

**V A N I S H E D**

by

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RAIN

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.

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 -

VIOLET

What?

MICHAEL

Nothing.

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?

VIOLET

*Dad.*

MICHAEL

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

VIOLET

He's a cornerback.

Michael tosses another glance at her. Faint smirk.

MICHAEL

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

VIOLET

Oh my God. *Dad* -

MICHAEL

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

VIOLET

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

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. Winces, 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.

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, rumpled 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?

L.T. 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?

L.T. 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?

L.T. 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 -

L.T. 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.

L.T. 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.

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 SUNBURNES - 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 -

22 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICÍA MUNICIPAL -- NIGHT / LATER 22

- 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? ¿Cómo 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. BRADLEY  
Happy hump day.

Garcia shakes her head, ducks down the hall.

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.

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)  
 Squirming 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 1

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 rumpled 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 rumpled 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 MIRRORED 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 rumpled 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:

107

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

107

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 -

LEGO NINJAGO COSTUME  
Mom, mom, mom!

- TWO BOYS - BOTH dressed in BLUE LEGO NINJAGO COSTUMES - race at Garcia - who musters a tired smile, spreads her arms -

LEGO NINJAGO COSTUME (CONT'D)  
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. Party.

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**

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 122 NIGHT**

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, *cariña*?

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** 35

- 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 149 NIGHT**

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.**