SARAH

That kid, Picasso, sat with his dead Mom in that crap motel? Turns out it was Dad who sliced her. I put him away. Twenty to life.

Holder turns to look at her. Most she's spoken in awhile. She stares straight ahead into the rain.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Thing is, kid's got no other family, right? So now, he's stuck in some foster home, his second, third, whatever, no end in sight. Six years old, murdered hooker for a mom... no one's adopting him. Damaged goods for life. Grows up to be some kid on the street. Another punk ass.

She stops the car. They're at Discovery Park. Outside the windows: trees, a lonely fire road, a field.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So you tell me. Who's the bad guy?

She exits. Holder watches her go for a beat, then follows.

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - FIELD - DAY

A scattering of UNIFORMS in a desolate field, woods in the near distance. Rain abated for now.

Sarah and Holder approach a young, bored UNIFORM in charge--

SARAH

Where's the body?

UNIFORM

Still lookin'. School kids on a field trip this mornin' found this.

He hands a clear Evidence BAG to Sarah -- inside a shimmery pink SWEATER. Torn, blood-smeared.

HOLDER

This park's Tweaker Central at nights.  
(MORE)

HOLDER (CONT'D)  
Bottom of the barrel types bring  
their tricks here. Could be some  
basehead got her ass beat.

He turns to Sarah but she's focused intently on the sweater.

HOLDER (CONT'D)  
(to Uniform)  
You check ERS for any incoming last  
night?

The Uniform, sullen, glances at Sarah, back to Holder.

UNIFORM  
Nah.

HOLDER  
Why not?

SARAH  
Cuz that's your job.

She hands the bagged sweater back to the Uniform.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Owner's not an addict. Least not  
the type hangs around here.  
(off Holder's look)  
Wool sweater. Looks recently cleaned.

HOLDER  
She brought it to the coin wash, so  
what.

SARAH  
You dry clean wool. Know any tweakers  
drop their wardrobe off at the  
cleaners?  
(to uniform)  
What else you got?

UNIFORM  
Not much. Safeway card.

He holds out a baggie: inside, a club CARD. Scrawled on the  
back a name: "STANLEY LARSEN".

UNIFORM (CONT'D)  
Belongs to a 'Stanley Larsen.'

HOLDER  
Guy loses his wallet while he's  
gettin' his knob polished?

SARAH  
 (to Uniform)  
 Keep lookin'. And call in Sex Crimes.  
 This is theirs for now.

She heads to the car. Holder, surprised, follows--

HOLDER  
 Yo. We got here first.

SARAH  
 Yeah and we don't got a body.

HOLDER  
 Not yet.

Sarah, impatient, checks her watch.

SARAH  
 You wanna follow it up, go for it.

HOLDER  
 You're my ride, Linden.

SARAH  
 Look, I'll drop you off at the  
 station, I gotta finish packing up--

HOLDER  
 Thought you were done.  
 (off her look)  
 Hey, your flight's not til nine,  
 right? I won't let you miss it.  
 Promise.

Holder flicks the bagged Safeway card, walks ahead. Sarah  
 clocks something on the back of his neck, peeking above his  
 collar: a TATTOO. The top of an ornate CRUCIFIX. Sarah,  
 curious, follows. PRELAP SFX: BEEPING--

EXT. RAINIER VALLEY - STREET - DAY

BEEPING comes from a small moving TRUCK -- "LARSEN MOVERS"  
 printed on its side -- as it backs up to a small grocery  
 store. Muslim SIGNAGE above the locked freight entrance.

STAN  
 Keep comin', comin'... stop.

Directing is STANLEY LARSEN -- 39, bullish, ex-biker, former  
 boozier/brawler turned small business owner and family man.  
 "Larsen Movers" on the back of his red UNIFORM.

BELKO  
 What's that... stank?



From the driver's side emerges BELKO ROYCE -- mid 30s, wimpy, mullet-wearer, wanna-be bad boy with a voice that squeaks when he's pissed. Stan's employee and best buddy.

STAN

Gonna lose my customer, you keep that up.

(to Old Man)

Stanley Larsen. Mr. Abdullah here?

Stan nods to an approaching OLD MAN -- Somali, shrunken, late 60s, in full *jellabiya*. A puffy down jacket over his traditional Muslim attire.

OLD MAN

(heavy accent)

Abdullah no here, say you take...

He indicates a small pile of PALLETS near the freight door. Stan pulls out paperwork, checks--

STAN

That it? He said there were twenty of 'em.

The Old Man stares, smiling, not understanding. Belko rolls his eyes, impatient.

BELKO

(loud)

He said there were twenty! Twenty!

STAN

He ain't deaf, Jesus, Belko.

Stan makes a "bigger" gesture with his hands, points to the pallets. The Old Man nods eagerly, unlocks the freight door.

OLD MAN

Ya, ya, here, okay...

Belko glances around, locking eyes with a clutch of *hijab*-clad SOMALI WOMEN breezing by on the cracked, lumpy sidewalk.

BELKO

Place gives me the creeps.

STAN

*Nie panikuj.*

BELKO

*Nie panikuj*, my ass, Stan, Al Qaida there be hatin' on us.

Meaning a group of SOMALI KIDS - 8, wearing *koofiyads* and jeans -- kicking a soccer ball in an garbage-filled, weedy lot. Staring at them openly.

STAN  
Belko. He can hear you.

BELKO  
Osama here don't give a shit.  
(to Old Man)  
Do you, Osama?

The Old Man, unsure, smiles. Missing most of his teeth.

BELKO (CONT'D)  
What'd I tell you?

Stan grins, shakes his head. The Old Man rolls up the freight door. Inside, racks of frozen GOAT CARCASSES hang in rows. Halal meat store. Belko pulls his jacket over his nose--

BELKO (CONT'D)  
Oh, damn.

OLD MAN  
More. See?

Indicating another pile of pallets inside. Stan nods--

STAN  
Got it. Thanks for your help.

BELKO  
Yeah, Happy Kwanzaa, my brother.

OLD MAN  
My name Faisal. Not Osama.

Belko stares, busted. Stan smirks.

STAN  
Tell Mr. Abdullah I'll drop off his  
paperwork tomorrow.

The Old Man nods, shoots Belko a haughty look, exits.

A mortified Belko quickly tosses pallets into the back of the truck. Stan joins, suppressing laughter. Can't. Bends over, busting out.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Osama poned you...My brother...

Sending himself into another gale. Belko grins reluctantly.

BELKO  
Hey, Stan. Eat me.

Both of them laughing together now. Old friends. Stan's cell phone RINGS.

STAN  
 (into phone)  
 Larsen Movers.

MITCH (O.S.)  
 (from phone)  
 Stan, you need to get home right now--

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY - CLOSE ON

A sopping wet MOP dragged over a flooded linoleum floor.  
 PAN UP to reveal MITCH LARSEN - late 30s, rough-around-the-edges-pretty, ex-biker bunny turned housewife and mother. A foot shorter than Stan but a force of nature--

MITCH  
 ... How many times I gotta tell you  
 we need a new dishwasher, Stan!

Pulling on a roll of DUCT TAPE, Stan examines the DISHWASHER.

STAN  
 It's just the gasket again, calm  
 down already--

MITCH  
 That thing's gonna stay broke no  
 matter how many times you wave that  
 damn roll of tape at it.

STAN  
 Belko'll fix it then, we can't afford  
 a new one, Mitch--

MITCH  
 I am in no mood for that Belko-will-  
 fix-it bullshit--

STAN  
 There. Got it.

He reaches around the front of the dishwasher--

MITCH  
 Don't you even look at that On button,  
 Stanley Larsen.

STAN  
 Still got the touch, *ukochana*.

He hits the ON button. The dishwasher EXPLODES water.  
 Glumly, Stan stares. Mitch, despite herself, grins.

MITCH  
 Don't look like it to me.

She laughs. Despite himself, Stan joins, grabs at her--

MITCH (CONT'D)

Get offa me you big dumb lug!

He wrestles her laughing to the wet kitchen floor, Mitch hitting at him playfully and then they're kissing, laughing. This marriage rock-fucking-solid even after 20 odd years.

As they make out, CAMERA PANS up to the FRIDGE, covered in kid's DRAWINGS, PHOTOS. In one, two little blonde BOYS cut up with a blonde TEENAGE GIRL. The girl from the Teaser.

Stanley isn't a john. He's the girl's father--

EXT. LARSEN APARTMENT - DAY

Ballard waterfront: squat factories, fishing boats moored on Shishole Bay, small, rusty bridges connecting the former working class neighborhood to tonier parts of the city.

Below a sign reading "LARSEN MOVERS" a small, modest working garage, the Larsen' apartment above it. In the apartment's front door are lovebirds Mitch and Stan -- post love-making, tousled hair. Mitch adjusts Stan's collar--

MITCH

Think they know we just did it?

Meaning their EMPLOYEES -- including Belko -- in the open garage, labelling boxes, pretending not to be looking.

STAN

I'll be sure to give 'em a blow by blow.

MITCH

You're sick.

STAN

Ain't the only one.

MITCH

Shut up, you.

They grin at one another.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey. Gotta ask you something.

STAN

What.

She fiddles with his collar, suddenly nervously--

MITCH

Don't get mad, promise?

STAN  
Mitch. What is it.

MITCH  
Rosie said she'd apply to schools...  
But she wants to go outa state.

Stan's face darkens. Mitch, going for the save--

MITCH (CONT'D)  
That's good news, right? Her finally  
wanting to go to college?

STAN  
If that's what she wants.

MITCH  
(annoyed)  
Course it is.  
(off his look)  
Stan, I'm not gettin' into this again--

STAN  
Outa state? Isn't she kinda young?

MITCH  
Almost eighteen, gotta let her go  
sometime, Papa.

A flicker of sadness in Stan's face.

STAN  
I'll think about it.

MITCH  
Can we afford it?

STAN  
If that's what Rosie wants, we'll  
make it happen.

MITCH  
Thanks, babe. I mean it.

BELKO (O.S.)  
Got a move down in Burien, Stan.  
Gonna be late...

Belko climbs into the moving truck, grinning. Loving this  
family like his own.

STAN  
Gotta go.

He smacks her ass playfully. Mitch pinches his ass back.  
As he climbs into the truck--

MITCH

Stan?

They lock eyes, smile. Doesn't get better than this.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Nothing. Get outa here.

Saying it all without words. He drives off, passing a BILLBOARD on the street. On it a handsome, Kennedyesque-looking man. Underneath the words: "RICHMOND FOR MAYOR"--

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY - CLOSE ON

Our missing man, DARREN RICHMOND -- early 40s, Gavin Newsom's good looks (minus the slick back), City Council President, Seattle's JFK. Richmond stares intently at something slightly above eye level. His face lined with regret. Loss.

CAMERA TRACKS around him, revealing a long marble hallway. At one end a beautiful stained glass window. In front of it, a JANITOR silently buffing the shiny floors.

CAMERA continues to TRACK now revealing austere stone walls lined with brass plates, names carved into them. A mausoleum.

Richmond fixated on one name: "LILY RICHMOND." Inscribed below: "June 09, 1970 - October 24, 2002".

His cell phone RINGS. Richmond, dazed, raw, fumbles for it.

RICHMOND

(into phone)

What is it, Jamie?

JAMIE (O.S.)

(from phone; frantic)

Debate's in less than two hours where are you--?

RICHMOND

(into phone)

I'm... I'll be there.

He hangs up. Reluctant to leave. One last look, then does--

EXT. CENTER CITY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Seat of political power in Seattle. Skyscrapers, old stone buildings, manicured parks.

INT. CITY HALL - STAIRWAY - DAY

A giant, see-through atrium -- glass, steel, suspended walkways, views of the Puget Sound and downtown.

Richmond ascends the stairs, a changed man -- smiling, self-assured, nodding to various PASSERBYERS. On his game.

JAMIE

Times poll just came in...

Rushing towards Richmond is JAMIE DEMPSEY: early 30s, policy wonk, a younger, nerdier, non-bald version of James Carville. Richmond's brilliant campaign manager, loyal sidekick type.

On his heels is GWEN EATON -- Richmond's campaign advisor, mid 30's, razor sharp smarts meets sophisticated sexiness. Piled down with PAPERWORK. Coolly assessing her boss.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Adams closed our three point lead--

RICHMOND

Good morning to you, too, James.

JAMIE

Election's less than two weeks away,  
we don't have time to be jerking off  
here--

GWEN

Wow. Not what we're doing I hope.  
(to Richmond)  
Where were you?

RICHMOND

Slept in.

JAMIE

You never sleep in.

RICHMOND

I lost my watch.

Richmond grabs Jamie's wrist. Checks out his WATCH.

RICHMOND (CONT'D)

And you took it.

JAMIE

It looks like yours but it's mine.

RICHMOND

Are you going Single, White Female  
on me, Jamie?

JAMIE

What's that?

GWEN

When do we have to leave for the  
debate?

JAMIE

(hurrying ahead)

Ten til. I'll make sure the car's  
out front.

RICHMOND

He's more nervous than I am.

GWEN

And you're surprised by this. Oh  
my. What do we have here?

From her pocket, she extracts a man's WATCH.

RICHMOND

Looks vaguely like a man's timepiece.  
Where on god's green earth did you  
find it, Gwyneth?

GWEN

On my kitchen counter.

They share a sizzling smile. He takes the watch.

RICHMOND

Your kitchen counter? What was it  
doing there?

As they enter...

INT. CITY HALL - RICHMOND'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Campaign POSTERS with "RICHMOND FOR MAYOR" everywhere.  
INTERNS and AIDES rush around, yapping into cell phones,  
carrying documents, drinking Starbucks.

Richmond and Gwen stride through the hubbub. She's back to  
business now, going through papers, handing him a sheaf--

GWEN

Press is going to hammer Adams on  
the gang issue because of the Mall  
shootings last week. You help them  
along...

RICHMOND

Mayor killed my midnight hoops  
tourneys and after school programs  
four years in a row. Easy.

(off paper)

'Now we got kids who're stealing and  
dealing we could have turned around.'

(turns to her)

You write that?

GWEN

Jamie did.



RICHMOND

Not bad. Punch list here, too?

GWEN

Second page. Mall shooters were  
Somali teens, recent gang inductees...

As they enter--

INT. CITY HALL - RICHMOND'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Richmond's sanctum sanctorum filled with light, ceiling-length windows, minimalist design. At a long conference table, Richmond's war council gathers. Jamie picking up their convo--

JAMIE

... Fifty percent of them below the  
poverty line, prime recruits for  
gangs. Fastest growing pop in  
Seattle.

RICHMOND

Adams cares for corporations, not  
kids. Somalis didn't turn out for  
his last election.

GWEN

They will for this one. Registration  
numbers in Rainier Valley are through  
the roof.

JAMIE

Today's debate's our turning point.  
You actually get them to vote, we  
got a chance.

RICHMOND

We're still at the high school, right?  
I want to keep kids front and center  
of this campaign.

GWEN

(nods)

Great visuals. Debate'll hit the  
six o'clock news cycle. Dinner time  
TV.

JAMIES

(to the others)

We got those posters at the school...?

As he, Gwen and the others kibbitz, Richmond sits at the  
head of the table, taking it all in. The energy, hope.

RICHMOND

Oh, almost forgot... Had a little chat with Councilwoman Yitanes this morning.

GWEN

Ruth's talking to you?

RICHMOND

Not only that. She's endorsing me.

The others react. Stunned, excited.

RICHMOND (CONT'D)

Front page of the Times tomorrow morning, above the crease. Til then, keep it under wraps.

GWEN

The only way we're getting the unions is with her pull.

JAMIE

Add the Somalis to those numbers... election's ours.

Celebratory hubbub. Gwen's cell RINGS. Nods to Richmond.

GWEN

Mayor Adams. He wants to see you.

RICHMOND

(surprised)

What about?

GWEN

Didn't say. Pre-debate psychout?

RICHMOND

Let him try.

(checking watch)

I'll be ready in fifteen.

JAMIE

Thought you lost your watch, Darren?

Observant little bastard. Darren and Gwen exchange discrete smiles. Off this--

INT. CITY HALL - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Richmond enters. A circle of POWER BROKERS surround the jewel in the crown -- Mayor LESLEY ADAMS, late 50s, old school politician, two term incumbent, deep pockets, slick tongue.

On a desk, Adam's briefcase. Cicero's Pro Quinctio near it. Richmond picks up the book as Adams disperses his inner circle--

ADAMS

If Cicero had bided his time, he would have gone far. Instead the Romans executed him. Put his hands and head on display in the Forum.

RICHMOND

I read him in college. Is there something you need, Mayor?

ADAMS

These are tough times for mom and pop, Darren. The voters want someone with experience.

RICHMOND

Your record doesn't speak for mom or pop. Mine does.

ADAMS

Wait four years and you'll have my endorsement. Donors'll flee if you lose this time. No second chances.

Richmond shakes his head in disbelief. Guy's got balls.

RICHMOND

Election's thirteen days away... What would be my reason for dropping out?

ADAMS

City's run out of money, on the brink, time to put aside personal ambition for the greater good. You're the people's mayor. Prove it.

RICHMOND

So you can get on your knees four more years for big business? I don't think so.

ADAMS

No need to wallow in the gutter, Darren. Even if it's where you came from.

RICHMOND

'The people's good is the highest law.'

The Mayor blinks, clearly not knowing the reference. Richmond smiles, tosses the book onto the desk.

RICHMOND (CONT'D)

Cicero. Might want to actually read him sometime.

Richmond turns to go--

ADAMS

I just signed off on funding for the Council's anti-gang initiatives. A worthy endeavor.

RICHMOND

That you killed four years in a row.

ADAMS

No one cares. Or remembers. Voters are like goldfish. Five second memories. See you at the debate.

Off Richmond: wondering if he's right--

EXT. LARSEN APARTMENT - DAY

Under a darkening sky, Mitch throws out wet rags, a seriously fucked up MOP. Sarah, chomping GUM, and Holder approach:

HOLDER

Lookin' for a Stanley Larsen?

Mitch makes them right off, her face hardening, busying herself with the trash--

MITCH

He's not here.

HOLDER

You his wife?

MITCH

Yeah. What's this about?

Sarah, quietly observant, takes in the empty garage, modest apartment building while Holder talks:

HOLDER

Know where we can find him?

MITCH

Stan's on a job, I don't know where at.

HOLDER

What about last night? Where was he?

Mitch puts the lid on the trash can. Crosses her arms.

MITCH

Why're you asking about Stan?

SARAH  
Your husband usually go out at nights,  
Mrs. Larsen? Not tell you where?

Mitch barks annoyed laughter, turns to her--

MITCH  
Course not. Stan's always home with  
me and the kids nights, that's  
ridiculous--

SARAH  
Last night, too?

MITCH  
We were on a camping trip, okay?  
Got in late, so yeah.

HOLDER  
You always get like this when the  
police come around? Askin' about  
your husband?

MITCH  
No, I don't. And they don't. I got  
things to do, okay?

Rain begins to fall. Sarah hands her a CARD.

SARAH  
Have him call.  
(to Holder)  
Let's go.

HOLDER  
Sure he didn't duck out last night?  
Maybe after you got in bed?

MITCH  
Christ, what's your problem? Yeah,  
I'm sure.

HOLDER  
How?

MITCH  
How do you think?

Oh.

SARAH  
Let's go.

They head towards the car, Sarah amused. Holder not.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Making friends and influencing people.

HOLDER  
 (annoyed)  
 So we just wait for this guy to call?

SARAH  
 In situations like this I always ask  
 myself... What Would Jesus Do?

Holder turns to look at her. Gets it. Deadpan--

HOLDER  
 He'd say: let her cover for her ho-  
 chasin' husband, ain't my STD.

SARAH  
 Hard-core guy, that JC.

HOLDER  
 The Lord works in mysterious ways.

SARAH  
 Never figured you for a God freak,  
 Holder.

HOLDER  
 Who says I am?

Sarah grins, warming to him, glancing back at Mitch. Her  
 smile fades.

Mitch hurriedly wheels several BIKES into the garage, out of  
 the rain. Two clearly belonging to little boys. The third  
 adult-sized. A girl's. Painted SHIMMERY PINK. Same color  
 as the sweater in the park.

SARAH  
 Excuse me. Mrs. Larsen?  
 (beat)  
 Do you have a daughter?

MITCH  
 Yeah. Why?

SARAH  
 She go on that camping trip, too?

MITCH  
 Rosie spent the weekend here. At a  
 friend's house.

SARAH  
 When'd you last talk to her?

MITCH  
 Friday. Before we left town. Why?

Mitch worried now by Sarah's intense stare.

SARAH

Call her.

PRELAP SFX: ringing school BELL--

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Public school. TEENAGERS gab, flirt, head into class. Meet STERLING FITCH - 17, pretty, chunky, the type who smiles when she's scared -- frantically texting on her PHONE: "ROSIE, WHERE R U? CALL ME 911!" Accosting a nearby TEENAGE BOY --

STERLING

Was Rosie in Chem?

Teenage Boy shakes his head, moves off. A worried Sterling heads off to class, passing opposing POSTERS ("RICHMOND FOR MAYOR", "ADAMS FOR MAYOR") outside the gym...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sterling sits with other yammering TEENS, firing off a text.

BENNET (O.S.)

Settle down, guys, we don't have a lot of time today...

Enter BENNET AHMED - 28, Black, hipster teacher with retro black-framed glasses, arms piled with papers, books.

BENNET (CONT'D)

Got your questions for the debate? Everyone? Good. Dylan, fire way.

Kids lean forward eagerly, half the girls in love with the cool teach. DYLAN -- 16, pimply, slack-jawed:

DYLAN

Um. My question is: what exactly does the mayor... do?

Kids titter. Bennet sighs. Sterling furtively fires off another text, phone hidden beneath her desk.

BENNET

That's not a question, Dylan.

DYLAN

It isn't?

BENNET

Not if you did the reading. Anyone else wanna try?

Kids pretend to think while Sterling, oblivious, texts.

BENNET (CONT'D)  
Sterling. Give it to me.

STERLING  
What? I'm not doing anything...

BENNET  
Your question for the debate today.  
Or your cell phone. Your call.

Kids titter louder, Sterling reddens. KNOCK KNOCK. Saved by stiletto-wearing Principal MEYERS in the doorway.

MEYERS  
Mr. Ahmed, I need to see Sterling Fitch. Now.

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Empty except for Meyers, Bennet and a squirming Sterling --

STERLING  
... Um, yeah. Rosie spent the weekend at my house, Principal Meyers.

Bennet picks up on her nervousness. Not Meyers--

MEYERS  
Then why isn't she in school today?

STERLING  
I have zero period so, like, I left early and Rosie doesn't? Have zero period I mean. So I guess she slept in?

Meyers sighs, no time for this shit.

MEYERS  
Go back to class, Sterling.  
(to Bennet)  
The debate starts in less than half an hour. Can you make sure the seniors are seated by then?

BENNET  
Sure, Ms. Meyers. No prob.

Meyers hustles off. Guilty, Sterling looks up, catches Bennet's knowing eye.

BENNET (CONT'D)  
Nice try.

STERLING  
What, Bennet? I told you...



BENNET

How about telling me the truth?

Sterling makes a face. The ever patient Bennet waits--

EXT. BALLARD - TRANSITION SHOT - DAY

CAMERA GLIDES under an old, steel bridge, its girders coming slowly into frame, black slashes across the rainy sky...

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch sits at the kitchen table, fiddling with her cell phone. Sarah paces, observing. Holder leading the interview:

MITCH

... Rosie had dinner with me and the boys then she left for that dance, I don't know, around eight?

HOLDER

Dance?

MITCH

A school thing, for Halloween.

HOLDER

And that's the last time you saw your daughter.

Mitch flinches at the phrase. Nods.

HOLDER (CONT'D)

You remember what she was wearing?

MITCH

The usual, jeans, a sweater. She said only the freshman wore costumes.

HOLDER

Can you describe her sweater?

MITCH

Pink, glittery, she wore it all the time. I'd just picked it up from the cleaners.

Holder glances over at Sarah. She's staring at the PHOTO of Rosie and her brothers on the fridge door. Mitch, nervous--

MITCH (CONT'D)

Why're you askin' about that?

SARAH

Your daughter have a history of running away, Mrs. Larsen?

MITCH  
 (surprised)  
 No. Never.

SARAH  
 She upset when she left here Friday?

MITCH  
 What's your meaning?

SARAH  
 You have words with her? A fight?

Mitch's face hardens. Hating this woman suddenly, deeply.

MITCH  
 No.

SARAH  
 But you weren't worried when you  
 didn't hear from her all weekend.

MITCH  
 I told you we didn't have reception  
 at the campground. She's seventeen,  
 not some little kid we forgot about.

Sarah blinks. Ouch. Mitch sensing she's hit a nerve.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 Now if you're done why don't you do  
 your job and find my daughter--

Mitch's cell phone RINGS. Angry, she turns away, answers.  
 Holder makes a lazy clawing "cat fight" gesture to Sarah.  
 She ignores him, spots an open bedroom door off the kitchen--

BEDROOM

POSTERS on the walls, a pink BEDSPREAD, stuffed ANIMALS,  
 cluttered VANITY TABLE -- a splash of color and life in this  
 otherwise drab, grey apartment. Bedroom of well loved kid.

Sarah, drawn to something inside this room, is about to enter--

MITCH (O.S.)  
 That was Rosie's school...

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch stands there, stunned, cell phone in hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 Sterling said she never spent the  
 weekend. The last time she saw Rosie  
 was Friday night. At the dance.

Off this--

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - GYM - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Gwen peeks out from behind the curtain. STUDENTS, PRESS noisily assemble. Richmond absently shuffles through his notes at the podium. Lost in thought.

GWEN

Press is falling all over themselves.  
I just hope those kids stay awake.

RICHMOND

Adams knew I'd come after him on the  
gang thing. Covered his bases.

GWEN

Expected counter move. Doesn't take  
the shine off you.

RICHMOND

So why tell me before the debate?

GWEN

He's trying to shake you. Obviously  
it's working.

(beat)

Is that what's really bothering you?

Richmond, master deflector, pulls her close.

RICHMOND

Move in with me.

GWEN

Avoiding my question.

RICHMOND

You're avoiding mine.

GWEN

You can break hearts after you get  
the single female vote.

RICHMOND

You're cold-blooded.

GWEN

That's my job. Taking care of you.

They kiss. Hot and heavy.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Maybe. After the election. If you're  
ready.

RICHMOND  
I'm ready right now.

She gently pushes away from him. Looks him in the eye--

GWEN  
Darren. I know where you were this morning.

Richmond's smile fades. Suddenly vulnerable. Exposed.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
I just wish you'd talk to me. That's all.

He wants to, struggles to. But can't. Suddenly Richmond notices someone in the shadows. Mayor Adams.

ADAMS  
Didn't mean to interrupt.

GWEN  
I'll be in the back if you need me.

She exits. They watch her go. Adams smiling, smug.

ADAMS  
Gwen's father and I've known one another for years. Solid family. Smart woman. You're a lucky man.  
(beat)  
But no one compares with your Lily, of course.

Lily. The name at the Mausoleum. Richmond, stunned, looks up slowly. Can't believe this fuck would go there--

FOOTSTEPS approach. Assistant Chief MARK LEWIS - 40s, silver-haired, fox-faced, Sarah and Holder trailing behind him.

LEWIS  
Mayor, Councilman? We may have an issue...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As rain pelts the windows, Lewis, Adams and Richmond powwow, Gwen and a Mayor's AIDE with them. At a respectful distance, Sarah and an impatient Holder look on.

LEWIS  
... With the press out there, we'll do our best to be discreet. But you should be aware that the school is a potential abduction site.

RICHMOND

How long's this student been missing?

LEWIS

Since Friday. We'll need to talk to her classmates, get a clearer picture.

ADAMS

Surely this can wait until after the debate, don't you agree, Chief Lewis?

LEWIS

I'll hold off as long as you feel necessary, Mayor. Councilman.

Richmond, who's noted the impatient Holder, turns to him.

RICHMOND

Can it wait? Your investigation?

Holder's caught off guard, glances at Sarah.

SARAH

Missing kids're usually killed in the first seventy two hours so... no. It can't.

Lewis: pissed. Richmond: liking her no bullshit way.

RICHMOND

Then we reschedule. A missing child takes precedence--

ADAMS

She's hardly a child...

What a douche bag. Even Lewis looks surprised.

RICHMOND

Well, there's the press to consider then, Mayor.

ADAMS

(annoyed; covering)  
Finding the girl is the most important thing here, of course. Let's reschedule then.

LEWIS

Sorry for the inconvenience, I'll keep you updated. Detectives?

Lewis heads out, Sarah and Holder following. Under his breath--

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Better close this thing fast, Linden.

They cross a fretting Principal Meyers in the doorway--

LINDEN  
(to Meyers)  
We'll need access to Rosie Larsen's  
locker.

MEYERS  
Of course, yes...

They all trickle out, Richmond and Adams left alone--

RICHMOND  
Don't you ever say her name.  
(beat)  
You understand?

MEYERS  
I apologize if I offended you, Darren.

Adams holds his eye. Guy's a master manipulator. As he  
turns to go, one more move--

ADAMS  
Oh and I wouldn't depend on the word  
of Councilwoman Yitanes. Ruth's a  
real flake. Have a great day.

He exits, Richmond reeling. How the hell did he know about  
Yitanes? PRELAP VO:

MEYERS (O.S.)  
The debate has been postponed...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - GYM - DAY

On stage, Principal Meyers exhorts the student body:

MEYERS  
... Please return to your classes...

The kids throng the aisles, elated they don't have to sit  
through the Snore Fest. At the front doors of the gym, Sarah  
and Holder - along with two UNIFORMS - scan the crowd.

Sterling spots them. Alarmed, she turns, pushing against  
the crowd, and escapes through a side door...

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Holder and Linden wait outside a classroom as kids file in,  
a few scantily clad TEEN GIRLS eyeing him blatantly.

He looks at Sarah, shrugs: Can't help it. Bennet approaches--

BENNET

I have no idea where Sterling went,  
I'm sorry.

SARAH

We're gonna need her home address.

BENNET

Sure, the office'll have it.

HOLDER

How long you know Rosie Larsen for?

BENNET

Almost four years. Straight A  
student, good kid, never any problem.

SARAH

She get along with her folks?

BENNET

Her mom showed up for every parent  
teacher conference, back to school  
nights. Seemed like she cared.

SARAH

What about Dad?

BENNET

I never met Mr. Larsen.

Here comes Principal Meyers, holding up a KEY.

SARAH

Excuse me...

She nods to Holder, all yours. Heads off to Meyers.

HOLDER

You were chaperoning at the dance...  
You see Rosie there?

BENNET

Yeah, but she left kinda early, maybe  
around ten? The party was just  
kicking up. No idea why.

HOLDER

Who'd she leave with?

BENNET

I don't know, sorry.

HOLDER

You recall what she was wearing?

BENNET

Not really. Rest of these girls use Halloween to play stripper. Rosie was pretty buttoned up.

HOLDER

Good two shoes type.

BENNET

That or she thought she'd be an original with clothes on.

They laugh. Holder leans in close, intimate--

HOLDER

Pretty hot piece... Rosie.

BENNET

I wouldn't know... she's seventeen.

HOLDER

Kinda my point.

He holds a very uncomfortable Bennet's eye. Testing him.

HOLDER (CONT'D)

Boys musta wanted to hit that.

BENNET

I don't think she had a boyfriend. Anyway, I should go. My students are waiting.

He exits, freaked out by Holder. Off this--

INT. ROOSEVELT HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY - CLOSE ON

A LOCK. With gloved hands, Sarah unlocks it, swings open the LOCKER DOOR. Inside, the color pink everywhere-- book COVERS, a feather BOA, a STUFFED ANIMAL, STICKERS.

Taped to the inside of the locker door are PHOTOS. Rosie with her family. Rosie as a little girl. Rosie eating fast food with Sterling. Rosie with some long deceased pet dog.

Sarah lightly runs her fingers over the photos, becoming lost in them. Landing on one photo that Rosie clearly took of herself: flash exploding over a face brimming with life, with beginning. Eyes wiser than her 17 years, sadder than she showed the world. A girl alone in her bedroom at night. No masks.

HOLDER

Sterling's not answering her home phone...

Sarah snaps out of it as Holder approaches.



HOLDER (CONT'D)  
Sent a car to sit on her house. Got  
anythin'?

SARAH  
(irritated)  
Just started.

Holder joins, rummaging through the locker, tossing out stuff:  
books, loose paper, make up.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Any word on Dad?

HOLDER  
'Cording to Mom, not answering his  
cell. Says he turns it off a lot.

SARAH  
Let dispatch know what he's driving.  
(off his look)  
Parents kill their kids. Always  
your first suspect.

Holder glances at her, sensing something else here. Lets it  
go. They work in silence, then--

HOLDER  
Looks like goody two shoes was gettin'  
busy.

He holds out an open box of CONDOMS.

HOLDER (CONT'D)  
Box of twelve. Five're missing.

SARAH  
Boyfriend?

HOLDER  
Teacher said she didn't have one.

SARAH  
Then who took this?

Sarah indicates the inside locker door. The sea of photos.  
In the middle of them, a glaringly empty spot.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Photo's missing. Tape's fresh.

As Holder examines it, Sarah stands, takes in the empty  
hallway. De-foils another NICORETTE. Chews.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 We're gonna have to check shelters,  
 hospitals, Greyhound... Maybe Rosie's  
 holed up or on the run.

HOLDER  
 Lotta footwork for two people.

SARAH  
 Chief Lewis needs to cover his ass.  
 Means we get more bodies on this.

Her cell phone RINGS. She answers:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Linden here... Yeah, this is Jack's  
 mother...

She steps away from Holder. Listens. Worried.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 I'll pick him up.

She hangs up, distracted. Heads off down the hallway. Holder  
 standing there, box of condoms in hand--

HOLDER  
 Hey. Where you goin'?

SARAH  
 Get a K-9 unit out to the woods.  
 I'll meet you there.

Holder takes in the condoms, the girly pink locker. The  
 blank spot where a photo once was--

EXT. PIKE PLACE PARK - DAY

A crap park on the waterfront, catty corner to the Market.  
 HOMELESS dot the benches, teen RUNAWAYS congregate against a  
 stone wall. Among them, on his skateboard, is KRIS EMERSON --  
 17, white, skinny jeans, multiple pierces, gages in his ears.

STERLING  
 Kris? Hey...

Sterling, out of breath, stands at a safe distance with her  
 BIKE. Fish out of water. Kris skates up to her leisurely:

KRIS  
 'Sup, Ster-ling.

Rolling her name on his tongue like toffee. She blushes.

STERLING

I need to talk to Jasper. But, like, he's not at school or at his house...

KRIS

And you care... why.

STERLING

Cuz the cops are looking for Rosie. Did they hook up this weekend?

KRIS

And I should tell you... why.

STERLING

Kris, come on. She could be in serious trouble, I mean it. Jasper too.

KRIS

Gimme a smoke first.

Sterling hands him her PACK -- notes his filthy fingernails, the post-tweak tremor in his hands as he lights up.

KRIS (CONT'D)

He's on the island, weekend house. Parents're in Abu Dabi or some diseased hole like that.

STERLING

So is she with him?

KRIS

Scored some blue mickeys, figured he'd be lookin' to bone.

STERLING

God... Gimme his new cell I don't have it. Kris, come on. Fine.

She angrily tosses her pack at him. He expertly spirits it away, produces a filthy pen:

KRIS

Come 'ere.

Kris takes hold of her wrist, slowly writes the number on the soft, white flesh of her inner forearm. Practically fucking her with the Bic, with his eyes. Sterling, freaked, steps away. Rolls down her sleeve.

STERLING

Okay... See you. Thanks. Bye.

He wags his tongue at her. Steel PIERCE in the middle of it flashing like a knife. Bye bye. Sterling flees on her bike.

OFF Kris: bad ass veneer fading revealing a lost kid. PRELAP  
SFX: groovy RING of a cell phone--

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON --

A ringing cell PHONE on an expensive glass table. Weighed down with party detritus -- a dirty BONG, empty prescription BOTTLES, candy WRAPPERS, porn MAGS, a woman's THONG.

PULL BACK to reveal JASPER AMES, a frankly ugly 17-year-old, surly mouthed and puffy eyed, in nada but BOXERS and a BEANIE. Intently focused on an uber-violent video game playing on the enormous flat screen. Ignoring his phone.

The weekend house is immense, waterfront views abound. This is Mercer Island -- where Seattle's rich live and vacance. Where their kids bring their illicit partying and fucking.

From upstairs comes the sound of BREAKING GLASS. Jasper glances up, then ignores it. Ignores his ringing cell...

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a shattered GLASS. PAN UP to reveal the goblet thrower -- a GIRL, mussy blonde hair, splayed nude across the bed, face hidden. Rosie? She moans, in pain, unable to rise. Is Rosie hurt? Is she being held captive? WTF?

EXT. PUGET SOUND - TRANSITION SHOT - DAY

AERIAL on the mist-covered islands dotting the Sound. So many places to lose a child. TILT UP to reveal the Ballard skyline...

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Alone, pacing, Mitch frets on her cell phone, swiping at the kitchen table top with a wet SPONGE:

MITCH  
(into phone)  
... Stan, you need to call me. As  
soon as you get this. Call me.

She hangs up, angrily digs at a spot on the already immaculate table top. Stops suddenly and puts down the sponge. Closes her eyes. Terror flooding in full force--

Front door BANGS open. Mitch turns, frantically hopeful.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Rosie?

But it's just DENNY and TOM - 8 and 9 - her two youngest, running pell mell, rough and sweet as hyperactive puppies:

DENNY  
(overlapping)  
Rosie! We're home!

TOM  
(overlapping)  
She promised to bring us biking at  
the docks, Mom--!

DENNY  
Can we go, Mom, please please please--

MITCH  
I can't hear myself think here.  
What'd you feed them, Terry?

Here comes TERRY - late 20s, tight clothing, thick blue eye  
shadow, touch of tramp - Mitch's younger, prettier sister.

TERRY  
Bag of sugar with a Red Bull chaser.

DENNY  
What's a red bill chaser, Mom?

MITCH  
What Aunt Terry has for breakfast  
every morning.

TERRY  
Go put your backpacks away and Aunt  
Terry'll give you more candy.

TOM/DENNY  
(in unison)  
Alright!!!!

They thunder off. Terry's smile quickly fades.

TERRY  
Any word on Rosie?

Mitch shakes her head, starts sponging at the table again--

MITCH  
Stan isn't answering his phone...

TERRY  
What'd the cops say?

MITCH  
Nothin', just askin' me bullshit--

TOM  
Mom?! Where's Rosie?!

Tom and Denny fly back in. The sisters exchange looks.

MITCH

She's not back from school yet.

DENNY

She promised we'd go biking! Can you bring us Mom, please please--!

MITCH

Quit that yellin', Denny, I mean it.

Harsher than she meant. Denny goes red-faced. Bawly.

TERRY

I'll take you. Go get your helmets.

The boys exit, watching their mom. Sensing something's wrong.

MITCH

You got work tonight, Terry, forget it, I'll take 'em--

TERRY

Mitch. Hey. I'm staying, okay?

MITCH

Okay. I'm sorry, I'm just going nuts here...

(dialing her phone)

That girl's getting the ass-kicking of her life, I'm tellin' you.

TERRY

Yeah, serious. You need stilettos, I got some six-inchers in the trunk.

(heading out)

I'll get 'em ready. Just don't worry, okay? She'll turn up...

She smiles, exits, Mitch smiling back. Alone in the kitchen again, listening to her cell. Ringing endlessly. Worrying...

INT/EXT. LARSEN MOVERS TRUCK - DAY

TRACKING SHOT of tidy one story homes, white picket fences, breathtaking Puget Sound. Middle America with million dollar waterfront views. Over this--

STAN (O.S.)

... Used to drive around here, me and Mitch, when Rosie was little.

PULL BACK to reveal Stan in the driver's seat. Belko riding shotgun, chomping a SUB. Both of them enchanted by the view.

STAN (CONT'D)

Pretended like we lived here, you know. Like... we were comin' home.

He stops the truck in front of a modest HOUSE -- peeling paint, overgrown yard, a FOR SALE SIGN on the front lawn.

BELKO

Be nice to own that one, huh?

Stan exits the truck, uproots the FOR SALE sign. Chucks it.

STAN

Already do.

BELKO

Shut up. Stan? You serious?

Stan smiles. Quiet pride. Belko exits the van. Can't believe this shit.

BELKO (CONT'D)

You can't afford this. What about all the work's gotta be done?

STAN

That's why I got you.

BELKO

(quietly)

You need some help with cash, all you gotta do is say so.

Stan turns, stares. Scary fucker when he gets quiet-mad.

STAN

I'm done with that. Been done.

BELKO

Just sayin'.

Belko pouting. Something else going on here.

STAN

You know, it's got a basement. Fix it up, make it nice, place to stay you ever need one. Just sayin'.

Belko nods, moved as hell. Stan's a good friend.

BELKO

What's Mitch think about this?

(realizing)

You're in for a world of hurt, my brother.

STAN

(beat)

Rosie never had a backyard when she was a kid. Doesn't seem right. A kid not ever having that.

Belko glances at him but Stan won't meet his eye. A quiet moment. Then Belko's phone RINGS. He checks it--

BELKO  
Why's Mitch callin' me...?

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Mid-convo, Stan and Mitch. She's jumping out of her skin, pacing. Stan looks on, worried, trying to be stoic.

MITCH  
... They found a sweater in the park  
like her pink one, Stan! And why'd  
she lie to us? Where's she been?

STAN  
She still datin' that rich jerkoff?

MITCH  
What? No...  
(off his look)  
No! She broke up with Jasper in the  
summer you know that.

He holds Mitch's eye, sensing a half lie. She jukes with--

MITCH (CONT'D)  
And now Sterling's run off, won't  
talk to the cops. What's going on?

STAN  
Okay, look, you stay here in case  
Rosie comes back, I'm goin' out--

MITCH  
The cops, they asked about birthmarks,  
scars, jewelry, anything Rosie could  
be... identified with.

A beat. The possibility hangs between them. Unspoken.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
I told them about that necklace she  
always wore. That butterfly necklace.  
Remember, Stan?  
(losing it)  
Her butterfly necklace?

Terror in both their eyes now. He takes her by the shoulders,  
firm. Calming her, himself as well--

STAN  
She's fine. She's just a kid, like  
we were. Dumb, not thinking of anyone  
but ourselves...



Mitch half sobs, half laughs, desperate for normality.

MITCH  
My old man hated you.

STAN  
Put a lot o' white hairs on that  
bald head us sneaking around.

They both laugh now. Back on solid ground. At least trying.

STAN (CONT'D)  
I'll find her, okay? Bring her home.

Mitch nods, smiles, as Stan exits, one last glance back.  
She stands there, in the silence, the empty kitchen. Waiting  
again. Not knowing what to do.

EXT. EASTLAKE - DOCKS - DAY

Modest houseboats line the dock. Beneath the arching steel  
bridge, Sarah walks hurriedly with her son, JACK -- 13 going  
on 30, spiky gelled do, handsome, sullen. She's angry,  
distracted. Half of her still in the case--

SARAH  
... Smoking cigarettes? At school?  
Really, Jack?

JACK  
It's not like I was doing crack,  
Mom, God.

She looks at him, baffled. Who the fuck is this kid?

SARAH  
You're going to have to stay with  
Regi til I'm done with work.

JACK  
Fine.

SARAH  
And a promise you won't ever do that  
again would be nice.

JACK  
(by rote)  
Okay, I won't do it again.

At the far end of the dock, a woman on a small houseboat,  
REGI - 60s, short hair, flannel shirt -- waves. Sarah smiles  
tightly, waves back. Smoothing things over--

SARAH  
So... how was school otherwise?

JACK

Fine.

SARAH

You give our address to your friends?

JACK

We're on Facebook, Mom. Kids don't write letters that's retarded.

SARAH

Well it'd be great for them to visit us sometime.

JACK

Like that's ever gonna happen.

SARAH

They'll love California, there's so much to do for kids your age. It'll be great.

Jack looks miserable. Sarah looks away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You'll make a lot of new friends. Rick's putting together a little party to get all the kids in the neighborhood together--

JACK

(softly)

He's not my father.

Sarah looks at him, stunned. Her cell phone RINGS. A beat, then she fumbles for her it as Jack wanders to the edge of the dock. Used to coming in second. As she talks, he works a big wad of spit from his mouth, dangles it over the water--

SARAH

(into phone)

What is it, Holder.

HOLDER (O.S.)

(from phone)

Got the K-9s, we're starting a sweep of the field...

SARAH

Yeah, okay. I'll be there.

She hangs up. Looks at her son, at a loss here.

SARAH (CONT'D)

He's trying his best, Jack.

Jack watches the spit hit the water. Doesn't turn around.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jack?

JACK

What?

He turns to look at her. Oblivious. Sarah sighs.

SARAH

I gotta go.

She indicates the houseboat, Regi waiting, waving. Without a goodbye, Jack shuffles off. She watches his small, narrow back weighed down by his huge backpack.

Sarah waits until he reaches the end of the dock. Regi takes him in her arms easily. Some women do motherhood naturally. Not Sarah. Torn, distracted, she leaves...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - FIELD - DAY

HANDLERS unleash their K-9s. Walk a single uniform search line through the brown, wavy grass. In search of a body...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - WOODS - LATER

Deep in the woods now, Handlers, K-9s, CSU mill. Holder in the thick of it. Sarah approaches--

SARAH

Whaddya got?

HOLDER

K-9s picked up her scent. Started at the fire road where we found the sweater. Looks like she ran a zig zag through the field. Ended here.

He indicates the ground they're standing on.

SARAH

You sweep for possible burial sites?

HOLDER

(nods)

Nothin'.

In the distance, the sound of a train HORN. Sarah look up -- intense, strange eyes -- taking in the field, the woods.

HOLDER (CONT'D)

Maybe she's not here?

SARAH

Where's the map?

He hands her a MAP. She studies it intently.

HOLDER  
Dad's alibi checked out. Park Ranger  
logged vehicle plates at the  
campsites. Larsen's car never left.

SARAH  
You talk to Dad?

HOLDER  
Not a suspect anymore.

SARAH  
Need to have a talk.  
(heading off)  
And get the unis to do another sweep.

HOLDER  
We did two, plus the dogs.

SARAH  
Thought you wanted to learn how to  
work a scene.

HOLDER  
Been workin' it, Linden. For hours.

SARAH  
Welcome to Homicide. Clock never  
stops.

FEMALE UNIFORM  
Detective? Got something...

A FEMALE UNIFORM hands her WALKIE to Sarah who keys it--

SARAH  
(into walkie)  
Yeah, Linden.

CSU #1 (O.S.)  
(from walkie)  
Got a possible burial site. Northeast  
corner of the woods.

Sarah glances back at a chastened Holder. Moves on--

INT. CITY HALL - RICHMOND'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

An irritable Richmond at his desk. Gwen and Jamie circling:

GWEN  
... Adams announced his new anti-  
gang funding package while we were  
at the school.

JAMIE

Great. Now it looks like he's been on board all along.

GWEN

You shouldn't have canceled the debate, Darren.

He glares at her.

RICHMOND

I didn't have a choice.

JAMIE

Wait. What if we play this debate thing?

(off their looks)

Missing kid, desperate family, you pulling all stops to find her, campaign be damned...

RICHMOND

No.

JAMIE

You gotta admit, Darren, it's kind of perfect, especially if that kid turns up dead--

GWEN

Jamie, shut up.

JAMIE

Adams is so totally fried--

RICHMOND

We're not using a family's tragedy for a goddamn sound byte.

His rage quiet, but terrifying. A side of him they haven't seen. He composes himself. Then--

RICHMOND (CONT'D)

Adams knew about Yitanes' endorsement.

GWEN

What? How?

RICHMOND

Any staff we need to worry about?

GWEN

No, of course not, Darren.

RICHMOND

Then who told him?

All at a loss. RING RING. Richmond's cell phone. Irritated, he answers, as the two move off, talking in low voices--

RICHMOND (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Richmond.

MEG (O.S.)  
Darren. It's Meg.

RICHMOND  
(into phone)  
I can't talk right now--

MEG (O.S.)  
The Times called. That reporter again. He's asking questions.

RICHMOND  
(into phone)  
About what?

MEG (O.S.)  
I'd rather we talk in person. I can stop by your office say five-ish?

RICHMOND  
I've got a donor thing but, yeah, fine. I'll see you then.

He hangs up, worried. Jamie and Gwen, talking, oblivious--

EXT. BALLARD - STERLING'S HOUSE - DAY

Narrow alley behind a weathered clapboard house. Trash cans neatly lined up against a wire fence. A CAT mewling, circling. Sterling locks her bike against the fence. Bends down to pat it--

STERLING  
Hey there, Jinxy, you hungry again?

Footsteps behind her. She turns, startled. It's Stan.

STAN  
Where is she, Sterling?

She stands, quivering, unable to meet his eye.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Where's Rosie!

She looks at him, trembly smile. Tears in her eyes. Stan's face softens. Despite his veneer, a gentle man.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Just tell me. Please.

STERLING  
She's... with Jasper.

Stan's eyes go cold--

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY - CLOSE ON

Mitch, alone, sits at the table, on edge. RING RING.

MITCH  
(into phone)  
Stan?

INT. LARSEN MOVERS TRUCK - INTERCUT

Stan drives, on his cell:

STAN  
(into phone)  
Rosie's on the island, with that  
kid...

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Mitch: weight of the world off her back--

MITCH  
(into phone)  
Jasper? You sure?

STAN (O.S.)  
Yeah. I'm on my way to pick her  
up...

INT. LARSEN MOVERS TRUCK - INTERCUT

Stan, on the phone:

STAN  
(into phone)  
No more worrying, okay, babe?

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Mitch smiles--

MITCH  
(into phone)  
Okay. I love you, Stan.

She hangs up. Pinches her eyes closed. Thank you God.

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - WOODS - DAY

Sunlight fades, almost night. Deep in the woods, CSU and  
UNIS circle a dig site. Holder and Sarah look on.

RING RING, Sarah's phone. She answers--

SARAH  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

OAKES (O.S.)  
Found the girl.

INT. SEATTLE PD - HALLWAY - DAY

Lieutenant Oakes, shrugging on his coat, walks and talks:

OAKES  
(into phone)  
Mom called. Rosie's with her  
boyfriend on Mercer Island. Dad's  
heading out to get her.

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - WOODS - INTERCUT

Sarah on the phone with Oakes:

SARAH  
Mom talk directly to Rosie?

OAKES  
No, to her friend. I'm not  
authorizing anymore OT, I don't care  
what Lewis wants. We're way over  
budget on this thing--

SARAH  
And you believe Mom's story?

OAKES  
Only story is some kid got laid.  
Come on in, Sarah. It's over. Don't  
you have a plane to catch?

He hangs up. Sarah's not buying it. Then--

HOLDER (O.S.)  
Linden.

He's bent over the dig site. At its bottom, a BLANKET covers  
something lumpy. Holder pulls back the blanket, revealing--

A grimy plastic DOLL. One eye caked with mud. The other a  
glaring, periwinkle blue. Holder turns to Sarah:

HOLDER (CONT'D)  
(baby voice)  
Mama?

The Uniforms guffaw. Sarah moves off, irritated.



SARAH

Wrap it up. We're done here.

INT. CITY HALL - RICHMOND OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Happy hour for the well-heeled donors. Richmond and Jamie laugh with a gaggle of fat BLUE HAIRS. Gwen, dolled up, interrupts discretely--

GWEN

Meg's here. In your office.

Richmond nods, exits--

INT. CITY HALL - RICHMOND INNER OFFICE - INTERCUT

Richmond enters to find MEG -- efficient, plain -- waiting.

MEG

Darren. Moving up in the world.

RICHMOND

Should have stuck it out with me, Meg. How's the governor?

MEG

Slave driving megalomaniac, per usual. That reporter's asking about when I worked here. About the trips you took.

RICHMOND

My trips are public record, so what.

MEG

Not all of them.

It hangs there. Richmond, cautious--

RICHMOND

You were the only one who knew about those, Meg.

MEG

Some of your staff did, too. And I'm not the one blabbing.

Gwen enters:

GWEN

Your guests are waiting, Darren.

MEG

I should go. You look lovely, Gwen.

GWEN

(tight)  
Thank you.

RICHMOND

I'll, ah, talk to you later. Thanks.

Meg nods, discreetly exits.

GWEN

Is everything okay, Darren?

RICHMOND

I'm not sure.

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DING DONG. The doorbell. Jasper, still engrossed in his X-box, ignores it. DING DONG DING DONG--

JASPER

What? Jesus...

He slouches to the front door, opens it a crack. Stan bursts past him, raging like a tornado through the living room--

STAN

Where is she? Where's Rosie?

JASPER

If you don't leave, like right now,  
I'm calling the cops--

Stan turns on him, slams him up against the wall.

STAN

Where the hell's my daughter?

JASPER

(whiny, scared)  
She's not here I swear to God.

Stan loosens his grip, ashamed. Then spots the woman's THONG on the table. Other articles of FEMININE WEAR strewn on the staircase. He looks up to the second floor--

STAN

Rosie?

Plunging up the stairs, Jasper on his heels--

JASPER

You can't go up there!

Stan ignores him, rushes into the open bedroom--

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sees the nude, blonde GIRL lying motionless on the bed.

STAN

Rosie?

Jasper, panting, behind him. Stan pulls back the sheets.

The Girl isn't Rosie and she ain't no girl. She's a hard-looking, 40-something pick up from the "Last Chance" dive bar. Jasper grins, puffs his chest, weirdly proud:

JASPER

Told you Rosie isn't here.

Off Stan, stunned--

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - FIELD - DAY

PD UNITS pack up gear and K-9s. Sarah stands there, map in hand, dog with a bone herself. BEEP BEEP--

HOLDER

(yelling)

Let's go, Linden!

Holder slouches against the car, waiting. Sarah ignores him, pops another NICORETTE. Her phone RINGS, she answers--

RICK (O.S.)

I'm thinking barbecue...

INT/EXT. RICK'S CAR - DAY

Rick drives, sun-kissed Sonoma hills in the b.g.

RICK (CONT'D)

(into phone)

... Steaks, burgers, hot dogs for the kids, vegan whatever for the weirdos who do that...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARKS -- WOODS - INTERCUT

Sarah nods, half listening, scanning the map:

SARAH

(into phone)

Yeah, sounds good, Rick.

RICK (O.S.)

Then again if Emilio's caters, we don't have to deal with cleanup...

He blathers on in her ear. Holder approaches--

HOLDER  
What's the hold up?

SARAH  
Gimme a minute.

HOLDER  
You said that twenty minutes ago.

Frustrated, Sarah drops the map. Rick still yakking in her ear. In the distance, the train HORN again. She takes one last look around. Zeroing in on--

Three 12-year-old GIRLS pushing bikes on the fire road. Fishing POLES slung over their shoulders.

SARAH  
Where does the fire road lead to?

HOLDER  
The Sound, why?

He notes her intensity. Knows what it means by now. Shit--

HOLDER (CONT'D)  
We're not dragging the Puget Sound  
cuz the girl's not missing anymore.  
Remember?

SARAH  
How far away is it?

HOLDER  
The other side of the park, Linden,  
no way she made it there on foot.  
Plus she was running in the other  
direction--

SARAH  
So where are those girls going?

HOLDER  
Who cares?

RICK (O.S.)  
(from phone)  
Sarah? What did you say?

INT/EXT. RICK'S CAR - INTERCUT

Rick, on his phone, confused:

RICK (CONT'D)  
... Are you there? Sarah?

EXT. DISCOVERY PARKS - WOODS - INTERCUT

Sarah stares intently at the girls. At what lays beyond these woods. Her strange eyes unblinking.

RICK (O.S.)

Hello--?

Sarah hangs up. Thinking--

SARAH

If they're not going to the water...  
why do they have fishing poles?

Beat. Holder, reluctantly intrigued now, takes the map. Studies it. Looks up slowly:

HOLDER

There's a lake on the other side of  
the woods.

Off Sarah's gaze--

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - LAKE - LATER

As the last rays of light fade, Sarah and Holder wait on the banks, watching the DIVERS surface, give a thumbs up.

A crane CLANKS into motion -- pulling something from the depths. A CAR. Watering pouring from it...

INT. LARSEN MOVERS TRUCK - NIGHT

A somber Stan drives, talks on his cell phone:

STAN

Rosie wasn't with him...

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

As Tom and Denny -- now in their PJs -- cut up in the kitchen, Mitch, on her phone, sets the table:

MITCH

(into phone)

But you said she was there.

The boys, hearing the tension in her voice, look up.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

So where is she, Stan...?

INT. LARSEN MOVERS TRUCK - INTERCUT

Stan, wracked with guilt, worry:

STAN  
 (into phone)  
 I don't know.

Through his windshield, dark woods, a fire road. In the distance, bright KLIEG LIGHTS.

STAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 I'm at the park.

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Tom and Denny stare at a now very scared Mitch--

MITCH  
 (into phone)  
 Why're you at the park?

STAN (O.S.)  
 (from phone)  
 You said they found her sweater here--

MITCH  
 (into phone)  
 I don't know if it was hers!

TOM  
 Mom? What's wrong, Mom?

The boys big-eyed, scared now too. Mitch snaps angrily--

MITCH  
 Go watch your videos, go on, Tommy.

DENNY  
 Why does he always get to pick?!

MITCH  
 Go! Now!

They rush out. Mitch, barely keeping the terror at bay--

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 She wouldn't be at that park...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - LAKE - INTERCUT

Klieg lights shine down on the fire road where the black Car now rests, center stage, dripping water. Sarah and Holder circle, checking inside. Nothing. Sarah nods to a UNI:

SARAH  
 Open the trunk.

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - PERIMETER - INTERCUT

Stan stops his truck on the fire road, blocked by Crime Scene TAPE and UNIS. He emerges, stone faced, cell phone in hand:

MITCH (O.S.)  
(from phone)  
What's going on? Stan?

The Unis try to wave him off but Stan doesn't see them. His gaze locked onto the crowd gathered around the black car...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - LAKE - INTERCUT

Sarah and Holder watch as the Uni opens the trunk. And then they stare, expressionless, at what's inside --

CU of a Girl's ANKLES, grossly swollen, bindings cutting deeply, cruelly into the bluish, mottled skin...

CU of bloated WRISTS and HANDS -- painted fingernails chipped and broken, palms deeply cut -- bound just as tightly...

CU of a beautiful BUTTERFLY PENDANT on a necklace wrapped tightly around a the soft flesh of a girl's bare neck--

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah and Holder look on grimly, knowing. Rosie. From behind--

STAN (O.S.)  
Lemme go! Lemme go!

At the perimeter, Stan fights off the Unis, enraged--

STAN (CONT'D)  
Rosie! Rosie!

Sarah, always hating this part, takes a breath. Heads off. Holder, new to this brand of horror, watches her grimly...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Sarah ducks under the tape, approaches Stan, her face neutral. He sees her, stops fighting. The need and pain in his eyes so naked, raw --

SARAH  
You can't be here, Mr. Larsen.

STAN  
Is it my daughter? Is it my daughter!

Her face giving it away. Her quiet words--

SARAH  
I'm sorry. You can't be here.

In a stupor he steps forward, shaking his head slowly. No. Another step, no. Heaves himself suddenly at Sarah--

STAN

No!

Animal agony, out of control, out of his mind--

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Mitch sits at the kitchen table -- set for five - listening on her phone. Wide-eyed, unbelieving.

MITCH

Stan?! Stan...!

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

Drained, Sarah walks back to the black car. There, CSU TECHS are already quietly at work. Holder meets her--

HOLDER

Ran the plates.

(beat)

Car belongs to the Richmond campaign.

SARAH

(stunned)

Richmond? City Councilman Richmond?

Holder nods. Holy shit--

INT. CITY HALL - RICHMOND OUTER OFFICE - INTERCUT - CLOSE ON

Campaign POSTER of a smiling Richmond dominates the room. Donors mill around the real Richmond, smiling, charming. He glances furtively at an oblivious Gwen and Jamie. Wondering: Could one of them be the leak...?

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - LAKE - INTERCUT

POP! A camera flash CLOSE ON Rosie's bound feet. POP! Another flash CLOSE ON her cruelly bound hands. POP! A third on the butterfly necklace.

Sarah stands above the body, looking down. Haunted by what she sees. POP! And now we see it, too--

Rosie - bloated, fish belly pale, one leg bent at an unnatural angle. Her once pretty face mottled black and blue. Her dead eyes like punched out, blackened windows.

Someone's little girl beaten and broken and torn apart, then tossed away like a piece of garbage...



EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - PERIMETER - INTERCUT

Stan fights the cops, crazed with grief, horror, as they try to put him in a patrol car. No luck. They wrestle him to the ground, camera CRANES high above this broken man...

INT. LARSEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Mitch, phone still clutched to her ear, her voice hoarse, knowing everything now, unable to stop:

MITCH  
Stan!? Stan!? Stan...!?

In the doorway, hidden in the shadows, Tom and Denny look on as their mother breaks into a million little pieces...

EXT. DISCOVERY PARK - LAKE - INTERCUT

Techs and Unis continue to work, flashbulbs POPPING. Sarah stands apart, alone, staring down into the trunk.

Camera PUSHES IN slowly on Sarah. Her unblinking, strange eyes fixed on the trunk's sad contents...

REVERSE PUSH IN on Rosie's body. Her dead eyes staring back into camera, into Sarah...

CONT. PUSH IN to a CU of Sarah, her carefully controlled face shifting slightly. Knowing what she has to do now...

CONT. PUSH IN to an ECU of one of Rosie's staring eyes. Sarah reflected in it. And the silent plea...

Find him.

**END EPISODE**