

TEN DAYS IN THE VALLEY

"DAY ONE"
Episode 101

Written By:
Tassie Cameron

REVISED FIRST DRAFT - August 15, 2016

2 CONTINUED:

2

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One, two. Three...

- The frantic, erratic TAP-TAP-TAP of fingers on a keyboard. A two-year old GIRL lies fast asleep in a big white bed.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Four, five. Cucumber, Parmesan...

- The TAPPING gets louder. A GUITAR SMASHES into a wall.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Murphy's Oil, almond butter...

- The TAPPING becomes deafening, as a CAR veers towards a concrete abutment on a highway. Jane SCREAMS. Just as we're about to hear the CRASH --

A HONK outside. Jane opens her eyes. Blinks. Car LIGHTS weave down her gravel driveway. Relieved, she stands up.

JANE (to herself) (CONT'D)

Paper towel.

3 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - FRONT HALL -- NIGHT

3

Scribbling a grocery list, Jane opens the front door. A blur of excitement and zebra stripes, as LAKE -- 8 years old going on 18 -- hurls herself at her mother.

LAKE

Mama! You're never even going to believe it, I've got it right here!

JANE

(scooping up her daughter)

Hello, my gorgeous girl! How are you, I missed you so much.

LAKE

Daddy and I made you a statue. For the one that Daddy lost.

As Lake scrabbles in her knapsack, Jane gazes at PETE GREEN: 40-something, shaggy, handsome, rock-and-roll.

JANE

That was six years ago. And it was for documentary, nobody cares about documentary.

PETE

I dunno, she wanted to see it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

PETE (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Hey, you're the one who put her in that school. I told you it was all industry kids.

Before Jane can react, Lake hands her a tinfoil "statue."

LAKE

Duh-duh-duh-dah!

JANE

I love it! It's way better than the original, so much cooler.

LAKE

I know, right? That's what Daddy said.

Jane shakes her head, amused despite herself. Pete grins.

JANE

Well, that's cause Daddy left the real one in a taxi.

BEATRIZ

Welcome home, my love!

BEATRIZ -- Latina, mid-40s -- bustles over. Bundling Lake up in her arms:

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Bath time, bath time, you smell like a goat! A little tiny goat, so cute, but so stinky.

Jane and Pete watch as Beatriz spirits Lake away.

JANE

Did you guys have a good weekend?

PETE

The best. Felt like we were just getting started. I'd actually like to take her to Ojai tomorrow, if you're okay with that.

JANE

Tomorrow's Monday, she has school.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

PETE

So she'll be missing, what, the hidden mysteries of ten-plus-ten? Another dinner at home with her nanny?

(beat)

Come on. I've been working on the cabin, I'd like her to see it.

JANE

She's actually working on basic division now. Not my forte, nor is it yours, so I'm inclined to let her have a swing at it.

(beat)

Either way, it's not your day.

PETE

I don't care whose day it is. I care about what's best for my daughter.

JANE

Come on. You had her all weekend.

Pete's face turns hard. He stares at Jane: unbelievable.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't start, okay, please don't make me start quoting the agreement.

PETE

The one I signed, under duress --

JANE

No, the one you signed in rehab.

Pete pulls out a medical report. Holds it up to her face.

PETE

Four months sober, all right. I pee into a cup twice a week, it's humiliating, when are you going to let it go?

Jane reaches for the report. He doesn't give it to her.

PETE (CONT'D)

I can take her with me now, or I can pick her up tomorrow morning.

JANE

No. She's going to school.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

PETE

Actually, you don't get to decide.

JANE

Actually, I do.

Still holding the tinfoil statue, Jane starts to close the door. Pete grabs it.

PETE

Do not close the door. Jane, don't
you dare close the door --

Jane yanks the door closed. Pete stands there, roiling.

4 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

4

Jane and Lake are dancing to BEYONCE. Lake's in underpants and an undershirt, Jane's balancing a cup of green tea.

LAKE

*If you like it, then you shoulda put
a ring on it, if you like it, then
you shoulda put a ring on it --*

JANE

Uh-oh-oh. Oh-oh-oh. Uh-oh-oh...

Beatriz is hovering in the kitchen, going over a color-coded schedule on the fridge. Noticing:

JANE (CONT'D)

Bea. Seriously. Go. We're good.

BEATRIZ

Her lunch is in the fridge. It's
Library tomorrow, she needs to return
her books --

JANE

I'm on it. I'm working late tomorrow
and Wednesday, that's on there, right?
And I've got a mix on Thursday
morning, if you could be here by 8.

(grabbing Lake)

Lakey. Big thanks to Bea, kiss
goodnight, fly-kisses...

Lake blows Beatriz a bunch of kisses. Jane hands Lake over.
Beatriz holds the girl tight.

BEATRIZ

I love you, my darling.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

LAKE

Love you too. Wait, do you have a ring?

(Bea shows off her ring)

Mama, why you don't have a ring?
Cause if you don't, I don't even
know why we're singing about this.

As Beatriz is gathering her stuff:

JANE

Honey. Your dad and I never got
married. Doesn't mean we can't sing
the song.

The door CLOSES behind Beatriz. Jane turns up the VOLUME.

JANE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh-oh, oh-oh, oh...

Lake starts dancing again: exhausted, adorable, happy.

5 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

5

Jane and Lake are both in cotton nightgowns, nestled up in Jane's big white bed. Jane's stroking Lake's arm, reading from a battered old copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica. MOONLIGHT streams in the window. Reading by FLASHLIGHT:

JANE

Butterflies often take different
forms. Many species make use of
camouflage, mimicry and warning
signals to evade their predators...

LAKE

Mama, can we do secrets?

JANE

Of course we can, let's do it.

Jane pulls up the duvet. Together they burrow beneath it. The FLASHLIGHT dances under the covers.

LAKE (O.S.)

Do you have any secrets?

JANE (O.S.)

Hmm. Let me think.

(beat)

Okay, I've got one. I don't know
how to meditate. I just can't get
the hang of it.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LAKE (O.S.)

What does that even mean?

JANE (O.S.)

I guess it means I have a hard time relaxing my mind. What about you?

LAKE (O.S.)

I don't want to say.

JANE (O.S.)

Sweetie, it's secret time. You can say anything. Or not. Up to you.

LAKE (O.S.)

When I'm gone? When I'm with Daddy?
I miss you so much that I think I would like to go to heaven.

Gentle, Jane pulls back the duvet. Lake snuggles into her, sleepy. Kissing her daughter's hair:

JANE

Aw, sweetie. I think I know what you mean. It's hard, isn't it.

Jane starts singing. Soft, a little broken.

JANE (CONT'D)

*There are places I remember, all my
life, though some have changed.
Some forever, not for better, some
have gone, and some remain...*

Lake's asleep. Jane strokes her daughter's hair. After a beat, she opens a prescription bottle on her nightstand, swallows a sleeping pill, dry. Clicking off the flashlight, Jane lies back. Stares up at the ceiling. Prays for sleep.

6 **EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. - UNDERPASS -- NIGHT**

6

An underpass in Watts. Cement pillars covered in graffiti.

On: **AUBREY** and **ZAN** -- black, late teens. Aubrey's leaning against an electric bike.

AUBREY

That earthquake in Chile? Now we're talking tsunami time. Right here. Four-foot waves in Santa Monica.

ZAN

Can you surf 'em?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

AUBREY

No, man. There's no surfing a tsunami, are you slow or something?

A CAR pulls up, BRIGHTS on. Aubrey and Zan squint. **IZZY** -- tough, choppy blonde hair -- gets out of the driver's seat.

IZZY

Aubrey, right?

She strides forward. Shaking Aubrey's hand:

IZZY (CONT'D)

Izzy, I'm a friend of Joe's.

AUBREY

Yeah. I heard.

IZZY

I'm good if you are. Although I'd kinda love to make sure it's not all cut with Drano or Sea Monkeys or whatever the hell else you guys use.

Aubrey glances at Zan. Zan pulls a baggie out of his knapsack, tosses it to Aubrey. Delicate, Aubrey shakes a bump of cocaine onto Izzy's hand. She gives it an expert swipe across her nose. Pauses.

Slow, entranced, she raises both hands in hallelujah. Starts to spin in a circle. Aubrey watches her, amused. Until --

IZZY (CONT'D)

Don't move.

Izzy's got a gun pointed in his face. They stare at each other a moment, then --

HENRY

Cut! That was great, guys, keep it there, keep your places.

REVEAL: It's a night shoot, BRIGHTLY LIT, swarming with EXTRAS, CREW, fake SQUAD CARS waiting for their cue to enter the scene.

HENRY -- director, 40-something, charismatic -- turns to **CARMEN**, his cheerful, brisk A.D.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't like the gun. We got any alts?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

CARMEN

Let me check.

Sucking on an e-cigarette, Henry walks away, dials his cell.

7 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - BEDROOM -- INTERCUT 7

Jane's asleep. Her cell BUZZES. Exhausted, she rolls away from it, closes her eyes. Seconds later, the phone BUZZES again. She grabs it, checks the number, answers. In a whisper --

JANE (into cell)

Please tell me you're on fire, or drowning, or something incredibly urgent.

HENRY (over cell)

We're sure about the whole electric bike thing, right? Cause last I heard, the guy's an inner-city drug dealer.

JANE (into cell)

Henry. I'm sleeping.

HENRY (over cell)

What are you talking about, it's nine o'clock.

JANE (into cell)

You're the one who told me I need eight hours once in a while.

HENRY (into cell)

Bullshit. I never said that.

JANE (into cell)

Thursday lunch. Fish tacos. "Jane, it's a marathon, you gotta pace yourself."

HENRY (into cell)

Yeah, because once in a while, we've got to sprint.

In bed: Jane glances at the clock: **9:06PM**. She grits her teeth for the inevitable.

On set: A PROPS GUY hurries over with two GUNS: a Glock G21 and a SIG Sauer P220. Pointing to the Glock, exhaling vapor:

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

HENRY (into cell) (CONT'D)
Tonight's actually fine, we've got a
Sunday pass to close Imperial, 40
extras, our problem's tomorrow.

JANE (into cell)
What do you mean?

HENRY (into cell)
That whole beach scene? Not going
to fly. Pollution level's off the
charts, means we're not going into
the water tomorrow.

Jane sits bolt upright in bed. Trying not to raise her voice:

JANE (into cell)
You're kidding me, right?

HENRY (into cell)
Dominic's not going to do it. And
I'm not putting Isobel in there
without him. You gotta come up with
something else.

JANE (into cell)
Henry. It's the point of the episode.
The two of them, together, worst
shift ever, blood on their hands,
literally, he walks her into the
water, cleans her off --

HENRY (into cell)
It's a love scene. Doesn't matter
where you put it. A little conflict,
a few titties, we're good to go.

JANE
Nice. That's a really creative
thought, Henry.

CARMEN
Rehearsal's up!

HENRY (into cell)
We don't wrap till 4AM, as long as
we've got pages by then.

JANE (into cell)
I just took an Ambien.

HENRY (into cell)
Good. It'll keep you loose.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Jane groans, exhausted. Sensing her mood:

HENRY (into cell) (CONT'D)
Janey. It was an okay scene. But I
know you. A little pressure, you'll
come up with something even better.

CARMEN
Okay, guys. Going again!

HENRY
(exhaling a cloud of vapor)
It's gonna be great. I gotta go.

Henry closes his phone, strides back to the monitor.

Silence. Jane lies in bed a moment. With a huge sigh, she
climbs out of bed, turns on a BABY MONITOR, pulls on her
ratty writing sweater and a pair of UGGS.

8 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

8

Jane sits at the kitchen table, drinking her cold cup of
green tea, staring blank at her laptop. She's folding Post-
It notes into little, tiny accordions.

She stands, starts to pace. Pausing near her fridge, she
debates for a moment: then opens the fridge, grabs a mostly-
full bottle of red wine. Pours herself a glass.

9 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - DECK -- NIGHT

9

Jane sits on her deck, typing laborious. She sips her wine,
the baby monitor receiver sitting next to her laptop.

Desperate, she reaches into her writing sweater, pulls out a
secret, stale pack of American Spirits. Just as she's
grabbing the barbecue lighter to light a smoke:

JANE
Fuck.

It's raining. A few DROPS at first, but then more. A PATTERN.
Jane rattles the back door. Checks the lock: it's open.

Grabbing her laptop, the baby monitor and her glass of wine,
Jane dashes towards a little shed in the garden, about fifteen
feet away from the house.

10 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- NIGHT

10

Jane sits down at her desk. Glances up at a cork wall,
covered in news clippings, charts, and a child's bat-drawing:

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

"The Bat Cave!" A bookshelf is stacked with true crime books, police memoirs, court transcripts and audiotapes.

Automatic, Jane places the baby monitor on her desk, turns it up. Listens to the RHYTHMIC BREATHING of Lake, sleeping inside. Lighting her lucky candle, she opens her laptop. RAIN patters on the tin roof.

11 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- NIGHT

11

Jane's dozed off, arms crossed, in front of her laptop. Her desk is littered with Post-It accordions. A taped INTERVIEW plays on her laptop.

ANGUS'S VOICE

(muffled, over the laptop)

We're soldiers, all right? We take orders. We trust in the greater good. Doesn't always make sense.

JANE'S VOICE

So then what happens?

ANGUS'S VOICE

We arrest them. We do it after dark, it's easier. We hand 'em over. Drink beer. Tell each other shit we shouldn't say, do shit we shouldn't do, we feel like garbage in the morning. And then we do it all over again.

Jane's eyes open. Shaking herself awake, she sits up straighter. Glances at the clock on her laptop: **12:04AM**.

After a moment, she grabs her cell, hits Speed-Dial.

JANE (into cell)

Hey. You still up?

12 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- LATER

12

Jane stares at her laptop, bleary. A KNOCK on her shed door.

PJ (O.S.)

You okay if I pull it in? Can't be too careful, right?

PJ -- 20-something, adorable, damp -- pulls his electric bike into the shed. Yanks off his knapsack. Jane wraps her sweater a bit tighter. Smiling at her, friendly:

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

JANE

Thanks for coming, I know it's late.

PJ

This is my rush hour.

(beat)

You know you owe me money, yeah?

JANE

I'm getting a production fee next week, I'll hit you back as soon as it's in.

PJ

Okay.

JANE

What.

PJ

I dunno. You've been working on this show for two months now. Most E.P.s would be solvent by now.

Jane stares at him. Bursts out laughing.

JANE

What the fuck do you know about that?

PJ

E.P., premium cable, but it's your first show, so I'm guessing 40K an episode.

JANE

(shocked, he's right)

I threw my fees into the budget.

Now it's PJ's turn to laugh. Jane's turn to look adorable.

PJ

You put your own money into the show? For what, a crane? Car chase? A couple of hundred extras for a shot no one's going to remember?

(Jane looks away)

Rookie mistake, my friend. All anyone cares about? Who's got a secret. And who's fucking who.

As PJ digs into his knapsack, Jane stares up at her corkboard.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

JANE

Okay, so then let me ask you this. I've got two people. Man and a woman, one and two on the call sheet, they've hated each other for, I dunno, 6 episodes now.

(pacing now)

And now I've got to get them together. I had them drinking beer on the beach, they argue, he walks her into the ocean, she doesn't want to go --

PJ

Lame.

JANE

What do you mean, lame. It's not lame, it actually happened.

PJ

Doesn't mean it's good. Put 'em at work. That's where all the real shit goes down.

JANE

PJ. Work is boring. You're too young to know that, but it's true.

PJ

Not for me. I show up, I see it all. I love you, I hate you, I actually want to jump your ass.
(fishing through his knapsack)
I'm tired, I'm scared, I deserve this. A billion little secrets. Keeping people going.

PJ tosses Jane a small bag of white powder.

PJ (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm out of Adderall.

JANE

Seriously?

PJ

It's all I've got right now. I'll put it on your tab?

Jane holds the bag. Debating. Finally, she nods. PJ smiles. As he's getting his bike out the door:

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3) 12

PJ (CONT'D)
Her office. Blinds down. On the
floor.

JANE
Just like that, huh.

PJ
Boom. Just like that.

13 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- NIGHT 13

Jane's alone again. She inhales a bump of cocaine, winces --
tosses her head like a pony. Turning on a stereo, she starts
walking in circles. As the MUSIC starts:

JANE
Put 'em at work.

She pauses. Shoving the bag of coke into the sound hole of
a broken Gibson guitar, hanging on a nail in the wall --

JANE (CONT'D)
I love you, I hate you.

Jane sits down at her laptop. Starts to type. Fast, loose,
uninhibited. TAP-TAP-TAP. A metronome of honesty, to MUSIC.

14 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- NIGHT 14

The shed is quiet now, the music's stopped. So has the rain.
Jane peers at her laptop, bleary. **3:31AM.**

She hits Send. Closes her laptop, blows out her candle.
Grabbing the laptop, she heads out of the shed.

15 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS 15

Slipping a bit on the wet path, Jane hurries towards the
back door of her bungalow. She's so ready to go to sleep,
cuddle up with her daughter, nothing's going to stop her.
Except that she grabs the back door handle, and --

IT'S LOCKED.

She pauses. What the fuck?

Stunned, she pulls the monitor out of her writing sweater.
Nothing. No breathing, no nothing. The monitor's dead.
Horrified, Jane tugs at the door.

JANE
Lake? Lakey?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Slow, terrified, Jane places her laptop on the slippery deck table. She goes back to the door. Starts working the lock. This is impossible. This isn't happening. In a whisper:

JANE (CONT'D)

Honey, I'm right there. Almost there.

Jane bombs over to a ceramic frog in the corner of the garden. Turns it over, fumbles inside -- no key.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, sweetheart. I'm going to have climb in, this is so messed up, I don't know what happened --

Frantic, Jane pops open the kitchen window. She hoists herself up and in, JAMMING her cheekbone against the frame.

JANE (CONT'D)

Ow, shit --

Rolling onto the kitchen counter, her knee hits a GLASS. It falls, SHATTERS. Jane doesn't even notice. She's running.

16 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

16

Jane bursts into her bedroom. Stops dead.

Her bed is ruffled. Empty. The monitor is pulled out of the wall. The encyclopedia is splayed on the floor. The clock blinks **3:39AM**.

And her daughter is gone.

TITLE CARD: TEN DAYS IN THE VALLEY

17 EXT. LAUREL CANYON ROAD/INT. CAR -- NIGHT

17

HEADLIGHTS twist through the darkness. A CAR is winding its way up Laurel Canyon, a little too fast. **ALI** is driving -- focused, intense. Her dashboard clock reads **4:46AM**.

ALI (into cell)

I'm almost there, all right? I'm on Laurel Canyon, I just passed Berry.

(silence)

Jane? Honey, don't hang up --

Too late. DIAL TONE. Ali hits the gas.

18 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

18

Jane's pacing. A BRUISE is swelling under her eye.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JANE (into cell)

Pete, it's me. Again. Please, Jesus,
will you call me back --

A KNOCK on her front door. Ali bursts in. She's Jane's younger sister: 40, yoga pants, perfect hair. The bright yang to Jane's shadowy yin. Hugging Jane tight:

ALI

Janey, what happened.

JANE

It must have been Pete. I guess he came in, when I was working, he wanted to take her to Ojai tomorrow, I said no --

ALI

What do you mean, he came in. You just changed the locks.

JANE

I don't know, maybe he got a key from Lake. She said he asked for one, I don't know --

ALI

And so, what, he came inside and you didn't hear him?

JANE

I was in the shed.
(Ali stares at her)
I had the monitor. I was ten feet away, I had to rewrite a scene for tomorrow --

ALI

Okay. It's okay. We know where she is, right? You've searched the house, the garden?

JANE

Yes. Every corner. Every closet.

Ali bustles into the kitchen to make coffee. Her flip-flops CRUNCH on broken glass. Jane hurries to sweep it up.

JANE (CONT'D)

I guess he locked the back door. So I came in the window, broke a glass...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

JANE (CONT'D)

(on her knees, desperate)

His phone keeps going to voice-mail,
so what, do I send him a text? Tell
him he can keep her tomorrow, we'll
talk about it in the morning?

ALI

Are you kidding me?

Before Jane can stop her, Ali picks up Jane's home phone.
Dials three, small, powerful numbers. Waits.

JANE

What are you doing.

911 OPERATOR (over phone)

911, what is your emergency?

JANE

Ali, wait, please --

ALI (into phone)

Hi, we're calling to report a missing
child at 696 Laurelvale Drive. She
was taken from her bed somewhere
within the last three hours, we
believe it was a parental abduction...
Yes, her father.

(beat)

Lake Sadler-Green. She's seven.

(beat)

No. No, I'm her aunt. Her mother's
with me right now.

19 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- NIGHT

19

Jane hurries into her writing shed. Fast, stressed, she
empties her ashtray into a recycling bag, tosses in the empty
wine bottle. Beat, then: she throws the wine glass in too.

Just as she's heading for the guitar on the wall, Ali enters,
holding a cup of coffee.

ALI

What are you doing?

JANE

I needed to blow out my candle.

ALI

Sweetheart, they're going to be here
any second.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

JANE

I didn't ask you to call the police --

ALI

Your kid gets taken out of your bed in the middle of the night, what did you think we should do?

(hands her the coffee)

Jane. Listen to me a sec. All right? If Pete took her, which I am praying he did, then this is serious shit.

Jane gulps the coffee. Her hand is shaking.

ALI (CONT'D)

You still want full custody, right?

JANE

Yes. Of course I do.

ALI

Well, then you've got to stop protecting him. He takes her from school without telling you, he doesn't bring her home on his weekends. This is, what, the third time he's come into your house?

(beat)

Jane. This has to get reported. It needs to be for real.

Jane looks away. Nodding to the coffee:

ALI (CONT'D)

Finish it up, take some Advil, brush your teeth.

(off the recycling bag)

I got this. I'll meet you inside.

Obedient, Jane drains the coffee. Turns and heads towards the house. Ali grabs the recycling bag.

As Ali's looking around the shed, she spots a few red-wine rings on the desk. She grabs a Kleenex, spits on it, cleans them off. Noticing the candle on Jane's desk, Ali holds her hand over it, touches the wax. It's cold and hard.

20 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - BEDROOM -- DAWN

20

5:31AM. MORNING LIGHT is leaking into Jane's bedroom. Jane grips her windowsill, stares out at the clouds. In the distance, the DOORBELL rings. Jane doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

After a moment, Ali opens the bedroom door. She joins Jane at the window. Jane points at the clouds.

JANE

Cirrostratus. Transparent. Like a veil, right?

Ali leans into her sister, gentle. Peering at the sky:

JANE (CONT'D)

Halo effect, I think that's there --

ALI

Jane, they're here.

Jane exhales, ragged. Ali heads for the door.

21 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

21

Ali's bustling around, filling a kettle. Business-like:

ALI

It's simple. Her ex is off the dial. He's obsessed with his daughter, he's claiming he's sober --

JANE

I actually think he is.

Still in her writing sweater and nightgown, Jane enters the kitchen. Three plainclothes COPS turn to look at her.

BUDDY: A hipster Ident cop, horn-rimmed nerd-glasses, ergo the Buddy Holly nickname.

NICKOLE: Rookie detective, cheap Zara suit, 100% focused, and yes, the K was on purpose (thanks, trailer-park Mom).

And **BIRD.** John Bird. Major Crimes Detective. 40-something, T-shirt, surf shorts. Laconic. Stepping forward:

BIRD

Jane, right? Jane Sadler?

JANE

(blank, polite)

Were you surfing? Getting ready to go surfing? Cause apparently the pollution levels are really high.

BIRD

We came as soon as we got the call.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

BIRD (CONT'D)

John Bird, Major Crimes. This is Nickole Bilson, Buddy Fontana, they're helping me out today.

JANE

Major Crimes, why Major Crimes?

BIRD

The local guys are tied up.

JANE

Oh. Okay. Well, nice to meet you.
(beat)

And that may be the stupidest thing I've ever said. It's not nice to meet you, it's actually terrible to meet you.

BIRD

Ms. Sadler --

JANE

Please. Call me Jane.

BIRD

Jane. You okay to sit down?

She nods. Bird leads her to a chair, pulls up Lake's kiddie chair next to her. Sits down beside Jane.

BIRD (CONT'D)

Jane, we're going to call Lake's father, all right? And then we're going to talk about what happened.

(Jane nods)

You want to dial, you want me to call?

ALI

Can you do it? Please. He needs to understand this is not okay.

Ali hands him a post-it with Pete's number. Bird glances at Jane. She nods. He dials the number. Ali hands him a cup of tea. Silence, as it's RINGING... Finally:

PETE'S VOICE (over cell)

Hey, this is Pete, leave me a message.

Jane drops her head in her hands. A long BEEP, then:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

BIRD (into cell)
Mr Green, my name's John Bird, I'm a
detective, LAPD. We're calling about
your daughter. We're really hoping
she's with you right now.

Bird nods to Nickole. She's already poised by the door.

BIRD (into cell) (CONT'D)
Mr Green, I'm sending a detective
over now. Her name's Nickole Bilson,
she'll be at your place in 15 minutes.

Nickole hurries out the door. As she's leaving:

BIRD (into cell) (CONT'D)
As soon as you get this message,
please call me back at 647-565-3010.
(closing his cell, to Jane)
Okay. Let's talk about tonight.

22 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - BEDROOM -- LATER

22

Jane stands in her bedroom. She yanks off her nightgown,
pulls on an old T-shirt. She's going through her closet,
she needs her lucky shoes... A KNOCK on the open door.

BIRD (O.S.)
Jane. We're not finished.

She's on her knees now, tossing shoes aside. Bird enters.

JANE
I can't find them. My Converse.
They're blue.

Patient, Bird starts to look through the dozens of shoes.

BIRD
Anyone else here tonight? Besides
your sister?

JANE
No. I mean, my nanny. Lake's nanny.
Beatriz, she left around 7.

BIRD
She comes on Sunday?

JANE
She's here every day. I work a lot.

She glances at him, expecting judgment. She gets none.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BIRD

No one else? No friends dropping
by, no groceries, pizza delivery --

JANE

(after a beat)

No. No one.

BIRD

What about keys to the house?

JANE

Everyone has a key to this house.
Bea, my sister, my kid. My assistant,
the production coordinator at work.
The gardener, my next-door neighbor --

BIRD

What about your ex?

JANE

I don't know. He's not supposed to.
(beat)

You know what the locksmith told me,
first time he showed up? He said
he'd be back. Three times.

BIRD

How many times has he been back?

Jane holds up three fingers.

BIRD (CONT'D)

So Pete's come into your house before.

JANE

The first few times, he'd relapsed.
He wanted to take Lake home with
him, he wouldn't leave.

Jane realizes she's in her underwear. Standing up, she grabs
a pair of faded jeans off a chair, yanks them on.

BIRD

I assume we have your permission to
search the house, access your email --

JANE

Anything. Anything you need.

Bird holds out a pair of battered blue Converse. Jane takes
them, grateful. As she's pulling them on:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

BIRD

How's your show going?

(Jane glances at him)

Jane Sadler, right? You're doing a show. Series. Whatever it's called.

JANE

How do you know that?

BIRD

It's a cop show. I'm a cop.

JANE

There are a lot of cop shows.

BIRD

Not like this one. The guys downtown are talking lawsuits. Defamation.

JANE

Well, they shouldn't. I made it all up.

Before Bird can respond: the sound of a DOORBELL, a KEY turning in the lock. Jane hurries out, game face on.

23 INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - KITCHEN -- MORNING

23

CASEY -- 24, bouncy, hip, jacked up with exhaustion -- rushes into the kitchen, carrying sides (schedule and script pages, in miniature) and a Whole Foods plastic bag. Yelling:

CASEY

Jane? I'm here, what's with the Impala in the driveway?

(spotting Ali)

Sister mother!

Ali stares at her, confused. Casey envelopes Ali in a hug.

CASEY (CONT'D)

See, I figure that Jane's like my mother, and you're like her sister --

Ali pulls away. Jane hurries into the kitchen.

CASEY (CONT'D)

That sounded super-commune, didn't it. My bad.

Jane enters. Handing Jane her sides:

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

CASEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Twelve scenes, four unit moves, three cameras, we've probably got a partridge in a pear tree.

(unloading the bag, to Ali)

Nice scene last night, by the way.

Came in at four in the morning, I honestly don't know how she does it.

Silent, Bird and Buddy enter the kitchen. Oblivious, back to the cops, Casey starts to line up supplies on the counter.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Vitamins. 40-plus, one a day.

Playtex, a few celebrity mags, I know you don't read that trash, but whatever, it's petty cash --

ALI

Jane's actually going to need to be home today. If you could tell the production office --

Casey turns. Stares at Bird and Buddy, alarmed.

JANE

Hang on a second, all right?

(thinking out loud, to Bird)

Detective, can you walk me through the next couple of hours?

BIRD

We're heading to your ex's place right now. As soon as we have your daughter, we'll call you.

Casey's eyes widen. Ali shoots her a look, Casey shuts up. Determined, Jane plows forward.

JANE

How long.

BIRD

Probably an hour. Then we'll need you to come in to the station, give your statement.

JANE

Do you care where I am until then? I mean, you know where to reach me, right, you have all my numbers?

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

BIRD

I do.

ALI

Jane --

JANE

No. If I stay here, I am going to lose it. Which is exactly what he wants. He wants me to freak out. Lose a day, lose a week, lose my shit, I'm not doing it. Not anymore.
(to Bird)

A month ago. He wouldn't bring her home. I lost five days to lawyers, court orders, none of which stuck because apparently, it was all just a big misunderstanding. One week, everything fell to ratshit, it cost production 200 thousand dollars.

BIRD

It's fine. As long as we know where to reach you.

JANE

I just need to get them started. Get this new scene up and running.

Jane looks down, overwhelmed. Ali reaches out, pulls her close.

ALI

I can stay. Or, or I'll come with you, I'll cancel my thing --

JANE

Are you kidding me? You're not canceling anything. You'll be out of commission, what, two hours?

Ali nods. Jane hugs her, tight.

JANE (CONT'D)

Go. Do it. I'll keep you posted. Break a leg, okay?

ALI

You want me to call Bea?

JANE

Yeah. Yeah, that'd be great.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3) 23

Grabbing her computer bag, Jane heads for the front door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Ali, thank you. Casey. Let's go.

Still staring at the cops, Casey grabs her car keys and Jane's jar of vitamins. Hurries out after her boss.

24 **EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW -- DAY** 24

Jane heads for Casey's production car, parked askew in the driveway. Running after her:

CASEY

Jane. Are you okay?

Jane climbs into the car. Casey climbs in after her.

JANE

No. Not really.

Casey turns on the car. RAP MUSIC starts to blare. Wincing:

JANE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Casey --

CASEY

Rod sent it over for the opening of 103, he was hoping you'd sign off.

JANE

What has he got for the ending?

Casey fast-forwards. CLASSICAL MUSIC -- a children's choir, somewhere in Bulgaria. Jane closes her eyes. Casey glances at Jane, concerned, then pulls out of the driveway.

25 **INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY -- DAY** 25

8:04AM. Jane hurries through the production office. Casey is at her heels, eyes wide with worry.

CASEY

Double-blues are out, they're on your desk, you want a latte, lemon water, quinoa wrap, I can call Craft --

Jane passes Carmen, the harried A.D. Bowing, hands in prayer:

CARMEN

Thank you, thank you. Janey, I'm sorry we couldn't do the beach, we tried, we really did.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

JANE

I know. It's fine.

CARMEN

No, it's great. Means we might
actually make our day.

(into her walkie)

Guys, we got an ETA on Henry?

Carmen hurries off, as Jane bursts into --

26 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - WRITING ROOM -- DAY

26

Five writers sit around a boardroom table, feet up. **MATT, ALAN, TAMARA, JEFFERSON,** and **MIA.** All coffees and muffins, shits and giggles. Standing up:

MATT

Boss. Nice work on the double-blues.

JANE

Thanks. Casey --

CASEY

I've got it in here somewhere.

Casey scrabbles around in her bag. Matt slides Jane his script, past a bowl of pistachio nuts. She stares at it.

JANE

It's not watermarked.

MATT

Mia advanced me a copy. It was 5 in the morning, she hadn't finished proofing --

JANE

I don't care. Nobody, *nobody*, gets a script without a watermark. One script per person, watermarked with your name. Mia, if these scripts start floating around, we're done.

Surprised by Jane's tone, Mia shrinks in her chair. Casey hands Jane her own watermarked draft, initialed KC.

CASEY

I'll talk to Mia, we're on it.

JANE

Good. We ready for tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

MATT

Not really. This new scene you wrote,
it's got serious repercussions. For
tomorrow, Thursday.

(passive-aggressive)

We've been noodling a few things,
but it's tricky when you're not in
the room.

The sound of someone WHISTLING an old blues song, note-
perfect. Jane grits her teeth. Casey hurries to the door.

CASEY

Dominic. We're in a story meeting.

DOMINIC

I just need a minute.

CASEY

She can't do it right now.

DOMINIC -- mid-30s, rumpled, British, broken-nose gorgeous --
ducks past Casey, and into the writing room. Shoving his
hands in his pockets, inspecting the story board:

DOMINIC

Jane. May I have a moment?

JANE

Not right now.

DOMINIC

Big new scene. Important scene.
Shoots in a couple of hours, I could
really use a moment.

He turns, gazes at her, steady. Jane exhales. He grabs a
handful of nuts, and exits. Jane follows him.

27

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - KITCHEN -- DAY

27

Beatriz paces, terrified, in the kitchen. Bird sits at the
island, drinking tea, writing up his notes. Buddy's taking
photographs. Pushing buttons on the home phone:

BEATRIZ (into phone)

(in Spanish, sub-titled)

Can you hear me? Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

ALI (over speaker-phone)
(equally fluent Spanish)
*She's with her dad, the police are
picking her up now. Jane asked me
to let you know.*

28 **EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - PARKING LOT -- INTERCUT**

28

Ali's driving her BMW down the 10. Bea's VOICE is coming over Bluetooth. Frantic, chugging a huge bottle of water:

ALI
(Spanish)
*These guys are helping us, okay? So
you give them whatever they need.
I'll call you as soon as I'm out.*

Bea nods. Hangs up the phone. Bird gazes at her, thoughtful.

BIRD
You really love this little girl.

Bea buries her head in her hands.

BEATRIZ
They love her too. Both of them.
They just don't love each other.

29 **INT. SANTA MONICA FERTILITY CLINIC - PRIVATE ROOM -- DAY**

29

Ali hurries into a clean, all-white clinic. Heads straight into Room B. Already stripping off her sweater:

ALI
Millie, I'm here, I'm sorry I'm late.

The **NURSE** hands her a gown. Ali yanks down her yoga pants, lowers herself onto a bed. **TOM** -- decisive, tough, in a rumpled bespoke jacket and jeans -- enters, closing his cell.

TOM
I've been calling, what happened?

ALI
Pete's got her, but it's a nightmare,
I've been dealing with the cops since
five. Anything on the wires?

Tom takes her yoga pants, tosses them in a corner.

TOM
Nothing. Quiet night in the valley.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

TOM (CONT'D)

A few drug busts. Drive-by in North Hills.

Ali looks away, worried. He leans in, touches her cheek.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey. You still okay to do this thing? Cause we can postpone, we can do it next month.

Ali grabs Tom's hand. A **DOCTOR** enters, pulling on gloves.

ALI

Are you kidding me? I put two mildly suicidal clients on hold today, I'm just praying they don't off themselves while I'm getting turkey-basted.

They gaze at each other, united. Finally, jaunty:

TOM

Okay. Let's blasticize this shit.

30 **EXT. PETE'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT -- DAY**

30

Bird and Nickole hurry up the garden path. In low voices:

NICKOLE

Apartment's clean, no sign of the kid. Dad showed up ten minutes ago.

(beat)

Apparently he was on the road to Ojai, cell was dead, he finally plugged it in, picked up the messages, turned around.

BIRD

You believe him?

NICKOLE

I don't know yet.

Bird opens the gate. Pete's pacing in the garden.

BIRD

Mr. Green. John Bird, Major Crimes.

PETE

Why'd they send you?

(Bird raises an eyebrow)

I just, I would have thought this would be local. Regular cops.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BIRD

You don't want Major Crimes on this?

PETE

No. I want everybody on this.

Anybody, I just --

(beat)

Is it because of Jane? I mean, she's running a cable series, it's not like she's fucking famous --

BIRD

Can we focus on your daughter?

Pete's face creases in grief. Finally, he nods.

BIRD (CONT'D)

I just have a few questions, all right? Last time you saw her?

PETE

Last night. 6 o'clock. I dropped her off at Jane's.

BIRD

Lake seemed okay, Jane seemed okay?

(Pete nods)

You guys had a good weekend together?

PETE

Yes. The best.

BIRD

What'd you do?

PETE

Hung out here mostly. A little bit of Full House, I taught her a Dylan song. Took all weekend, but she got it. C, G, A-Minor, F...

BIRD

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right.

(Pete stares at him)

Good song. You're newly sober, yeah?

PETE

It's been over four months.

BIRD

Good for you, what about last night.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

PETE

What do you mean.

BIRD

Where were you?

PETE

I was here. My cell died around midnight, I forgot to plug it in.

BIRD

Can you confirm that, were you with anyone, did you see anyone?

PETE

Yes. I - I was with a friend. She came over for dinner, she was here till after four.

(beat)

I didn't want to tell Jane. Not yet.

BIRD

Four AM.

(Pete nods)

What's her name?

PETE

Kathryn. Kathryn Collins.

BIRD

Okay if we get in touch with her?

After a beat:

PETE

Of course. Anything you need.

31 **EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - PARKING LOT -- DAY**

31

9:46AM. Jane emerges from Dominic's trailer. She's pale.

ANGUS

We need to talk.

Jane keeps walking. **ANGUS O'LEARY** -- early 30s, alpha-male, jeans and a tight T-shirt -- joins her, matches her pace.

JANE

I can't. I can't juggle one more egg. Everyone's so goddamn fragile.

Shaky, she reaches out, mimes holding an egg on a spoon.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

JANE (CONT'D)

Careful, help me, don't drop me, I'm just a little egg...

ANGUS

I asked you not to do this.

JANE

Do what.

ANGUS

I told you everything I knew. Everything. Cone of silence, you said you understood.

JANE

I did. I do.

ANGUS

(pulls out the blue script)
Sadler. This is word for word. You barely changed their names.

JANE

That's my job. All right? I take all the shit that people give me, and I spin it into something. Might not be gold --

ANGUS

No. It's straw. The same fucking straw I gave you, off the record. Corruption, politics, drug dealing within the force. All the moves, all the downtown players, you're basically making another goddamn documentary.

(grabs her arm)

Jane. I'm going to lose my job.

JANE

Nobody's going to know it came from you.

ANGUS

I'm the cop on your show, I am your police consultant.

JANE

And I'm a magpie. I'll take anything that glitters. Which you knew, I told you that when we started.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

Angus turns away. She reaches out, touches his arm. Low:

JANE (CONT'D)

Angus. We're making something scary here, something true. It's important.

Angus stares at her. She's so wired. So vulnerable.

CARMEN

Boss. Scene 39-A. Rehearsal's up.

Jane turns. Carmen's hurrying over, on her walkie.

CARMEN (into walkie) (CONT'D)

I got her, we're traveling now.

Carmen takes Jane's elbow, firm. Starts walking her towards the studio. Angus stands there, at a loss.

32 INT. PRODUCTION STUDIO -- DAY

32

The controlled chaos of a TV set. GRIPS, GAFFERS, CRAFT SERVICE. A million little pieces. Jane hurries over to the monitors. Henry's pacing, on his cell phone.

JANE

What do you think of the scene?

HENRY

It's fine.

(stabbing at his cell)

Pow. I squash your ass, motherfucker.

Jane stares at him. He's playing Plants Vs. Zombies: Rooftop Level. Beat. Jane turns away, vulnerable. Noticing:

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey. It's going to be great.

(wraps an arm around Jane)

Decent scene, decent actors. We're not curing cancer here, right?

CARMEN (O.S.)

Okay guys, we're up!

Henry pats Jane's shoulder, strides out onto the set. Jane swallows, tries to shake it off. Watching the monitors:

ON THE MONITOR: Dominic and Isobel ("Izzy" from the night-shoot) are pacing, studying their sides. Henry appears.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

HENRY

Okay. Guys. Late-breaking scene, new revisions, let's just see what we can do with it, all right? Shake it up, keep it loose. No rehearsal, we're going to roll on action.

CAMERA-KID

And mark, Scene 39-A, Take One.

SOUND-GIRL

Sound.

HENRY

And... action!

Jane stares at the monitor. Switches her cell to Vibrate.

33 INT. PRODUCTION STUDIO - COP SHOP SET -- CONTINUOUS

33

Late-night LIGHTING. "Izzy" (Isobel) huddles in the corner of the drug squad office. Still in her undercover clothes. She's drinking a glass of scotch. "Nick" (Dominic) enters.

DOMINIC

I'm sorry. About tonight.

ISOBEL

I get it. We're soldiers. We take orders, we trust in the greater good, doesn't always make sense.

Dominic locks the door. Starts dropping the blinds, one by one. Isobel stares at him.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOMINIC

Secrets always do better in the dark.

ISOBEL

I don't have any secrets.

DOMINIC

Okay, then. I'll go first.

(turns off the LIGHTS)

I hate soldiers. My dad was a Sergeant Major out of Westpoint, 30 years, all he did was kill innocent people in countries whose names I can't even pronounce, beat the shit

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
out of my mother, and terrorize his
children.
(deep breath)
I don't want to be a soldier. I
want to be a cop. Maybe even a good
one.

She looks away. He slides down, takes a swig of her scotch.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
What about you.

ISOBEL
Told you. I don't have any secrets.

DOMINIC
That, I don't believe.

ISOBEL
Oh yeah, what's my secret?

She gazes up at him, angry. Slow, soft, Dominic kisses her.
She responds, then pulls back --

DOMINIC
You hate me.

He pushes her back onto the floor. Yanks up her T-shirt.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
And you love me.

He reaches between her legs. Isobel moans. As he pulls off
her jeans and underwear, she arches her back, lost.

34 INT. PRODUCTION STUDIO -- CONTINUOUS

34

Jane stares at the monitor. Henry's beside her.

CARMEN
Holy shit.

Carmen's unzipping her fleece sweatshirt. Fanning herself:

CARMEN (CONT'D)
They're actors, I don't even like
them, but oh my God.

Jane and Henry stare at the monitors, surprised. Carmen
breaks up the moment, slapping Henry on the back.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Okay, going again! We got hot nachos coming up, cold showers if you need 'em, so guys, let's stay focused.

Jane's CELL buzzes in her pocket. She grabs it, fast.

JANE (into cell)

Hi, this is Jane.

BIRD (over cell)

Jane, hi. It's John Bird. LAPD.

Jane moves away to a darker corner. Blocking one ear:

JANE (into cell)

Hi, hi. You got her? I'm on my way --

35 INT. PETE'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT -- INTERCUT

35

Bird stands in Pete's bedroom. In gloves, Buddy is bagging and tagging possible evidence.

BIRD (into cell)

He doesn't have her.

JANE (into cell)

What?

BIRD (into cell)

Your daughter's not here. As of right now, Pete's story checks out.

JANE (into cell)

What do you mean, it checks out? It's just a story. He could tell you anything.

Buddy pulls two used condoms out of the garbage. Holds them up for Bird to see. Bird nods. Buddy bags them.

BIRD (into cell)

He was with a - friend. Till 4AM. I just spoke with her on the phone, she confirmed it. We're going to talk to her in person, obviously -- but right now, we're going to have to open the search.

Jane staggers back, leans against the concrete studio wall.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

BIRD (into cell) (CONT'D)
I've got local guys searching the cabin in Ojai, but if Lake's not there... Look, you need to come home. I'll meet you there.

Jane drops her phone. Nauseous. She spots a sink. She lurches towards it, turns on the tap -- no water. Of course not, it's fake, it's part of the set. Jane MOANS into her hands: primal, agonized.

CARMEN (O.S.)
Okay guys, keep it down!

36 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY -- DAY

36

12:05PM. Jane and Casey hurry down the hall. Casey's carrying Jane's bag. Jane's CELL is ringing non-stop.

CASEY
We've got a notes call at three --

JANE
I don't care. Just get me home.

Grim, Jane pushes open the door to the writing room.

37 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - WRITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

37

Jane and Casey enter. The writers all look up, alert. Jane's CELL keeps ringing.

JANE
I'm sorry, guys, but I gotta go.

MATT
Can we just run something by you, new B-story, I mean, if you're not going to be here --

JANE
Matt, I'm serious, I really have to go.

MATT
Okay, but -- just, as you're driving, picture this, okay? Instead of the whole B&E blackmail angle, which is cool, but it's a little low-stakes, bad guys in masks, property crime, no one really gives a shit, right?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

JANE

(heading to the back door)

Matt --

MATT

What if they takes Nick's kid? Child abduction, by a stranger.

Jane freezes, her hand on the door. She can't move, she can't breathe. Matt keeps barreling on at high speed.

MATT (CONT'D)

Happens all the time. Missing kids, 37 percent are taken by strangers. So we've got some strung-out drug addict, comes into Nick's apartment, grabs the 6-year old girl -- we should probably make her 8 or 9 so that she can actually act -- but either way, it's a goddamn monster, right?

Jane starts to dry-heave. Matt turns to her, excited.

MATT (CONT'D)

Lost girl. Means we care --

Jane turns, lurches forward. She's puking into a garbage can, Casey's holding back her hair. Stepping forward:

MATT (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Are you okay?

P.A (over INTERCOM)

Jane, we've got a David Gomez on Line Three. Commissioner David Gomez, LAPD.

Jane starts to throw up again. Fast, Casey pulls Jane's hair into an elastic, hands her off to Matt. Grabbing the land-line:

CASEY (into phone)

Hi, you're looking for Jane?

Jane's wiping her mouth. Writers are scurrying for paper towels, wet wipes, bottles of water. Casey's eyes widen.

CASEY (into phone) (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay, yes. I'll put her on.

Gentle, Matt leads Jane towards the office phone. Taking the receiver, hand shaking:

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

JANE (into phone)
This is Jane Sadler.

38 INT. LAPD HQ - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE -- INTERCUT 38

COMMISSIONER DAVID GOMEZ stands in his big glass office.
Early 50s, polished, powerful. Into his speaker-phone:

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (into speaker-phone)
Ms. Sadler. David Gomez here, I'm a
big fan, big fan of your work.

JANE (into phone)
Thank you.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (into speaker-phone)
We're going to find your daughter,
all right? We've got a few leads,
very promising, I'd like to fill you
in, in person.

JANE (into phone)
How do you know about my daughter?

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (into speaker-phone)
We're here to help. It's
entertainment folks like yourself
that keep this city vibrant, right?
(beat)
I'm in the main building on First.
We'll see you within the hour.

He clicks off. Jane stands there. Stunned, she puts down
the phone. Everyone's staring at her.

MATT
Jane, it's okay, we've got it. Go.

Jane nods, staggers out of the building. Casey follows her.

39 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW -- DAY 39

Tom pulls up to Jane's house in his car. Ali sits in the
passenger seat, a little groggy.

TOM
I wish I were taking you home.

ALI
It's fine, I can sleep it off here.
I want to be around when Lake gets
home.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

TOM

Want me to make you anything? Iced
tea, dry toast?

ALI

Honey. I'm not pregnant yet.

She leans in, kisses his cheek. After a beat:

ALI (CONT'D)

Still nothing on the wires, right?

TOM

(scrolls through his cell)
Weather, hot and sunny. Some more
email nonsense with Hilary, the usual
ISIS horror show...

He pauses. Ali clocks it.

ALI

What. Tom --

TOM

Missing girl. This one's nine. Alisha
Bernard, open balcony window...
(reading, fuck)
She was alone in a second-floor
apartment, of course she was, who
does that?

ALI

Where.

TOM

Ventura and Carpenter.

ALI

Ten minutes from here.
(beat)
Go, all right? You'll get more as
press than I will as next-of-kin.

Tom nods. Kisses her, fast. Ali gets out of the car, heads
to Jane's front door. Uses her own key to open it, waves,
as Tom pulls away in his car. As soon as he's gone, Ali
leans against the door. Cradles her stomach, vulnerable.

40 INT. CASEY'S PRODUCTION CAR -- DAY

40

Casey's driving. Jane stares out the window. Palm trees
flash past. Folding a parking ticket into an accordion:

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

JANE

Ornamental. Non-native. No fruit,
no shade, all they do is suck up
water.

CASEY

What?

JANE

Palm trees.

Jane leans her forehead against the window. Casey exhales.

CASEY

You know that I love your daughter,
right? I do, I've spent the last six
months of my life, in her life --

JANE

She would have called out. And I
would have heard her.

Casey pulls into the LAPD HQ. Low, strangely harsh:

CASEY

Not if you were in the Bat Cave.
Three in the morning, drinking wine,
cranking out yet another scene --

Jane turns to Casey, surprised. But before she can respond,
there's a RAP on the window. **BRYCE** -- mid-20s, suit, buff --
points, brisk. Casey turns the wheel.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Okay, asshole. I got it.

Casey pulls into a Visitor's spot. Jane gets out of the
car. Bryce hurries over, holding out his hand.

BRYCE

Ms. Sadler, I'm so sorry for...

His voice trails off. Jane stares at him.

JANE

For what. For what? Jesus Christ --

Casey joins them. Taking Jane's arm, gentle:

CASEY

Can you just take us up?

41 INT. LAPD HQ - 6TH FLOOR -- DAY

41

Bryce leads Jane and Casey through hushed, executive offices.
KNOCKS on the corner office door --

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (O.S.)
Come in, come in.

Bryce opens the door. Jane and Casey enter. Gomez stands
up to greet them. Friendly, concerned, hand extended.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Ms. Sadler.

JANE
Please, call me Jane.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ
As long as you call me David. Bryce?

Bryce takes Casey's arm. Ushers her toward to the door.

CASEY
Excuse me?

JANE
It's okay. Just head back to the
office, and don't let Matt go rogue,
all right? You know what we're doing,
we went through it all last weekend.

Casey stares at Jane. Shocked that Jane thinking about work
right now, shocked that she can't stay in the room with her.
Bryce guides her out. Shuts the door behind him.

Jane turns to Gomez. He searches her face, thoughtful.

JANE (CONT'D)
Sir. Please. I'm supposed to be at
home, one of your detectives asked
me to go home, he's meeting me there --

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ
Detective Bird. He's one of our
best. A little unconventional, but
I'm sure you can respect that.

Beat. They stare at each other a moment. Finally:

JANE
You said you had a few leads, you
said they were promising.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

I'm going to let Detective Bird fill you in on that. I just wanted you to know that I've taken a personal interest in your case.

(beat)

As I said, I'm a fan. I've been following your new series.

JANE

There's nothing to follow.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

Don't sell yourself short.

He pulls out a watermarked script. Wags it, playful.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (CONT'D)

You've got quite an imagination.

Jane stares at the script. Reaches for it. He pulls it back.

JANE

Where did you get that?

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

The whole corruption angle's a bit baroque, but I get it, you're looking for eyeballs, you're tapping into a primal fear, cop as boogie-man, it's old as dirt, right?

(friendly)

And while I'll could do without the absurd fantasy that LAPD cops are dealing drugs and executing rivals like some kind of Mexican Cartel, I also understand that you have to put bread on your table.

JANE

It's fiction. I made it up.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

Oh yeah, like your other movie? I saw that one, six years ago. You won an Oscar for it, right?

JANE

Sir, that was a documentary --

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

Come on. We had a deal. I call you Jane, you call me David.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (CONT'D)

(leans back)

It's funny, isn't it. My parents gave us very anglo names. I'm David, my brother's Dan.

He gazes at her. She blinks. Once, twice. Getting it.

JANE

Dan Gomez. State Senate, he's running for Governor.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

First Latino President in the making. If you ask my parents.

JANE

They must be very proud.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ

They are. It's a lot of pressure on everyone, obviously, but it could be a great thing. If we all play our cards right.

Silence. Gomez leans in, solicitous.

COMMISSIONER GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Anyway. That's not why we're here, is it? We're here about your daughter.

Jane stares at him, suddenly horrified.

42 INT. SQUAD CAR -- DAY

42

3:52PM. Shaken, Jane sits in the back of a squad car. After a beat, she dials her cell. Waits --

JANE (into cell)

Hey, it's me. Can you put Matt on?

43 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - WRITING ROOM -- INTERCUT

43

Casey's pacing in the writing room. Matt's up at the board, mouth full of chips, re-breaking the next episode.

MATT

It's cool, just put her on Speaker.

Casey hits Speaker-Phone on her cell. Places her phone down on the table, next to a fresh tray of crackers and cheese.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

JANE (over cell)
Guys. We need to make a few changes.

MATT (into cell)
How's it going, any word on Lake?

Jane stares out the window. Rote:

JANE (into cell)
We need to cut a few scenes, okay?
Timing's ten minutes over, we don't
want to leave anything on the floor.

Everyone stares at Matt, confused. He shrugs.

MATT (into cell)
Which scenes?

JANE (into cell)
(from memory)
6, 22, 31-A, 32, 44.

Everyone flips through their scripts. Eyes widening:

MATT (into cell)
That's most of tomorrow.

JANE (into cell)
Yeah.

MATT (into cell)
Jane, that's all the dirty cop stuff,
the drugs, the second murder --

JANE (into cell)
We'll pick it up in the next episode.

Silence in the writer's room. Finally:

MATT (into cell)
Okay... So what do we shoot tomorrow?

JANE (into cell)
Let's go with a version of what you
pitched, keep in it in studio.
Dominic's in his apartment, he's
waiting for Isobel, she never shows
up.

MATT (into cell)
So where is she?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

JANE (into cell)
I dunno. Somebody took her. Maybe
that Frank Mando guy, he was pretty
good in Episode Four.

Matt looks around at the writers. Is this for real?

Jane's eyes brim with tears. Swiping at her face, angry:

JANE (into cell) (CONT'D)
Matt. I know you've got a vision.
That whole "lost girl" theme you've
been pitching, here's your chance.
Just keep the A.D.s posted, all right?

Before Matt can respond, Jane clicks off. She leans back,
tries to breathe. She's going into shock.

44 **EXT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW -- DAY**

44

4:41PM. The squad car pulls up near Jane's house. Jane
climbs out, SLAMS the door. Stops.

POLICE CARS block the driveway. UNIFORMED OFFICERS patrol
the property.

Dazed, Jane walks up the driveway. Closer to the house,
Pete leans against the hood of his beat-up Mercedes. As
Jane walks towards Pete, a UNIFORM approaches her.

COP
Ma'am, can I help you?

JANE
I -- I live here.

COP
Okay, I'll let the detectives know.

Officious, the cop pulls out his walkie, hurries inside the
house. Stopping in front of Pete:

JANE
What are you doing here.

PETE
I wanted to tell you a story.
(beat)
2012. Lake was almost three. We
were trying to have another kid,
remember?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

PETE (CONT'D)

(Jane looks away)

I had to go to New York, I'm not even sure why.

JANE

You were playing at the Beacon.

PETE

Probably. I'm sure I killed it.

He looks away, embarrassed. Jane smiles, despite herself.

PETE (CONT'D)

I was on the plane to New York. I was coming off a three-day bender, "studio time," you were very nice about it --

JANE

Thanks.

PETE

Suddenly the pilot tells us to buckle up. The plane starts to shake, it's dipping and bumping, it's over. We all know it. People are calling their kids, praying, crying, you know what I'm doing?

(beat)

I'm thanking God it's over. I have never felt such relief in my life.

He looks away. Jane gazes at him, thrown by his gentleness.

JANE

You never told me that story.

PETE

Now I drink tea every night. That's all I do. I play guitar, I go to the gym, I drink eleven different kinds of tea.

(leans in, intense)

Jane, if you you have something to say, if you are ready to admit where you're at, admit that you're drowning --

JANE

I'm not drowning.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

PETE

(gentle)

So then where the fuck is my daughter?

Jane stares at him: the veil has been lifted. He leans closer, right in her face. She recoils.

PETE (CONT'D)

Let me guess. You were working in the shed. Bottle of wine, pack of smokes, mother of the goddamn year.

JANE

(backing away)

I never said I was that. I've never claimed to be that --

PETE

Good. Because that would be bullshit, you know why? My kid is missing.

She moves to leave, but he grabs her arm, rough. Jane gasps.

PETE (CONT'D)

My seven-year old daughter is missing.

Jane can't move. Tears are streaming down Pete's face.

BIRD

Hey!

The front door swings open, Bird and Ali rush towards them.

BIRD (CONT'D)

Let her go. Right now.

Jane yanks away from Pete. Arm around Jane, Ali ushers her into the house.

45 INT. LAUREL CANYON - SHED -- DAY

45

Jane bursts into her shed. She's losing her shit. She's searching every drawer for a cigarette, finally finds an old stale one in a mug on her desk, then she lights it --

-- Backwards. The filter starts to smoke.

JANE

Shit, shit.

(stubbing it out)

Oh my God. Oh my God. Lake...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Jane falls to her knees. For the first time all day, she starts to WEEP.

A KNOCK on the door. Jane hides her head in her arms.

BIRD

(entering)

Jane. I'm sorry. That shouldn't have happened.

JANE

It's okay. He's just upset.

Bird gazes at her, bemused. Crouching down, gentle:

BIRD

I'm going to drive you in, all right?

JANE

In. In where?

BIRD

My office. Buddy found something. In here, actually. I want to talk it through.

JANE

(curling up tighter)

What about Ojai?

BIRD

No. I'm sorry. We looked. I'll be out front. Whenever you're ready.

(beat)

Your sister's welcome to come.

He leaves. Jane struggles to her feet. Wiping her eyes, she stares at the Gibson guitar on the wall.

Trancelike, she moves towards it. Reaches inside --

Nothing. There's nothing there.

46 INT. LAPD HQ - MAJOR CRIMES DIVISION -- DAY

46

Jane sits in the waiting area of the Major Crimes division. Ali's pacing next to her. Ali's cell phone BUZZES.

ALI

It's Tom --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

JANE
(without looking up)
Take it, it's fine.

Ali squeezes Jane's shoulder, moves off to answer her phone.
Jane stares at her knees. After a moment:

ANGUS
Sadler. I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Jane looks up. Angus sits down next to her. Quiet:

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Bird trained me, he was my Coach
Officer. Hell of a good guy.
(beat)
You're right, by the way. Anything
that glitters, you told me, and you're
right. Fuck 'em. It's the truth.

JANE
Thanks.

They sit there a moment. Slow, quiet, Angus takes her hand.

ANGUS
You tell them about us?

JANE
No.

ANGUS
Okay. Let's just find her, all right?

Jane nods. Angus grips her hand tighter.

47 **INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - LAKE'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

47

Beatriz is folding Lake's clothes. Weeping, silent. A CELL
PHONE rings, from under a pile of tiny jeans. Grabbing it:

BEATRIZ (into cell)
Hello?

48 **EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD ESTATE -- GARDEN -- INTERCUT**

48

LEONARDO -- 40-something, compact -- is working on a hillside
garden. **HAMMERING** a trellis to a wall, hard. Into his cell:

LEONARDO (into cell)
(in Spanish, subtitles)
Baby. *Where are you at?*

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BEATRIZ (into cell)
*Still at work. I can't leave yet.
You still got the key?*

LEONARDO (into cell)
*Are you kidding me, of course not.
I tossed it as soon as you called.
(stressed)
Baby? You still there?*

But Beatriz has already closed her phone. Broken, she falls to her knees. Buries her face in Lake's pile of tiny clothes.

49 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - WRITING ROOM -- DAY

49

The writers are all pacing. Matt's writing on the board.

MATT
Okay. Now we've got ourselves a lost girl. Woman in peril, hero gets activated, now we've got ourselves a story. Alan?

ALAN
6 and 44, I'm doing the bookends.
(nervous)
Missing person, we're still sticking with that?

MATT
Hey, it was Jane's idea. Tamara?

TAMARA
I've got 31-A and 32, Mia's got 22.

Mia -- anxious, quiet -- is typing madly in a corner.

MATT
Good. Then we write. Mia puts it together, we watermark, we get it done.

A TRIPLE-HONK from the parking lot. Gathering his stuff:

MATT (CONT'D)
Okay, I gotta fly. Seriously, I look forward to reading.

50 EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

50

Matt hurries towards a MINI-VAN. Matt's husband, **FELIX**, waves from the driver's seat. As Matt steps into the van, he gets swarmed by three little BOYS, all different races.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

BOY

Daddy! Milo took my new brand Lego,
it's so not fair --

FELIX

Guys. Come on. Everyone behaves,
we're going to Golden Turtle for
pho. Otherwise, we're going home.
To eat coal.

Matt kisses Felix hello. Felix smiles, grim.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I hate them all.

MATT

I know, baby. I know.

51 INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT BUILDING -- EVENING

51

PJ pulls his electric bike down a dark marble hallway, lowlit
with potlights. KNOCKS on a door. One-two, one-two-three.

The door swings open. **SHELDON** -- shaved bald, barefoot, all
about his cell -- heads back to his granite kitchen island.
In the background, a wildlife DOCUMENTARY plays on a huge
flat-screen TV. PJ pulls his bike in.

SHELDON

Pop quiz. What do you call a baby
koala?

PJ

I dunno, man. Just here to re-up.

SHELDON

A joey. Pretty random, huh.

Eyes on the TV, Sheldon starts measuring coke, speed, ecstasy,
meth, weed, into little bundles. As PJ's counting out cash:

SHELDON (CONT'D)

Light show down in the valley tonight.
Pink Floyd. A little retro, but
hey, what's old is new, right?

PJ

What are you saying?

SHELDON

Cops are working hard tonight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SHELDON (CONT'D)

Levon's already been picked up, Ruby keeps texting me from some ghetto alley, he's hiding in a goddamn refrigerator box.

PJ

It's good. I'm cool. Anyway.
(stashes drugs in his knapsack)
Three more days, I'm retired.

SHELDON

Oh yeah? To do what.

PJ

Write.

SHELDON

Coffee, pancakes, eggs over-easy?

PJ

That's right. Hottest series on cable. "Diner."

SHELDON

I think that's already a movie.

PJ

See? I'm already part of the zeitgeist. Anyway, I've got an in.
(beat)
One of my clients. She kinda owes me.

PJ grabs his bike, pulls it towards the door. Thoughtful:

SHELDON

Okay, my little joey. Just be careful out there, all right?
(beat)
Cause I don't negotiate for hostages.

Sheldon turns back to his cell phone. PJ backs out, quietly shutting the door behind him.

52 INT. LAPD HQ - MAJOR CRIMES - BIRD'S OFFICE -- EVENING

52

Jane sits in Bird's office. Bird sits across from her.

BIRD

Jane. Your daughter's been missing for 15 hours now.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

BIRD (CONT'D)

(beat)

So what are we looking at? Monitor was pulled out of the wall, no prints, no one in your house besides you. You say you were in your shed from 2:30 to 3:35 in the morning, so that's our time-line, that's our one-hour window.

Jane looks away. Bird watches her, thoughtful. Places a clear evidence bag, containing a small bag of cocaine, on the desk in front of them.

BIRD (CONT'D)

And then there's this.

Jane turns to look at the bag on his desk. She blinks.

BIRD (CONT'D)

It was in the guitar in your shed. '79 Gibson, nice piece, except for the fact that the back's caved in.

JANE

That's Pete's. I mean, the guitar. I don't play guitar.

A KNOCK on the door. Nickole enters, urgent.

NICKOLE

Detective. You got a moment?

53 **EXT. LAPD HQ - 7TH FLOOR ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

53

Jane emerges onto the rooftop of the police building. TWO UNIFORMS are also up there, smoking, laughing. She moves to the edge, stares out at the city below: a glittering, messed-up blanket of LIGHTS, stretching out as far as she can see.

54 **EXT. PETE'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - BALCONY -- NIGHT**

54

Out on his balcony, Pete's staring out at a very similar view. Gripping a hot mug of STEAMING tea. LIGHTS for miles. A KEY turns in the lock inside. He doesn't move.

CASEY (O.S.)

Pete?

Casey (aka KC, aka Kathryn Collins) -- Jane's assistant -- hurries onto the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

CASEY (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay?

He shakes his head. Stepping forward, she wraps Pete in her arms. Holding her close, kissing her hair:

PETE

I'm just glad you're here.

CASEY

Yeah. Me too. Look, I told them what you said. When they called. Said I was here till 4.

PETE

You were.

CASEY

Baby. I left at 1:30, remember?
(pulls back, panicky)
Jane still doesn't know, right? I mean, she didn't ask me anything, so I didn't tell her --

PETE

Honey. She barely even knows your name.

CASEY

Cops said they need to talk to me in person. Maybe even tonight.

Casey shudders. Pete pulls her close, kisses her, soft.

PETE

Hey. It's going to be all right. We've just got to stick together.

CASEY

What does that even mean?

PETE

It means you left at 4.

Casey gazes up at him. After a beat, she nods.

55 **EXT. LAPD HQ - 7TH FLOOR ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

55

The uniforms are leaving the rooftop. Stubbing out butts, RADIOS buzzing. Standing on the edge of the roof, Jane stares out at the city. She inhales. Closes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

NICKOLE

Ms. Sadler.

Jane doesn't move. Nickole is standing there, watching her.

NICKOLE (CONT'D)

We need you inside.

56 INT. LAPD HQ - MAJOR CRIMES DIVISION - BIRD'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 56

Jane follows Nickole into Bird's office. He sits at his desk. Quiet, contained. Focused.

JANE

So what do you want to know?

Bird turns the laptop towards Jane. She stares at the screen, confused. He presses Play. Jane leans in.

ON THE LAPTOP: A blurry VIDEO of Lake, swinging on a tire. Green grass, dappled trees, no view in the distance. Waving:

LAKE (over video)

Hi Mama, hi, hi! I'm having so much fun, and I know that you're working really, really hard, so I'll just see you when you're done, okay?
(blowing kisses)
Fly-kisses, love you so much!

The video STOPS. Jane looks up at Bird, not daring to ask.

BIRD

Time stamp's two hours ago.

Jane's face crumples with relief. She closes her eyes.

BIRD (CONT'D)

She's alive. At least, she was two hours ago.

(stands, suddenly brisk)

We're going to run it through Tech, see if we can get a location. Nickole, you need to talk to Missing Persons, make sure we're all on the same page...

Jane INHALES. As the room narrows to BLACK:

JANE (O.S.)

One, two, three.

- FLASH. Jane's bedside clock shines bright. 9:06PM.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

-- FLASH. Jane's asleep at her desk in her shed. Her laptop is blinking **12:01AM**.

- FLASH. A big empty bed. White sheets yanked back, a baby monitor lying splayed on the floor. A clock blinks: **3:39AM**.

Suddenly, Jane blinks. Opens her eyes, fierce.

JANE (CONT'D)

We need to open up the timeline.

BIRD

Why?

JANE

Because. I lied to you.

He gazes at her, level. Leaning in, even tougher:

JANE (CONT'D)

Show me again.

Bird turns the laptop around to Jane.

ON LAKE: Frozen, on a tire-swing. Blowing a kiss to camera.

END EPISODE.