

V A N I S H E D

by

Samuel Franco & Evan Patrick Kilgore

07.11.24

RAIN

1

INT. CAMPING TENT -- EARLY MORNING

1

Warm morning light. Sprawled in a snarl of SLEEPING BAG patched up with DUCT TAPE - **VIOLET** - 15, young, pale, blonde hair - COMES AWAKE.

Violet winces at her aching back, neck. Gropes around for -
- her IPHONE - black case, black "Blohsh" Billie Eilish sticker on the back. She taps it awake. 6:49AM.

2

EXT. BANKSTON CAMP, KISATCHIE NATIONAL FOREST -- MORNING

2

Pacing, banged-up FLIP PHONE pinned to his ear - **MICHAEL MILLER** - 36, stubble, ruggedly handsome, short salt and pepper hair, jeans, puffy winter vest -

Flinches at a SIZZLE of SMOKE from the SKILLET he dashes back and forth over a crackling CAMPFIRE. Runny eggs, bacon.

MICHAEL
(into the phone)
No, I told - You're not hearing me.
I told you, the payment was made
last week. I dropped it off myself.

Michael grimaces, takes a pull from a CIGARETTE - worry lines, shadowed eyes - glances over as -

Violet - climbs out of the TENT, set up beside a second RUMPLED SLEEPING BAG and their red FORD EXPLORER.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
No. You're not listening to me.

Michael drags the SKILLET off of the FIRE. Plucks bacon from the skillet - lays it out for Violet on a PICNIC TABLE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello? Hello? Fuck.

Michael CLAPS his phone shut. Jams it into the pocket of his vest. Reaches to slop the eggs onto Violet's plate.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Morning, hon'. How'd you sleep?

VIOLET
Bad. My neck hurts.

Michael shovels BACON, EGGS onto his own paper plate.

MICHAEL
You should've slept out here like
you used to.

Michael pulls her into a big bear hug. Behind his back, Violet - a tug of a smile, in spite of herself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Never get tired of staring at the
stars.

He releases her. Plucks some lint from her hoodie as he takes
a pull from his CIGARETTE. Violet, meeting his pointed look -

VIOLET
Those aren't mine. They're Emily's.
She must've left them in my jacket.

Michael - SMASHED CIGARETTE PACK in his SHIRT POCKET, smirks -

MICHAEL
Sure. Mine now.

VIOLET
Dad...

MICHAEL
Here, sit down, eat your breakfast.

Michael hands her plate to her. Flashes her a smirk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What she doesn't know won't hurt
her.

Violet, relieved - grateful. Bites off a chunk of bacon -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(re: the bacon)
Good, huh? That's the real stuff.
Not the turkey shit your mother
makes us eat at home.

VIOLET
Hers is healthier.

MICHAEL
Sure. Live an extra five years
eating fake bacon - that's not a
blessing, that's a punishment.

VIOLET
(smirks)
Can I have some coffee?

MICHAEL
Coffee, cigarettes - you gonna drive
us home now, too?

Michael laughs, fills two STYROFOAM CUPS from a STEAMING
THERMOS. Glances back at Violet. Absorbed by her new phone.
His smile fades.

Michael forces it away, turns back with their CUPS -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
House blend, extra bold.

VIOLET
Ugh, it looks like dirt.

MICHAEL
Trail brew, Vi. Shit'll wake you up.

Violet picks up a cup. Sniffs. Winces. Holds out her phone to line up a SELFIE with it - SNAPS it -

- just as Michael dives in to HUG her from behind. Violet YELPS, wriggles free.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You'd better tag me in that.

Violet regards the disheveled, goofy PICTURE on the SCREEN -

VIOLET
That's definitely not going on my story.

Michael takes a sip of coffee - watches her. Love in his eyes - tempered by stress, exhaustion.

3

INT. FORD EXPLORER [DRIVING] -- AFTERNOON

3

Peering out through the bug-smeared windshield as he DRIVES - Michael chews on a STRAW from a two-day-old McDonald's CUP in the cup-holder. Worry etching his face. On the PHONE again -

MICHAEL
(into the phone)
You'll have the rest on Tuesday.
Because that's what we agreed. No,
you can't just - hello? Hello?

Michael peels the phone away from his ear, squints at the SCREEN. No reception. CLAPS it shut.

Glances over at Violet in the passenger seat. One leg tucked up beneath her, TEXTING on her IPHONE -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You still have reception?
(Violet nods)
Who are you texting? Mom?

VIOLET
Not Mom.

MICHAEL
Ashley? Not that Stephen guy.

VIOLET
Spencer. And no, it's not him. It's Emily. She says hi.

MICHAEL
You keep using that thing, you're gonna run out of data.

VIOLET
Mom upgraded me to unlimited.

Michael shakes his head. Of course she did. Flicks a glance down at the GAS GAUGE. Scowls. Flicks it.

Glances at Violet - a faint smirk on her face from whatever was just sent to her. Absorbed.

MICHAEL
Can you look up where the nearest gas station is?

VIOLET
I thought I was "going to run out of data."

MICHAEL
Mom can afford it.

VIOLET
You mean Nana can afford it.

Michael, a scowl -

MICHAEL
Just try and find me a cheap one.

VIOLET
You want me to Google "shitty gas stations near Grand Prairie?"

MICHAEL
Just find me a Murphy Express or something. Please?

CUT TO:

4

EXT. MURPHY EXPRESS GAS STATION -- EVENING

4

Jamming a taped-together squeegee across the dirt-caked WINDSHIELD - Michael, on the PHONE again -

MICHAEL
(into the phone)
I told you I'd have her home by ten,
I'll have her home by ten. You don't
have to check up on us.

Drops the squeegee back into the plastic tub of gray water.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
What's that supposed to mean?

Eyes sticking on - the analog PUMP DISPLAY - "\$64.93..."
Michael winces. Digs into his jeans pocket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Yes, all week, but I'll be there,
 like I said, when you - yes, I said
 I'd be there. Joanne, I said I'd be
 there, and I will.

Riffles out a wad of \$5 bills, \$10s. Flicks a glance again at the PUMP COUNTER. Ticking up.

5 **INT. MURPHY EXPRESS GAS STATION, MINI-MART -- EVENING** 5

Slumped against the plaster wall, surrounded by racks of Twinkies, cupcakes - Violet waits outside the RESTROOM DOOR.

Her eyes find her REFLECTION in the WINDOWS - dark outside, like a MIRROR. She squints. Trying to see past herself.

It almost feels as though she is being watched.

JOLTS as the front door PUSHES OPEN. Michael - CLAPPING his phone shut. Agitated, annoyed -

- breezes past the CLERK, a FATHER and an 8-year-old SON grabbing bags of Doritos. Joins Violet at the RESTROOM -

MICHAEL
 Someone in there?

Violet nods, pulling her iPhone out. Michael sighs. Leans against the wall.

A glance at the Father and Son. The Father's hand on the Son's shoulders. Michael, a twinge of pain, looks at Violet -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Hey. Listen. I know we've been
 joking around, but I know this is
 hard on you.

Violet looks up from her phone. Pain, sincerity in his eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna do everything I can to
 keep this family together.

VIOLET
 Move to New York?

Michael clamps his mouth shut. Violet, softening -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
 Emily says the good part is she gets
 two Christmases and two birthdays
 every year.

MICHAEL
 I swear I'm not giving up on us.

VIOLET
You cheated on her, Dad. You broke
her heart.

MICHAEL
(snapping)
You don't think that this is killing
me, too?

He grimaces, immediately regrets it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I fucked up. I know that.
It was a mistake.
(pauses)
Listen. None of it changes how I
feel about you. You know that,
right? Your Mom - just needs some
space.

VIOLET
I know, Dad.

MICHAEL
You'll always be my girl.

Violet rolls her eyes - touched.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And I'll come up every few weeks.
Between jobs, whenever I can.

VIOLET
I know.

With a CLACK - the Restroom OPENS. Michael, frustrated, looks
away. A gaunt-faced MAN, 60s, ratty leather jacket steps out.
Squelching past -

- his eyes drag over Violet. She scowls. Ducks away from her
father, into the RESTROOM. Pulls the door shut with a CLUNK.

Michael sighs. Leans against the wall, digs for his phone.

6 **EXT. MURPHY EXPRESS GAS STATION -- A FEW MINUTES LATER** 6

Shaking droplets from his damp hands -

Michael pushes outside. Stepping between an old Dodge and a
Louisiana State Police Highway Patrol Car. Eyes finding -

Violet - already back in the Explorer, face lit up by her
PHONE. Michael draws a breath.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. FORD EXPLORER [DRIVING] -- NIGHT / LATER** 7

Back on Interstate-49 - orange puddles of light smearing
through the dirty windshield.

Wendy's, Popeyes, dilapidated shotgun houses, trailers.

Michael - behind the wheel, chewing on the same straw.

Squints at the harsh glow of a semi-truck's headlights - blinding the rearview mirror.

The Explorer's whining engine not enough to keep up. The truck grinds past, overtaking them. Michael glances over at -

Violet - phone clasped in her lap, off now, gazing vacantly out the window. Becomes aware of his eyes on her -

What? VIOLET

Nothing. MICHAEL

He flicks a glance at her. Looks back to the road.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So, tell me more about this Spencer guy - he's a linebacker, right?

Dad. VIOLET

Just didn't figure you for dating a jock, is all. MICHAEL

He's a cornerback. VIOLET

Michael tosses another glance at her. Faint smirk.

So you guys are what, going out - going steady? MICHAEL

Oh my God. Dad - VIOLET

Just wondering if you guys have talked about... you know - the move. Long-distance can be hard. MICHAEL

It's fine, Dad. We're good. VIOLET

Michael chews at the straw. More he wants to say. Violet jabs on the RADIO. Fuzzy Lady A country MUSIC. Tries another station. Even fuzzier - mostly static.

Violet sighs. Gives up. Turns it OFF. Swipes her PHONE awake again, wriggles her EARBUDS out. Michael glances at her.

MICHAEL
Kate McRae?

VIOLET
Tate. And no, Enya.

Violet jams the earbuds in her ears. Michael, self-conscious, embarrassed. His fucked up life.

8 **EXT. OLD SPANISH TRAIL, LA-182 HIGHWAY -- NIGHT** 8

MILES of pitch-black nothing. Narrow ribbon of two lanes - LA-182 - the antlike, crawling headlights of the Explorer.

Another set of distant headlights behind the Explorer.

Out here in the middle of bayou country.

9 **INT. FORD EXPLORER -- LATER/NIGHT** 9

Hands wrapped around the jittering wheel, tired, Michael tosses a glance at -

Violet - dozed off, earbuds still in her ears. Head lolling against the window. Michael smiles faintly at her open mouth.

Her PHONE DINGS in her lap. She drags AWAKE. Squints at it -

VIOLET
Mom wants to know where we are.

Michael's smile evaporates. Scowls, flicks a glance at the broken odometer, stuck at 99,999mi. At the clock - 10:22PM -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
She says you said we'd be back by ten.

MICHAEL
Tell her there was traffic in Lafayette.
(off Violet's look)
What? There was.

Michael's eyes catch on the swelling GLARE of the REARVIEW MIRROR. HEADLIGHTS, reflected, now washing harshly over him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Asshole's got his brights on.

Violet - thumbing a text back to her mother.

Michael pushes on the ACCELERATOR. The Explorer whines. He squints at the MIRROR. Half-BLINDED by the BRIGHTS -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Go around, buddy. Christ's sake.

VIOLET
 (reading a text)
 She says to tell you this is going
 to be a "conversation."

MICHAEL
 Fantastic.

Michael pushes the Explorer a little FASTER. Glances at the MIRROR again. Annoyed, flicks the TURN SIGNAL.

Changes to the LEFT LANE. The HEADLIGHTS FOLLOW HIM.

Michael - twinge of UNEASE. Frowns at the GLARE in the MIRROR.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 What a dick.

Violet, tapping back a text, looks up. Twists around in her seat. Wincés, BLINDED by the BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS.

Michael flicks his eyes back to the ROAD AHEAD. Pitch blackness. In the middle of nowhere.

VIOLET
 What are they doing?

MICHAEL
 I don't know. Being assholes.

Michael SIGNALS, noses back into the RIGHT LANE. The HEADLIGHTS FOLLOW. Michael PUNCHES the GAS.

The Explorer's engine REVS UP. Pushes toward 85mph. Loose change JITTERING in the cup holder.

The HEADLIGHTS draw CLOSER, easily keeping pace. CLOSER.

Violet tugs her earbuds out, looks to Michael, worried -

VIOLET
 Dad...?

Michael, PEDAL to the METAL. Straining past 85mph when -

A LOUD WHOOP - pierces from BEHIND THEM. Sudden FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS.

Michael, startled - JOLTS - JERKS the wheel. Violet YELPS, grasps the dashboard.

Michael, shock turning to disbelief, ANGER -

MICHAEL
 Fuck. Motherfucker. You fucking kidding me?

VIOLET

Dad...

The POLICE CAR's SIRENS WAIL again. HEADLIGHTS FLASHING.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Dad, you have to pull over.

Michael's eyes flick back to the FLASHING BRIGHTNESS in the REARVIEW MIRROR. Furious, wants to punch something.

Michael brakes. Jams the turn signal. Eyes on the MIRROR -

MICHAEL

We're in the middle of fucking
nowhere. He was riding us. Fucking
tailgating us.

Violet - scoops up HER PHONE, dropped on the floor as -

Michael steers onto the rough, uneven SHOULDER. Brings the Explorer to a lurching HALT.

The whole cabin FLOODED with BLINDING LIGHT.

Michael - riveted to the MIRROR. Flicks a glance at - Violet -
cupping her PHONE, thumbing out a TEXT -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you're texting your mother right
now I swear to god I'm throwing that
thing out the window.

Violet freezes. Locks eyes with Michael. Sets the phone down.

MOVEMENT in the MIRROR. The SILHOUETTE of the OFFICER
climbing into the BLINDING shafts of LIGHT. Michael, pissed -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't say a word, all right? Keep
your mouth shut.

A SHAFT OF LIGHT - suddenly PIERCES Michael's window. The
OFFICER, a MAGLITE directed in at him, motions.

Michael grimaces - CRANKS the window down. Forced politeness -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Evening, officer.

- even as the OFFICER BLINDS him, MAGLITE in his EYES.

OFFICER

License and registration, please.

MICHAEL

(digging for his
wallet)

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You know, you were riding us pretty
close back there.

The OFFICER - plays the BLINDING MAGLITE BEAM over onto
Violet, her creamy skin.

She flinches, also BLINDED, tries to shield her face as well.

OFFICER
You too, ma'am.

Michael hands his LICENSE out through the window -

MICHAEL
She's fourteen.

OFFICER
Ma'am, do you have any form of
identification with you?

Michael reaches past Violet's knees, tugs open the glovebox.
Digs out the REGISTRATION.

MICHAEL
(to Violet)
Have your ID from school?

Violet nods - nervously shimmying her SLIDELL HIGH SCHOOL
I.D. out of her flappy lime-green wallet, along with her
Driver's Learning Permit.

Michael hands them and the REGISTRATION to the Officer, who
SHINES his MAGLITE on them. Michael winces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Listen, we're just trying to get
back -

OFFICER
Wait here, please.

The OFFICER turns back. Shoes CRUNCHING down the shoulder of
the highway, shadow passing through the Explorer's windows.

Michael, blinking. Squints into the MIRROR. The OFFICER'S
SILHOUETTE ducks into the BLINDING LIGHT of the POLICE CAR.

Michael pushes out a breath. Fuck. Glances at the dashboard
clock - 10:39PM. This nightmare of a night. Looks back.

The SILHOUETTE of the OFFICER still in the POLICE CAR.
Impossible to see much.

Then he moves. Door opening.

STEPS BACK OUT onto the shoulder of the highway. Crunching
back toward the Explorer. Violet holds her PHONE UP.

MICHAEL
Just what I fucking need.
(glances at Violet)
Is that recording?

Violet nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Turn it off.

VIOLET
We have every right.

MICHAEL
Turn it off - now.

She puts the phone down, raises her hands - not touching it.

Michael turns back as THE OFFICER draws up outside his window, SHINES his MAGLITE in again, right at Michael's FACE -

OFFICER
Turn your engine off please, sir.

MICHAEL
What?

OFFICER
Your engine. Turn it off please.

Michael, taken off-guard, switches it off. Sputtering silent.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Step out of the vehicle please.

MICHAEL
What's this about?

OFFICER
Step out of the vehicle.

Michael, hands shaking slightly, POPS his seatbelt - when the OFFICER shines the BLINDING MAGLITE onto Violet -

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Not you. Her.

Violet stares. Paralyzed. Terrified.

Michael squints into the BLINDING BRIGHTNESS of the OFFICER -

MICHAEL
Wait - what? No.

OFFICER
Step out of the vehicle please,
ma'am.

Violet, frozen, breath seizing in her throat -

VIOLET
Dad...?

MICHAEL
No fucking way.

VIOLET
Dad?

OFFICER
NOW.

Violet - JOLTED, stabs the seatbelt with SHAKING HANDS. POPS it loose. Fights to get free of it, tangled around her.

MICHAEL
Hold on. Wait a minute -

Violet pushes the passenger DOOR OPEN. Hinges groaning. Climbs stiffly out into the freezing desert night.

Michael swivels back. Reaches for his own door -

OFFICER
Not you, sir. You stay in the vehicle.

Michael ignores him, tugs the handle. Starts to PUSH his door open. The OFFICER SLAMS it back SHUT -

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Stay in the vehicle, sir. That's an order.
(to Violet)
Ma'am. Over here, please.

MICHAEL
What the hell's going on? You keep away from her.

Violet - shaking, unsteady, totters her way around, through the Explorer's HEADLIGHTS. She stares through the windshield at her father, terrified -

- as the OFFICER ROUGHLY GRABS her by the SHOULDER. Spins her around - FRISKING her - hips - ass - stomach - chest -

VIOLET
Get off of me!

MICHAEL
Hey! You can't do that -

OFFICER
Violet Miller, you are under arrest on outstanding warrants for MDMA and narcotics possession and sale in the State of Louisiana.

MICHAEL
WHAT? What's he - Violet what the
fuck is he talking about?

Violet, face flickering in the OFFICER's swinging MAGLITE
beam. Stunned, terrified -

VIOLET
Dad? I don't -

MICHAEL
This is bullshit. You have the wrong
Violet. She's fourteen.

OFFICER
You have the right to remain
silent...

The Officer YANKS Violet with him, nearly pulling her off her
feet.

Michael, STIFFENING. Fumbles with his door, SHOVES it open -

MICHAEL
Get your fucking hands off of her.

10 **EXT. OLD SPANISH TRAIL, LA-182 HIGHWAY, SHOULDER -- CON'T.** 10

- climbing out into the freezing night as the SILHOUETTED
OFFICER swings his MAGLITE onto Michael's FACE.

MICHAEL
Stop. You can't do this.

The OFFICER meets Michael's wild, anxious eyes. One hand
falling to the SERVICE REVOLVER on his BELT -

OFFICER
Get back in the vehicle, sir.

MICHAEL
You can't - Let her go.

OFFICER
GET BACK IN THE VEHICLE NOW.

MICHAEL
Stop! This is ridiculous -

OFFICER
I'M NOT GOING TO ASK YOU AGAIN.

Michael clamps his mouth shut. Violet - shuddering in the
OFFICER's arms, starts to WHIMPER, petrified as the OFFICER
DRAWS his REVOLVER -

MICHAEL
I - Okay. Okay, I'm - Vi, I'm not -

VIOLET
DADDY - HELP ME! HELP ME!

MICHAEL
I'm right - I'll be right behind
you. Where are you taking her?

The OFFICER - already dragging Violet toward his car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Vi. I'm right - fuck - I'm right
behind you. Stay calm, keep your
mouth shut. Don't say a word.

Michael swivels back. Grabs the door, accidentally pushes it
SHUT. Fuck. Pulls it open, shaking, climbs in -

11 INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS

11

- YANKS the door SHUT with a CLUNK. Michael's eyes riveted to
the REARVIEW MIRROR - the SILHOUETTE of the OFFICER SHOVING
Violet into the POLICE CAR.

Michael grabs the keys in the ignition. Twists.

The Explorer whinnies, mewls, coughs. Does NOT START.

MICHAEL
No. Come on, come on. Fuck.

IN THE MIRROR - the POLICE CAR shudders, shifts into GEAR.
Violet in the back seat SCREAMING.

Michael TWISTS his keys. Pumps the accelerator.

The Explorer WHINNIES, snickers, coughs, finally ROARS to
LIFE as the POLICE CAR - WHIZZES PAST onto the highway.

Michael - still half-blinded from the GLARE. Drops into gear
and PUNCHES IT. LURCHING back into the RIGHT LANE -

- just as LIGHT FLOODS the MIRROR - the BLARE of a HORN. A
thundering CEMENT TRUCK VEERS half into the LEFT LANE -
Narrowly avoiding SIDESWIPING the Explorer.

Michael - coursing adrenaline - FLOORS IT onto the HIGHWAY.

Scanning the DARK ahead. The Cement Truck's taillights.
Beyond them - speeding away - the POLICE CAR.

Michael - PEDAL TO THE METAL - fixed on the police car, on
Violet as she twists, tries to look over her shoulder -
gaining distance with each second.

The SPEEDOMETER, spiking TACHOMETER - pushing red.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Come on, you piece of shit, faster!

Michael VEERS around the Cement Truck, which BLASTS its HORN. WHIPS back in front of the truck. Scans the highway ahead -

BLACKNESS. Lanes trailing off into the dark.

No sign of the POLICE CAR.

Michael hunches forward - scouring the EMPTY HIGHWAY.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Where the fuck did you go?

A HIGHWAY SIGN FLASHES PAST in Michael's headlights -

"LA-3215 GARDEN CITY/FRANKLIN EXIT 2mi."

Michael - scouring the cluster of LIGHTS up ahead, the OUTSKIRTS of FURNACE SPRINGS - glimpses -

TAILLIGHTS - veering off onto the EXIT RAMP.

Michael LURCHES the Explorer onto the EXIT. Curving. BRAKING as the EXIT RAMP spills out into a two-lane AVENUE.

O'Reilly Auto Parts. Bargain Barn, an old feed store.

Michael fixates on the CAR drawing up to a STOP at a LIGHT across from a CHICK'S BURGERS -

Dented white CHEVY LUMINA. Missing hubcap, a collage of peeling BUMPER STICKERS on the trunk - *the WRONG CAR.*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Fuck.

The LIGHT turns GREEN. The Lumina jitters forward. A HONK behind Michael - a beat-up pickup truck.

NO SIGN of the POLICE CAR. The OPEN ROAD behind him.

Michael squinting forward - STAMPS the GAS. LURCHES up into the CHICK'S BURGERS PARKING LOT.

12

INT. CHICK'S BURGERS RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

12

Fluorescent, red linoleum, sticky booths. PIMPLY TEENS in rumpled uniforms scrambling to shovel fries as -

Michael PUSHES IN. Eyes darting across the HULKING HOMELESS MAN in line, matted hair, dirty pants.

A TIRED WOMAN slouched against the wall, bucking away as -

PIMPLY CASHIER
Seventeen. Order number seventeen -

The **PIMPLY TEEN** behind the counter pushes a tray to her.

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

The FRENCH FRY GIRL already back at to the BEEPING MACHINES -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey. Can you tell me where the police station is?

- ignores him. Wheeling to grab a TAKEOUT BAG. Michael turns to the Pimply Cashier. The Homeless Man counting out pennies.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, can you tell me -

PIMPLY CASHIER

No, I don't know man.

FRENCH FRY GIRL

Eighteen. Eighteen over here.

The French Fry Girl slides another TRAY forward. A skinny **LATINO MAN**, 32, sweatshirt, shimmies over to claim it.

Michael steps to the counter. The French Fry Girl, eyes darting over him - sweat-stained shirt, grubby jeans, boots -

MICHAEL

Where's the nearest police station?

LATINO MAN

It's over on Coushatta, man. After Fluke's Seafood, and Chitimacha Loop. Take 326.

The Latino Man steps past him, grabs the tray -

MICHAEL

Three-twenty-six to Coushatta.

LATINO MAN

(nods)
Two blocks past Fluke's.

MICHAEL

Thank you. *Thank you.*

13

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- NIGHT

13

Michael squints out the windshield -

Defunct Family Dollar. Beleaguered strip mall of boarded-up stores.

Then - a Touch of Hope beauty salon. Just beyond it the hunched brick -

CHITIMACHA TRIBAL POLICE DEPARTMENT - cramped parking lot.

Michael, relief surging, VEERS into the LOT.

Foggy, front windows, brick walls bathed in his headlights.

14 **INT. LOBBY, CHITIMACHA TRIBAL POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT** 14

BURSTING in through the door - Michael squints. Fluorescent, chipped-up white brick walls.

ARGUING at the FRONT DESK, AN INDIGENOUS MAN in a black HOODED JACKET, 33, SHOUTING in Cajun French through the PLEXIGLAS BARRIER at -

DEPUTY ELI WINNIER, 35, pinch-faced, tired, buzz cut, rumped brown Sheriff's Uniform, annoyed.

DEPUTY WINNIER
I told you - Davian, I told you -
shut - just SHUT UP for a goddamn -

The Indigenous Man SHOUTS. SLAPS his hand against the GLASS.

Turns - SWIPES at **DEPUTY COLBY**, 30, thick fleshy meat slab of a man - as he GRABS for the Indigenous Man's shoulder.

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)
Christ. Colby - get 'em - can you
get him to shut up -

Winnier glances to Michael through the Plexiglas, burdened.

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)
How can I help you?

MICHAEL
I got pulled over on one-eighty-two.
An officer took my daughter in.

DEPUTY WINNIER
We took her in?

MICHAEL
She was arrested.

Winnier glances back at the INDIGENOUS MAN - SNAPPING at Deputy Colby. Winnier, distracted -

DEPUTY WINNIER
Look, it must have been a different
precinct.

Michael, already dragging his WALLET out, flips it open - a ragged OLD PICTURE of Violet at 14, braces, braided hair -

MICHAEL
Here. This. This is her. Her name is
Violet. Violet Miller. He said -

DEPUTY WINNIER

Sir?

MICHAEL

He said she had some kind of - I don't know, she was caught with drugs or - Look, it's bullshit. She's only fourteen, she's -

DEPUTY WINNIER

Sir. *She's not here.*

MICHAEL

Then where is she?

DEPUTY WINNIER

I don't... Hang on a sec -

The INDIGENOUS MAN is now SHOUTING in Colby's FACE.

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)

COLBY. Fucking - that's it - take him in back. *Davian.* I warned you.

- sidestepping his desk - Winnier reaches for his ZIP-TIE CUFFS as Colby GRABS the Indigenous Man, still SHOUTING -

MICHAEL

Hey -

DEPUTY WINNIER

Wait. Just wait.

Winnier SLAPS his ID to the bulky DOOR buzzer. CLACKS it open, GRABS the Indigenous Man as he tries to SWIPE at Colby.

Colby and Winnier HUSTLE the Indigenous Man through the dented metal DOOR. SHOUTING down the hall. The Door CLACKS shut.

Michael - left abruptly in the quiet, buzzing fluorescent - anxious. Eyes raking across a POSTER - *a meth addict, face covered in sores, rotted teeth* - "THE TRUE FACE OF METH."

Michael JOLTS at a BUZZ from his pocket. Digs his PHONE out -

"Joanne Calling..."

Michael stares at the SCREEN. Punches CANCEL. Rejects it. Starts to jam his phone back in his pocket -

Halts - a thought. Flips it open. Thumbs down the CONTACT MENU to "Violet." Hits CALL. RINGING - RINGING -

VIOLET

(voicemail)

Hey, it's Vi. Just text me. Bye!

BEEP. Michael, gripped by her voice, falters -

MICHAEL
 (into the phone)
 Vi. I'm here... I'm trying to find
 you. Call me back as soon as you get
 this, okay?

Michael looks up as the DOOR CLACKS OPEN. Jams his phone back into his pocket. Steps past the Indigenous Woman, who is now SHOUTING in FRENCH as -

15 **INT. HALLWAY, CHITIMACHA POLICE DEPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS** 15

- Winnier holds the DENTED DOOR OPEN, letting Michael through. LUGS IT SHUT after him with a CLACK.

Winnier heads down the corridor. Gray carpet, featureless white walls.

DEPUTY WINNIER
 Goddamn circus. Here. This one.

Pushes open a WOODGRAIN DOOR, gestures for Michael to enter.

16 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CHITIMACHA POLICE DEPT. -- CONTINUOUS** 16

Cramped. A shitty folding table, old gum on the underside. Metal chairs, a ratty gray sofa. Fluorescent lights.

Michael steps in, turns back. Winnier lingering at the door.

DEPUTY WINNIER
 You got an ID? Driver's license?

Michael grimaces, digs out his WALLET again. Hands his LICENSE over.

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 Michael Miller. Same last name on
 the daughter?

MICHAEL
 Yeah - Violet Miller. Where is she?

DEPUTY WINNIER
 Hang tight.

Winnier ducks out, pulls the DOOR SHUT with a CLACK.

Michael, left alone. His PHONE BUZZES again in his POCKET.
"Joanne Calling..." He scowls. DECLINES.

Jams his hands into his pockets. Drags them out again.
 Anxious.

JOLTS as the DOOR CLACKS OPEN. **LT. PETER DODSON**, 56, graying, leathery-skinned - SHERIFF'S UNIFORM. Turns back as -

LT. DODSON
Oh, you got him on the line?

- Winnier hands Dodson a CELL PHONE. Dodson ducks back out, leaving the door ajar. LOUD FRENCH from the Indigenous Man.

Dodson's VOICE drawling on the phone. Michael, lost, confused.

LT. DODSON (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's right. Uh-huh. Okay,
well thanks anyway.
(chuckles)
You got it, Bill. All right bye now.

The SHOUTING escalating down the hall. Dodson - a glance toward it, shakes his head. Steps in, pulls the door SHUT.

LT. DODSON (CONT'D)
Jesus H. Christ. Hi, you must be
Michael.

Michael awkwardly shakes Dodson's hand.

LT. DODSON (CONT'D)
Pete Dodson. Pull up a chair, have a
seat. Here's this back.

Hands him back his DRIVER'S LICENSE. Michael, impatient, drags back a CHAIR. Drops into it. Dodson pulls back the other, sits -

MICHAEL
Is my daughter here?

Dodson fixes Michael with his eyes. Leans forward, sets a TAPE RECORDER on the table between them. Switches it ON.

LT. DODSON
Why don't you tell me about what
happened.

MICHAEL
Is she here?

LT. DODSON
Mr. Miller. Please. I need to hear
from you exactly what happened.

Michael draws a breath. Haggard, tired, stressed, worried.

MICHAEL
We got pulled over. The officer said
she's - there's some kind of drug
thing she was mixed up in.

LT. DODSON
Was she?

MICHAEL
 No. She's only fourteen. But I don't
 know. Things have been a little
 chaotic at home. My wife and I are -
 (grimaces)
 She's been living with her mother.

LT. DODSON
 You're divorced then?

MICHAEL
 Separated.

LT. DODSON
 Seeing anyone?

MICHAEL
 What's that got to do with anything?

LT. DODSON
 How about your wife? Where is she
 right now?

MICHAEL
 Home. In Slidell.

LT. DODSON
 St. Tammany Parish?

MICHAEL
 (nods)
 But she's - my wife's moving to New
 York next week. With Vi. This was -
 we were, Violet and me - we were
 camping. We were on our way back
 from Kisatchie. Look, she's only
 fourteen -

LT. DODSON
 Was your wife aware of this trip?
 Did she approve of it?

MICHAEL
 Did she - Yes. What? Listen. Where
 is my daughter?

Dodson regards Michael. Bloodshot eyes, messy hair,
 unshowered, hiking clothes.

Michael, eyes pleading. Scared. A father in agony.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 What. What's going on? Where the
 hell is my daughter? What's happened
 to her?

LT. DODSON
Mr. Miller, I contacted local police in Morgan City, the Sheriff's offices in New Iberia and Lafayette, and I just got off the phone with Bill Snyder in Baton Rouge. We don't have her.

MICHAEL
What do you mean? Where would he have taken her then?

LT. DODSON
I'm afraid - Mr. Miller... Whoever it was that pulled you over - He wasn't a cop.

MICHAEL
What do you mean he wasn't a cop?

LT. DODSON
I'm afraid the man you thought was arresting your daughter was not in fact an actual police officer.

MICHAEL
You mean someone...You mean he -

LT. DODSON
I'm afraid this may be a kidnapping. If you can describe the car, we'll have an Amber Alert sent out ASAP.

Michael, gutted, stares at Dodson.

MICHAEL
That's not fucking possible. Who would - Why would anyone want to - ?

Dodson pulls out a small STENO PAD, a PEN. Slides them across the table toward Michael.

LT. DODSON
Let me get you some coffee. We need to contact your wife and make some calls. In the meantime, jot down whatever you can remember - what was Violet wearing? Did she have her phone with her? Who was the last person she texted? Any information - anything - will be helpful for the Alert. No detail is too small.

17 INT. LOBBY, CHITIMACHA POLICE DEPARTMENT -- LATER

17

With a CLUNK - the DOOR comes open. Michael, hollow, numb, steps out. Head swimming.

Dodson steps behind the FRONT DESK, PLEXIGLAS. SPEAKS to Winnier. Beckons Michael over -

LT. DODSON
We're gonna set up a press conference first thing in the morning, get you and your wife in front of some cameras. Eli will tell you where you can stay for the night. I'll need you to keep your cell phone on. You got it charged up?

MICHAEL
Yeah...

LT. DODSON
You got a charger just in case?

MICHAEL
I - In the car, yeah...

LT. DODSON
All right then. You keep your chin up, okay? These first 48 hours are crucial. We're gonna find her. We're gonna get her back. The Amber Alert is live.

Dodson raps twice on Winnier's desk. Turns away. Tugs the DOOR open, one last sympathetic glance at Michael. Steps through.

18 **EXT. PARKING LOT, CHITIMACHA POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT** 18

Clammy pre-dawn darkness. Michael - haggard, rumpled, lost - as he pushes out through the glass door.

The Explorer - still waiting where he parked it. Michael stares at it. Numb.

19 **INT. FORD EXPLORER -- CONTINUOUS** 19

Michael lugs the door open. Back seats still jammed with SLEEPING BAGS, camping gear. Violet's NORTH FACE JACKET, TEDDY BEAR.

Michael's eyes stick on it. Trembling, he hauls himself in behind the wheel. Pulls the DOOR SHUT.

Sits. Unable to look over at the EMPTY PASSENGER SEAT.

With a SHAKING HAND, Michael digs out his PHONE. SCROLLS through his list of contacts. "Violet." CALL. RINGING - RINGING -

BILLIE EILISH's "Bad Guy" RINGTONE MUSIC - BURSTS through the silent cabin of the Explorer.

Michael JUMPS - casts frantically around - eyes falling on the GLOW half beneath the PASSENGER SEAT.

Michael leans, scoops up VIOLET'S IPHONE. Michael in a *dopey picture in a driveway*, grinning back at him on the SCREEN -

"Dad Calling..."

Michael stares at it. CLAPS his own PHONE SHUT. The MUSIC STOPS.

"Dad - (2) Missed Calls, (1) Voicemail."

Eyes riveted to the screen - Michael is wracked with a SHUDDER. Her EMPTY seat. Her phone, her ABSENCE sinking in.

His PHONE RINGS. "Joanne Calling..." He ACCEPTS the call. His eyes red, tears forming, as he lifts the phone to his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: **TEN YEARS LATER.**

20

INT. OXXO CONVENIENCE STORE, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- EVENING

20

Fluorescent, sticky linoleum tiles, glass refrigerator doors - bottled water, Pepsi, Fanta. The filthy BARE FEET -

- of a **YOUNG WOMAN** - 24, pretty but street-dirty, sun-browned face, sandy, stringy blonde hair. Touristy shirt smudged with street grime under a puffy JACKET -

She slips down an aisle of sunscreen, tequila. Prices in pesos. She slyly GRABS a bag of plantains, a chocolate bar, glass bottle of PEPSI -

JAMS them into her JACKET. Untrusting eyes flitting to the PUDGY MEXICAN CLERK behind the counter, on the PHONE.

SUPER: *Cancún, Mexico.*

A JINGLE as the front door swings open. **THREE AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS** on VACATION - board shorts, tacky striped wife-beaters, arms pinked with SUNBURNS - entering -

COLLEGE BOY 1
..and her fucking boyfriend is
staring at me. I'm like 'oh shit,' I
gotta get the fuck outta here. She
gave me her number, though - wants
to party tonight.

The Woman tracks the BOYS as they duck down the aisle, sandals flapping. Ghost of a SMILE at one who checks her out.

COLLEGE BOY 2
Dude, you gotta be careful. I don't
think you should invite her. Don't
want her fucking gangster boyfriend
showing up at the hotel.
(shifting to other
friend)
Just the tequila, right? Or did we
need more mixers, too?

COLLEGE BOY 3
 Fuck that, just drink it straight
 from the bottle, pussy.

The Woman rounds the end of the aisle as College Boy 2 turns
 to College Boy 3 - flipping through a Spanish porn magazine -

COLLEGE BOY 3 (CONT'D)
 And yeah, I don't want that chick
 there. You'll get us all fucking
 killed.

COLLEGE BOY 2
 Yo, you got any more pesos? I need
 to hit the ATM again.

COLLEGE BOY 3
 Yeah, hold up -

College Boy 3 reaches absently for the pocket of his shorts -
 - just as The Woman makes a grab for his IPHONE. Their HANDS
 BRUSH against each other.

College Boy 3 TURNS - sees the Woman as she JERKS BACK.
 Dragging the IPHONE out of his POCKET -

COLLEGE BOY 3 (CONT'D)
 Hey - HEY -

The Woman WHEELS AWAY. STAGGERS into a SHELF. Tacky souvenir
 skulls, snowglobes, somberos CLATTERING to the floor -

COLLEGE BOY 3 (CONT'D)
 Fuck - she has my phone!

With a JINGLE of BELLS from the DOOR The Woman SHOVES out.
 The Pudgy Mexican Clerk SHOUTING in SPANISH after her.

21 **EXT. BLVD. KUKULCAN, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- CONTINUOUS**

21

BARE FEET slapping on the tough ASPHALT ROAD - the Woman
 whips past a nearby TOURIST SHOP - ATV rides, snorkeling
 tours, parasailing. Past a TOURISTY BAR BLARING MUSIC.

The STOLEN bottle of PEPSI SLIPS out of her COAT. SMASHES on
 the street, soda exploding as -

The Oxxo DOOR BANGS OPEN behind The Woman. The Mexican Clerk
 SHOUTING after her in SPANISH.

The Woman, running as fast as she can - IPHONE, stolen,
 clutched in her hands -

- TACKLED by the burly TOURIST SHOP OWNER. SLAMS to the
 GROUND - IPHONE CLATTERING away - gasping, coughing -

FOOTSTEPS clapping closer. Trapped. POLICE SIRENS
 approaching. The Woman's ragged face, stringy hair, wild,
 scared EYES -

- staring glassily, numb. Her dirt-smeared cheeks, filthy clothes a stark contrast to the CLEAN WHITE WALLS.

Scratched-up metal table, scored with handcuff marks.

DET. BARRERA (O.S.)
Señorita?

The Woman's eyes shift to **DETECTIVE DIEGO BARRERA** - 41, neat black beard, tired. Crisp white button-down, slacks -

DET. BARRERA (CONT'D)
Ayudame y puedo ayudarte. ¿Quién eres, señorita? ¿Como te llamas?

The Woman gazes at him slackly, showing no recognition.

DET. BARRERA (CONT'D)
Señorita. Who are you? What is your name?

The Woman opens her cracked lips. Hesitates -

DET. BARRERA (CONT'D)
Are you here on vacation? What hotel are you staying at?

THE WOMAN
I don't know. I can't remember.

Barrera stares at her. Trying to read her. The Woman's eyes flick past him to the CORK BOARD on the wall -

Covered over with MISSING FLYERS, desperate faces in cheap PHOTOS. A forest of LOST PEOPLE, many from the United States.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)
I - I think I was - kidnapped.

DET. BARRERA
You were kidnapped.

THE WOMAN
I think - a long time ago - I don't - remember. I think - someone took me.

DET. BARRERA
Where?

THE WOMAN
America. I think.

The Woman meets Barrera's gaze. Hesitating. NODS.

CUT TO:

23

INT. ELEVATOR, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING

23

Stepping into pale fluorescent, banged-up woodgrain walls -
DETECTIVE MANUELA GARCIA - 37, attractive, Salvadorian-American, hard edges to her soft eyes, 32oz. Big Gulp COFFEE -

SUPER: *Slidell, Louisiana.*

- jostles **DETECTIVE MARK FOX** - 34, handsome, thick-haired, thumbing at his phone. Fox snorts at the GIANT COFFEE -

DET. FOX
 You trying to wake up or go swimming
 over there?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 You marry a Colombian and raise two
 kids with her, then come talk to me.

Fox smirks, looks back to his phone. Garcia looks over -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 (re: her phone)
 Fury-Usyk?

DET. FOX
 Yeah. You follow?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Great fight. Heard they're talkin'
 rematch already.

DET. FOX
 Just a matter of time.

With an anemic DING, the elevator shudders to a stop on FLOOR 2. Garcia takes a gulp of coffee bucks off the wall -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Happy hump day.

DET. FOX
 May the odds be ever in your favor.

Garcia smirks, ducks out into -

24

INT. BULLPEN, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

24

- morning chaos. A wall covered in cubbies, jammed with file folders. Desks overflowing with papers, PHONES trilling.

Garcia nearly COLLIDES with a DESK SERGEANT. Shields her 32oz. COFFEE. Shimmies past a Xerox machine, catching the eye of -

LT. BRADLEY (O.S.)
 Garcia.

LT. KEITH BRADLEY - 57, tall, Black, gruff but jocular, Head of Detectives - as Bradley SMACKS the Xerox, grabs up a sheaf of PAPERS for Garcia -

LT. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Got a present for you.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Don't touch me with that.

LT. BRADLEY
Hollandsworth and Fox are all booked up. This one's you.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I'm all booked up too.

LT. BRADLEY
You're taking it.

Garcia scowls. Takes the FILE.

LT. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
So, Fury-Usyk rematch at the Superdome? What do you think?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I wish. Saudis have taken over the sport. We're forgotten.

LT. BRADLEY
Before your time, Ali-Spinks - my old man took me. It was something.

Garcia, already ducking toward a cramped hallway -

LT. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, and Manny - a detective down in Mexico called about a missing girl. I sent him to you.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Because my name's Garcia?

LT. BRADLEY
Pretty much.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I was born in Milwaukee, asshole.

LT. BRADLEYS
Happy hump day.

Garcia shakes her head, ducks down the hall.

INT. GARCIA'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Shelves bursting with binders, loose papers. Narrow WINDOW looks out on the far-off BAYOU BONFOUCA RIVER, bass fishermen in the baking sun.

Desk AWASH in files, an old Dell PC. PHONE already ringing.

Garcia drops into her chair, eyes dragging fondly across -

A PHOTOGRAPH - *Garcia smiling, her beautiful Colombian WIFE, two BOYS, all in New Orleans Saints jerseys, cheering at a football game.*

She picks up the PHONE, punches in her VOICEMAIL passcode. Listening as she flips through the file Bradley gave her -

DET. BARRERA
(voicemail)
*Hola. My name is Detective Barrera.
I am calling you from Cancun,
Mexico. We have a girl here. An
American. I believe she may be
listed as missing in your precinct.*

Garcia looks sharply up at the PHONE. Suddenly LISTENING.

DET. BARRERA (CONT'D)
Please call as soon as you can.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. MILLER HOUSE, PORCH, MAPLELEAF DRIVE -- DAY

26

RAPPING on the red SCREEN DOOR - Garcia takes a step back. Glances across the porch. Dusty swing hanging from rusted chains.

The yard brown. In the driveway, the old Ford Explorer - under a drooping basketball hoop.

This was a nice family home - years ago.

Garcia turns back to the screen door. KNOCKS again. HARDER. Impatient. Tests the lock when -

- a DEADBOLT CLACKS. The DOOR drags OPEN. Blinking out of the dimness inside - Michael - now 46, beard, eyes shadowed. Flicker of suspicion in his gaze -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Mr. Miller. Detective Garcia,
Slidell Police Department.

Garcia peers past Michael - LIVING ROOM, TV airing a rerun of Cheers. Takeout cartons, handle of vodka.

EVE, 25, beautiful, chestnut-brown hair, pulling a blanket around her shoulders, squinting from the sofa.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Tried calling. But I guess you were
busy.

MICHAEL
Next time, leave a voicemail.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
We found your daughter, Mr. Miller.

Michael's haggard face goes SLACK. Stares dumbly at Garcia -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Violet.

27 **INT. DELTA BOEING 757, COACH -- DAY**

27

Eyes reflecting back clouds, Michael, rumpled button-down, jeans. Timberlands. Two mini SKYY VODKAS on the tray-table.

Michael, staring out. Pale daylight washing the furrows, wrinkles, flecks of gray in his hair, beard. Ten hard years.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir?

Michael shakes himself, looks over to the FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Seat-backs and tray tables up,
please.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. NISSAN SENTRA TAXI [CANCÚN, MEXICO] -- DAY**

28

Crammed into the back seat - windows cracked open - WIND thundering in - Michael sweats through his clothes. Squints out at the blur of passing PALM TREES. Graffiti-laced walls.

The DRIVER up front - sweaty, polo shirt, glances at Michael in the MIRROR. Veering around TRAFFIC.

Slivered glimpse of the BLUE OCEAN. Beaches, bikinis, a speed boat dragging a bright yellow parasail.

29 **INT. FRONT LOBBY, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL -- DAY**

29

Hunched behind an outdated IBM keyboard, the Mexican DESK SERGEANT - 32, mustache - dwarfed by stacks of PAPERWORK - scowls up at Michael.

MICHAEL
My daughter. Violet Miller. She's -
Detective Barrera called...

JOANNE (O.S.)
Michael?

Michael jolts. Turns. Pushing through the front DOOR - **JOANNE DAVIS**, 45, tall, lean, brown hair - frazzled. Michael's EX -

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Where is she?

Michael has not laid eyes on Joanne in years. Age, stress, exhaustion graying both of them. But she is still beautiful.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 (to the Desk
 Sergeant)
 Where's our daughter? Violet Miller?

30

INT. HALLWAY, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL -- DAY

30

Green-tiled walls, tacked-up PHOTOGRAPHS. Posters in SPANISH. Michael and Joanne following Detective Diego Barrera -

DET. BARRERA
 You must be prepared. As with most human trafficking victims, she has experienced severe trauma. We believe she was sexually abused, at least at some point. We had a doctor at the nearby hospital run some tests.
 (whispers)
 He believes she is suffering from post-traumatic amnesia. When we questioned her, she was quite - confused.

Joanne, horrified - presses her hand to her mouth.

JOANNE
 What happened?

Passing a doorway - a FURIOUS MAN, 31, SCREAMING at a COP.

DET. BARRERA
 We don't know. She did not even remember her own name until she saw her photograph.

31

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL -- DAY

31

Dark. A stack of blocky Sony TV SCREENS. Michael, Joanne beside him, rigid as Barrera leans tugs back the CURTAIN on -

A ONE-WAY MIRROR - looking in at the windowless Interview Room. Seated at the banged-up metal table - THE WOMAN -

Cleaned-up slightly, bruises on her tanned skin. Hands folded before her, gazing at the tabletop. Unaware.

Joanne sucks in a breath. Tears instantly burning in her eyes. Michael stares. Eyes fixed on The Woman's narrow face, green eyes, dirty blonde hair. Barrera flicks a glance at Joanne. At Michael.

DET. BARRERA
 Your daughter?

Michael finally drags his stinging eyes to Barrera. NODS.

MICHAEL
It's her. That's her.

Michael meets Joanne's wide, watery eyes -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh my god. That's her.

32 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL -- MOMENTS LATER** 32

The Woman - *VIOLET* - looks up as the Interview Room DOOR BANGS OPEN. Michael and Joanne surging in. Ten years of torture, loss, erupting in an instant as Violet springs up out of her chair -

VIOLET
Daddy?

MICHAEL
Sweetheart.

Michael pulls her to him. Wraps his arms around her. Joy, grief, a welter of emotions. Tears burning in his eyes.

Drawing to the door behind him, Joanne watches the two of them EMBRACE. Violet meets her gaze. Filling with warmth - a thawing warmth that transfers to Joanne -

VIOLET
Mom?

Joanne, taking in Violet's bruised face, stricken. Horrified.

Michael reaches out, pulls Joanne into the embrace with Violet. Silently sobbing. The family, a swaying bundle of emotion as Violet breaks down in tears.

33 **INT. DELTA BOEING 757, COACH -- MORNING** 33

Empty sandwich wrapper on his tray-table, Michael in the WINDOW SEAT, one arm draped protectively around Violet, in the MIDDLE SEAT beside him. Her head resting on his shoulder. Asleep. Joanne, in the AISLE SEAT - stares at Violet. Unable to look away.

Meets Michael's gaze. He smiles at her. Reaches, drags a blanket up to Violet's shoulders. Joanne stares at them, numb - still in shock.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS** 34

Stepping in from the sunny porch - Joanne takes in the handle of vodka, takeout food containers. Startles, YELPS at the sight of -

- Eve, a towel wrapped around her, long brown hair, beautiful YOUTH - before she dashes across the hallway into the MASTER BEDROOM and SLAMS the door -

JOANNE

Michael.

Joanne turns back as - Michael ushers Violet in behind her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

There's someone here - ?

Michael draws up short.

MICHAEL

Fuck. I thought I texted her.

Joanne blinks at him. He grimaces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The master bath isn't - it needs to be fixed. She's just - someone I met a little while ago. She's been staying here, but we're not - she and I - it's not serious -

JOANNE

I don't need the details.

Michael turns, grimaces, begins hastily gathering takeout containers into a black garbage bag.

MICHAEL

(to Violet)

Sorry. Didn't have time to clean up before I left.

He cuts a self-conscious glance back at Joanne. Violet, unaware -

VIOLET

I'm just happy to be home.

Michael, gaze lingering on Joanne for a moment. Re-settles his attention on Violet. Small, vulnerable. Looking around, soaking in the house.

MICHAEL

Here. Let me take you to your room.

His PHONE DINGS in his pocket. DINGS AGAIN as he digs it out. "Eve - (2) Text Messages." He flicks a glance toward the CLOSED MASTER BEDROOM DOOR. Joanne registers it.

JOANNE

I'll take her. If you want to talk to your - friend.

Joanne flicks a glance down the hall to the CLOSED master bedroom DOOR. Michael grimaces. Joanne, leading Violet toward her room -

MICHAEL
I'll come back and clean up the rest
of this.

35

INT. MILLER HOUSE, VIOLET'S OLD BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

35

Violet, at the mouth of the doorway, eyes running over the small bedroom. Bookcase stuffed with *Babysitter's Club* books. DESK, YEARBOOKS. Looseleaf binder. Her BED, the same lavender sheets from her childhood. Untouched.

Dusty POSTER BOARD leaning against the wall - glued with long-dead flowers, scrawled NOTES from FRIENDS, ten years ago - "VIOLET WE MISS YOU!!"

Michael and Eve's VOICES murmuring from down the HALL.

Violet reaches, runs her fingers across a thin gold woven bracelet, BALLERINA charm, left dangling partially off the edge of the bookcase.

Joanne watches her from the doorway, studying her. Violet, sensing her gaze. Turns.

Joanne shifts, suddenly self-conscious.

JOANNE
Well. I'll let you settle in.

She hesitates, gaze lingering on Violet. Violet holds it, unwavering. Joanne finally withdraws into the hallway.

Violet takes in the little room. Walks over to the butterfly CLOSET DOORS. Slides them open. Blouses, dresses, skirts, still hanging where she left them ten years ago as a fifteen-year-old.

She turns. Picks her way over to the BED.

Her nightstand. Reading lamp. Worn-out copy of *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants*. She pulls open the small DRAWER beneath it. Lip balms. Her weather-worn DIARY. She peels back the cover, flips through pages written with a purple ballpoint, in bubbly handwriting.

An old PHOTOGRAPH: *Michael, Joanne, Violet smiling in front of her 11-year-old birthday cake*. Gives a START, turns as -

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Remember that day?

- Michael, now standing in the doorway, smiles at her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Your birthday, Magic Mountain. It
rained all morning?

Violet meets his gaze. Holds it for a moment. Shyly shakes her head. Doesn't remember.

Michael bites his lip. Nods. Does not want to push it. Tosses a glance at - Eve - in the hall behind him, hesitant. Black tank top, shorts. Long chestnut hair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Vi, this is Eve. Eve, this is my -
This is Violet.

Eve gives her a little wave, timid.

EVE
Hey there.

Violet meets her gaze. Looks away - shy, self-conscious.

MICHAEL
I held onto this.

Michael hands over an IPHONE - black case, black Billie Eilish sticker - Violet's. Left behind ten years ago.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Kept it all this time. Never stopped
hoping... never turned the line off.
It still works - when you feel ready
to reach out to some friends.

Violet stares at it. Lets the DIARY flap shut. Takes the phone from him. Turns it over in her hands.

She meets his gaze. Sets it on the nightstand. He notices the OPEN CLOSET DOORS. Her old CLOTHES hanging from the hangers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We'll get you new stuff. In a couple
of days. Whenever you're ready.

EVE
You can borrow anything of mine in
the meantime.

Violet turns, looks back at them. Eve smiles at her. Mirrored by Michael. Violet, a faint smile back.

36

INT. MILLER HOUSE, KITCHEN -- LATER / NIGHT

36

Michael stands at the counter. Scrubbing a plate. His gaze, unfocused, settled out through the window on an old Poplar tree. Branches overhanging a SWIMMING POOL, covered with a leaf-strewn tarp. He stirs, glances over at the -

RATTLE of the refrigerator ICE MACHINE. Joanne - filling a water glass from the dispenser - glances back at him.

JOANNE
She's sound asleep.

Michael, a weary smile at that.

MICHAEL
I know. I checked also.

Joanne meets his gaze. Trauma, loss, between them. Flicker of hope.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I cleared out the guest room.

JOANNE
Thank you.

Joanne looks back toward the HALLWAY. He follows her gaze.

MICHAEL
I can't imagine - When I try to
think what she's been through...

Joanne stares at the CLOSED DOOR to Violet's bedroom.

JOANNE
I don't even recognize her. I feel
like I don't know her. She's so
grown-up.

Michael nods, sets the clean plate in the drainer.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
I don't know how to talk to her.
After all those sleepless nights,
all the - the reporters, the police -
I thought sure...I thought sure she
was - I thought I'd - somehow - just
- have to make peace with the fact
that we'd - that we'd lost her.

Michael reaches. Takes her hand in his, squeezes. Joanne, a
tear escaping. Looks down at his hand. Then over at him.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Is this a dream? Can it really be
her? Are we really that lucky?

He presses a weary smile at her. Rakes his gaze back to
Violet's bedroom door.

MICHAEL
Yes. We are. She's back.

Joanne stares back at him. Smiles.

EVE (O.S.)
Michael? You coming to bed?

Joanne, her smile evaporating. Michael grimaces -

MICHAEL
(calls out)
On my way.

37 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, GUEST ROOM -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT** 37

Michael drags awake. Dark, save for the distant glow of a YELLOWED STREETLAMP through the window. Eve, sprawled in a puddle of silky chestnut hair beside him. Michael, disoriented for a moment. Everything coming back.

38 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT** 38

Michael shuffles down the hallway. Past the door to Violet's bedroom.

Veers toward the bathroom door, AJAR. Pushes it open. Abruptly DRAWS UP SHORT locking eyes with -

- Violet, on the toilet, in a black t-shirt. Peeing. Panties dragged down around her ankles. She looks up at him. Does not flinch.

MICHAEL
Sorry - I, uh, didn't - Sorry.

She stares at him, impassive. His eyes sticking on the - WHIP SCARS - crisscrossing her bare legs.

Michael, flustered - draws back - pulls the door shut. Heads back down the hall. Looks over his shoulder at the FLUSH of the TOILET.

Violet emerges from the bathroom, crosses the hall in her t-shirt. Slips into her room and shuts the door.

Michael, eyes lingering. Stirs, shakes himself. Turns away.

39 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MORNING** 39

Michael, his beard now shorn off, clean-shaven. Ruggedly handsome. Plaid shirt, Timberlands. Chipped-up coffee mug. Box of Eggo waffles beside the toaster.

Joanne's VOICE MURMURING from down the hall. She paces through the doorway to the guest room, AirPods in her ears.

JOANNE
(into the phone)
...for the next week or two at
least. It's just going to have to -
We'll make it work.

Flit of a SILHOUETTE in the windowed front door. DOORBELL CHIMING. Michael stirs.

40 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER** 40

Michael drags open the door. Det. Garcia, hair pulled back in a ponytail. Police jacket. Looks him up and down.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Good morning, Mr. Miller.

MICHAEL
Ah, shit - this was today?

Garcia flicks a glance down at her SMARTWATCH. Presses a thin smile at him.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Busy morning?

MICHAEL
Last-minute job came up, over in Covington. Burst pipe, new floors, new drywall.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Homeowner's nightmare.

MICHAEL
Yeah, and Jo's on with work. Maybe we could do another day.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
How about you catch up with us at the station? Should be done by three, three-thirty.

Michael grimaces. Looks back, over his shoulder - Joanne, pacing, flipping through a binder, preoccupied, on the PHONE.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Mr. Miller?

MICHAEL
Yeah, I - All right.

41 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA PATROL CAR [DRIVING] -- MORNING** 41

Slumped in the passenger seat, Violet gazes glassily out as Garcia - DRIVING - makes a turn. Glances over at Violet, knobbing down STATIC on her POLICE RADIO.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
How you been holding up? Get a good night's rest?

Violet, without looking at her -

VIOLET
Yes.

Garcia flicks a glance at her.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Must be nice to be back.

Violet drags her gaze from the window, meets Garcia's studying eyes. Nods, smiles, awkward. Looks away.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
We'll just take a short drive and
then meet your parents back at the
station.

VIOLET
All right.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I appreciate you doing this.

Violet does not answer. Detective Garcia nods out at a line
of SCHOOL BUSES. Hunched BRICK BUILDINGS. SLIDELL HIGH SCHOOL
dragging into view. Jeering TEENS spilling out, backpacks,
shorts -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Look familiar at all?

Violet looks out on the TEENS - horsing around, climbing into
Toyotas, Hondas. Looks back to Garcia. Shakes her head.

Garcia presses her lips together. Swallowing her frustration -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
That's okay.

Garcia glances down at her PHONE. At the suburban streets.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
There's somewhere else I'd like to
take you. Hopefully jar your memory.

42 **INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON**

42

Violet - eyes roving across - a cramped desk, Macbook.
MEDICAL RESIDENCY JOURNALS, papers. Football trophies.

Watching Violet from the doorway - **SPENCER THOMAS**, 25,
handsome, Black, LSU TIGERS sweatshirt, jeans - steps in.
Padding toward -

Violet - her eyes on an Art Deco poster of *NEW YORK CITY'S
SKYLINE, the Empire State Building*, tacked up over the bed.

SPENCER THOMAS
You gave that to me. Remember?

Violet shakes her head. From the HALLWAY - Garcia watches
both of them. Spencer draws up beside Violet, his eyes on the
POSTER -

SPENCER THOMAS (CONT'D)
When you found out you guys were
moving to New York.

Spencer's eyes, distant. Stirred up ghosts - a future that
never was. Violet reaches -

Takes Spencer's HAND in hers. Spencer gives a JOLT. Electric. Violet, leaning in to KISS him. He PULLS BACK, reflexively -

SPENCER THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm - I - Sorry, I, uh...I'm kind of
dating someone. At LSU.

Violet, flustered, looks away. Nods. Spencer grimaces.
Awkward. Not sure how to deal with all of this.

SPENCER THOMAS (CONT'D)
You really don't remember?

Violet shakes her head. Looks back to Garcia in the hallway.

VIOLET
I'd like to go. Please.

43 INT. MEETING ROOM, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- LATER 43

Windowless fluorescent washing over a Mr. Coffee machine, GE microwave. Seated across a table from Violet -

Garcia, patience beginning to run thin, slides a PHOTOGRAPH across - *the SELFIE Violet took with Michael at their campsite.*

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
How about camping? Do you remember
camping with your dad?

Violet looks at it. Back at Garcia.

VIOLET
We used to camp a lot. I think.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
What about Old Spanish Trail? You
got pulled over? Can you remember
anything about that night?

Violet levels her gaze on Garcia. Shakes her head. Something almost defiant about her.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Your parents tell me that your
friends are excited to see you -

VIOLET
I know. But I don't know them. I
don't remember - I don't know what
to talk about.

Garcia, wearing on her, flips through her manila FOLDER.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
How many more of these do we have to
go through?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I'm trying to help you, Violet. See
if we can put any of this together.
Find the person that kidnapped you.

Violet stares at her, shakes her head.

VIOLET
I just want to start over.

Garcia strains to swallow her frustration. Flips to the next
page in her manila FOLDER.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
And about the DNA test...

VIOLET
They did one. In Mexico.

Garcia flicks a glance at her, leafing through DOCUMENTS.
Violet, cowed - squirms in her chair.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I just want to go home. Please.

Lt. Bradley, tired, annoyed, impatient, ducks his head in -

LT. BRADLEY
Garcia. A word?

Violet gazes past him. Out in the hall - Michael anxiously
hunches on a waiting bench. Impatient. Violet meets his gaze.
Smiles. Garcia, eyes never leaving her.

44

EXT. ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

44

Spilling out into the dusk - Michael, arm around Violet -
hustles her out through the tinted glass doors - swarmed by a
bevy of local TV NEWS REPORTERS. Prim **KRISTINE CHONG**, 28,
ANCHOR in a stiff blue suit, addressing her camera -

KRISTINE CHONG
...almost miraculous turn of events,
Violet Miller, kidnapped at fifteen
in Louisiana ten years ago turned up
in Mexico just days ago -
(jabs her MIC at
Violet)
Violet, what can you tell us about
what happened to you?

Michael shields Violet. Several steps behind him, pushing
forward to keep up, Joanne, eyes glued to the two of them -

MICHAEL
Please. We're so grateful to have
her back. Please respect our privacy
as we try to heal from all of this.

45

INT. FORD EXPLORER [DRIVING] -- EVENING

45

Michael, behind the wheel, tosses a glance at the REARVIEW MIRROR - Violet, in the back seat. Joanne, in the passenger seat beside him, unable to take her eyes off of her daughter.

MICHAEL

(re: the car)

I keep meaning to sell this thing.

Violet, gazing out at the suburban outskirts of Louisiana. Looks up at him, in the mirror -

VIOLET

I like it, Dad.

Michael looks forward again, at the road. Aching to say more.

46

INT. MILLER HOUSE, KITCHEN -- EVENING

46

Tugging the door SHUT - Michael draws up beside Joanne.

Follows her gaze out through the SLIDING GLASS PATIO DOOR - Eve - in a red bikini - picking her way through the grass, barefoot, skimming the now-uncovered POOL with a net.

Michael grimaces. Turns. Rakes his gaze to - Violet - standing still, vacant, at the mouth of the living room.

He places a hand on her shoulder. She looks at it. He pulls back, self-conscious. Stoops, shucking off his shoes.

MICHAEL

I thought we could maybe order in
for dinner - Copeland's, your
favorite. A little Cajun-Creole?

Violet looks back at Joanne. Now watching the two of them - something almost cold about her eyes.

VIOLET

Thanks, Daddy.

JOANNE (PRE-LAP)

How's she been?

47

INT. CORRIDOR, VISTA SHORES MEMORY CARE -- DAY

47

Plush carpet, beige walls. BACKGROUND shuffle of wheelchairs, squawking P.A. - **NURSE GUTHRIE**, 33, pretty, long braided hair, N95 mask - tosses a glance over her shoulder at -

NURSE GUTHRIE

She has her good days and her bad
days. More and more, all she talks
about is you.

- Joanne, who winces at that. Tosses a guilt-ridden glance at Violet, beside her.

JOANNE
It's been hard lately -

NURSE GUTHRIE
She'll be over-the-moon to see you.

Guthrie flashes her a warm smile. Flicks a glance at Violet as she veers toward a wide, crisp beige RESIDENT ROOM DOOR.

NURSE GUTHRIE (CONT'D)
Not to mention her granddaughter.

48 **INT. PEGGY'S ROOM, VISTA SHORES MEMORY CARE -- CONTINUOUS** 48

Eyes jaundiced, half-glazed-over behind coke-bottle glasses, white hair - **PEGGY BENTLEY**, 84, stunning two-carat solitaire diamond necklace -

NURSE GUTHRIE (O.S.)
Oh Miss Peggy...?

Peggy drags her gaze from the TV - *The Young and the Restless* - propped on a dresser as - Nurse Guthrie nudges the door -

NURSE GUTHRIE (CONT'D)
Got a little surprise for you this afternoon, honey.

Joanne, warm smile immediately spilling across her face as she sees her mother. Peggy - face LIGHTING UP as recognition finally sets in.

PEGGY BENTLEY
Jojo! Oh, my. What on God's green Earth are you doing here, child?

Peggy strains to stands. Joanne - surging into the room -

JOANNE
Don't get up, mama. You're all snuggled in. Here, let me fix your shawl.

Joanne - stepping to give Peggy a tight hug. Helps to settle her back into her chair. Peggy gazes up at her, beaming.

PEGGY BENTLEY
I've been saving those *New Yorker* cartoons for you. I have them in my drawer somewhere.

She squints, eyes fogging slightly -

PEGGY BENTLEY (CONT'D)
Oh dear, is it my birthday? Or - is it yours? Did I miss -

- breaking off. Violet - standing, uncomfortable, in the doorway. Peggy stares, murky-eyed. Looks back to Joanne -

PEGGY BENTLEY (CONT'D)
Who's that?

Joanne tosses a glance at Violet, staring at Peggy. Looks back down at her mother - a patient, slightly sad smile.

JOANNE
We talked about this, mama. Don't you remember? When we spoke on the phone. That's Vi.

Peggy stares at her - strains to comprehend. Joanne, smile fading slightly.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
What's the matter, mama? Don't you recognize your granddaughter?

Peggy stares at Joanne. Looks back at Violet. Violet meets Peggy's gaze for a moment - looks away. Peggy, frowning now -

PEGGY BENTLEY
That's not Violet.

JOANNE
She's grown up since you last -

PEGGY BENTLEY
That's not Violet.

Violet shrinks into the doorway - hurt. Joanne glances back at her. Taking her in. Re-focuses on Peggy. Etch of a frown.

JOANNE
Why would you say that, Mama?

Peggy stares at her, dumbfounded. Peggy, becoming more agitated -

PEGGY BENTLEY
Why would I - Is this a joke? Are you tryin' to play a joke on me?

JOANNE
Mama.

PEGGY BENTLEY
I'm not a damn fool. Why would you - Why would you - This isn't funny. *It's not funny.*

Nurse Guthrie steps forward - calm, professional -

NURSE GUTHRIE
Now Miss Peggy -

JOANNE
Mama, you're confused.

PEGGY BENTLEY
*I'm not confused! I am not confused!
 That's not her. I'd know my Violet
 anywhere. That's not - I'm not -
 That's - I'm not confused! I'm not -
 It isn't funny, Pearl - It's mean -
 You're mean - You're making fun of
 me - I'm not - I'm not a fool, I'm
 not, it's not -*

Peggy BURSTS into a dry, hacking COUGHING FIT. Joanne
 flinches, steps back as Nurse Guthrie intervenes - firmly
 pressing her back into her chair. Joanne, an etch of sadness -

JOANNE
 It's Jo, mama. Not Aunt Pearl. I'm
 your daughter - Joanne.

NURSE GUTHRIE
 Best you go now, Miss Joanne. Come
 back another day.

Guthrie grabs an aerosol INHALER.

Joanne turns, tugs Violet away. Violet, gaze lingering on
 Peggy.

49

INT. HYUNDAI SANTA-FE (MOVING) - SHORTLY LATER

49

Joanne, gaze fixed out through the windshield of the rental
 car. Preoccupied. Flicks a glance at -

- Violet, in the passenger seat, expressionless. Turned
 slightly, watching the passing gated communities.

JOANNE
 It's been a rough few years for her,
 since...Well. What with everything.

Violet stirs. Rakes her gaze over to settle on Joanne. Joanne
 musters a strained smile for her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 Like Nurse Guthrie said: she has her
 good days and her bad days.

Violet holds her gaze for a moment. Looks back out through
 the window.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 That perfume of hers - every time I
 walk through that door, I'm a little
 girl again, takes me right back
 home.

Joanne flicks a glance at her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 She was there when you were born,
 did you know that?
 (MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 She was the first person in the
 world to hold you, after the doctor
 and me. You meant the world to her.

Violet, peering out - unreadable. Joanne studies her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 Maybe you'll go back and visit.
 Spend some one-on-one time with her.

Joanne keeps watching her. Violet meets her gaze again. Holds it. Nods. Then breaks it - tips her head toward the windshield.

VIOLET
 It's green.

Joanne glances forward. Eases off the brake - throws one last glance at Violet.

Violet - still watching her. Joanne looks forward again, at the road - unsettled.

CUT TO:

50 **INT. GARCIA'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NOON** 50

Garcia, another workday, PHONE pinned to her ear.

Glances up as a DESK SERGEANT ducks in with a sheaf of paperwork. Gestures for him to leave it. Still on the phone.

As she reaches for the papers, her eyes catch on the computer SCREEN - *Kristine Chong's story about Violet Miller open in the background.*

Garcia stares at it. Something nagging at her.

51 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA [PARKED] -- DAY** 51

Window down - Garcia - Subway turkey wrap in her lap, chewing - glances out the OPEN WINDOW - across the street at an -

EMPTY CHURCH PARKING LOT - deserted save for - Michael's red Ford Explorer. A LURCHING crawl. Stops. Lurches forward again. Stops.

In the driver's seat - Violet. Michael leans across from the passenger seat. Teaching her to drive.

Garcia watches them - warmth in Michael's face. His eyes alive. Patient smile as he urges Violet to try shifting again.

Violet covers her mouth, embarrassed. LAUGHS at something Michael says.

Garcia watches. Something not sitting right. Gnawing at her.

52

INT. FORD EXPLORER / CHICK'S BURGERS PARKING LOT -- LATER 52

Michael watches Violet from the passenger seat. Bag of Chick's Burgers, fries jammed between them. Double Crawfish Burger half-eaten in Michael's lap.

Violet, behind the wheel. Bites into her own burger. Dripping tartar sauce, pickles, onions. She catches it with a napkin.

Michael, chewing, swallows. Still watching Violet. She becomes aware of his gaze. Glances over at him.

MICHAEL

I should've gotten you the Po-Boy. I forgot. I'm sorry.

Violet, chewing, slows. Looks at the burger in her hands. Back at Michael. His gaze steady. Watching her. She swallows.

VIOLET

This is good.

Michael studies her. She meets his gaze. He holds it. Trying to read her. She, trying to read him.

He looks away. Squints out at the rippling heat.

MICHAEL

I know you might not be ready. To talk about what - happened to you. But when you are -

His PHONE DINGS. He grimaces. Digs it out - Eve - "(1) Text Message." Looks over at Violet again. She stares at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You can talk to me. That's all I'm saying. And I'm sorry.

Violet holds his gaze. Nods. Turns. Peers out the window.

Two spaces over, a pair of YOUNG BLONDE WOMEN, 25, in a VW Beetle, Tulane University license plate frame, laps covered in burgers, fries, staring at Violet. Muttering to each other.

Michael squints past her. Sees them. Watches her watch them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You remember Ashley and Emily?

Violet turns. Looks at him. He nods at the VW.

VIOLET

That's not Ashley. Or Emily.

She looks back at Michael. He is riveted now.

MICHAEL
So you do remember them?

VIOLET
No. I don't - I don't know. I just.
Know that's not them.

She reaches, impulsive. Grabs a wad of French fries. Jams them into her mouth. Takes a pull from her Dr. Pepper. His eyes on her.

Michael, aware all at once how he is grilling her.

MICHAEL
Sorry, I didn't mean to -

His PHONE DINGS again. He grimaces. Violet glances over at him. Michael glances at the screen, sheepish -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(re: text messages)
Eve. She can be a little -

VIOLET
I like her.

Michael, tripped up. He smiles at her -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
It's nice to have someone my age to talk to.

Michael - an awkward, uncomfortable chuckle -

MICHAEL
I suppose the two of you - In a way, you're -

VIOLET
Maybe she could take me shopping.

MICHAEL
Uh...Yeah. Maybe.

VIOLET
I like the way she dresses.

Violet looks down at herself - wearing one of Eve's tank-tops, short jean-shorts.

Michael looks over at her. She looks back at him. Holds his gaze. He stares at her. Looks away - flustered.

MICHAEL
How about we head on home.

Violet, still staring at him.

VIOLET

Okay, Dad.

CUT TO:

53

INT. GARCIA APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

53

Nightly NEWS on the TV - blaring over a pair of sofas, coffee table scattered with LEGOS. An epic war being waged by -

ANTONIO GARCIA - 9, skinny, cute, shaggy brown hair - and his brother, **MATEO** - 6, bright-eyed. Lego Ninjago NINJAS battling from the floor up onto the couch, where -

Manuela Garcia - t-shirt, sweats, Lego Samurai in her lap - sits, distracted.

Stumping into the doorway - **SOFIA GARCIA**, 35, Colombian, beautiful, sassy - *Manuela's wife* - a skirt, tight sweater, BOOK in hand, dressed to go out -

SOFIA GARCIA

This doesn't look like them getting baths.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

We're going, aren't we, guys?

Antonio and Mateo protesting - battle raging on, as -

Garcia sets the Lego aside. Stands, catches Sofia, pecks her on the lips. Garcia squints at the BOOK in Sofia's hands.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)

Sweet Filthy Boy? Sounds nasty.
Gonna need my handcuffs again?

SOFIA GARCIA

(smirks)

You didn't seem to mind last night.

(re: the boys)

Bathed and in bed by the time I get back, or no dessert for you, *Mami*.

Garcia gives a mock-military salute. Sofia snorts, SMACKS her on the butt with her clutch purse. Fishing her keys out.

54

INT. GARCIA HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- LATER

54

Dark. Plain, functional. The MIRRORED sliding CLOSET door -

- reflecting back Garcia, in bed. Still AWAKE. Troubled. Mind still working. Restless.

Rolls onto her side, unable to get comfortable. RUSTLING in the sheets beside her. Sofia rolls over, snuggling up behind her. Sofia pecks a kiss on the back of her neck.

SOFIA GARCIA

Stop.
 (kiss)
 Fucking.
 (kiss)
 Squirring around.

Garcia, tired smile. Reaches, clasps Sofia's hand in her own.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

Sorry.

Gazes up into Sofia's eyes. Sofia leans to press a kiss to her lips, lies back. Garcia smiles, shuts her eyes. But after a moment -

Her eyes drag open again. Brow furrowing. Burdened - unable to let go.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

55

Joanne - rumpled nightshirt, sweatpants - shadowed eyes, slips out of the guest room, ducking toward the linen closet for a blanket. HALTS. Eyes catching on the -

- DIM WASH OF LIGHT from the KITCHEN. HEARS a SCRAPING NOISE.

Joanne stares. Glances over her shoulder, toward the MASTER BEDROOM. Closed, slit beneath it dark - Michael, asleep. She turns, pads barefoot down the hall. Toward the light.

56 INT. MILLER HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

56

Joanne draws up at the threshold of the kitchen.

Violet - boxer shorts, one of Eve's skimpy, low-hanging tank tops - sits at the counter, mostly empty BOWL of ICE CREAM in front of her. BALLERINA BRACELET charm clasped around her wrist.

LAMP over the sink, pale screen of her iPhone. PHOTOS of SPENCER, her friends. Glow hollowing out her face as she turns -

- LOCKS EYES with JOANNE. Caught. She edges into the room.

JOANNE

I saw the light on.

Violet stares at Joanne. iPhone WINKING OFF.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Hungry?

Violet holds her gaze. Lifts an indifferent shoulder.

VIOLET
I couldn't sleep.

Joanne studies her. Eyes sticking on the BRACELET -

JOANNE
(re: the bracelet)
That was Nana's, before it was mine.

Violet glances down at the BRACELET. Joanne, faintest tug of a wistful smile.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
You borrowed it so often, I finally
just gave it to you.

VIOLET
I like it. It reminds me of you.

JOANNE
You used to say it reminded you of
Nana. Still smells like her perfume.

Joanne settles her gaze on Violet's face. Violet meets it.
Lifts the bracelet - sniffs.

Joanne sizes her up. Eve's skimpy tank top.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
We should take you shopping. Get you
some new clothes.

Violet looks down at herself. Then back up at Joanne, a ghost of a smile on her lips.

VIOLET
I'd like that.

Joanne smiles at her. Gaze lingering. Fading slowly. Flicks a glance back down at the ice cream bowl.

JOANNE
Never thought I'd catch you eating
ice cream. You couldn't handle dairy
when you were little.

Violet stares at Joanne - something about her focus, intensity, unsettling.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Well. I should get to bed.

She hesitates. Violet, her gaze unwavering.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Don't stay up too late.

VIOLET
I won't. Good night, Mom.

JOANNE

Good night.

Joanne lingers. Finally retreats into the mouth of the hallway. Violet stares after her. Looks back down at Nana's bracelet dangling from her wrist.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. BULLPEN, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING** 57

With a CLACK - Garcia SMACKS the side of the Xerox machine. Beeping at her, churning out a printed FILE. Covered over in flawed gray lines of ink.

Garcia scowls, grabs the papers out of the tray anyway.

58 **INT. GARCIA'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING**

Dropping back into her desk chair, flips back to the newly-printed pages. Unearths the TELEPHONE from beneath a pile of papers. Lifts the receiver, DIALS.

RINGING. Garcia, flipping through the file as it PICKS UP -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 (into the phone)
 Detective Barrera, *por favor*.
 (scowls)
Por favor puedes - Can you connect
me to his cell phone, please?

59 **EXT. EL FISH FRITANGA, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- SAME TIME / DAY** 59

Bright sun, an ocean breeze. Umbrellas. Tables. Restaurant patio. Looking out on the BEACH. Crashing WAVES. Hunched at the table, cradling a messy TACO -

- Det. Barrera - slathers salsa on, grimaces as his CELL PHONE RINGS. Licks the salsa from his fingers. Grabs a napkin.

Fishing out his PHONE, scowls at the DISPLAY - "*Oficina*" -

DET. BARRERA
 (into the phone)
Pronto.
 (sighs)
 Sí. Sí, okay -

INTERCUTTING -

- with Garcia, hunching forward in his desk chair -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Hola Detective Barrera. Detective Garcia - from St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana.

DET. BARRERA
Sí, Señora Garcia. What can I do for you?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Sorry to catch you at lunch. I forgot about the time difference.

Barrera, corralling his taco with a plastic fork, grimaces -

DET. BARRERA
How can I help you, Señora?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
The girl, Violet Miller - I was hoping you could fax me the results of her DNA test. We need it to wrap up the paperwork on the case.

Barrera frowns. Takes a bite of the taco. Chewing -

DET. BARRERA
I do not understand. The father recognized her the moment he saw her.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Yes, but - all the same, we just need to verify it, officially. Regulations, red tape - you understand.

Barrera waves to a couple of COLLEAGUES in wind-blown button-downs and slacks stepping down to the beach from the promenade -

DET. BARRERA
Look, Señora Garcia. We arranged to drop the charges against Señorita Miller. The father identified her, took her home. He is happy. She is happy. We are happy. Everyone is happy.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Yes, but -

DET. BARRERA
I am afraid I have done all that I can, Detective. Please excuse me.

ENDING INTERCUT ON -

Garcia as the line goes dead. She SMACKS the PHONE back into its cradle. Sits. Coffee steaming at her. Awash in PAPERS.

Coming to a decision, Garcia SHOVES back from her desk.

60

INT. LT. BRADLEY'S OFFICE, SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING 60

Slightly larger office, his back to the WINDOW looking out across the rippling heat of the day, the far off Gulf of Mexico -

- Lt. Bradley hunches over a chunky, sugary blueberry muffin, Starbucks espresso. Clicking at his flat-screen PC, JUMPS -

As Garcia RAPS HARD on the frame of his open door -

LT. BRADLEY
Jesus, when did you tiptoe in?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I need to talk to you.

Bradley sighs. Slumps back in his Aeron chair. GESTURES to the padded chair across from his desk. Garcia, not sitting -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
About Violet Miller.

LT. BRADLEY
The girl.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
The girl.

LT. BRADLEY
What about her.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I don't believe she's Violet Miller.

Bradley appraises Garcia. Shakes his head -

LT. BRADLEY
Manny...

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
She's cagey. She doesn't remember anything.

LT. BRADLEY
You said yourself she's been nothing but helpful. The doctors said it would take time.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I want to do a DNA test. To be sure.

LT. BRADLEY
Manny. The parents verified. The girl's happy. This is a good story. A happy story. The press is eating it up. Hell, I got a message from some lady at People magazine, wants to interview you for their piece.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(exasperated)
Yes, I know, everyone wants Violet
to be Violet.

LT. BRADLEY
So what's the problem?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I don't think she's Violet.

LT. BRADLEY
Based on what? What in God's name
could she possibly want with those
poor people if they're not her
parents?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I don't know, but it doesn't feel
right. Something feels off. I need
to go down there, talk to anyone who
might've seen her -

LT. BRADLEY
Manny -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Call it a gut feeling.

LT. BRADLEY
Gut feelings don't pay for round-
trip tickets to Mexico. We're on a
tight budget, new mayor and all.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Remember Jaycee Dugard? That monster
had her for twenty years. 'They
finally find her, she comes out, she
writes a fucking memoir about it -
she remembered everything. Elizabeth
Smart? Same thing. But somehow
Violet Miller's a blank slate? I
don't think so. We can't - This
thing is wrong. It's wrong. If she
isn't Violet, whoever she is, we
can't let her get away with this.

Bradley wipes his hands on a napkin. Flicks a glance at his
computer screen. Back at Garcia. Trying to read her.

LT. BRADLEY
Why's this so important to you?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I think the Millers are being
played. I think we have the chance
to stop a crime before it happens.
I'm asking you to send me down
there. Give me two days. Let me
solve this thing.

Bradley purses his lips. Reluctant, shakes his head -

LT. BRADLEY
I can't do it, Manny. I'm sorry.

Garcia grits her teeth. Swallows down the anger. Pushes away -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Then I'm going to need to take a
couple sick days.

Bradley sits forward in his chair, stands -

LT. BRADLEY
Manny. Manny! God damn it.

61 **INT. GARCIA'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING**

Garcia scoops the sheaf of PAPERS off his desk. Jabs off her computer monitor. Grabs his KEYS. Ducks out -

- almost colliding with Detective Fox - who nearly loses an armful of paperwork. Stares after Garcia. *What the fuck?*

CUT TO:

62 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY -- DAY**

62

Shoes CLACKING on the hardwood floor - Joanne paces slowly, CELL PHONE pressed to her ear. Tired. Stressed. Conflicted.

JOANNE
(into the phone)
See if you can push them all to next
week. Tuesday, at least. No, I can't
leave yet.

Joanne draws to the DOOR of VIOLET'S ROOM, ajar. Eying -

The rumpled covers of Violet's bed. Old high school YEARBOOK left open. Joanne stares at it. Torn. Tries to focus -

JOANNE (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yes, Barry, I'll call him. Tell them
I'll come to them when we do next
week. Okay. Thanks.

She hangs up. Lingers at the doorway. Unsure what to think.

VIOLET (O.S.)
Mom.

63 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

63

Joanne draws to the doorway. Michael and Violet - t-shirt, pajama pants, UNICORN slippers - slouched on the sofa.

Surrounding them on the sofa - STACKS of old FAMILY PHOTO ALBUMS. Violet, tears in her eyes -

VIOLET
I'm starting to remember.

Joanne glances at Michael. An ALBUM in his lap, his eyes on Violet -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
The orange necklace you used to wear
when you'd wake me up for school.
And you'd make me those cream-cheese
graham-cracker sandwiches.

Joanne, a lump in her throat, eyes burning - not certain what to believe. Takes a faltering STEP out of the doorway.

Violet looks at the PHOTO ALBUM in her lap. Lip quivering -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I remember the night we got pulled
over.

Michael stiffens. Rakes his eyes to Violet -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
He took me. He tied me up and he -
Took my clothes off.

Joanne claps a hand to her mouth. Tears stinging at her eyes. Anger welling up. Violet lifts her watery gaze. Pleading, vulnerable -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
He kept me there. He made me stay.
He made me do things. I was so
scared. I thought I'd - never come
back.

Joanne, trying to hold strong. Tears streaming down her cheeks. Violet's face crumples.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I thought I'd never see you again.

Joanne takes a stumbling step forward. Leans to pull Violet into her arms. Both of them SOBBING.

JOANNE
Baby. Oh my baby. You're safe now.
You're safe. You're safe with us.
You're home.

Michael meets her gaze. Warm. Wraps his arms around both of them. For the first time in ten years - a family repaired.

Digging for her keys as she steps up to the front door in her waitress's uniform - Eve - draws up short. Eyes sticking through the WINDOW -

- on Michael as he leans, presses a tender KISS to Joanne's forehead. Joanne - vulnerable, raw, emotional. Puts her hands on each side of his face. Kisses him back. Then pushes forward and kisses him on the mouth. He kisses her back.

Eve - jaw tightening as she watches them.

CUT TO:

65 **EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- AFTERNOON** 65

Rippling sunlight over tarmac. Burning rubber at the wheels of an AEROMEXICO 737 as it TOUCHES DOWN in Cancun.

66 **EXT. NISSAN SENTRA TAXI -- EVENING** 66

Hunkered in the back of a banged-up taxi - Garcia, suitcase beside her, squints out. Grungy cobblestone streets. Terraced restaurants.

The taxi's bald tires JOLTING and JARRING through potholes.

67 **INT. HALLWAY, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- EVENING** 67

Garcia, brooding, tired. Eyes raking across the passing doorways as she draws up to a T-junction. Squints right -

- left. The door she is looking for - "DET. D. BARRERA."

68 **INT. DET. BARRERA'S OFFICE, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL -- EVENING** 68

Barrera, behind a tidy desk, IBM laptop, bookcase of binders, a model of the Chichen Itza pyramid. On his BLUETOOTH -

DET. BARRERA
(into the phone)
Pero si no pueden pagar la cuota...

- looks up from the plastic handheld pinball game he is fiddling with as Garcia RAPS on the frame of his door.

Barrera fixes baleful eyes on her.

DET. BARRERA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
*Hector. Hector - te llamo de nuevo
más tarde. Sí. Verdad. Gracias.*

Barrera hangs up. Garcia steps in, offering her hand -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Detective Barrera? Detective Garcia.
From St. Tammany Parish. Louisiana.
We spoke on the phone.

DET. BARRERA
Señora Garcia. Hola. I do not
completely understand why you have
come all this way. But I told you -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Yes, I know. And I'm sorry to catch
you off-guard. But with all due
respect, I really need to see that
DNA test.

Barrera, baffled -

DET. BARRERA
There was no DNA test.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
What are you talking about? How did
you verify her identity, then?

DET. BARINAS
Señora -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Did you fingerprint her? Did you
even check her against your files?

DET. BARRERA
There was no file on her in Mexico.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
You checked?

DET. BARRERA
We checked.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
But if she hadn't been Violet
Miller, she'd be in jail, right?

DET. BARRERA
Señora Garcia, I am sorry. I do not
have time to reopen a case on a
missing person who is not missing,
and who is not even in Mexico.

Barrera's PHONE RINGS. He scoops his Bluetooth headset up -

DET. BARRERA (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I have to take this.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Can you - At least tell me where it
was you picked her up?

Barrera scowls, nods to a SERGEANT in the hall behind Garcia.

69 **EXT. OXXO CONVENIENCE STORE, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- NIGHT** 69

Orange street lamp washing over the dirty cobblestones, gutters. The pale fluorescent of the Oxxo Convenience Store.

Garcia, showing the screen of her PHONE - *VIOLET'S PICTURE* - to a ragged STREET BUM. The Bum shakes his head, ambles away.

70 **EXT. BLVD. KUKULCAN, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- NIGHT** 70

Tourist shops open late. Fluorescent caves of cheap tequila, tacky sombreros.

Thundering MUSIC from a tourist bar. The crashing waves of the ocean over the low brick sea wall as -

Garcia - *VIOLET'S PICTURE* on her PHONE - accosts a gaggle of COLLEGE BOYS, skinny CO-EDS in tank-tops and short-shorts. All of them SHAKING THEIR HEADS at her. A few of the boys checking out her ass as they peel away.

71 **EXT. SOUTH SIDE, BACK STREETS, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- LATE NIGHT** 71

Dark, narrow streets, grungy hole-in-the-wall bars. Gutters stinking of piss. A few sloppy-drunk out-of-place TOURISTS smearing their way on a bar hop, laughing to each other -

- as Garcia draws to the end of the block. Squints down the street. Rickety scaffolding, a neon-washed CANTINA. Laughing, music. A gaggle of chuckling DRUNKS.

Garcia - shoulders slumping. Weariness, defeat weighing down. *Maybe this was a fool's errand after all.*

72 **INT. EL CAMARON AMBULANTE, CANCÚN, MEXICO -- LATE NIGHT** 72

Sticky linoleum tile floor. Hunched in a folding chair at a cramped table, Garcia stabs at a runny wet burrito with a plastic fork. Tuning out the -

DRUNK PARTIERS at the yellow counter, barking out in SPANISH at the COOK behind the sizzling grill in back.

YOUNG WOMAN
You are the *Gringa* asking around
about the girl?

Garcia drags her gaze up. Sizes up the -

YOUNG WOMAN, 24, ragged hoodie sweatshirt - a dented paper Coca-Cola cup, half-chewed straw - nervous, shifty.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
Conozco a ella. I know her.

Garcia reaches, swipes awake her PHONE - *VIOLET'S PICTURE* -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Her. You know this woman?

YOUNG WOMAN
 Maybe you have a little extra money,
 help me out with some food.

Garcia swallows her mouthful. Eyes taking in the Young Woman - her stringy hair, shadowed eyes. Avoiding her gaze -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Como se llama? Cual es su nombre?

YOUNG WOMAN
 I have a little baby girl of my own
 I gotta feed...

Garcia wrestles a crumpled wad of CASH out of her pocket. Pins a \$20 bill to the table.

The Young Woman eyes it hungrily. Looks up at Garcia.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
 What are you, her *tía* or something?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 I'm trying to help her.

Garcia holds her gaze, unwavering. The Young Woman regards her. Glances back at the \$20 bill - desperate, torn.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Where is she? Where did she go?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Who is she to you?

YOUNG WOMAN
 We look out for each other. On the streets. Did something happen to her?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 She's back at home now, in the States.

Grabbing up the \$20 bill, the Young Woman freezes, frowns -

YOUNG WOMAN
Isabel es de Argentina.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 "Isabel?"

GARCIA - small, queen-sized bed mostly filling the room. Digging through PAPERS in her suitcase among her crumpled blouses -

IPHONE pinned to her ear - flips through the crumpled papers as it RINGS. RINGS. Garcia squints.

74 **INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT, SLIDELL, LOUISIANA -- SAME TIME** 74

Dark. A tangle of bed sheets, blankets, arms and feet -
JARRING as the shrill PHONE cuts through the black quiet.

JOLTING awake - Detective Mark Fox - casts around. Fights his
way out of the blankets. Scooping up his RINGING CELL PHONE
as the stirring shape of his GIRLFRIEND beside him GROANS.

 DET. FOX
 (into the phone)
 This is Fox.

INTERCUTTING -

- as Garcia spreads out her papers on the cramped room desk -

 DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 (into the phone)
 Mark, it's Manny.

Fox grimaces. Looks at the CLOCK: 3:00AM. His GIRLFRIEND.
Slides out from under the covers, tries not to wake her -

 DET. FOX
 Hold on. Hold on a second.

75 **INT. LIVING ROOM, FOX'S APARTMENT, LOUISIANA -- CONTINUOUS** 75

Fox - rumpled yellow "happy-face" boxers, PHONE pressed to
his ear - snaps on a LIGHT. Winces at the brightness.

Leather sofa, 75" TV, two empty bottles of La Crema merlot -

 DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 You still there?

 DET. FOX
 It's three in the goddamn morning,
 Garcia.

 DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 She's not Violet. She told her
 friends down here her name was
 Isabel Peña. From Argentina. She was
 working the streets.

Fox flinches at a burst of STATIC over the line -

 DET. FOX
 Manny - where the hell are you?

 DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 I need you to see if she has a
 police file in Argentina.

 DET. FOX
 You need me to what?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Please, Mark. Bradley is up my ass
already as it is. I'll be on the
first plane back in the morning.

Fox shuts his eyes. Head pounding. A fog of merlot and
exhaustion. In the hallway the bathroom door clacks shut.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Mark.

DET. FOX
Fine.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
As soon as you can. If there's a
chance that's not Violet, there's no
telling what she might do.

With a CLICK, Garcia hangs up. Fox draws up short -

CUTTING TO:

76 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY / MASTER BEDROOM -- LATE NIGHT** 76

VIOLET - her sharp eyes carved in a rib of dim light.
Spilling out through the MASTER BEDROOM DOOR - AJAR.
Expressionless as she stares through the thin gap at -

Michael - standing NAKED at the edge of the bed - LEGS
wrapped around him - arms around his neck -

EVE FLIPS her head back, MOANS. Lacy black bra holding her
breasts back. In ecstasy. Ducks her head down - kisses him on
the MOUTH. Neck. Hungry. POSSESSIVE. Her eyes sticking on the
HALLWAY DOOR, AJAR -

Barely visible in the dim light - Violet - WATCHING.

Eve stares at her. Flicker of a naughty smile. Eyes locked on
Violet. Bites her lip - grinds down on him. Violet does not
look away.

EVE
Harder. Give it to me. Come on. Fuck
- oh fuck. Don't stop. I'm close.

Eve tips her head back - closes her eyes.

MICHAEL
Oh fuck - oh yeah, Jo - fuck -

Eve, her smile falling. Eyes dragging open. Dark hallway now
EMPTY. No sign that Violet was ever there.

77 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY / VIOLET'S ROOM -- LATER** 77

Eve, black tank-top, pair of Michael's boxer shorts, slips
out of the master bedroom, toward the bathroom.

HALTS. Eyes catching on the -

- THIN SLIT OF LIGHT from VIOLET'S DOOR, AJAR. Eve stares at it. Flicker of a smirk. Fading. HEARING something -

Violet's VOICE, the staccato contours of SPANISH. Impossible to make out.

Eve pads barefoot down the hall. Toward the door. Draws up, a few steps short. Peers in. In the reflection of the MIRROR on the wall -

- Violet - NAKED save for a thin pair of panties. Her RIGHT HAND inside of them. Poised, turned away on the edge of the bed. MOANING. Masturbating. Bedroom light falling over her WHIP-SCARRED legs.

MUTTERING IN SPANISH. Impossible to see if she is on the phone or talking to herself.

Violet LOCKS EYES with Eve in the MIRROR, STOPS SPEAKING. Holds her gaze.

Eve - eyes lingering for a moment too long. She shakes herself, quickly wheels away. Flustered.

Throws a stolen glance over her shoulder as she hurries back down the hall toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

78

INT. CANCÚN AIRPORT, SECURITY TERMINAL -- EARLY MORNING

78

Fumbling with her suitcase, grabbing her SHOES out of the x-ray conveyor as she hustles, disheveled, out of SECURITY -

Garcia digs for her CELL PHONE as it RINGS. PULLS it out -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the phone)
Garcia.

DET. FOX (V.O.)
(over the phone)
You're not ready for this.

A BOOMING gate announcement in SPANISH over the P.A. Garcia scowls. Presses the phone hard to her ear -

DET. FOX
Isabella Peña - not Isabel. Twenty-nine, graduate student at National University of La Plata, Buenos Aires...

Garcia, fighting her way through chattering Asian TOURISTS -

DET. FOX (CONT'D)
...found murdered in her apartment three months ago.

Garcia falters - socked in the gut by what Fox is saying.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Wait - what?

DET. FOX
Someone used her ID to clean out her
bank account and slit her throat.
Left her to bleed out like a goddamn
fish.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
So who the hell is living with the
Millers now?

DET. FOX
You got me. But I'd lay even money
whoever she is knows what happened
to Isabella Peña.

Garcia - reeling, struggling to catch up -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Is there a picture of her? Isabella?

DET. FOX
Just sent it to you. What -

Garcia HANGS UP. Thumbs over to EMAIL. Waits. "Connecting..."

P.A. ANNOUNCER
*Spirit Airlines Flight NK819 to New
Orleans, Louisiana, we are going to
begin pre-boarding...*

The MESSAGE "Downloading..." Slowly, the PICTURE LOADS -

Garcia stares at it - *ISABELLA, 29, Argentinean. Not "Violet"*
- but more than a passing resemblance to her.

CUT TO:

79 INT. DILLARD'S, MALL OF LOUISIANA, BATON ROUGE -- MORNING 79

*The same Isabella-look alike face staring - a strange spark
in her eyes - as Violet lifts a short blue midriff sweater
from the rack.*

Holds it up to herself in front of a MIRROR. Turns, holds it
up for - Eve, in the next aisle. Eyes, fixed, uneasily, on
Violet. Violet regards her, cocks an eyebrow.

EVE
Looks nice. You should try it.

VIOLET
Would you wear it?

EVE
Yes.

VIOLET
Think it would make me look sexy?

Eve flushes, titillated, in spite of herself -

EVE
I know it would.

Violet, flicker of a smile. Turns back toward the mirror.

VIOLET
Is this where you got that bra?

Eve looks down at herself. Nothing showing. Tugs at the collar of her blouse. Violet, a glance at Eve in the MIRROR -

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Not that one. The black lace one.
From last night.

Eve meets her gaze. Violet holds it. Eve blushes.

80

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR, MALL OF LOUISIANA -- CONTINUOUS

80

Sitting on a bench, peering through bustling SHOPPERS with BAGS from Macy's, JCPenney -

Joanne watches Violet try on the sweater through the windows. Flicker of a smile playing on her lips. Faltering as Eve steps forward, adjusts the shoulder.

JUMPS as Michael sits down beside her. Passes her a LATTE -

MICHAEL
Chai tea with almond milk and honey -
no foam, right?

Joanne takes it. Her old order. Presses a smile at him.

JOANNE
Thank you.

She takes a sip. Peers back toward Violet -

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Look at her. She used to be all
about Hot Topic, H&M.

MICHAEL
She was in high school.

Michael chuckles. Joanne sips her coffee. Michael watches her. She becomes conscious of him -

JOANNE
What?

MICHAEL
You don't have to go back to New York, you know. You could stay. I mean we can give it another shot.

JOANNE
Mike...

MICHAEL
Be a family again. Give us another shot. It's been hard, I know, but I've changed. When we - kissed, I - It just...It felt - right. Feels like things are finally how they're supposed to be.

Joanne stares at him - into him. Handsome. Yearning. Michael holds her gaze. Glances toward Dillard's - Violet -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck.

Pushes off the bench -

81 **INT. DILLARD'S, MALL OF LOUISIANA, BATON ROUGE -- CONTINUOUS**

Violet - backed into a corner, clutching the sweater like a shield - Eve pushed to the sidelines - as Kristine Chong, Fox 5 News, TWO CAMERAMEN, crowd her -

KRISTINE CHONG
Maybe you could tell us what you've remembered. What's it like to come back and try to pick up your life. Your friend, Emily Cosgrove, told us she's been trying to see you but -

Michael SHOVES the CAMERAMEN out of the way. Grabs Kristine roughly by the arm, hauling her away -

MICHAEL
I told you to stay away from her.

KRISTINE CHONG
Mr. Miller. Maybe we could sit down for an exclusive -

MICHAEL
After everything she's been through - For God's sake, we're just trying to go shopping with our daughter.

Stepping into the store Joanne draws up at a table of shirts. Watches Michael. Paternally defensive. Warmth in her eyes.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. GARCIA HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- LATER**

82

Ragged, tired, same rumpled clothes, Garcia hauls her suitcase into the bedroom.

Tugging at her elbow, trying to describe a goal - Antonio, muddy soccer cleats, shorts. Sofia following them in, pissed -

ANTONIO

But if I get the new cleats for my birthday, then on Saturday - Mom - Mom, you're not listening -

SOFIA GARCIA

(to Garcia)

When I text you, I expect you to answer me.

Garcia - raging headache, heaves the suitcase onto the bed. Eyes catching on the reflection of the TV in the MİRRORED CLOSET DOOR. Garcia turns sharply as -

ON THE SCREEN - *Michael pushes Kristine Chong away from him, Violet, at Dillard's* -

MICHAEL (ON TV)

Just leave us alone. Please.

Garcia - arrested by the sight of Violet. Blood running cold.

SOFIA GARCIA

Manuela. *Me estás escuchando?*

Garcia cannot take her eyes off of Violet on the SCREEN.

CUT TO:

83 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON**

83

Joanne, steaming mug of coffee - steps up to the sliding glass door. LAWN MOWER droning in the front yard.

Peers out against the warm, afternoon brightness - sunlight glinting on the surface of the spotless pool. Eyes sticking on -

84 **EXT. MILLER HOUSE, BACKYARD POOL -- SAME TIME**

84

- Eve - laid out on a deck chair, bikini, faded suntan lines melting into her pale flesh. Tosses a glance over at -

- Violet, bronzed shoulders, AirPods nestled in her ears. Eve leans, lifts a half-smoked JOINT from the plastic ashtray on the cement beside her chair. Blows a plume of smoke in Violet's direction.

Violet, impervious. Eve, spurned. Reaches to stub the joint out. Violet catches her wrist. Eve looks up.

Violet interweaves their fingers. Extricates the joint. Lifts it. Presses it between her own lips, takes a last pull. Turning to ash. Leans to stub it out.

Eve stares at her. Reaches, drains the last of a glass bottle of Corona Light. Places it back on the cement deck with a CLATTER.

Violet drops the joint into the empty Corona bottle. Her gaze serenely re-settling on the luminous, rippling surface of the pool.

Fingertips dancing in the air, tracing the contours of a rhythmic Mexican SONG spilling, tinny, from her earbuds.

Eve watches her - drawn to her.

85 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME**

85

Joanne stares - envious. Their growing ease - closeness. Looks back over her shoulder as - Garcia's Crown Victoria crawls into the DRIVEWAY - behind the dented but freshly-washed Explorer.

Joanne turns back - grips the handle, LUGS the glass door trundling open. Stamps out onto the patio.

JOANNE

Violet - can you please come inside.

86 **EXT. MILLER HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- SAME TIME**

86

Michael, sweaty shirt, grass-stained shorts, pushing the ROARING GAS MOWER across the lawn. Whacking down dandelions.

At one end of the grass, turning, Michael's gaze catches on - Garcia, climbing out of her Crown Victoria.

Michael, expression hardening, SHUTS OFF the MOWER. Stoops to unhook the grass catcher, hauls it toward the TRASHCAN -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

Afternoon, Mr. Miller.

MICHAEL

Detective.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

Saw you on TV.

Michael dumps the grass into the TRASH. Garcia coughs, swipes at the pluming cloud of dust, grass.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)

I was wondering if I could talk to Violet.

MICHAEL

Honestly, Detective, we're trying to move on. Heal. As a family.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

Yeah, I heard what you told the reporter. But I need to see her.

MICHAEL
 She's going to visit her
 grandmother. Then she has an
 appointment about getting her GED.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 How about I drive her.

87 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA [DRIVING] -- LATER**

87

Hands clasped in her lap, hair still damp from the pool -
 Violet gazes out her window. Sun-baked New Orleans suburbs,
 strip malls. Brooding silence toward -

Garcia, behind the wheel. Harder toward her this time around -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 So I know your memory's spotty about
 the good old days. But how about
 down in Cancún?

Violet, impassive. No answer.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 Come on. You didn't hit your head or
 nothing. Just between us girls -
 What were you doing down there all
 these years?

Violet, silent. Eyes fixed far away. Garcia glances at her -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 You don't want to talk to me, fine.
 But for ten years that family has
 been grieving for their daughter.
 They deserve to know what happened.

Violet levelly meets her eyes. No modicum of emotion now -

VIOLET
 The parking lot is over there. But
 you can just let me off at the
 front.

88 **EXT. VISTA SHORES MEMORY CARE -- CONTINUOUS**

88

The Crown Victoria crawls up to the elegant, columned veranda
 of the administrative building. Louisiana State Flag limp in
 the heat.

89 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA -- CONTINUOUS**

89

Garcia shifts into PARK. Violet reaches for the door, the
 sleeve of her sweater pulled OVER HER HAND. No fingerprints.

VIOLET
 Thank you for the ride, Detective.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Let me get that for you.

Garcia pushes out of her own door. Steps around the nose of the car. Violet tracking her through the windshield, suspicious -

- her eyes sticking on the REARVIEW MIRROR - Garcia's SUITCASE in the BACK SEAT. A LUGGAGE TAG from Cancún, Mexico.

Violet stares at it.

90

EXT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA -- CONTINUOUS

90

Garcia tugs open the door for Violet. She gives her a sallow smile. Swings her legs out, starting to stand -

- when Garcia JARS her with the DOOR. Violet STUMBLES. Reflexively CATCHES HERSELF against the SIDE of the CAR -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Shit, I'm so sorry.

Garcia hastens to catch her, help her up onto the curb -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

VIOLET
You should be more careful,
Detective.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
So my wife keeps telling me.

Violet wheels away, starts up the steps. Garcia watches her.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Give my best to Nana.

Shifts her gaze, a flash of triumph in her eyes, to the FIVE CLEAR FINGERPRINTS "Violet" left on the WINDOW.

91

INT. HALLWAY, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

91

Sealed plastic EVIDENCE bag enclosing a folded card - Garcia ducks down the hall. Veers toward a DOOR. KNOCKS -

92

INT. FOX'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

- pushes in. Fox, on the PHONE, hunches at his old desktop.

Fox, annoyed at the interruption, glances up at Garcia -

DET. FOX
(into the phone)
Silicon fibers. Silicon. I don't
know how you make fibers from it,
I'm just reading the thing.

Garcia gestures for him to wrap it up, urgent. Fox sighs.

DET. FOX (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Yes. Call me back. Please. Thanks.

CLAPS the PHONE back into its cradle.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 I need these through the lab now.
 Double-expedited.

DET. FOX
 Did I miss the part where I became
 your bitch?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 I saw her, Mark. I got goosebumps
 just riding in the car with her.

DET. FOX
 What, you took her on a date?

Garcia DROPS the plastic bag on Fox's desk -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 This afternoon, if possible.

DET. FOX
 Hey. This goes down, we're sharing
 this collar.

Garcia, already wheeling away, pushing back out -

DET.,. MANUELA GARCIA
 Sure, fine - just get to work.

93 **INT. BULLPEN, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON** 93

Garcia weaves past a DESK SERGEANT shimmying jammed paper out
 of the Xerox copier -

- barely slowing as Lt. Bradley, calls out from his office -

LT. BRADLEY
 Garcia. What's happening on that B&E
 I gave you last Wednesday?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Yeah, yeah, I'm on it -

Garcia, brushing past him, abruptly slows. Eyes falling on -

Two UNIFORMED COPS wrestling with - Michael, just off the
 elevator. Furious. His fierce, angry gaze settling on Garcia -

MICHAEL
 YOU. What did you do with her? Where
 is she?

Lt. Bradley draws up beside Garcia, glares at her -

LT. BRADLEY
What's he talking about.

MICHAEL
You took her with you - You took her
away and now she's gone. She's gone.
You took her. Just like before.

Garcia, blood draining from her face.

INTERCUTTING WITH:

94 **EXT. MILLER HOUSE, DRIVEWAY -- SAME TIME**

94

Eve - slamming the door to the little KIA FORTE sedan.
Rumpled waitress uniform. Exhausted. Etch of a frown as she
takes in the EMPTY DRIVEWAY.

PUSHES the KEY FOB. Locks the car. Drops it into her pocket.
Heads up the front steps toward the porch.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (PRE-LAP)
*These are the fingerprints lifted
from my car. They are a match.*

95 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST.TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

Hunched at the table - Michael and Joanne, gutted, ashen-
faced. Bewildered. Garcia stands across from them. Bradley
leans against the wall by the door, observing.

Joanne - numb. Gazes glassily at them. Up at Garcia, Bradley -

JOANNE
A match with what?

LT. BRADLEY
Elena Obregon, twenty-seven years
old. Abandoned as an infant at a
church in Buenos Aires. Raised by
seven different foster families, no
more than a year or two in each.
Until she hit seventeen and vanished
into thin air after her foster
parents died in a house fire. Arson
suspected.

JOANNE
I don't understand...

Joanne gapes at Garcia. Michael stares at the open FILE. A
glimpse of haunting PHOTOS - a BURNT-OUT HOUSE, CHARRED
CORPSES -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Ms. Bentley, I'm afraid the young
woman living with you these past few
weeks was not in fact your daughter.
She is an impostor.
(MORE)

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 A criminal sociopath who for the
 last nine-and-a-half years has been
 on the run from the Argentinean
 police.

96 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME**

96

Eve steps in. Nudges the door shut. Peels off her shoes.
 Barefoot. Blinks into the quiet STILLNESS of the house.

EVE
 Hello?

97 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST.TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

JOANNE
 I don't - Why would she do that? Why
 would anyone do that?

LT. BRADLEY
 She's a predator. We're still
 investigating her motives. But it's
 likely she was planning to rob you
 and/or Mr. Miller. There is a
 possibility she could have become
 violent toward you. Given her
 history.

98 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME**

98

Eve steps into the hall. Draws up short at the open doorway
 to Violet's bedroom -

- her desk a WRECK. Books, papers strewn across the floor.
 Power cable trailing from an empty spot on her desk where her
 LAPTOP used to be.

Eve - etch of a frown - turns at a RUSTLING SOUND from the
 MASTER BEDROOM.

99 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST.TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

Joanne - horrified. Looks to Michael -

JOANNE
 Why us? Why did she choose us? Why
 Violet? Where's our daughter?

LT. BRADLEY
 Likely, she chose your daughter from
 her missing persons photograph.
 She'd been missing for ten years -
 she was someone she could believably
 impersonate. Someone she closely
 resembled.

Joanne looks at Michael, stricken -

JOANNE
 Oh my God, she was going to visit my
 mother.

LT. BRADLEY

We've already sent a unit to the facility. Your mother appears to be unharmed, but we're still going to review the security footage, just in case she took anything. Now, since she knows that we know her true identity, we think it is unlikely she will return to your home.

100 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY / MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME** 100

Eve drawing to the mouth of the doorway - FREEZING - stares in at - "Violet" - STOPPING SHORT - leaned into the CLOSET, in the middle of pawing her way through Eve's dresses, tops.

101 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST.TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

Joanne, flustered, caught up in the unraveling situation.

JOANNE

But - But what about us? What about -
Where's Violet?

Bradley grimaces.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

I'm sorry. We don't have any new information about your daughter at this time. But it's an open investigation, and we will continue to dedicate resources toward finding her. As for Ms. Obregon, she is clearly experienced at evading authorities. But we're going to do our best to apprehend her.

LT. BRADLEY

The most important thing to keep in mind is, if you do see or encounter Elena Obregon in any way, call 911 immediately. Do not attempt to confront her. There's no telling what she might do if she feels cornered.

102 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY / MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME** 102

Eve - taking in the upended shoebox - taped shut but shorn open - pair of scissors dropped beside a -

- wad of crumpled fifty-dollar bills, cufflinks, a Rolex, two laptops - dumped on the bed next to a GYM BAG. Eve, realization dawning - meets Violet's gaze.

EVE

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

Violet stares at her. Eve stares back. Hardening. Takes a step into the room.

Violet swivels - snatches the SCISSORS off the bed. LUNGES at Eve. JAMS the scissors into her stomach. Eve SHRIEKS - staggers backward - into the -

HALLWAY

- SLAMMING against the wall. Violet - viciously fast - STABS the scissors again - *and again* - burrows them up beneath her ribcage - twisting through blood, gristle.

Eve GASPING. Flailing. Swings a hand at Violet, weak, sloppy. Tries to grab her.

Violet rips the scissors out.

Eve, eyes wide in shock - SLIDES to the FLOOR. BLOOD bubbling from her mouth. Hand trying to press at her stomach to stop the blood. Her lips trembling. Lurching - gasping. Her whole body spasming. Eyes failing, straining to focus. Fingernails scrabbling at the hardwood floor. Fluttering. Finally still.

Violet stands over her, spattered in sticky blood, her chest heaving. Turns at a -

Faint muffled SOUND outside. Peers back out through the Master Bedroom WINDOW -

- across the driveway - locking eyes with the OLD MAN NEXT DOOR, 77, bony shoulders wrapped in a plaid bathrobe - ashen - leaning in over his sink - squinting at her.

Violet rakes her gaze back to the pile of cash, laptops, duffel bag slouched on the bed.

Across the driveway - the Old Man - punching the buttons of a CORDLESS PHONE. Lifts it to his ear, squinting across the driveway.

CUTTING TO:

103 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST.TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

RAPPING on the door - hard, insistent - urgent. Lt. Bradley grimaces. Reaches, tugs it open. Det. Fox -

LT. BRADLEY
What part of "no interruptions" do
you not understand?

DET. FOX
Nine-one-one call just came in - the
Millers' next-door neighbor.

Bradley, caught off-guard -

SLAMMING TO:

104 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT** 104

SMASHING through the front door - WOOD SPLINTERING - screen door SMACKING OPEN - FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS - GUNS DRAWN. Fanning out.

105 **INT. MILLER HOUSE, HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER** 105

Drawing to a halt in the hallway - Det. Garcia - badge clipped to her Kevlar vest - lowers her service revolver. Eyes coming to rest on -

Eve - slumped against the wall. Her stomach RAGGEDLY SHORN OPEN - coils of intestine half-dragged out. Her eyes vacant. Face gray-white, LIFELESS, lips flecked with sticky blood.

Doors BANGING open in the guest room, dining room, other parts of the house -

 POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S.)
Clear.

 POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.S.)
Clear.

Det. Garcia stares at Eve. Ruined corpse of a once bright young woman.

 POLICE OFFICER 3 (O.S.)
Kitchen's clear - place is empty.

Garcia - her shoulders sagging. Violet - already GONE.

CUT TO:

106 **INT. MOTEL ROOM, RODEWAY INN SLIDELL -- LATER / NIGHT** 106

Michael sits on one of two queen beds. Vacant eyes, settled on the TV. Blurred news images of - *his house. Yellow police tape, blue-and-red lights strobing the neighborhood. "POLICE MANHUNT UNDERWAY" beside a PHOTO of "Violet."*

Peering across at him, sitting on the other bed -

 JOANNE
Michael.

- Joanne, somber, grave - watches him. Michael does not move. Does not look at her. As if not even there.

 JOANNE (CONT'D)
Mike?

Nothing. Michael, hands slackly at his sides, stares straight ahead, catatonic - lost. Joanne purses her lips. Grief, worry, torment. Eyes stinging with tears.

CUT TO:

Weaving between cubicles - Garcia - shadow-eyed. Frustration simmering. Fox, sleeves rolled up, phone pressed to his ear. Turning as-

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Talk to me, what do we got?

Fox covers the phone.

DET. FOX
Roadblocks are going up on Front and
Gause. I-10, 12, and 59 within the
hour.

Garcia grimaces. Not good enough. Her CELL PHONE BUZZES. She digs it out -

A TEXT MESSAGE from Sofia - *"on way home??"*

Garcia flicks a glance at the CLOCK.

DET. FOX (CONT'D)
We've got round-the-clock
surveillance at the house, but -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
She's not going back to the house.

Fox, terse shake of his head - agrees. Garcia's PHONE BUZZES AGAIN -

TEXT MESSAGE from Sofia - *"miss this, u better sleep at the office tonite."*

Garcia grimaces. Fox, watching her -

DET. FOX
Manny.

Garcia glances at him.

DET. FOX (CONT'D)
Go home. I'll call you the minute I
hear from Highway Patrol.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
They're not gonna catch her at a
checkpoint, she's too smart for
that.

DET. FOX
It's out of our hands now.

Garcia meets his gaze. Deflating. Frustrated. Defeated.

108 INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA / GARCIA DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT 108

Garcia steers the Crown Victoria into the driveway. Balloons clustering the porch. "*Happy birthday!!*" hanging from the eaves. Giant blow-up "10" in the yard.

Garcia shuts the engine off. Sits for a moment. Draws a breath. Reaches for her door. Climbs out.

109 INT. GARCIA HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 109

Sugar-addled CHAOS. TV on - airing *The LEGO Ninjago Movie* - KIDS in costumes dashing around as Garcia steps in -

- staggered for a moment by the KIDS, the NOISE. Newspapers laid out on the floor, the guts of half-carved pumpkins.

DASHING down the stairs, socked feet THUMPING -

Mom, mom, mom! LEGO NINJAGO COSTUME

- TWO BOYS - BOTH dressed in BLUE LEGO NINJAGO COSTUMES -
race at Garcia - who musters a tired smile, spreads her arms -

I'm Mateo!

LEGO NINJAGO COSTUME 2
No, I'm Mateo!

LEGO NINJAGO COSTUME
I'm the *real* Mateo!

Garcia smirks - dives - snares the FIRST BOY around the waist. Heaves him off his feet, like a sack of potatoes -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
You can't fool me. I'd know my
stinky little Ninja anywhere.

Garcia swoops the boy around, rips OFF his NINJA MASK. Sure enough - Mateo's raucous LAUGHING face.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
I knew it was you the moment I saw
you.

Sets him down beside the OTHER BOY, already dashing off. Mateo grabs up his MASK, BOLTS after him. Watching him go, love in her eyes - Garcia's smile slowly FADES.

Hearing the words that just left her own mouth.

110 INT. GARCIA HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT 110

Seated on the bed - Garcia - vacant gaze a thousand miles
away from the MUSIC downstairs, the KIDS' THUMPING FEET.

With a light TAP - the DOOR OPENS. Sofia - overwhelmed, sticks her head in. Stops short, eyes on Garcia.

SOFIA GARCIA
You're not showered yet?

Garcia looks at her - eyes haunted, faraway.

SOFIA GARCIA (CONT'D)
The boys are bouncing off the walls.
Que estás haciendo?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
He had to know.

SOFIA GARCIA
Who had to know what?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
The detective said he recognized her
the moment he saw her. In Mexico.
But he couldn't have. It was never
her. He had to know.

SOFIA GARCIA
Manuela...

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
What kind of a parent would be okay
with the kidnappers still out there?
What kind of a dad would want to
"move on" without knowing what his
daughter went through?

Sofia WINCES at a CLATTER from downstairs. Needing to mind
the kids - needing to not lose Garcia down this rabbit hole.

Garcia looks up at her with wracked, tortured eyes -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Unless he did know. Unless he knew
all along she wasn't Violet. And if
he knew, why would he pretend?

SOFIA GARCIA
Manuela. You have to let her go.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I can't let her go.

Sudden fire in her eyes, her voice startling Sofia. Purses
her lips.

SOFIA GARCIA
It is your son's birthday. He's been
waiting all day.

Garcia pushes to her feet. Sofia, her own rage boiling up -

SOFIA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Manuela -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 I have to take care of this.

CUT TO:

111 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA [PARKED] -- NIGHT** 111

Garcia - brooding, hunched behind the wheel. Eyes fixed through the windshield - across the street on the -

MILLER HOUSE - YELLOW POLICE TAPE crisscrossing the porch. Bright FLOOD LIGHTS, T.V. NEWS VANS, CAMERAS camped in the yard.

Her gaze rakes to the HOUSE NEXT DOOR - blueish light playing behind the curtains, TV on.

The NEXT HOUSE DOWN - driveway flooded with CARS, THUMPING MUSIC. COLLEGE KIDS milling around. Partying.

112 **EXT. SIDEWALK, PARTY HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER** 112

Garcia passes the party house. MUSIC BLASTING out the front porch, plastic CUPS everywhere, COLLEGE KIDS playing party games - beer pong, drunk Jenga - windows steamed, warm.

Garcia slides her gaze to the HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET -

113 **EXT. PORCH, HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET -- NIGHT** 113

RAPS on the FRONT DOOR. Neat, tidy. A flowery "welcome" mat, potted geraniums. Garcia jabs the DOORBELL. CHIMES sounding.

The front door finally drags open - **ETHEL**, 86, inside - graying, severe, a fuzzy pink dress, glasses -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Evening, ma'am. Detective Garcia,
 St. Tammany Sheriff's Office.

ETHEL
 Finally. They've been at it since
 three o'clock. I called six times.

Garcia - tripped up, glances at the COLLEGE KIDS. Realizes -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 I'm sorry, I'm not here about the
 noise.

Ethel squints at her through her glasses, scowls -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 Have you lived in this house long?

Ethel squints at her through her glasses, confused now -

ETHEL
Thirty-seven years this April. Why?

114 **INT. ETHEL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT** 114

Squinting out the old front window at MICHAEL'S HOUSE, bathed in flickering red-and-blue POLICE LIGHTS, across the street - Ethel shakes her head, turns back to -

Garcia - standing between her two faded floral-print sofas. Armoire of kitschy porcelain figurines. Old TV playing PBS -

ETHEL
It was bad back when they all lived
there together - this was years ago.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Bad - how?

Ethel scowls, face pinching. Sour memories -

ETHEL
Shouting at each other. Always
shouting. Screaming. That poor
little girl. I heard breaking glass
more than once.

Garcia peers out at the darkened Miller house. Reassessing.

ETHEL (CONT'D)
And oh how he gambled. He owed
everyone money, always had these
shady people stopping by the house.
That man was bad news from the
moment they moved in. He should have
never been a father.

115 **INT. BULLPEN, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT** 115

Garcia pushes out of the elevator. BUSTLE of late-night activity - PHONES TRILLING.

Garcia beelines past Lt. Bradley - on the PHONE, eyeing her.

116 **INT. GARCIA'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT** 116

Fingers CLATTERING on her keyboard - Garcia, eyes darting over the SCREEN. Her DESK PHONE RINGS. She glances at it. Ignores it. Looks back to the -

SCREEN - MICHAEL'S PHOTOGRAPH - *stubble, ragged-looking, tired*. A MUGSHOT. Garcia drags the mouse. Clicks PRINT.

117 **INT. BULLPEN, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT** 117

Garcia SMACKS the side of the Xerox machine. Spitting out pages. Garcia GRABS them up - someone else's printout.

LT. BRADLEY
Didn't you request the evening off?

Bradley in the doorway of his office. Garcia swings back as the Xerox spits out MICHAEL'S MUGSHOT. Grabs it up, rounds on Bradley -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Did no one fucking think to do any
due diligence on Michael Miller?

118 INT. LT. BRADLEY'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -118
NIGHT

Flipping to the last page - Bradley flaps the POLICE FILE shut. Glowers up at Garcia, fierce, a wild spark in her eyes.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
His father was incarcerated, died in
a federal pen out in Beaumont.
Michael's in debt to the tune of a
hundred thousand dollars, and that's
just what's in his own name. He's
got another two-hundred thousand in
loans under half a dozen aliases.
He's a regular at all of the
casinos, been banned from Harrah's,
the Coushatta, and the L'Auberge,
and he's got four domestic
disturbance complaints on his file.

LT. BRADLEY
Your point being?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
My point - is that he's a fuck-up.
He's a bad egg. He lost his job two
months before his wife filed for
divorce, full custody of the girl.
Then, three months later, she goes
missing. That doesn't sound
suspicious?

Bradley sits back in his desk chair - appraising Garcia. Her
dragged-out looks, tired, hollowed eyes, anxious energy -

LT. BRADLEY
Manny. I'm saying this as your
friend. I think you should go home.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
The fuck is the matter with you?

LT. BRADLEY
This was investigated, god damn it.
In Chitimacha. They looked into all
of this. They found nothing. Now you
want to point fingers at the victim?
You want to drag him and this
department through the mud?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
She can't just disappear! *She can't.*

Garcia - her SHOUTING drawing STARES from the bullpen COPS.
Bradley draws a breath. Sits forward. Calm -

LT. BRADLEY
Detective Garcia. Go home. Take the
week.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
That's not going to happen.

LT. BRADLEY
I'm not asking. Leave your badge and
your gun.

Garcia stares - disbelief. SLAMS her fist to Bradley's DESK.

119 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA [PARKED] -- NIGHT**

119

In the dark of the garage - Garcia sits behind the wheel.
Frustration BOILING OVER - SLAMS the steering wheel. AGAIN.
AGAIN. Punches the shit out of it. The old car, impervious.

Panting, sweating through her coat - Garcia's eyes fall on
the printed pages on the passenger seat -

Michael's MUGSHOT, a copy of the REPORT of Violet's
kidnapping - *Chitimacha Tribal Police Department, Charenton,
LA.*

Her frenzied eyes sticking on the ADDRESS.

CUT TO:

120 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA [DRIVING] -- LATE NIGHT**

120

Garcia. Barreling down the highway. Weaving around truckers,
a Honda Civic. Garcia ACCELERATES past it.

Glinting past through the windshield - an I-90 HIGHWAY SIGN -

"Welcome to the Sovereign Nation of the Chitimacha Tribe."

CUT TO:

121 **INT. LOBBY, CHITIMACHA TRIBAL POLICE DEPT. -- LATE NIGHT** 121

SLAMMING THROUGH the front doors into the same fluorescent,
chipped white brick walls, gray carpet - Garcia - ragged.
Nearly collides with -

A pair of strung-out TEENAGE BOYS - ripped-up MARVEL AVENGERS
t-shirts - wrists ZIP-TIED behind their backs - SHOUTING at -

Deputy Colby - older, fleshier, same thick slab of a man -

- as he DRAGS them through the DENTED METAL DOOR to the back.
At the FRONT DESK - Deputy Winnier - now 45, wrinkles, gray
hairs, paunch - on the PHONE -

DEPUTY WINNIER
 (into the phone)
 No, ma'am, it was point-one-oh.
 Point-one-oh. It's in the report.
 Check it yourself, for God's sake.
 Yeah, we'll be here all night.

CLAPS the PHONE into its cradle. Drags his weary gaze to a
 GIRL on the bench - hands also zip-tied behind her back -

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)
 (to the Girl)
 She's on her way.
 (to Garcia)
 What can I do for you.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 Detective Garcia. I'm looking into
 the abduction of Violet Miller.
 About ten years ago.

Winnier eyeballs her. Just the fucking night for this -

DEPUTY WINNIER
 Got some ID?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
 (grimaces)
 It's more of an off-the-clock
 inquiry.

Winnier glowers at her. Of course it is. But there is
 something about Garcia's intensity. Urgency.

122 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CHITIMACHA POLICE DEPARTMENT -- LATE NIGHT** 122

Winnier dumps a MANILA FOLDER onto the table. Garcia hunches
 forward in her chair -

DEPUTY WINNIER
 This is everything we got. Case has
 been basically cold for about nine
 years now, give or take.

Garcia thumbs it open. Yellowed paperwork, the same COPIED
 DOCUMENTS she already has. A PRINTOUT of a -

SNAPSHOT - *the SELFIE of Michael and Violet at their campsite*
 - Violet, fourteen, young, alive - catching Garcia's eye.
 Haunting. Michael's grin - almost sinister.

Winnier, momentarily dragged back into all of it - caught up -

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)
 Always kind of felt like we didn't
 look hard enough at this one. Chief
 didn't think we'd ever find her.

Winnier - shakes himself as, down the hall, a PHONE TRILLS.

Garcia slides out a STAPLED PACKET, leafs it open. Phone numbers in a list, ballpoint annotations. A CALL LOG -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
These are Violet's calls?

DEPUTY WINNIER
That's right.

Garcia runs her finger down the ballpoint annotations - each of Violet's text messages, calls noted - "Boyfriend" "Boyfriend" "J. Miller" "Boyfriend" - stops on -

"M. Miller - 2 missed calls, 1 voicemail" - the LAST entry on the sheet -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
What about the father's calls?

Winnier, already turning, PHONE RINGING at the front desk -

DEPUTY WINNIER
What's there is what we got.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
You didn't look into the father?

Winnier - overworked, ducking out the door -

DEPUTY WINNIER
Put those back when you're done.
Nothing leaves this room.

As Winnier ducks out - Garcia turns back to the files. Frustrated. Determined. Pulls her CELL PHONE out.

123 **INT. BULLPEN, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING** 3

Haggard, unshaven, looking like death warmed over - Detective Fox steps out of the elevator, almost COLLIDES with -

Lt. Bradley, zipping up his jacket, end of the graveyard shift. Catches the closing elevator. Bradley sniffs, eyeballs Fox -

LT. BRADLEY
Jesus, Fox, you even brush your teeth?

Fox winces, stifles a sour burp -

DET. FOX
Jager shots shouldn't exist after you're thirty.

LT. BRADLEY
No shit.

Fox, ducking down the hall, grimaces as his CELL PHONE shrilly RINGS. Digs it out. Scowls at the screen. Answers -

DET. FOX
(into the phone)
You know, Téa's going to start getting jealous, she sees your number in my phone so much.

124 INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA -- CONTINUOUS

124

Garcia - climbing into the car, DAWN starting to crest across the small parking lot. CELL PHONE pressed to her ear -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the phone)
Are you at the office?

125 INT. HALLWAY, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 125

Fox snorts, stumps his way to his office door, digging for his keys to unlock it -

DET. FOX
(into the phone)
I'm not covering for you. Fuck that.
You know what it took to drag my ass in here this morning?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(over the phone)
I need phone records for Michael Miller from the week of Violet's abduction.

Fox - pushing into his office, jabs the light switch, winces as the BRIGHT FLUORESCENT flickers on.

DET. FOX
So walk yourself down the hall and get Bradley to sign off on a warrant.

126 INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA -- CONTINUOUS

126

Garcia - driving. Eyes straining to focus as she passes the defunct Family Dollar, Touch of Hope salon, boarded-up shops -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Bradley suspended me.

127 INT. FOX'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Fox - stabbing his computer awake - stops short -

DET. FOX
What?

128 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA -- CONTINUOUS**

128

Garcia draws up to a red light. Tired, struggling to focus on the road. CELL PHONE to her ear -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Just do it. Please. Call me back as
soon as you can.

Garcia HANGS UP as she slows to a stop at a red light. Dumps her PHONE in the passenger seat. Atop the wash of PAPERWORK. Her eyes again sticking on the COPY -

- of Michael and Violet's SELFIE PHOTO on the hiking trail. Her trusting, innocent eyes. Michael - almost seeming to smirk at the camera.

Garcia JOLTS as a banged-up Chevy PICKUP behind her HONKS. Through the windshield - the LIGHT has turned GREEN.

129 **INT. TRADESMAN INN, RM. 244 -- MORNING**

129

Chewed-up yellow walls, old tube TV. Floral-print twin bed. Hunched on the end -

Garcia, the manila file folder, spewing papers, beside her.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. Garcia scoops it up. Eyeballs the SCREEN, hesitates. "*Sofia calling...*" Answers -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the phone)
Hi.

130 **INT. GARCIA HOUSE, KITCHEN -- SAME TIME**

130

Scrubbing breakfast dishes, the table a mess of Froot Loops - Sofia - PHONE pinned to her ear - stops short. Had not expected to reach her.

SOFIA GARCIA
(into the phone)
Hi.

INTERCUTTING -

- as Sofia shuts off the water. Glances through the doorway at Antonio and Mateo - in pajamas in the living room, TV on -

SOFIA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Where are you?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Chitimacha.

Sofia - a surge of indignation, bites her tongue -

SOFIA GARCIA
I told Mateo you had to go fight
crime. He thinks you're Batgirl.

In her SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - Garcia lies back on the stiff bed.
An etch of a sad smile at that.

SOFIA GARCIA (CONT'D)
What are you doing, *carriña*?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Something I have to do.

Sofia tries to swallow that. In the living room, a burst of
LAUGHTER from the BOYS.

SOFIA GARCIA
Do we get you back? Once you've done
whatever it is you're doing?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Yes.

SOFIA GARCIA
For good, I mean. Promise me.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Prometo.

Eyes stinging, Sofia nods.

SOFIA GARCIA
Te amo, Manuelita. Ten cuidado.

131 INT. TRADESMAN INN, RM. 244 -- CONTINUOUS

131

Garcia - pries the PHONE away from her ear. Checks the SCREEN
- a TEXT MESSAGE from Fox - "*check inbox.*"

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the phone)
I have to go.

SOFIA GARCIA
(over the phone)
Of course.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I'm sorry. I love you.

SOFIA GARCIA
Just - come back soon.

Garcia draws a ragged breath. Nods. PUNCHES to hang up.

Punches open the EMAIL from Fox. A LIST of NUMBERS -
Michael's PHONE RECORDS from the WEEK VIOLET WAS ABDUCTED.

Garcia casts around - grabs up a chewed-up Tradesman BALLPOINT PEN and NOTEPAD from the nightstand.

Squints at the SCREEN. SCRIBBLING down NUMBERS. A scattering of (225) and (318) numbers - a 1-800 number.

Garcia, writing, slows. Scrawling out (337). Scrolls to the bottom of the EMAIL on her PHONE. Finds it again. The same (337) number. TWICE. The same EVENING.

The NIGHT Violet was ABDUCTED.

Garcia - EYES dragging to the BOTTOM of the TRADESMAN INN NOTEPAD. Their PHONE NUMBER - also AREA CODE (337).

132 **INT. FOX'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

A cheap paper cup of COFFEE steaming beside a napkin, crumbs, an opened package of TYLENOL as -

- Fox's PHONE - left on the DESK next to his keyboard - RINGS. *"El Jefe Manny calling..."* Through the open office doorway -

Fox - hunched over the goddamn Xerox machine, trying to get it to spit out a rumpled page. Oblivious.

133 **INT. TRADESMAN INN, RM. 244 -- CONTINUOUS** 133

Garcia angrily hangs up. Intensity in her eyes. Feeling the hunt. Closer now than ever -

Flips back through her PHONE. Pulling up the WEB BROWSER. Copies-and-pastes the (337) number over. SEARCHES.

The phone CHURNS - *"Connecting..."*

A PAGE of SEARCH RESULTS slowly loading onto the SCREEN. Tacky reverse-lookup web sites. People-finder directories.

Garcia skims them, squinting. Grimaces. Scrolls back up to the top, adds "ADDRESS" to the SEARCH FIELD. Punches "GO."

"Connecting..."

SLOWLY - a fresh PAGE of SEARCH RESULTS jitters onto the screen. Garcia scrolls down them. STOPS. Stares at the second ENTRY from the END -

The (337) PHONE NUMBER - and AN ADDRESS.

134 **INT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA [DRIVING] -- DAY** 134

Morning SUN blasting through the windshield. Garcia driving FAST. Flicks a glance at her PHONE - GOOGLE MAPS painting a ROUTE to the ADDRESS -

Squints out at the RUGGED EMPTY NOTHINGNESS of the ROAD she is on. Two lanes of cracked pavement and scrub. PHONE chiming.

GOOGLE MAPS
In one thousand feet, turn right.

Garcia glances at the PHONE. Back out at the PARCHED, EMPTY scenery. Seriously? Her eyes stick on -

- a DIRT WASH TURNOUT to the RIGHT up ahead. Barely-visible DIRT ROAD burrowing off.

GOOGLE MAPS (CONT'D)
Turn right.

Garcia flicks her turn signal. A glance in the REARVIEW MIRROR - empty nothingness for miles. The Crown Victoria -

JOSTLES - as it steers off pavement, onto rough, uneven, pot-holed DIRT and GRAVEL. Suspension thrashing.

Garcia glances over as the PHONE RINGS - "Mark Fox calling..." Stabs the button to DECLINE. Glances back out as -

GOOGLE MAPS (CONT'D)
In one thousand feet, your destination will be on the left.

Up ahead, clumping up out of the grungy dirt and scrub - a snarl of rusted, half-run-down CHAIN-LINK FENCE. Enclosing -

A JUNKYARD COMPOUND - a cluster of ramshackle SHACKS slapped together out of plywood, corrugated metal planks. The carcass of a burnt-out old SCHOOL BUS. JUNK everywhere.

"NO TRESPASSING" signs tacked up around the perimeter.

Garcia brakes. Slowing. A swath of kicked-up dust wreathing the car. Her eyes tracing - the LONE TELEPHONE LINE - draping its way out to the junkyard on leaning phone poles.

GOOGLE MAPS (CONT'D)
You have arrived at your destination.

Garcia checks the ADDRESS, the (337) NUMBER. *Whatever is here, this is the place Michael called the night Violet was ABDUCTED.*

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
What the fuck, Michael.

At a full stop - Garcia sits. Stares out. Car idling.

Shuts the ENGINE OFF. Shoulders the DOOR OPEN. Climbing out -

135 **EXT. FORD CROWN-VICTORIA / JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS** 135

- into the swirling DUST. The soft whistle, a gust of desert wind through the CHAIN-LINK FENCE.

Garcia steps up to it. Snarled, rusty tines from the fence leaning inward. A breach easy to get through.

136 **EXT. JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS** 136

Garcia ducks through the hole in the fence. Glances back at her CAR. Forward. The burnt-out SCHOOL BUS. An old chipped-up STOVETOP RANGE.

Rusty carcass of a 1930s FORD MODEL A, melting into the dirt. Forests of old BOTTLES.

Garcia's gaze tracks to the MAIN HOUSE - a clapboard ranch home at the center of the tacked-on SHACKS. WINDOWS boarded over with plywood. Looks completely abandoned.

Garcia steps forward. Passing the burnt-out bus. JUMPS at -

- A CRACKLE - to her left. She WHIRLS. An old PLASTIC BAG, snarled in tumbleweed, pinned, gusting in the wind.

Garcia moves forward. Toward one of the larger SHACKS - a gaping garage-sized DOOR, hanging open. DIM inside. Rusty tool chests belching drawers.

TWO CARS covered over with mildewed old TARPS inside.

Garcia glances over her shoulder. Reaches the mouth of the GARAGE SHACK. Ducks -

137 **INT. GARAGE SHACK -- CONTINUOUS** 137

- into the DIMNESS. Garcia squints, eyes adjusting. Stoops.

Lifts the edge of the FIRST TARP. Dust sliding off in sandy rivulets. Rusty BUMPER coming into view. EXPOSED ENGINE of -

- an old WV BEETLE DUNE BUGGY. Garcia coughs, swipes at the dust, lets it drop. Casts around. A hopeless shack filled with old junk.

Turning, about to duck out - Garcia's eyes stick on the OTHER CAR. A LONG, NARROW LUMP across the roof. Garcia snags the SECOND TARP. Lifts it. A tire, a bumper -

Black PAINT - a WHITE STRIPE on the driver's door. The EMBLEM of the LOUISIANA STATE HIGHWAY PATROL.

Garcia stares. Lifts the TARP higher. Exposing the rest of the grimy OLD POLICE CAR. LIGHT BAR clamped across the ROOF.

Garcia lets the tarp FLAP BACK down. Wind whistling through the SHACK'S shoddy walls. Stands - processing. Wheels back, ducking back out -

138 **EXT. JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS**

138

- into the harsh sun. Her eyes falling back on the LONE TELEPHONE WIRE snaking off atop crooked poles. *From the PHONE that Michael called the day Violet was abducted. By a FAKE COP.* Garcia digs out her CELL PHONE. Squinting in the glare, DIALS.

139 **INT. FOX'S OFFICE, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME**

Unfocused gaze trained on his COMPUTER SCREEN - Fox, hung over, grimaces as his PHONE TRILLS. Reaches, grabs it up -

DET. FOX
(into the phone)
Fox.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(over the phone)
I need you to arrest Michael Miller.

DET. FOX
(into the phone)
You need me to what?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Bring him in. The son-of-a-bitch.

DET. FOX
(into the phone)
On what charges?

140 **EXT. JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS**

140

Garcia - pacing in the harsh sunlight - turns back, squinting toward the dimness of the SHACK, the dusty POLICE CAR -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the phone)
Conspiring to kidnap his daughter,
Violet Miller.

DET. FOX
(over the phone)
Are you out of your goddamn mind?

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the phone)
Pick him up. Now. Before he slips
through our fingers, too.

Garcia PUNCHES to HANG UP. Already switching over, DIALING -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Deputy Winnier, please. No, I need
to speak -

BLAM - a THUNDERING GUNSHOT BLAST -

- RIPS THROUGH the hood of the BURNT-OUT BUS. Garcia - DIVES to the ground. Hitting the DIRT HARD.

Her PHONE - tumbling out of her hands - clattering AWAY. The VOICE of the Deputy on the other end SQUAWKING at her.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)

FUCK.

BLAM - another SHOT - speckles the SIDE of the BUS.

Garcia - scrambles to get her whole BODY behind the burnt-out yellow CHASSIS. Flattens herself against it. Panting, gasping.

Wind kicking DUST up into her face. Garcia - scrambling to think - strategize. JUMPS at a -

CLACK. A DOOR somewhere on the house BANGING OPEN. CRUNCHING FOOTSTEPS - shuffling slowly outside.

Garcia - tries to see through the smashed BUS WINDOWS - as -

BLAM -

- another BLAST - KICKS UP DIRT at her FEET - UNDER the BUS.

Garcia - steels herself - DIVES out from behind the BUS - making a RUN for the front fence.

THE FIGURE - SHOOTS AGAIN.

Garcia diverts - veering back behind the BUS. Scrambles toward the BACK - out around it as the -

FIGURE - tramps to the FRONT - STAMPS down on Garcia's SQUAWKING PHONE. Smashing it. While distracted -

Garcia - SPRINTS for the DARK DOORWAY to the RANCH HOUSE. The FIGURE - hearing her FOOTSTEPS - WHIRLS as Garcia CRASHES through the DOOR, into -

141 **INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, BACK HALL -- CONTINUOUS** 141

- DARKNESS - Garcia stumbles against the wall, trips through a BOX of CAT LITTER - dives sideways through a DOORWAY into -

142 **INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS** 142

- a dim LIVING ROOM - ragged old sofa, BOOKCASES BURIED under yellowed paperback books - stacks of flaking NEWSPAPERS.

Garcia's BOOTS - CHEWING into soggy, half-rotten WOOD FLOORING. Stumbling into CARDBOARD BOXES - spilling old DOLLS, TOYS - clattering across the floor as -

THE FIGURE - suddenly fills the open DOORWAY on the other side of the room - levels his SHOTGUN - FIRES -

BLASTING a HOLE in the WALL beside Garcia - spitting plaster - chewing up a FRAMED CORRECTIONS OFFICER UNIFORM - *stitched* name, "SHAPPART" - that CRASHES to the FLOOR - SHATTERS -

Garcia scrambling BACKWARD as the MAN STUMPS TOWARD HER. CLACKING more SHELLS into his SHOTGUN. Garcia swivels - DASHES through a cramped HALL - UP a narrow FLIGHT OF STAIRS -

143 INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 43

- climbing, half on her hands and knees, up the steep BARE WOOD STEPS. Garcia glances back - the FIGURE stepping into the doorway - too close.

Wheeling around - Garcia SPRINGS at him. Catching him off-guard, SLAMMING him into the wall behind him. They both HIT THE FLOOR HARD.

Garcia SOCKS the MAN in his STUBBLED, GRIZZLED FACE. HITS him AGAIN. GRIPPING the BARREL of the SHOTGUN as the grunting, wheezing Man DROPS IT -

- Garcia winds up to swing it like a club when THE MAN LUNGES - BURIES a razor-sharp WILDERNESS SURVIVAL KNIFE in Garcia's LEG. Garcia YELLS OUT in pain.

CRASHING to the FLOOR - hard enough to SMASH THROUGH some of the gnarled, ROTTEN WOOD FLOORING. TEARING into her FLESH.

- SIRENS approaching OUTSIDE -

Garcia writhes onto her back. WHIPS sideways as the MAN LUNGES with the KNIFE. EMBEDS it in the ROTTEN FLOOR.

Garcia - gasping, bleeding - GRABS up the RIFLE - SWINGS IT - CRACKING HARD against the MAN'S HEAD.

The MAN GRUNTS - FALLS SIDEWAYS - SLAMS against the WALL. Wheels back and KICKS Garcia in her BLEEDING WOUND.

Garcia YELLS OUT - FALLS BACK onto the stairs. The MAN GRABS for the KNIFE sticking out of the floor just as -

Garcia WHIPS the RIFLE UP - FIRES -

BLASTS the MAN'S HAND into a PULP. The MAN SCREAMS. BLOOD SPRAYING the wall behind him. Garcia rears up - KICKS HIM.

SMASHING him to the wall. JAMS the BARREL of the RIFLE to the back of the MAN'S HEAD. The MAN writhes - as -

Garcia - straining, gasping - drags HANDCUFFS from her back pocket. Twisting the MAN'S good hand, the BLOODY, RAGGED PULP of his OTHER HAND around behind him -

CUFFS him - just as DEPUTY WINNIER barges in - GUN DRAWN -

DEPUTY WINNIER
Sheriff's Department! FREEZE.

Garcia raises her hands - dropping the SHOTGUN. Slumps back, ragged, bleeding, onto the STAIRS behind her.

Winnier surges in. Deputy Colby barging in after him -

DEPUTY WINNIER (CONT'D)
Is the house clear?

Garcia - gasping for breath. Strains to stay conscious -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
I don't know.

Winnier drags the writhing MAN onto his back - turns to Colby -

DEPUTY WINNIER
Check the house and get a medic out here.

Colby nods - ducks out. Garcia - still trying to get a grip on herself - twists. Squints up the dim stairwell. Darkened ATTIC overhead.

CUT TO:

144 **INT. MOTEL HALLWAY, RODEWAY INN SLIDELL -- DAY** 144

POUNDING - on the door to Room 117, Detective Fox - steps back as -

With a CLACK, the DEADBOLT turns back. Fox, hand falling to his GUN, his CUFFS - as the DOOR OPENS on -

Michael - ragged, dirty clothes, hollow-faced. Looking worse than he has ever looked -

DET. FOX
Michael Miller.

- Michael's eyes fall to Fox's GUN, CUFFS. A look on his weary, grizzled face that is almost RELIEF.

CUT TO:

145 **INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, ATTIC -- DAY** 145

Huffing, panting, LIMPING - Garcia grits her teeth against the PAIN, presses a hand to her BLEEDING LEG as she emerges -

- into the ATTIC. Stifling, airless. JAMMED to its sloped roof with peeling OLD FURNITURE, dusty lampshades, boxes. The MAN SHOUTING at Winnier from down the stairs.

CUT TO:

146

INT. FOX'S POLICE DODGE CHARGER -- DAY

146

Fox twists the KEYS in the ignition. ENGINE REVVING to life. Flicks a glance at the REARVIEW MIRROR as -

Michael - CUFFED, behind the PLEXIGLAS PARTITION in the BACK SEAT, draws a RAGGED BREATH that becomes a SOB.

Fox frowns. Watches in the MIRROR as Michael, gasping for breath, everything catching up with him - BREAKS DOWN. After ten long years of guilt -

MICHAEL
I didn't - I didn't - She was never
supposed to get hurt. She wasn't
supposed to die.

Fox GAPES - *what the fuck did he just say?*

CUT TO:

147

INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- DAY

147

Garcia stumbles, stamping HEAVILY down the stairs from the attic. Nothing up there but furniture. Nearly runs into -

Colby - as he stumps back in, holstering his gun. Helps Winnier lug **THE MAN** - 60s, graying, leathery-faced, his hand SOPPING with BLOOD - to his feet -

DEPUTY COLBY
House is clear. Nobody else.

DEPUTY WINNIER
Basement?

DEPUTY COLBY
Didn't see any basement.

THE MAN
You ain't got shit. You ain't got
shit on me. You were trespassing.

Garcia meets Winnier's eye. She looks from the MAN -

- into the dark, fetid, EMPTY depths of the HOUSE.

148

EXT. JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- DAY

148

LIMPING raggedly out into the BLINDING afternoon SUNLIGHT - Garcia lifts a BLOODY HAND to shield her face.

FLASHING LIGHTS - a POLICE CROWN VIC, a POLICE EXPLORER S.U.V. that have BASHED THROUGH the GATE to the tattered JUNKYARD.

Fading in and out of consciousness - Garcia stumbles. Caught by a young **SHERIFF'S DEPUTY** - 24, handsome, brown-haired -

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
Detective Garcia? Are you Detective Garcia?

Garcia nods, absently.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Your partner's on the radio for you.

Garcia nods again. Crunching through the dirt. Staggers. Catches herself against the side of the Explorer. Doors hanging open -

RADIO SQUAWKING inside. With trembling, sticky, bloody hands, Garcia scoops up the RADIO -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
(into the radio)
This is Garcia.

DET. FOX
(on the radio)
We got him. We got the son-of-a-bitch.

Garcia shuts her eyes - too exhausted to know how to react. Opens them. Turns her tired gaze back toward the RANCH HOUSE.

CUT TO:

149

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- THAT NIGHT 149

Harsh fluorescent spilling over - Michael. Ragged, hands CUFFED behind his back. Hunching forward, against the scratched-up white table. Face wracked with GRIEF -

MICHAEL
I got laid off. I was a contractor. In Lafayette. This was 2014. No one was hiring - even if you didn't have three convictions on your record. I was underwater with these loan sharks.

- watched by - Garcia. Cold, hard, sour-faced. Bruised, scratched. Washed-up, fresh clothes. A BANDAGE on her leg.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And then she said she was leaving me. And she was taking Violet with her. That smug bitch. Her family had money. I had nothing. I couldn't do a goddamn thing. They cut me off. Even the house was under her name.

Leaning against the door - Fox shoots a look at Garcia. Garcia keeps her cold stare fixed on Michael -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My father made friends with Kirk Shappart doing his time at Pollock. He was a guard, but he'd slip things to the inmates. After Dad died, we'd talk sometimes. Kirk said - he came up with this scheme...

Michael draws a breath. Snuffles. Chokes it back -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He had an old surplus cop car. He'd pull us over, take her somewhere. We'd ransom her to Joanne for \$600,000. I knew she had it. He'd keep half, give me the other half. The Sheriff was his cousin, so if anything went sour, we knew they wouldn't look at us. We'd put on a good show, Violet'd never know she'd just spent a night with a family friend. I could pay off my debts and be the father that she needed.

Michael shudders. The horror of it starting to take over -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But I guess - she was a fighter and she - she tried to get away from him. And she hit her head. On a goddamn metal fencepost. And she died. He buried her out there somewhere.

Breaking down, sobbing now - Michael looks up at Garcia, tortured -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I tried to call it off. When it was happening. When I saw how scared she was. And then when that girl came along, claiming to be her - I thought - I didn't know at first. Whether, somehow - it was actually her. That she came back. And then later - I figured - I didn't know - who the hell she was, but I thought - why not? Why not let us both start over? Why couldn't she be Vi? My little girl. My Violet...

As Michael breaks down - Garcia slowly pushes off the wall. Takes a hobbling, limping step forward. To the edge of the table.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA

You're a pathetic piece of shit. And that's a tragic fucking story. But you got one detail wrong.

Michael - sobbing. Squints up at Garcia, confused -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA (CONT'D)
Your daughter is alive.

Off Michael's utter SHOCK, CONFUSION -

- FLASH BACK TO:

150 **EXT. JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- CONTINUING THE DAY OF THE RAID** 150

As Garcia lets the RADIO DROP from her sticky, bloody hands.
Her EYES FIXED on the bottom edges of the RANCH HOUSE -

- CEMENT FOUNDATIONS just visible in the sand. A rectangular
edge. Like a filled-in old WINDOW. To a BASEMENT.

151 **INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER** 151

Hobbling, Garcia stumbles, smears her way along the wall.
Into the LIVING ROOM. Casts around, squinting through the
JUNK in the DIMNESS.

Approaches the ROTTEN section of the floor - her own
FOOTPRINT smashed into it from before. Garcia BENDS. Follows
the SPLIT, craggy EDGE of the BROKEN WOOD BOARD -

- to a FIRMER EDGE in the floor. Not water damaged. Garcia
feels along it reaching beneath a dusty old Oriental RUG -
until she finds a HANDLE. TUGS UP -

A TRAP DOOR. Bare cement STEPS descending into PITCH BLACK.

Garcia - starts down them. Gropes for a LIGHT SWITCH -

152 **INT. JUNKYARD RANCH HOUSE, BASEMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS** 152

Flickering FLUORESCENT STRIP BULBS - sputtering to life over
a small, WINDOWLESS concrete room. Ragged old BED. Leather
CUFFS, CHAINS strapped to it.

In the far CORNER of the BED - an emaciated HUMAN FIGURE
snarled in blankets.

Drawing to a shuddering halt at the bottom of the stairs -
Garcia STARES at it. Not quite believing what she is seeing.
Until the SHAPE MOVES. CHAINS tinkling.

RESUMING:

153 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT** 153

Utter GUTTED HORROR on Michael's face as Garcia - leaning
over him - SHOVES back from the table. Michael - numb with
SHOCK.

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Your dear old "family friend" lied
to you. Sadistic fuck kept her for
himself.

FLASHING BACK:

154 **EXT. JUNKYARD COMPOUND -- DAY**

154

The grizzled MAN - **KIRK SHAPPART** - pulpy HAND wrapped in bandages. Held by Colby as he WRITHES and SHOUTS from the back bumper of an AMBULANCE -

THE MAN / KIRK SHAPPART
You don't have shit on me. I'm gonna
sue you motherfuckers -

- trailing off as his murky eyes fall on - Garcia, stumbling out of the dark mouth of the HOUSE -

A skinny, bony FEMALE FIGURE wrapped in sheets, draped in her arms. Kirk's face going flat, blood draining.

RESUMING:

155 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ST. TAMMANY SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT** 155

Garcia - shameful, judging eyes on Michael, still numb with shock, horror -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
Kirk Shappart's gonna find out what
they do to rapist ex-prison guards
in a federal penitentiary. Know a
few CO's, myself. They're gonna make
sure it'll be even worse for you.
You'll wish you never lived.

Garcia turns. Had enough. Heading for the door. Michael - attempting to focus, muster coherent thought -

MICHAEL
What - What about my daughter? What
about Violet?

Garcia turns back from the door, venom surging in her eyes -

DET. MANUELA GARCIA
You don't deserve to know.

Garcia grabs the DOORKNOB. YANKS it open. Fox moves in toward Michael as Garcia steps out.

Door SLAPPING SHUT behind her. Michael shakes. A broken, guilty, hollow shell of a man.

CUT TO:

156 **INT. PRIVATE RECOVERY ROOM, SLIDELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL -- DAY**

Swathed in starched, bleached bed sheets, pillows - IV lines jammed into her painfully skinny arms - VIOLET - *the real Violet* - undeniably the actual girl, grown up -

- lies unconscious. Surrounded by BEEPING MACHINES, I.V. POLES. Sunny daylight streaming in over the shoulders of -

Joanne - seated at her bedside. Face a mixture of agony, warmth, yearning. Gratitude to have her daughter back. Violet's hand clasped in her own.

ON THE TV over the bed - Kristine Chong, broadcasting from the steps right outside the hospital -

KRISTINE CHONG
*...shocking happy ending to a story
everyone assumed had long ago...*

Watching through the tempered glass window in the door -

Detective Garcia - a measure of calm, serenity, relief, finally buried deep inside of her, warming her face - turns away.

Joanne looks over, sensing her. But Garcia is already gone.

157 **INT. RAINFOREST CAFE, BOURBON STREET, NEW ORLEANS -- DAY 157**

Surrounded by tourists enjoying overpriced pizzas, taco salads - Garcia, Sofia, Antonio, and Mateo - look up, the boys laughing, squealing in delight as a -

- tacky fake "thunderstorm" sweeps through the touristy jungle-themed restaurant dining area. Sofia smiles at the boys. Looks over. To her immeasurable relief, delight, finds -

Garcia right there smiling with her. Fully present. Here. Enjoying herself. At last.

158 **INT. PRIVATE RECOVERY ROOM, SLIDELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL -- 158 EVENING**

Evening falling. Joanne, half-dozed off in her rolling chair at Violet's bedside. Her Nana, Peggy Bentley, watery eyes fixed with determination on Violet - blinking.

Reaches, urgently jostles Joanne awake. Stirring at a SOUND - weak, gasping, barely a WHISPER at first - that she has yearned and dreamed to hear for over ten long years -

VIOLET
Mom?

Violet - eyes open, awake, gazes at Joanne. Joanne suddenly overcome by an impossible flood of emotions, lunges forward -

Pulls her daughter into an embrace. Peggy beams - reaches to place a hand on both her daughter and her granddaughter's backs - tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks.

FADE TO BLACK.

159

INT. GREYHOUND BUS [DRIVING] -- DAY

159

The drone of road noise through the crowded cabin. Row after row of weary travelers. A BABY SQUEALING, young PARENTS trying to comfort it.

A TEEN with iPod EARBUDS trailing from his ears. Brooding BUSINESSMAN clattering away on his LAPTOP.

SUPER: Kenora, Ontario, Canada.

Infinite, rolling, rural nothingness smearing by outside. Sitting near the back in a soft, maroon hoodie, thin gold woven BRACELET, BALLERINA charm, dangling from the sleeve, two-carat solitaire diamond necklace, head turned out to watch the scenery slide by

- no one would ever notice - **ELENA OBRAGON**, 27, a.k.a. "Violet".

Her glassy, cold, emotionless stare turning to fall on the YOUNG COUPLE with the BABY. Its LAUGHING, innocent FACE.

Elena leans forward - her own face ARTIFICIALLY LIGHTING UP -

ELENA OBRAGON
What a beautiful little boy.

The FATHER turns - smiles at Elena. Can't help noticing her beautiful face, shapely breasts. The baby, enthralled by the diamond necklace. Elena meets the Father's gaze. Smiles back -

ELENA OBRAGON (CONT'D)
I'm a nanny. If you need one.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.