

I WITNESS

"SERIES PILOT"

written by

Pam Veasey & Trey Callaway

WRITERS FIRST DRAFT	November 25, 2008
FIRST DRAFT REV.	January 26, 2009
WRITERS SECOND DRAFT	February 5, 2009

CBS PARAMOUNT TELEVISION
4024 Radford Ave.
Studio City, CA 91604
©2009

NO PORTION OF THIS DOCUMENT MAY BE PERFORMED, REPRODUCED, OR USED
BY ANY MEANS, NOR QUOTED, PUBLISHED, OR SOLD IN ANY MEDIUM, WITHOUT
THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF CBS PARAMOUNT TELEVISION, INC.

"What you see and hear depends on where you are standing;
it also depends on what sort of person you are."

C.S. Lewis

"I WITNESS"
(SERIES PILOT)

TEASER

FADE IN:

A SHAFT OF BLINDING WHITE LIGHT

Skips across black, once, twice, then fades.

IN THE DARKNESS

WE HEAR the creaky, slow pull of a cabinet drawer. The SHAFT OF LIGHT reappears, illuminates the drawer's contents: note pads, pencils, coupons and business cards, rubber bands, paper clips and the expected miscellaneous items known to be collected in one's "junk drawer." A HAND reaches in and begins a desperate search, then quickly retreats.

WIDEN TO REVEAL WE'RE...

1 INT. HIGH-END APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 1

WE SEE a silhouette moving cautiously in the darkness. The light of the full moon, bleeding through the apartment's blinds, casts an ominous blue glow. The figure pulls open yet another drawer. And the frantic search continues.

THE HAND

Reaches deep into the back of the drawer, then returns with... a pack of cigarettes?

WE NOW SEE that the light used in this desperate hunt emanates from the FACE OF AN I-PHONE. And the anticipation of danger completely deflates as--

THE HAND

Quickly slides a cigarette from its packaging. Then--

WE HEAR A "CLICK" -- LIGHT FILLS THE ROOM

And our figure is REVEALED... **ERIN BRAY**, eyes wide and motionless, caught like a deer in headlights. She's stunning, despite her uncombed hair, makeup-less face and bed sheet wardrobe.

REVEAL **GREG SCHAFFER**, a handsome, fit, man, covering all bases in a pair of boxer-briefs.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Confident, self-assured, attentive. Greg's the Romeo every woman is looking for while they're wasting time with impostors.

GREG

(smiling)

What are you doing?

ERIN

(mouth full)

Mmm?

GREG

What are you up to, Erin?

ERIN

(mouth full)

Having breakfast.

She can barely get the words out before she coughs up the moist broken cigarette she tried to conceal. Greg can't help but laugh as Erin scrapes flakes of tobacco from her tongue.

GREG

You owe me ten dollars.

ERIN

Hey, I said I would stop smoking...
Chewing a cigarette is not a violation of our bet. Besides, this is your fault.

GREG

And how's that?

ERIN

It's common knowledge that sex must be followed by a cigarette or a cheeseburger. You don't have any cheese.

GREG

You're right. I take full responsibility.

Greg pulls her close, slides the cigarette pack from her hands, kisses her, begins to unwrap the toga draped around Erin's torso. And through intermittent kisses--

GREG

Erin, I've been thinking--

She suddenly pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

ERIN

Oh, shoot...

Erin eyes the bold digital numbers on the clock of her phone --5:08.

ERIN

I gotta go.

She darts from the room.

GREG

Now? It's five in morning.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. HIGH-END APARTMENT BLDG. - STREET -- NIGHT

2

Erin, now dressed, in what appears to be yesterday's wrinkled wardrobe, moves quickly down the stairs of the building, struggling to slide into her sling back high-heel. Greg in flip-flops, pajama pants and a t-shirt follows close behind.

GREG

Did I miss something?

ERIN

No, why?

GREG

You're sprinting to your car.

ERIN

(surrenders)
Greg, you're incredibly sexy and tremendously smart and... a whole bunch of other flattering adjectives I can't come up with at this moment...

GREG

But...

ERIN

But, I'm not ready for whatever it is you were... thinking.

GREG

(a beat; then)
Okay.

A long beat as they just stand there. Then--

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ERIN

What were you thinking... just in case it was a romantic week in Fiji?

He adores her so he'll indulge her.

GREG

I was hoping you'd consider moving in.

ERIN

Oh.
(beat)
No.

GREG

Why not? You're here all the time, anyway.

ERIN

Come on, be honest. You're just looking for someone to do your laundry.

GREG

Is that so wrong?

She smiles, turns, then immediately stops.

ANGLE ON

A PARKED CAR -- the interior light is on.

ERIN

The light in my car is on.

She cautiously moves toward the vehicle, circles it.

ERIN

Doors are all closed, still locked.

GREG

You forgot and left it on.

ERIN

Never.

Erin spots a 9 x 12 envelope in the passenger side of the car.

ERIN

Envelope in the passenger seat. I didn't put it there.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

GREG

Give me your phone, I'll call the police.

ERIN

Greg, I am the police.

She presses the unlock button on her key remote. Using the tail of her shirt, she cautiously opens the passenger side door. Erin carefully lifts the unsealed, unaddressed envelope, raises the flap, slides out its contents -- A PHOTO OF A TEENAGE GIRL attached to the face of a case file folder. A post-it attached reads: VONDA JACOBS -- MISSING -- HELP.

Off Erin--

WHITE FLASH TO:

3 INT. SMALL ENCLOSED BASEMENT SPACE -- NIGHT

3

[QUICK STYLIZED GLIMPSES OF A SCENE]

OUR POV: FROM ABOVE

Some six feet below us, just beyond a set of rickety wooden stairs is the same girl from the case photo - VONDA JACOBS-- wrists and ankles bound with duct tape. Light from the full moon creeps in from a small basement window.

"CLICK." A fluorescent bulb flickers on. An annoying low hum accompanies the harsh green blades of light. A DOOR at the top of the stairs opens.

VONDA

I'm sorry. I'll be good. I promise.

AN APPLE

Tumbles down the stairs, rolls to a stop. The door slams shut. Vonda desperately scoots toward the apple, lowers her tear-stained face just above its shiny red skin and struggles to take a bite. Just beyond her...

A RAT

Patiently waits for the remains. The fluorescent light flickers out and we--

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. CITY OF CHICAGO - ESTABLISHING -- MORNING 4

WE MOVE over this beautiful city, above traffic-filled streets and pedestrian-cluttered sidewalks. The gentle waves of Lake Michigan are muted by the squeal of metro buses and the wail of car horns.

SLAM INTO:

5 INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPT. - TCAU BULLPEN -- MORNING 5

TCAU -- This is the TACTICAL CRIME ANALYSIS UNIT of the Chicago Police Department -- which specializes in quick response to immediate criminal offenses such as burglaries, robberies, fraud, white collar crimes, drug investigations and suspicious deaths...,etc.

It's a high-tech division with all the latest computer gadgets. DETECTIVES man computers beneath a wall of monitors broadcasting city surveillance cams, newscasts, and freeway traffic -- a control center reminiscent of NASA. An adjacent wall of windows provide a view of the downtown Chicago.

Erin, on the move and clearly with a mission, is a striking vision in this sea of men dressed in white shirts and creased dockers. Only variations on the theme are tie color and the scattering of a few fashionably-dressed FEMALE DETECTIVES.

ERIN

Give me the other set of keys, Adam.

She approaches **DETECTIVE ADAM POWELL**, an extremely good-looking guy with a dazzling smile. He's smart, intuitive, and very charming. His skills of persuasion are notorious. And he uses those skills at work and at play... for good and evil.

Erin's curt tone catches the attention of others in the bullpen. In particular, **DETECTIVE JAKE MORGAN**, 30s, bit too much swagger to be a cop -- should've been a fireman. He is clearly amused by their exchange.

ADAM

I'll give them to you if you help me find Vonda Jacobs.

ERIN

I don't work missing children cases and I'm not here to negotiate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIN (CONT'D)

(extends her hand;
impatient)

I have class in an hour. Give me
the keys.

ADAM

We agreed to split everything down
the middle when we separated. There
were two sets of car keys.

(then; quickly)

And I want custody of Humphrey.

ERIN

The goldfish?

ADAM

There is another option.

(then; waving a case
file)

I need your help on this one, Erin.

ERIN

(smile; beat)

That's not what this is about. You
could have left that envelope on my
desk, at my apartment. You could
have just called me. Leaving it in
my car was your way of letting me
know, that you knew I was seeing
someone. Okay. Fine. Childish,
but fine. You made your point.
You know about Greg. And now I
know you know.

Erin starts off. Adam looks at Jake for assistance.

DET. MORGAN

(to Adam)

Go after her.

Adam reluctantly follows. But if he lets her go now,
he has no chance of getting what he wants. They struggle
to keep this very intimate conversation in this very
public place private.

ADAM

Alright. Hey, I'm sorry. Maybe I
should have done it a different way
but I swear this isn't about who
you're sleeping with.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(quickly; off her
look)

You've got to admit, you wouldn't
be here if this had started with a
phone call. Come on, after three
years together? I know you, Erin.

(then; candidly)

I needed you to open that envelope,
see that young girl's face. Vonda's
been missing for two days. She's a
diabetic... out there, somewhere
without her medication. I'm at a
dead end and running out of time.
You're the best at what you do.

(then)

Just give me 48 hours.

ERIN

This case hits too close to home.
The last thing you need is for me
to be paralyzed by my emotions.

ADAM

You can't run from the hard ones
forever. I'll help you through
this.

ERIN

So now you're a therapist?

ADAM

No, I'm desperate. Erin, you see
crimes from a different point of
view. You're the only one who can
lead me to a witness. Damn it, I'm
trying to find this girl alive.

ERIN

And I hope and pray you do.

(then)

Keep the keys.

Erin moves off, through the bullpen. Detective Morgan
joins Adam.

DET. MORGAN

(to Adam)

That didn't go too well.

ADAM

No. But she didn't bring back the
case file.

Off Adam--

6 INT. SUBWAY CAR -- MORNING 6

Among the many morning commuters is Erin, her dander still up from her encounter with Adam. She stands near the back of the subway car. She clocks a YOUNG TEENAGE GIRL who leans against the window of the trailing car.

FLASH TO:

7 INT. WHITE PANELED VAN -- DAY [1988] 7

A 15-YEAR-OLD GIRL is INSIDE THE VAN. Her face not revealed to us. Her fists pound against the back window. The van is clearly pulling away, slowly accelerating, and as it does, RACK FOCUS to THE YOUNG GIRL'S POV through the window. REVEAL TWO TEENAGE BOYS moving through the thick of a crowd, frantically searching. A MAN and a WOMAN approach them. The Boys' animated action tells the story -- The Man and Woman's demeanors harden with each word and the four continue to search.

FLASH BACK TO:

8 INT. SUBWAY CAR -- MORNING 8

The train jolts to a stop. Erin is jostled back to reality, shakes off the thought.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
This is Davis Street station,
Northwestern University, Evanston.
Please exit on your left.

Erin shoots a look to the girl in the adjacent car. She's gone. Erin exits as other COMMUTERS rush the threshold and pile in.

9 EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER 9

A pastoral pastiche of this beautiful campus-- gothic revival architecture, paper flyers taped to tree-lined sidewalks, and purple-clad Wildcats strolling past mighty Lake Michigan.

But just before Erin passes beneath Northwestern's ornate wrought-iron ENTRANCE ARCH... she stops. Takes a seat on a nearby park bench and pulls the CASE FILE from her bag, exhales, opens the envelope, studies the picture of Vonda Jacobs. Her finger traces the frayed cloth necklace that's draped around Vonda's neck -- what hangs from it is hidden beneath Vonda's t-shirt.

ERIN
(whispers)
Latch-key kid.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

And as she begins to read the documents inside the file--
PRE-LAP--

ERIN (O.S.)

It is my belief that there are at
least three witnesses to every crime.

CUT TO:

10 INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - MORNING

10

CAMERA PANS STUDENTS -- seventy-five of them seated in
a medium-sized lecture hall. Some are taking notes.
Others are faking the act of taking notes. Most are
only there because they have to be.

REVEAL Erin, lecturing, pacing in front of SMART BOARDS
(interactive white boards). Dry erase boards on either
side. She strikes a key on a wireless keyboard to control
the changing screens.

ON THE BOARDS: An outline of today's lecture.

ERIN

Your first witness is the victim,
dead or alive. Personal accounts
speak for the living. Forensic
evidence speaks for the dead.
Second witness: The perp. He or
she definitely knows exactly what
happened. Of course, it helps if
you have them in custody. But you
can't always trust they're telling
the truth.

Several students are focused on the clock rather than
Professor Bray's lecture.

ANGLE ON: THE CLOCK: A few minutes shy of noon. The
second hand skips along.

Erin is meticulously focused on the faces of everyone
around her... not a single hand through the hair, scratch
of the chin, or poorly concealed yawn goes unnoticed.

Erin catches a glimpse of KUMI SULLIVAN, 20s, half
Japanese, half Irish, all attitude. Her beautiful eyes
are trained on her iPhone as she engages in what appears
to be a very long text message conversation.

ERIN

Third witness -- someone, somewhere,
who can offer new insight-- even if
they weren't at the scene.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Erin shifts her focus to **JERROD HAMMOND**, 20s. But don't let the purple Northwestern Wildcats jersey fool you. He's an athlete with brains and balls he's not afraid to swing-- even if he is perpetually bored. Erin clocks his knee bouncing up and down rapidly as if in some kind of youthful spasm, fingers crossed in a "here's the church" formation, thumbs tapping.

ERIN

More often than not, there are witnesses that don't know they're witnesses. And they may very likely possess the most pertinent information to solving a case. So how does an investigator find them?

Adjacent to our female student is **MITCHELL SEARS**, 20s, sees himself as a geek but could still get laid if he only knew how. He has a CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIVE STUDIES TEXTBOOK OPEN, but is just using it to conceal the CHEMISTRY TEXT he's actually reading, while his cheeks silently trade a pocket of air from side to side.

ERIN

He or she has to *re-witness* the crime themselves. What could someone have possibly seen or heard from any vantage point, minutes, hours, or even days before the crime that will lead me to a suspect? Let's try it out. Somebody give me a crime scenario. Preferably murder.

MALE STUDENT

Guy walks in here, shoots you, and leaves.

Chuckles around the room.

ERIN

Bucking for an A, huh?

More laughter.

ERIN

Okay, fine-- let's go with that. Assuming he didn't enter from the rear of the room where I would've seen him coming and ducked-- the assailant came in through this side door.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

[PRODUCTION NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS AN E-POV (ERIN POINT OF VIEW) SHOT -- USED TO VISUALLY DEMONSTRATE ERIN'S UNIQUE ABILITY TO SEE THINGS FROM DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES.]

E-POV SHOT: AN ND ASSAILANT ENTERS THE SIDE DOOR, RAISES A GUN, AND FIRES-- THE BULLET SAILING TOWARD HER, THEN STOPPING IN MID-AIR BEFORE IT STRIKES.

ERIN

Those who were paying attention to the lecture were focused on me. They didn't clearly see the shooter. It happened too fast.

E-POV SHOT: ERIN IS SUDDENLY AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM BEHIND THE STUDENTS, NOW LOOKING AT HERSELF AT THE LECTERN.

ERIN

Those who were not paying attention to the lecture, say, because they were too busy texting, or running defensive plays for Saturday's game... well, they obviously missed everything altogether. So if nobody saw the shooter but me and I'm dead-- who's our witness?

She clocks their blank stares for a beat, then--

ERIN

The gas station attendant, people!

E-POV SHOT: ERIN IS NOW BACK AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASSROOM AS THE FROZEN BULLET FADES IN MID-AIR.

More blank stares as she explains.

ERIN

A landscaper outside saw the shooter jump into a car and speed away. And every perp with half a brain fills up his getaway car before pulling a job, right? So he went to QuickGas across the street from campus. Where not only did the cashier notice the perspiration on the shooter's forehead seemed a bit odd on a cool day like this one, but also shared his surveillance footage with us for a clear image of the shooter's ugly face. I'm saying he's ugly because he shot me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3) 10

ERIN (CONT'D)

(then)

Either way, it always pays to look
at things from another perspective.

As Erin turns her head back toward the classroom's door she's instantly distracted by something in hallway. Through the glass paneled door Erin sees another PROFESSOR turning a key in a dead bolt lock of the door across the hall.

WHITE FLASH TO:

11 INT. ND LOCATION -- MORNING 11

A door slams shut. The sound of a dead bolt locking is followed by footsteps clearly moving away from the door. A YOUNG GIRL'S HAND, holding a key that dangles from a string of yarn, slides the key into the dead bolt lock from the inside. It fits but won't turn. The hand vigorously, desperately jingles the key, rattles the doorknob... then surrenders.

ANGLE ON - YOUNG ERIN

Her hunger-slackened face turning away from the door... eyes clocking half of a torn DISCARDED STYROFOAM CUP nearby. She picks it up. Stares at its dirty, pitted surface. Then slowly begins to eat it-- doing what she has to do to stay alive. She rips off a small piece and attempts to feed a spider that crawls across the cold concrete floor, her eyes lift upward --

YOUNG ERIN'S POV

FIREFLIES flutter just outside the basement window -- a hopeful source of light.

FLASH BACK TO:

12 INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS 12

Erin turns back to the class.

ERIN

(shakes off the thought)
Does anyone have a cigarette?

This gets everyone's attention.

ERIN

Oh come on, no one in here smokes?

A STUDENT in the second row extends a cigarette and a lighter.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ERIN

Thank you.

Erin places the filtered end to her lips then removes it. Continues with her lecture, the cigarette still in her hand.

ERIN

The real challenge is learning how to pay less attention to what someone said they witnessed... and focus on what they actually witnessed.

And suddenly, SHE MAKES THE CIGARETTE DISAPPEAR. There's a spattering of applause, then--

CLICK. The hands of the clock align. The students begin an abrupt mass exodus from the room.

ERIN

(calling out)

Please read the chapters on neurolinguistic programming and enhanced cognitive interview. And one last thing...

(pointing at KUMI,

JERROD, and MITCHELL)

Can I please see you... you... and you?

KUMI, JERROD, and MITCHELL exchange the uncertain glance of strangers, then make their way down the aisle toward Erin-- a modern day version of The Tin Man, Scarecrow, and The Lion. "A heart, a brain, the nerve." She checked to see if they had another class. Did her homework already.

ERIN

Let's start with names.

KUMI

Kumi Sullivan.

MITCHELL

Mitchell Sears.

JERROD

Jerrod Hammond.

ERIN

Okay, Kumi. Mitchell. Jerrod. I suggest the three of you drop this course, immediately.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

What?

KUMI

You're kidding, right?

JERROD

Why?

ERIN

You have no chance of passing this course. Because you don't pay attention.

(to Kumi)

You're so connected to your iPhone, you're completely disconnected from everything around you.

(to Jerrod)

You won't see real life coming till it sacks you on the one yard line.

(to Mitchell)

And you? You know way too much for your own good. Because believe me, the more you know, the less you feel. And that can be downright dangerous. Look-- everything about the way all three of you fidget in your seats screams get me the hell out of here. It's been that way since the first day. So just do your GPA's and your parents IRA's a favor and drop the course.

Erin begins to gather her things. The three stand in silence, stunned a beat. She's not kidding. Then, all at once--

KUMI

Wait-- this is the only class that fits into my schedule... I need these units to graduate.

JERROD

(shrugs)
I'm pass/fail. All I need is a D and I'm good to play for the season.

MITCHELL

I'm sorry, but I *have* to take this course. I'm trying to complete a double major in chemistry and criminal justice.

KUMI

We can't be the only three people who weren't paying attention. Why pick on us?

(CONTINUED)

ERIN

Because you remind me of three other young people I once knew who didn't bother to pay attention and paid a life changing price for it.

MITCHELL

You can't do this.

ERIN

Actually, I can.

She clocks the familiar CASE FILE ENVELOPE protruding from inside her bag. Her eyes lock on the file for a pensive beat.

ERIN

But I might be willing to reconsider if you all agree to attend a one time only lab.

JERROD

Lab?

She hands the 9 x 12 case envelope to Jerrod.

ERIN

I want each of you to go through this case file very carefully. Familiarize yourselves completely with its contents and then meet me at this address at 3:00.

She turns toward the DRY ERASE BOARD behind her. She hastily writes 12 INDIGO LANE on the white board.

KUMI

(consulting her iPhone)
What if I have a class scheduled for then?

ERIN

You might have a nail appointment scheduled but you don't have class. I checked.

They stare back at her in dull amazement.

ERIN

I'm warning all three of you, from this day forward... you better pay damn close attention.

Treasuring the cigarette, Erin carefully tucks it into a side pocket in her bag then moves off.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4) 12

Mitchell leans into Jerrod.

MITCHELL

Does she mean in class, or in lab,
or--

ERIN

(back over her shoulder)
In *life!*

She exits. And off their stunned faces--

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPT - PRECINCT -- DAY 13

CALVIN JACOBS, mid-40s, salt and pepper hair and conservative beard -- an educated look. He stands before the media, pleading for the return of his daughter. He's flanked by his distraught ex-wife, two attorneys, two uniformed officers.

JACOBS

We just want Vonda back. So if
anyone thinks you've seen her or
knows who has her or...

(fighting off tears)

Or if you're listening and you have
our daughter. Please, please bring
her back to us.

MATCH CUT TO:

14 INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPT. - TCAU BULLPEN -- DAY 14

AN LCD MONITOR broadcasting the press conference.

JACOBS

(on the television)

She needs her family. Just let her
go.

He crumbles... WIDEN TO REVEAL Morgan watching, a STYROFOAM CUP OF COFFEE in hand as the chaos of the bullpen continues around him. Adam approaches, clearly frustrated.

DET. MORGAN

This stuff makes me sick. Seriously,
I've got a knot in my stomach.

Adam pragmatically tosses him a bottle of TUMS from the desk.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

We get anything from the crime lab?

Morgan proceeds to chew up a handful of antacids, answering Adam's question between chomps.

DET. MORGAN

(mouthful of Tums)

Nothing from AFIS on prints. DNA analysis is two days away.

ADAM

There were no signs of breaking and entering, no signs of a struggle. No one reported hearing Vonda scream. There's no indication that she was drugged or even forced out of there.

DET. MORGAN

You're thinking she went willingly with somebody she knows.

ERIN (O.S.)

Or someone who gained her trust in a very short time.

Morgan and Adam turn to see Erin.

DET. MORGAN

(washing down the
Tums with coffee)

Hey Erin.

ADAM

You in?

ERIN

(to Morgan)

How many times do I have to tell you to stop using styrofoam cups?

She abruptly takes the cup from Morgan's hand, drops it in a wastebasket.

ERIN

I'm in.

Then Adam, smiles, stands, spreads his arms wide for a meaty embrace-- but instead of hugging Erin, hugs Morgan. The two cling to each other like long lost family members. Erin can only laugh.

TIME CUT TO:

15 EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREET - GOLD COAST - DAY 15

CAMERA FINDS THE ADDRESS - 12 INDIGO LANE - brass letters on the front of a stately brownstone. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jerrod moving down the sidewalk with Kumi texting along beside him as Mitchell climbs out of a baby shit brown 1978 AMC GREMLIN. Jerrod stares for a beat.

JERROD

Are you sure that thing is road safe?

MITCHELL

It's a '78 Gremlin I converted to biodiesel. Just trying to make the world a better place.

Kumi looks up.

KUMI

Then you should get back in it, turn left at the lake and drive on in.

JERROD

This seems like an awful lot to go through just to pass a class.

KUMI

You're not kidding. Did you read this thing? She gave us an active case file.

JERROD

Yeah, it's all over the news.

KUMI

You watch the news?

JERROD

When I'm not watching your ass.

MITCHELL

Dude!

(then quickly)

Dude, ah..

(covering)

You think this is the place?

CAMERA PUSHES PAST THEIR COLLECTIVE VIEW -- then PICKS UP Erin and Adam Powell approaching the brownstone.

Erin motions for Kumi, Jerrod and Mitchell.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ERIN
Over here, you guys.

ADAM
What is this?

ERIN
My students. But you can think of them as witnesses.

ADAM
Are you outta your mind, Erin?
This is an active crime scene.

ERIN
I accept full responsibility for their actions, Adam.

ADAM
Erin--

ERIN
Don't make me pull rank, Sergeant.

ON THE STUDENTS as they collectively approach. A beat.
He has no choice.

ADAM
(to her students)
Glad you could all make it. I'm
Detective Adam Powell, Chicago P.D.
You do anything to disturb the crime
scene and I'll shoot you.

Off the students' looks...

And as Adam shakes his head... Kumi passes, raising her hands in mock surrender.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CALVIN JACOBS' CONDOMINIUM - MOMENTS LATER

16

Erin, Kumi, Jerrod, Mitchell and Adam.

JERROD
According to the file you gave us,
Chicago PD canvassed the area. No
one saw a thing.

ADAM
You gave them the case file?

Erin raises two fingers to her lips, giving Adam the "lock your lips" gesture. Then--

(CONTINUED)

ERIN

Somebody tell me what we know about our missing girl.

Kumi pipes up.

KUMI

Vonda Jacobs. Age 15. Object of a bitter custody battle between her parents. Was living with her mother Laura until her father Calvin picked her up from school without permission.

While the students recite what they recall from the case file, Erin spots A SPIDER creeping up the wall. She rips a POST-IT from a PAD by the phone and rescues it from its climb, gently releasing it on the sill of the kitchen window. It crawls out to freedom.

MITCHELL

Calvin Jacobs claims it was a misunderstanding, Laura Jacobs claims it was a kidnapping, but failed to report it to Michigan authorities.

JERROD

Instead, Mr. Jacobs reported the girl missing forty-eight hours ago here in Chi-town. Said he left his daughter here while he went to work. When he came back, she was gone.

ERIN

Okay, it's just after three o'clock now. And it was three o'clock when Vonda Jacobs was last seen. Now. Close your eyes and tell me what you hear.

JERROD

What we hear?

ERIN

Remember, look at things from a different perspective? Listen. The sounds of a crime scene can be just as important as what you see.

As instructed the students close their eyes.

KUMI

A clock.

ANGLE ON - AN ANTIQUE REGULATOR CLOCK

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

SOFTLY ticking on the wall nearby.

ERIN

Good. Anybody else?

JERROD

Ceiling fan.

Adam looks up to notice it spinning overhead.

ADAM

Genius. Tell me again why it is
you teach? I mean taking down the
bad guy isn't enough?

She places a finger over her lips.

ERIN

Shhh. Keep it coming.

CAMERA FINDS Mitchell beside an OPEN PICTURE WINDOW.
We hear music.

MITCHELL

C sharp scale.

ERIN

Piano lessons.

A song begins... slowly being plucked on the piano keys,
occasionally a sour note.

MITCHELL

Moonlight Sonata.

ERIN

Beethoven's Piano Sonata Number
Fourteen in C Sharp Minor, Opus
Twenty Seven, Number Two.

(off their look)

I'm also into Kanye and Guns N'
Roses.

Erin follows the sound with her eyes and ears out the
window--

REVERSE ANGLE POV - WE SEE her view of ANOTHER OPEN
WINDOW on an ADJACENT BUILDING. A TEN YEAR OLD BOY
plays the music we faintly hear as his PIANO TEACHER
looks on.

SMASH TO:

17 INT. ADJACENT APARTMENT - PIANO ROOM -- DAY 17

Erin and Adam are with the piano teacher, **MS. SHEPPARD** the BOY, **MARCUS**, continues playing.

MS. SHEPPARD

I teach lessons here seven days a week. I've got twenty-two students and a big recital coming up--

ADAM

Do you remember seeing or hearing any type of altercation take place in the adjacent apartment two days ago?

Erin crosses to the window near the piano-- sees Mitchell, Kumi, and Jerrod still framed in the big picture window of Jacobs' condo across the way.

MS. SHEPPARD

I'm sorry. I give every ounce of attention to my students.

Erin glances back at her own students. SEES--

INTERCUT WITH:

18 INT. CALVIN JACOBS' CONDOMINIUM - CONTINUOUS 18

Jerrod arches a brow at Kumi. He walks off toward the kitchen as Mitchell glances around the place.

ANGLE ON - THE KITCHEN

As Jerrod opens the lower door of the REFRIGERATOR. Pretty slim pickings inside. Just some bread and a few cold cuts. He opens the upper FREEZER DOOR. Nothing in there but some frozen peas and a chilled bottle of Patron.

ANGLE ON - Mitchell as he picks up a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Jacobs, his ex-wife Laura, and their then YOUNGER DAUGHTER, Vonda during happier times.

He sets the picture back down, then steals a glance at--

KUMI

As she bends over to pick up a STACK OF MAIL scattered on the floor near the door just below the mail slot. She looks up, catching eyes with Mitchell, who abruptly looks away. Busted.

ANGLE ON - THE MAIL

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

In Kumi's hand. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE NEWSLETTER.
SATELLITE TV BILL. SEVERAL WHITE ENVELOPES WITH A SIMPLE
P.O. BOX RETURN ADDRESS IN THE CORNER.

BACK TO:

19 INT. ADJACENT APARTMENT - PIANO ROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

Adam hands Ms. Sheppard his card.

ADAM

We appreciate your time, Ms.
Sheppard. And if you think of
anything else--

MARCUS

I saw them eating popsicles.

Erin looks to the boy, who's suddenly stopped playing.

MS. SHEPPARD

You just keep playing, Marcus.

ERIN

Wait, I'm sorry, Ms. Sheppard--
(to Marcus)
Who did you see eating popsicles?

MARCUS

That girl and her dad. They were
in there when I had my lesson on
Monday.

ADAM

(to Ms. Sheppard)
And what time was that?

MARCUS

Same as today. Three to three-forty-
five.

ADAM

(to Erin)
Two days ago. Calvin Jacobs said
he didn't return to the apartment
until five-thirty.

Erin scoots onto the piano bench beside Marcus.

ERIN

You're pretty good. You must've
been playing for awhile, huh?

MARCUS

Yeah. Since I was three.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

ERIN

What's your favorite kind of
popsicle?

MARCUS

Grape.

Marcus looks back out the window from his perfect vantage
point.

MARCUS

But they were eating cherry bomb
pops. The red ones. It's always
hot in here and I was wishing I
could have one, but Ms. Sheppard
doesn't like a mess on her carpet.

MS. SHEPPARD

(embarrassed)
It's white berber, and with all the
heavy traffic I have through here--

ERIN

Do you think you can describe what
you saw in the window? Try to
remember every detail.

She looks toward the adjacent apartment, and--

**E-POV SHOT: KUMI, JERROD, AND MITCHELL SWIFTLY DISSOLVE
FROM ERIN'S VIEW. THE AMBIENT ROOM LIGHT SHIFTS AS
ERIN SEES THE PROFILE OF AN ND MAN EXTENDING A POPSICLE
TO VONDA.**

MARCUS (V.O.)

He was giving her the popsicle.
But she didn't want it.

ERIN (V.O.)

What did the man look like?

MARCUS (V.O.)

Black and white hair. And a beard.
Kinda tall.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW -- THE MAN'S HAIR CHANGES COLOR, A
BEARD APPEARS, AND HE GAINS SEVERAL INCHES IN HEIGHT.**

Then as Erin's perspective shifts once more to the
present-- she catches eyes with Adam.

ADAM

Exact description of Calvin Jacobs.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

**Erin shoots a look back at the window where through her
E-POV, Calvin Jacobs turns to face her and we--**

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 20

Adam sits across from Calvin Jacobs as Erin hangs back in the corner watching him throw the heat.

ADAM

So you picked up Vonda from her mother's house and took her across *state lines* but we're supposed to believe it was all just a big misunderstanding?

Jacobs snaps back at him angrily, looking even worse than he did on TV.

JACOBS

It was. Laura never could keep a schedule and Vonda was more than happy to be with me.

ADAM

That's what this was really about, right, Mr. Jacobs? Vonda being with you. You lost the custody battle and if you can't have her, nobody can-- isn't that it?

JACOBS

How dare you?

Erin steps forward to inject some calm to the proceedings before things get any uglier.

ERIN

Mr. Jacobs, what's the first song that pops up in your mind when you think of Vonda?

He's clearly rattled.

JACOBS

Are you kidding me?

ERIN

No, I'm completely serious. Please. I'd like to know.

Jacobs wipes at his weary brow.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JACOBS

It-- it's "Mambo Number Five." Just some ridiculous rap song from a few years ago when she was little.

ERIN

I remember it. Why do you?

JACOBS

Because her mother used to put it on and I'd pick Vonda up in my arms-- and we'd swing around and dance.

(voice cracks with emotion)

And she'd laugh so hard she'd fall right asleep in my arms.

Tears spill uncontrollably down Jacob's cheeks.

JACOBS

(sobbing)

Look, I shouldn't have taken her. It was wrong. I know that. But I swear to God in heaven I would give her back right now-- *and never go near her again*-- if just one of you people could tell me where she is.

Erin looks into his tear-brimmed eyes-- sees the innocence.

ERIN

We're working on that, Mr. Jacobs.

And as she trades a look with Adam, we--

CUT TO:

21 EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - SCULPTURE GARDEN -- DAY

21

Jerrod, Kumi, and Mitchell follow Erin along a winding trail past many different kinds of interesting OUTDOOR SCULPTURE on display in this willow-lined garden.

KUMI

But Vonda's father has gotta be lying, right? I mean, the kid playing piano saw him.

ERIN

Not necessarily.

Suddenly Erin stops and scans the area; crowded with STUDENTS and FACULTY. Her eyes finally land on a **MAN** and **WOMAN** sitting on a bench.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ERIN

See those two people sitting on that bench? Who are they?

Kumi's clearly at a loss for what Erin's expecting to hear.

KUMI

Uhh... a man and a woman having a conversation?

ERIN

No. Go beyond the obvious. Focus on the details. Who do they appear to be? What's their relationship? Mitchell?

MITCHELL

Mother and son. She's way older than he is.

JERROD

Nah, man. Those two people are in a relationship.

KUMI

Cougar hunt? Maybe. But she looks more like his boss. Check out the wardrobe. That's definitely an "I'm in charge" business suit. And she's talking business.

JERROD

I can buy the boss/employee thing but the only business she's talking is a promotion if he inputs some data where she wants it.

KUMI

Eww.

JERROD

What? She's seducing him. Her face is saying one thing but her body is sending a different signal.

Kumi locks eyes with Jerrod.

KUMI

Please. So now you're the expert on body language?

Jerrod arches a brow and scans her own body up and down as if to say-- "yeah, and I'm reading yours right now." Kumi actually blushes.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Then the woman and man rise from the bench. They embrace, and she kisses the young man on the forehead.

MITCHELL

I called it. Mom and son.
(extends a fist)
Give it up.

Jerrod knuckles up, gives him some skin.

ERIN

The point is, you all just made assumptions very quickly based on what you see. That little boy behind the piano did the same thing. He saw an older man hand Vonda a popsicle. And he made the natural assumption the man was Vonda's father because of his actions and his age. Because Marcus gets treats from his own parents.

MITCHELL

But Detective Powell said the kid gave a description of the father. Grey hair, tall, beard.

ERIN

Detective Powell is not above making assumptions of his own. But shift your perspective and ask yourselves a question. What if Marcus just gave us the first real description of Vonda Jacob's kidnapper?

Off Erin...

22 INT. MARVIN'S BLUES BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

22

CLOSE ON: A credit card floating in mid-air.

Widen to reveal this magical slight of hand trick is being performed by **LUCAS BRAY**, Erin's father. Several PATRONS applaud. Lucas swipes the card at the register at this tiny little dive joint on Halsted.

ERIN

You still doing that old trick?

LUCAS

Too late for teaching me new ones.
What you doing here?

ERIN

Nothing. Just stopped by.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Lucas hands the credit card and receipt back to its owner. Erin watches as the customer slips it back into his wallet above a DRIVER'S LICENSE and PHOTOS OF HIS KIDS.

LUCAS

You never just stop by.

ANGLE ON - A SMALL STAGE IN THE CORNER

A SINGER starts to softly work her way through the blues. Erin takes it in for a beat. Then--

ERIN

(to Lucas)

I did something really stupid. I let Adam talk me into helping him out with a case.

LUCAS

You should marry him.

ERIN

I can't. I'm still seeing Greg. He adores me. I adore him. And he's got a really nice apartment.

LUCAS

Then you should marry Greg.

ERIN

Oh, quit pretending like it's all so cut and dry. Was Mom ever *in love* with someone besides you?

He arches a brow. And of course, she notices.

LUCAS

Well, I suppose that's the kinda question she could've answered better than me.

(off her look)

But, I hope not. Losing Helen was hard enough.

(chokes back emotion)

After everything we went through, losing her love would've been--

Erin reaches out, gently places a hand on her father's-- steeling herself as much as she tries to reassure him. We can clearly see the mutual heartache here.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

LUCAS

Men may spill each other's blood
every damn day over who slept with
who's girl-- but they rarely turn
the sword on themselves until they
feel unloved.

A beat between them as the BLUES SINGER carries their
emotions through another chorus. Then--

ERIN

Daddy. I never asked you this.
But did you cry when I was gone?

Another beat as his thick skin is penetrated by memories
from within.

LUCAS

Ohhh, Erin. I still do.

He smiles at her through moist eyes. And as our BLUES
SINGER soulfully brings her song to a close--

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. CHICAGO POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN -- DAY [DAY 2] 23

Adam moves through the bullpen. Head buried in a file
folder. He arrives at his desk.

DET. MORGAN

Powell. This just came for you.

Jake tosses Adam a letter-sized envelope. Adam opens it.
Inside is A SINGLE TICKET TO A CUBS GAME AT WRIGLEY FIELD.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD -- DAY 24

Fifth inning of a Cubs baseball game. WE HEAR the crack
of a bat as it makes contact with the ball. Find Erin
Bray sitting in the bleachers. Adam descends the stairs
to join her.

ERIN

They're warming up Zambrano? Are
you kidding me?
(yelling toward dugout)
Peniella, what are you doing?
Zambrano can't pitch garbage into a
dumpster.

ADAM

Erin, what are we doing here?

(CONTINUED)

ERIN

I think better here.

(then)

Calvin Jacobs is innocent, Adam.
He doesn't know where his daughter
is.

ADAM

You believe him?

ERIN

You don't?

ADAM

How many times have we seen this?
The parents do this big emotional
tap dance and then a few weeks later
they're connected to the murder of
their own child.

We HEAR the crack of a bat... Bray watches the baseball
soar into the air....

ERIN

Vonda is a diabetic. Why would
Calvin Jacobs offer her a popsicle?
Someone else was in that condo,
Adam.

ADAM

There's no trace evidence to suggest
it.

ERIN

Maybe there's an unsolved case--

ADAM

Been there, checked that. Nothing
with the same MO.

ERIN

(calling out)

Come on, stop fidgeting. Pitch the
ball!

(then)

Adam, I believe the man who took
Vonda Jacobs has done this before.
Her kidnapper didn't pull the curtain
closed in the room. He let that
little boy behind the piano across
the way see him. He did everything
out in the open, without concealing
himself. Why didn't he wear a hat
or sunglasses?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

You do realize this argument only points back to the father? Calvin Jacobs had nothing to hide if he was with his own daughter.

ERIN

No. The guy we're looking for is cocky and confident. He had no doubt he was going to get away with it. And confidence comes from experience. He's done this before. I'm telling you, Calvin Jacobs is innocent. We've got to go back over any case file on any victim that's even remotely similar and look for the smallest "what if."

(off his look)

You came to me.

Adam is well aware of that and can only nod his head as she looks away.

E-POV SHOT: ECU OF THE BATTER AT HOME PLATE AS HIS FINGERS WHITE KNUCKLE AROUND THE GRIP OF THE LOUISVILLE SLUGGER. HIS TOBACCO STAINED TONGUE TOUCHES THE CORNER OF HIS LIP. AND HIS EYES QUICKLY SHIFT FROM HER DIRECTION TO THE BALL SOARING SLO-MO RIGHT TOWARD HIM.

ERIN

He's gonna homer.

POP! The sound of a fly ball gets Adam's attention as Erin leaps from her seat-- in pursuit, among a collection of ADOLESCENT YOUNG KIDS in the outfield bleachers.

Erin LEAPS and GRABS the ball.

ERIN

Yeah!

(to a young kid)

That's what you get for skipping school!

CUT TO:

25 INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL -- DAY

25

MONTAGE: A SERIES OF STYLIZED DISSOLVES AS:

In the empty lecture hall, Erin, Adam, and the students go through unsolved case files. Stacks of folders increase and decrease in height.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

PHOTOS OF VICTIMS - MALE and FEMALE, blend from once face to another.

WORDS FROM CRIME REPORTS rise from the page, float for a moment in mid-air, then DISSOLVE... **"She was wearing a sweater." "We were in the store." "He just never came home." I saw a strange woman by the fence." "I heard yelling, definitely a man and a woman." It sounded like a gunshot." "Please find him." "She's my baby."**

Erin, closes a folder -- all this effort could be a waste of time. She grabs another file, opens it. Suddenly her demeanor brightens.

ERIN

Ci7547. Ci7547. It was listed in Vonda Jacobs's crime report. The lab collected traces from the carpet. Aren't you majoring in chemistry?

ADAM

If I was we'd still be together.

Kumi and Jerrod trade a glance as Erin intently studies something in the file.

ERIN

Not you. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

It's a dye, I think. Carmine dye. Derived from the acid of an insect. Some people are allergic to it.

JERROD

What's the connection?

ERIN

(off the file)

I don't know. It's part of trace collected from a victim's clothing. It's listed with Cellulose gum, Diglycerides, Fructose. Ci7547.

MITCHELL

(putting it together)

Hang on. That red dye is food coloring, cornstarch and sugar. Add water and you've got a popsicle.

ERIN

(looking up)

Adam, who's Beverly Morrow?

HARD CUT TO:

26 INT. CPD CORONER'S BLDG. - AUTOPSY -- DAY

26

A cold storage drawer slides open, REVEAL the lifeless body of **BEVERLY MORROW**, 17. Adam studies a PC TABLET bearing the autopsy and crime reports.

ADAM

She's a runaway. Four previous reports of her missing. Twice recovered by patrol officers. She was found dead on a trail in Oak Beach. Cause of death is listed as anaphylactic shock. Autopsy didn't reveal any signs of a struggle or injury. The case file is open because the prosecutor is looking into parental negligence.

ERIN

What if she didn't run away this time? What if she was *lured*?

ADAM

By the same guy who took Vonda Jacobs?

ERIN

Carmine dye stains were found on Beverly's clothing.

(putting it together)

And like Mitchell said, there are documented anaphylactic reactions to it. She was allergic to the red coloring in the popsicle.

ADAM

He uses the popsicles to get close to his victims. An innocent offer of friendship.

ERIN

The very thing this guy lured Beverly away with, killed her. Her death was an accident. He panicked and dumped the body in Oak Beach. And then he went hunting for his next victim.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27 EXT. LAKE POINT TOWER -- NIGHT 27

CAMERA FLIES AROUND this iconic high-rise residential tower of undulating black glass perched right on the shore of Lake Michigan.

28 INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - MORROW LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 28

Erin and Adam with **AUDREY MORROW**, 40s looks older than her years, but wouldn't anyone who'd just lost their child?

AUDREY

I was told Beverly ran away. Died alone.

ERIN

I believe someone kidnapped her.

AUDREY

I don't understand. I mean... I'm not sure I can help you.

ERIN

(then quickly)
Ms. Morrow, please. I think the man who lured your daughter has taken someone else. Someone we might still be able to save. We just need to ask you some questions.

ADAM

You told the police you left your daughter home alone on the day she went missing.

AUDREY

I leave for an hour everyday. Beverly promised she wouldn't leave the house. I didn't think we were having those problems anymore. Her running away. I guess she took advantage of my trust.

ERIN

Or maybe someone else took advantage of hers. Please, Mrs. Morrow.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIN (CONT'D)

I know it's hard to recall the details and it might not seem to make much sense, but I need you to tell me everything that happened to you at least two days *before* Beverly went missing. Everyone you came in contact with.

TRANSITION TO:

A STYLIZED SERIES OF DISSOLVES take us through Audrey Morrow's interview. Erin listens as only a select portion of her words are heard.

PRODUCTION NOTE: SOME OF AUDREY'S WORDS (**BOLDED BELOW**) ARE AUDIBLY EFFECTED AND MIXED IN A WAY THAT HIGHLIGHTS THEM IN ERIN'S MIND.

AUDREY

...A **boy knocked on the door selling candy** for a school fundraiser. His **father** was with him... The woman had the wrong address. She **was looking for our neighbor**. She looked familiar. I thought I had seen her before. It was Beverly who answered the door.... Let's see, day before yesterday **a man returned my wallet**. I had lost it. I often buy lunch in **Millennium Park**. He found it on a bench. Still had everything inside. **UPS made a delivery**. I invited a **co-worker** over for drinks. A man. **Bob Tracy** is his name. It was the first time since the divorce I had... You don't think someone I know did this to her?

FADES UNDER -- As Audrey's voice drifts into the background-- CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN ON ERIN-- her eyes closing as if sometimes the relentless focus she keeps is simply too much to bear.

29 INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY / CLASSROOM - MORNING

29

ON THE BLACKBOARD in bold chalk letters are descriptions and names of the people Audrey Morrow came in contact with in the two days prior to her daughter's death: FUNDRAISER FATHER, UPS GUY, BOB TRACY... etc.

As Erin sits alone trying to make sense of it all-- SOMEONE BEHIND HER CLEARS HIS THROAT.

(CONTINUED)

JERROD (O.S.)

Are we supposed to be doing something?

REVEAL Jerrod, Kumi, and Mitchell.

KUMI

What he means is, we'd like to continue the lab.

MITCHELL

If that would be okay.

Erin smiles, sees they're hooked.

ERIN

These are possible kidnapppers. People that had access to Beverly Morrow.

KUMI

So we try to find the one that matches... what?

MITCHELL

Anything we know about Vonda Jacobs kidnapping.

A silent beat as they all study the board. Then--

IN A STYLIZED SERIES OF DISSOLVES: We witness the think tank in progress. Erin pacing, erasing names from the board, adding them back, drawing arrows, until--

KUMI

Okay, this is probably nothing but... when I went through the mail at Calvin Jacobs' condo-- there were several of those blank envelopes.

JERROD

If they were *blank* how's that help us?

KUMI

Maybe plain is a better word for it... I have a lot of credit cards. And credit companies love me, so they send me even more. But every time they do, it comes in a plain envelope. Nothing but a P.O. box for a return address. That way they keep it on the DL so nobody but the intended recipient suspects there's a credit card inside.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

JERROD

Stops people from stealing them.

KUMI

Right, so maybe, Mr. Jacobs received all those cards because he applied for replacements because he lost his wallet.

ERIN

And Audrey Morrow said a man returned her lost wallet.

MITCHELL

(to Kumi)

Nice.

Kumi smiles at him.

KUMI

Thanks.

Then she looks back at Erin, unaware Mitchell's still checking her out like a puppy dog. Or that Jerrod's clocked the whole moment.

He shakes his head.

On Erin as her demeanor suddenly changes--

ERIN

Two lost wallets can't be a coincidence.

FLASH BACK TO:

30 **INT. MARVIN'S BLUES BAR & GRILL - EARLIER**

30

Erin sees the customer slip that credit card back into his wallet above a DRIVER'S LICENSE and PHOTOS OF HIS KIDS.

FLASH TO:

31 BACK TO SCENE

31

ERIN

Kumi, you just scored an A+.

Erin suddenly bolts from the lecture hall. Off Jerrod, Mitchell, and Kumi's confusion...

32 INT. GREG SCHAFFER'S OFFICE -- DAY

32

Greg is behind his desk on the phone as Erin offers a courtesy knock on the open door and enters.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
(into phone)
I've designated students for those
scholarships already.

ERIN
(whispers)
Where's your wallet?

Erin slips her hands into his dress slack pockets.

GREG
(into phone)
I'm sorry, say that again? There
was a bit of static.
(to Erin; whispering)
What are you doing?

ERIN
(whispers)
I need your wallet.

Greg points to the door. Erin moves toward the door.
On a hook on the back of the door is a trench coat.
She searches the pockets.

GREG
Henry, let me call you back. I've
got a little fire to put out.

Greg hangs up his phone just as Erin retrieves his
wallet, unfolds it. Looks inside. Just like in most
wallets, the driver's license is displayed behind a
clear protective pocket. Adjacent to the license is a
collection of wallet-sized photos.

GREG
(to Erin)
Erin, I'm the Dean of Criminal
Studies. Next time you want to
shove your hand down my pants and
steal my money, would you mind at
least making an appointment first?

ERIN
(indicating photo)
This is a picture of your son.

GREG
Brian. Yes. But you know that.

ERIN
And this is your correct home address
on your driver's license?

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

GREG

Yeah, why?

ERIN

It's almost the perfect crime.

She plants a big wet one on Greg then dashes out.

HARD CUT TO:

33 INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPT.- BULLPEN -- DAY

33

Adam sits across from Calvin Jacobs, his wallet open.

JACOBS

This is a picture of Vonda from last year.

ADAM

And the address on your driver's license is correct?

JACOBS

Yes.

ADAM

You said you lost your wallet prior to Vonda's kidnapping.

JACOBS

Yes.

ADAM

Can you describe the man who returned it?

JACOBS

Ah... Dark hair a bit of grey, beard, around my height. Mid-40s's. He brought it back with the cash and credit cards still inside, but I'd already called the bank to cancel everything.

ADAM

He came to your home?

JACOBS

Yes. But I don't understand. Do you think *he* has Vonda?

ADAM

We're not sure. Did he say where he found your wallet?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

JACOBS

(nods)

The same place I lost it. Millennium Park.

FLASH BACK TO:

34 INT. LAKE POINT TOWER - MORROW LIVING ROOM -- DAY

34

AUDREY MORROW

AUDREY

A man returned my wallet. I often buy lunch in Millennium Park. He found it on a bench.

SMASH TO:

35 EXT. CLOUD GATE PLAZA - MILLENNIUM PARK -- DAY

35

Erin and Adam walk into a small plaza between FOOD CARTS that overlook Anish Kapoor's CLOUD GATE sculpture. Known as "The Bean" by locals, it's a forty foot high, mirror-surfaced, stainless steel legume. She carefully takes in the crowds of tourists surrounding it. CAMERA FINDS Kumi, flanked by Jerrod and Mitchell trailing behind them.

ERIN

Our kidnapper is a pick-pocket. Only he's not after the cash and credit cards. He studies the family photos, chooses his target, jots down the address from a driver's license or ID card, then plays the good Samaritan and returns the wallet, claiming he found it in the park.

ADAM

That gives him access to the location of his next target, his next victim. A perfect opportunity to note the entrances and escape routes.

KUMI

That's scary.

ERIN

This is his playground. Three million visitors a year. Great place to pick a pocket. And now we have to find a witness to the crime.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MITCHELL

Someone who saw it happen? Two or three days ago?

JERROD

Yeah, good luck with that.

She spots a BRIDE and GROOM posing in front of The Bean, a **PHOTOGRAPHER** capturing rapid-fire shots of their bliss.

Behind them, Erin can see the entire plaza reflected in a wide, parabolic view across The Bean's shiny outer shell. People... park benches... food vendors...

ERIN

(under her breath)

Tell me what you don't know you know.

ANGLE ON - THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Loading another memory disk into his digital camera.

ADAM (O.S.)

You shoot here a lot?

REVERSE ANGLE as the Photographer finds Adam showing his CPD badge-- Erin and her students beside him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I'm here every damn day till it snows. Look, I know I've got a permit here somewhere...

He digs through his gig bag for a quick beat-- THEN BOLTS!-- leaving the bride and groom high and dry. And as Adam and Erin give chase--

36 EXT. CROWN FOUNTAIN - MILLENNIUM PARK - CONTINUOUS

36

The Photographer sprints across the shallow watery plaza between two GLASS BRICK TOWERS projecting 50 foot tall VIDEO IMAGES of CHICAGO CITIZENS. And as their giant faces bear witness, he reaches the plaza's far end, with Adam and Erin just starting to lose him, until--

WHAM! JERROD UNEXPECTEDLY SACKS HIM FROM THE SIDE in a linebacker tackle that would make Wildcat fans roar. And as Jerrod pins him down, Erin and Adam catch up.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ERIN
(catching her breath)
Okay then. Mind if we take a look
at your work?

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - DAY

37

Erin and her students all methodically pour over hundreds of DIFFERENT BRIDE AND GROOM PHOTOS-- some using optical loops to magnify the images, others viewing them on COMPUTER SCREENS-- all looking for just one thing.

MITCHELL
Hard to believe that idiot would
bolt over an expired photo permit.

ERIN
Well, that and an outstanding warrant
for tax evasion.

KUMI
Either way... nice sack.

JERROD
Thanks.
(spotting something)
Professor Bray?

TIGHT ON - A PHOTO as seen on Jerrod's screen. Nevermind the happy couple posing in the picture. It's what's in the reflection behind them that matters. He keys in a few PhotoShop commands, de-warping an image reflected in the Bean. A **MAN IN A CAP**, beard is now visible, clearly lifting the wallet of a BUSINESSMAN putting condiments on a hotdog.

JERROD
Is that what we're looking for?

And as Kumi and Mitchell lean in for a closer view--

KUMI
Can't see the face of the pick-
pocket.

Erin's eyes are trained elsewhere in the image.

ERIN
But we can see the face of his
target.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. SEARS TOWER - DAY 38

Establishing shot of the tallest building in North America. PRE-LAP the sound of CRAIG THURSTON'S VOICE.

THURSTON (O.S.)

Yes. As a matter of fact, I did lose my wallet...

39 INT. SEARS TOWER - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 39

CAMERA FINDS Erin and Adam standing across the desk from the BUSINESSMAN we saw in the photo. His name is **CRAIG THURSTON**. On his desk we see a FRAMED PHOTO of him at NAVY PIER with a young girl who is clearly his DAUGHTER.

THURSTON

How did you know? How did you find me?

ADAM

A vendor recognized your photo. You used a credit card to buy a hot dog from him two days ago in Millennium Park.

ERIN

The address listed on that card led us here.

THURSTON

It's a business account. Is there a problem?

ADAM

Mr. Thurston, did someone return your wallet to you? Mid-forties, average build, a beard?

THURSTON

Yes, yes-- very nice man.

(off their looks)

You wanna tell me what's going on?

Erin feels the urgency kick up about ten notches.

ERIN

Where's your daughter right now?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 EXT. CHICAGO RIVER -- DAY 40

ESTABLISHING. Small pleasure boats move down the river beneath the DEARBORN STREET BRIDGE. CAMERA FINDS a tall deco MARQUIS for the GOODMAN THEATER. We slowly move up its letters toward the windows of a high-end RIVERFRONT APARTMENT-- where inside lurks anything *but* a Good Man.

41 INT. RIVERFRONT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN -- DAY 41

A TEENAGE GIRL, **LACEY THURSTON**, 17, makes a sandwich in the kitchen. Hears a knock on the door, approaches, peers through the peep hole.

LACEY

Hello?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry to bother you. Is one of your parents home?

She doesn't answer.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

My nephews live down the hall. They're not home yet.

CUT TO:

42 INT. HIGH-END APARTMENT BLDG. - HALLWAY -- DAY 42

DEL BARRINGTON, 40s, salt and pepper hair and beard, friendly face, continues to speak through the closed door. His arms filled with POPSICLES.

DEL

I feel so lame. I was supposed to babysit, bring the popsicles. Bad idea I guess. Anyway, they're melting. I just wondered if I could borrow some space in your freezer?

He waits. Door opens, chain lock still on. Lacey peers through the opening.

DEL

Hey. I'm Del. Sorry to bother you. Any way you could help? Maybe I could just hand them to you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DEL (CONT'D)

(looking at his shirt)

Shoot. I've stained a good shirt already. Don't know why they're not here, yet. If you don't feel comfortable, I totally understand... Aggh, what a mess. You know what, I'll just see if someone else is home. Sorry to bother you.

He drops a popsicle on the ground. Fumbles with the others. Lacey surrenders and opens the door.

LACEY

Wait. You can go ahead and put them in here, I guess.

Del smiles back at her.

DEL

Thanks. I really appreciate it.

But SOMEONE ELSE isn't smiling at all.

ADAM (O.S.)

You don't wanna do that, Lacey.

They both turn to see Adam approaching -- displaying his badge, gun raised. Erin beside him, gun pointed right at Del.

ADAM

Don't you move.

The faux good Samaritan suddenly drops the box of popsicles and shoves Lacey aside-- disappearing into the apartment as Adam gives chase.

LACEY

What's going on?

ERIN

Take the stairs down to the lobby. Don't stop for anything. Tell building security to call 911.

Erin cautiously enters the apartment.

43 INT. RIVERFRONT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

43

Adam carefully moves down the hallway toward a CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR.

ADAM

Come on, Del. Let's make this easy.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

Finding the door locked, Adam backs off and then-- WHAM!
HE FORCIBLY SHOULDERS THE DOOR OPEN, only to find... A WINDOW
OPEN ACROSS THE ROOM, FIRE ESCAPE CLEARLY VISIBLE OUTSIDE.

Erin looks on from the freshly splintered door frame.

ERIN

When do they ever make it easy?

Adam climbs through the window onto the fire escape--

ERIN

(into phone)

This is Detective Bray-- officers
in pursuit of suspect, we need back
up at 200 Dearborn--

And she disappears down the metal stairs--

ERIN

Bolts back out of the bedroom.

44 EXT. RIVERFRONT APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER 44

DEL

Jumps off the bottom rung of the fire escape ladder
with Adam still in hot pursuit three levels behind.
And as the sicko dodges traffic on Dearborn--

ERIN

Exits the front of the building, rushing after him.

45 INT. DEARBORN STREET BRIDGE WATCHTOWER - MOMENTS LATER 45

A CHICAGO DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION WORKER

Sporting an orange CDOT vest inside a stone watchtower
at one end of the bridge. A STEEL CONTROL PANEL is
mounted on the wall beside him. He flips a LIGHTED
SWITCH and goes back to reading the latest Cubs standings
in the Trib as--

46 EXT. DEARBORN STREET BRIDGE - DAY 46

CARS and PEDESTRIANS all pay attention to the flashing red
SIGNAL ARMS coming down across either end of the bridge.
Unfortunately, our perp pays no attention whatsoever.

DEL

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Darts through a crowd and just past the signal arm as it settles, races down the middle of the bridge, surprised as its surface suddenly begins to rise beneath him.

ANGLE ON - THE ASPHALT

A GAP SLOWLY WIDENING as CAMERA REVEALS this is one of the Windy City's famed DRAWBRIDGES!

ADAM

Yells at the CDOT BRIDGE OPERATOR--

ADAM

Hey! Stop the bridge!

THE BRIDGE OPERATOR

Looks up from his paper with alarm and does as he's told, abruptly hitting the KILL SWITCH.

But it's already at a fifteen degree angle before it stops-- and as Erin rushes toward the summit, Del stands near the gap.

DEL'S POV

OVER THE YAWNING CHASM between the bridge's sections to the river beckoning seventy feet below. He looks back at Erin, his feet scooting closer to the steel framed edge.

DEL

Don't come any closer--

ERIN

Tell me where Vonda is.

ADAM

(joining Erin)

All you need to do right now is step away from the edge, Del.

Del nervously glances over the edge once more-- then coldly looks back at both of them.

DEL

You'll never find her!

And with that-- HE JUMPS! FALLING FROM THEIR VIEW INTO THE GAP.

Erin scrambles the remaining few feet toward the gap-- peering over the edge herself.

ANGLE ON - THE WATER

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Nothing but river.

ADAM

You see him?

ERIN

No. And I didn't hear a splash.

She looks back at the CDOT BRIDGE OPERATOR, now standing outside his watchtower.

ERIN

Open it all the way!

ADAM

What?

ERIN

(to the operator)

Open it!

The operator hits the switch-- and as Erin rushes back down the asphalt with Adam behind her-- the bridge slowly continues its elevation to a full ninety degrees.

Erin safely reaches the sidewalk and then looks back to see--

ANGLE ON - THE BRIDGE'S OPPOSITE SIDE

Now vertical, its steel under-girders exposed. But that's not all that's exposed. CAMERA FINDS Del hanging on for dear life to one of its struts-- as CPD OFFICERS begin to spill out around the base.

ADAM

You gotta be kidding me.

ERIN

If you wanna catch a troll-- look under the bridge.

SMASH TO:

47 INT. A SMALL ENCLOSED BASEMENT SPACE -- NIGHT

47

Vonda Jacobs is unconscious on the floor. Several empty apple hulls around her frail body. The stairwell door suddenly opens-- and Detective Morgan, Two SWAT MEMBERS along with several other CPD UNIS and EMT'S descend the stairs. Morgan rushes to check her pulse.

DET. MORGAN

She's still alive.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

And as they lift Vonda and carry her out.

48 EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD -- NIGHT 48

Erin's students stand in a suburban backyard-- the same kind most of them grew up in-- blissfully ignorant that these kinds of things happen every day around them. Kumi's iPhone CHIRPS with a text. But she immediately silences and stows it. Jerrod rubs his own muscular arms like he's been hit hard with the reality of crime. And Mitchell's eyes well against his thoughts of what the young girl must've just gone through.

As the EMT's escort Vonda toward a waiting ambulance-- Calvin Jacobs and his ex-wife escape the back of a police cruiser and rush to her side. Erin crosses the yard with Adam, passes her students.

ERIN
(to her students)
Now have I got your attention?

And off their look which confirms that's exactly what she's done--

DISSOLVE TO:

49 EXT. CHICAGO LAKESHORE -- NIGHT 49

AERIAL TRANSITION takes us high speed down the length of Chicago's twinkling scenic shoreline to--

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. ERIN BRAY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT 50

TIGHT ON a PHOTO of Erin with Lucas and what must be her mother. A collection of ARTICLES, CRIME REPORTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, COURTROOM SKETCHES of her parents, FILES, NOTES, QUESTIONS ON NAPKINS and PARKING STUBS as she removes them one by one from a dusty box. They're all about the missing girl from the white paneled van.
"TEEN KIDNAPPED AT ILLINOIS STATE FAIR" "ERIN BRAY STILL MISSING" "ERIN BRAY'S BRAVE ESCAPE." "ERIN'S ALIVE! WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?"

FLASH TO:

51 INT. WHITE PANELED VAN -- DAY [1988] 51

15-YEAR-OLD ERIN looks out once more at the TWO TEENAGE BOYS and her PARENTS frantically searching for her-- but this time, she spots something new in the memory. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, his eyes meeting hers through the van's back window.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

*A look of concern begins to spread across his face until--
A WOMAN playfully grabs his hand, tugging him away.*

FLASH BACK TO:

Erin stares down at the collection of tabloid stories-- none of which reveals the dark truths printed in her mind. Then as she watches HUMPHREY the goldfish swim around in a bowl on the desk beside her-- she reaches down into the box RETRIEVING a SCRATCHED and PITTED PINK HOUSE KEY hanging on a STRING OF YARN. She examines it carefully under a DESK LAMP, every mark along its ragged metal length another inch in her resolve to one day truly be free.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON THE TIP OF A LIT CIGARETTE... WIDEN TO REVEAL...

52 INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT 52

Adam and Erin, sitting in bed, post-coital. He smokes the cigarette. She doesn't.

ADAM

What's wrong with an occasional cigarette?

ERIN

He cares about my health. And I promised him I wouldn't smoke. And you shouldn't either.

ADAM

Wow, you're falling for him. Should I start shopping for tacky place settings?

ERIN

Greg and I are not in a serious relationship. If we were, I wouldn't be here with you. But it's none of your business, anyway.

Adam chuckles, then they both fall silent for a beat.

ERIN

I'm starting to remember things.

Adam immediately sits up.

ADAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

ERIN

A man's face. He might have been a witness.

(hesitates)

And there's something else...

ADAM

You don't have to tell me this, Erin. If it's too hard, I mean.

ERIN

No, I'm good. It's just... when I saw Vonda's picture. It reminded me that I used to wear our house key around my neck on a string. I guess I had it on when I was taken. I've seen flashes of a door and a dead bolt. The kind you had to have a key to open from the inside. I guess I was so desperate to get away that I tried the one I had around my neck. It fit in the key hole. But it wouldn't turn. So late at night I would scrape it against the concrete. I thought if one of the notches were shorter, or it had a point at the end, or if the key was thinner... I don't know. Anyway, I'd scrape it, try it again. And it wouldn't work and I'd give up until I got the nerve to go at it once more. Then one day, I slid the key in-- and it opened. I just remember how bright the light was when I started running. Running as fast as I could.

ADAM

You got out.

ERIN

Yeah. But I kept that key. And one of these days I'm gonna use it.

(then)

I'm going to use that key to unlock what happened to me. And then I'm gonna go find him.

Adam kisses Erin gently on the forehead, wraps his arms around her.

Off her look, CAMERA CIRCLES AND WE'RE--

53 EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - LAKESHORE PARK - MORNING 53

STUDENTS bike and jog past, Greg falls in stride with Erin as she makes her way to class.

GREG

Whatever you're doing with your Criminal Justice class this semester seems to be working. I've had a line of students parading through my office trying to petition their way in.

ERIN

I give really good lecture.

GREG

Among other things. We still on for dinner?

ERIN

Mind if I take a rain check? It's been a long couple of days.

Greg does his best not to look hurt on either count.

GREG

Okay. Guess I'll just have to do it here.

Greg extends his hand-- offering her a key. Erin takes a deep breath, then exhales. Didn't see it coming.

GREG

I know you're not ready to live with me... but I thought I'd give you a key anyway. Just in case.

ERIN

I'll hold onto it.

She smiles, then pulls Greg in for a kiss. And a beat later, he pulls away.

GREG

You owe me another ten bucks.

As they move off down the path in different directions, CAMERA FOLLOWS Erin, the sun shining down over her and Lake Michigan and we--

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW