

GONE

Episode #101 - "Pilot"

By

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Adapted from the book "One Kick"  
by Chelsea Cain

NBCU-ITVP/RTL/TF1  
The Colleton Company  
Pilot

**ACT I**

FADE IN:

We push through gently swaying STALKS OF WHEAT, emerge from the wheat field to see:

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK**

The warm glow in its windows a refuge from the deepening gloom. As we glide in toward the house:

LITTLE GIRL (PRELAP)  
F... A... M... I... L...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK**

A SCRABBLE TILE gets plunked onto a board --

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
"Y."

-- Reveal BETH RILEY (11), pretty, hair in a braid, already dressed for bed in cotton pajamas with little giraffes on them. Beth is tiny in stature but smart beyond her years.

BETH  
(looks up, smiles)  
Triple word score.

MEL RILEY (40) smiles, proud of his little girl. Mel is thin, tired around the eyes -- and like Beth, very, very smart.

MEL  
Good girl.

BETH  
Mama, what's for dinner?

LINDA RILEY (45), once pretty, now blurring slightly around the edges, moves about the modest but immaculate kitchen.

LINDA  
Green bean casserole.

Beth's face falls. Linda smiles.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Spaghetti and meatballs.

Beth beams. Her favorite. Mel fingers a Scrabble tile.

MEL  
Here's where I stage my comeback...

Beth can tell her father has a good word brewing. As she and Mel shift their tiles around:

MEL (CONT'D)  
I noticed we're missing a letter.  
(looks up)  
A few letters, actually.

Beth looks up, sees Mel smiling at her. Beth smiles back.

Suddenly, we hear a CREAK. Mel turns toward the front hall, the seeming source of the sound.

Linda stands there listening, a jar of sauce clenched tightly in her hand. Ragu.

MEL (CONT'D)  
(to Beth)  
Go to your spot and stay there.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Beth pads into the darkened room, takes her place near the window. In addition to the door from the kitchen, a second door affords her a view of --

-- Mel, arriving at the front door from the hall. He peers through the peephole, listens for a tense beat. Finally:

MEL  
Just the wind.

Beth exhales, relieved...

Mel turns his back on the front door. Beth catches sight of her reflection in the glass, then --

A SHADOW MOVES PAST the window. Beth GASPS, as --

THE FRONT DOOR EXPLODES OPEN! A DARK FIGURE tackles Mel to the floor!

Mel's eyes, strangely calm, find Beth's: *You know what to do.*

Beth RUNS. Chaotic sounds from everywhere, SHOUTING and BREAKING GLASS. Everything seems to move both faster and slower than normal as Beth runs for a bookshelf. Before she can get there --

The back door is KICKED IN. A SILHOUETTED MAN, as big as any Beth has ever seen, fills the doorway.

Beth turns, sees Linda through the kitchen door. RED SAUCE is splattered on the floor. Beth looks into her mother's eyes.

Without a word, Linda steps back, melts into the shadows.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What's your name?

Beth whirls around, sees a DARK FIGURE approaching.

BETH  
(low, terrified)  
B-- Beth Riley.

The Dark Figure kneels down, emerging from the shadows, TO REVEAL:

A BEARDED MAN (early 30s), wire-rim glasses and a dark windbreaker. He smiles reassuringly. Almost tenderly.

BEARDED MAN  
What's your real name, sweetheart?

Only now do we see the YELLOW LETTERS emblazoned on his jacket: "F.B.I."

MEL (O.S.)  
I've done nothing wrong! I've done nothing wrong!

Mel lies in the doorway between the living room and the hall. A YOUNG FBI AGENT has his knee in Mel's back.

YOUNG FBI AGENT  
Sure, Mel. You just always wanted a daughter, right?

The Bearded Man shoots the young agent a look: *Not in front of the kid...*

FBI AGENTS stream into the house.

BEARDED MAN  
Find the wife.

The Bearded Man turns back to Beth, who looks confused, scared as she backs toward the bookshelf.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)  
My name is Frank. Are there other kids in the house?

In one swift move, Beth reaches into a drawer and PULLS OUT a GUN -- lines up Frank in her sights...

The room goes quiet. Frank doesn't blink. A FEMALE FBI AGENT reaches slowly for her gun. Frank shakes her off.

FRANK  
 (to Beth)  
 Sweetie, I promise, you're safe  
 now. He can't hurt you anymore --

BLAM! Frank flinches, takes a moment to realize he's not been hit. The shot came from somewhere deeper in the house. Beth looks scared.

Frank's walkie-talkie SQUAWKS on his belt.

FBI AGENT (ON RADIO)  
 We're upstairs. The wife just blew  
 her brains out.

Beth starts to shake, looks to Mel. A fire in his eyes.

MEL  
 They killed your mom, Beth.  
 Autonuke, now!

It's as if a switch has been thrown. Beth bolts, leaves Frank and the Agents SHOUTING after her as she runs down the hall, throws open a DOOR. Steep stairs descend into:

**INT. BASEMENT - SAME**

An unfinished room, lit only by a computer's glow. Beth runs to the keyboard, on autopilot.

ON SCREEN: A solid blue screen with a single white bar. As Beth types, letters appear left to right: "AUTONUKE."

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

Frank takes off his jacket, hands his gun to the female FBI Agent. Behind him, SEARCH DOGS are being led into the house.

FRANK  
 (muttering)  
 Damn jackass, talking on an open  
 channel...  
 (calls out)  
 Beth? It's Frank. I'm coming down.

**INT. BASEMENT - DUSK**

Frank reaches the bottom stair and flicks on a light. Beth's back is to him. The gun sits next to her on a small desk.

Frank grabs the gun. Beth makes no effort to stop him, looks up with a mixture of pride and shame.

ON SCREEN: "AUTONUKE COMPLETE."

FRANK  
 You destroyed his network files?  
 Do you have any idea how many  
 kids --

Frank checks himself, knows she's been trained, programmed, even, to protect her "father."

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (gently)  
 It's okay, sweetie... It's okay.

BETH  
 Is my mom alive?

FRANK  
 I don't know who your mom is.

BETH  
 Linda. She shot herself. But some  
 people get better. Some people get  
 shot and they're okay, right?

Frank looks pained, kneels down next to her.

FRANK  
 You know, I'm sure your real family  
 never stopped looking for you.

Frank can see Beth wondering if it's true. If she can trust him. Beth feels something stirring deep within.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 How old are you, Beth?

BETH  
 Ten. But...

Frank nods, urging the tiny crack to open wider. Suddenly, from upstairs, the sound of SEARCH DOGS BARKING. Beth's eyes spark at the memory.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 I had a dog.

FRANK  
 (smiles)  
 Yeah? What was his name?

BETH  
 Monster. My old birthday was in  
 April. Mel changed it, so... I  
 guess I'm eleven. I didn't mean to  
 let him out -- He was just a puppy.  
 (MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

I only had him a week... I was in the front yard looking for him and Mel said he'd help me find him. He said he'd drive me around the neighborhood.

(starts crying)

It's my fault...

FRANK

Hey, hey, it wasn't your fault.  
None of this was your fault.

Frank prays that she understands. He sees something at her feet, picks it up and hands it to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here, you dropped this...

A SCRABBLE TILE.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, sweetie... *What's your name?*

Beth scrunches her face, can't quite remember. She glances at the Scrabble tile: a "K."

BETH

Kick?

FRANK

"Kick?"

(then, thinking)

You mean Kit? Kit Lannigan?

For a heartbeat, Beth Riley is absolutely still.

BETH

We're not supposed to say that name.

FRANK

(staring at her)

My god, it is you... Five years you've been gone.

Kit numbly wipes away a tear, realizes it's finally over.

KIT

What happens now?

FRANK

Now...?

PRELAP SOUND FX: GUNFIRE. Slow. Measured. Methodical.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Now I take you home.

CLOSE ON KIT LANNIGAN, as unable to imagine the path that lies before her as we are to imagine what she's been through. The sound of GUNFIRE continues, as we --

SLAM TO TILE: "ONE KICK"

THEN CUT TO:

**INT. INDOOR GUN RANGE - DAY**

CLOSE ON a GLOCK 27, ejecting shells as a finger expertly pulls the trigger. A HAND punches a red button on the wall, sends a PAPER HUMAN TARGET gliding into the hands of --

KIT "KICK" LANNIGAN (26), still pretty, still compact, with her hair worn in a braid, but behind the plastic shooting glasses are the eyes of a warrior.

Kick checks the target. Seven holes clustered tightly over the heart, eight over the head. OFF Kick's smile --

**INT. KICK'S JEEP (DRIVING) - DAY**

Kick drives down the freeway through downtown Seattle. She glances up at an electronic ROAD SIGN: "AMBER ALERT - WHITE SUV - LAST SEEN HEADING NORTH ON I-5."

Kick pops in Radiohead. Blasts it.

KICK (PRELAP)  
*Soto uke! Shuto uke!*

**INT. KARATE/M.M.A. GYM - DAY**

A dozen WOMEN and GIRLS, ages 7 to 70, practice their blocks. Kick, in sweats and a sports tank, walks around observing.

KICK  
*Kiba dachi! Kokutsu dachi!*

Kick glances at the muted TV mounted high in a corner of the gym. We glimpse a chyron: "GIRL ABDUCTED."

KICK (CONT'D)  
Keep those elbows in, Lily! There you go, Maya. Those mean girls better watch out.

Kick steals another look at the TV. ON SCREEN: A BRUNETTE GIRL with pigtails smiles above a chyron: "MIA GARCIA, AGE 9."

KICK (CONT'D)  
 (louder, more urgent)  
*Kokutsu dachi*, Renee! You're  
 showing me *Heiko dachi*!

Kick tries to ignore Mia's innocent smile and big brown eyes. Eyes that somehow seem to find her...

KICK (CONT'D)  
 Keep going, guys! *Mawashi uke*!

CUT TO:

**INT. KARATE/M.M.A. GYM - LATER**

Kick stands at the door, offering an encouraging word as her students file out. The last girl is a smiling, diminutive GIRL (10), escorted by her MOTHER.

KICK  
 Better today, Cassie. I'm proud  
 of you.

CASSIE  
 I want to be just like you.

Kick smiles thinly, musses Cassie's hair.

KICK  
 Just be yourself, okay? I'll see  
 you next week.

Kick shuts the door, heads toward the back of the gym and up a narrow set of stairs...

**INT. KICK'S LOFT - DAY**

A clean, spartan space: white walls except for a lone Bruce Lee poster, and a few pieces of Ikea furniture.

Kick enters as a black LABRADOR RETRIEVER bounds over to her. Kick laughs, lets the dog nuzzle her.

KICK  
 There he is. There's my handsome  
 boy...

JAMES (22), punkish sense of style, sits at the kitchen table, typing on a MacBook Air.

JAMES  
 Thanks, you're not so bad yourself.  
 (off the dog)  
 (MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

There was nothing but quinoa and wheatgrass in the fridge, so I ate some of Bruce's food. I hope that's okay.

KICK

Did you try the Chunky Chicken and Rice? I love the way it makes my coat shine.

JAMES

Seriously, move downstairs already. You're always there anyway.

KICK

Then I'd never get to see you. God knows I can't get you to work out.

JAMES

(shakes his head)  
Causes cancer.

Kick smiles. These two are close.

A small flat-screen TV on the wall. Daytime cable news. The HOST talks via satellite with a smiling, WELL-COIFFED WOMAN. Kick's eyes narrow.

KICK

What's she doing on? It's not my anniversary...

James shoots Kick a look: *You know why she's on.*

ON SCREEN: The Well-Coiffed Woman sits against a backdrop: a blown-up *People* magazine with a young Kick on the cover, beneath a headline: "RESCUED!"

CABLE HOST (ON T.V.)

I'm speaking to Paula Lannigan, best-selling author and mother of famed abductee, Kit Lannigan. Paula, you better than anyone can speak to what Mia Garcia's parents must be going through.

PAULA (ON T.V.)

It's heartbreaking, Rebecca. As I talk about in my new book, "My Story: Lessons I Learned From My Daughter's Abduction" --

Kick flicks off the T.V.

KICK

I'll wait for the paperback.  
 (off the laptop)  
 What're you working on? Code for  
 some new start-up?

James's MACBOOK SCREEN is divided into four sectors: grainy, high-angle views of cars on the highway. The cameras focus on the cars' license plates.

JAMES

(proud smile)  
 More of a side project, actually.  
 This is the main feed for the DMV's  
 traffic camera server.

KICK

You hacked the DMV and you didn't  
 fix my speeding ticket?

JAMES

Big shock, the resolution blows,  
 so I created a fix that bumps it  
 a million d.p.i. The cops are  
 looking for a white SUV in that  
 abduction case.

(cautious)

I thought maybe we could help.

Beat. Kick's voice tightens almost imperceptibly.

KICK

Wow, I must have missed the Bat  
 Signal. You get the Batcar, I'll  
 get my cape.

Kick glowers at James. James stares right back.

JAMES

It's the Batmobile, actually.

KICK

(calling out)  
 Bruce! C'mere, boy!

The dog bounds over to Kick.

JAMES

Look, maybe you can block it out  
 every time there's an Amber Alert.  
 I have to do something -- and deep  
 down, I know you do, too. If  
 anyone can help find that girl,  
 it's us.

KICK  
 (pointed)  
How?

JAMES  
 "How?" What do you mean "how?"  
 However we can.  
 (off her look)  
 I'm serious. We know things, Kick.  
 Because of what we went through.

KICK  
 And you want to dig all of that  
 back up.

JAMES  
 (shakes his head)  
 I want to move past it... Don't  
 you?

One look at Kick tells us the question isn't whether she wants to. It's whether she can.

*BZZZZ!* A small CCTV screen on the kitchen counter. ON SCREEN: A surveillance camera view of the gym. A MAN lets the door shut behind him.

KICK  
 That's my four-thirty. Thanks for  
 keeping Bruce company.

Kick walks off. James shakes his head, slaps his laptop shut. Kick may be a warrior, but there are some ghosts she isn't ready to fight.

CUT TO:

**INT. KARATE/M.M.A. GYM - MOMENTS LATER**

James comes downstairs, computer bag slung over his shoulder.

A MAN (35), handsome, with close-cropped hair and a black leather coat, stands near the desk.

MAN  
 Hi, I called about a private  
 lesson? Are you the instructor?

JAMES  
 Ha.

James jerks his thumb at Kick as she comes downstairs. James gives her a sharp, final look, and walks out.

MAN

Oh, hi. You must be Kit.

KICK

It's Kick. Just so you know, I charge \$150 an hour.

MAN

No problem. Can I ask, what's with the door locks?

The man holds a detached DOOR LOCK mechanism, knobs and all. More DOOR LOCKS of various types are scattered on the desk.

KICK

You can ask.

*(in other words: No)*

I'll need you to sign a waiver.

Kick hands the man a clipboard and a pen.

MAN

Could I get injured?

KICK

If you don't know how to defend yourself. That's what I'm going to teach you, Mister...

*(off the clipboard)*

Bishop. Have you taken a self-defense class before?

BISHOP

Never.

KICK

*(checks a box)*

Beginner. Okay, we'll start with a few easy moves. There's a dressing room in the back. You can change into your workout clothes.

BISHOP

These are my workout clothes.

Kick eyes Bishop for a beat, then walks over to the door and opens it.

KICK

There's a dojo up on 3rd. Sam's a good teacher. You'll like him.

BISHOP

Wait -- what's wrong?

KICK

This isn't a joke, okay? This is my job. You want to see the girl who got kidnapped? Here's the girl who got kidnapped.

BISHOP

Okay, look -- this is embarrassing. It's true, I know who you are. But that's not why I'm here. I'm here because I heard you're the best. And I want to learn -- I'm absolutely here to learn.

Kick stares at him. Finally, she lets the door close and steps to the center of the gym.

Bishop doesn't move, isn't sure what to do. Kick summons him over with a finger. Bishop steps to his spot.

KICK

Before we learn how to strike a blow, we have to learn how to defend one. Put this hand -- here. And this hand, here. Now, if I come at you with a left...

Kick punches in slow motion. Bishop defends the same way.

KICK (CONT'D)

You block it. Good. And if I throw a right --

BISHOP

Like this?

KICK

(nods)  
-- you're in a position to defend that, too. This is *hachiji-dachi*. Everything we do builds off this. So, a little quicker, let's say I throw a left, then a right.

BISHOP

(blocks her, barely)  
Whoa.

KICK

There you go. Now you're in a position to counter.

BISHOP

You mean throw a punch?

KICK

I mean throw a punch. Back to position and let's try it.

They reset. Kick throws a soft right. Bishop blocks the blow and throws a counter, which Kick blocks.

KICK (CONT'D)

Good. Now the left.

Punch. Block. Counter.

KICK (CONT'D)

Now in combination.

This time Bishop deflects the blows and throws a QUICK COUNTER, which Kick blocks -- barely.

Beat. Kick eyes Bishop, then throws a punch that Bishop side-steps, countering with a PALM-HEEL STRIKE that Kick deflects -- Good thing, it would have broken her jaw.

The gym goes silent. Kick gives Bishop a piercing look.

KICK (CONT'D)

Nice *kage-tsuki*.

BISHOP

(thin smile)

Is that what it's called?

An electric pause in the air... then, suddenly...

THEY'RE FIGHTING. Brutal and fast, a blur of fists and elbows, feet and knees. This is up-close fighting between well-trained combatants.

Kick shifts effortlessly between fighting styles, but for every move she throws, Bishop has a counter.

Kick throws a roundhouse, CONNECTS. Bishop sweeps an elbow, CONNECTS. Bishop DROPS Kick with a leg sweep. By the time Kick springs back up, it's too late.

Bishop grabs her arm, TWISTS IT AROUND HER BACK --

Kick CRIES OUT as Bishop pins her to the wall, face-first. He stands just behind her, applying pressure. His lips are in her ear.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You know *krav maga*, so you know you can't get out of this hold without breaking your arm --

Kick THROWS HER HEAD BACK, CRACKS it across his nose.

Bishop lets her go. Kick punches Bishop in the gut, doubling him over, then throws a nasty up-punch, SNAPPING his head back. Bishop falls on his ass, stunned and bleeding from his nose.

KICK  
You were saying?

Kick picks up the phone off the floor, dials a number --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Nine-one-one, what's the nature of  
your emergency?

KICK  
Yeah, I need the police.

BISHOP  
Don't bother...

Kick looks at Bishop, who flashes a BADGE at her.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
John Bishop. FBI.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Ma'am, are you in immediate  
physical danger? Ma'am...?

Kick stares at Bishop, stunned. She's so focused on him, she's scarcely aware of the door opening, of the voice from the past that now pierces the silence:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
It's true, Kick...

Kick looks up, to find: THE MAN WHO SAVED HER LIFE. His beard is gray, and there are creases around his eyes, but it's unmistakably FRANK (now mid 50s).

FRANK  
He's with me.

Off Kick's shock, we --

SLAM TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II****INT. KARATE/M.M.A. GYM - DAY**

Kick stares at Frank in disbelief... and hangs up the phone.

FRANK

You look good, Kick. What's it been, three years?

KICK

(points at Bishop)  
*Who is this son of a bitch?!*

FRANK

He works for me.  
(to Bishop)  
Now do you believe me?

Bishop glowers, gets to his feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Kick)  
We're trying to find that missing girl. We need your help...

OFF Kick, wondering what the hell this is about --

**INT. KICK'S LOFT - SUNSET**

Bishop leans against the kitchen counter, holding a dish towel to his bloody nose. Frank gives Kick a weary smile. It's been years, but these two share an unspoken, unbreakable bond.

FRANK

Twenty years I've been working these cases. A lot of them like yours, but with one big difference... most of the victims couldn't be sitting here, having this chat. Local law enforcement, the Bureau?

(shakes his head)

They're too big. Too slow to rescue these people. So, I formed a special task force, operating within the Bureau but under the radar. We're small. Nimble. Well-funded. Bishop here was my first call.

KICK

So, why the ambush?

FRANK

(amused smile)

That was his idea. One I'm sure he's rethinking. Bishop used to be Army Intelligence. Before that, he was with the Criminal Investigative Command -- the military police, in Afghanistan. He was, shall we say, skeptical about bringing in someone with no formal training.

KICK

(to Bishop)

You were testing me?

BISHOP

What we do isn't for amateurs. Frank said after they found you, they tried every kind of therapy but the only thing that took was teaching you how to fight.

KICK

Yeah, well, ask your nose how that took.

(to Frank)

So, what, you rescue missing kids?

FRANK

Not just kids. You hear about the Delacourt case?

KICK

(remembering)

From a few months back. The banker in L.A.

FRANK

Kidnapped and held for ransom by a transnational gang. We're the ones who got him out.

KICK

And you thought, "Hey, Kick's got her life together, let's invite her to the party and screw that up?"

FRANK

Believe me, this wasn't an easy call. You've come a long way, put a lot of stuff behind you. But if anyone can help us find Mia Garcia, it's you.

KICK

How's that?

FRANK

I can recruit the best of the best -- Ivy League, Quantico. But none of those agents know what you know. You grew up in a wolf's den. You know how a wolf thinks. You know better than anyone that in a few hours, Mia Garcia will either be dead, or on her way...

Whether out of compassion or simple decency, Frank doesn't finish his thought. So Kick finishes it for him.

KICK

... or on her way to becoming me.

FRANK

But you can stop that from happening. You may be the only one who can stop it. Everything in your life -- your abduction, your rescue, all your training... it's all led to this. You couldn't save yourself, but you can save Mia. The only question is... will you?

Kick feels something pushing up through the darkness inside of her. Through the fear.

BISHOP

Mia doesn't have much time. What do you say, Kit?

Kick looks at Frank for a beat, then Bishop. Then, unexpectedly -- she smiles.

KICK

I say if you call me "Kit" one more time you'll need more than a dish towel to clean up the mess. Give me two minutes.

Kick walks off down a narrow hallway, with Bruce trailing. Frank gives Bishop a smile.

FRANK

What did I tell you?

OFF Bishop, far from convinced --

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

Kick shuts the door, falls against it and exhales. She touches her forehead to Bruce's, thinking about what demons lie in wait. No tough talk now -- This woman is scared.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT - NIGHT**

A black SUV stops on the runway. Bishop gets out, followed by Frank and finally Kick, in cargo pants and a hoodie. They walk toward an idling, unmarked BOEING 737.

**INT. BOEING 737 - NIGHT**

A young AGENT in an FBI windbreaker pulls the door shut as Kick follows Bishop and Frank down the aisle. Instead of rows of seats, two long, continuous desks run the length of the fuselage, where TASK FORCE MEMBERS work at the most high-tech COMPUTER and SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT imaginable. AN AIRBORNE COMMAND CENTER...

Kick glances at a large-screen retina display iMac, sees a sea of FACES. People of every age and ethnicity, united by a single designation: "MISSING."

A no-nonsense FEMALE F.B.I. AGENT (40s) comes up the aisle.

FRANK

Kick, this is Special Agent Kennedy.

KICK

Nice to meet you.

AGENT KENNEDY

Actually, we've met.

Off Kick's searching look, we --

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*A moment of perfect stillness as BETH RILEY holds a gun on Frank. A young FEMALE FBI AGENT starts slowly for her gun, then holds off.*

FRANK (PRELAP)

Agent Kennedy was on my Mel Riley task force...

BACK TO:

**INT. BOEING 737 - NIGHT**

Kick understands, shakes Agent Kennedy's hand.

AGENT KENNEDY  
Nice to see you again, Kick.

TRACK WITH Kick, Bishop, Frank and Agent Kennedy toward the back of the plane, where someone is SHOUTING.

FRANK  
Did you pick him up?

AGENT KENNEDY  
We picked him up.

FRANK  
How'd he go?

AGENT KENNEDY  
(with a look)  
Not quietly.

We come to a seating area where two Task Force Members are hearing it from their handcuffed prisoner: JAMES.

JAMES  
First you ruin my date -- with a very cute guy, by the way -- then you haul me away without a phone call. I know my rights!

BISHOP  
Except the one to remain silent, apparently.

James looks up, sees Kick standing there -- and Frank.

FRANK  
Hello, James. I haven't seen you since --

JAMES  
(jolted)  
August 3rd, 2004... the day you found me.

FRANK  
It's good to see you.

JAMES  
(quickly recovers)  
It's good to see you stopped coloring the beard.

As Agent Kennedy unlocks James's handcuffs:

FRANK

I'm glad I gave you Kick's number.  
I had a feeling you two would hit  
it off.

JAMES

To tell you the truth, I can't  
stand her. I just needed a  
bodyguard.

FRANK

You've been a busy boy, hacking  
the DMV among others. The Freedom  
Foundation.

JAMES

Fascists.

FRANK

The Heritage Institute.

JAMES

Super-fascists.

FRANK

Bed, Bath and Beyond.

JAMES

I love their stem ware.

FRANK

What you've been doing is punishable  
by 20 years in federal prison. It's  
also very impressive.

(off James's surprise)

We're looking for Mia Garcia. Want  
to help us find her?

James glances at Kick. Kick nods. James smiles, proud of  
her, then turns back to Frank.

JAMES

I want a gun.

FRANK

Forget it.

JAMES

A badge?

FRANK

*James...*

MOMENTS LATER: The jet is airborne. The nascent team huddles around a table. Frank slides Kick a PHOTO of MIA GARCIA, the same photo we saw on the news.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mia Garcia. Eight years old, diagnosed with a rare eye disorder at age three. She's lost 80 percent of her vision. She was abducted from her school up in Lynden 12 hours ago. Her teacher saw a white SUV and wrote down the plate...

Frank hands Kick an 8x10" SATELLITE PHOTO: a white SUV, parked in front of a rundown two-story house. The SUV's license plate is blurry, partly visible.

BISHOP

A keyhole reconnaissance satellite took this photo six hours ago.

KICK

The FBI has spy satellites?

JAMES

No, but Army Intelligence does.

Kick looks at Bishop, understands what he brings to the table.

FRANK

The plate's a partial, so we don't know if it's the right vehicle, but I sent in a Missing Persons Team just in case. The SUV was gone by the time they got there.

KICK

Did they search the house?

BISHOP

Top to bottom. They couldn't find anything. They think we're looking at the wrong house. I'm inclined to agree.

Kick feels Bishop's skepticism boring into her.

KICK

I want to see the house.

Frank smiles, nods. OFF the photo of Mia's smiling face --

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - LYNDEN, WA - NIGHT**

The 737 goes WHEELS DOWN on the runway.

**INT. BOEING 737 - SAME**

Kick, Bishop and Frank stand near the jet's open cabin door. Bishop slaps a clip into his SPRINGFIELD XD. Kick pulls her GLOCK 27 out of its ankle holster to check it.

BISHOP  
(off the Glock)  
Whoa, hang on.

KICK  
I've got a permit.

BISHOP  
Any idiot can get a permit. The question is can you shoot?

Kick smiles, gets in Bishop's face.

KICK  
About as well as I can fight...  
You should really think about icing that nose.

Frank stifles a grin as Kick heads out. Bishop touches his nose, turns to see James looking at him.

JAMES  
It's okay. You should see her last boyfriend.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - LYNDEN, WA - DAWN**

The jet powers down as Kick and Bishop climb into a big, black SUV.

KICK  
Nice tank. What do you get, like four miles to the gallon?

BISHOP  
Five if I don't speed. So yeah, four.

Frank appears at Kick's window.

FRANK  
Be careful.

BISHOP  
I'm always careful.

FRANK  
I wasn't talking to you.

Kick meets Frank's gaze, nods...

Bishop floors it. The SUV races off toward daybreak. Frank watches it go, praying he hasn't made a mistake.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LYNDEN, WA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Bishop drives down a street of modest older homes. Kick scans the passing houses, as if seeing things we can't see. There, at the end of a cul-de-sac:

A RUNDOWN TWO-STORY HOUSE, the one from the satellite photo.

Bishop parks at the curb. Kick climbs out of the SUV and stares up at the house as a vague but familiar dread washes over her...

BISHOP  
So? Does the house look right?

Kick shuts her eyes, as if pushing away the demons. Then she opens her eyes, turns back to the street, and begins...

KICK  
No sidewalks means not a lot of foot traffic -- fewer interactions with nosy neighbors. I counted RV's in front of three different houses when we drove up. Lots of RV's tells me lots of older people -- keep the grass cut and they'll leave you alone. What I didn't see were many bikes... Not many kids live around here.

BISHOP  
Wouldn't a predator want to live near lots of kids?

KICK  
(shakes her head)  
Kids notice other kids in a way adults don't. If a new kid moves onto the street, all the kids know.

BISHOP  
 You moved around a lot when you  
 were with Mel Riley...

Kick doesn't respond. She walks up the driveway, looks past a chain-link fence into the back yard.

KICK  
 If you're hiding someone, you want  
 a house with a tall fence or a  
 hedge. See how this laurel runs  
 the whole way around the property?  
 (crouches down)  
 Nice big basement. Notice how the  
 windows are blacked out.

BISHOP  
 Hiding something?

KICK  
 (stands up)  
 Or someone. You asked me what I  
 see...? I see a wolf's den.

BISHOP  
 (unconvinced)  
 Let's see if you're right.

CUT TO:

**INT. CUL-DE-SAC HOUSE - DAY**

CLICK! The front door pops open. Kick stuffs her LOCK-PICKS into the pocket of her hoodie. Bishop pushes past her into a big empty living room, no furniture, dusty floors.

BISHOP  
 The owner's an old lady, moved to  
 Florida a year ago. The neighbors  
 think someone was squatting.

KICK  
 I want to see the basement.

**INT. CUL-DE-SAC HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Bishop flips on the fluorescents. The garage is cluttered with various household items -- an old washer and dryer, a random car tire -- but nothing out of the ordinary.

BISHOP  
 It's definitely a basement.

OFF Kick, frustrated by what she's not seeing --

**INT. CUL-DE-SAC HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Bishop walks in from the kitchen, Kick from a bedroom.

BISHOP

Nothing in the kitchen. How about the bedrooms? Kick?

KICK

(shakes her head)

There's something we're not seeing.

BISHOP

Or maybe Mia was never here. You know, every minute that goes by, we're less likely to find her.

KICK

Gee, I wasn't aware of that. You know, I think I liked you better when I was punching you.

Bishop glares at Kick, walks off to keep searching. OFF Kick, his skepticism a dagger in her side --

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Kick stands on the bottom stair, staring out at the dusty basement. Something here won't let her go...

Kick walks around, not sure what she's looking for. She spots an old refrigerator against the far wall. A car tire has been propped against the door. A sixth sense summons her toward it...

Kick moves the tire and opens the fridge, surprised to find the shelves removed and the same bad wallpaper that's on the basement walls staring back at her. The refrigerator is an empty shell...

Kick stands there, frozen by a thought, or maybe a memory. She steps inside and taps the back wall. Hollow.

Kick starts in an upper corner and moves down from there. Using two hands, she applies pressure, as if giving the wall C.P.R. She's looking for the spring-lock.

Halfway down: CLICK! The wall pops open, like a door.

It's pitch black beyond the door. Kick reaches into the darkness, knows it must be here someplace...

Kick finds the string and pulls. A SINGLE LIGHT BULB swings back and forth on a chain...

Kick stands at the threshold, gripped by ancient fears. Then she closes her eyes, takes a breath, and steps into:

**INT. HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A narrow room with a low ceiling. As the bulb swings back and forth on its chain, the light reveals, then obscures, then REVEALS AGAIN:

A TWIN BED, set against the wall. Kick sees a small figure lying beneath the cover...

... and on the pillow, a CURL OF BROWN HAIR.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
You shouldn't be here.

Kick gasps, whirls around to see:

"BETH RILEY," the young Kick, standing in the corner.

BETH  
It's not safe.

Kick is shaken, but not surprised to see Beth. This happens.

The light bulb swings back and forth on its chain. Light and shadow, light and shadow...

KICK  
I have to know if it's her.

But by the next swing of the light --

Beth is gone. With every nerve screaming at her to go the other way, Kick approaches the bed, grabs the sheet and throws it aside, TO REVEAL:

A GIRL'S DOLL, staring up at her with dead eyes.

Kick closes her eyes, overcome with relief. Then she hears a faint HISS and opens her eyes, clocking two things she didn't notice before:

The THIN RED WIRE that runs under the sheet and disappears somewhere beneath the bed. And the single word that's been scrawled on the doll's forehead in black marker:

"BOOM."

Kick GASPS as TWO ARMS hoist her up from behind, run her out through the hidden door, back into --

BOOOM!!! An EXPLOSION launches Kick -- SLAMS her into the far wall of the basement. She hits the floor hard, ends up in a sitting position. She blinks twice, sees SMOKE POURING out of the blasted-out refrigerator frame...

Bishop sits nearby, tiny embers burning into his jacket. His nose is bleeding again.

Kick holds his stare, blood trickling from a gash on her hairline.

KICK (CONT'D)  
I see a wolf's den.

SLAM TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT II**

**ACT III****EXT. CUL-DE-SAC HOUSE - DAY**

LOCAL POLICE and FIREFIGHTERS comb the yard. Kick leans against the SUV, dabbing at the gash on her head. She is shaking and shaken -- by the blast, and by the emotions it has dredged up and jarred loose...

Bishop and Frank approach.

BISHOP  
How's the head?

Kick says nothing.

FRANK  
Kick, if you want to go home, just say the word.

Kick looks up, locks Frank in her gaze.

KICK  
There's this girl Cassie. Little kid, like I was. These girls were pushing her around, so her mom signed her up for my class... They don't push her around anymore. That kid relies on me, Frank. And not just her. I have other students, a job, an apartment -- hell, I have a couple of friends. All the things people take for granted, I have. It took me years, but I did it. I moved on. But what you're asking me to do now...

BISHOP  
That room off the basement. How'd you know it would be there?

FRANK  
She knew, all right. That's enough.

BISHOP  
How, Kick?

Kick takes a breath. Pushes through her fear...

KICK  
He called it the Box. It's where he'd hide me if someone came to the house.

(MORE)

KICK (CONT'D)

I'd sit there wondering if this was the day when someone would find me, if the next face I'd see would be a police officer, or my mom... It was him, every time. In all the years I was gone, those were the scariest times, sitting there alone in the dark... powerless.

BISHOP

Prob'ly what Mia's feeling right now...

A flash of anger in Kick's eyes.

KICK

Really? Do you really need to guilt-trip me right now?

BISHOP

You tell me, Kick. Will it help us find Mia?

For a beat, we think she might punch him. Frank does, too. But Kick sees something in Bishop's eyes: a willingness to do whatever it takes to find the lost girl...

Kindred spirits, on this if nothing else.

KICK

That bomb was on a delay.

BISHOP

(nods)  
Five second trip wire.

KICK

But it didn't have to be. Just like whoever set it didn't have to write "boom" on the doll's head. This guy wants to inflict fear... He's a classic predator. He's done it before, and he'll keep doing it until somebody stops him.

BISHOP

Okay... So where do we start?

KICK

Where he did.

BISHOP

(nods)  
Mia's school.

Kick nods, climbs into the SUV. Bishop gives Frank a look, and follows.

OFF Frank, concerned --

**INT. FBI SUV (DRIVING) - DAY**

Bishop drives. Kick stares out her window.

BISHOP  
So, why "Kick?"

KICK  
It's my name.

BISHOP  
You know what I mean.

KICK  
(beat)  
After I got rescued, I wasn't  
Beth Riley anymore, but I wasn't  
Kit Lannigan, either. I was  
someone new.

BISHOP  
You know, Frank thinks you could  
help us on all kinds of cases, not  
just missing kids. He thinks it  
could help you conquer some  
demons.

KICK  
That's because Frank thinks I'm  
some damaged, screwed-up girl. I'm  
sure you do, too.

Bishop says nothing.

KICK (CONT'D)  
Right. Well, guess what? I hate  
to disappoint you, but I have a  
life, okay?

BISHOP  
I know. You also have a Glock, a  
ninth degree black-belt and an  
overwhelming fear of being locked  
up again.

KICK  
I am not afraid.

Bishop pulls over, stops at the curb of an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.  
In a gently challenging tone:

BISHOP

Kick, you used to lock yourself in  
the trunk of a car to see how long  
it would take you to get out.

KICK

Twenty-three seconds... and you  
read my psych-eval? I was 16!

BISHOP

And now you're 26, and it's door  
locks. You say you've moved on,  
but you're still in a box. It's  
bigger than your old one and  
there's no lock on the door, but  
it's still a box.

KICK

(turning the tables)  
What about you, Bishop? Why are  
you so interested in these cases?

BISHOP

(shrugs)  
Frank asked me to join. I joined.

Kick eyes Bishop, doesn't buy it.

KICK

You know, after they found me, my  
dad took off. He could barely  
look at me, because every time he  
did, I reminded him of what  
happened. My mom -- that's a whole  
other story. But Frank? Frank  
was there for me. I know him  
better than anyone -- and I know  
he does everything for a reason.  
He picked me and James because  
we're survivors. We know what  
Mia's going through, that fear  
she's feeling... So, why'd he  
pick you?

Bishop stares at Kick. There's a story there. Outside, a  
gaggle of THIRD-GRADERS run out for recess.

BISHOP

Here comes Mia's teacher.

Bishop gets out of the S.U.V. OFF Kick, watching him --

**EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY**

KIDS play on the blacktop. Kick and Bishop approach from across the street.

BISHOP

Ms. Harvey?

The teacher, MS. HARVEY (40), turns around.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'm John Bishop. This is Kick Lannigan. We're with the FBI. We'd like to talk to you about Mia Garcia.

OFF Ms. Harvey, still shaken by what happened --

MS. HARVEY (PRELAP)

It happened right there...

**EXT. SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

Ms. Harvey points to the spot where the school's driveway meets the sidewalk.

MS. HARVEY

It was pick-up time. I always keep an eye on Mia, but some boys got into a fight. I only looked away for a second, and when I turned back, Mia was in a white SUV. I couldn't see the man's face. It happened so fast...

(shakes her head)

She was such a sweet girl.

KICK

(quiet but forceful)

She still is.

MS. HARVEY

(nods, then-)

She was really happy here. It was a big deal for her to move to a regular school.

KICK

So, Mia was new here?

MS. HARVEY

(nods)

This was her fourth school in five years.

(MORE)

MS. HARVEY (CONT'D)  
 The family's moved around a lot...  
 California, New Mexico. Texas, I  
 think.

KICK  
 Are they military?

MS. HARVEY  
 (shakes her head)  
 The dad's a mechanic...

Bishop eyes Kick. Something about this strikes a chord.  
 OFF Kick, her mind turning --

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

The jet has powered down on the runway. James sits at an  
 iMac, trying to improve the resolution on the satellite  
 photo, when a call comes in.

JAMES  
 (answers)  
 Tony's Bar and Grill.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. FBI SUV - SAME TIME**

James appears on the SUV's in-dash display.

KICK  
 Do you have facial recognition  
 software?

Frank and Agent Kennedy appear behind James on screen.

FRANK  
 He's got everything, but I'm not  
 sure what good facial recognition  
 will do -- it's not like we have a  
 photo of the suspect.

KICK  
 I don't want to run it on the  
 suspect. I want to run it on the  
 victim.  
 (to James)  
 Get Mia's picture up.

James brings up the PHOTO OF MIA that's all over the news.  
 It simultaneously appears on the in-dash display.

KICK (CONT'D)  
Now run it against the Federal  
Missing Children Database.

BISHOP  
She's been gone less than a day.  
She won't be in the system yet --

KICK  
Just do it.

AGENT KENNEDY  
There are thousands of images in  
that database. It'll take a day.

KICK  
Mia doesn't have a day.

A roadblock. Tense looks all around.

JAMES  
(mind working)  
What if we piggyback off the  
D.O.E.'s cloud server?

Frank and Agent Kennedy give James a blank stare. James  
sighs.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
The Energy Department has a super-  
computer it uses for complex  
scientific calculations. We're  
talking bigtime number-crunching.  
If we could borrow some of their  
computing muscle...

AGENT KENNEDY  
(to Frank)  
They're a Federal agency, we're a  
Federal agency...

Frank is already dialing.

FRANK  
This is Booth. Get me the Director.

MOMENTS LATER: Task Force Members gather around James's  
screen, marveling as it speeds through thousands of PHOTOS  
as fast as the eye can process them.

JAMES  
(smiles)  
Why drive 55?

Frank slaps James on the shoulder: *Well done.*

The iMac stops on a PHOTO: a 4-YEAR OLD GIRL, generically similar to Mia but it's hard to tell because she's so young.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Here we go. One possible match, seven out of ten facial markers. A girl named Hannah Trent. She disappeared five years ago from a Dallas home for abandoned children.

KICK

Now, age progression.

AGENT KENNEDY

(to James)

May I?

James lets Agent Kennedy drive.

IN THE SUV: Kick and Bishop look on as HANNAH TRENT appears on one side of a split-screen, MIA GARCIA on the other...

Agent Kennedy hits a keystroke and Hannah's features begin to MORPH. In a matter of seconds:

We are staring, eerily, at TWO MIAS...

Kick nods. Her hunch was right.

KICK

Mia Garcia wasn't abducted 18 hours ago. She was taken five years ago... *and she isn't Mia Garcia.*

OFF Bishop, Frank, and James, all stunned, we --

SLAM TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT III**

ACT IV**EXT. MODEST NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Bishop steers the SUV down a modest street. Kick eyes the neighborhood: KIDS riding bikes, others playing. She's looking for telltale signs and seeing none -- yet.

Wall-to-wall NEWS TRUCKS as we get closer, then a makeshift shrine of CANDLES and TEDDY BEARS in front of a small house. That's when Kick sees her: a WOMAN, standing on the front porch, surrounded by REPORTERS.

KICK

Un-freaking-believable...

Reveal PAULA LANNIGAN (50), a pint-sized powder keg of compassion and hairspray, happy and at home in front of the cameras.

PAULA

... the Garcias have asked me to be their advisor during this difficult time. As someone who knows what they're going through, of course I said yes. Please let your outlets know I'll be making a statement at 6:30 Eastern...

MOMENTS LATER: Kick and Bishop walk up the driveway as the reporters disperse. Kick pulls her hood up, doesn't want to be recognized. Paula stands near the front door, checking her lipstick in a compact.

KICK (O.S.)

So what's the goal? Your own T.V. show? You want to be Nancy Grace?

Paula turns, surprised to see her daughter standing there.

PAULA

Kit, what are you doing here?

KICK

Or am I thinking too small? You want to be Oprah.

PAULA

(sighs)

You look good, sweetheart. And you're cynical, so you must be eating.

(to Bishop)

Paula Lannigan.

BISHOP

Bishop.

PAULA

What's that, like Cher? Just one name?

(back to Kick)

For your information, those parents are sick with worry. I know you want to blame me for everything, but for once try and imagine I just might want to help these folks.

KICK

We want to talk to them.

PAULA

Why?

KICK

We're trying to find Mia.

Paula is surprised, then concerned. Just then, a REPORTER approaches with a question. As Paula steps away to talk to him, Kick and Bishop trade a look, then quietly knock on the front door. A beat, then --

ED and KAREN GARCIA (late 30s), their faces ravaged by worry, open the door halfway.

KAREN

We're not commenting on Mia right now.

KICK

How about Hannah Trent?

For a beat, we can hear a pin drop. Something else in the Garcias' eyes now: FEAR.

Ed opens the door wider. Kick and Bishop step into:

**INT. GARCIA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Ed closes the door behind them. Ed is muscular, tattoos up both arms. Karen is slight, eyes red from crying.

ED

It's not what you think --

BISHOP

Sit.

The Garcias sit down on the couch.

KAREN

We know what you're thinking, but  
we love our daught -- We love Mia.

Suddenly, a GERMAN SHEPHERD emerges from the kitchen, jumps onto Kick with its tail wagging.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Brady, down!  
(to Kick)  
Sorry. Brady is Mia's guide dog.  
He hasn't been the same since  
yesterday. He's lost without her.

Kick sets the dog on all fours, sends him off with a pat.

Kick scans the room, FAMILY PHOTOS and a CHILD'S ARTWORK on proud display. In the kitchen: MORE ARTWORK, stuck to the fridge with photo magnets. Fun at the beach. Family trip to Disneyland.

BISHOP

Start talking.

Ed and Karen trade a look, then:

ED

I ran with gangs my whole life.  
Did some things I'm not too proud  
of. When I was 22, I got thrown in  
jail and --

BISHOP

Don't tell me. Found Jesus.

Ed takes Karen's hand.

ED

Not Jesus...

KAREN

I'm a social worker. I was  
working in a transition program  
for parolees.

ED

She got me out of the gang. We  
started dating, got married. There  
was only one thing missing.

KAREN

(fighting back tears)  
It's my fault. I wanted a baby.  
It's all I ever wanted --

ED

Hey. Hey. We both did.

KAREN

I can't conceive.

BISHOP

(realizes, off Ed)

And your criminal record ruled out adoption.

KICK

(eyes hardening)

So you took her.

KAREN

By then I was working with neglected children. Mia --

KICK

Hannah.

KAREN

(nods)

Hannah... had been abandoned, shuttled from one bad foster home to the next. People who adopt, they want perfect little newborns. They don't want a neglected four year-old who's going blind. So we came out West, started a new life. We had to move a few times, when we thought someone recognized us, but we were happy...

(beat)

Then he showed up.

ED

His name's Raymond Dawes. He was my cellmate up at Marysville. He showed up here a few days ago. He said he was trying to turn his life around, asked if he could stay a couple days while he looked for work.

BISHOP

(realizes)

He found out Mia's real identity.

KAREN

(nods)

He ransacked our room, found some of her old medical records.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

He wants fifty thousand dollars to get her back. We're trying to come up with the money now... We couldn't tell the police the truth. If they found out, we'd lose her forever.

KICK

And that would suck, you being her rightful kidnappers and all.

KAREN

Please, try to understand --

KICK

(explodes)

She wasn't yours to take!

**EXT. GARCIA HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Kick storms out of the house, angry at the tears forming in her eyes. Paula, still talking to a reporter, excuses herself and hurries to Kick's side.

PAULA

Honey, are you okay?

A PHOTOGRAPHER recognizes Kick and moves in for a shot. A glare from Paula makes him think better of it.

Paula pulls a Kleenex from her purse, dabs at Kick's eyes.

KICK

Mom, please --

PAULA

Relax, will you? At least you don't wear mascara. Can you imagine if I started crying? Not that a little makeup'd kill you.

Kick smiles, despite herself. Paula sees an opening.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Sweetie, you know I never wanted this, right? You needed so much help when you came home -- I had no money, I didn't know what to do...

Kick can't do this with Paula right now. It's too hard. Too emotional. Bishop comes out of the house.

KICK

I gotta go. Bye, Mom.

Kick gives Paula an awkward hug, starts toward the SUV.

PAULA

Sweetie, why are you getting mixed up in this?

(Kick turns around)

Haven't you had enough heartbreak in your life?

KICK

If you had a chance to save me, to bring me home safe -- not five years later, but the day after I got taken...

Paula gives a sad smile. For a beat we see through the facade, to a mother's grief that will never fade.

PAULA

I'd have given anything for that chance.

KICK

(beat)

Well, I have a chance to save Mia.

Paula nods. She of all people understands. Kick turns, walks off with Bishop. Paula watches her go.

PAULA

(whispers)

Be careful, Baby...

CUT TO:

**EXT. FBI SUV (DRIVING) - DAY**

Bishop drives. Kick stares out the window in silence.

BISHOP

You're right. The Garcias had no right to do what they did.

KICK

"But...?"

BISHOP

They gave her a loving home. And a better future than she would have had bouncing around crappy foster homes.

KICK

I'm glad you and the Garcias are so confident what her future would have been.

CUT TO:

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Kick, Bishop and Frank look on as James brings up Raymond Dawes's MUG SHOT and criminal history.

JAMES

Here's Dawes's rap sheet. Ooh, I said "rap sheet."

FRANK

Raymond Dawes, paroled out of Marysville ten days ago.

KICK

So, how do we find him?

BISHOP

Parolees are required to check in with their parole officers within 72 hours of being released...

CUT TO:

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Bishop hangs up his cell phone, turns to James.

BISHOP

6250 Skyway Drive. That's the address Dawes gave his P.O.

James brings up a satellite view on his screen:

JAMES

Skyway Motel.

Bishop gives Kick a look: *Let's go.* They head for the exit; Frank holds Kick back.

FRANK

How you holding up?

KICK

I'm okay.

FRANK

How's it going with...?

Frank nods toward Bishop.

KICK  
He's a prick. But whatever, it's fine.

FRANK  
He's a hell of an investigator.

KICK  
If you say so. We just see nothing the same way.

Kick walks off. Frank smiles. That's what he was hoping.

KICK (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
Aggravated assault, armed robbery...

**INT. FBI SUV (DRIVING) - DAY**

Bishop drives as Kick looks at a print-out of Dawes's rap sheet. Something is bothering her.

KICK  
Dawes is a thug, no doubt. But a predator? I don't see it.

BISHOP  
Who said he's a predator? It's a K&R, pure and simple.  
(off Kick's look)  
Kidnap and ransom.

KICK  
Sorry, I'm not up on the lingo. And I know the Garcias said Dawes took her for the money... But that cul-de-sac house, that was a predator's lair.

BISHOP  
Maybe Dawes is branching out.

KICK  
(shakes her head)  
Wolves aren't made. They're born.

BISHOP  
Well, you're in luck. You can ask him.

Bishop turns the SUV, into:

**EXT. SKYWAY MOTEL - DAY**

A seedy mid-1970's affair. On the second floor landing, Kick and Bishop pause outside Room 22. The drapes are drawn in the window. Bishop shoots Kick a look: *Step back*. Then he centers up the door, and --

Kick KICKS IN THE DOOR before Bishop can.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is dark, looks abandoned. Nothing here but a sagging bed, a chipped formica desk...

... and on the floor, a GIRL'S PINK BARRETTE. Kick picks up the barrette as Bishop heads deeper into the room.

KICK

She was here. If that son of a bitch hurts her, I'll kill him.

Bishop flicks on the bathroom light.

BISHOP

That may be easier said than done...

Kick joins Bishop at the bathroom door, to see:

RAYMOND DAWES (45), jailhouse tats and baby blue eyes that stare blankly up from the bathtub where he lies in a heap. A lavaflow of DRIED BLOOD spreads out from a neat BLACK HOLE over his heart.

OFF Kick, stunned, we --

SLAM TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT IV**

**ACT V****EXT. SKYWAY MOTEL - DAY**

Kick runs down the steps to the ground floor, leans over a planter and throws up. Bishop approaches behind her.

BISHOP

The first time I saw a man get killed, I couldn't sleep for a week. And that was in a war. It's something you never forget.

Kick looks up. Bishop was expecting tears, but Kick's eyes are clear.

KICK

This isn't my first time...

Bishop stares at Kick. He can only wonder what horrors this girl has seen.

KICK (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

This changes everything. Mia's with a killer now...

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

The team assembles.

JAMES

So, who would want to kill Dawes?

KICK

I keep going back to that house. The Box, the booby trap -- that was a predator's house.

BISHOP

And the fact that the Garcias haven't received another ransom demand makes me inclined to agree. Can't have a K&R without the "R."

KICK

So, maybe Dawes had a partner.

BISHOP

He just got out of jail ten days ago. That's not a lot of time to find a partner...

Kick and Bishop trade a look, as Kick's idea gives Bishop one of his own. A connection forming between them.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
 (to James)  
 Bring up Dawes's prison file.

JAMES  
 I showed it to you, remember?

BISHOP  
 Not his arrest record, his  
 incarceration file. I want to know  
 who his cell mate was after Ed  
 Garcia got paroled.

FRANK  
 (to James)  
 Bureau of Prisons.

JAMES  
 (already typing)  
 On it.

As James works, Kick glances at the iMac next to his:

THE SEA OF FACES we saw earlier. Men, women and children,  
 white faces and brown -- smiling for selfies, beaming at  
 birthday parties, grinning for yearbook photos...

KICK  
 These people are all missing?

FRANK  
 (nods)  
 Everything from newborns who got  
 taken from the hospital, to college  
 kids who left for Spring Break and  
 didn't come home, to businessmen  
 who kissed their families goodbye  
 and were never heard from again.  
 It's not just kids who are victims  
 of these crimes...

Kick stares at the faces. Each a ghost on the other side of  
 a glass. Each longing to be found. To come home.

Kick watches Bishop watching those faces... and she knows.

KICK  
 So, who was it? A sibling, maybe?  
 Or your mom? Or were you older when  
 you lost her? A college sweetheart.  
 The love of your life...  
 (meets his gaze)  
 Who went missing, Bishop? Who are  
 you looking for?

A flash of vulnerability in Bishop's eyes. Of pain. Frank stands watching this charged moment... and then...

JAMES

Willis Moats! That was Dawes's cell mate after Ed Garcia.

FRANK

(off the screen)  
Hometown, Seattle. Breaking and entering, sexual assault --  
(turns to Kick)  
Predatory abduction of a minor.

The team trades a look. A theory taking shape...

FRANK (CONT'D)

So, if it is Moats, then why?

BISHOP

Well, we know Dawes wanted to ransom Mia... maybe he brings in his old prison buddy Moats to help. They take Mia, but at some point, Moats decides to keep Mia for himself.

FRANK

(nods)  
So, Dawes tries to stop him -- Mia's worth fifty grand to him. Moats kills Dawes...

KICK

Then Moats takes Mia to the cul-de-sac house. No one lives there, he's used it before...

BISHOP

But we're one step behind him. He has to keep moving.

JAMES

(off his screen)  
The only address for Moats is from the Federal Sex Offender Registry, in Kent.

KICK

He won't go there. It's in the registry. He'll take her someplace remote, where he can hide her...  
What about a work address?

JAMES

One sec.

(then, typing-)

Moats is a janitor at the Haley-Smith paper mill over in Snohomish. Scratch that -- was a janitor. Looks like that plant shut down a year ago.

Kick and Bishop trade a look, both of them feeling: *That's it.* Clicking as a team now.

AGENT KENNEDY

(to Frank)

Should we call in a Tac Unit?

KICK

(to Frank)

This guy's shown he's a killer. If you go in with guns blazing, Mia never comes home.

FRANK

(thinking, then-)

Go.

Kick and Bishop bolt for the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to James)

I want blueprints, some kind of map for that facility.

OFF James, fingers flying across the keyboard --

**EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

Bishop drives like a man possessed. Kick holds something in her hand: Mia's PINK BARRETTE.

FRANK (PRELAP)

There's got to be something!

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Frank pounds the desk in frustration.

JAMES

I'm sorry -- there's no magical online library for blueprints!

For the team, every second that ticks by is agony.

AGENT KENNEDY  
Hang on. Paper mills are toxic  
waste sites.

JAMES  
So?

AGENT KENNEDY  
So, they have to file blueprints  
with the E.P.A.

Frank smiles, turns to James. He's already typing --

**EXT. ABANDONED MILL - DAY**

A SPRAWLING, DECREPIT FACILITY, old trucks and corrugated steel out buildings. A gravel road cuts through the wheat fields that surround this old plant...

... a road on which the SUV comes kicking up dust before coming to a stop. Kick and Bishop jump out, take a beat to scan the desolate plant. The place is eerily quiet.

KICK  
I'll go that way.

BISHOP  
Frank would kill me if I let you go  
off alone.

KICK  
Can I make a suggestion?

BISHOP  
Sure.

KICK  
Grow a pair.

Kick heads off to the left. Bishop smiles, and goes right.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

James navigates through the Environmental Protection Agency database. OFF Frank, dialing --

**EXT. ABANDONED MILL - DAY**

Kick is poking around an out building when she BUZZES. She taps the BlueTooth com-link in her ear:

KICK  
I'm not seeing anything.

FRANK  
Maybe we can help. We're looking at blueprints for the mill. What should we be looking for?

KICK  
There's fresh graffiti everywhere. I don't think Moats got the privacy he was hoping for... A hiding place, maybe a basement.

AGENT KENNEDY  
(points at the screen)  
What about this?

FRANK  
Okay, we may have something. Do you see a water tower?

Fifty yards away. Kick BOLTS.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
There's an old utility vault beneath it. You should see an access --

KICK  
Got it.

A rusted old HATCH, set in concrete. Kick throws open the hatch, TO REVEAL:

Corrugated steel stairs, descending into a dark, cavernous space. And there, staring silently at Kick from the third stair down...

BETH RILEY. Kick nods.

KICK (CONT'D)  
She's here.

Beth turns, starts wordlessly down the stairs. She wants Kick to follow...

Kick tamps down her fear, and begins her descent.

FRANK  
Kick, wait for Bishop.

But as Kick descends into the subterranean gloom...

**INT. BOEING 737 - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - SAME**

The signal turns to a crackle of STATIC.

FRANK

Kick, can you hear me? Kick?

OFF Frank, his concern rising --

**INT. UNDERGROUND UTILITY VAULT - SAME**

Kick steps off the stairs into an old power room with vaulted ceilings. Beth walks ahead of Kick, beckons her with a look toward...

A CONCRETE ELEVATOR SHAFT that stands alone in the center of the room. The shaft obscures the back half of the room, but as Kick starts to come around it, she sees a couple of work-lights on stands, illuminating:

A large, CHAIN-LINK ENCLOSURE. A utility cage. On a metal sign, the words "Authorized Personnel Only" have been SPRAY-PAINTED OVER. The sign now reads:

"MIA'S ROOM."

Kick's heart pounds in her chest. She kneels down, pulls her GLOCK from its ankle holster. As Beth disappears behind the elevator shaft, Kick levels her gun and comes the rest of the way around the shaft, TO REVEAL:

Inside the cage, amid heavy equipment, is a makeshift CHILD'S BEDROOM: a white dresser, a frilly pink carpet. And there, sitting on the four-poster bed...

MIA GARCIA (9), staring blindly into the darkness.

MIA

Hello? Who's there?

Kick exhales -- and moves. She runs to the cage, crouches down to take a look at the GATE LOCK.

KICK

Hi, Mia. My name's Kick. I'm gonna get you out of here.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE - ABANDONED MILL - SAME**

Bishop moves cautiously down a corridor, pushes open a door marked "PLANT MANAGER," TO REVEAL:

An empty office. On the desk, a small T.V. is on with the volume down. *Dora the Explorer...*

Bishop unholsters his gun. A BUZZ in his ear. Bishop taps his com-link.

BISHOP  
(off the T.V.)  
Mia's here.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Kick found her, but we lost contact. They're in an old utility vault.

BISHOP  
I'm in the main office.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Okay, you're gonna go out the door, and take a left --

Bishop BOLTS.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND UTILITY VAULT - SAME**

Kick pulls out her LOCK PICKS, keeps her voice calm.

KICK  
Where's the man, Mia?

MIA  
I don't know. He said he'd be back soon.

KICK  
(a dark thought)  
Mia, did he hurt you?

MIA  
Just where he grabbed me...

A fingerprint bruise on Mia's wrist. Kick is relieved, goes to work on the lock. She has both hands working when she hears a low but sharp DOUBLE-CLICK.

*Fuck.* Kick shuts her eyes. *Breathe, Kick. Breathe...*

KICK  
This lock has serrated pins. You know what that means, Mia?  
(MORE)

KICK (CONT'D)

It means I need three hands to pick it. You're gonna be my third hand. Do you think you can do that?

Mia nods, tentative, scared.

KICK (CONT'D)

Great. Can you stand up, Mia? Can you follow my voice?

(Mia slides off the bed)

Okay, now go to your left. There's a dresser. There you go. Now feel around for a brush...

Mia's hand finds a GIRL'S HAIRBRUSH.

KICK (CONT'D)

Good girl. Now, bring it over here. Great job, sweetie. Can you put the brush through the fence?

The brush just fits through the chain-link fence. For a moment, their HANDS TOUCH.

MIA

I'm scared, Kick.

KICK

Me, too...

Kick grabs one of the brush bristles -- a metal wire with a pink plastic pinhead -- and PULLS IT OUT.

KICK (CONT'D)

... it's okay to be scared. Now, put your hand out. Take this little wire. Now come over here to the gate. Feel that? That's the lock...

Kick takes up her LOCK PICKS again. With a pick in each hand, she works the lock like a surgeon, until -- CLICK!

KICK (CONT'D)

Okay, now I've got to keep my hands very still. Take the wire and poke around your side of the lock. There should be a tiny hole on the back...

Mia moves the bristle across her side of the lock -- CLINK! She wedges the bristle into a TINY HOLE.

KICK (CONT'D)  
Good girl. Now jiggle it around.  
It may take a second...

Mia jiggles the wire, every second an eternity. Kick tries to stay calm, to fight her fear...

Suddenly, the LOCK TURNS -- THE GATE POPS OPEN!

KICK (CONT'D)  
We did it, Mia!

Kick throws open the gate, runs in and grabs Mia's hand. As they turn to run out --

WILLIS MOATS (30s), big, hulking shoulders, doughy white face, stands in the gate, pointing a GUN at Kick.

MOATS  
Someone's been a bad girl.

Mia gasps. Kick takes her hand, looks down to see her GUN on the floor --

Moats KICKS the Glock, sends it sliding into the shadows.

MOATS (CONT'D)  
Back up. Move.

Kick and Mia step back into the bedroom. Moats comes in after them, keeps his gun leveled at Kick.

MOATS (CONT'D)  
Now... get on your knees.

MIA  
Kick?

MOATS  
SHUT UP!

Moats keeps his gun on Kick, nods. *Do it.*

KICK  
Mia, go sit on the bed.

Mia feels her way to the bed. Kick goes to her knees. Moats towers over her.

KICK (CONT'D)  
You've got me, Moats. You don't need her.

MOATS

You're wrong about that.

Kick's fear is overwhelming. She wants to cry, wants to die, but she can't... Mia needs her.

The move is impossible, and impossibly fast. Kick springs off her knees and KICKS Moats hard in the groin. Moats SCREAMS as Kick's other leg -- all in the same move -- SWEEP-KICKS the gun from Moats's hand!

For a moment Moats stares in shocked disbelief...

Then Kick PUNCHES him. Moats staggers back. Kick runs to pick up his gun --

Moats TRIPS her, sends her tumbling. Moats is fast for his size, gets to the gun and WHIRLS AROUND --

Kick throws *yoko keage*, sends the gun SKITTERING across the floor. Moats counters with a big, vicious RIGHT --

Kick's HEAD SNAPS AROUND. Somehow she stays on her feet -- but Moats has her now, THROWS her across the room. Kick SLAMS into a post on the four-poster bed, breaking it off.

Mia SCREAMS.

ACROSS THE VAULT:

Bishop stands on the landing, halfway down the stairs. He's aiming his gun at Moats, but he doesn't have a clean shot -- Mia is in his line of fire!

IN THE UTILITY CAGE:

Kick is on her knees. Moats moves in for the kill --

Bishop FLIES IN, TACKLES Moats into the dresser, SHATTERING THE MIRROR.

BISHOP

Kick, take Mia! Go!

Kick pulls Mia out of the cage as Bishop and Moats fight. Moats is bigger than Bishop, but Bishop is quicker, landing precision blows to buy Kick time...

Kick runs Mia onto the elevator.

MIA

Don't leave me!

Kick SLAPS the "UP" button.

KICK  
When the doors open, run!

BACK IN THE CAGE: Bishop throws a wicked combination, drops Moats to his knees.

BISHOP  
It's over, Moats.

Moats's body shields the broken BED POST. Bishop can't see it coming as Moats gets up and SWINGS THE BED POST --

The bed post BREAKS on Bishop's head. Bishop staggers back, dazed.

Moats moves for his gun --

But Kick is there. Kick unleashes on Moats, a blur of KICKS and PUNCHES. Moats fights back, but Kick is possessed -- a lifetime of fury and loss in every blow.

Moats falls to his knees. And just when we think Kick is done --

Kick BREAKS RIBS with a kick.

Kick walks over to her Glock, calmly picks it up. She works the slide, chambers a round, coolly puts the gun to Moat's head. As Kick starts to PULL THE TRIGGER --

MIA  
Kick? Are you still here?

Kick turns, sees that Mia has stepped off the elevator. Kick's finger tenses on the trigger as Mia's question hangs there, takes on deeper meaning... until finally...

KICK  
Yeah.  
(pulls the gun away)  
I'm still here...

Kick tucks the gun in her belt, pulls Mia into her arms.

KICK (CONT'D)  
We're both here.

Kick smiles, rocks Mia in her arms. A cathartic, deeply emotional moment...

Bishop gets to his feet, meets Kick's gaze. They trade a look: *We did it.*

KICK (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
It's okay, Mia...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ABANDONED MILL AND FACTORY - SUNSET**

Bishop sits in the back of an ambulance, getting his head stitched. Kick and Mia sit across from him. Mia clings fast to Kick.

KICK  
... he's got a hard head.

Bishop gives a wry smile. Kick and Mia hop out of the ambulance. LOCAL POLICE and FBI AGENTS pore over the scene...

Two SUV's pull up. Frank, James, and Agent Kennedy emerge from the first. Out of the second: Ed and Karen Garcia, crying tears of joy.

KAREN/ED  
Mia!

MIA  
Mommy! Daddy!

The Garcias run to Mia, fall to their knees as they squeeze her tight. Kick approaches Frank.

KICK  
What happens now?

FRANK  
The D.A. in Texas will have to decide whether to charge the Garcias with kidnapping. If he doesn't, they'll hold a hearing to decide who should have custody of Mia. I'd say the answer is pretty obvious...

Kick sees the love and emotion on Mia's face, and nods. Bishop approaches.

BISHOP  
You saved her life, Kick. How's it feel?

KICK  
(off Mia, a smile)  
It feels... good.

BISHOP

If you're interested, we're headed to Portland for a few days. You're welcome to join.

Kick gives Bishop a look: *Portland?*

BISHOP (CONT'D)

A woman went camping with her husband and kids. Only the husband and kids made it back.

Kick realizes what Bishop and Frank are proposing.

FRANK

You can walk away right now, and no one would blame you...

Kick turns to James, who nods. He's in. With Bishop, Frank and Agent Kennedy, they are a team assembled, depending on what Kick now decides...

Kick spots Moats, in handcuffs, being shoved into the back of a police car. Then she turns, sees Mia basking in her parents' love. When suddenly --

Mia isn't Mia. She's BETH RILEY.

Kick looks into Beth's eyes. Her eyes. Beth nods, as if guiding Kick to the answer...

Kick turns back to Bishop.

KICK

Better get moving.

Kick walks off toward the SUV. Bishop gives Frank a smile, and walks off after her.

**INT. FBI SUV (DRIVING) - SUNSET**

Bishop puts the SUV into gear. Kick looks back at Mia as the SUV pulls out onto the road, picking up speed.

Kick looks back until she can no longer see Mia, just STALKS OF WHEAT, swaying gently in the breeze...

OFF the sound of a JET ENGINE, revving and rising, we --

SLAM TO BLACK.

**END OF PILOT**