

# BAIT

"Pilot"

Written by  
Valerie Chu

OVER BLACK:

MAGGIE

I used to have these fantasies as a kid. Elaborate plots to kill him. My imagination ran wild. It scared me and I knew it was bad, but it was the only time I felt free...

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a woman with jet black hair that we'll come to know as MAGGIE. The first thing we might notice are the bags under her tired eyes, with the deranged look of someone who hasn't slept in days. We'd be surprised to learn that she's barely begun her 30s, but some things in life just age you.

Maggie rests comfortably on a couch, in a plain living room that gives us no indication of where we are or whose place we're in. And we never see who she's talking to here.

MALE (O.S.)

We all have fantasies. Everyone thinks the power is in restraining your mind. But the power is in letting it run free.

Maggie is transfixed by this man. Everything he says here will be a revelation for her, a new discovery. A door is being opened, a switch flipped. She hangs on his every word.

MAGGIE

There's this feeling inside of me. It's been there since that day. As I got older, I learned how to control it. It became dormant. But it's still there. It's always there.

MALE (O.S.)

And you can't control it anymore. You don't want to.

Maggie shakes her head silently.

MALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My mother didn't believe in anger. We were punished for expressing it. We could never, ever yell. Or scream. Or throw a tantrum. (laughs at the thought) A kid, forbidden to throw a tantrum...

(MORE)

MALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sometimes I would forget. I'd raise my voice without thinking. She would lock me in the basement as punishment. It could be one hour, it could be five. Sometimes that meant no supper. Ironically, that just made me more angry. I never forgot that feeling. Carried it with me all my life. Eventually, I had to find some kind of release.

MAGGIE

What was it?

MALE (O.S.)

A lot of things.

MAGGIE

Like what?

MALE (O.S.)

If I told you, you wouldn't come around anymore.

Maggie considers this.

MALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're the angriest person I've ever met, Margaret.

She shifts uncomfortably. Unsure of how this makes her feel.

MALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But that's nothing to be ashamed of. Anger is an important part of who we are. Without it, there is nothing to drive us.

Maggie nods, deciding she agrees. Relief overcomes her as she realizes -- he gets it. He understands perfectly. And it feels fucking good to be understood. We push in on her, seemingly lifeless, but actually, awakened...

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSEUP of brunette Maggie, face flush and full of life -- a far cry from the Maggie we just saw.

**INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**SUPER: ONE YEAR AGO**

Maggie lies in bed, post-coital. She's got on her 100-watt smile -- a smile that completes the mask she puts on every day. But anyone who knows her would argue that it's been there the whole time. She's happy and in love here, with no hint of how far she's going to fall.

Lying next to her is REED SHAPPEE (30s), a hero for all men. Reed's only problem is that he sees the good in everyone, so he'll have to learn the hard way. And maybe he's got a bit of a savior complex, too.

REED  
Did you...?

MAGGIE  
What?

REED  
(goofy)  
Reach Nirvana...?

MAGGIE  
(giggles)  
Oh. Yeah.

REED  
Really?  
(off Maggie's nod)  
And you were wearing that the whole time?

Reed eyes the diamond ring on Maggie's finger, her hand now resting on his chest. She nods. He loves it.

REED (CONT'D)  
I can't believe we're engaged.  
(beat)  
Did I tell you my parents did the exact same thing? Dad proposed four months after he met Mom. He just knew. I always thought that was crazy, but twenty years later, they're still going strong. And now we have the same story. That has to be a good omen.

Maggie smiles. Reed brushes her hair back. Studies her.

REED (CONT'D)  
I still have so much to learn about you.

MAGGIE  
We have plenty of time for that.

Reed looks deep into Maggie's eyes.

REED  
I love you.

MAGGIE  
Me, too.

Off the lovebirds...

PRE-LAP: A SHOWER RUNS

**INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Maggie's in there, but not exactly taking a shower. Her eyes are closed, her back against the wall. Everything from the neck down is out of frame, but we can take a guess at what she's doing. So yeah, she totally lied to Reed earlier -- Nirvana was not reached.

But the shower head isn't working for her either. We hear sounds of various water pressures as she tries each one. She gives up, letting the shower head hit the wall with a THUD.

In a series of shots, she grabs an electric razor, a loofa, another loofa. Nothing. She turns off the water, over it.

**INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The house is now quiet, Maggie and Reed now asleep. But Maggie tosses and turns, even mumbles. Her eyes snap open and she sits up suddenly. Reed stirs next to her.

REED  
(disoriented)  
What is it? ...Another nightmare?

MAGGIE  
Sorry.

REED  
(sitting up)  
It's been three months, babe. You should see a doctor.

MAGGIE  
I'm fine.

Maggie clutches a pillow and turns away from Reed. Off him...

PRE-LAP: A CAR HORN HONKS REPEATEDLY

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

An SUV rides the ass of a Cadillac on a local road. It's a country road speed limit, so -- lower than the SUV would like. Frustrated, the SUV pulls around the Cadillac and speeds past, flipping the bird. Thus, missing the joy of passing the city limit sign, but then again that's probably the point...

"WELCOME CITY OF BELLAIRE. POPULATION: 19,000"

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

In the b.g., we see the SUV, now parked in the parking lot.

There's a lone CUSTOMER at the bar, engrossed in whatever she's reading.

This is JANA BETTS (late 30s). Sheltered by her Southern roots, she used to believe that the world functioned as a meritocracy. But she hasn't gotten where she's wanted to in life -- despite working her ass off and being whip-smart. So now she just blames the patriarchy... and shitty luck.

The MANAGER (60s) refills her coffee and not-so-subtly takes a look at what she's reading. Betts takes advantage of this.

BETTS

Did you know her?

We finally see what she's reading, a newspaper headline: "JOY BARTON'S KILLER STILL AT LARGE, THREE MONTHS LATER." We punch in on "still no arrests" somewhere down the page.

MANAGER

No. You?

BETTS

No.

MANAGER

(sighs)

Bellaire was doing well, too. Doubled in size last year. Everyone realizing it ain't a bad place to live... and cheap, too. But it doesn't matter how well you're doing when you get hit with something like this. We'll be famous for this and this only.

BETTS

Last time this happened was sixty-something years ago, right?

MANAGER

Look, it's not like we don't have crime in Bellaire. Drugs, gangs, kids being kids. People getting shot for stupid reasons. But this... this is something else.

(beat)

Least the new D.A. seems to know what he's doing. Won't stop until they solve this one. I hear he might even bring in the FBI.

This makes Betts smile. She holds up the newspaper.

BETTS

Okay if I take this?

The manager nods and Betts sets down a twenty. He watches her go, wondering who she is...

CUT TO:

A CRIME SCENE PHOTO OF AN 18-YEAR-OLD WITH STAB WOUNDS ALL OVER HER BODY, LYING IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

**INT. BELLAIRE POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY**

REVEAL that the photo is displayed on a screen at the front of the bullpen. A haunting daily reminder.

This is the BELLAIRE POLICE DEPARTMENT. A small fish in the large pond that is Harris County, Texas, which serves close to 4 million people.

BPD is the hand-me-down of departments. Everything has been reused or recycled. There's a tea kettle, but no coffee pot. Instant coffee for those who need their fix.

In the bullpen we find 15-20 POLICE OFFICERS, doing anything but working. Just waiting for orders. In another town, these guys could be good cops -- maybe even great. Upward mobility would be a thing on their minds, even within grasp. But here, you're happy with the way things are, and that's that.

Maggie occupies a ratty desk in the corner, far from the group. The giant stack of paperwork on her desk tells us she's a clerk of some kind. Records clerk, to be exact.

But currently, she's not working either. From her side of the room, she can see into an open office where A MAN AND A WOMAN are talking. Her eyes are trained on the "new girl" that just walked in -- our friend, Betts.

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Betts talks to CHIEF OF POLICE, WILLIAM PAGE (60s). He's counting down the days to retirement, but can't bring himself to do it without leaving some kind of legacy -- his male ego. And this case isn't helping.

He sits on his desk and Betts has opted for standing.

BETTS

With inconclusive prints, no murder weapon, and no eyewitnesses, your best bet is a confession.

(beat)

Over a hundred people were at the victim's party that night. A profile will help narrow down that list. From there, we can use interrogation techniques to elicit a confession.

PAGE

Is that legal?

BETTS

It's put guilty men away.

(beat)

Based on the crime scene photos and everything you provided on the victim, I've created a profile for the UNSUB.

PAGE

The what?

BETTS

The unknown subject of an investigation. We use the term for--

PAGE

You mean the killer.

BETTS

Sure. The killer. So the killer will be a white male...

PAGE

How do you know that?

BETTS

This type of crime typically does not cross racial lines. He will be in his mid to late 30s...

PAGE

How do you know that?

BETTS

It was a crime of opportunity. First-time killer. Most of them start before they hit 40. Can I continue?

PAGE

Why don't you just give me the list? I can read.

Page snatches it from her. Looks it over.

PAGE (CONT'D)

We were hot on one of the ex-boyfriends for a while, but there was nothing to tie him to it. He seems to check your boxes. I'd like to bring him in again.

BETTS

(nods, then)

Other things we'll want to look at are pre and post-offense behavior. The attack was precipitated by a stressor -- loss of a job, loss of a loved one. Anniversaries are stressors, too.

Betts pauses to look at Page, who's now opening drawers, looking for something. He pulls out a can of dipping tobacco.

BETTS (CONT'D)

Are you paying attention? I'm only here to help get things off the ground, so I'd appreciate if you didn't waste my time.

Page studies her, calls her bluff.

PAGE

Actually, your supervisor told me you're here on probation. So it seems like my report determines what happens to you after this.

Betts turns red. She was hoping the bureau wouldn't sell her out so she wouldn't start on the wrong foot with these guys.

PAGE (CONT'D)

I'm not stupid. The D.A. brought you in because we couldn't deliver. I'll admit that I'm out of my depth here. But you will respect me.

BETTS

Then how about making that a two-way street?

Page doesn't respond. That's reasonable enough. He nods.

PAGE

What else?

BETTS

Three months is plenty of time for a killer to rationalize his actions. And there has been no reported progress with the case, so he's at ease. It will be hard to get to him. The interrogation techniques, reapplying the pressure -- all of it is imperative.

PAGE

By any means necessary... just find the guy.

**INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY**

Betts walks over to Maggie and extends her hand.

BETTS

Agent Betts. I was told you could help me create a list of suspects.

Maggie ignores the handshake, her eyes glued to the computer.

MAGGIE

What am I looking for?

Straight to the point. Betts respects that. She shows Maggie the profile she's jotted down and Maggie inputs the characteristics for her search.

BETTS

We shouldn't just focus on those at the party -- it could've been anyone. Who else did Page talk to?

MAGGIE  
(thinks, then)  
An ex-boyfriend that was out of  
town. And the victim's stepdad. He  
also had an alibi, but...

She trails off, which makes Betts curious.

BETTS  
What's his story? Did you find  
something?

Maggie hesitates. This is not really her job, but Betts is  
waiting... expecting a reply.

MAGGIE  
When Joy's college roommate gave  
her statement, she said he made  
frequent, unwanted visits to campus  
their freshman year. We followed up  
with the campus police, but they  
had no record of any official  
complaints. The roommate moved away  
shortly after she gave her  
statement. We didn't look for her.

BETTS  
So you just stopped investigating  
him?

MAGGIE  
We never even really started.

Betts considers this.

BETTS  
What did you think of him?

MAGGIE  
Me...?

It's clear that Maggie never gets asked these questions.

BETTS  
(yes)  
What was your read on the guy?

MAGGIE  
I-- I didn't meet him.

BETTS  
You didn't see him when he came to  
the station?

MAGGIE  
 (shakes her head)  
 He never came to the station.

This lands on Betts.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 He was only ever questioned at  
 home.

BETTS  
 Huh. Well, let's bring him in, too.

Betts leaves and Maggie turns back to her screen. Many results have appeared, but she starts a new search for "ART HICKMAN" and his photo appears. She's fixated on him, and we're off her, as we try to understand why...

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

We follow a WAITRESS through an average-sized gathering. There's a banner that reveals the occasion -- "SHE SAID YASSSS." GUESTS are gathered around Maggie and Reed, DARLA the most overzealous among them.

REED  
 I took her to Freddie's, our  
 favorite restaurant in town. I had  
 to make it seem like any other  
 night. She picks up on everything.

DARLA  
 (to Maggie)  
 Were you surprised?  
 (off Maggie's nod)  
 Really though?

Maggie looks at Reed. Hates to admit this, but...

MAGGIE  
 No. I knew.

REED  
 (upset)  
 How could you have known?

MAGGIE  
 You were acting weird.

REED  
 I was nervous!

MAGGIE  
Finish the story.

REED  
(sighs, then)  
Dessert came, the plate said "will  
you marry me?", and I popped the  
question. The end.

MAGGIE  
Oh, don't get sour on me.

DARLA  
"Will you marry me?" on the plate!  
That's genius...

She hits OWEN, her boyfriend. *Take note.* He rolls his eyes.

REED  
Actually, I have to give Gary the  
credit for that one. He proposed to  
Maggie's mom the exact same way, so  
he gave me the idea.

Maggie's smile disappears.

DARLA  
So you kept with tradition! How  
romantic.

Darla hits Owen again. This time, he just walks away.

MAGGIE  
When did you talk to Gary?

REED  
Um... maybe a week ago? When I  
asked for his blessing.

MAGGIE  
His... blessing?

REED  
To marry you, silly.  
(off Maggie's silence)  
What's wrong?

MAGGIE  
Nothing.

Reed is about to prod when the waitress approaches Maggie.

WAITRESS  
We have a... situation.

Maggie gives Reed a look, seems to know what this is about. She follows the waitress and Reed watches her go...

**INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Maggie nearly collides with a PATRON hightailing out. The sound of gnarly VOMITING fills the air. The door swings shut and Maggie's smile fades.

MAGGIE  
Time to go, Mom.

SHEILA (O.S.)  
Maggie?  
(beat)  
I think I had too much to drink.

MAGGIE  
No surprise there.

SHEILA (O.S.)  
I didn't mean to ruin your special night...

MAGGIE  
Get up, Mom. This is a public bathroom.

SHEILA (O.S.)  
I can't. I'm sick.

Maggie gives her a chance to right the ship, but after a beat, she charges into the stall. We hear a YELP, then she reappears -- dragging a defiant Sheila out of the bathroom.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Let me go!

The door closes behind them.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

In the light, we get a closer look at SHEILA CARTER (50s). She's someone who has carried the burden of her regrets, as evidenced by her delicate frame. They say it's never too late to make amends, but she's too much of a damn coward for all that. Self-pity is, instead, her companion.

Maggie steals the cigarette dangling from Sheila's lips, and gives her a water bottle in exchange. *Drink.* Sheila does, and Maggie takes a much-needed drag on the cigarette.

SHEILA  
Thought you quit.

MAGGIE  
You stress me out.

Mother and daughter exhale at the same time.

SHEILA  
Does Reed know you treat your  
mother like this?

MAGGIE  
(threatening)  
Like what?

Maggie makes her drink again, stealing another drag. We can see who the parent is here. Sheila studies her daughter.

SHEILA  
What'd you tell him about me?

MAGGIE  
We don't talk about you. We talk  
about us. Our future.

SHEILA  
Every family's got problems,  
sweetheart. It's nothing to be  
ashamed of.

MAGGIE  
I'm not ashamed.

Which is true. Unlike her mother, Maggie runs from self-pity.

SHEILA  
(amused)  
You really are my daughter. Cut  
from the same damn cloth... Rushing  
into marriage, thinking it would  
offer some stability and somehow  
change everything. Just like I did.  
(beat)  
But hey, just cause all my  
marriages failed doesn't mean yours  
will, too.

Maggie's gotten pretty good at not letting her mother get to her, but sometimes, she still cuts through.

MAGGIE  
(confident)  
Reed's a good man. And I deserve  
that.

SHEILA  
Happy for you, baby. Really.

There's a long beat before Sheila suddenly bursts into tears.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Gary's dementia is getting worse. I  
don't know what to do, Mag. I've  
never had to take care of a sick  
person!

Maggie looks at her -- *of course you haven't.*

MAGGIE  
You won't have to do it alone. The  
nursing home will have everything  
he needs.

SHEILA  
Except us! I'm a terrible wife,  
putting him in a home. Am I making  
a mistake?

Sheila's hysterical now, which Maggie doesn't handle well.

MAGGIE  
We better go back--

SHEILA  
You'll be there tomorrow, right? To  
help move him in?  
(beat)  
He needs us. I don't know how much  
time we have left with him.

REED (O.S.)  
There you are.

They turn to find Reed approaching. Saved.

REED (CONT'D)  
Hope this isn't a sign of cold  
feet.

Reed pauses, sensing he interrupted something. Maggie takes  
his hand. And there's that smile.

MAGGIE

Not a chance. Mom just needed some fresh air.

(to Sheila)

Come inside when you're ready.

Without waiting for a reply, she leads Reed back inside... leaving Sheila in the dust.

**INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Maggie and Reed walk in.

MAGGIE

I only have to do one of those in my life... right?

REED

As long as you only get engaged once.

MAGGIE

Sold.

As they get ready for bed, Reed checks his phone, and laughs.

REED

My mom sent us a wedding planner checklist. My god, it's three pages. She wants to handle the flowers... is that okay with you? Or maybe we should decide what to put her in charge of...

He looks at Maggie, expectant. She searches for the right words.

MAGGIE

Can we just... enjoy engagement for a moment longer?

REED

Yes. Absolutely. Sorry, we Shappees get ahead of ourselves.

Maggie gives him a kiss and turns off the light.

REED (CONT'D)

Hey. Is it okay that I asked Gary for his blessing?

MAGGIE  
(a beat, then)  
Of course.

REED  
I know you wanted it to be your  
dad. I'm sorry he's not here.

Maggie turns to Reed. She appreciates his sensitivity.

MAGGIE  
It's okay. I've got you.

She pulls him close. Off this tranquil tableau...

PAGE (PRE-LAP)  
You are not under arrest and you  
are free to leave at anytime.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Page and Betts sit across from LYLE DAVIS (late 30s), white trash, tattoos.

PAGE  
This is Special Agent Betts from  
the FBI. She's here to help with  
the investigation.

He pauses for dramatic effect. Wants this to really sink in.

PAGE (CONT'D)  
So how are you, Lyle? How have the  
past few months been for you?

LYLE  
Fine.

PAGE  
Come on. Safe space here.  
(off Lyle's shrug)  
You don't think about Joy?

LYLE  
Sure. But like I told you the first  
time, we been broken up for awhile.  
Got a new girl to think about.

PAGE  
But you and Joy stayed in touch.  
You went to her party.

LYLE

Yeah. We were civil.

PAGE

Anything you regret about your relationship? Something you said, something you did.

LYLE

We had our things. Who doesn't?

PAGE

Did the age difference ever get in the way?

LYLE

Nah.

PAGE

(snorts)

Come on. Twenty years is a big gap. You like Queen, she likes N\*Sync.

LYLE

It was fifteen years.

PAGE

Tomato, tomato. It was a big gap.

(off Lyle's shrug)

Hell if I understand it. My daughter... same age as Joy. Dating a guy your age. You wonder why, with her potential. No offense.

Page starts to get to Lyle. Just a little. But he acts cool.

LYLE

Didn't matter what people thought. We loved each other.

PAGE

You loved her until you didn't. Right? Until she started dating someone else. If you couldn't have her, no one could.

A tense beat. Lyle leans back in his chair.

LYLE

It's not that deep.

PAGE

No? Explain.

LYLE

She was a side piece. Old guys love young pussy. Just ask your daughter's boyfriend.

Page stands abruptly, looking like he might pop the guy. Lyle is smug.

BETTS

Why don't we take a break?

PRE-LAP: MUTED YELLING

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Page paces, venting, while Betts listens patiently.

PAGE

He fucking did it. I know he did.

BETTS

Something's not adding up for me.

PAGE

What do you mean? A guy in his late-thirties who only hangs out with college girls isn't fucking weird to you?

BETTS

Sure it is. And it makes him a creep. Not necessarily a murderer.

PAGE

You said the killer would fit the profile. White, 30s, criminal record -- he is and has all of those things.

BETTS

Yes, but he doesn't fit the rest of the profile. More importantly, his behavior doesn't fit...

Page's head is spinning.

BETTS (CONT'D)

Why don't I take the next one...

**INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Page's protests can be heard from the break room, where Maggie steeps her tea. But she's so deep in thought that she doesn't notice, nor does she hear...

O'HEARN (O.S.)  
This way, Mr. Hickman.

...as she mindlessly walks out and collides with ART HICKMAN (late 30s), and spills hot water all over both of them.

MAGGIE  
Fuck! I'm so sorr--

As she looks up, she's immediately taken by his towering physical presence. A full beard. He is menacing.

But what is it about him? Is it our unfounded, snap-judgments that would describe him as "fucking weird," or is there some validity to that? Was he the guy who never got laid, never had friends, so you feel sorry for him? Or is it all a ruse?

He wipes himself off, not once making eye contact.

ART  
Watch where you're going.  
(under his breath)  
Bitch.

OFFICER O'HEARN, who clearly didn't hear the insult, gives Maggie a look. He guides Art back down the hall.

O'HEARN  
Sorry about that...

Maggie watches Art until he disappears into the room.

**INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - LATER**

Back at her desk, the water has dried on Maggie's shirt. She stares at her computer screen, unable to focus. O'Hearn approaches and hands over a tape.

O'HEARN  
All yours.

MAGGIE  
Hey, what did you make of that guy?  
The stepdad, right?

O'HEARN

(shrugs)

He was nice. Not a big talker. Then again... he lost his wife then his stepdaughter a year later. Not sure I'd be up for small talk either.

O'Hearn goes and Maggie looks down at the tape.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Everyone is gone except Maggie. Frozen on her computer screen is footage of Art and Betts in the sweat box. Maggie hits "play." We cut between onscreen footage and Maggie's reactions here.

BETTS

Took me a minute to recognize you.

(re: beard)

Didn't have that in the pictures I've seen. I heard you closed the cleaners for a few weeks.

ART

(nods)

Been a hard few months for me.

BETTS

I'm sure. And we don't want to make it any harder, but we're trying a different approach and just want to be thorough.

ART

Sure. Anything I can do to help.

BETTS

Thank you. So... when the investigation first began, we received a statement saying that you visited Joy several times during her freshman year. This person described them as "unwanted visits."

A tense beat. Art leans back.

ART

Yeah, I did that. It was months after Rita died. I wanted to be with the only family I had left. And I thought Joy needed me, which is why I kept trying.

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)  
But eventually I got the hint and  
left her alone.

BETTS  
So, sometime during her freshman  
year was the last time you talked.  
(off Art's nod)  
When was that?

ART  
(shrugs)  
'Bout this time last year.

BETTS  
(just to be sure)  
And absolutely no contact after  
that? Not even a text? Nothing?

ART  
Nope. Told you I got the hint.

Betts tries a new angle.

BETTS  
Look, I don't know how much they  
told you the first time, but I  
think you should know everything we  
know about how she died.

She plows ahead without waiting for a response.

BETTS (CONT'D)  
Joy was stabbed 16 times -- 4 in  
the back, 12 in the front. One  
clean blow to the spine is enough  
to kill you, but the killer didn't  
stop there. This was a crime of  
anger. There were no signs of  
forced entry, which tells us that  
Joy knew the killer well. My guess?  
A well-intended conversation gone  
wrong. She rejected him, turned her  
back on him -- and that's when he  
stabbed her.

Art's leg has started shaking underneath the table. Maggie  
leans in, fascinated by this. She's even a little impressed.

BETTS (CONT'D)  
Now, this is hard for some people  
to believe, but in cases like this,  
I've actually seen killers show  
remorse.

(MORE)

BETTS (CONT'D)

Taking a life for the first time is overwhelming, and a lot of people don't know how to cope. They turn to alcohol, drugs, and other vices. Their physical appearance changes. They may even grow a beard.

Art looks down at the table.

BETTS (CONT'D)

Three months is a long time to be alone with your thoughts, isn't it? Have you had any revelations about your relationship with Joy? What do you regret, Art? What do you wish you could change?

Holy shit, she's fucking good. He still can't look at her and his leg continues to shake.

BETTS (CONT'D)

What would you say to her?

ART

I'd... I'd tell her I'm sorry. I'm sorry for...

Is he going to crack? She lets him find his words. The silence feels eternal.

ART (CONT'D)

For not being a better father. I'd tell her that... she'll always be the apple of my eye.

Betts leans back, defeated. She's lost him. But Maggie pauses the video and rewinds.

ART (CONT'D)

She'll always be the apple of my eye.

She rewinds again.

ART (CONT'D)

She'll always be the apple of my eye.

Even as he says this, his leg continues to shake and he fidgets with his hands. Off Maggie, unsettled...

INT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Sheila wheels GARY CARTER (60s) into the home. Maggie and Reed follow behind.

Gary carries himself in the way that ex-cops do -- always alert, and the edge never wore off. But age has done a number on him, and he's definitely not as sharp as he used to be.

As far as nursing homes go, it looks pretty damn cool. Sheila takes it in and rests her hand on Gary's shoulder.

SHEILA  
This isn't so bad, is it?

GARY  
(sarcastic)  
Hope I make friends.

He's joking, but she cracks anyway. Barely keeps it together.

SHEILA  
I'll go sign you in.

REED  
I'll get you some tea, Sheila.

Sheila nods, grateful. Before Maggie can protest, Sheila and Reed are gone and she's left alone with Gary.

GARY  
Where are we?

MAGGIE  
We're at the nursing home.

Gary turns to see who's talking to him.

GARY  
Don't you have work today?

MAGGIE  
It's nighttime.

Gary nods, as though he knew that.

GARY  
Take me to the TV.

She does as told. She parks the chair in front of a TV where a funny commercial plays.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(joking)  
Like what I've done with the place?

MAGGIE  
It's nice.

GARY  
Hell of a place to die.

Maggie looks around, wondering where the hell everyone is.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Come here, where I can see you.

Maggie does as told. He reaches for her face, grazing her cheek, which causes a reflexive shudder. She takes a step back. Looks like she's seen a ghost. She breaks eye contact, searching for Reed.

Sheila and Reed return, and Maggie moves to Reed's side. She's taking subtle, but deep breaths, and clenching her jaw.

REED  
I think you're gonna like the cafeteria, Gary. They've got steak and potatoes every Friday...

GARY  
No kidding. I do love red meat...

REED  
(nods)  
I remember. Maybe we could even sneak a grill into your room...

GARY  
(chuckles)  
Man after my own heart.

Off Maggie, shaken...

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Silence. Reed drives as Maggie looks out the window.

REED  
Everything okay?

MAGGIE  
Yeah. Just tired.

But Reed thinks it's something else. He takes a stab.

REED

Your mom... she really gets under  
your skin, huh?

She's happy to let him believe this narrative. Manages a nod.

REED (CONT'D)

Want to talk about it?

MAGGIE

Not really.

(putting her hand on his)

But I appreciate you coming with.  
Thank you.

REED

Of course. Hey, why don't we have  
date night tomorrow? Just us two.

MAGGIE

That sounds good.

REED

Good.

He turns back to the road, satisfied with this resolution.  
But Maggie turns back to the window, still reeling...

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Maggie's at her computer, her recent search -- "Sunnyside  
Cleaners." She writes the address down. The phone RINGS.

MAGGIE (INTO PHONE)

BPD Tip Line... Yes ma'am, that's  
true. You do? Could I get your  
information?

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Same dynamic -- Page pacing, Betts listening.

PAGE

There were drugs in his apartment.  
Enough to supply all of Texas! And  
you still don't think he did it.

BETTS

I never said that. I said we should  
be open to other suspects.

PAGE

Look, all due respect to your *profile*, I still prefer good old fashioned gut instincts. There's an old saying around here. "Shake the tree to see what falls out." We'll hold him on the drugs then shake him till we get something else.

There's a KNOCK at the door and Maggie enters with a stack of papers in hand.

MAGGIE

Transcription for the Hickman questioning.

PAGE

You can go ahead and file that.

But Maggie doesn't move. Page and Betts both eye her.

PAGE (CONT'D)

Something else?

MAGGIE

I just got an interesting call through the tip line.

PAGE

Yes...?

MAGGIE

It's a woman who says she was assaulted by Mr. Hickman last year. Shortly after his wife died.

BETTS

That's great. Let's follow up--

PAGE

The investigation's been underway for three months. Why is she just coming to us now?

BETTS

There are a number of reasons, but it shouldn't stop--

PAGE

(firm)

We don't have the resources to go on a wild goose chase. Let's stay focused on Davis. Thank you, McManus.

Dismissed. Maggie goes, completely embarrassed...

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Maggie washes her hands at the sink when Betts walks in.

BETTS

Hey, thanks for bringing that up.  
(off Maggie, ignoring her)  
Page is dead set on Davis, but I  
want to look into Hickman.

MAGGIE

It was stupid. I shouldn't have  
said anything.

BETTS

I'm glad you did. You had the right  
instinct.

MAGGIE

(a beat, then)  
I have paperwork to get through.

Maggie goes. Off Betts, wondering what her deal is...

**EXT. BELLAIRE POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Maggie gets in her car. Checks a text from Reed -- "Dinner at 7:00," then checks the time -- 6:30. She opens a piece of paper in her hand. "ELLIE RAMIREZ" is scribbled, with an address underneath.

**EXT. RAMIREZ HOME - NIGHT**

Maggie stands on the front porch, nervous. She raises her hand to KNOCK, then brings it down. Does this twice. Finally, she KNOCKS softly. After a short wait, she turns to go...

ELLIE (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Maggie turns, faces ELLIE RAMIREZ (early 20s).

MAGGIE

Are you Ellie Ramirez?

ELLIE

Who are you?

MAGGIE  
I'm Officer Maggie McManus. We  
spoke earlier.

ELLIE  
Oh, yes. Please. Come in.

Maggie wills herself to cross the threshold and follow...

**INT. RAMIREZ HOME - NIGHT**

Maggie and Ellie sit across from one another.

ELLIE  
What happened to that girl?

MAGGIE  
She was stabbed... sixteen times.

Ellie squeezes her eyes shut in horror.

ELLIE  
I had to stop watching the news.  
Every time it came on, I'd have a  
panic attack.

MAGGIE  
(nods, sympathetic)  
Ms. Ramirez, Joy Barton was  
murdered three months ago. If you  
don't mind me asking, why did it  
take so long for you to call us?

ELLIE  
It's hard thing -- reliving your  
story. And I thought no one would  
believe me.

MAGGIE  
Why do you say that?

Ellie takes a deep breath before launching into her story.

ELLIE  
A year ago, I was at a very bad  
place in my life. I was an escort  
for a short period of time. Told  
myself I wouldn't do it for long --  
just to help pay for tuition. Art  
was a client. I only met him once.  
Most of the time, these guys don't  
talk. They're in and out. But he  
was a talker.

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

His wife had just died and his stepdaughter wouldn't return his calls. He even showed me her picture. The stepdaughter's.

Maggie takes this in.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I felt bad for the guy. Told myself I'd be extra nice to him. But when we started having sex, he was aggressive.

(willing herself to go on)

The escorts were told that if this ever happened, we should just shut up and get paid, so that's what I did. Until he pulled my hair.

(beat)

My mom would pull my hair when I was a kid. When I was being bad. I fucking hated it. So I told him to leave... and then he hit me.

This lands on Maggie.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

He left me with a black eye. I could've pressed charges, but I didn't want to go through all that. You cut your losses. I just moved on and put it out of my mind. Until I saw her face in the news.

MAGGIE

Ms. Ramirez... do you think he could have hurt her?

ELLIE

(nods, then)

All I know is what he's capable of. But who would believe me?

A long beat. Maggie wants to be able to say, "I believe you," but she can't find the courage to say those words. Off her, wishing she could...

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - NIGHT**

Maggie walks in, emotionally spent. She looks at the table that's set, the food that's now cold. She looks at Reed watching TV.

REED  
I was worried when I didn't hear  
from you.

MAGGIE  
I'm sorry. Late night.

Reed turns off the TV and brings the food to the kitchen.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I can do that.

REED  
(softly)  
I got it.

She watches him as he moves around the kitchen. He's not mad, just... hurt. Maggie's still reeling from her meeting, and barely keeping it together.

Reed watches the food rotate in the microwave. She comes up behind him, wraps her arms around his waist. He softens.

REED (CONT'D)  
Long day?

Maggie doesn't respond, just continues to hold on. The microwave BEEPS, but he ignores it. Instead, he turns around to hold her. Off Maggie, wrapped in her security blanket...

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - DAY**

The clock turns from 4:59 AM to 5:00 AM and the ALARM GOES OFF. A hand quickly silences it -- Maggie's hand.

She sits up and looks over at a sleeping Reed. As she gets up, he opens his eyes, aware of her movements as she leaves.

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S CAR/EXT. SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS - DAY**

Maggie sits in her car, waiting outside SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS. She watches cars drive by, the bustle of the morning.

Soon a car pulls up in front and Art gets out. He's angry, pacing, calling, but not getting a hold of whoever he's trying to reach. He keeps trying.

Eventually, another car pulls up, the driver a TEENAGE GIRL (17). Art invades her space as she gets out, and BERATES her.

Alarmed, Maggie scans the street -- *anyone else seeing this?* As the abusive behavior continues, she starts clenching her jaw, having a reaction. But the girl doesn't seem to be affected. She's used to it.

The adrenaline kicks in, and Maggie puts her hand on the door handle, ready to do something if this goes on, but Art finally stops. He unlocks the door to the cleaners and the girl slips inside. He watches her for a tense beat, then gets in his car and drives off.

Maggie starts her car, ready to follow. But then she looks at the clock. Shit, she has to be at work soon. She looks back to the cleaners, decides to go another way.

**INT. SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS - DAY**

The door CHIMES as Maggie walks in. The girl, sporting a name tag that reads "FRANKIE," jumps.

MAGGIE

Sorry!

When Frankie sees it's Maggie, she sighs, relieved.

FRANKIE

It's okay. Just thought you were someone else. Picking up?

MAGGIE

Um, no. I, uh...

(finding strength)

Look, I don't mean to pry, but I got here before you opened and I couldn't help but see... there was a guy yelling at you, and... it just seemed tense.

Frankie turns bright red.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry you had to see that. Mr. Hickman is a nice guy, he'd never mean any harm. He was just a little annoyed. I was late and he had someplace to be, so then he was late. It was my fault.

MAGGIE

(not buying it)

He seemed more than "a little annoyed."

FRANKIE  
Thanks, but I'm fine. Really.  
(moving on)  
So, picking up?

Maggie lets the silence hang, giving Frankie one more chance to speak up.

MAGGIE  
No, uh... I'm here for...  
(off Frankie's stare)  
I wanted to get a quote. For a  
dress. I need it tailored.  
(beat)  
It's too big.

Frankie looks down at Maggie's empty hands.

FRANKIE  
Is it in your car?

MAGGIE  
(as if just remembering)  
You know what? I forgot it at home.  
Damn.

Her acting is pretty bad here, but Frankie buys it.

FRANKIE  
Well, Mr. Hickman is the only one  
who can do fittings and quotes. You  
would've had to come back anyway.  
He'll be here for lunch if you want  
to swing by then.

MAGGIE  
Actually I'm headed to the office,  
so I'll just come back tonight.  
Thank you, Frankie.

Frankie nods. Maggie flashes her famous smile and goes.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

The stack of paperwork on Maggie's desk is even higher now. Maggie is skimming an article titled "SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS GRAND OPENING" when O'Hearn approaches with another stack.

O'HEARN  
Another one.

Maggie snatches it from him, annoyed.

MAGGIE  
How many more of these?

O'HEARN  
(shrugs)  
Page is hoping one of 'em will roll  
over and rat on the Davis kid.

Maggie shakes her head -- *waste of time.*

O'HEARN (CONT'D)  
You got thoughts on that?

Maggie ignores him and goes back to work. We pull back to  
find Betts having clocked the exchange.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Maggie exits the building in a hurry. Her phone CHIMES and  
she checks it. From Reed: "Sushi or Thai tonight?" She turns  
off her phone and gets in her car.

**INT. SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS - NIGHT**

The cleaners are a lot creepier at night, illuminated only by  
a sliver of moonlight and shitty overhead lighting. Art sews  
a dress at the counter. The door CHIMES and Maggie enters.

ART  
(without looking up)  
We're closed.

MAGGIE  
Please, I need to drop this off.

Art looks up. He takes a minute to study Maggie.

ART  
Have we met?

MAGGIE  
I don't think so.

ART  
What's your name?

MAGGIE  
Uh... Margaret.

ART  
Margaret what?

MAGGIE

Shappee.

ART

Shappee... Shappee... went to high school with a guy named Shappee.

Maggie regrets using Reed's name, but luckily, Art moves on.

ART (CONT'D)

You live around here?

MAGGIE

Just moved...

ART

Whereabouts?

MAGGIE

My memory's so bad, I can't even remember the name.

(thinks quickly)

It's by the golf course...?

ART

Ah. Royal Oaks.

MAGGIE

That's the one.

ART

Huh. So what do you have for me?

Right. The dress. Maggie holds it up for him to examine. Art gestures to a curtain in the corner.

ART (CONT'D)

Put it on.

MAGGIE

Now...?

ART

I need to know how much to take in.

Of course. Maggie nods. She moves to the dressing room -- opens the curtain and closes it shut. There's an eerie silence as she undresses. She struggles to zip herself up and sweats quietly.

ART (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Everything alright in there?

MAGGIE

I can't quite... zip the dress myself.

ART

Come out here.

Maggie takes a breath and reappears wearing the dress, which is more revealing than it appeared on the rack. Art stares for a beat too long before motioning to a block in front of the triptych mirror.

ART (CONT'D)

Step up.

Maggie complies. She stands still as Art circles her slowly. The hairs stand up on the back of her neck.

ART (CONT'D)

How much do you want to take in?  
Two inches?

Without warning, Art pinches fabric on Maggie's side to illustrate, and she jumps. He lets go and she recovers.

MAGGIE

That feels right.

ART

I'll do one inch. So you're more comfortable.

Art runs his fingers over Maggie's waist. It's not outright violating, but uncomfortable as fuck to watch. Maggie wills herself to stay focused. Art sticks a needle in the dress, accidentally poking her.

MAGGIE

Ow!

No apology, just an awkward beat as he finishes.

ART

You can pick it up tomorrow.

MAGGIE

Tomorrow? So soon?

ART

I like to work at night. Just fill out your information.

Maggie follows Art back to the counter, where he hands over a clipboard.

He eyes Maggie as she takes her time picking up the pen. She writes in "Margaret Shappee" and continues down the form, crafting her new identity as she goes...

**INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - NIGHT**

The clock reads 10:00 PM when Maggie walks in, ready for a moment to herself. Instead, she finds Reed on his laptop, awake. It annoys her. But he's equally annoyed. Doesn't acknowledge her, or speak. She moves around the kitchen.

MAGGIE  
(finally)  
Why are you still awake?

REED  
Didn't know I had a bedtime.

He keeps typing. She keeps rummaging.

REED (CONT'D)  
Work again?

MAGGIE  
Yeah.

She waits for him to challenge her, almost wants him to.

REED  
(stoic)  
Could've responded to my text.

MAGGIE  
(snaps)  
What are you, my dad?

This gets Reed's attention. He looks up. She barrels on.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
We don't have to eat together every night. And actually, it'd be crazy if we did.

REED  
(it's not crazy to me)  
Would it?

MAGGIE  
Yes! Don't you ever need your own space? We don't have to spend every fucking second together.

A tense beat. Now he's at a loss.

REED  
Maggie... what's wrong?

MAGGIE  
(hates the question)  
Nothing's wrong. I just don't need  
you to wait up for me every night.

REED  
(yielding)  
Fine. If you want to spend your  
evenings at work -- fine.  
(beat)  
You still could've texted. It  
would've taken five seconds.

He's right and she knows it. Which makes her even angrier.  
She retreats to the bedroom. Off Reed, perplexed...

**INT. SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS - DAY**

Maggie looks at herself in the mirror, dress on. Frankie  
stands next to her.

FRANKIE  
You look great.

MAGGIE  
(amazed)  
It fits perfectly.

FRANKIE  
He knows how to make a woman look  
good.

This unsettles Maggie.

MAGGIE  
He really works through the night?

FRANKIE  
(nods)  
Does his best work then, he says.

MAGGIE  
Is he in today?

FRANKIE  
Just left. Might catch him if you  
hurry.

Maggie hurries back into the dressing room.

**EXT. SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS - DAY**

Art pulls out of a parking space, checks his mirror to find Maggie approaching. He stops, rolls down the window.

ART

Everything good with the dress?

MAGGIE

It's great. Thank you so much.

Look, um...

(off Art's stare)

I never do this, but... like I said, I'm new to the neighborhood, and it'd be nice to get tips from a local. Would you want to... maybe get coffee sometime?

ART

(a beat, then)

Sorry, I've got to go...

He fires up the engine and drives off. Maggie watches him, not giving up yet...

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)

I'm not gonna make it in today.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Maggie drives, on the phone through bluetooth.

MAGGIE (INTO PHONE)

Reed had the flu last week, and I'm hoping it's not that. But I don't want to get anyone else sick.

We see now that she's trailing Art, a safe distance behind his car. He takes a left up ahead and she follows.

MAGGIE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Will do. Thanks.

Art pulls up in front of a small house with a "FOR SALE" sign out front. He gets out of the car, jiggles the handle to the front door. He pulls some sort of tool out of his pocket, and tries it on the lock. Maggie snaps a picture of the address.

Just then, another car pulls up. Maggie watches a MAN get out, presumably the LANDLORD, and confront Art. They argue for a moment, but Art seems to tell a convincing story, and trudges back to his car. The Landlord watches him go.

Maggie starts her own car, unsure of where to go next.

We pan over to find Betts watching Maggie from her own car...

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

The bullpen is dark. Maggie turns on a lamp and slides into her chair. She pulls up the photo she just took, types in the address. It appears in the system as a "crime scene." Specifically, where Joy was murdered. This lands on Maggie.

BETTS (O.S.)  
So, what did you find?

Maggie jumps, whirls around. She starts to explain--

BETTS (CONT'D)  
Save it. I know what you've been  
doing. Let's grab a drink. You can  
tell me all about it.

Off Maggie, no other choice...

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

A beer for Betts, a tea for Maggie.

BETTS  
You realize it's dangerous to go  
off on your own... why do you think  
all cops are assigned partners?

Maggie ignores this.

MAGGIE  
Why would Art go back there?

BETTS  
To relive the experience. He's  
trying to recreate the thrill.

Maggie shakes her head, doesn't understand it.

BETTS (CONT'D)  
Enough about the case. I want to  
know more about you. Why police?

MAGGIE  
Why a shrink?

BETTS

(laughs, correcting her)  
Behavioral analyst. It was  
something different. You people  
operate in the black and white. My  
people operate in the gray. I'm  
more comfortable in that space.

MAGGIE

It shows.

BETTS

I'm going to take that as a  
compliment. So...? Why cop?

Maggie pauses. This part is tough for her.

MAGGIE

My stepdad was Page before Page.  
So, I fell into it.

BETTS

Gary Carter's your stepdad?  
(off Maggie's nod)  
Guy's known as an asshole at the  
bureau, but he was effective.

MAGGIE

(nods, understanding)  
I used to make him drive me around  
in his cop car when he wasn't  
working, which definitely wasn't  
allowed, but...

Maggie stops. She realizes she's sharing a happy memory.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I didn't like it so much in  
practice. But I came around. Look,  
I might not be patrolling the  
streets every day, but I've written  
enough reports and looked at enough  
records to understand the job.

BETTS

So what is it about this case? Why  
are you so wrapped up in it?

Maggie goes quiet.

BETTS (CONT'D)

I have a theory.

MAGGIE  
(laughs)  
Go ahead.

BETTS  
I think it's personal somehow. The  
best cops make it personal. Some  
might say you're too close to it,  
but I disagree. It makes you good.  
It means you'll stop at nothing.

This hangs in the air. Maggie doesn't like being analyzed.

MAGGIE  
People like Art... they're horrible  
people. They don't deserve to live.  
Or roam freely, at least. They  
should be locked up and treated.

Betts is surprised by this response.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Doesn't have to be personal.  
Everyone wants justice.

Maggie gets up and leaves, done with the therapy session. Off  
Betts, there's more to this girl than she can figure out...

**INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - NIGHT**

The light flips on, revealing a spotless kitchen. No sign of  
life. Maggie opens the fridge to find a sticky note on  
tupperware: "DINNER." She sighs. She takes it out of the  
fridge, and eats it cold...

PAGE (PRE-LAP)  
Do you understand your role in this  
department, McManus?

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Maggie faces a pissed off Page. She looks at Betts, standing  
in the corner, who won't make eye contact.

MAGGIE  
Yes.

PAGE  
Then what gives you the right to  
investigate people the department  
hasn't even looked into?  
(MORE)

PAGE (CONT'D)

Do you understand that this is a  
fireable offense?

Now she knows Betts sold her out.

PAGE (CONT'D)

We had to release Davis this  
morning, and now the D.A. is up my  
ass to make an arrest.

He pauses, still pissed about this new development.

PAGE (CONT'D)

It is in these circumstances only,  
that you still have a job right  
now. Do you understand?

MAGGIE

Yes.

PAGE

(softening)

Good. Now, anything else you need  
to tell me before we bring Art in  
tonight?

MAGGIE/BETTS

Tonight...?

BETTS

Sir, I'd strongly suggest getting  
as much information as possible  
before we speak to him again. The  
more we know, the more pressure we  
can apply--

PAGE

He tried breaking into Joy's house.  
Which isn't even her house anymore.  
We'll ask him about that, and about  
Ms. Ramirez. It's plenty. We can  
even ask him to take a polygraph.

BETTS

Polygraphs are often inconclusive--

PAGE

Then I'll stick my foot up his ass  
and we'll put pressure on him that  
way. We're getting something from  
this mother fucker. Today. Got it?

Maggie and Betts nod, no other choice but to comply...

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Maggie storms out of the office, Betts on her heels.

BETTS

Maggie.

Betts grabs her arm, but Maggie reacts and shakes her off. Betts notes the aggression.

MAGGIE

You shouldn't have done that.

BETTS

You wouldn't have given me permission.

MAGGIE

Then you could've told me.

BETTS

We're a step closer to bringing him down. Isn't that what you want?

Maggie glares. She's not going to engage. Instead, she walks out of the station.

**INT. MAGGIE'S CAR/EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Maggie sits in her car, listening to the radio, when a police car pulls into the parking lot. O'Hearn gets out with Art, who looks irritated. She watches them walk into the station.

**INT. MAGGIE'S CAR/EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Maggie is asleep in her car when -- TAP-TAP-TAP. It's Betts. Maggie rolls down her window, still annoyed.

BETTS

He passed the test.

Maggie deflates.

BETTS (CONT'D)

I told Page not to do it. We'll come back to this on Monday. Take a couple days to regroup.

Maggie scoffs. Off her, unwilling to let this go...

**EXT. SUNNYSIDE CLEANERS - NIGHT**

Maggie slows in front of Sunnyside Cleaners, but it's dark. She continues on.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Maggie drives through town, passing restaurants and bars, pulling into parking lots. No sign of Art.

Finally, she passes "VICKY'S," and notices Art's car in the parking lot. Bingo. She pulls in.

**INT. VICKY'S - NIGHT**

Maggie walks in and spots Art at the bar, ordering a drink. She steels herself and approaches him.

MAGGIE  
(to Bartender)  
Iced tea, please.

Art is in good spirits. Why wouldn't he be? He just passed a polygraph. With his head down, he CHUCKLES.

ART  
Who orders iced tea at a bar?

Maggie is smooth and genuine in her surprise.

MAGGIE  
Mr. Hickman?

ART  
Hey! You're that... purple dress!  
Let me buy you a drink.

The bartender returns with an iced tea. Art waves at him.

ART (CONT'D)  
Put that one on my tab.  
(to Maggie)  
What's with the iced tea?

MAGGIE  
Six months sober.

ART  
(laughs)  
Well, good for you.  
(beat)  
I'm glad I ran into you.  
(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)  
I've been wanting to apologize for  
the other day...

MAGGIE  
That's okay, it was a bold--

ART  
No, I liked it.  
(beat)  
I mean, I was flattered. I just...  
got nervous 'cause I'm out of  
practice. Haven't been with a woman  
in a year. Isn't that embarrassing?

Maggie plasters on that smile.

MAGGIE  
Not at all.

ART  
You in a relationship? Married?

MAGGIE  
No.

ART  
Smart girl. It'll take years off  
your life. Better to just be with  
whoever, whenever.

MAGGIE  
So... no marriage for you?

ART  
Nah, I was married. She died a year  
ago.

MAGGIE  
I'm sorry to hear that.

ART  
Yeah...

MAGGIE  
You got kids?

Art finishes his drink and orders another.

ART  
One. She was... an angel.

MAGGIE  
Was...?

ART  
Also dead. Few months ago.

MAGGIE  
You've had a rough year.

Art thinks about the events of the day. About Joy.

ART  
We didn't have the best  
relationship, my daughter and I.  
Hardly saw her at the end. Kids...  
they need you until they don't.

MAGGIE  
(cautious)  
Did you ever try to work it out?

ART  
Of course. I was trying to work it  
out that day--  
(beat)  
The day she died.

This lands on Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Did it work?

ART  
(a beat, then)  
No.

Thinking about it makes him sad. And suddenly he's hit with a wave of loneliness. Which makes him crave attention and intimacy. He moves his stool closer to Maggie. Their knees touch. Maggie shifts uncomfortably.

ART (CONT'D)  
So why are you still single? You  
the kinda girl who plays hard to  
get or something?

He puts his hand on her leg. She begins to clench her jaw, blood pressure rising.

ART (CONT'D)  
What do you say we get out of here?

Maggie just looks at him. Freezes. And then she just bolts.

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

Maggie throws her body forward and VOMITS into a trashcan. She's repulsed by him, literally sick to her stomach. She takes a moment to collect herself.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP)  
Can you meet me at the bar in  
fifteen minutes?

**INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Maggie drives, speaking into bluetooth.

BETTS  
Maggie? What's wrong? What  
happened?

MAGGIE  
I just ran into Art at a bar.

BETTS  
Ran into or followed?

MAGGIE  
He's playing us, Jana. It's just  
like you said. He's cocky, he's...

She can't even find the words.

BETTS  
What did he say?

MAGGIE  
(refocusing)  
He admitted to seeing Joy the day  
she died. Apparently he tried to  
work things out. He lied to us.

BETTS  
This is good, Maggie. You did  
really good.

MAGGIE  
How is this good? Just meet me--

BETTS  
Listen. We're going to get him. But  
there's a long road ahead. I've  
worked a lot of cases in my time,  
and trust me, this is a win. You  
have to take the small victories.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

BETTS (CONT'D)  
Go home. Enjoy the rest of your  
weekend. We'll get into this first  
thing Monday.

Betts hangs up and we're off Maggie, spinning out...

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Maggie sits at the bar, staring at a drink she's just ordered. She's about to throw six months of hard work down the drain. But she tells herself she needs this. Knocks it back. Her phone VIBRATES -- Reed calling. She silences it and orders another drink.

**INT. BAR - LATER**

Empty glasses now in front of Maggie. She's chatting it up with a good-looking guy named HARRISON. He points out her engagement ring.

HARRISON  
Bummer. I was looking for a wife  
tonight.  
(off Maggie's laugh)  
He at home waiting for you? Poor  
bastard.

MAGGIE  
We're independent and all that.  
*Progressive*. What about you --  
engaged?

HARRISON  
(shakes his head)  
No wife. No kids. No fiancé. No  
stress. Makes me a pretty good  
candidate for this.

MAGGIE  
(mocking)  
What's this?

HARRISON  
One night stand? Little fun in the  
sun?

MAGGIE  
(laughs; no)  
I was just using you for the drink.

HARRISON  
Seriously?

Harrison scowls, but he can't afford to waste his precious time -- he's gotta find a girl who will put out. Maggie watches, amused, as he scans the bar for his next target.

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

Maggie stands around the side of the bar where not many people can see her. She wobbles as she lights a cigarette.

HARRISON (O.S.)  
So, what would you say if I  
sweetened the deal?

Maggie turns around and there's Harrison -- he grabs her hand and presses bills into her palm. She looks down. \$100 bills.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
Don't you think we're meant to be?

Before she can react, Harrison pushes her against the wall, sticking his tongue down her throat and pressing his junk up against her. But she's done putting up with bullshit tonight. She knees him in the crotch and he buckles in pain.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
You bitch!

He tries grabbing her again, but she pops him in the face. At this point, he's not fighting back, but she does one more for good measure. She's pissed. This one breaks his nose and blood spews everywhere.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

The blood seems to snap her out of it -- she stops and slowly backs away. Before he can reorient himself, she takes off.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Maggie escapes down an alleyway, looking behind her to see if she's been followed. She pulls out another cigarette, lighting it with shaking hands. Takes a drag, then slowly... plants it ON HER ARM. She winces. But she does it again.

It's her self-inflicted punishment for what she just did. Off her, ashamed...

**INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Darkness. Then rummaging at the door as someone tries various keys on the lock. Finally, success. It's Maggie. She creeps through the kitchen and down the hall.

**INT. SHEILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sheila asleep in bed. Maggie climbs in next to her, pulling the covers close. Sheila stirs, startled. But then...

SHEILA

Maggie...?

Maggie doesn't say a word as her eyes close and she wills herself to sleep. Off Sheila...

**INT. SHEILA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The TV's on, but muted. A phone VIBRATES on the nightstand: JANA CALLING. We pan over to the bed, where Maggie is wide awake. Ignoring the call. She's absent altogether.

There's a KNOCK at the door and Sheila enters with coffee, sets it on the nightstand. Maggie doesn't move.

SHEILA

Reed called. I told him you're here  
and you're okay.

(can't help but ask)

Did he hurt you?

MAGGIE

No. God. Of course not.

Sheila breathes a sigh of relief. She wants to ask questions, but knows it'll only scare Maggie away. Instead she says--

SHEILA

You can stay as long as you like.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

SHEILA

Coffee's hot.

Maggie nods, reaches for the cup to appease her. As she does, her sleeve gets caught, a cigarette burn exposed. Sheila gasps and Maggie quickly pulls her sleeve down. Sheila is so surprised, she's matter-of-fact at first.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Been a while since I've seen those.

But then she becomes emotional, wishing Maggie would open up.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I love you, sweetheart.

MAGGIE  
Mom, please. I'm fine.

SHEILA  
I just want you to know I love you.

MAGGIE  
I know.

SHEILA  
And I-- I want you to know I'm  
always here for you. Even if I  
haven't been there in the past--

MAGGIE  
Wait, shh shh.

Maggie's eyes are now trained on the TV. She picks up the remote and turns up the volume.

REPORTER  
Frankie McDonald was last seen  
leaving Tyler's on 34th Street --  
around 2:00 AM Sunday. Early this  
morning, her body was found two  
blocks from the bar...

Frankie's photo appears on the TV screen. Maggie's shocked...

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Page looks defeated as Betts stays on course.

BETTS  
There are some differences. But the  
victim is in her late teens,  
petite, brunette -- just like Joy.  
Same type of blitz attack used.

PAGE  
(beside himself)  
What is happening to my city...

BETTS

(get it together)

If there are two bodies, more than likely, there will be more.

(beat)

Art is the closest thing we have to a prime suspect. We should pursue him.

Page nods, finally agrees.

BETTS (CONT'D)

But it'll be harder this time. He wouldn't have made the same mistakes he made the first time. We have to try a different approach.

PAGE

Sounds like you might have an idea.

BETTS

McManus established contact with him over the weekend. Somehow, she got him to admit that he saw Joy the day she died.

(off Page, impressed)

Who knows what else he'd tell her. My suggestion... we use her as bait. She goes undercover, befriends the guy, and gets him to talk. Once he confesses to her, she'll encourage him to come to us and he will -- voluntarily and willingly. It's not coercion, it's not entrapment.

Page looks at her like she's crazy. *Where'd she get the idea?*

PAGE

Has the bureau done anything like this before?

BETTS

We've conducted similar operations. And they've been effective.

PAGE

(regardless)

You're walking a very fine line.

BETTS

Consider this an additional measure on top of what we're already doing.

(MORE)

BETTS (CONT'D)

If evidence turns up or this new body reveals anything, we can pin him without her. Or if Art exonerates himself, we pull the plug. We'd know one way or another.

PAGE

Still, you're putting a lot of pressure on one person to deliver. And McManus works hard, but she's not a detective.

BETTS

Which is what makes her perfect. She's not supposed to be a detective. She's supposed to be a civilian.

PAGE

(thinks, then)

Say I sign off on this... You really think she can do it? You think she'd agree?

BETTS

I do.

(off Page, still unsure)

Chief, if we don't act now, more lives could be taken.

This is the selling point for Page. Off him...

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - DAY**

A snapshot of a teenager's life. Never changed. Walls still purple. Maggie enters slowly.

There are so many damn pictures everywhere. Maggie takes it all in. She zeroes in on a photo of her on Gary's shoulders. Her and Gary at a pumpkin patch. Her and Gary ice skating. At one point, they were thick as thieves.

She seems to take these memories in with ease. Maybe this was before anything went wrong. She stops on a family photo and we punch in on 12-YEAR-OLD MAGGIE, wearing a dress with pink and white lace. She stays on this photo for a long time, then snaps out of it when her PHONE RINGS...

PAGE (PRE-LAP)

You'd be saying goodbye to your family, your fiancé, anyone you're close to.

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Page and Betts with Maggie this time.

PAGE (CONT'D)

We'd have to move you to an  
apartment close to the target's  
home.

(beat)

I want you to go home and think  
about this, McManus. Really think.

Off Maggie, wheels turning...

**INT. MAGGIE'S CAR/EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT**

Maggie sits in her car, staring ahead. Her phone BUZZES with another missed call from Reed. This makes ten. REVEAL that she's outside "BELLAIRES NURSING HOME." She finally gets out.

**INT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT**

A door slides open and Maggie stands in the shadows. Gary lies in bed, awake.

GARY (O.S.)

Who is it?

Maggie doesn't respond, but moves into the light. It takes Gary a moment to orient himself, but then he sees Maggie and breaks into a smile.

GARY (CONT'D)

You came to see me.

He reaches for her hand, but she violently rips it away. She's here for one reason only and intends to stay on track.

MAGGIE

Do you remember that night?

Gary looks at Maggie, confused.

INCOHERENT YELLING. An audio memory. THE SOUND OF PANTS UNZIPPING. ZZZT. ZZZT.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

The night Mom left you the first  
time.

Gary stares at her blankly.

A LITTLE GIRL SCREAMING. A DOOR SLAMMING.

Gary cocks his head, like he's remembering. Maggie holds her breath in anticipation.

GARY  
I remember colors.  
(smiling)  
Blue. Overalls. Your hair back.

MAGGIE  
No. No, I was wearing a dress. Pink  
and white lace.

GARY  
It was overalls. I remember  
overalls.

Maggie starts to tremble. *How could he not remember?*

GARY (CONT'D)  
She left, but I still had you. I  
had you.

Gary settles into the memory. Happy. And all Maggie can feel is imprisonment and torture.

GARY (CONT'D)  
You were always my favorite. The  
apple of my eye.

There's a tense beat as we wonder what Maggie's going to do. A year from now, she might be at his throat. But she still has a long way to go here. So she just storms out.

On her way out, she bumps into a MALE NURSE coming in. No apology, just focused on getting the fuck out of there. The nurse looks to Gary for an explanation.

MALE NURSE  
Everything alright, Mr. Carter?

GARY  
Ah, kids. You know how they are.

MALE NURSE  
(nods, then)  
Was that your daughter?

GARY  
Stepdaughter, but it's all the  
same.

Gary leans in like he's telling a secret--

GARY (CONT'D)  
Best pussy I've ever had.

The nurse recoils.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding! Got you.

Off the nurse, who's just as fucking repulsed as we are...

**INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - NIGHT**

Maggie walks through the door and finds Reed on the couch. Somehow the horror of what just happened sends Maggie to her safe space. The person she knows will never hurt her. She wants to make things right, wants to be okay.

MAGGIE  
Every day I wake up and it takes  
all the energy I have... to  
convince myself that I'm good  
enough for you and deserve the life  
we have.

Reed comes over to her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I love you more than I've ever  
loved anyone. And I'm sorry I've...  
I've... messed it all up.

She's so vulnerable, which Reed has never seen before.

REED  
You didn't mess anything up.

He hugs her and holds her tight. Off Maggie...

**INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Maggie looks at the photo of Joy at the crime scene. The realization sinks in -- if she goes undercover, she could end up like Joy.

But then she pulls out another photo. The family photo from the house earlier. Once again we punch in her wearing that dress with pink and white lace, which now has significance.

But Maggie's fixed on something else. A GIRL standing next to her, presumably a sister or cousin, wearing blue overalls, with her hair pulled back. Maggie makes the connection here -- she wasn't Gary's only victim.

And this is when it clicks. It's bad enough that she had to go through it. But guys like Art and Gary won't stop unless someone stops them. Off her, making her decision...

**INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Maggie watches Reed sleep. He represents everything good in her life. Stability. Something she's never had before. She could turn down the job and be happy.

But for how long? She wonders, as we pull back to find a suitcase on the floor next to her. She quietly brings the suitcase upright. She could wake Reed, tell him the truth. But she's always been a runner. She won't wake him.

She leaves a note with "Reed" on the nightstand and we're close on the card as she goes.

**INT. PAGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Page and Betts watch Maggie with anticipation. Finally--

MAGGIE

I'll do it.

PAGE

(nods; good)

We play by my rules. No going off book, and no secrets. We're all in this together and I'll drag you both down with me if this goes south. Understood?

(off Maggie's nod)

The assignment will last until objective is reached. Are you willing to relocate, assume a new identity, and complete the assignment by any means necessary?

MAGGIE

Yes.

PAGE

Do you foresee any obstacles or challenges that may interfere with your ability to do this job, that may not be apparent in physical or psychiatric evaluation?

Maggie could come clean right here. But what good would it do? Would they consider her unfit? She instead decides to do what she does best...

MAGGIE  
No. I'm ready.

Off Maggie, burying her trauma...

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

We're back in the apartment from the beginning. But this time, we see who Maggie is talking to. **IT'S ART.**

ART  
Stop fighting your anger, Margaret.  
Surrender to it.

A tear falls down her cheek, a cathartic release...

PRE-LAP: A LONG, HARD SNIFF... THEN TWO MORE QUICK SNIFFS

**INT. PRISON - DAY**

But we can't confirm it's a prison yet. We're behind a head of black hair, coming up for air. REVERSE to find Maggie -- now in an orange jumpsuit, standing in a prison cell. Looking like shit.

Since her hair is black here, we know it's *sometime* after the apartment scene -- we just don't know *how long* after. She rubs her nose as a GUARD appears outside her cell.

GUARD  
McManus.

Maggie turns and holds out her hands so she can be cuffed.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Maggie now stands in a courtroom, at the defendant's table. Behind her, A FULL COURTROOM -- many in police uniform. A JUDGE before her.

JUDGE  
How do you plead to murder in the  
first-degree?

Everyone watches in anticipation. Maggie takes her time.

MAGGIE  
Not guilty.

But we can't help but wonder, as we push in on those familiar eyes... which now, strangely, seem bloodshot and murderous...