AGATHA

by

Tom Donaghy

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AGATHA

ACT ONE

INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- GOOD MORNING AMERICA -- NYC -- 6:53 AM

PAs and TECHNICIANS dart back and forth. A SEGMENT PRODUCER (28, female) scurries on. She leads ANCHOR ROBIN ROBERTS to where FBI AGENT BOB HIBBERT (40s, portly) is being fitted with a lapel mic.

ROBIN ROBERTS
Special Agent Hibbert, sorry we're running late. Where's Agatha?

Hibbert shrugs. The Segment Producer looks worried, radios.

SEGMENT PRODUCER
Who has Agatha? Copy.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS AROUND THE STATION relay on radio:

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS
Who has Agatha? Eyes on Agatha?

CUT TO:

INT. STUCK ELEVATOR -- TWO FLOORS BELOW

A GUM-CHEWING MAKEUP GIRL and a SEEN-IT-ALL HAIR STYLIST fuss over AGATHA MCAULIFFE (32), somehow managing to be pretty in spite of curlers, makeup smock and a whole lot of claustrophobia.

AGATHA
You're sure it's stuck?

GUM-CHEWING MAKEUP GIRL
Always happens with this elevator.

AGATHA
Are you aware that five to seven percent of the world's population suffers from claustrophobia? Research suggests it could be genetically predisposed. And I've never been on TV before so I'm a little --

The elevator KER-CHUNGS back on, resuming its ascent.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Thank God.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- MOMENT LATER

The Segment Producer hurries Agatha, still being fussed over, to where Robin Roberts stands with Special Agent Hibbert.

ROBIN ROBERTS
Agatha, great, you're here, I just wanted to go over some questions I'll ask on air.

Agatha nods, ready, as her curlers are pulled out.

ROBIN ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Great. As one of the country's leading criminologists, you helped the FBI -

SPECIAL AGENT HIBBERT
(cutting in)
The Bureau wants to make sure *they* are represented in the lead here.

Agatha tries to protest but she's being powdered.

ROBIN ROBERTS
Okay, then Agatha, you *assisted* the FBI in apprehending Sonny "Waffles" Martin, who'd been on the lam for --

SPECIAL AGENT HIBBERT
The FBI prefers to state Ms. McAuliffe periodically lent her opinion.

Agatha attempts to speak but Make-Up Girl is doing her lipstick. Robin Roberts and the Segment Producer trade looks.

SEGMENT PRODUCER
But Agent Hibbert, this segment is about how closely you both collaborated.

SPECIAL AGENT HIBBERT
With all due respect to Ms. McAuliffe, *I* cracked the case.

AGATHA
(her mouth finally free)
With all due respect to Agent Hibbert, the case was stalled until I came in.

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT HIBBERT
Ms. McAuliffe, I don't need help hunting criminals.

AGATHA
Perhaps that's why you don't want to give me credit. A criminologist doesn't "hunt criminals." We observe *people*. Their behavior, environment, the places they choose to commit crimes, the sorts of individuals they target.

Robin is intrigued.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
So-called "criminals" can even *be* law enforcement, Robin. The fact that Agent Hibbert works for the FBI doesn't keep him from being addicted to hiring prostitutes from online websites.

Robin raises an eyebrow. Hibbert's face darkens.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Working with Agent Hibbert I observed an addiction that drains money. When I met him he had a Rolex and a Mercedes. He now has a Timex and a Ford Focus.

Robin notes HIBBERT'S TIMEX. Hibbert's eyes narrow.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Physiologically, I noticed his pinky finger twitches in a way consistent with a kind of carpel tunnel that affects someone obsessively engaged in online activity.

Robin clocks HIBBERT'S TWITCHING PINKY.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
This could be a result of shopping on Amazon, but Agent Hibbert is constantly dodging phone calls from India. A few inquiries revealed these to be telemarketers calling about Viagra refills.

Hibbert's eyes bulge.

CONTINUED: (2)

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Finally, data tells us men who solicit online prostitutes tend to have esteem issues, especially when working with women who have more skills than they do. This threatens a supremacy that can be restored by soliciting prostitutes online who can't see how portly or homely the client is before agreeing to satisfy their sexual needs.

Robin notes Hibbert is both portly *and* homely. Hibbert glares at Agatha, removes his mic and exits the soundstage. Robin Roberts seems very happy about this.

ROBIN ROBERTS
Looks like this segment is all yours, Agatha.

Agatha's makeup smock is removed, and she's immaculately put together: Tom Ford glasses, Tory Burch sheath, Ferragamo pumps.

AGATHA
As it should be, Robin.

Agatha smiles, ready for her close-up.

EXT. STAGE DOOR -- GMA STUDIOS -- 7:23 AM

DAWN explodes over Manhattan as Agatha emerges onto the street. The name JIMMY MCAULIFFE flashes on her cell phone. She smiles, connects.

AGATHA
Did I once again sully the family name? No? Good! Philly... why?

As she listens, her face grows grave.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA MAJOR CRIMES PRECINCT -- SAME

REPORTERS clamor as CAPTAIN BENJAMIN COOPER (40s) an imposing silver fox, holds a press conference.

CONTINUED:

COOPER
At 6:28 this morning, the parents of twelve-year-old Ellie Robinson discovered their daughter missing from her bedroom. We ask the media for help in getting out the word.

AGATHA'S NAME pulses on his cell phone. He picks up.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - GRAMERCY PARK -- 7:40 AM

Agatha enters, talking on her cell.

AGATHA
Captain Cooper, this is Agatha McAuliffe. I'd like to volunteer my services in the Robinson case. I can be there in two hours.

She boards an elevator; it closes.

INT. SAME -- AGATHA'S APARTMENT -- 7:45 AM

A Vuitton roller bag sits open on Agatha's bed. It's packed like a bento box -- every item fitting like the piece of a puzzle. Agatha stands above it, lost in thought. When she hears someone at the door, she pulls herself together. A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME MAN enters, using a key. He totes a picnic basket brimming with goodies. This is REY CORDOBA (35), impeccable as Agatha. He sees the roller bag, frowns.

REY
I thought I was going to Central Park to have wine and cheese with my girlfriend, America's new TV star.

AGATHA
I'd love that, Rey. Especially the daytime drinking. But a girl is missing in Philadelphia. The same age as my sister was when she disappeared. Which was twenty years ago this month.

He knows what this means. He goes to her.

REY
Will you be okay? Philly? Your family?

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
I don't know. But I have to go. So please don't propose right now, because there's a lot on my mind.

REY
Propose -- ?

AGATHA
I've never seen that shirt on you and you only buy new shirts for special occasions. I once mentioned a movie where a girl is proposed to in Central Park, and you remember everything I say. And you thought I was asleep three weeks ago when you measured my ring finger with a piece of string.
(off his sheepish look)
It doesn't take a criminologist.

He produces a RING BOX. Opens it. A GORGEOUS DIAMOND RING sparkles within.

REY
Just think about it. I love you, you know.

She holds him close.

AGATHA
I love you too. But I have to go.

REY
I'll water your plants and walk your dog.

AGATHA
I don't have plants or a dog.

REY
You will when you marry me.

This gets a smile. And a kiss. Then she's off.

INT. EXPRESS TRAIN -- APPROACHING PHILADELPHIA -- 9:11 AM

Agatha spots an LED BILLBOARD FLASHING ELLIE ROBINSON'S FACE. A crawl reads *"If you have any information, please contact Philadelphia Police at.."* ELLIE'S EYES BECOME LARGER as the train approaches. Agatha is mesmerized.

INT. 30TH STREET STATION -- PHILADELPHIA -- 9:20 AM

Agatha arrives and is approached by a YOUNG POLICEMAN.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Ms. McAuliffe, you're under arrest.

AGATHA
For being the worst big sister ever?

YOUNG POLICEMAN
You don't text, you don't Facebook...

The cop is her beloved kid brother OFFICER JIMMY MCAULIFFE (27). They share a quick hug, and off they go.

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR -- DRIVING THROUGH PHILLY -- 9:33 AM

Agatha takes in the city as Jimmy drives. ROWS AND ROWS OF RED BRICK HOUSES cast an elegaic glow in the morning sun.

AGATHA
Are they keeping anything from the press?

JIMMY
Not that they'd tell a beat cop.

AGATHA
You still living over the garage?

JIMMY
My salary, you bet.

AGATHA
Approximately 25,000 gay men live in Philadelphia, 28% of whom comprise the city's fetish scene. That's 7,000 who'd be predisposed to offer reasonable rent to someone who puts on a uniform every morning. But sometimes fear of a parent's reprisal keeps a gay child from coming out. Given all this and the fact that you're gripping the wheel so hard your knuckles are white, I assume you haven't told Dad?

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Please promise that while you're in town you won't turn that crazy brain of yours against me?

AGATHA
But Jimmy, why make promises I can't keep?

He smiles. They arrive at --

EXT. MAJOR CRIMES PRECINCT -- 9:40 AM

Jimmy gets Agatha's bags as CAPTAIN COOPER greets her.

COOPER
Agatha, good to see you after all these years.

AGATHA
You too, Captain. Let's get started.

Jimmy watches proudly as his sister charges in.

INT. PRECINCT -- ROOM ON TOP FLOOR -- MOMENT LATER

Cooper leads Agatha takes in what looks like an old storage space. Through a window she sees the ICONIC STATUE OF BILLY PENN PERCHED HIGH ATOP CITY HALL.

COOPER
Best we could do on short notice.

AGATHA
I love a repurposed broom closet.
(off his look)
It's fine.

Agatha undoes the clasp on a fastidiously packed Fendi briefcase, inside of which is her laptop, iPad and FRAMED PHOTO OF REY. She arranges all on the office's desk.

COOPER
You should know there's been no activity on Ellie's phone or email, neither friends nor family have seen her, the house's alarm was on but not tripped, and she doesn't appear on surveillance cameras in the neighborhood.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
(a vow)
We'll find her.

COOPER
I hope so. Meet me downstairs when you're ready. I'll want to introduce you to everyone as soon as possible.

He exits. She sees a FOLDER on the desk labelled "ROBINSON." Inside are ELLIE'S BIO, PHOTOS and, strangely, a RAP SHEET -- with AGATHA'S NAME on it. COPS SNICKER in the hallway outside.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha strides out of her office, rap sheet in hand, brushing past the COPS.

INT. COMMON AREA -- CONTINUOUS

She moves down the stairs that lead to the BULLPEN. 40 or so POLICE DETECTIVES (different ages, races) clamor as they go over the facts of the case. Agatha CLEARS HER THROAT.

AGATHA
Excuse me. Excuse me...?

But the din continues. She spots a POLICE WHISTLE on a desk, picks it up, BLASTS IT. The Cops quiet.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
My name is Dr. Agatha McAuliffe. I have a PhD in criminology from Stanford University, and I consult with various law enforcement organizations around the country.

Cooper enters. Sees the dubious cops.

COOPER
Ms. McAuliffe will be advising on the Robinson case. You are to give her your complete cooperation.

The Cops look her up and down: a blast of flawlessly tailored color in the midst of their drab blue. Jimmy enters, wondering what he's missed.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
Some of you might be familiar with me from my early years in Philadelphia. But for those of you who aren't, allow my record to speak for itself.
(reads from the rap sheet)
Convictions for Shoplifting, Petty Theft, Burglary, Burglary, Burglary -- which is hard to say three times in a row -- and three years in the state correctional facility for Grand Theft Auto.

Jimmy glances around nervously. The Cops are shooting each other looks. But Cooper has Agatha's back --

COOPER
Ms. McAuliffe's early life in crime is what paved the way for her accomplished career in criminology.

AGATHA
There are reasons I went so far off the rails as a teenager, but no time to go into them as Ellie Robinson is missing. And statistics tell us we have less than 24 hours to find her alive.

DETECTIVE IN CROWD
We don't need statistics, we need evidence.

Everyone turns. The DETECTIVE who's challenged her is muscled, taut, cool (early 50s). The Cops behold him with reverence. Agatha smiles patiently.

AGATHA
It's always good to hear another opinion, Dad.

TITLE CARD: AGATHA

Cooper, not happy, approaches the Detective, who is in fact Agatha's father -- DETECTIVE HANK MCAULIFFE.

COOPER
My office.

Cooper nods for Agatha to follow.

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha and Hank file in behind Cooper, avoiding each other's eyes.

AGATHA
The fact is, statistics can *lead to* evidence.

HANK
Good old fashioned *police work* leads to evidence.

AGATHA
(explaining)
My father and I haven't been on the best terms since I went to jail.

HANK
Cops and convicts generally aren't on good terms.

Cooper calls out to the hallway.

COOPER
Jimmy, get in here!
(to Agatha and Hank)
Okay. We have a few things to get straight.

Jimmy enters to find his family called on the carpet. Cooper thinks of how he'll say what he needs to say. Then --

COOPER (CONT'D)
I realize this case might bring up feelings because of what happened to Maria.

This is really the heart of the matter. And Agatha and Hank a silent a moment before --

HANK
I'm a cop, what happened to my daughter --

AGATHA
I'm a criminologist, what happened to my sister --

COOPER (CONT'D)
Let me finish. The fact that it's been twenty years since she went missing must be a source of tremendous grief.

Jimmy looks at his sister and father. Grief does in fact flash in their eyes.

CONTINUED:

COOPER (CONT'D)
But if you can channel those feelings, you make a team uniquely equipped to find Ellie Robinson.

Agatha and Hank hear this. Hank sets his terms:

HANK
I'm lead on this case. She stays on the sidelines.

AGATHA
As it should be. I understand there's a clear demarcation between the kind of evidence gathering police do, and the multi-disciplinary perspectives I'll offer to steer them in the right direction. A criminologist must keep a cool distance. On the sidelines, detached.

HANK
I'll need to know her whereabouts at every turn.

AGATHA
Fine, I'll inform my father of my whereabouts at every turn.

This is slightly sarcastic, but Cooper is satisfied.

COOPER
Good. Now find Ellie Robinson.

They begin to file out. Cooper stops Jimmy before he goes.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Keep the peace between them, okay?

JIMMY
It's only what I've been trying to do my entire life.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha catches up to Hank.

AGATHA
As I see it the first order of business is to --

CONTINUED:

HANK
Meet with Ellie's parents to go over everything one more time.

AGATHA
Exactly right. We'll want to ask --

HANK
Me not *you*. I need their trust. That won't happen with some "criminologist" hovering.

AGATHA
But --

HANK
No "buts," Agatha. "On the sidelines, detached."

He turns into HIS OFFICE. Agatha catches a glimpse of ELLIE'S PARENTS before Hank shuts the door.

INT. HANK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Hank approaches MARK and KAREN ROBINSON (30s), good looking, middle class, stunned.

MARK ROBINSON
The whole house was locked. There were no behavioral problems. We knew everyone in her life. Checked her emails, texts. How did this happen?

HANK
We'll find out. And when we do, we'll bring her home.

KAREN ROBINSON
But Detective, *you* more than anyone know that doesn't always happen.

This cuts right into Hank.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE

Agatha listens at the door. Parsing everything she hears. She moves off.

INT. AGATHA'S MAKESHIFT OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha enters, once again diving into the "Ellie Robinson" folder. ROOKIE COP CHELSEA CHEN (25), chubby, cheerful, enters with --

CHELSEA
Office provisions, precinct map, phone extensions, router.
(but Agatha is engrossed)
I gotta say, I think you're the shiz, pardon my French. And I know a couple of the other cops who don't think you're just a snooty bitch throwing around five dollar words.

AGATHA
Thank you. I think.

CHELSEA
And it's pretty cool you used to be a crook.
(offers her hand)
Name's Chelsea Chen, but everyone calls me C2. Cooper made me your point person. Whatever you need.

AGATHA
I need to know the back way out.

Chelsea thinks this is strange, but points the way.

INT. PRECINCT'S BACK EXIT -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha is almost to the door when Jimmy appears behind her.

JIMMY
Where you going?

AGATHA
Out. Somewhere. The crime scene.

She moves past him, exiting. He calls after her.

JIMMY
You told Dad, right...? Agatha!

Off Jimmy's exasperation we TIME CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S PATROL CAR -- DRIVING THROUGH PHILLY -- 10:34 AM

Jimmy finds the courage to tell Agatha --

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Maybe reading your rap sheet in front of him wasn't such a great idea.

AGATHA
Don't think of it as me "reading my rap sheet." Think of it as me reminiscing.
(off Jimmy's smile)
Is he still drinking?

JIMMY
Not for a year or so.

AGATHA
Besides, I wasn't reading it for *his* benefit. I read it to acknowledge my past and get down to work.

JIMMY
Just go easy, Ag. This is bringing up a lot for him.

AGATHA
(suddenly emotional)
What about me? Us? We haven't talked about it, Jimmy. None of us. For twenty years. Don't you think it's time?

She's ventured into *very* sensitive territory. Jimmy grows quiet. She gets the message. They arrive at --

EXT/INT. THE ROBINSON HOUSE

An ON DUTY COP lets Agatha and Jimmy into the LIVING ROOM where FRIENDS AND FAMILY are gathered. BRIAN MORGAN (54), shaken, sleepless, offers Agatha his hand.

BRIAN MORGAN
Brian Morgan. My wife, June --

JUNE MORGAN (52), maternal, distraught, moves to Agatha.

JUNE MORGAN
I'm Ellie's godmother. We've been praying. Do you know anything yet?

AGATHA
Agatha McAuliffe. We don't. But the minute we do, you will too.

CONTINUED:

Jimmy leads Agatha upstairs. The ON DUTY COP eyes Agatha.

CUT TO:

INT. MAJOR CRIMES PRECINCT -- HALLWAY -- SAME

Hank catches up to Cooper.

HANK
I'd just like to know the thinking that goes into hiring an ex-con to help with this case.

COOPER
Jesus, Hank, she's your daughter -

HANK
Who did three years in jail.

COOPER
Who happens to be the best criminologist working today! And she *volunteered.* You don't turn that down.

HANK
Yes, you turn that down when I am perfectly able to solve this case. I've got a hundred cops with sniffer dogs, Amber Alerts, tips coming in --

COOPER
Hank, we have ZERO leads and we need all the help we can get. Now I want you two working on this -- *together*. End of discussion.

Cooper goes off. Hank's radio signals.

HANK
(answering)
McAuliffe.
(listens, darkens)
She's *where?*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ROBINSON HOUSE -- ELLIE'S BEDROOM

Agatha stops short as she enters. ONE DIRECTION POSTERS. GIRLS BASKETBALL TROPHIES. STUFFED ANIMALS. A HUNDRED GLOW-IN-THE DARK STARS glued to the ceiling. She's overcome.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
It looks just like Maria's room.

JIMMY
I guess twelve-year-old girls haven't changed that much.

Agatha nods, fighting her feelings. Jimmy checks his watch.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
We'd better be getting back.

AGATHA
(pulling herself together)
Great. We'll begin by looking into Brian Morgan downstairs. For a multiplicity of reasons, he's our first suspect.

Agatha marches out. Off Jimmy's astonishment we --

END ACT ONE

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

INT. AGATHA'S OFFICE -- 11:27 AM

Chelsea looks up from a makeshift desk as Hank enters.

CHELSEA
She's in with Cooper.

Hank glares, goes out.

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha is conferring with Cooper. Hank enters.

HANK
Ok, she went to the crime scene --

COOPER
Good you're here, Hank.

HANK
With one of your officers --

COOPER
Hank, listen.

HANK
Her kid brother --

AGATHA
Dad --

HANK
Who idolizes her, which she took advantage of. Not so "detached" as she'd promised.

COOPER
Hank, *she's got something.*

Hank's brow furrows. Agatha dives in.

AGATHA
There were two ways in and out of Ellie's room. The window and door. The window was locked, so she went -- or was taken -- through the house.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

AGATHA (CONT'D)
But the security cameras on the house's front and back door show nothing. And no part of the alarm system was tripped.

HANK
We know all this.

AGATHA
That doesn't mean the system wasn't turned off for a period long enough for Ellie to go out -- or be taken out -- without being noticed.

HANK
We checked with the alarm company, there was no interruption in service.

AGATHA
But there *was* interruption on the home phone, which some alarms run through. The phone had a signal drop at 2:25 AM for a brief moment, causing the alarm system to be suspended for 2 minutes. Long enough for someone to lure Ellie out of the house without alerting her parents. Someone she trusted. As the house's alarm had no backup, the alarm company was unaware of this drop.

HANK
How do you know so much about house alarms?

AGATHA
I used to break into people's houses.

HANK
Yes, I know. We all heard your rap sheet.

AGATHA
(ignoring him)
Others who might have such knowledge include contractors like Brian Morgan.

CONTINUED: (2)

HANK
We ran that guy, he's not a contractor.

AGATHA
Not professionally at the moment, no. But he was wearing Carhartt and Timberland, the uniform of those in the building trade. And when I shook his hand, it was calloused in the way of someone who regularly works with power tools.

We FLASH ON BRIAN MORGAN shaking Agatha's hand.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I ran his name against the Contractors License Board. He's been inactive for the last two years. But when he *was* active he specialized in home security systems.

Agatha shows Hank a document proving this.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
He's also within the statistical range of men who abduct girls: Caucasian, middle-aged, heterosexual.

HANK
So is Cooper.

Cooper doesn't like this joke.

AGATHA
He also unconsciously exhibited classic symptoms of someone with something to hide. He moved behind his wife as we spoke, creating a barrier between us.

We FLASH ON Brian Morgan doing just this.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
And because adrenaline rushes to capillaries in the nose when people are being disingenuous, he touched his nose repeatedly.

We FLASH ON Brian Morgan scratching his nose.

CONTINUED: (3)

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Finally, the Robinsons state that Ellie and Brian were very close. Which means she'd trust him -- even if he showed up in the middle of the night.

HANK
This isn't evidence, it's circumstantial nonsense.

COOPER
It's a lot more than anyone's come up with so far.

HANK
It's not right. I can feel it.

COOPER
Look. We're at five hours since Ellie was reported missing. And *nine* hours if she was taken during the signal drop. I don't need to tell you what that means.

Agatha looks at her father.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Talk to Brian Morgan. *Both of you.*

Agatha goes out.

HANK
You want *me* to follow *her* lead?

COOPER
Now, Detective.

Cooper means business. Hank heads out, all balled up.

EXT. PRECINCT -- SIDEWALK IN FRONT -- 11:46 AM

Agatha waits for her father, looking at her watch.

VOICE
Someone running late?

Agatha looks up. It's STACY SOTO (32), a tough ass Latina from South Philly, dressed for success. Agatha takes her in.

AGATHA
Well, look who it is. The Devil wears Talbots.

CONTINUED:

STACY
I much prefer "Chief Witness for the Prosecution in the State's case against Agatha McAuliffe."

AGATHA
Aw. Remember when we were friends, Stacy. Back when you used to be a real person?

STACY
I remember when you were a stoned gangbanger hanging out with thugs.

AGATHA
Truly lovely catching up, Stacy. Let's hope it's fifteen more years before we do it again.

STACY
I'm a DA now. In and out of this building all the time. So as long as you're gracing Philly with your supposedly cleaned-up presence, you won't get your wish.

Stacy spins off. Agatha takes a deep breath. Hank finally emerges and gestures to his UNMARKED CAR at the curb.

HANK
Get in.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. HANK'S UNMARKED CAR -- THROUGH PHILLY -- 12:41 PM

Hank drives. They sit in silence. Years of strife and misunderstanding between them. Agatha finally speaks.

AGATHA
Look, I couldn't just sit there while you interviewed the Robinsons.

Hank sucks his teeth.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I'm used to doing things my own way. I've developed a methodology over the years that's proven quite successful.

Hank doesn't respond.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA (CONT'D)
In fact, I've become a known and respected brand.

Hank doesn't take the bait. But Agatha feels certain she can make a connection.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I like my work, Dad. And I have a good life. I'm seeing this great guy, named Rey. He's an entrepreneur. Which sounds glamorous but he's really very --

HANK
You know --

AGATHA
(hopefully)
Yes?

HANK
The next time you cross the line, you're off the case.

Agatha's face falls. Hank pulls over at --

EXT. ROBINSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A modest twin in a decent part of town. Agatha and Hank approach the front door, Hank knocks. After a moment, June Morgan opens it. She looks stricken, steps onto the stoop.

JUNE MORGAN
Is this bad news?

HANK
No, ma'am. May we come in?

June opens the door to them.

INT. SAME -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha and Hank enter. Mark and Karen Robinson, more desolate by the moment, sit on the couch with Brian Morgan.

JUNE MORGAN
We were just looking at photos.

She shows Agatha a PHOTO OF ELLIE ON A BASKETBALL TEAM.

CONTINUED:

JUNE MORGAN (CONT'D)
Brian coaches Ellie's team at the middle school. He used to coach boys, but when Ellie wanted to play I told him he should switch.

Agatha glances at Hank.

HANK
We're sorry for the intrusion. We just have a few more questions.

The Robinsons look weary -- and Brian is agitated.

BRIAN MORGAN
Does it have to be right now?

JUNE MORGAN
Brian, please.

BRIAN MORGAN
It's just been a lot, okay?

Brian goes into another room. June wrings her hands, follows.

KAREN ROBINSON
This hasn't been easy on them either.

MARK ROBINSON
They had a daughter who died in a car accident.

KAREN ROBINSON
And Brian's always treated Ellie like his own.

Agatha shoots another glance at Hank. Then she turns her attention to the Robinsons, sitting at their side.

AGATHA
We'll do everything we can to bring her home. We don't know each other, but I know what she means to you.

KAREN ROBINSON
How can you?

CONTINUED: (2)

AGATHA
I see it in the photo frames darkened by finger oil from having been taken off the walls countless times to show people how proud you are of her. The notches on the living room door jam charting how tall she's becoming, when most families would hide them away in the kitchen, or basement. The glow-in-the-dark stars plastered over her bed courtesy of parents more concerned about their child's sense of wonder than any damage to the ceiling. I grew up in such a house. Where the children were *everything*.

Agatha gulps down her emotion. Hank looks away. Karen reaches for Agatha's hand. Hank's RADIO SIGNALS. He steps outside.

EXT. FRONT WALK -- CONTINUOUS

Hank talks to COOPER on radio.

COOPER'S VOICE
Agatha has a colleague at the NCIC who just called. He was able to access a conviction for Brian Morgan when he was 17.

HANK
What is it?

COOPER'S VOICE
Trafficking in child porn. Pre-internet. He pled out, so it had been expunged from his record -- but remained sealed in the system. Not enough to charge, but enough to bring him in.

Hank wipes his face with his hand. Something about this still doesn't feel right.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT -- OBSERVATION/INTERROGATION ROOM -- 1:56 PM

Agatha and Cooper watch from behind a TWO-WAY MIRROR as Hank questions Brian.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN MORGAN
I told you -- I have insomnia. I said goodnight to my wife at 10:30 and went to McDonald's about 2 AM.

HANK
I'd have insomnia if I were you. Coaching girls basketball, with your record?

BRIAN MORGAN
(scared)
It's not a record. It was supposed to be expunged. A judge ruled that.

HANK
Judges rule all kinds of things.

BRIAN MORGAN
A friend gave me two magazines! How was I supposed to know the ages of the girls in them?

HANK
I bet you know them now.

BRIAN MORGAN
I know this looks bad. But I don't know what happened to Ellie.

Jimmy enters the OBSERVATION ROOM. Agatha and Cooper turn.

COOPER
What is it?

JIMMY
That bodega near the Robinson's with the cam on the fritz? Tech was able to pull three seconds of video from it. Ellie's on it.

Agatha's eyes light up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And it's time stamped 2:27.

AGATHA
Exactly right! That's two minutes after the signal drop. Which matches the time frame I've established for when Brian Morgan lured Ellie from her house.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGATHA (CONT'D)
He knows this, which is why he's trying to create an alibi.

JIMMY
There's a man in the video but --

He hands them a SCREEN GRAB. It shows ELLIE ROBINSON just exiting the right foreground. Entering the top left corner of the grab is a HEAVY SET WHITE MAN (60s).

COOPER
It's not Brian Morgan.

Agatha stares, incredulous, at the screen grab.

JIMMY
And two cashiers at McDonald's identify Brian Morgan as present in a corner booth for an hour starting at 2:15 AM.

Agatha shakes her head; it doesn't compute. Hank steps in from the interrogation room.

HANK
Morgan might be a former creep, but I still don't think he's our guy.
(off their faces)
What is it?

COOPER
He's not. Let him walk.

AGATHA
(completely mystified)
I was wrong.

Off Agatha we --

END ACT TWO

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

EXT. AROUND PHILADELPHIA -- 6:42 PM -- AS THE SUN SETS

MORE LED AMBER ALERTS CRAWL. MORE SNIFFER DOGS SET OFF. MORE VOLUNTEERS HAND OUT LEAFLETS SHOWING ELLIE'S FACE.

INT. MAJOR CRIMES PRECINCT -- HALLWAY

Agatha chases down Hank, who's heading toward the BULLPEN with the SCREEN GRAB in hand.

AGATHA
Look, I was mistaken. Which doesn't usually happen. But I never said my methodology was perfect.

Hank doesn't respond. He moves into --

INT. BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha follows him in. COPS, including Jimmy and Chelsea Chen, look up as he holds the screen grab over his head.

HANK
Okay, sixteen hours and fifteen minutes have passed since *what we now know* is the last time Ellie Robinson was seen. But we're catching a break, because of good old fashioned police work.

He nods at Jimmy. Agatha takes note.

HANK (CONT'D)
And we are in the process of enhancing this image to match it to existing databases. Once we do, you hit the bricks to find this man. *A valid suspect.* The first real piece of evidence we've had.

Agatha raises her hand. Hank ignores it.

HANK (CONT'D)
And my gut tells me it's a good one. If anyone has any input, I'm willing to hear it.

Agatha still has her hand in the air, but Hank looks past it.

CONTINUED:

HANK (CONT'D)
In that case, let's get moving.

The Cops start to leave, but Agatha stands, undeterred.

AGATHA
Excuse me, even a rudimentary assessment of the surveillance video doesn't fundamentally prove the figure in it and Ellie are part of the same narrative.

HANK
Not applicable, end of meeting.

Jimmy shakes his head. Hank exits. Agatha fumes, exits in the opposite direction. Chelsea sighs, heads after her.

INT. AGATHA'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha enters, so coiled with frustration that she doesn't notice SEVERAL COPIES OF HER TEENAGE MUG SHOT blown up and taped to the wall behind her desk. Her 18-year-old eyes ringed in liner, her chopped hair a mess, her t-shirt torn. Courtney Love circa 1996. The gangbanger that Stacy Soto remembers. Chelsea enters, takes in the mug shots. Agatha does now too.

CHELSEA
I see the welcome wagon is still at it.

AGATHA
I didn't come back to Philadelphia to win a popularity contest. I came back to find Ellie Robinson.

Chelsea sees how Agatha is struggling.

CHELSEA
You gotta understand these cops. They love your dad. They're just trying to tell you who's side they're on.

AGATHA
Why do there have to be sides?

CHELSEA
Cops like sides, that's why they're cops!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
And you come in here looking like you walked off a fashion runway and talking all that criminology talk --

AGATHA
(blowing)
I'm just trying to find my sister!

She blushes deeply, realizing what she's just said.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I mean Ellie. Obviously it's all a little confused in my head. Which is why I'm worried I -- I don't know if I'm able to do this.

CHELSEA
Listen to me. You're Agatha McAuliffe. If you can find Waffles Martin, you can find Ellie Robinson. You want your dad and those mooks out there to take you serious? You gotta make your rap more *Philly*.

AGATHA
(shaking her head)
But I spent years getting rid of my Philly rap. I got out of jail and worked three jobs to study criminology *to get rid of my Philly rap*. I did everything in my power to signal to myself and the world I was no longer some "stoned gangbanger hanging out with thugs" and the first order of business was getting rid of my Philly rap!

CHELSEA
Well if you want them to listen to you, you'd better get some of that Philly rap back.
(whispering on her way out)
A little more of that girl in the mug shot...

Agatha absorbs this, contemplates her TEENAGE MUG SHOT.

INT. HANK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy enters with other COPS. Hank looks up. Jimmy hands him a flash drive.

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
They've blown it up as much as they can and are running it to see if there's a match.

Hank plugs the drive into his desktop. Jimmy gets behind him. A MOVING IMAGE of the screen grab plays. It's grainy, and the MALE FIGURE seems even older and heavier than he did in the screen grab. But it does look like he's going after Ellie. Agatha enters with Chelsea, who gives her an encouraging wink. The Cops look up.

AGATHA
I'd just like to say, if there's been any perceived haughtiness on my part --
(correcting her language)
I'm not trying to come off like a big shot. Every collaboration has its distinct --
(trying to find her "Philly")
Working with people you don't know is hard. But I want to help.

The Cops look at each other. Jimmy smiles at his sister's attempts to be real. He turns to his father. Hank gives in.

HANK
Have a look.

Agatha sits at his side. He plays the video from the beginning.

AGATHA
Ellie doesn't seem fearful. Or even aware of him. In fact she's focused on something *in front of her*. Like she's moving *toward something* -- or someone.

Jimmy and Chelsea see Hank's patience evaporating.

HANK
He's darting after her.

AGATHA
He doesn't look agile enough to *dart* after anyone.

HANK
You don't think this guy's behaving suspiciously?

CONTINUED: (2)

AGATHA
I think if you're smart enough to disable an alarm system you're smart enough to avoid security cameras. I certainly was.

Hank glowers, embarrassed to have her past once again brought up in front of the Cops. Jimmy sweats it. A COP enters.

COP
Tech matched the face.

He hands a folder to Hank. Hank looks inside. A RAP SHEET shows a photo of one BILLY KELLER (59). Hank reads down the sheet, increasingly disquieted.

HANK
Northern Liberties part of town.

He's got Agatha's attention with this. His alarm grows as he reads further down Keller's rap sheet.

AGATHA
What is it?

HANK
He used to run with the K&A.

Agatha tugs at her blouse. CLOSE ON HER WRIST: she's trying to cover a SMALL TATTOO with the initials "K&A." Jimmy notices this.

HANK (CONT'D)
Okay, everybody out.

Everyone but Agatha files out, Jimmy giving her a backward glance as he goes. Hank's jaw sets as he asks:

HANK (CONT'D)
You ever come across him back in the day?

He shows Agatha the rap sheet. She studies KELLER'S PHOTO.

AGATHA
Not much, he was older. A dealer and loan shark. It's unlikely such a person would be involved in child abduction.

HANK
(reading further)
History of break-ins.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK (CONT'D)
Conviction for holding a woman against her consent.

AGATHA
That's domestic abuse. *Entirely* different from child abduction. Besides, tech is wrong here, the facial structure in these photos simply doesn't jibe.

HANK
I think it's a pretty good match.

AGATHA
You *want* to think it's a pretty good match so you *see* it as such.

HANK
You know what else I see? This dirtbag's last known address. A mile from Ellie's.

AGATHA
But so are a lot of people's with criminal backgrounds.

HANK
You steering me away from him because he used to run with your old gang?

AGATHA
I hardly knew him!

HANK
You knew Zane Leaveau.

Hank points to the name ZANE LEAVEAU under KELLER'S KNOWN ASSOCIATES. Agatha takes the file. Sure enough, the name is there -- and it registers with her. Big time.

HANK (CONT'D)
Okay, I don't want you going anywhere near this. You hear me? No one with the K&A. *Especially Zane Leaveau.*

AGATHA
Dad, I have connections to these people. You'll recall I did time with several of them.

Hank's eyes narrow.

CONTINUED: (4)

HANK
I mean it, Agatha. You stay clear. "On the sidelines, detached."

He goes out. Agatha immediately gets on her iPad and Googles two words: THE GRIFFIN. Google kicks out a link to a BAR in the Northern Liberties neighborhood. ZANE LEAVEAU'S PHOTO appears under "Owner." He's Agatha's age, seriously delicious, with a wicked smile. Agatha notes the BAR'S ADDRESS -- then exits.

EXT. PRECINCT'S BACK EXIT -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha bangs out -- with Jimmy hot on her heels.

JIMMY
Oh, no you don't.

AGATHA
So now you're following me?

JIMMY
Ag, do not tangle with the K&A people.

AGATHA
I'm not tangling with anyone, I'm trying to find Ellie Robinson.

JIMMY
And I'm trying to keep you from being kicked off this case by our father!

AGATHA
Who has abused his parental power over you so much that you can't actually tell him who you really are!

JIMMY
Jesus Christ, Ag, you were supposed to come back and help, not tell me how to run my life!

AGATHA
God, Jimmy, I don't need you shouting at me too! You're my only friend here!

JIMMY
Which is why I'm shouting! Look, you gotta pull it together, Ag.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
(never more serious)
Don't tell me to pull it together. I am the most pulled together person you or anyone knows. Do you know why? Because the truth is I'm ashamed of who I used to be. And I would take it all back if I could. The K&As, jail, all of it. If it would make Dad see what I've become. Or even just treat me like a *person*. But I can't take it back. Not any of it. So let me point out that one of the benefits of my being an ex-con is *my access to other ex-cons*.

With this, Agatha turns and heads to the street.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. TAXI -- DRIVING THROUGH NORTHERN LIBERTIES -- 8:01 PM

Agatha looks out a neighborhood trying its hardest to gentrify, but still with a lot of the DIVES she remembers. She finds her compact in her bag, checks herself. Returning it, she sees the RING BOX Rey had given her. She takes it out, opens it, beholds the ring -- then slips it on her finger. The taxi slows to stop in front of a WINDOW-LESS FACADE. A small neon sign over the door reads "THE GRIFFIN."

CUT TO:

INT. HEAD SHOP -- SAME NEIGHBORHOOD

Hank slides BILLY KELLER'S PHOTO to the CASHIER (50s, male, fried). Waits for his reaction.

CASHIER
K&A? I stay clear a them.

HANK
And yet you and Keller went down together three years back for assault.

CASHIER
(withering)
What's in it for me?

CONTINUED:

HANK
I don't pull you in for owning this front, then run your name to see exactly what parole you're currently violating.

CASHIER
Okay, fine. I know where his old lady lives.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRIFFIN -- BAR

Agatha steps in. It's another world inside. MUSIC THUMPS. BODIES SWEAT. LAUGHTER EXPLODES. She makes her way to the bar. Once there, she hangs back in the shadows, unbuttons a button on her blouse. Then another. The BARTENDER catches her eye. She nods in the direction of PABST BLUE RIBBON over the bar. He brings her a bottle. She sips from it, looking out at the sea of people crammed into the place. As she does, we see how another version of Agatha fits right in here.

And then she spots him. Across the room. ZANE LEAVEAU (34, Haitian descent). And instantly he sees her too. He pulls away from the people he's talking to. Gliding through bodies as he heads to her. She takes in the brown, soulful eyes she's never forgotten. The tattoos snaking down his sinewy arms. The wicked grin spreading across his face as he gets closer. And then he arrives. Inches from her. The air crackles between them.

ZANE
The last time I saw you, you were wearing an orange jumpsuit.

AGATHA
You don't like the new look?

ZANE
I do. It just might be a little too clean for this place.

AGATHA
Don't worry, it's not as clean as it looks.

His wicked smile grows wider. She tries not to linger over his tight torso, busting through his t-shirt.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
So this place is yours?

CONTINUED:

ZANE
Don't tell me you haven't Googled me over the years. I've certainly Googled you.

He's managed to make even that sound sexual. She fights her attraction mightily, folding her arms so he can notice her ring. He doesn't seem to.

AGATHA
We can catch up later, Zane. Right now I'm looking for Billy Keller.

The smile leaves Zane's face.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSTED APARTMENT -- SAME NEIGHBORHOOD

Hank speaks with KELLER'S GIRLFRIEND, a haunted looking woman (40s) watching TV, sipping beer.

KELLER'S GIRLFRIEND
Haven't seen him in a week.

HANK
You know where he was headed?

KELLER'S GIRLFRIEND
He's got these guys over the bridge he runs with. Camden, Atlantic City, down the shore.

HANK
You can't be more specific?

KELLER'S GIRLFRIEND
Take it from me. You do not ask Billy Keller where he's going.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE GRIFFIN

Agatha waits for Zane's answer about Billy Keller.

ZANE
That's privileged information.

AGATHA
Even to me?

CONTINUED:

ZANE
Why do you want to know?

She doesn't answer. Zane searches her eyes, then takes her to an ALCOVE where they can speak confidentially.

ZANE (CONT'D)
The K&As find out you were in here asking questions about Keller, and one of us will owe them.

AGATHA
I'm prepared to take that risk.

ZANE
What about me?

AGATHA
I think you'd do it for me.

Man, does she know how to work him. Zane decides...

ZANE
Billy's name's come up lately. Except he was using "Willy Gardner."

AGATHA
Was?

ZANE
He was stabbed to death. Doing business last week in Atlantic City.

AGATHA
Thanks, Zane. Can you excuse me a minute?

CUT TO:

INT. BUSTED APARTMENT -- WEST PHILLY

AGATHA'S NAME buzzes on Hank's phone. He connects.

HANK
What is it?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE GRIFFIN

Agatha holds her ear against the din. WE CUT BACK AND FORTH.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
(on phone)
I have it on good authority that Keller was killed in Jersey last week. Using the name "Willy Gardner." So he can't be the guy on the surveillance video.

HANK
(suspicious)
Who's your "good authority?"

She looks across the bar at Zane, who hasn't taken his eyes off her.

AGATHA
Sorry, you're cutting out.

She disconnects. Zane approaches with a bottle of scotch and two glasses. And that smile again.

ZANE
Now how about a real drink and we catch up like we should?

AGATHA
I'd love to but I don't have time. Give me a lift back to Center City?

CUT TO:

INT. MAJOR CRIMES PRECINT -- HANK'S OFFICE -- MOMENT LATER

Jimmy types into Hank's computer as he talks to him on radio.

JIMMY
Yes, Jersey ME records show a "Willy Gardner" deceased. Stabbed to death last week.

A PHOTO OF WILLY GARDNER UPLOADS on the monitor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And it's Keller.

HANK'S VOICE ON RADIO
Dammit!

CUT TO:

INT. ZANE'S ESCALADE -- DRIVING -- 8:46 PM

Zane drives Agatha. Her phone TRILLS. She sees REY'S FACE FLASHING. She ponders it, bites her lip, presses DECLINE.

ZANE
Look, I need to say something. I think about what happened with us every day. I never should have brought you along.

AGATHA
Zane, it's ancient --

ZANE
No, listen. It was my idea to boost that car. And when you didn't give them my name, I was a punk for letting you take the fall.

AGATHA
Zane, I wanted to boost that car as much as you did. After my sister was gone I couldn't feel anything. Unless I was doing something bad. And then I felt *amazing.*
(she collects herself)
But things have changed. I'm a good girl now.

ZANE
You sure about that?

His lips curl up. His eyes burn into her. They slow to a RED LIGHT. He drops his hand on her thigh. She lets it happen, her face going flush -- then grabs it as if she will yank it away. But she can't. She just can't. That's when he sees her ring.

ZANE (CONT'D)
What's that?

Before she can answer, SOMETHING draws her attention in the next lane. A UNMARKED COP CAR. With HANK at the wheel. He looks over. Their eyes connect. He sees Zane at her side. She opens her mouth as if to explain, the light changes to GREEN -- and Hank guns it.

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

INT. PRECINCT -- HANK'S OFFICE -- 9:17 PM

Agatha rushes in. Jimmy's there.

JIMMY
You really did it now.

AGATHA
Where is he?

JIMMY
I'm out of this, Ag.

She goes off to --

INT. HER OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Chelsea looks up as Agatha enters.

AGATHA
Do you know where my father is?

CHELSEA
Out front. Not happy.

Agatha heads out to --

INT. PRECINT LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Her phone TRILLS with a text. She glances down at it. It's from ZANE. "No diamond ring can't stop what's between us." She shudders, deletes the text and powers out to --

EXT. PRECINCT FRONT STEPS -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha bursts through the precinct's doors, looking up and down the STREET for her father. She finally spots him ACROSS THE STREET. And she's knocked breathless by who he's standing with: HER OLD ENEMY STACY SOTO. Hank is touching Stacy's face. Tucking her hair behind her ear.

Agatha blinks, trying to comprehend what she's seeing. Hank kisses Stacy goodbye, boards his car, pulls out. Agatha locks eyes with Stacy, *who it seems is dating her father*. Agatha finally snaps out of it, runs toward a TAXI.

EXT. ROW HOUSE -- SPRING GARDEN NEIGHBORHOOD -- 9:51 PM

HANK'S CAR is parked outside. A TAXI bearing Agatha pulls up and she gets out. Stopping short as she sees THE HOUSE WHERE SHE GREW UP. Where everything fell apart. Where she hasn't been in fifteen years. Its small yard, its broken stoop. She takes a breath, enters.

INT. SAME -- CONTINUOUS

The door is ajar. She steps into the LIVING ROOM, preserved as she remembers: modest, homey. She calls out.

AGATHA
Dad?

No answer. She heads to the KITCHEN. On the table she sees an EMPTY BOTTLE OF SCOTCH. Hank *is* drinking again.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Dad...?

Still no response. She gathers her courage and turns to the stairs that lead to the second floor.

INT. UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Agatha moves down the second floor hallway, at the very end of which is a DOOR. A CHILD'S LICENSE PLATE affixed to it reads *MARIA*. Agatha's heart pounds as she reaches for the knob. She turns it, opens the door into --

INT. MARIA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Preserved exactly it was the day twelve-year-old Maria went missing. Agatha peers into the hallowed space. A 1996 version of Ellie Robinson's bedroom. POSTERS OF BACKSTREET BOYS AND RICKY MARTIN. TROPHIES and STUFFED ANIMALS. Even GLOW-IN-THE DARK STARS on the ceiling. Agatha clutches the doorknob to steady herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE HOUSE -- SAME

JIMMY'S PATROL CAR parks against the GARAGE. He steps out and heads toward his apartment.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- SAME

Agatha finally steps inside. And the moment she does, memories rush. MARIA LAUGHING. THE TWO OF THEM RUNNING. AGATHA FINDING MARIA'S BED EMPTY THE NIGHT SHE VANISHED. Hank appears in the doorway, startling her.

HANK
What are you doing?

AGATHA
Looking for you.

HANK
We have nothing to say.

AGATHA
We have a case to solve.

HANK
Don't you tell me --

AGATHA
Listen, you're mad because I stepped over the line again. And that means I'm the same kid who made your life miserable. Who became the absolute worst thing a cop's kid can be -- a criminal. But right now you and I need to put aside everything --

HANK
But you were with Zane. Who got you into all the trouble in the first place.

AGATHA
Dad, I was getting the information on Keller.

HANK
I don't trust people who break rules.

AGATHA
We don't have time for rules!

HANK
Rules are how we get through life!

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
(escaping her mouth)
Like the rule about dating the woman who turned your daughter into the cops!

HANK
Dammit, Agatha, Stacy had nothing to do with it! *I was the one who turned you into the cops.*

Agatha reels as she takes this in.

HANK (CONT'D)
It's time you knew. You were out of control. You obviously still are.

Jimmy enters.

JIMMY
What's going on?

AGATHA
Wait, stop, we can't do this. You have to trust me, Dad.

HANK
(dumbfounded)
Trust you?

Jimmy senses with horror what's coming.

JIMMY
Dad, stop it.

HANK
Trust YOU?

JIMMY
Dad, don't.

HANK
You were babysitting the night Maria went missing...

Agatha's eyes widen. Hank seems possessed.

JIMMY
Stop it, Dad!

HANK
You were in charge and you blew it.

CONTINUED: (2)

AGATHA
(reeling)
What...?

HANK
YOU FELL DOWN ON THE JOB!

JIMMY
Dad, no!

HANK
THAT'S WHY I'LL NEVER TRUST YOU!

Agatha is leveled. Speechless for the first time since we've met her. The real reason they've been estranged all these years has finally been uttered. Hank looks shattered from even saying it. He slowly sits on Maria's bed. Puts his head in his hands.

HANK (CONT'D)
And then everything changed. And you went off the rails. And your mother didn't make it...

Agatha closes her eyes against the memory.

JIMMY
(begging)
Dad...please.

AGATHA
(as if in a trance)
No. Mom didn't make it.

JIMMY
Stop it, both of you...

AGATHA
But it's the truth. She didn't. And -- my God...

Something's occurring to Agatha. Something big.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
My God. My God.

JIMMY
What is it?

AGATHA
I was looking in the right direction, but at the wrong person.

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK
What are you talking about?

AGATHA
We've been so focused on the 87% of child abductors who are male -- *but 13% are female.* Who take kids out of some thwarted maternal desire.

JIMMY
You think Ellie's mom -- ?

AGATHA
No, her *godmother.* June Morgan.
(off their looks)
Who lost a daughter. Which created a void that needed filling. It was *June* who could have engaged her contractor husband about how alarm systems might be bypassed. Who got him to start coaching girls basketball because of Ellie. Whom Ellie would have trusted to follow in the middle of the night. And whose alibi was never looked into because I was so convinced her husband was the guilty party...

HANK
(seeing what she sees)
Because he was behaving suspiciously because he knows something about his wife.

AGATHA
Or suspects something. Ellie didn't look fearful in that video because she *was* following someone she trusted.

HANK
A woman whose husband leaves the house when he's got insomnia.

AGATHA
Leaving her free to do and go where she pleases without his being aware of her actions or whereabouts.

JIMMY
Dad?

CONTINUED: (4)

HANK
(considering all)
I don't know... Hold on...

AGATHA
The good news is whenever women abduct children, the children hardly ever come to harm. Which means Ellie is very likely alive. We need to visit the Morgans.

Agatha can see it in Hank's eyes: he feels what she does.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Come on, Dad. What does your gut say?

HANK
It says we need to visit the Morgans.

Agatha and Hank go out, united. Jimmy follows, leaving the door to Maria's room open for the first time in years...

SMASH TO:

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE -- 10:23 PM

Brian Morgan, a look of panic on his face, lets Agatha and Hank inside.

BRIAN MORGAN
Thank God you're here.

AGATHA
What is it?

BRIAN MORGAN
My wife.

HANK
Where is she?

BRIAN MORGAN
I don't know.

He shows them his hand: it's wrapped in a BLOODY BANDAGE.

BRIAN MORGAN (CONT'D)
She came at me with a knife. I always knew she was -- was a little -- but lately -- something's been very wrong.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
How long has she been gone?

BRIAN MORGAN
About 20 minutes. She took the car. She's involved in this, isn't she?

HANK
Why do you say that?

BRIAN MORGAN
Because the truth is...before I left the house last night, I went to check on her. She wasn't in bed. She wasn't anywhere in the house.

We go off Agatha and --

END ACT FOUR

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FIVE

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- 11:27 PM

DETECTIVES swarm the house, which is now alive with LIGHT and CRIME SCENE TAPE and CURIOUS NEIGHBORS being held back by PATROL COPS. Agatha and Hank move away from Brian, whose wound is being tended by PARAMEDICS. Jimmy approaches them with a stack of PHOTO ALBUMS.

JIMMY
I found these in June's sewing cupboard.

Agatha and Hank page through them. They contain COLLAGES OF ELLIE'S FACE and that of ANOTHER GIRL.

AGATHA
This June's daughter?

Jimmy nods. Cooper approaches.

COOPER
What is it?

AGATHA
Handmade memorials. Characteristic of those who suffer from Prolonged Grief Disorder. Ellie turned twelve this year. The same age June's daughter was when she died. This likely triggered a psychotic episode.

HANK
Great, she's out of her mind so she could be anywhere.

AGATHA
Possibly. But even those experiencing psychotic episodes can strategize. And if I may speak as someone who was once on the run --

Cooper seems intrigued. Agatha looks at Hank. He nods his approval.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
She's likely ditched her own car and stolen another.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

AGATHA (CONT'D)
This is most easily accomplished at fast food restaurants at highway rest stops where distracted tourists leave their car keys within easy reach.
(off their looks)
At least it was when I was a teenager.

COOPER
Ok, check all rest stops an hour and a half out of the city.

HANK
(to Agatha)
We can use the MDT in my car.

She and Hank move to his car.

INT. HANK'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

As they step in, Hank accesses the MOBILE DATA TRANSFER COMPUTER on his dashboard.

HANK
Seven rest stops within that range. You got anything else?

AGATHA
She's heading to wherever she's holding Ellie. She needs provisions so they can stay off grid. Check all large department stores near those rest stops. And cross-check any churches.
(off Hank's look)
When June introduced herself, she said she was praying. And right now she'd *really* want to talk to God.

Hank punches all this info into the MDT. THREE RED DOTS appear on a MAP. Hank reads off the coordinates:

HANK
The Jefferson Rest Stop, a Walmart in Milford and a St. Stephen's church -- all within two miles of each other an hour away.
(impressed)
I'll download Cooper.

He gets out of the car, moves to Cooper. Jimmy approaches.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
He's drinking again.

JIMMY
That's why he said those things. He shouldn't have. You were just a kid. *Fourteen.*

AGATHA
And in the basement having my first beer. Trying to seem cool for some boy who only wanted to get in my pants. I didn't check on her, Jimmy. He's right to blame me.

Jimmy struggles with what to say.

JIMMY
Does it help to know we might find Ellie?

AGATHA
That's the only thing that could help. And maybe a giant joint after all this is over.
(off his look)
Okay, so I'm not completely rehabilitated.

Jimmy smiles.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
And you think you could have told me he was dating the Wicked Witch of South Philly?

JIMMY
Are you kidding? I was not about to touch that one.

Hank returns.

HANK
A car was just stolen at the Jefferson Rest Stop -- and June's car was found nearby. Troopers are heading to St. Stephen's. Let's go.

SMASH TO:

EXT. ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH -- JUST OUTSIDE PHILLY -- 12:17 AM

TROOPERS have surrounded the church. SHARPSHOOTERS are getting into place. Agatha, Hank, Jimmy and Cooper watch from outside the perimeter. Nearby, Karen and Brian Morgan wait anxiously in the back of a 4X4. Cooper nods at Hank, who draws his gun and slowly approaches the FRONT DOORS of the church. COPS cover him from all angles. And just as he reaches the CHURCH'S STEPS, June emerges. With a rifle. Aimed at him. Her eyes dead, flat. The Shooters find their target. Agatha looks to Jimmy, who nods his assurance. Hank maintains his composure as he continues to slowly move toward June.

HANK
Put the gun down, June.

She doesn't.

HANK (CONT'D)
Where is Ellie?

JUNE
Where she belongs.

She cocks the rifle. Hank keeps steady.

HANK
Put the gun down. You're are already looking a Kidnapping, Child Transport, Obstructing an Investigation. That's fifty years right there. Fifty years without anything you know or anyone you love -- and that includes Ellie.

June stares through Hank, silent.

HANK (CONT'D)
Tell us where she is!

Hank's anger gets the best of him. June withdraws into the church. Cooper signals Agatha. She approaches her father. Hank looks at her, irked.

HANK (CONT'D)
I'm doing fine.

He looks at Jimmy for support.

JIMMY
You are, Dad.

CONTINUED:

AGATHA
But you have to talk about Maria.

Hank looks horrified. Jimmy does too.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
About the loss. Your grief.
That's the only thing June knows.
It's what you know too. She'll end
this if you do. She'll give us
Ellie. I know it.

Off Hank, wondering how he can possibly do this --

INT. CHURCH -- SAME

ELLIE MORGAN (12) sits in a pew, crying softly to herself. She's dirty and dazed but looks unharmed. June shakes her head, obviously unhinged.

JUNE
Don't do that, sweetie. Everything
will be like I said. The two of
us. Starting over. Don't you want
that?

Ellie's eyes light up as she sees Hank enter the church behind June. June turns, raises her rifle. Hank puts his hands in the air. Gives Ellie a reassuring look.

HANK
I'm not armed, June. I want us to
speak as people. As parents.
Because I am one too. And I know
how you feel. My daughter.
(he stops a moment)
My daughter -- I have two. *Had*
two. Now I just have one.

A flicker passes over June's eyes. Hank presses on.

HANK (CONT'D)
Because the little one, someone
took her and she never came back.

June softens her grip on the rifle. Hank struggles mightily to continue.

HANK (CONT'D)
And it destroyed me. And it
destroyed my -- my --

CONTINUED:

But he's too choked up to continue. Agatha steps from the shadows behind him. June, her eyes ablaze, swivels her gun in Agatha's direction. SHARPSHOOTERS creep into the church. Agatha speaks calmly.

AGATHA
It destroyed our family, June. Which was the worst thing to happen. Because we loved each other very much. But when my sister was taken, we all thought that God or the universe or whatever was out there -- *got something very wrong.*

June nods. Agatha knows she's reaching her, but she's beginning to struggle herself as she takes in ELLIE'S PLEADING EYES.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
And when she didn't come back, it was like all the lights in the world went out. And we stopped being a family. And we were alone...

Hank struggles against tears. Agatha drives it home.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Let Ellie go. Back to her family. Which you are a part of. And always will be.

June's lip trembles...and then she speaks.

JUNE MORGAN
I just wanted to start over, you know? When it's all too awful and everything is bad, and you just want to go back?

Agatha and Hank catch each other's eyes. They do know. June drops the rifle. COPS are on her in seconds. Ellie bolts from the church.

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

The Morgans, seeing Ellie emerge, rush to her. When Ellie spots them she CRIES OUT. Everyone watches in awe as Ellie and her parents race into each other's arms, holding on for dear life.

CONTINUED:

Agatha and Hank come from the church just as this happens. And realize they've done it. What they'd set out to do. What didn't happen for them, but did happen -- mercifully -- for another family. The tears they've both been holding in finally fall.

EXT. PRECINCT -- LOBBY -- AS MORNING BREAKS

Agatha and Hank step inside to the APPLAUSE OF THE ENTIRE PRECINCT. Cooper comes forward to shake their hands, and the applauds becomes WHOOPS and HOLLERS. Jimmy stands off, awash in emotion. It's a beautiful scene -- until Stacy Soto appears at Agatha's side.

STACY
Looks like I'll be prosecuting this one. So *you're* going to be State's Witness this time. Isn't life full of little ironies?

But Agatha's too happy to let even Stacy ruin it. And as the crowd disperses, her heart leaps even higher. REY is revealed in a far corner, holding flowers. His sweet smile erupting as they move to each other.

REY
Jimmy called and said you might need a visit.

AGATHA
He was right.

He stops short, beaming.

REY
You're wearing the ring...

AGATHA
(nods, glowing)
I am. Let's do it.

And as Rey gathers Agatha in his arms, she catches sight of the K&A TATTOO on her wrist. And ZANE LEAVEAU FLASHES BEFORE HER. HIS WICKED SMILE. HIS SOULFUL EYES. She blinks the image away -- and sees Hank looking on. She brings Rey to meet him.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
Dad, this is Rey. Who I told you about.

REY
Mr. McAuliffe, a pleasure.

CONTINUED:

Hank quickly shakes Rey's hand, then moves out the front doors. Agatha signals to Rey she'll be right back.

EXT. PRECINCT -- FRONT STEPS -- CONTINUOUS

Hank's unwrapping a GIANT PHILLY CHEESE STEAK as Agatha comes out.

AGATHA
We did it.

HANK
We did, yeah.
(the cheese steak)
Want half?

AGATHA
No, thank you.

The melted cheese runs down his fingers.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
You're really going to eat that?

HANK
No, I'm going to wear it like a hat.

He takes a huge bite.

AGATHA
You should look into the statistics around white men in your income bracket with elevated cholesterol levels. As well as psychological reasons for eating as compensation for things lacking in life. And how such food puts you at risk of falling into a category of men in their 50s with chronic stomach disorders.

HANK
(mouth full)
Shut up.

AGATHA
(a small smile)
Just one question. How is Cooper a Captain and you're not at least a Lieutenant by now?

CONTINUED:

HANK
Simple. As a Detective I talk to people on the street. Someone might say something to me someday. That could help me find out what happened to Maria. If I'm behind a desk all day that won't happen.

Agatha is deeply touched.

HANK (CONT'D)
Listen. I've got a trunk in the basement. I've been collecting over the years. Any lead, any bit of information on what could have happened to your sister. It's time I solved it. But the truth is, I haven't been able to do it on my own. And you're good. And we make a good team. When we aren't at each other's throats.

Agatha is floored. Her father's just told her *she's good*. Her mind flashes with all that his offer means. But it only takes a second for her to decide.

AGATHA
I'd need to be on the ground here in Philadelphia.

HANK
You would. That possible?

AGATHA
I can consult from anywhere, I can base myself anywhere.

HANK
What about Rey?

AGATHA
We love each other. I can figure it out.

Then, as the SUN RISES over the PHILADELPHIA SKYLINE --

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I can figure anything out. I'm Agatha McAuliffe.

She smiles. He smiles.

FADE OUT. *