

VANISHED

by
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"VANISHED"TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - EVENING

A STATIC, DESATURATED SKYLINE. Then, as if blood is pumped into the city's veins, the CITYSCAPE pulsates, turning VIBRANT. HUES DEEPEN. SHAPES SHARPEN. THE CITY IS ALIVE. A BEAT. And then --

THE CAMERA TAKES OFF. HEADING NORTHEAST, WE SOAR OVER: THE GEORGIA DOME -- 8,300 tons of reinforced steel; PHILLIPS ARENA with its stylized "ATLANTA" sign; and the BANK OF AMERICA PLAZA, crowned with a GLASS PYRAMID.

SUDDENLY, we freeze in mid-air, hovering above the sprouting Peachtree skyscrapers. LIFE DRAINS. COLORS MUTE. SHAPES BLUR. It's as if the CAMERA is fighting to maintain focus. It's unnerving. But then, just as quickly --

VIBRANCY and VELOCITY return. We FLY over the 95 Freeway, choked with rush hour traffic; the Ansely Golf Club, and Memorial Park. Finally, we arrive at --

EXT. BUCKHEAD SUBURB - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Beverly Hills of Atlanta with the grandeur of the South. Georgian and Neoclassics on multi-acre lots. We HONE in on --

EXT. COLLINS ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

A MAGNIFICENT PALLADIAN fronted by a manicured lawn of lush St. Augustine grass. Once again, CAMERA SLOWS. COLOR and CLARITY DRAIN. A BEAT. Then --

VIBRANCY and VELOCITY return. CAMERA CAREENS over the lawn and towards the estate's massive limestone columns, where it finds a tucked-away SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, trained on the FRONT ENTRANCE.

We meet up with CAMERA'S EYE, robotically chirping as its onyx lens automatically adjusts focus. WE PUSH THROUGH --

S/FX -- THE LENS

Passing into the camera's delicate inner-circuits, out the back of its casing, and through the taut wire, which takes us INSIDE the estate's walls.

We ROLLER COASTER along the double-helix twist of cable and into the wiry mass of the NETWORK SERVER.

Then, we FOLLOW one thin tendril as it breaks from the weave and snakes up, up and OUT. INTO --

REVERSE ANGLE:

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - 2ND FLOOR - SARA'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

FLAT SCREEN MONITORS, on the wall, display four video images, one from each of four exterior SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS, including the one trained on the FRONT ENTRANCE.

PAN from the monitors to -- SARA COLLINS, 30, a natural beauty with wide eyes and a heartbreaking smile. She sits at a mahogany rolltop desk, a stack of papers in front of her. Phone in one hand, red marker in the other --

SARA COLLINS

That shouldn't be a problem...
Okay, it won't be a problem... Of course...

As Sara speaks, she's simultaneously grading second grade spelling tests. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO her desktop.

INSERT - A SPELLING TEST

NAME: Traci L. GRADE:2. TEACHER: Mrs. Collins. A child's handwriting: "CAT", "MOUSE", "BIRD", "DAWG". A red "X" crosses out "DAWG". Next to the word, Sara scripts "DOG".

SARA COLLINS

...I understand.

A BEEP, indicating an open door, draws Sara's attention to one of the monitors. She watches as her husband, SENATOR JEFFREY COLLINS, 40, wearing a perfectly tailored Hugo Boss suit, enters the REAR DOOR.

SARA COLLINS

...Jeffrey's home. Gotta go.

Sara hangs up. She opens the desk drawer and grabs a decorative 'gift envelope'. She exits into --

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TRACK Sara as she walks toward a stairwell. The walls are decked with photos of Jeffrey and her two stepchildren -- Marcy and Max. She briefly pauses at her WEDDING PHOTO. Then, from up ahead, she hears noise coming from a bathroom. She heads over to --

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - GUEST BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

NINA, mid 20s, a housekeeper, is scrubbing the sink. Nina sees Sara's reflection in the mirror.

NINA

Ma'am?

SARA

Nina, this bathroom can wait.
Richard can't.

NINA

(confused)

My husband?

Sara hands Nina the envelope.

SARA

Happy Birthday. Dinner for two at
Vivian's. Reservations at 8.

NINA

Thank you!

SARA

Order the souffle. And come in
late tomorrow.

With that, Sara continues down the hall.

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Elegantly decorated with turn-of-the-century antiques.
Another bank of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS on the wall. As Sara
descends the stairs, she finds Jeffrey pouring a scotch.

SARA

(re: scotch)

Rough day?

JEFFREY

I've had better.

Jeffrey crosses to Sara and gives her a kiss.

SARA

Hon, can we talk a minute?

JEFFREY

We can talk all night. But right
now, you need to close your eyes.

SARA

(confused)

What?

JEFFREY

Trust me.

Sara smiles and closes her eyes. Jeffrey reaches into his coat pocket. CAMERA SWINGS BEHIND JEFFREY'S BACK so we can't see what he's pulling out.

JEFFREY

Okay.

SARA'S POV - Jeffrey holds up a dazzling diamond necklace.

SARA

(tears up)

Oh, I... it's beautiful.

JEFFREY

Now don't you cry.

(teases)

I promise they're not conflict diamonds.

SARA

(smiles)

Thank you. But... why?

JEFFREY

I'm proud of you. For your work with "Children First". And since they're honoring you tomorrow, I figured I'd honor you tonight. You know how I like to be first.

(beat)

Now, there was something you wanted to tell me.

SARA

It's not important.

JEFFREY

Come on.

SARA

I was just going to say... how much I love you.

Jeffrey knows there's more to it, but he doesn't push. Instead, he holds up the necklace.

JEFFREY

Turn around.

Sara turns, and with both of them facing the CAMERA, Jeffrey clasps the necklace around Sara's neck.

SUDDENLY, the SCENE SLOWS. COLORS BLUR and DESATURATE. Again, it's unnerving. A BEAT, then --

Just as quickly, VITALITY returns. And as the CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT on SARA. MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A LARGE PHOTO of SARA COLLINS on an EASEL at the PODIUM. CAPTION READS: *CHILDREN FIRST HONORS SARA COLLINS.*

PULL BACK to NANCY, mid 30s, fastidious, the Gala's organizer. She adjusts the photo, which flanks a banner: *Preschool education for every child in Georgia.*

TRACK Nancy as she traverses the ballroom, which boasts crystal chandeliers, gold drapery, and double crown molding. It's packed with Georgia's elite, dressed in their finery. Security Officers, in dark suits, are posted at each entrance. They communicate via earpieces and lapel mics.

Nancy heads toward Sara's table, which includes: Sara, wearing the diamond necklace and an elegant black gown; Jeffrey; J.T. MASON, Jeffrey's Chief of Staff, early 50s, attractive but unctuous; and several of Sara's co-workers from Children First. Two seats are empty.

Nancy, perpetually nervous and excitable, approaches --

NANCY
(to Jeffrey)
Hello, Senator.

JEFFREY
Nancy.

NANCY
(to Sara)
Welcoming remarks at seven. You ready?

Sara eyes a large clock which reads: 6:50.

SARA
How ready do I have to be to say hello, thanks for coming, enjoy the chicken?

NANCY
Not chicken. Game hen. Organic.

SARA
I'll be fine. Nancy, try to have a good time tonight. For me?

Nancy is suddenly distracted. Excitedly, she utters --

NANCY
 Congressman Leonard just arrived.
 I want him on our Board.

As Nancy jets off, she crosses with MAX COLLINS, 17, as dashing and carefree as a young JFK, Jr. He takes his seat --

MAX
 Sorry I'm late.

JEFFREY
 Where's your sister?

MAX
 Like I keep tabs on Marcy?
 (to J.T.)
 Hey, Chief.

J.T. MASON
 Max.

MAX
 (to Sara, re:
 diamonds)
 Nice ice.

SARA
 (smiles warmly)
 Thanks for coming tonight.

MAX
 Wouldn't've missed it.

A tap on Sara's shoulder. She turns to find MRS. JAVIT, 30, with her daughter, BECKY, 7, one of Sara's students.

SARA
 Becky. Mrs. Javit.

MRS. JAVIT
 Thank you again for inviting us
 tonight. It was very generous.
 (then)
 Becky...

Mrs. Javit eyes her daughter, who's hidden her right hand behind her back --

BECKY
 (as if rehearsed)
 Thank you for all your charity
 work, Mrs. Collins.

Becky thrusts out her hand, holding a macaroni necklace, painted silver.

BECKY
It's a necklace.

SARA
It's lovely. Thank you.

BECKY
Put it on.

MRS. JAVIT
Becky, she's already wearing --
Sara eyes Jeffrey. He knows what she's thinking --

JEFFREY
It'll look terrific with your
dress.

Sara smiles warmly. She unclasps the diamond necklace and hands it to Jeffrey, who places it in his tuxedo pocket. As Sara ties the necklace around her neck --

BECKY
I made it from real macaroni, but
you can't eat it 'cuz of the paint.

SARA
Good to know.

BECKY
Bye.

As Becky skips off with her mother, a CONCIERGE, late 20s, goatee, approaches.

CONCIERGE
Mrs. Collins, you have a call on
the House Phone.

SARA
Who is it?

CONCIERGE
She didn't say. But it sounded
urgent.

JEFFREY
Probably Marcy. I'll take it.

Jeffrey stands. At that precise moment, ROBERT RUBIA, late 40s, distinguished and imposing, approaches the Senator --

ROBERT RUBIA
Excuse me, Senator. I'm Robert
Rubia with the D.O.J. May I have a
word?

JEFFREY

I'm sorry, but --

SARA

I'll take the call.

ROBERT RUBIA

(to Sara)

Mrs. Collins, your work is *inspirational*. My wife and I bought tickets tonight, in your honor.

SARA

We appreciate your support.

(to the table)

Excuse me.

The Concierge helps Sara out of her chair and escorts her to the Lobby. (Note: Jeffrey's view of his departing wife is 'innocently' blocked by Rubia's body.)

JEFFREY

What can I do for you, Mr. Rubia?

ROBERT RUBIA

The Supreme Court. With the confirmation hearing three days off, I was hoping to --

JEFFREY

I'm sorry, but I'm not discussing Senate business tonight.

ROBERT RUBIA

(pushes ahead)

With all due respect, the media is suggesting you're leaning against the President's pick.

JEFFREY

How does this concern the Department of Justice?

ROBERT RUBIA

(ignoring the query)

If you're angling for something, just tell the President what it'll take to secure your support --

JEFFREY

The President?

ROBERT RUBIA
 (nods; threatening)
 ...But if you're seriously planning
 to impede the nomination --
 (stops himself)
 Well, I've taken enough of your
 time. Enjoy the evening.

As Rubia heads off, CAMERA settles on Jeffrey -- unnerved.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - BALLROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

TIGHT on the clock -- 7:10PM. Nancy approaches Jeffrey.

NANCY
 Senator, don't mean to be a nervous
 Nancy, but where's Sara?

JEFFREY
 Did you check the house phone?

NANCY
 Yeah, twice. She's not there.
 (off Jeffrey)
 She's not in the lady's room, and
 she's not answering her cell.

Jeffrey's already on feet. Dogged by J.T., we TRACK him
 exiting the BALLROOM. J.T. motions a SECURITY OFFICER, who
 joins them --

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

J.T. sees the BANK of THREE HOUSE PHONES and calls Jeffrey's
 attention to it.

J.T. MASON
 Senator --

Jeffrey approaches. Only one of the phones is being used --
 by a MALE TEEN. Jeffrey tries to get the Teen's attention,
 but when the Teen ignores him, Jeffrey DISCONNECTS the call.

MALE TEEN
 What the hell?

He's face to face with the Senator, J.T., and the Security
 Officer, who opens his coat to reveal he's strapped. Teen
 quickly becomes compliant.

JEFFREY
 Have you seen a woman -- blonde,
 thirty, black dress?

MALE TEEN
 (shakes his head)
 Sorry, Man.

JEFFREY
 How long have you been here? On
 the phone.

MALE TEEN
 'Bout half an hour, fighting with
 my girl. And now she thinks I
 dissed her --

J.T. MASON
 Has anyone else been talking on
 these phones?

MALE TEEN
 Not that I noticed. Why?

Jeffrey's turned his back on the Teen. Concerned, he heads
 over to the nearby Concierge Station. Calls out --

JEFFREY
 Are those your only house phones?

CONCIERGE #2
 Yes, sir. But if you need a line --

JEFFREY
 I'm looking for my wife.

CONCIERGE #2
 I haven't seen Mrs. Collins since
 you both arrived.

JEFFREY
 Where's the other Concierge... with
 the goatee.

CONCIERGE #2
 It's just me and Kristy tonight.

He regards a FEMALE CONCIERGE, assisting a guest.

CONCIERGE #2
 ...And, sir, facial hair is against
 hotel policy.

Jeffrey's anxiety escalates.

J.T. MASON
 Let's check with the front desk.

On the move, J.T. instructs the Security Officer --

J.T. MASON
 Radio security. Have 'em fan out
 and start looking.

SECURITY OFFICER

Yes, sir.

They continue through the lobby. To their right -- windows about the hotel's 'side entrance'. Something outside catches Jeffrey's attention. He breaks away and heads toward an EMERGENCY EXIT.

J.T. MASON

Where're you going?

Jeffrey doesn't respond. TRACK Jeffrey as he PUSHES out the "EMERGENCY EXIT", triggering an ALARM! Jeffrey's unfazed by the HIGH PITCHED BEEPS.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey emerges. It's desolate. No people. No cars. He races to the curb. As he gets closer, we now see what's caught his attention -- THE SILVER MACARONI NECKLACE.

His heart sinking, Jeffrey picks it up. He looks in both directions. Desperation and fear sweep over him. As he vainly looks for any sign of his wife, we CRANE OUT --

Suddenly, the CAMERA SLOWS. VITALITY DRAINS from the CITYSCAPE. However, unlike the prior instances of DESATURATION, vibrancy does not return. RATHER, the shot CONTINUES to BLUR and FADE until it burns WHITE and HOT.

Jeffrey's world has literally -- VANISHED.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STATE PARK - NIGHT (SIX MONTHS AGO)

Remote and eery. TRACK FBI SPECIAL AGENT GRAHAM KELTON, mid 30s, briefcase in hand, as he walks through thick underbrush until he approaches --

A BENCH, where JOHNNY MARTIN, 12, is seated, scared to death. He's flanked by a Man, pointing a .22 at him. Several yards away, on a fire access road, a CAR IDLES.

MAN

It's about time.

KELTON

Hey, Johnny. I'm Graham.
Everything's going to be okay.

MAN

(re: briefcase)
Open it.

Kelton opens the briefcase to reveal densely-packed bricks of \$100's. The Man points Kelton toward the car --

MAN

Put it in the backseat.

Kelton complies. The Man backs away from the boy and toward the car, now training his weapon on Kelton. CAMERA finds Kelton's RIGHT HAND. Kelton slowly extends his index finger into the air -- 'a signal'. PULL WAY BACK TO --

A TREETOP, 1/4 mile away. A SHARPSHOOTER, in a ghillie suit, peering through his rifle's telescopic lens, affixed with night optic vision, receives the 'signal'. As a 'cross hair' OVERLAPS THE SCENE --

BACK TO KELTON

In that moment, Kelton spots the Man's remote DEADMAN SWITCH in his left hand. Kelton turns to the boy and sees, under the child's coat, he's strapped with explosives. In sheer panic, Kelton turns back toward the sharpshooter and tries to stop him. It's too late.

KELTON

No!

A bullet ZIPS by Kelton and SINKS into the Man's forehead.

SLO-MO -- Man falls to the ground. DEADMAN SWITCH RELEASES. Instinctively, Kelton rushes toward the helpless boy, but --

REVERSE ANGLE -- the force of the explosion propels Kelton backward. And as KELTON is SPATTERED WITH THE CHILD'S BLOOD --

OVERLAP: A CHILD'S SCREAMS -- "DADDY! DADDY!"

INT. HOLY SPIRIT CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

We realize we were in a FLASHBACK. Kelton, sitting in an empty pew, opens his eyes to see a large, painted WOODEN CROSS, suspended over the alter. As it comes into focus, his attention's suddenly diverted to --

LISA KELTON, 7, in her first communion dress, racing toward him. In the b.g., several other children, along with FATHER MOYER, late 40s, descend from the alter.

LISA

(angry)

...Daddy! You fell asleep.

KELTON

Just resting my eyes.

LISA

Did you hear me sing "Ava Maria"?

KELTON

(nods)

Like an angel.

LISA

Really, 'cuz I sung "On Eagles Wings".

(off Kelton)

Just don't 'rest your eyes' on Sunday, 'kay?

KELTON

Promise.

As Kelton smiles, Father Moyer approaches him --

KELTON

Father.

FATHER MOYER

It's been a while since I've seen you in a pew.

KELTON

(decisively)

Six months.

FATHER MOYER

Graham, when you feel you're ready to talk --

KELTON
 (interrupting)
 I've already talked, extensively.
 (off Father Moyer)
 Bureau requires 'traumatic
 incident' counseling.

Just then, Kelton's cell phone rings.

KELTON
 Excuse me.
 (into phone)
 Agent Kelton.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI, AFO (ATLANTA FIELD OFFICE) - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS
 FBI SUPERVISOR KYLE TYNER, early 40s, speaks into his
 wireless Jabra BT500 --

SUPERVISOR TYNER
 It's Tyner. Senator Collins' wife
 is missing. Presumed kidnapped.

In front of his daughter, Kelton tries not to react.

KELTON
 I'll drop Lisa at her mother's. I
 can be at the Bureau in twenty.

Lisa hears her name, looks to her father.

SUPERVISOR TYNER
 Report directly to the crime scene.
 The Ritz-Carlton. Agent Andrews is
 en route. Police Chief's on scene.
 We've asserted jurisdiction.

Avoiding eye contact with the priest, Kelton grabs Lisa's
 hand and ushers her toward the exit.

KELTON
 You can brief me in the car.

INT. JUDY NASH'S PENTHOUSE - SAME TIME

GRUNTS and GROANS, the sounds of sex, as we PAN ACROSS a
 mantle with three prominently displayed News Emmys:
 Outstanding Investigative Journalism -- JUDY NASH, WCN.

CAMERA settles on JUDY NASH, early 30s, and ADAM PUTNUM,
 early 20s, in bed. Adam is the 'groaner'. He's on top.
 He's focused, intense and eager to please. Judy instructs --

JUDY NASH

...Kiss my neck. To the left.
Babe, my left. You know the spot.

As Adam complies, Judy's hands clench. She's in control, as always. Throughout the above, Judy's focused on something over Adam's shoulder. Suddenly, her face lights up. FOLLOW her POV TO --

INSERT - PLASMA SCREEN TELEVISION

WCN (WORLD CABLE NEWS) on MUTE. The on-screen SCROLL: **SEN. COLLINS' WIFE, ABDUCTED FROM ATLANTA RITZ-CARLTON.**

JUDY NASH

Get off.

ADAM

What?

JUDY NASH

Get off me!

She pushes him off. Then, in one fluid motion, she grabs the bedside phone. Dials.

JUDY NASH

(into the phone)

It's Judy... I want the Collins story... I don't need a vacation; I need an onion... I'm on my way.

Judy slams down the phone.

ADAM

An onion?

JUDY NASH

Every layer's a story and every story leads. Put on your pants.

ADAM

But we're not done.

JUDY NASH

You can finish in the van, let's move.

Off Judy, sex is fun, but work is her climax --

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Law enforcement vehicles choke the entrance. Blue and red barlights crisscross the scene. Uniformed Officers unfurl CRIME SCENE TAPE to hold back the press and lookie-loos. CAMERA FINDS Kelton as he PUSHES INTO --

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ordered chaos. Hotel guests are herded like cattle, their movement curtailed by a path made with CRIME SCENE TAPE. Uniforms keep them in check.

The POLICE CHIEF, who's been speaking with several Uniforms, sees Kelton. He breaks away. A familiarity between them --

POLICE CHIEF

Kelton.

KELTON

Chief. Where's the Senator?

POLICE CHIEF

Conference room with an 'Agent Andrews'.

KELTON

Good. Show me the way.

As they start walking, Kelton asks --

KELTON

Have tonight's guests been detained?

POLICE CHIEF

(nods)

510 in total. Secured in vacant hotel rooms. Officers are taking statements. Forensics are gathering vitals and prints.

Kelton eyes an OFFICER as he removes a surveillance camera from behind the concierge post.

KELTON

I want all surveillance sent to the Bureau Crime Lab.

POLICE CHIEF

Of course.

KELTON

(instructs protocol)

Establish a call center. Release the 800 number, A-sap. Collect cameras, including video, that may've photographed tonight's event. Divide all available officers and CSIs into two units. Have Unit 1 search the hotel interior. I've requested the blueprints. Unit 2 should start on the perimeter and spiral out.

POLICE CHIEF

How far?

KELTON

'Til they find something probative
or hit the Atlantic.

(continues)

Identify every hotel employee, past
and present. Get that list to the
Agency as soon as possible.

POLICE CHIEF

Anything else?

KELTON

You tell me.

Police Chief stops by a conference room door. Before
entering, he informs --

POLICE CHIEF

Sara Collins may not be our only
missing person.

(off Kelton)

The Senator can't account for his
daughter Marcy's whereabouts.

Kelton digests the information. The Police Chief opens the
door for Kelton, who pushes into --

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Max and J.T. are seated. With his back to the door,
Jeffrey, anxious and upset, argues with AGENT LYNN ANDREWS,
30, strong, sexy, and a tomboy at heart.

JEFFREY

...I can't just 'stay put', Agent
Andrews. My wife and daughter are
missing, I have to do something...

KELTON

You can help us do our job.

JEFFREY

Who the hell are you?

KELTON

Special Agent Graham Kelton, in
charge of this investigation.

JEFFREY

Right now, this is the Bureau's
only case. Got it?

Kelton's not intimidated by the Senator --

KELTON

If that's a threat, it's a felony.
If it's a question, I don't have
the time. Tell me about Marcy.

A tense beat. Andrews cannot conceal her surprise at Kelton's audacity to confront a U.S. Senator. Jeffrey considers a terse response, but --

JEFFREY

She never showed tonight.

MAX

I've been calling her cell. Goes
to voicemail.

KELTON

Agent Andrews, please provide news
outlets with photos of both Sara
and Marcy. Issue an APB on Marcy's
vehicle and get a 2703-D order for
the Senator's phones: home, cell,
office, here and D.C.

ANDREWS

Tap and trace. Done.

As she heads for the door, Kelton continues --

KELTON

An evidence response team's headed
to the Senator's home. You'll
supervise. Limit access to
immediate family. No other law
enforcement, friends, or staff.

ANDREWS

I'll keep you posted.

As Andrews exits, the Police Chief, holding a digital
camera, enters. He addresses Kelton --

POLICE CHIEF

(re: camera)

A guest snapped a photo of
Congressman Leonard with his wife.
Check out the b.g.

Kelton, along with Jeffrey, approaches. They eye --

INSERT - LCD SCREEN: DIGITAL IMAGE

**Congressman Leonard with his arm around his wife. In the
b.g. -- Sara's escorted from the BALLROOM by the CONCIERGE.**

The Police Chief manipulates the camera's controls, ZOOMING
IN on -- SARA AND THE CONCIERGE -- FULL SCREEN.

POLICE CHIEF

Hotel Manager cannot identify the individual with Mrs. Collins.

JEFFREY

Damn it.

Kelton turns to Jeffrey, Max, and J.T. --

KELTON

Can any of you remember -- did this man touch anything?

(off their looks)

In the ballroom? When he came to your table?

A beat, then --

MAX

He helped Sara out of her chair.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - BALLROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT on the back of Sara Collins' chair, where she was seated at the Gala.

MAX (O.S.)

His hand would've been about here.

PULL BACK to find Max, pointing to a spot on the chair. He's joined by Kelton, Jeffrey, J.T. and the Police Chief. Every entrance is now 'taped off'.

JEFFREY

You gonna dust for prints?

Kelton doesn't respond. (NOTE: He often ignores questions. He's not being rude. He's just focused.) He surveys his surroundings. On the OTHER SIDE of the yellow tape, he sees a CLEANING WOMAN placing a plastic liner into a trash can.

KELTON

Get me a trash bag.

JEFFREY

What?

KELTON

Can't risk smudging with powder.

J.T. MASON

(shrugs)

I'll grab one.

KELTON
(to Police Chief)
How many super-glue pellets in a
CSI field kit?

POLICE CHIEF
If I recall correctly, four.

KELTON
I need twenty.

POLICE CHIEF
Give me a minute.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT on the chair, covered by a clear plastic garbage bag.

S/FX -- INSIDE THE BAG, twenty SUPER GLUE PELLETS release
their sticky GHOST-LIKE VAPORS. Fingerprint ridges begin to
MATERIALIZE all over the chair.

As the fumes dissipate, Kelton removes the bag. REVEAL --
several fingerprints on the back of the chair and a single
handprint, exactly where Max had indicated.

POLICE CHIEF
Nice work.

Jeffrey reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a business
card and hands it to Kelton.

JEFFREY
My private cell. Any leads,
anything you need, call me.

Off Jeffrey, gaining faith in Kelton.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA PANS from the ENTRANCE, where hordes of media vans
and reporters have converged TO the SIDE PARKING LOT, which
is quiet. We find Judy and Adam, camera over his shoulder,
meandering through the lot. Judy looks from car to car.

ADAM
You gonna tell me why we're not at
the entrance with everyone else?

JUDY NASH
We're getting an exclusive with the
Agent in Charge.

ADAM

In the parking lot?

JUDY NASH

He'll slip out a side exit to avoid
the press. We'll be waiting by his
car --

Judy stops next to a black SUV with a SEMPER FI sticker.
She peers inside and spots a police scanner on the dash and
a box of power bars, several wrappers on the floor.

JUDY NASH

A nondescript black SUV with a
Semper Fi sticker. We found it.

ADAM

Come on...

JUDY NASH

Police scanner on the dash. Power
bars. He doesn't know when he'll
eat again.

ADAM

I'll give you law enforcement, but
it could be any Barney Fife's.

JUDY NASH

(re: dual antennas)
Only FBI has UHF and VHF
frequencies.

Stepping out of the shadows --

KELTON

Judy Nash. Always a pleasure.

JUDY NASH

(not thrilled)
Agent Kelton.
(to Adam; re: camera)
Adam.

Adam readies his camera.

KELTON

Not a chance.

JUDY NASH

You're looking for two missing
women. If you want the public's
help, they better love 'em. Give
me a sound bite.

KELTON

If you want ratings, you'll *make* the public love them. You can do that without me.

JUDY NASH

You recall the last time you refused to talk with me...

Off Kelton, stunned at Judy's gall --

JUDY NASH

About six months ago. Johnny Martin. Boom.

KELTON

(a beat, then)

Ms. Nash, if you think a 'sound bite' would've saved that boy's life, then your exaggerated sense of self-importance is even greater than I had thought.

As Kelton pushes past her, his cell phone rings.

KELTON

Kelton... Are you sure? On my way.

Kelton gets into his SUV and drives off. Judy turns to Adam --

JUDY NASH

Let's tag him.

As she races toward their nearby news van, Adam dogs her --

ADAM

It's against policy to 'paparazzi' law enforcement.

JUDY NASH

It's also against policy to screw a co-worker. You want to play by the book or you want to *score*?

Adam smiles. They get into the van and gun it.

EXT. CINDERBLOCK HOUSE - REAR ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A beat-up Toyota pulls to a stop. From behind, we WATCH as a YOUNG MAN, muscular, emerges. Ecko sweats. Air Force Ones. He lets himself into the low rent house through the rear door, entering into --

INT. CINDERBLOCK HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Still shot from behind, the Young Man strips off his shirt -- tossing it into an old WASHING MACHINE.

He walks through the dark, shit-hole of a house, toward --

INT. CINDERBLOCK HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

He quietly enters to find MARCY COLLINS, 19, in bed, face-up. Her eyes are closed. *Is she dead?* The Young Man approaches. As he stands over her, we see his face for the first time. He's handsome, intense, and, at the moment, frightening. He reaches out and touches her shoulder.

MARCY
(eyes still closed)
You're three hours late.

Her eyes open. She's not dead. Not in jeopardy. She's just pissed at her boyfriend, BEN WILSON, 25, who's late.

BEN
Sorry, Marcy. Somethin' unexpected
came up.

Ben notices a duffel bag, on the floor. (Nearby, several packed suitcases.)

BEN
That all you brought?

MARCY
Any more and the family would've
asked questions.

BEN
That's my girl, always thinking.

MARCY
(annoyed)
Damn it, Ben. You call an hour
before Sara's stupid gala, say we
have to leave town tonight, and
then you're M.I.A. I need to know
what's going on?

BEN
Soon as we get to Vegas --
(then)
You brought the money, right?

MARCY
(eyes the duffel)
What do you think?

Ben seems relieved. Marcy looks unhappy.

BEN
Don't give me that face. Come on,
Marce, tell me you love me.
(off her silence)
If you can't drop it on me here,
how you gonna say it at the chapel?

Marcy brightens up, pulls Ben toward her, kisses him hard.

MARCY
I do. I do. I do.

BEN
(satisfied)
We have to go, now.

Marcy unbuttons her blouse.

MARCY
Few more minutes won't kill us.

Ben yields to her affection, slipping a hand beneath her blouse. As she lays back down and he crawls on top of her --

CAMERA PULLS OUT of the BEDROOM and CREEPS toward the front door. CAMERA settles, TENSION mounts, then -- BANG!!!

INT. CINDERBLOCK HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

FBI SWAT ram the front door. A phalanx of UNIFORMED AGENTS, wielding guns, SNAKE into the house, spreading out. STAY with TWO AGENTS as they RUSH INTO --

INT. CINDERBLOCK HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Against Marcy's screaming protests, the AGENTS pull a struggling Ben, in boxers, out of bed and THROW HIM against a wall, cuffing him.

BEN
Whoa. Whoa. Whoa! Slow down,
man.

SWAT AGENT
Ms. Collins, you okay?

MARCY
What the hell is going on?

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CINDERBLOCK HOUSE - NIGHT

TIGHT on Jeffrey, upset and confused --

JEFFREY
...I was worried. You weren't
answering your cell. Thank God
you're okay.

Jeffrey reaches out to Marcy, who pushes him away. (In the b.g., Uniforms keep back the lookie-loos, including Judy and Adam, camera on his shoulder.) Kelton approaches --

MARCY

Because I turned off my phone, you called in the troops?

KELTON

(intervening)

An officer spotted your car. It was my decision to use SWAT.

MARCY

(sarcastic)

That makes me feel much better.

Jeffrey's trying to make sense of the situation.

JEFFREY

Marcy, just tell me -- what are you doing here?

Marcy regards Ben, nearby. Still in his boxers, he's cuffed and flanked by SWAT.

MARCY

Hanging out... with my boyfriend.

Marcy crosses to Ben, grabs him by the arm, and pulls him toward her father. Kelton nods to the Agents, who permit Marcy to 'take' Ben.

MARCY

Ben meet my dad.

BEN

(re: cuffs)

Sir, I'd shake your hand, but --

JEFFREY

Please uncuff this man.

Kelton nods to an Agent, who complies.

MARCY

Dad, you can't call the FBI 'cuz I miss a family event. I'm 19.

JEFFREY

I didn't call because of you.

MARCY

Then why?

Jeffrey realizes Marcy doesn't know about Sara. An Agent approaches --

AGENT

Kelton, Tyner wants you at the Bureau.

As Kelton nods and heads toward his vehicle, CAMERA RACKS
FOCUS TO -- Judy and Adam.

JUDY NASH
You get all that?

ADAM
Too far for sound, but great tape.

JUDY NASH
Call Mel. Tell him I'm snagging an
exclusive.

ADAM
With who?

JUDY NASH
(focusing on Ben)
The kid.
(off Adam)
The Senator's gonna have a firewall
around his camp. He's our 'in'.

ADAM
And how're you gonna convince him
to talk?

JUDY NASH
I have a way with younger men.

Off Judy, watching Ben enter his house and slam the door.

INT. FBI, AFO - A/V LAB - NIGHT

A wall of monitors display hotel surveillance from various
angles. An A/V TECH, flanked by Kelton and Tyner, points --

A/V TECH
Sara and the Senator arrived at
6:16.

ANGLE ON MONITOR #1 - Sara and Jeffrey, followed by J.T.,
traverse the lobby. CHYRON: 6:16PM and counting.

A/V TECH
Few minutes later, they entered the
ballroom.

ANGLE ON MONITOR #2 - Sara and Jeffrey enter the ballroom.
CHYRON: 6:19PM and counting.

KELTON
Where's the footage of Sara exiting
the hotel?

A/V TECH

Side entrance camera was off its axis. No usable footage from 6:45 on.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

Kidnapper must've tampered with it.

Just then, a FINGERPRINT TECH enters, excitedly --

FINGERPRINT TECH

I got a hit.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FBI, AFO - FINGERPRINT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT on an I-AFIS monitor displaying a mug shot of the 'concierge'. As we PULL BACK to include Kelton and Tyner --

FINGERPRINT TECH

Fingerprints match a 'Mark Valera'.
In the system for a B & E in '02.

KELTON

You cross reference with the DMV?

FINGERPRINT TECH

Guy drives a '98 Taurus. Georgia plates.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

I'll issue a BOLO.

Just then, Kelton's cell phone rings.

KELTON

Kelton.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANDREWS

(on Nextel)

It's Andrews. You free to talk?

KELTON

What's up?

Andrews stands over a waste basket. Gloved, she's unwrapped a HOME PREGNANCY TEST from a wad of toilet paper.

ANDREWS

I just found a home pregnancy test.
(beat)
Sara Collins is pregnant.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. COLLINS ESTATE - NIGHT

An FBI FLAT BED TOW, hauling a BMW 645 COUPE, WIPES FRAME to REVEAL -- Kelton, walking up the driveway, on his cell.

KELTON

...Full b.g.c. on Mark Valera.
Every place he's lived, names of
relatives, friends, teachers, and
the girl who took his virginity --
nothing's insignificant...

INTERCUT WITH:

TIGHT ON - SURVEILLANCE MONITOR - SAME TIME

As he walks toward the house, we see Kelton approaching. He hangs up his cell and enters --

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

On the way to the kitchen, he walks through the living room where Marcy, feet up, watches TV -- news on WCN. Marcy bristles as Kelton passes by.

ANGLE ON - TELEVISION

Outside Ben Wilson's house. We see THE FOOTAGE shot by Adam -- Marcy pulling a 'cuffed' Ben toward Jeffrey.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...Apparently, it was all one giant
misunderstanding.

TV SCREEN SPLITS -- ANCHOR on one SIDE, JUDY NASH on the OTHER. Sara's photo in the LOWER RIGHT HAND CORNER.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

Any new information on Sara
Collins?

JUDY NASH (ON TV)

Not yet. The family and FBI aren't
talking and no statements have...

UNDER THE ABOVE, Kelton passes into the adjoining kitchen --

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Andrews addresses four JUNIOR AGENTS.

(On the counter, a computer's hooked up to a phone. On the screen -- a VOICE ANALYZER and a GPS-like TRACKING DEVICE. An Agent remains posted by this phone throughout the investigation.)

ANDREWS
(finishing up)
...Be reachable by HT and stay in
code. Update every half hour.

Junior Agents take off. Andrews turns to Kelton.

ANDREWS
We've cleared all common areas,
Sara's study, master bedroom and
bath.
(re: Junior Agents)
They're gridding the perimeter.

KELTON
Who ordered the Beamer tow?

ANDREWS
I did. It's Sara's. Figured you'd
want it processed on our turf.

Marcy approaches and interrupts --

MARCY
Can I get out of here?

ANDREWS
For security reasons, we'd like you
to stay put.

Marcy rolls her eyes. Then, from an adjacent room, Max enters with a STACK OF PHOTOS. He hands them to Andrews.

MAX
I went through every album. Here's
what I could find of Sara. Let me
know if I can do anything else.

MARCY
(re: Max, sarcastic)
Give the Boy Scout a merit badge.

MAX
Come on, Marcy. Sara's missing and
you're acting like a --

Max realizes he's under the gaze of the Agents. He stifles himself. Marcy goads him --

MARCY
Like a what? Like a 'spoiled
brat'? A 'bitch'?

Max looks away, embarrassed by Marcy's indifference and hostility. As the Agents exchange a look, Marcy scoffs and heads back to the sofa. Kelton turns to Andrews --

KELTON

Where's the Senator?

ANDREWS

Putting together a list. Everyone who's been in this house over the past year.

MAX

His study. End of the hall.

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - JEFFREY'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER
TIGHT on Jeffrey, stunned, behind his massive desk --

JEFFREY

...Sara's pregnant?

PULL BACK to include Kelton, across from him.

KELTON

You didn't know?

Jeffrey shakes his head 'no'. He chokes back his emotions, but his eyes fill with tears.

JEFFREY

She's wanted a baby so badly. We both did. We've been trying...

(musters a smile)

Well, honestly, since our honeymoon.

KELTON

Any reason she'd keep it from you?

JEFFREY

(shakes his head)

The one benefit of a bad first marriage is learning from your mistakes. We don't keep secrets. She was probably waiting for the right moment.

(desperate)

God, please, tell me you're going to find her. That she's okay.

Kelton doesn't offer assurance. Jeffrey's left on edge.

KELTON

(pushing ahead)

We've I.D.'ed the concierge as Mark Valera. That mean anything to you?

He desperately wants to help, but the name's not familiar.

JEFFREY

No. Are you sure he abducted her?

KELTON

We're not sure of anything. If we jump to conclusions or narrow our focus too quickly, we could miss crucial evidence.

JEFFREY

What about the 800 number. Any calls?

KELTON

About 200 an hour. Some from crackpots looking for attention. Others from well-meaning citizens who see your wife in every woman they pass. We'll track every lead.

JEFFREY

I'd like to offer a reward.

KELTON

I can issue a bulletin, soon as we're done here.

JEFFREY

I'll hold a press conference, make the announcement personally.

KELTON

('no')

It's protocol to wait at least 24 hours before going public.

JEFFREY

We're talking about Sara. I don't care about your protocol.

KELTON

(ratchets it up)

Senator, I know you're accustomed to giving orders. But if you hope to find her alive, you'll respect our methods.

JEFFREY

(dubious)

Blind faith in the FBI. Now why does that make me nervous?

KELTON

(honest)

Faith makes me nervous. So blind faith must be terrifying.

Kelton's response resonates with Jeffrey. The tension subsides and Kelton returns to the case, explaining --

KELTON

The purpose of a press conference is to communicate with the kidnapper. Ideally, we'll know their demands before you talk to the press, and we can help tailor your statement.

Off Jeffrey's understanding, Kelton pushes forward --

KELTON

In cases like these, husbands often have a gut instinct. Anyone you think we should investigate?

JEFFREY

I'm a politician. A successful business man. I have enemies, but I don't believe they'd resort to kidnapping.

KELTON

Anyone hate you?

JEFFREY

Easy. My ex-wife. But Jessica's somewhere in Europe living *la vida loca* on my dime.

KELTON

(a beat, then)

I'll need some one-on-one with Marcy and Max.

JEFFREY

My family and resources are at your disposal. Just find my wife.

Off Jeffrey's earnest plea --

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Music blares. ON A PLASMA -- Falcons' highlights from an earlier game. It's late. Crowds have dispersed. Ben Wilson enters. He spots Judy Nash, who waves him over.

JUDY NASH

Thanks for coming, Ben.

Ben looks Judy up and down. Startling her, he FLICKS OPEN HER JACKET, pats her down -- looking for a wire.

JUDY NASH

Like I said on the phone -- no cameras. No wire.

BEN

I shouldn't be here.

JUDY NASH

Senator's wife and daughter went missing. Marcy was found at your house. The press is talking about you. This is your chance to make sure my facts are straight.

BEN

(somewhat reluctant)

Go ahead.

JUDY NASH

Tell me about your relationship with Marcy?

BEN

On the phone, you said you wanted to 'fact check' me. I'm not talking about Marcy.

JUDY NASH

(pushing ahead)

SWAT surrounded your house. You were cuffed. The Senator clearly didn't know about the two of you. Why hadn't Marcy told him?

BEN

(hopping up)

I'm out of here.

Judy grabs him by the arm. She tries another tact.

JUDY NASH

A source says you were once arrested for cocaine possession --

BEN

That's bullshit.

JUDY NASH

I heard the rumor. You've dispelled it. That's why we're talking.

BEN
 (a deliberate lie)
 Look, I don't know why Marcy didn't
 tell her father 'bout us. Okay?

JUDY NASH
 Do you know why she missed her
 stepmother's event?

BEN
 No idea.

JUDY NASH
 Were you two together all evening?

BEN
 From before dinner 'til 5-0 rammed
 my door down.

JUDY NASH
 Had you ever met Sara Collins?

For a split second, Ben hesitates. Then, quickly --

BEN
 No.

Judy doesn't buy it.

JUDY NASH
 Any thoughts on what might've
 happened to her?

BEN
 We're done here.

Ben stands and heads for the exit. As he does, CAMERA pulls
 back to REVEAL Adam, sitting near Judy. He's been listening --

ADAM
 Cocaine possession?

JUDY NASH
 Sometimes you gotta lie to find the
 truth.

ADAM
 You think you got the truth?

JUDY NASH
 Barely scratched the surface.

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT on Max. Slowly PULL BACK to include Kelton, listening
 intently.

MAX

...My parents' marriage was crap. Mom was always angry. Upset when Dad was in D.C. and even more upset when he was here. One day, I came home from school, second grade, she was gone. Dad said she was on a "vacation". Marcy told me the truth. I was glad the yelling stopped.

KELTON

How about Sara? They ever get into it?

MAX

Fight? No. They're not like that.

KELTON

Tell me about her.

MAX

Sara?

(off Kelton's nod)

Okay. She's... cool. A good step-mom and everything...

KELTON

How so?

Max considers. Then, he crosses to his desk drawer. He takes out a set of professional "school photographs".

MAX

Every year, we take a photo for the yearbook. Parents can order a set of prints. Before Sara, no one ordered my picture.

(off Kelton)

I know. Cheesy. But I think Dad fell in love with her 'cause she's got a way of making you feel good about yourself.

(a joke)

And that's not always easy for a politician.

Kelton returns a rare smile.

KELTON

Tell me about her relationship with Marcy?

Max instinctively turns away, not wanting to reply.

KELTON

Max?

MAX

They had a falling out, 'bout a year ago.

KELTON

So they used to be close?

MAX

Like "best friends" close.

KELTON

What happened?

MAX

Not a clue. You should probably talk to Marcy.

KELTON

I will. Thanks.

Off Max's nod --

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jeffrey and J.T. are in the midst of a heated discussion --

J.T. MASON

...Unfortunately, the political machine isn't gonna just take a breather and since the nominee's good on our issues, what's the problem?

JEFFREY

(irked)

One litmus test per customer, is that it?

J.T. MASON

Yeah. And as the Judiciary Chair, you get to call the shots, but this isn't the battle you want to fight.

JEFFREY

What if it is?

J.T. MASON

Then you take on the President and your party.

JEFFREY

(troubled)

J.T., I can't just condone the nominee's... conduct.

J.T. MASON
Vicious rumors. None of which can
be verified.

JEFFREY
(drops a bomb)
That's where you're wrong.

KELTON (O.S.)
Sorry to interrupt --

They turn to find Kelton, unsure how much he's heard --

JEFFREY
You're not.
(to J.T.)
Conversation's over 'til Sara's
found.

At that moment, Andrews descends the stairs and informs --

ANDREWS
Marcy took off. Said I'd have to
shoot to stop her.
(off Jeffrey)
I got an agent tailing from a
distance. She'll be fine.

JEFFREY
She wasn't always like this. Last
summer, we spent a week in D.C.
She was my little girl. Didn't
want her to leave.

KELTON
What changed?

JEFFREY
If only I knew.

Off Jeffrey, honestly perplexed by the changes in Marcy.

INT. FBI, AFO - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

TIGHT on A GIANT PLASMA screen. A COMPUTERIZED PROGRAM
plots a minute-by-minute TIMELINE of Sara's whereabouts
during the 24 hours BEFORE she vanished, starting at 7:00PM
the day before she disappeared. Every minute is accounted
for except for a GAP between 1PM - 3PM.

SUPERVISOR TYNER addresses approximately 20 Agents. (Note:
On another wall -- electronic status boards, where Agents
log in leads. Breakaway rooms off to both sides.)

SUPERVISOR TYNER

...Based on interviews with Sara's family, friends, and co-workers, we've finalized the 24 hours that preceded her disappearance.

Kelton quietly enters.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

The only discrepancy is between 1 - 3PM. The Senator told Andrews that Sara was at a dentist appointment. Dentist claims Sara never showed.

KELTON

Anyone check her GPS?

All heads turn to Kelton --

KELTON

She drives a new Beamer. Navigation system has a mapping program downloadable as a delimited stream which we can convert into a location specific timeline.

(then)

Andrews had it towed to our garage.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FBI, AFO - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

PAN from Sara's BMW to the GPS UNIT, now extracted from the car. Kelton connects it, via a cable, to a computer. As data begins to transmit, Tyner enters. He's holding a file.

KELTON

(re: GPS)

Data's downloading.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

Good. The Director just called. Attorney General's requested a briefing at...

(pointedly)

0700.

KELTON

Half hour before his morning consult with the President.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

Yeah.

(then, re: file)

Got the prelim findings on our 'concierge'.

(MORE)

SUPERVISOR TYNER (CONT'D)

Mark Valera is practically a ghost. Never filed a W-2, applied for a credit card, library card, or unemployment. Never rented a video. His address with the DMV corresponds to a vacant lot.

KELTON

What do we know?

SUPERVISOR TYNER

Born in Arizona in '73. Home schooled. Parents deceased. Fell off the grid 'til his arrest. Served a year in Reidsville, then disappeared again. Four weeks ago, he paid cash for a used Taurus.

A BEEP brings their attention to --

ANGLE ON - COMPUTER MONITOR: DOWNLOAD COMPLETE

A SERIES OF ADDRESSES and associated TIME CODES appear on screen. Kelton highlights the time codes between 1-3PM.

A MAP appears. A red line defines a route from Atlanta to Covington. The destination pops up: 1242 Cottonwood Rd. Next to the address, a 'restaurant' icon. Kelton reads --

KELTON

Sara left the estate at 12:30PM and arrived in...
(surprised)
Covington at 1:14. Back home at approximately 3PM.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

What's in Covington?

Kelton highlights the restaurant icon and presses ENTER. The following appears: "THE ROSEWATER CAFE".

KELTON

The Rosewater Cafe. I'll head out first thing in the morning.

Just then, the Police Chief knocks and enters with MR. & MRS. JEROME, Sara's parents, mid 50s, blue collar --

POLICE CHIEF

Excuse me. Agent Kelton, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome -- Sara's parents. Just arrived from Orlando. They've asked to speak with the Agent in Charge.

KELTON

Of course.

MR. JEROME

Can we talk in private?

KELTON

Let's go to my office.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FBI, AFO - KELTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TIGHT on a CROSS. Slowly pull back to see it's part of a CREST embossed in Kelton's diploma from St. Joseph's, Graduate Degree in Criminal Justice. It hangs beside his B.A. from Georgetown.

MRS. JEROME (V.O.)

...Yesterday afternoon, Sara left us a voicemail. She was upset.

Under the above, CAMERA PANS TO a bulletin board TACKED with a slightly-yellowed article from *The Atlanta Journal Constitution*. BANNER HEADLINE: "JOHNNY MARTIN KILLED: *Kidnapper Fatally Shot.*"

Finally, we land on -- Mrs. Jerome, sitting next to her husband, across the desk from Kelton.

MRS. JEROME

...Said she needed to tell us something important.

MR. JEROME

We didn't get the message 'til... Until she was already gone.

KELTON

Did she say what it was regarding?

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome exchange a look --

MR. JEROME

Can this be off the record?

KELTON

If it needs to be.

MRS. JEROME

She said she had to talk with us... about Jeffrey.

KELTON

(surprised)
Were they having marital problems?

MRS. JEROME

Sara's watched us struggle her whole life. She knew we were happy for her. The wedding was magical. We assumed the marriage was too.

KELTON

Are you aware she's pregnant?

The Jeromes exchange a look, then --

MRS. JEROME

That's not possible.

(off Kelton)

Years ago, she suffered from endometriosis. She can't conceive.

Just then, Tyner knocks and enters. He's excited.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

P.D. got a hit on Mark Valera. MLK and Pryor.

KELTON

(to the Jeromes)

I'm sorry. I have to go, but I'll be in touch. Soon as possible.

Off the Jeromes, bewildered and upset.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - NIGHT

Aerial of a high speed chase. Radio cars and helicopters pursue the Taurus. PICK UP -- Kelton and Tyner, joining the pursuit, which passes CNN Headquarters and Centennial Park.

Suddenly, from around a bend, RADIO CARS, from the opposite direction, SURPRISE the Taurus. BRAKING HARD, the TAURUS SPINS OUT, SLAMMING into the DIVIDER. As the radio cars take position, a LEAD DETECTIVE calls out on a P.A. --

LEAD DETECTIVE

Open the door, throw your keys on the ground, and come out with your hands on your head.

Tense. The car door pushes open and the keys fly out. A TEEN emerges. From a safe distance, Tyner and Kelton watch as the UNIFORMS, guns drawn, converge on him.

KELTON

That's not Valera.

Lead Detective slams the TEEN against the car, grabs his left arm and cuffs it to his right. Inspecting the car --

LEAD DETECTIVE

Interior's clear.

Kelton approaches and looks inside. Nothing probative. Kelton reaches inside the car and POPS the TRUNK. Then, with the officers' guns drawn, Kelton crosses back to the TRUNK and SLOWLY lifts the lid to REVEAL --

MARK VALERA, still dressed in a concierge uniform. A single bullet hole in his forehead. Tyner approaches and inspects --

SUPERVISOR TYNER

We got our guy.

KELTON

Yeah. Now, where's our girl?

We CRANE OUT to the vast, dark city. *She could be anywhere.*

. FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FBI, AFO - COMMAND POST - EARLY MORNING

TIGHT on a COMPUTER'S PLASMA SCREEN -- SARA COLLINS: PHONE LOG. Each phone number is associated with a date, time and destination. PULL BACK to Kelton, scrolling through the log. Tyner enters.

SUPERVISOR TYNER

Driver of the Taurus is claiming he found the car in front of his apartment, keys were in the ignition, so he figured 'why not'.

KELTON

Then 'why not' stop when the police are in pursuit?

SUPERVISOR TYNER

Third strike. And I'm pretty sure he had no idea there was a body in the trunk.

(then)

Coroner's ready with Valera's prelim. And local P.D. are staking out the Rosewater Cafe 'til you get there. It opens in an hour.

KELTON

Busy morning.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FBI, AFO - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT on a plasma screen, elbowed from the ceiling. An IMAGE of Mark Valera, forehead now split-open like an over-ripe cherry.

M.E. (O.S.)

Time of death was between 7:30 and 8:00PM...

PAN to Mark Valera, on the slab. MEDICAL EXAMINER (M.E.), late 40s, on one side; Kelton and Andrews on the other.

ANDREWS

Which means he was shot within an hour of retrieving Sara from the ballroom.

Kelton eyes the bullet, on a digital scale -- 93 grains.

KELTON
Your scale accurate, Doc?

M.E.
Sure. Why?

KELTON
93 grains is unusual for a 30
caliber. We'll have ballistics
work it up.
(then)
Anything else?

M.E.
Oh yeah. Check this out.

The M.E. gently flips over Mark's right hand to reveal a
tattoo on his palm -- the number '9'.

ANDREWS
Not a gang moniker. I'll email a
photo to Quantico. Have 'em run it
through C-JIS.

KELTON
Odd placement for a tat, Doc. But
how's it relevant to your autopsy?

M.E.
(dropping a bomb)
Based on the absence of macrophages
in the dermis, he was killed and
then inked.

Off Kelton, the investigation takes another twist --

INT. JUDY NASH'S PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

As the early morning sun peers inside, Adam rolls over to
discover that Judy hasn't come to bed. He drags himself out
of bed and heads into --

INT. JUDY NASH'S PENTHOUSE - HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adam finds Judy, at her computer, deep in thought. He gets
her attention with a strategically placed kiss on her neck.

ADAM
You never came to bed.

JUDY NASH
(a softer side)
Sorry.

ADAM

Blitzer had the Gulf War. Greta got O.J. Katrina made Cooper. And now you have Sara Collins.

JUDY NASH

Story of a lifetime. For both of us.

Adam chuckles.

JUDY NASH

What's so funny?

ADAM

Come on, Judy. I think you're terrific, but let's be honest. This isn't about 'us'. It's about you. It's always about you.

Before Judy can respond, Adam eyes the computer screen.

ADAM

What's this?

With Adam focused on the screen, Judy swallows hard. Surprisingly, his comment cut deep and we see her vulnerable side. Covering, she returns her attention to the screen --

JUDY NASH

Sara Collins, formally Sara Jerome, was born in Orlando. I queried her name on the *Sentinel* database, out popped a missing persons 'fax broadcast' from 12 years ago.

ADAM

She's gone missing before?

JUDY NASH

(nods)

Ages match up. But get this, there's not a single related news item. Not only did Sara disappear, but the story did too.

Off Judy, peeling back her onion.

EXT. COVINGTON, GA - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Quaint shops line the street. Think Larchmont Village with perfectly maintained ante-bellum structures. PUSH INTO --

INT. ROSEWATER CAFE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT on a PHOTO of Sara Collins.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Sure, I remember her...

PULL BACK to see the WAITRESS, mid 20s, holding the photo. Strong Southern twang. She's flanked by Kelton and Andrews --

WAITRESS

They were here at lunchtime, but only ordered iced tea.

ANDREWS

She was with someone?

WAITRESS

Yeah. Another woman. Wore sunglasses -- *inside*.

(disparaging)

Yankee accent. Every time I approached their table, they got real quiet.

KELTON

Where were they sitting?

She points to a booth, abutting a window, at the front of the Cafe. FOLLOW Kelton's POV as it PUSHES PAST the booth, through the window, across the street, and to a BANK, opposite the Cafe.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHERN ATLANTIC BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Kelton, dogged by Andrews, approaches the bank --

ANDREWS

Why are we going to the bank?

KELTON

ATM.

ANDREWS

You need cash?

Kelton doesn't respond. They reach the ATM, directly across from the Cafe. Kelton finds what he's looking for. Points --

KELTON

ATMs are installed with a digital surveillance camera -- wide lens.

ANDREWS

(realizing)

And you think it may've picked up activity from across the street.

KELTON

If we're lucky. I'll have a Tech download the file. Decompress and transcode to a standard AVI.

ANDREWS

A clear picture. That'd be nice.

As they focus on the ATM, their backs are to the street. They're unaware of a BLACK TOWN CAR slowly driving past them. An UNSEEN PERSON, in the passenger's seat, SNAPS several photos of the twosome. As the car speeds up --

INT. BEN WILSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Marcy, using her key, enters through the back door. The house is dark. No sign of Ben. She crosses to the fridge, empty but for a few sodas. She pops one open. Heads into --

THE TV ROOM

She plops down into an old sofa. Grabs a remote and flips on the Zenith -- cable news. A PUNDIT prognosticates.

ANGLE ON - TELEVISION

POLITICAL PUNDIT (ON TV)

...Rumors on the Hill suggest the President himself had been trying to meet with Senator Collins. With the High Court reconvening next Monday and the Mazara case on deck, time is not on the President's side. If the nominee is not in place by the time the Court resumes --

Marcy switches channels, landing on Judy Nash, reporting outside the Ritz-Carlton hotel, still a crime scene. TV SCREEN is SPLIT -- ANCHOR on the RIGHT; Judy on the LEFT.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

...What can you tell us about the mysterious Ben Wilson?

JUDY NASH (ON TV)

In my exclusive interview with Mr. Wilson, he confirmed that he and the Senator's daughter, Marcy Collins, are romantically involved.

Marcy's stunned. She leans in --

JUDY NASH (ON TV)

Apparently, it was her decision to keep the relationship a secret.

Marcy is steamed. She clicks off the TV and throws the remote onto a side table, which knocks over her soda, spilling onto her blouse. DAMN! Marcy unbuttons the blouse, a T-shirt underneath, and heads into --

INT. BEN WILSON'S HOUSE - REAR ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

She opens the washing machine. As she's about to toss in her blouse, she sees Ben's sweatshirt, which he took off the night before. Something on it catches her eye. She takes out the shirt and lays it flat --

INSERT - BEN'S SWEATSHIRT

Spattered with blood.

Marcy, suddenly confused, hears the back door unlock. She tosses the sweatshirt and her blouse into the washing machine. Ben enters with a bag of fast food.

MARCY

Where have you been?

BEN

Got hungry. Didn't know you were coming through.

MARCY

(pissed-off)

You talked to a reporter.

BEN

I was clearing up a few things.

MARCY

Ben, you told her that I wanted to keep 'us' a secret?

BEN

I never said that.

(Marcy's dubious)

Come on, if anyone knows how the press manipulates a story, it's the daughter of a politician. I'm sorry.

(then)

Marcy, our bags are packed. I got a full tank. Let's just start driving. We can make it to Vegas in two days. Get away from this mess.

Marcy's eyes drift past Ben, to the washing machine.

MARCY

I... I can't go right now. Not with Sara missing. My Dad didn't even want me leaving the house.

BEN

(reluctantly)

I understand.

(eyes duffel bag)

But... it's just --

MARCY

What, Ben? What can't you tell me?

BEN

(a beat; then)

I got us a place. A little apartment. And an old friend's hooking me up with a job, but I gotta be in Vegas by the end of the week. What am I supposed to do?

MARCY

(considers, then)

Okay. We'll go.

BEN

Really?

MARCY

We'll get a good night's sleep, head out first thing in the morning.

BEN

(smiles)

I love you so much, Marce. And I can't believe we're finally gonna start our life together. Just the three of us.

With that, Ben puts his hand on Marcy's stomach. Off Marcy, desperately wanting to believe in the man she loves, the father of her unborn child.

INT. FBI, AFO - A/V LAB - DAY

ECU -- COMPUTER MONITOR (ATM FOOTAGE)

A Man withdraws money. As he walks away, we see the Rosewater Cafe in the b.g. Through the Cafe's window, at the booth, we can clearly see Sara. Two iced teas on the table. However, there's a glare on the glass, which blocks our view of the 'other woman'. (Note: A CHYRON, currently at 1:43PM, ticks forward.) PULL BACK to include --

The A/V Tech works the computer. Kelton flanks him.

KELTON

That's Sara. Go full screen.

A/V Tech window boxes the booth, enlarging to full screen. But the glare still obscures the other woman.

KELTON

Can you remove the glare?

A/V TECH

I'll try a filter.

Just then, Andrews, accompanied by Jeffrey, enters.

KELTON

Senator, thanks for coming down.

JEFFREY

Of course. But I'm a little unclear. Andrews says you think Sara was in Covington yesterday?

KELTON

We know she was. And she wasn't alone.

A/V TECH

(calling out)

I think I've got it.

As the A/V tech manipulates his keyboard --

ANGLE ON - COMPUTER MONITOR

A PURPLE DIGITAL FILTER APPEARS OVER the IMAGE. Then, the filter literally PEELS the 'glare' off the window, TO REVEAL -- THE OTHER WOMAN, wearing sunglasses.

JEFFREY

(stunned)

Jessica.

KELTON

Your ex?

(off his nod)

You said she's in Europe.

JEFFREY

(in disbelief)

I thought she was... I don't understand. I had no idea they'd ever met.

KELTON

When's the last time you saw Jessica?

JEFFREY

Years ago. But we speak every now
and then, about the kids.

ANDREWS

Do you know her cell number?

Jeffrey takes out his blackberry. Clicks through it.

JEFFREY

Right here.

Andrews takes the blackberry and crosses to another
computer, with a DIGITIZED MAP of Atlanta on screen.
Calling out to the A/V Tech --

ANDREWS

Are we on-line to triangulate?

A/V TECH

Yeah, but vicinity's limited to
County lines.

Andrews connects a cable from the Blackberry into the
computer. She then PRESSES SEND on the Blackberry.

OVERLAP: A RINGING CELL PHONE

INTERCUT WITH:

ECU - A CELL PHONE "RINGING"

A WOMAN'S HAND flips the cell to REVEAL the CALLER I.D.
DISPLAY: Jeff Collins. The call is DENIED.

INT. FBI, AFO - A/V LAB - CONTINUOUS

Through the COMPUTER SPEAKERS, we hear --

JESSICA'S VOICE

You've reached Jessica Nevins. You
know what to do.

UNDER THE ABOVE, ANGLE ON -- COMPUTER MONITOR

A TRIANGULAR GRID, with octagonal cell tower zones, overlays
the map. Then, the towers disappear and the triangle
shrinks until only a FLASHING DOT remains. Andrews
maneuvers the cursor over the dot. An address BLINKS ON at
the base of the screen. Andrews reads --

ANDREWS

181 Peachtree St.

KELTON
 (holy shit)
 The Ritz-Carlton.

OVERLAP: KNOCKING

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - TOP FLOOR - HALLWAY - LATER

Kelton knocks on the door to PH#3. He's backed by Andrews, Tyner, the HOTEL MANAGER and several Agents.

KELTON
 Jessica Nevins. FBI open up.

Kelton nods to the Manager, who inserts his master key.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Door swings open and the Agents, guns drawn, stream in. The bed is unmade, but the room is void of personal belongings. Kelton crosses to the closet, slowly open it to REVEAL -- it's empty.

ANDREWS
 She's gone.

Tyner, who's 'cleared' the bathroom, calls out --

SUPERVISOR TYNER
 Guys --

He motions them into --

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

As they enter, Tyner directs their attention to the mirror. Scrawled in lipstick "Jeff Collins -- Go to Hell."

KELTON
 Senator's right.
 (off their looks)
 She hates him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - JEFFREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Talking on the phone, Jeffrey paces. On a credenza, a small TV, broadcasting the news, is on mute.

JEFFREY

...I'm sorry, but I won't abdicate my Chair... Yes, even if it means an unfavorable ruling in Mazara... I love my country, but I'm in love with my wife... I'm sorry you feel that way, Mr. President.

As Jeffrey clicks off, he's clearly shaken. He takes a seat behind his desk. He eyes the TV --

BANNER ACROSS THE SCREEN READS: "SARA COLLINS ABDUCTION". A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT, in Washington D.C., via satellite, reports. In the upper right corner of the screen, there's a PHOTO OF SARA, wearing a tennis outfit.

Jeffrey grabs the remote and clicks on the volume --

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT (ON TV)

...As you may recall, two years ago, the names of several Senators, including Jeffrey Collins, were found on a hit list at an Al Qaeda training camp in Afghanistan. Homeland Security has not commented on Mrs. Collins' disappearance, but sources say they're looking at...

As Jeffrey focuses on the screen, the SOUND DRAINS. His POV PUSHES INTO SARA'S PHOTO --

FLASH TO:

EXT. COLLINS ESTATE - BACK YARD - TENNIS COURT - MEMORY

Jeffrey and Sara play tennis. (Sara's wearing the outfit from the photo on the TV.) Jeffrey returns a serve, sending the ball into the net.

SARA

Game, set, match!

As they meet up by his tennis bag, Jeffrey teases --

JEFFREY

You know I let you win.

SARA

Of course.

JEFFREY

And you know it's only polite for the winner to kiss the loser.

SARA

I am a stickler for manners.

Sara kisses Jeffrey. Jeffrey reaches into his bag and pulls out a digital camera.

JEFFREY

Smile.

Sara, with the racquet over her shoulder, complies. He SNAPS the photo -- the photo that just appeared on the news.

OVERLAP: CELL PHONE RINGING

FLASH TO:

Snapped out of the memory, Jeffrey clicks off the TV and answers his cell --

JEFFREY

It's Jeffrey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - PENTHOUSE #3 - CONTINUOUS

Kelton is overseeing Forensics as they process the room. Black powder on every surface. Everything not nailed down has been bagged. His cell rings.

KELTON

Senator, it's Kelton. We found several blonde hairs on the sofa in Jessica's room. They were pulled out by the root, which suggests a struggle.

JEFFREY

You think they're Sara's?

KELTON

Morphology's consistent. I sent them to DNA for confirmation. I need to ask you again, any idea why Sara would be talking to your ex?

Max enters Jeffrey's study. Jeffrey motions for him to sit.

JEFFREY

No. I'm sorry.

KELTON

Okay. I'll keep you posted.

Jeffrey hangs up, tries to wrap his head around the latest information.

MAX

Dad, You wanted to see me?

JEFFREY

(nods)

Did you know your mother's in town?

MAX

('no')

Nice of her to call.

Jeffrey sees that Sara's disappearance is taking a toll on Max.

JEFFREY

(concerned)

How you holding up?

MAX

I should be asking you.

Jeffrey does his best to assure his son --

JEFFREY

They're gonna find her, Max. I know they will.

Off Jeffrey, desperately wanting to believe his own words.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - DAY

A two-star hotel. Stark contrast to the Ritz. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome emerge from an elevator. Judy Nash, who's been waiting, approaches --

JUDY NASH

Excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome?
I'm Judy Nash with WCN.

MR. JEROME

I'm sorry. We have no comment.

JUDY NASH

(pushes forward)

Why are you staying at a hotel,
instead of with your son-in-law?

The Jeromes ignore her. As they walk past --

JUDY NASH

I have information that your daughter was listed as a missing person -- 12 years ago.

MR. JEROME

That's a lie.

JUDY NASH

I have a copy of the 'fax broadcast'. From Orlando.

They stop cold.

MRS. JEROME

What do you want from us?

JUDY NASH

Right now, the media is your friend. Use me, don't let others use you.

MR. JEROME

(lashing out)

Does that sort of thing really work for you, Ms. Nash? You're our 'friend'?

JUDY NASH

I'm not the enemy. Look, you tell me not to mention the fax broadcast. I won't. I understand why you wouldn't want the public to know she's disappeared before.

(emphasizing)

I understand why you wouldn't want law enforcement to think she's the type of woman to run away.

(making progress)

Tell me something that might help find your daughter.

Off the Jeromes, considering --

INT. FBI, AFO - BALLISTICS LAB - DAY

ECU -- A MONITOR

A MAGNIFIED image of a bullet, rotating. Six lands and grooves, swirled to the left. PULL BACK TO --

A BALLISTICS TECH studies the image. (Note: The monitor is cabled to a comparison microscope.) Kelton swings in --

KELTON
Just got your 9-1-1. Start
talking.

BALLISTICS TECH
(re: monitor)
Bullet extracted from Mark Valera.
Check out the GRCs. Six lands and
grooves --

KELTON
(stunned)
-- with a left hand twist.

BALLISTICS TECH
Confirms it was fired by a Colt
pistol -- .30 Luger. Extremely
rare.

KELTON
Run it through the database.

BALLISTICS TECH
Already did. Only one's registered
in the State. I have the address.

HARD CUT TO:

POV THROUGH - THERMAL IMAGING GOGGLES

A dark, low contrast, image of the interior of a house.

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. RURAL GEORGIA, HOUSE - DAY

Kelton had been looking through THE GOGGLES. He's standing
at least 50 yards from an old ranch home -- peeled paint,
crab grass lawn, graffitied.

Behind Kelton, law enforcement vehicles and SWAT, on
standby. He's flanked by Tyner and Andrews --

KELTON
No one's inside.

SUPERVISOR TYNER
You're sure?

KELTON
(nods; re: goggles)
No heat sources at all. Human or
otherwise. Not even a light bulb.

ANDREWS

Let's go.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Shafts of light stream through the windows. A quiet beat. THEN -- BAM! The door's rammed open. Kelton and Andrews enter. Kelton flips a light switch. No juice. As they move through the house, TRACK KELTON'S POV --

Tattered, dated furniture. Warped oak floors. Water stained walls and ceiling.

Then, a SINGLE BLOW FLY captures Kelton's attention. He watches as it jets into an adjacent room through a door, slightly ajar. Kelton crosses to the door. As he slowly pushes it open, he peers inside to see --

The Fly, joined by several others, buzz toward --

A DEAD BODY -- FACING AWAY FROM CAMERA

A WOMAN. Blonde hair. Is it Sara?

KELTON

(reacting)

Andrews!

Together, they race to THE WOMAN. Gloved, Andrews rolls the body toward them (toward Camera). REVEAL --

KELTON

It's not Sara.

ANDREWS

(stunned)

I know her.

(off Kelton)

Maya McNeal. High profile missing person from --

KELTON

(recalls)

From at least a decade ago. The Mayor's wife.

ANDREWS

(nods)

I was a cadet. They called in the FBI, Capitol Police. Family never got a ransom note --

KELTON

We never got a lead.

ANDREWS

(nods; then
realizing)

Kelton, she looks exactly like she
did when she disappeared.

Kelton regards the victim's hands.

KELTON

Fingertips are blue. Probably
killed back then. Kept on ice 'til
today.

ANDREWS

(chilling)

Which means the bullet in Mark
Valera's head was a calling card.
We were meant to find her.

Kelton nods. As he studies the body, his eyes land on her
right palm where he makes a STARTLING DISCOVERY -- a "9"
tattoo. He reacts --

KELTON

Look familiar?

ANDREWS

Damn. Any idea what it means?

KELTON

('no')

To find Sara, we'll have to figure
it out.

Off Kelton, the mystery deepens --

EXT. COLLINS ESTATE - EVENING

On the SIDEWALK, Judy adjusts her IFB earpiece, which
connects to a wire that runs along the top of her ear, down
the back of her blouse, and to a black box on her belt.

Adam, with the camera over his shoulder, emerges from the
nearby WCN satellite news van. As he hands her a wireless
microphone with a transmitter at its base --

ADAM

Shot's clean. Spoke with Mel. He
wants the full update.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON --

ECU - THE IFB IN JUDY'S EAR.

PRODUCER'S VOICE

Judy. We're coming to you in 3,2,1 --

CAMERA PULLS OUT to the WCN CAMERA POV of Judy Nash --

JUDY NASH

Good evening. Twenty-four hours ago, Atlanta's elite gathered at the Ritz-Carlton to honor Sara Collins, wife of Senator Jeffrey Collins, for her philanthropic efforts. But moments before she was scheduled to deliver her speech, Sara Collins mysteriously vanished. Investigators now believe she was kidnapped.

As Judy continues, we hear her VOICE OVER, which overlaps the following scenes: (Note: This V.O. device will be a signature penultimate element of each episode.)

INT. BEN WILSON'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Marcy and Ben are in bed together, asleep. Marcy opens her eyes and sneaks out of bed. She grabs the duffel bag, then quietly crosses into --

INT. BEN WILSON'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She reaches into the WASHING MACHINE and removes Ben's bloody shirt. She disappears out the back door.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...At first it was thought that Marcy Collins, the Senator's daughter by a prior marriage, was also missing. However, late last night, she was found at her boyfriend's home in the suburb of Chamblee...

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - MAX'S ROOM - SAME TIME

At his computer, Max types out an email.

INSERT - SCREEN

Dad knows you're in town. Are we still on for tomorrow, Mom?

Max presses SEND.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...Although neither law enforcement nor the Collins family have issued statements, the Senator has offered a \$10 million reward for information leading to his wife's safe return...

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

The Jeromes stop in front of a door with the moniker -- "PRIVATE DETECTIVE". They push inside.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...That being said, the Senator is not above suspicion. In an exclusive interview with Sara Collins' parents, they told me that just hours before Sara's disappearance, she left them a panicked voicemail...

INT. COLLINS ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jeffrey enters. He crosses to his Tuxedo jacket, which was crumpled on his bed. As he goes to put it away, something in the pocket catches his attention. He reaches in and removes the DIAMOND NECKLACE. He grips it in his hands, eyes fill with tears. He looks out the bay window, overlooking the vast cityscape.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...Apparently, she wanted to speak with them about the Senator.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

Kelton and Andrews observe Maya McNeal's dead body as it's loaded into a Coroner's Van. In the b.g., the home is now an active crime scene. CAMERA RACKS focus to --

HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET. Through a crack in the drapes, an UNSEEN PERSON once again SNAPS PHOTOS of Kelton and Andrews.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...Meanwhile, a source at the Ritz-Carlton just informed me that the FBI has taped off a Penthouse Suite. The Suite had been occupied by Jessica Nevins, the Senator's ex-wife, who recently returned to Georgia after an extended stay in Europe...

INT. N.D. LOCATION - SAME TIME

START TIGHT on Judy Nash, on TV, giving her report in REAL TIME. We PULL BACK TO -- JESSICA NEVINS, watching intently. An almost imperceptible smile on her face. Almost.

JUDY NASH (V.O.)

...Ms. Nevins is considered a person of interest and investigators are attempting to locate her...

CAMERA snaps back into the TV set and PULLS OUT TO --

EXT. COLLINS ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

JUDY NASH

...We'll continue to stay on top of this fast developing story. Reporting live from outside Senator Collins' estate in Buckhead, I'm Judy Nash.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

PUSH PAST the GATEWAY ARCH TOWARD DOWNTOWN where we FIND an upscale YUPPIE BAR. PUSH INTO --

INT. THE EXCHANGE BAR - CONTINUOUS

HAPPY HOUR. Packed with SUITS drinking half-priced cocktails and grazing on chicken wings and celery sticks.

PETER ERNST, mid 30s, handsome, likable, khakis and a starched shirt, enters. TRACK Peter as he meanders through the crowd toward the bar, splashed with multicolor neon.

At the far end of the bar, a plasma TV, on mute, broadcasts WCN. The Anchor continues where Judy left off. Sara's photo is in the upper right hand corner of the screen.

Peter finds JOE MANNING, also mid 30s, finishing off a beer.

PETER ERNST

Sorry I'm late. Got screwed with the Lawrence account, again.

JOE MANNING

Still time to catch up.

Joe holds his empty mug up to a BARTENDER --

JOE MANNING

Two more.

(MORE)

JOE MANNING (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

Now, don't be obvious. But check
out the redhead, end of the bar.
Just bought her a martini.

Peter turns his head slowly. As he checks out the redhead,
his eye catches the TV screen.

PETER ERNST

Holy shit.

JOE MANNING

What did I just say?

Peter's already on the move. As Joe chases after him, Peter
passes the redhead and approaches the TV. He ups the volume --

ON THE TV -- The ANCHOR reports. A PHOTO OF SARA in the
upper right hand corner.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

...Once again, the FBI has
established an 800 number. Anyone
with information is asked to please
give them a call..

ON THE TV -- A GRAPHIC of Sara, accompanied by a 800 number,
ENGULFS the FULL SCREEN.

JOE MANNING

What's going on, Pete?

PETER ERNST

I used to date her.

JOE MANNING

(reads the screen)
Sara Collins?

PETER ERNST

(adamantly)
Her name's Nikki. Nikki Johnson.
(then)
Twelve years ago, I asked her to
marry me. Never saw her again.

As we PUSH INTO Sara's PHOTO, it FADES and VANISHES.

FADE OUT.

THE END