

[THE INSIDE]

"Hide and Seek"

TEASER

1 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

1

REBECCA arriving for work, heading up the ramp which leads to the Fed building. Up ahead she sees CARLA and DANNY hovering around PAUL, who is showing them an open file folder. Danny has a newspaper under his arm and an enormous Danish in hand.

DANNY

(re: Paul's file)

When did you get this?

PAUL

Today.

CARLA

So you haven't shown Web?

PAUL

Of course not. Don't intend to.

CARLA

I was gonna say.

REBECCA

What? What is it?

Paul holds up the folder... one of those indecipherable gray photographs that parents-to-be would recognize.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I repeat the question.

DANNY

Ultrasound image of a fetus.

REBECCA

Oh! Okay. Paul's baby. His wife's baby. The one that's... inside her. I thought it was a case file. Some, you know, violent serial crime. So this is better.

(awkward beat)

Um, is it a boy or a girl?

(he points; she looks)

Oh. He's adorable.

(CONTINUED)

As they move with the stream toward the building entrance:

CARLA
I love that you're doing this,
Paul. Having a real life. We'd
all be saner if we had things like
this to go home to.

DANNY
(mouth full)
Roger. Call him Raj. Cute as
hell.

CARLA
(re: Danish)
How can you eat that? It's like
cake for breakfast.

DANNY
What's wrong with cake for
breakfast?

PAUL
(to Carla)
You never thought about this stuff?
Hubby and a bunch of kids?

CARLA
Oh, hell no.

DANNY
Pancakes are cakes. They're for
breakfast.

2 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

2

They enter on the employee side, behind other suits, waiting to swipe their ID cards. In a far longer line next to them, visitors are going through more stringent precautions: metal detectors, spot searches, wandings, etc.

PAUL
I gotta tell you, we were in there
today, and they showed us the
baby... I mean, you could see him
move, and I had this amazing
feeling of protectiveness come over
me. It was... terrifying.

CARLA
Oh, you're gonna be a great father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

World's Greatest. I've pre-ordered
the mug.

Carla smiles, swipes her ID card, enters.

REBECCA

You wanna protect him? Bring him
here. Show him what you do. Let
him see the world for what it is.

DANNY

(deadpan)

Yeah. Show him the morgue. I
think they've got little gloves.

Danny swipes his ID, enters.

REBECCA

I'm serious. Kids are tougher than
people think. They need to know
what's out there.

PAUL

Think I'd rather let him stay a kid
for awhile. Protect him by
protecting him, you know? By
building better walls.

Paul swipes his ID. Green light. He passes.

REBECCA

No such thing.

She swipes her ID card. RED LIGHT. BUZZ.

3 EXT. HIDDEN HARBOUR GATED COMMUNITY - VARIOUS - DAY 3

A series of shots: the guard gate at the entrance, an open
street lined with open green lawns -- a woman pushing a baby
stroller, a community playground, a little dog park, a boy on
a bicycle.

4 INT. OLSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 4

ELLEN OLSEN, 30's, modern day Donna Reed, cooking breakfast.
She sets a plate of eggs and bacon on the table.

ELLEN OLSEN

Henry! Breakfast!

(CONTINUED)

She pours a glass of juice. As she sets it out:

ELLEN OLSEN (CONT'D)
Let's hustle, kiddo. Mrs. St.
Clair's driving the car pool today,
and she's always early. Come on.

She reacts to an OFF SCREEN SPLASH!

ELLEN OLSEN (CONT'D)
Henry?

5 EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - MOMENTS LATER 5

This lovely backyard is dominated by a safety fence surrounding the pool. Ellen appears from the back door.

ELLEN OLSEN
Henry?

She notices the door to the safety fence is open.

ELLEN OLSEN (CONT'D)
You better not be in the pool!

She walks toward the pool...

ELLEN OLSEN (CONT'D)
You know Daddy or I have to be
there to watch you--

She gets a glimpse of the pool water. It's pink.

ELLEN OLSEN (CONT'D)
Henry?

Ellen moves closer to the lip of the pool, and now WE ARE:

UNDER WATER -- looking up through the shimmering pink at Ellen as she appears over us. Her face is distorted by the water, and even more so by horror... A boy's HAND rises into FRAME. We're looking past an obscured body up at a horrified mother. Ellen's SCREAM sounds like it's under water as we --

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

6 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY 6

The office is active, as, beyond: *

7 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY 7

Our team assembled. Web presides.

WEB

Hidden Harbour. Gated community just north of here. Far from the city sprawl. Serenity, tranquility, security. Or so reads the brochure. At 7:30 this morning police were summoned to a residence there after a body was discovered face down in a family swimming pool. We've been asked to investigate.

REBECCA

A residential drowning?

WEB

This wasn't a drowning. Victim was dead before he went in the water. Cut open. An eight-year-old boy.

They all react to that, a horror even for them.

PAUL

Eight...

It hits Paul the hardest. Web clocks this.

REBECCA

It's tragic, obviously, but how does it warrant federal attention?

Paul glances at her on that, maybe bristles a little.

WEB

The developer of Hidden Harbour plays poker with the mayor. We've been asked to step in as a favor. I agreed.

DANNY

Since when do you do favors?

Web gives a very subtle glance to the troubled Paul, then:

WEB

(deadpan)

Maybe I was touched by the death of a child.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA
(wryly)
Maybe you should be playing poker
with the mayor.

PAUL
I want this.

WEB
Good. Because it's yours. You and
Locke. Head out now.
(rises and goes)
We'll make material available to
you as it comes in.

The others close up folders, rise. Ready themselves.

REBECCA
(to Paul, packing up:)
We should look at the parents
first. Statistically, whenever a
child is murdered, the parents are
always...

But Paul's already moved off, preoccupied. Off Rebecca --

8 INT. PAUL'S CAR/EXT. HIDDEN HARBOUR - SECURITY CHECK - DAY 8

A couple of cars waiting at the security gate. The GUARDS look in trunks, use mirrors to check under the cars, etc. We're watching this from Paul's car, back in line. Paul's at the wheel; Rebecca is in the passenger seat with her laptop.

REBECCA

Henry Olsen. Three feet, eleven inches tall. 68 pounds. Only child of Kevin and Ellen Olsen.

PAUL

Come on!

He smacks the steering wheel, agitated at the wait.

REBECCA

You think they've beefed up security because of the death?

PAUL

No. It's standard procedure.
(admitting)
Karen and I **actually** looked out here when we were house hunting.

*

REBECCA

They think they can keep the bad guys out. Guess it didn't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

People want to feel safe. It's not
such a terrible thing.

*

REBECCA

It is when it's a lie.

The computer BEEPS. She accepts an incoming file.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Medical Examiner's prelim. He
wasn't just slashed. He was
gutted. Upward motion, genitals to
chin. The incision was pulled
apart, too. Someone tried to open
this little boy up like a book.

*

Paul grips the steering wheel, his knuckles white.

PAUL

Yeah. Why just murder an innocent
child when you can desecrate the
body?

*

*

*

*

REBECCA

(absorbed)

I know why Web took this case. And
it wasn't because of any pressure.
I mean, maybe there was pressure,
and maybe he let them think that
was why he took it--

*

PAUL

So why?

REBECCA

Because it's interesting.

9 EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - DAY

9

A CROWD is gathered. A LOCAL NEWS SATELLITE VAN, RESIDENTS,
including KIDS, here to watch and gossip, and cry. Paul's
car pulls up. As he and Rebecca alight, an LAPD plain-
clothes detective, DOUGLAS PRICE, spots them, approaches:

DETECTIVE PRICE

You the feds?

PAUL

Special Agent Paul Fattore, this is
Special Agent Rebecca Locke.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE PRICE
Doug Price. LAPD. This way.

*

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Detective, we just want you to know
that our involvement here is in no
way meant --

*
*
*
*

DETECTIVE PRICE

Relax. Nobody's getting
territorial. We all just want this
guy got. I have kids of my own.
Girl and a boy. Either of you?

Paul sees a boy's bike lying on its side, now riderless.

PAUL

No...

*
*

Rebecca notes his half-truth. His guardedness. Follows.

*

10 INT. OLSEN HOUSE - DAY

10

Rebecca looks at a shelf of memories. Family photos. The
two teary parents, Ellen and KEVIN OLSEN, sit close on the
couch. Paul sits across from them.

PAUL

Was it unusual for Henry to be up
before you, Mrs. Olsen?

ELLEN OLSEN

No. He uh, oh he'd be so mad if he
knew I said this... He wets the
bed. He doesn't mean to. He's a
deep sleeper. But if an accident
wakes him, he strips the soiled
linens, throws them in the washer.
Then sometimes he'll watch
cartoons. It doesn't bother us.

During this, Rebecca roams. She sees a magazine: the Hidden
Harbour Quarterly. She picks it up, glances at it.

PAUL

Do you recall seeing any strangers
in the neighborhood? A new
delivery service, anything?

ELLEN OLSEN

No. Nothing like that.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN OLSEN
There are no strangers in this
neighborhood. That's why we moved
here.

As Rebecca is drawn to the doors that lead outside:

ELLEN OLSEN
He was only eight-years-old. Why
would anyone do this?

*
*

11 EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 11

FORENSICS working the area behind the yellow crime scene
tape. The pink pool water is being drained and filtered.
Rebecca drifts toward the scene; Price appears at her side.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Body was nude. Clothes were found
there, behind those bushes.

REBECCA
The mother said she heard a splash.

DETECTIVE PRICE
Yeah. That's what she says.

REBECCA
You don't believe her?

DETECTIVE PRICE
I want to. But when a child is
murdered...

*

REBECCA
...the parents are always prime
suspects. Yes. But these parents
are innocent.

*
*

He looks at her, surprised at her certainty.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
We can only assume they loved their
son. But we can be certain they
loved their backyard --

*

She hands him the magazine. A two page photo spread of Ellen
and Kevin and little Henry proudly posed in this very yard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The Olsen's won Hidden Harbour's landscape design award two years running. If either one of them were responsible, you wouldn't have found the body back here.

DETECTIVE PRICE

It'd spoil the picture...

REBECCA

It'd only take her seconds to get from the kitchen to here... which means the killer was still on the property when she found him. Part of the thrill of committing the act here would be witnessing the discovery. The horror.

FORENSIC GUY (O.S.)

Detective!

Price and Rebecca move to the pool. Becoming visible through the cloudy water: A KNIFE with a distinctive curved blade.

REBECCA

Doesn't look like something you'd find in Mrs. Olsen's kitchen --

DETECTIVE PRICE

Maybe in her husband's tackle box... that's a fish gutting knife.

Now Paul appears at the sliding doors --

PAUL

Guys? We've got some kind of disturbance out front --

12 EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

12

Angry voices. Shouts. MALE RESIDENTS, led by MARCUS ST. CLAIR, 30s, are hustling a bedraggled man. He's TEDDY BUNCH, and he's being shoved and yelled at. Paul, Rebecca and Detective Price wade into the crowd. *

DETECTIVE PRICE

What the hell is going on?!

MARCUS ST. CLAIR

This pervert killed Henry. Lured him out of his bedroom last night!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUNCH

What? No -- I didn't.

MARCUS ST. CLAIR

You were seen! You really think you can mess with kids in this neighborhood and not get caught?

REBECCA

There's a witness?

MARCUS ST. CLAIR

Damn right there is!

Kevin surges into the crowd, lunges at Bunch.

KEVIN OLSEN

Teddy Bunch, you sonofabitch! What did you do to my little boy?!

*

Paul and Price drag Kevin off Bunch. The crowd's closing in.

REBECCA

(to Paul re: Bunch)

We've got to get him out of here.

Paul and Rebecca, along with some cops, start hustling Bunch to Paul's car. As they go, Paul reacts to an odor:

*

PAUL

You been drinking, Teddy?

*

*

Bunch just blinks, seemingly unsure what's going on. As they arrive at Paul's car, Rebecca getting the back door open, she looks back towards the Olsens. Kevin's insane with grief and rage. But Ellen's looking over at Teddy Bunch, less angry in her grief and more perplexed. Rebecca clocks that.

*

*

*

*

*

*

PAUL (CONT'D)

(roughly hustles him:)

You with that little boy yesterday?

*

*

*

BUNCH

Uh... I dunno. What was yesterday?

*

*

Now Rebecca reacts to something behind Paul --

*

REBECCA

Paul!

He turns in time to see A ROCK coming at them. It's intended for Bunch, but hits Paul in the forehead.

*

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

He's bleeding (though not much). Pissed, he shoves [Teddy](#) *
into the car, calls to Price: *

PAUL
Downtown! Find the witness!

On Paul's car door slam: *

13 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE/OBSERVATION - LATER 13

Bunch sits alone looking hassled and tired. On the other side of the glass: Web, Paul, Rebecca and Danny. Paul nurses the bump on his head. Carla enters with a print out.

CARLA

Thomas Howard Bunch. 30. Single. Grounds keeper employed by the Hidden Harbour homeowners association. Been with them for eight years. Lives in some kind of quarters they've got for him there. No record. He's clean.

PAUL

"Clean." You weren't stuck in a car with him for an hour. Can we hose him down before I go in?

WEB

You're not going in.

PAUL

Web, we let him stew much longer he'll sober up -- then lawyer up.

WEB

That's likely. But I really don't want you in there bleeding on him.

PAUL

Little blood won't bother this guy.

WEB

You're assuming he's guilty. I'm not convinced he's even a suspect. Agent Locke, what's your opinion?

She glances to Paul. Beat. Then, because the truth is:

*

REBECCA

We don't know enough. Allegedly there's a witness who can link him to the victim. We can wait for confirmation on that... but the longer we wait, the less chance an initial interview will yield much.

*

WEB

Yes. It's unfortunate you had to bring him in at this juncture.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB(CONT'D)

I understand you weren't left with
much choice. Alright. We'll talk
to him.

Paul's glad of it, starts to move off, but Web stops him:

WEB (CONT'D)

Danny will talk to him.

DANNY

(delighted)

Really?

PAUL

You're kidding --

WEB

(dry)

Because I do that.

(then)

I won't have your personal feelings
jeopardizing this case. Assuming
there is a case.

He nods to Danny to get going.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

(heads past Paul with:)
Who ever thought I'd be "good cop"?

Paul's palm pilot CHIRPS. He pulls it out, looks at it:

PAUL

Our witness is here. Okay if I
talk to him?

14 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER 14

WE SEE Marcus St. Clair in the distance. He's with a woman,
TESSA ST. CLAIR, his imperious wife. We're in the POV of:

PAUL

Great. Death Wish vigilante guy.

DETECTIVE PRICE

No. Not him. Her.

REBECCA

That his wife?

DETECTIVE PRICE

Yeah. But not her. Her.

Now THEY SEE: a ten-year-old girl, literally hidden behind
her mother's skirt. Teary, terrified MADISON ST. CLAIR.

DETECTIVE PRICE (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair? These are
the FBI agents I told you about.

MARCUS ST. CLAIR

(recognizing Paul)

Hi. Sorry about what happened back
there. Things got a little hot.

PAUL

Case like this, emotions run high.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA ST. CLAIR
We've already told Detective Price
everything our daughter knows.
Must we go through it all again?

REBECCA
We need to hear it from her, ma'am.

PAUL
And it'd be best if you let us
speak to her in private.

They hesitate, unsure. Price doesn't let them reconsider: *

DETECTIVE PRICE
Without a statement from Madison,
we won't have grounds to hold
Bunch. He'll be back in your
neighborhood tonight.

Off their fear of that very thing --

15 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE/OBSERVATION - DAY 15

Danny sits across from a nervous Bunch. Glances at a file.
Web's on the other side of the glass, watching alone.

DANNY
Thomas Bunch. They call you Tom?

BUNCH
[Teddy](#). *

DANNY
I'm a "Danny," myself. Hated it
when I was a kid. Wanted to be
called "Daniel." But Danny stuck.

BUNCH
Am I under arrest?

DANNY
Why would you even ask that, [Teddy](#)? *

BUNCH
I probably need a lawyer, right?

DANNY
From what I read here our agents
removed you from the scene for your
own protection. You haven't been
charged with anything, have you?

(CONTINUED)

BUNCH
I didn't do anything.

DANNY
Good. So then you won't mind
answering a coupla questions.

BUNCH
I could use a drink.

DANNY
Water's right there.

BUNCH
I was thinking maybe something
stronger. Hair of the dog, know
what I mean? Help me focus.

DANNY
'Fraid that's gonna have to wait.

16 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS 16

POP! Paul cracks open a soda, sets it in front of Madison.
It's just him and her in here.

PAUL
There ya go. Orange. So, Madison.
Can you tell me about Henry? Did
you two play together?

MADISON
Henry was a little kid. Nora likes
to play with little kids sometimes
but I don't very much.

PAUL
Nora? Is that your friend?

MADISON
Best friend. Amber Walton used to
be but not anymore. Now she's best
friends with Tiffany Leek.

PAUL
Well, Amber's loss is Nora's gain.

17 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS 17

Rebecca and Carla watch on a closed circuit monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

You were right... He is going to make a great father.

MADISON (ON MONITOR)

Nora's a year older than me but she's in my grade. She had to do kindergarten twice.

PAUL (ON MONITOR)

What can you tell me about your grounds keeper, **Teddy** Bunch?

*

MADISON (ON MONITOR)

He's not our grounds keeper. He cleans some of the pools, but not ours because father heard he peed in the Hahn's once. He drinks liquor. He's skeevy.

18 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS

18

BUNCH

All the kids in the neighborhood love me. Ask anyone.

DANNY

What about Henry Olsen?

BUNCH

Oh, uh, Henry. Yeah. No. Um, he was kind of quiet. I didn't know him too good.

*
*
*

DANNY

Right. So, say if I were to get a warrant for your place... I wouldn't find little eight-year-old fingerprints in there, would I?

*
*
*

Danny holds **Teddy** in his gaze. **Teddy** stares back. Looking a little trapped. Silence for a moment, then:

*

BUNCH

Um. Well. There was one time... Yeah. Henry'd been in my place before. Sure. Lots of kids have. (off Danny's look) I mean. Not lots. I didn't... Henry was... I don't think he had too many friends. Sometimes he'd come by. You know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

No I don't, **Teddy**. I don't get a lot of drop-ins from eight-year-olds.

*

BUNCH

He got lonely. He was the kind of kid... he got bullied, okay?! I can tell from looking at you you wouldn't get that. I do.

DANNY

So it wasn't just that one time. Henry thought of you as a friend.

BUNCH

(gazes off, defeated)

Yeah. Guess so.

Bunch gazes off. Is it remorse or grief? Hard to say.

DANNY

You know he wet the bed?

Bunch finally hears the question, finds Danny in the room:

BUNCH

He said he'd stopped doing that...

Danny looks at him. So he knew about the bed wetting. Then:

DANNY

No. In fact his mother said it was getting worse. He hadn't had a dry night in almost a month. But this morning -- dry sheets. Nothing in the wash. We think maybe he didn't even sleep in his own bed last night. Where do you think he was?

BUNCH

How should I know?

DANNY

Where were you last night?

BUNCH

At home.

DANNY

Alone?

(CONTINUED)

BUNCH

Yeah.

DANNY

You hear or see anything strange?

19 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

MADISON

Yes.

PAUL

What?

MADISON

I saw Henry running out of **Teddy** Bunch's house. Henry was crying. *

PAUL

Are you sure it was **Teddy's** house you saw Henry coming out of? *

MADISON

Well, it's not really his house. He just gets to live there because of his job.

PAUL

Do you remember what time that was?

MADISON

It was after ten at night.

20 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS 20

DANNY

And where were you this morning?

BUNCH

Asleep. I was in bed until the pounding on my door started. Then Jeff Hahn and Marcus St. Clair come barging in. Musta had a key. Probably got it from Marcus's wife, Tessa. She's president of the home owners. She doesn't much like me.

DANNY

Think maybe that's because you sleep half the day when you're supposed to be working?

(CONTINUED)

BUNCH
Uh. I had kind of a rough night
last night. That's all.

DANNY
Yeah. So did Henry Olsen. Even
rougher morning.

21 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS 21

PAUL
Where were you when you saw all
this, Madison?

Her lip starts to tremble.

MADISON
I don't want to say. Can I just
not say?

PAUL
No, honey. You need to tell me.

MADISON
(bursting into tears)
I was in the tree house! I'm not
allowed to be up there by myself
after dark. I know I should have
said something, but I didn't want
to get in trouble and now Henry's
dead and it's all my fault!

22 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS 22

BUNCH
It's not my fault.

23 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS 23

MADISON
I want my mommy!

24 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS 24

BUNCH
I want a lawyer.

CUT TO: *

25 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

25

On the monitor, Madison's distraught, hunched over, crying. Paul stands over her, trying to comfort her. Finally he exits the room. Danny and Web enter the tech room.

DANNY

Show's over. He wants a lawyer.

CARLA

Gee. And here I was expecting a full confession.

PAUL

(entering)

Our eye witness puts Bunch with the victim well after ten last night.

DANNY

Nice! We'll be able to hold him.

WEB

How do you think she'll fare in front of a judge?

PAUL

(considers it)

She'll do well. She's smart, cute, a little precocious --

REBECCA

-- and she's a liar.

Rebecca is staring at the monitor where: the recently distraught Madison, now alone and clearly not realizing anyone can see her, tears dried, feet kicking. She's sipping soda while looking around the room with interest. Off that --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

26 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - NIGHT

26 *

A MONITOR where WE SEE Paul consoling a distraught Madison. He leaves. She looks up. Tears are gone. Now that moment of her kicking her feet and sipping her soda. FREEZE FRAME.

WIDER -- Rebecca has been playing it back for everyone. Web actually looks a tad amused.

PAUL

Fine. So the crying was an act.
She thought she was in trouble.

REBECCA

What if the whole thing was an act?

PAUL

What are you saying? She made up
the whole thing? She's willing to
ruin a man's life -- for what?
Attention?

CARLA

Well. She is ten. Could be she
just isn't considering the
consequences. Remember McMartin.

PAUL

(bristles)

The kids in McMartin were pushed to
say those things. You see me do
that with Madison?

CARLA

No. But I got a load of mommy and
daddy. You don't know what they
pushed her to say.

DANNY

Whatever. Even if she is fibbing,
doesn't mean Bunch is innocent.

REBECCA

Unless she's covering for the real
killer.

DANNY

Whoa, wait a minute -- the "real
killer?" And who might that be?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
I don't know.

She doesn't make eye contact on that one. Web clocks it.

DANNY
Let me help you out. The "real"
killer is [Teddy](#) "Loves Kids A
Bunch" Bunch. He's the guy. Hell,
he knew Henry Olsen was a bed
wetter!

*

REBECCA
He doesn't have a record. We can't
link him to the knife --

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

It was in the water. Water full of chemicals that ate away all trace evidence. The chlorine content in that pool was six times what it should have been. And guess who's responsible for the maintenance?

CARLA

So he's a crappy pool boy. She's right -- doesn't prove he did it. *

DANNY

Well then let's let him go! We can just wait until he walks back in here with a toddler on a stick!

WEB

We're not letting anyone go. We've got him for twenty-four hours before we have to take this to a federal magistrate, time enough for you to build your case. *

(then, as he goes)

Agent Locke. A word, please? *

27 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

27

Rebecca enters as Web circles around to his desk.

WEB

You think the little girl's our killer.

REBECCA

(taken aback)

I never said that.

WEB

So... you don't think that?

REBECCA

(hedging)

I'm considering all possibilities.

WEB

No you're not. You're already convinced Madison St. Clair sliced open her playmate. Why? *

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
(shrugs)
To see what was inside?

(CONTINUED)

WEB

No, Agent Locke. Why do you think that? Have you any evidence to support this theory?

REBECCA

No. Not at the moment.

WEB

Gut instinct. Could just be something you ate. More likely it's something that's been eating you. Tell me, how old were you when you were abducted?

Long beat. It doesn't get more casually personal than this.

REBECCA

I was ten.

WEB

Same age as the St. Clair girl. And you don't think it's possible your own experience is clouding your judgement? That you see something of your own stolen innocence when you look at her?

She's not offended so much as very, very clear when she says:

REBECCA

No. I don't see myself when I look at her. I see the man who took me. *

WEB

You see a sociopath.
(off her stoic silence) *
Fine. Pursue it. At the very least the girl probably is lying. That's what children do. You have the same forty-eight hours to make your case as your colleagues.

He's done. Turns to some paperwork. She lingers with:

REBECCA

Are you pitting us against each other?

WEB

(without looking up)
Yes.

28 INT. OLSEN HOUSE - DAY

28

Food. Casseroles, lots. Cakes. More baked goods. Ellen Olsen is trying to fit it all into the fridge. Rebecca, not looking altogether comfortable in a kitchen, hovers.

ELLEN OLSEN

People just keep sending food. Why do you suppose they do that?

REBECCA

I guess the thinking is, after a loss you won't feel like cooking?

ELLEN OLSEN

Cooking? I don't feel like eating. Most of this is going to spoil. I thought I'd start freezing it. Will you take some with you?

REBECCA

Um. Sure.

ELLEN OLSEN

I'm sorry my husband's not here. He's out shopping. For a casket. They make them child size. They're actually a little bit cheaper...

We sense she may start weeping at any moment.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, Mrs. Olsen. I should have called. I can come back.

ELLEN OLSEN

No. I want to make sure that man never gets a chance to do this to anyone else's child. Please.

Rebecca just looks at her. A beat.

REBECCA

Yes. About **Teddy** Bunch. The day we took him into custody, you seemed... surprised.

*

ELLEN OLSEN

My baby had just been murdered. Of course. I was in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

The way you looked at him. You didn't seem certain. Not like other people were.

ELLEN OLSEN

(beat, then, admitting:)

No. In fact, I still find it hard to believe.

REBECCA

Why?

ELLEN OLSEN

Teddy was... odd. It's true. But he was sweet. He was always so good with Henry. My son was odd, Agent Locke. He got picked on. Kevin didn't know how to deal with it. So when Teddy Bunch showed some kindness, I was grateful.

*

*

REBECCA

I understand.

ELLEN OLSEN

No you don't. Henry's dead because I didn't protect him.

REBECCA

I don't believe that.

ELLEN OLSEN

It's true. I knew Henry spent time over at Teddy's. I never told Kevin. He wouldn't have approved... but Teddy'd lost his own father. Not that Henry didn't have a father. I just thought...

*

*

REBECCA

You didn't do anything wrong.

ELLEN OLSEN

How can you say that? I let that monster get close to my child.

Rebecca looks at this woman, her pain, can't help it:

REBECCA

Teddy Bunch didn't murder your son.

*

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN OLSEN

What?

REBECCA

You said Henry got picked on... are there any bullies in particular you can tell me about?

ELLEN OLSEN

Teddy didn't do this? *

REBECCA

The bed wetting. It had gotten worse. What changed?

ELLEN OLSEN

(trying to focus)

Uh, Henry. Changed schools. He went into the fourth grade.

REBECCA

Was he coming home with bruises?

ELLEN OLSEN

Yes.

REBECCA

Did he start going to the same school as Madison St. Clair?

ELLEN OLSEN

Why?

But the way she says it, she knows why. Before Rebecca can even hedge an answer, BING BONG. The DOORBELL.

TESSA ST. CLAIR (O.S.)

Ellen? Are you in?

And without being asked, in walks Tessa St. Clair, carrying the predictable covered casserole dish. With her is a meeker woman, ZOE GRAVES and her daughter, NORA. A year older than Madison -- and dimmer. Zoe carries a basket of muffins.

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D)

(registering Rebecca)

Oh. Hello. Is this a bad time?

29 INT. TEDDY BUNCH'S RESIDENCE - DAY

29 *

A POLICE search of the place in progress. Paul supervises. Danny appears, entering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

There's a Bu-car parked up the street. I think FBI Barbie's here.

PAUL

She's got every right to be. Look, if that kid is lying, then it won't matter how guilty Bunch is. There goes the case. We need more.

DETECTIVE PRICE (O.S.)

How about this?

They move to him. Price has pulled a cigar box from out of the closet. Dumps the contents on the unmade bed. Photos of a YOUNG BOY (not Henry.) About ten-years-old. The most prominent being one of him shirtless, flexing for the camera.

DANNY

Perv.

PAUL

(studies one)

It's him.

DANNY

Yeah. And I didn't need his box of kiddie porn to tell me.

PAUL

No. I mean it's him.

He flips it over, points to an inscription and date --

PAUL (CONT'D)

These are pictures of Bunch. As a kid.

DANNY

Oh. Well that's even sicker!

Paul shuffles through THE PHOTOS. Something catches his eye... something we don't see yet...

PAUL

And you're right... he is the guy... He murdered Henry Olsen.

And before we learn why that is --

30 INT. OLSEN HOUSE - DAY

30

Tessa has just naturally taken over in here. Re-arranges the many dishes of food.

TESSA ST. CLAIR
Madison made the cookies. She wanted to bring them herself, but she's been through so much. You really should freeze some of this, Ellen. It'll only spoil.

ELLEN OLSEN
I was going to.

TESSA ST. CLAIR
Well, don't you bother. Let us. Zoe, look for Tupperware.

Zoe obeys. Nora's chomping on a muffin. Tessa takes it.

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D)
Nora. Sweetheart, your mother didn't make these for you. And do we really need the carbs?

Rebecca registers the name "Nora." Watches as the crestfallen little girl wanders out back.

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D (CONT'D)
(to Ellen)
Oh, hey, this may not be the time, or maybe it is, but it can't be easy for you, being in this house. If you and Kevin are in a hurry to get out, I think I have a buyer.

Ellen's a little dazed by Tessa. And other things.

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D)
The law mandates full disclosure, so I'm afraid "with pool" might not be the asset it normally is, but I know I can get you a fair price.

ELLEN OLSEN
Thank you, Tessa...

Tessa hugs her.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA ST. CLAIR
Don't even think about it. Oh,
lord -- where's Nora gone to? Zoe,
I swear you need a leash for that
child. She didn't go out back, did
she?
(to Rebecca)
Isn't that still a crime scene?

ELLEN OLSEN
I'll get her --

TESSA ST. CLAIR
No! You shouldn't have to go back
there! I can't even imagine...

REBECCA
I'll do it.

Ellen watches with envy as Rebecca gets the hell out.

31 EXT. OLSEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 31

Nora looks into the empty pool as Rebecca approaches. *

REBECCA
Hi. You're Nora, right?

NORA
Yeah.

REBECCA
This is a sad place, huh?

NORA
I liked Henry.

REBECCA
Did you know him very well?

NORA
He was eight. He went to our
school.

REBECCA
Yours and Madison's?
(off Nora's nod)
Did Madison like Henry?

Nora shrugs, uncomfortable with the question.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Did she pick on him?

Something catches Nora's attention. Something that makes her stop talking. Rebecca follows her look...

ANGLE ON: MADISON, riding her bike along the outside of the back fence. Looking at them. A little shark with a pink basket on the front of her bike.

NORA
I have to go.

And she does. Off Rebecca, registering Nora's fear...

32 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY 32

A VIDEO MONITOR where WE SEE a blow up of one of the family photos taken from Bunch's house. It pictures a HANDSOME MAN who could be **Teddy** Bunch -- if he were sober and cleaned up. *
And a ten-year-old BOY. Father and son on a fishing trip.
They hold up the catch-of-the-day for the camera.

WEB (O.S.)
Teddy Bunch? *

Paul and Danny with Web. A TECH will work the equipment, as:

PAUL
Thomas Bunch. Senior. The little boy is **Teddy**. The senior Bunch died shortly after this was taken. *
Massive coronary. He wasn't even thirty-five.

WEB
And the significance of this sad tale?

Paul nods to the Tech. As the image SCANS and ZOOMS:

PAUL
The significance being what Thomas Bunch Sr. left to **Teddy** Bunch Jr. in his will... *

Now WE SEE IT: the distinctive FISH GUTTING KNIFE in the background of the picture (out of a box, near a set of them.)

DANNY
A fabulous set of murder weapons!

33 INT./EXT. REBECCA'S CAR - DAY - MOVING 33 *

Rebecca driving on her way out of Hidden Harbour. She spots:

-- two girls' bikes, one of them Madison's, parked next to a tree. And prominently in that tree -- a ladder leading up to a nifty TREE HOUSE. It's the backyard of the ST. CLAIR HOME.

Rebecca rolls her car to a stop...

CUT TO:

34 INT./EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY 34

HAND HELD POV on the ladder. WE HEAR little girls' VOICES:

NORA (O.S.)

Ow! Stop it, Madison! I didn't say anything!

MADISON (O.S.)

I saw you!

POV RISING TO SEE: Nora's back is to us, Madison sees us and the ugly meanness on her face evaporates. The positions of the girls tell us Nora was getting a wicked mean arm-pinch. Madison's reaction causes Nora to turn, both looking to see --

-- REBECCA in the doorway. Just a-climbin' on in.

REBECCA

Hi, girls. Wow. Neat tree house.

MADISON

Thank you very much. My father had it built for me.

REBECCA

(entering fully)

He must love you very much.

MADISON

He does. You're that FBI lady.

REBECCA

That's right.

Nora's rubbing her red arm as she hurries past Rebecca with:

NORA

I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADISON

Bye, Nora! Careful on the way
down! We wouldn't want any
accidents.

Nora's fearful eyes mostly visible, then she's gone.

REBECCA

She does that a lot. It's like
she's afraid of something.

MADISON

She's very upset. We all are.
Because of what happened to little
Henry.

REBECCA

(roaming)
Mmmm.

Rebecca's cool silence puts Madison on edge.

MADISON

Does my mother know you're here?

REBECCA

No. I just came in through the
back gate.

MADISON

Is that allowed?

Rebecca moves to a window, looks out, shrugs --

REBECCA

If anyone asks, I'll just tell them
I was never here.

MADISON

That would be lying.

REBECCA

Oh, okay. So you do know what a
lie is. I was wondering.

MADISON

(lip trembling)
I don't like the way you're talking
to me.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Yeah. I'll bet you don't. But I'm bigger than you. And I have a gun.

Rebecca lets her jacket fall open, just for a taste of it. Madison's starting to feel like she's met her match, afraid.

MADISON

Nora knows you're here.

REBECCA

Yeah, but Nora's good at keeping secrets, isn't she, Madison?

MADISON

I want you to leave. *

REBECCA

I will. Just as soon as you tell me the truth. You never saw Henry with [Teddy](#) Bunch that night. *

MADISON

(crying)
But I did! I did too!

REBECCA

No. Not from this tree house. I look out this window, all I see are the tops of the jacarandas. You can't see [Teddy](#) Bunch's house from here, Madison. You're a liar. *

MADISON

You need permission from my parents even to talk to me!

REBECCA

Did you get permission from Henry Olsen's parents to cut him open?

Rebecca holds Madison in her gaze. Madison's eyes go wide. A suspended moment between the two, as --

TESSA ST. CLAIR (O.S.)

Madison! Mr. Gerald's here! Time for your piano lesson!

Madison and Rebecca continue to stare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

I know what you did. And I'm going
to prove it.

Now something quite remarkable (and Emmy worthy) happens:
Madison's face undergoes a transformation. She never blinks,
never takes her eyes off of Rebecca. Her tears dry up. She
goes from weepy child, to preternaturally serene creature.

TESSA ST. CLAIR (O.S.)

Madison?

Madison keeps her eyes fixed on Rebecca's as:

MADISON

PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!

Madison tips backwards, falling out of the treehouse door.
Rebecca hurries forward, shocked. She looks down to see --

-- Madison on the ground, her arm bent behind her, wailing.
Tessa is running up to her in a panic!

TESSA ST. CLAIR

Ohmygod! Madison!

She drops down to her daughter's side.

MADISON

She pushed me!

Tessa looks up, horrified as she meets Rebecca's eyes. Off
that --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

35 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT 35

We're looking at Web's office where he's having an animated conversation with Tessa and Marcus St. Clair. It's Carla who's eyeing the goings on. Rebecca has her back to it.

REBECCA
How do they look?

CARLA
Pissed off.

REBECCA
How does Web look?

CARLA
Like Web. Come on, you can tell me. You pushed her, didn't you?

REBECCA
No.

CARLA
Tripped her?

REBECCA
No.

CARLA
Pulled your gun, made her jump?
(off Rebecca's silence)
You did! You pulled your gun on a ten-year-old! That is awesome!

REBECCA
I did not pull my gun. My jacket may have fallen open.

CARLA
You are bad-ass.

REBECCA
I am kinda, huh?

WEB
Locke!

The St. Clairs are exiting via the glass walled side corridor. Web's at his office door, retreats back inside. Rebecca rises, ready to face the executioner. As she goes:

(CONTINUED)

CARLA
(under her breath)
Remember, you're bad-ass. Bad-ass!

36 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 36

Rebecca sits quietly across from Web.

WEB
I've managed to persuade the St. Clairs not to file a formal complaint with the Bureau.

REBECCA
Thank you, sir.

WEB
They are, however, still weighing whether or not to proceed against you civilly. I'd say they have a pretty fair case. Their daughter's arm is broken in two places, and she's claiming you pushed her.

REBECCA
She's lying.

WEB
Of course she's lying. That's not the point. You've compromised my entire team by allowing yourself to be discredited by an eleven-year-old. *

REBECCA
(no joy in the fact)
She's ten, sir.

WEB
You're to have no further contact with her. None. Understood?
(then)
That's all.

REBECCA
(hesitates, wondering:)
I'm still on the case?

WEB
Yeah.

Now she does rise. He lets her get a step or two before:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB (CONT'D)

You do know Paul and Danny have linked Bunch to the murder weapon?

REBECCA

Yes. I heard. Madison's mother is president of the homeowners association. She has a key to the grounds keeper's residence. Madison would have access.

He considers that. Nods. Offers nothing more as he goes back to his paperwork. Until she starts to go again:

WEB

Oh. And you're banned from Hidden Harbour.

REBECCA

Sir -- I won't go near Madison St. Clair. But how am I supposed to conduct my investigation --

WEB

Special Agent Locke -- that isn't just me talking. Hidden Harbour is a private community. You're on a list.

*

REBECCA

They have a list. I have a badge.

*

*

WEB

(looks back to paperwork)
Run your case from the building.

*

37 INT. V.C.U. - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

37

Rebecca and Carla.

CARLA

You know what you're asking me to do?

REBECCA

Yes. I'm asking you to help investigate a case that you're an investigator on!

CARLA

You're asking me to climb a tree.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
Not a tree. A ladder. Little
short ladder.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA
That goes up into --

REBECCA
A cute little house.

CARLA
That's up in -- ?

REBECCA
A tree. Okay. Fine.
(offers disposable camera)
Look, just take this camera and get
some shots of the south-west view.
It's all jacarandas. Make sure you
get a piece of the treehouse window
in the frame.

Carla just looks at the camera, makes no motion to take it.

CARLA
And that's gonna be admissible in
court how? *

REBECCA
The St. Clairs have given you
permission to investigate the
incident. You'll be there legally. *

CARLA
Your incident? *

(off Rebecca's silence) *

You called and pretended to be me. *

Rebecca might give a sheepish smile at that. *

CARLA (CONT'D)
You do a black voice? Because that
might piss me off. *

REBECCA
Please. I'm going to need pictures
to prove Madison's story is a lie.
She could not have seen Teddy
Bunch's residence from there. *

CARLA
Jacarandas ain't going anyplace.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

They will if the president of the
homeowners association ends up
calling in tree trimmers. Please.

CARLA

(beat, snatches camera,
unhappy)

What do I do if the kid's there?
She ain't gonna fall for the gun
flash twice.

REBECCA

(duh)

Shoot her.

(off Carla's look)

Go tomorrow. She'll be in school.

We PRE-LAP with the SOUND of a RECESS BELL and WE ARE:

38 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 38

Nora is eating her lunch on a bench in front of the school. Other kids are scattered around eating too. Madison approaches and stands over Nora.

NORA
What happened to your arm?

MADISON
The police woman broke it because you made her mad at me. I spent all yesterday at the hospital.

NORA
And they still made you come to school?

MADISON
I wanted to come. I wanted to see you.

NORA
I didn't make her mad at you. I didn't say anything to her.

MADISON
And you never will.
(brightly menacing)
See you after school!

Madison walks away, leaving Nora staring after her, scared.

39 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY 39

Rebecca at her desk, going over stacks of files. Danny and Paul enter. Danny sees her there, grins.

DANNY
Who's been a naughty Barbie?

PAUL
Heard about what happened. Guess you were right.

DANNY
What?!

PAUL
The girl broke her own arm, Danny. Obviously she's been lying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca looks to Paul, grateful.

PAUL (CONT'D)

If you hadn't pushed it, we may have let the case ride on the back of her false testimony. We never would have linked the suspect to the knife. You saved the case.

She gets no pleasure from this. Forces an anemic smile. As Danny rises with some paperwork, moves past, needling:

DANNY

Oh, yeah! Thanks for that.

And he's gone. Paul looks at unhappy Rebecca.

PAUL

Look, don't feel stupid. This is a thing Web does. When there's a split in opinion, he plays it up. Thinks it makes us better. Unfortunately, he's usually right.

REBECCA

Yeah... I've been reading your report. Also this probate material you pulled. There was a fight between Teddy and his mother at the time over these Swedish Karesuando hunting and fishing knives. She didn't want him to have them.

PAUL

Guess now we know why.

REBECCA

Clearly they had great symbolic significance for him.

PAUL

Which is probably why he used one for the murder.

REBECCA

The act may have been more about the knife and the loss of his father -- his own childhood -- than Henry Olsen.

Paul's glad to see she's finally come around to the obvious.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Exactly.

REBECCA

So don't you find it odd that he'd
leave it behind?

*

A long beat. He looks at her. Shit.

*

PAUL

You totally walked me into that.

REBECCA

I know. I'm sorry. But don't you
think if Teddy Bunch had murdered
Henry Olsen, he would have taken it
with him?

*

*

*

*

PAUL

(after a beat, sigh)

Let's ask him --

*

*

*

40 EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY 40

ANGLE: Looking up the ladder at the treehouse. It seems kinda far from here.

CARLA -- looking up. Not pleased. She looks around. Coast is clear. She starts climbing.

41 INT. V.C.U. - HOLDING CELL - DAY 41 *

Bunch on one side; Rebecca and Paul on the other. Bunch is distant, preoccupied, spacey. *

REBECCA

Mr. Bunch, you do know you don't have to speak with us without the presence of your attorney?

BUNCH

I fired him. He told me he could make me a deal. Told me I should make a deal. Like maybe I really did kill Henry. Then he called her. Said the same thing. I told him not to. *

REBECCA

Your mother? *

BUNCH

Now she wants to see me. I don't have to if I don't want to, do I? *

REBECCA

No. *

BUNCH

The funeral's Saturday. Wanted to send something. Probably wouldn't be appropriate. *

REBECCA

Mr. Bunch. Do you recognize this? *

She sets the fish gutting knife on the table; it's in a plastic evidence bag. He stares at it, eyes widening. Breathing becoming more rapid. His hand drifts for it instinctively. Paul's hand clamps down on his wrist. *

BUNCH

Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
You know where we got it, Teddy. *

A beat as that sinks in for him. Hangs there. *

BUNCH
Oh no... Oh no... *

He looks to them imploringly. *

BUNCH (CONT'D)
This wasn't..? This was in my
house. *

PAUL
No, Teddy. It was in Henry Olsen. *

Teddy shuts his eyes, a gut punch. *

BUNCH
Oh, god... *

REBECCA
Teddy -- did you ever show this
knife to Madison St. Clair? *

BUNCH
What? *

REBECCA
Madison St. Clair. Did she ever
see this knife? Or you with it? *

BUNCH
Yes...
(recalling...)
No. Not Madison. She wasn't
there. *

PAUL
Where? *

BUNCH
Harbour barbecue? When I showed
some of the kids how to gut a fish.
Fresh trout. Like Dad. But
Madison wasn't there. That girl
hates me. *

REBECCA
Which kids? *

(CONTINUED)

BUNCH
Uh, Henry. Henry's friend Billy
Graves. Billy's sister.

REBECCA
(a glance to Paul)
Nora Graves --
(then)
Thank you, Teddy.

Rebecca takes the bagged knife, starts to rise --

BUNCH
Please. Get rid of it. I don't
want it anymore. And take the rest
of them, too.

Rebecca looks back on that -- there are more...

INT. V.C.U. - BASEMENT CORRIDORS - DAY

Paul and Rebecca on the move. Rebecca dialing her cell
phone.

REBECCA
You sure you didn't find any other
knives in the search?

PAUL
(troubled)
No. But I know which set he means.
It's in the photo.

She puts her phone to her ear, as --

INTERCUT WITH:

(CONTINUED)

42 EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY 42

Carla steps down from the ladder when her cell phone rings --

CARLA
This is Carla.

43 INT. V.C.U. - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY 43 *

Rebecca on the move, on her cell phone. Paul's with her,
also has his cell phone out.

REBECCA
Carla. Rebecca. Listen, while
you're up there, I need you to
check and see if there's a mahogany
box anywhere. It'll be a set of
knives. One will be missing.

CARLA
"While I'm up there?"

REBECCA
Call me back.

She clicks off and she and Paul move into the --

44 INT. V.C.U. - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 44

PAUL
(to Rebecca, but phone
still to his ear)
So you think those two little girls
are in this together?

REBECCA
Nora's not smart enough, or evil
enough to be in it. But she knows.

PAUL
(listens to phone, then)
Yeah? Thanks.
(clicks off)
Raymond Eperson Elementary. *

The elevator doors open into --

45 INT. V.C.U. - BASEMENT EXIT - CONTINUOUS 45

-- Rebecca's cell phone RINGS --

REBECCA
Hi. You find it?

INTERCUT WITH:

46 INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 46

Carla over an open mahogany knife box (she's handling it with
a handkerchief, so as not to get her fingerprints on it.)

CARLA
Sure did.

Rebecca and Paul move through a door and into --

47 INT. V.C.U. - PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 47

-- fast walking to Paul's car.

REBECCA
There's one missing, right?

CARLA
Nope. There's two missing.

WE SEE two empty slots in the box. BIG SCHOOL BELL:

48 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 48

School's out. We're with nervous little Nora, keeping a sharp, well, sharp for her at any rate, eye out for Madison. She moves to where other children are being picked up by their parents. She turns and there's --

-- MADISON. She's got the knife, covered by a notebook.

MADISON

Hi, Nora. I thought we could walk home today.

NORA

I -- I don't wanna walk home.

MADISON

That's 'cause you're lazy. You're lazy and you're slothful. My mother says so.

NORA

She does?

MADISON

Yes. Come on.

Madison tries to force Nora to walk; Nora resists.

NORA

Madison! My mom's gonna be here.

MADISON

No she isn't. She's working an open house with my mother. Mr. Cedar's driving car pool. I told him you went home sick, and that I had dance. So no one's coming.

NORA

You have dance? Your arm's broke.

Madison starts to force Nora to walk again.

MADISON

I don't have dance, dumb-dumb. Come on. I know a fun way. I wanna show you something.

But suddenly, a LARGE ADULT HAND comes down on Madison's shoulder. She starts, turns, reacts to see --

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN OLSEN

looming over her.

ELLEN OLSEN
Hello, Madison.
(dismissive to:)
Leave, Nora.

Nora runs away.

MADISON
Mrs. Olsen... I never got to tell
you how sad I was about --

SLAP! Madison is rocked. She drops her notebook -- and the hidden knife clatters to the ground. She's too stunned to move. Ellen gives a quick look around. No one saw that. Good. Ellen picks up the knife. Looks from the incriminating knife to Madison.

ELLEN OLSEN
Get in the car, you little monster.

As Ellen forces Madison into her nearby SUV --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

49 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 49 *

Paul in the midst of a scene: COPS, including Detective Price, CHILDREN'S SERVICES FOLKS, and little Nora Graves, shaken and puffy faced. Paul exchanges a couple of words with Detective Price, then he crosses over to --

REBECCA AND CARLA

Waiting nearby. He confirms their fears with:

PAUL
Ellen Olsen.

CARLA
Henry's mother.

REBECCA
Oh, god.

PAUL
Price is putting an APB out on
Ellen's car.

REBECCA
And Madison's parents?

PAUL
Her father left this morning for
business out of town, and we can't
raise her mother.

CARLA
Way to go with the parental
supervision.

Carla turns away to answer a question from a COP, and Paul takes the opportunity to pull Rebecca off to the side a bit.

PAUL
Guess there's something to be said
for a mother's intuition. Wonder
how long Ellen's known? *

Boy does Rebecca look guilty. Paul sees that. *

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh, Rebecca -- *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

I didn't tell her Madison was
guilty.

PAUL

No. But you did tell her Bunch was
innocent -- didn't you?

She looks at him. Beat. Then:

REBECCA

I told her she was.
(then)

Paul, that woman was killing
herself thinking she was to blame
because she allowed Henry to spend
time with Bunch. But Teddy Bunch
did not murder her son! She didn't
do anything wrong.

PAUL

Until now.

Rebecca looks at him. Off that --

50 INT. ELLEN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

50 *

Ellen in a state, drives. The knife is on the dashboard.
Madison cowers in the back seat. Ellen looks at her in the
rearview mirror.

ELLEN OLSEN

Tell me what you did, Madison.
Tell me what you did to Henry.

MADISON

You hit me!

ELLEN OLSEN

Tell me. You're going to tell me.
Then we're going to the police and
you're going to tell them.

MADISON

I didn't do anything!

ELLEN OLSEN

(re: the knife)
Why did you have this?

MADISON

I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN OLSEN
Why?!

MADISON
For protection! Against the
killer!

ELLEN OLSEN
I thought you said it was **Teddy**
Bunch? He's locked up.
(then)
But you know it wasn't **Teddy** who
hurt Henry, don't you?

MADISON
No.

Screams in her face:

ELLEN OLSEN
DON'T YOU!

MADISON
(crying)
I want my mommy!

ELLEN OLSEN
(also crying now)
And I want my son!

Ellen's not driving very defensively. Hard to through tears.
Madison watches her. Can't reach the knife. What to do?

MADISON
Okay... Take me to the police and
I'll tell. I'll tell on myself.

Ellen holds her gaze for a beat. As her eyes shift away:

ELLEN OLSEN
Liar.

51 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DANNY 51

At his desk, on the phone.

DANNY
Got a hold of Marcus St. Clair.
He's catching the next flight back
from Tucson.

INTERCUT WITH:

52 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PAUL'S CAR - DAY 52

Paul's on his cell with Danny. A command post is set up on the hood of Paul's car. Maps open. Rebecca pacing. Carla gets a report from Price in the b.g. *

DANNY

He says his wife had an open house today, out in Valencia. Apparently she turns off her cell phone when she shows a "premium" property. Valencia PD sent a car out there, but she was gone already. They're lookin'. *

PAUL

Thanks, Danny.

DANNY

So it was the little girl, huh?

PAUL

Looks like.

DANNY

Thought there was something off about her. *

PAUL

Yeah. Guess I was the only one that missed it. *

Paul clicks off. Carla breaks with Price, moves to them. *

CARLA

Cops are with Kevin Olsen at his place of work. They're convinced he didn't know anything about this.

PAUL

Did he have any idea where she might go?

CARLA

Not a clue. Police are escorting him back to his home.

REBECCA

(realizing)
We're closer --

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
I don't think Ellen would take
Madison back to her own house. *

REBECCA
No. She wouldn't -- *

53 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - DAY - TREEHOUSE 53 *

tells us where we are. WE COME OFF that, down to the street *
where we see Ellen's SUV parked. *

54 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 54 *

Ellen drags Madison by a harsh grip on her arm (not the *
broken one), through a side yard into a backyard that looks *
remarkably like Henry's backyard, and there's a small garden *
near the back door, with a shovel propped next to it.

MADISON *
Mommy! *Maaawww-om!* *

Ellen yanks the girl to a stop, gets in her face. *

ELLEN OLSEN *
Your mother's not here, Madison. *
She's. Not. Here. *

MADISON *
She's coming back! *

ELLEN OLSEN *
Too late. She'll find out what it *
means when you don't pay attention *
to your kids! When you DON'T WATCH *
WHAT THEY'RE DOING! *

55 EXT. HIDDEN HARBOUR - SECURITY CHECK - CONTINUOUS 55 *

Tessa St. Clair's car pulls up to the gate. The GUARD gives *
a friendly wave, opens the arm, she rolls through, as -- *

56 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 56 *

Ellen dragging Madison towards the pool. *

ELLEN OLSEN *
Did he cry, Madison? You liked to *
see Henry cry, didn't you? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ellen holds Madison with one hand, fumbles with the safety fence latch to the pool with the other. The hand with the knife in it. She gets the little gate open, but drops the knife. She drags Madison through the gate. Sweeps up the knife just as a CAR DOOR SLAMS O.S. Clamps a hand over Madison's mouth. *

57 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - FRONT WALK - DAY 57

Tessa moves up the walk, carrying shopping bags. The phone is RINGING inside. She fumbles with her bags and keys, trying to get in before it stops. *

58 INT. PAUL'S CAR/EXT. HIDDEN HARBOUR - SECURITY CHECK - DAY 58

Paul driving; Rebecca riding shotgun. They're approaching the guard shack as the GUARD appears to check them. *

REBECCA
Remember, I'm on a list -- *

PAUL
Right. *

He STOMPS ON THE GAS, GUNNING IT -- BAM! His car smashes through the security arm, sending a shower of splinters. The Guard reacts, jumps back, as -- *

59 INT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - DAY 59

Tessa pushes through the door just as the RINGING stops. *

TESSA ST. CLAIR
Shoot! *

She slams the door with her ass. Carries the bags inside -- *

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D)
Madison? Honey, how's the arm? Is there throbbing? I picked up your prescription. Hope not too many of your schoolmates signed your cast yet because I just found the right pens. Six different colors and the package says they won't smear-- *

She sets the pack of pens on the counter. Then she hears A NOISE -- something moving in the back...

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D)
Madison?

(CONTINUED)

She turns to -- *

-- a BLUR of MOVEMENT outside. *

60 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 60

Tessa enters from the back door of the house. She sees the security gate to the pool open. *

TESSA ST. CLAIR
Madison St. Clair! You better not
be in that pool with your cast! *

CLOSE ON TESSA - now seriously getting a bad feeling as she moves ever closer to the pool gate -- *

TESSA ST. CLAIR (CONT'D)
Honey -- ? *

61 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 61 *

Paul's car pulls up behind Ellen's SUV. Paul and Rebecca alight. Paul draws his gun, points to the backyard, indicates that he'll go through the front. She nods, draws her own weapon, moving off -- *

62 INT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - DAY 62 *

Paul gingerly pushes the door open, scans the room. Sees the half unpacked groceries. The open door to the backyard, as -- *

63 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 63 *

Rebecca moving cautiously. She reacts to an O.S. SPLASH!, then a CLATTERING SOUND. *

MOVING WITH PAUL *

as he runs into the backyard, joins Rebecca, who is standing looking with mute horror at -- *

TESSA *

on her knees, holding a shuddering Madison to her bosom. There is blood on her face. She looks up at the two FBI agents: *

TESSA ST. CLAIR
She was going to hurt my baby... *

(CONTINUED)

We PAN OFF this bizarre Pieta, past a discarded bloody shovel
lying on the pool deck... to the... *

...SWIMMING POOL. Ellen's lifeless body floats on the water. *

UNDER WATER: Looking up at Ellen's floating body, the sun
breaking over it, shimmering light. And now WE SEE... *

...the KNIFE as it tumbles in slow motion, settling
harmlessly at the bottom of the pool. Off that -- *

64 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY 64 *

To re-establish, as -- *

65 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SECURITY - DAY - REBECCA 65 *

In the employee line. She swipes her ID. Green light. *

66 INT. V.C.U. - ELEVATOR/CORRIDORS - DAY - REBECCA 66 *

steps off the elevator, moving down the busy halls. *

67 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY 67 *

She enters the bullpen. Danny, Carla and Paul at their
desks. Eyes on Web's office. Rebecca looks to -- *

WEB'S OFFICE *

Web is having an animated conversation with [Teddy](#) Bunch. *

REBECCA
What's going on? *

PAUL
Mr. Bunch has been released. Web's
explaining to him what the term
"state's evidence" means and why he
doesn't get his father's knives
back. *

CARLA
He wants his precious. *

REBECCA
(a little sad)
They were all he had left of his
father. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Well. Even though Nora Graves
finally ratted out Madison St.
Clair, no one's gonna want to see
that guy walk back into Hidden
Harbour with a mess of knives.

PAUL

He's not going back to Hidden
Harbour.

Rebecca reacts to that, clearly didn't know. Paul's looking
at something off camera. She follows his gaze TO SEE:

A WHITE HAIRE D WOMAN

has entered the bullpen. Someone's sweet old mother. She
looks around, a little lost, but her gaze falls on --

TEDDY BUNCH

-- now standing outside Web's office, Web standing just
beyond. Estranged mother and son look at one another for a
moment. Then she moves to him. Pulls him into an embrace.
And now he hugs her back. She exhales a breath she's
probably been holding for a very long time. He puts a
guiding arm around her and they exit together.

REBECCA

Well someone got their kid back.

PAUL

Doesn't end, does it? Even when
they're grown, you still have that
urge to protect them.

CARLA

Yeah. But who's gonna protect the
parents from the kids?

DANNY

Kids are the products of their
parents. Look at the St. Clairs.
Mother and daughter killers. Maybe
it's genetic.

CARLA

The Murder Gene. You can use that
for the title of your book.

DANNY

You know about my book?

(CONTINUED)

CARLA
Everybody's got a book.

REBECCA
No. Tessa was just doing what
you're supposed to do. Lioness
coming to the aid of her cub. I'm
not at all convinced Madison was
her fault. Maybe some people are
just born bad.

Rebecca rises, moves off with a file, passing Paul who smiles
and nods at that.

PAUL
Yeah. Maybe.

But his smile is a little tense, a little worried. He looks
down at the file on his desk in front of him --

THE ULTRASOUND IMAGE

As we PUSH in to that mysterious, grainy electronic photo,
and the silent, developing creature there...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE