

WILL TRENT

"Pilot"

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Based on the Will Trent book series by Karin Slaughter

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

ABIGAIL  
You're a liar. I think you enjoy  
it. I don't believe one word that  
comes out of your mouth, Paul.

EXT. ANSLEY PARK, ATLANTA - THE HOME OF ABIGAIL AND PAUL  
CAMPANO - DAY \*

A seriously wealthy neighborhood. ABIGAIL CAMPANO, 40s, sits  
behind the wheel of her TESLA, wearing a white tennis dress,  
eyes red from crying, in the middle of an ugly, marriage-  
ending fight with her husband who we hear over bluetooth. \*

PAUL CAMPANO  
Jesus, Abigail. What did you say?  
I've gotten three phone calls --

ABIGAIL  
Maybe you shouldn't have fucked my  
trainer --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HIGH-END CAR DEALERSHIP - OFFICE - SAME TIME

PAUL CAMPANO, early 40s, time, food and alcohol conspiring  
against his good looks, sits in his fancy office, furious.  
Through the window, we see high-end CARS on a showroom floor.

PAUL  
Please calm down, this is stirring  
up a lot of trouble.

Abigail grabs her tennis racket, gets out of the car, still  
yelling at Paul as she walks to the front door of her house.  
It's an immaculate, old-money Atlanta MANSION, like all the  
other homes on this block. \*

ABIGAIL  
I want out. Today. Don't come home.

PAUL  
What are we going to tell Emma?

ABIGAIL  
That her father can't keep it in  
his pants-- \*

Abigail stops, stupefied by the sight of BROKEN GLASS on the front porch. Meanwhile, Paul switches to a THREATENING tone --

PAUL

You will not use our child as a weapon here, Abigail. Don't test --

ABIGAIL

Paul --

PAUL

-- If you want this to get ugly, I can make it ugly --

ABIGAIL

Paul. Shut up. Somebody broke into the house.

PAUL

What?! Don't go in. Go back to the car. I'll call the police.

But Abigail only has one thing on her mind:

ABIGAIL

What about Emma?

PAUL

Is her car there?

Abigail looks -- the driveway is EMPTY. But still... \*

PAUL (CONT'D) \*

Abigail. Don't go in! Do not. I'll call the police. Abigail? \*

INT. THE CAMPANO HOUSE - SAME TIME

Abigail tosses her AirPods and Paul's voice to the ground, running on pure maternal instinct. There are BLOODY FOOT PRINTS on the stairs. Abigail is terrified.

ABIGAIL

Emma...

Abigail hears a faint RUSTLING. She CHARGES up the stairs --

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS - DAY

Abigail's eyes widen as she sees -- HER DAUGHTER, face down in a POOL OF BLOOD, a MAN standing over her, covered in blood, holding a KNIFE.

The Man SPINS to face Abigail, who is FROZEN IN SHOCK. He STUMBLES over Emma's PRONE BODY and falls into Abigail, KNOCKING her backwards! Abigail GRABS his arm --

THEY TUMBLE DOWN THE STAIRS! At the bottom, the Man LANDS on Abigail, INJURED, PINNING her to the floor! She STRUGGLES to FREE HERSELF as he SWINGS the knife wildly, until she KNOCKS it out of his hands and tries to SCRAMBLE to her feet, but --

She's DRAGGED BACK DOWN! The fight becomes HARROWING as Abigail, her tennis dress now COVERED in blood, CLAMPS her hands around the man's neck and SQUEEZES! As we hear SIRENS approach, the man GURGLES and TURNS BLUE, until finally --

HE COLLAPSES onto Abigail. DEAD. Abigail, sobbing now, lies pinned underneath him and we hear SIRENS in the distance.

### TITLE CARD

INT. ATLANTA ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

CLOSE ON: WILL TRENT, 36, tall, wearing an excellent three-piece suit. He looks a little out of place here but honestly, he looks out of place everywhere - still he's got some panache. There's a FORMIDABLE SCAR peeking out from under his collar. Will's entire vibe shows us he's lived a rough life, but he's still trying his fucking best. \*

Today he's facing off with A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN and TEENAGE BOY with green hair, both volunteers here. The object of dispute is an adorable chihuahua on the counter between them. \*

TEENAGER  
Name? \*

WILL  
Special Agent Will Trent. \*

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
Ooh. Special Agent. Fancy. \*

WILL  
I don't know why I said -- \*

TEENAGER  
Can you spell your last name, Special Agent? \*

WILL  
Trent. It's just like it sou- okay, T-R-E-N-T. Why is there a form? \*

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

My neighbor died three days ago and  
this dog was tied up in her back  
yard, so I'm just dropping her.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Like a sack of old clothes.

WILL

No, not like a sack of old clothes.  
I'm confused because you guys are  
making me feel bad when in fact I  
have rescued this dog --

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

-- Special Agent Trent wants a  
parade.

WILL

-- I'm sorry I gave my name like  
that. Habit. I don't want a parade.  
You guys rehome animals so...  
(scooting the dog forward)  
Rehome!

TEENAGER

Tag says her name is Betty. Is she  
named after Betty White?

WILL

- I have no idea -

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

She's got gum disease. You sure you  
can't take her?

She pushes the chihuahua closer to Will who pushes her back.  
Meanwhile, the teenager is googling Will.

WILL

What - no. I have a job. I --

TEENAGER

-- He's a Special Agent with the  
GBI. Didn't you hear? He's big  
deal.

WILL

I work sixteen hour days --

TEENAGER

There's tons of articles about you.  
(reading, now impressed)  
(MORE)

## TEENAGER (CONT'D)

He just brought down a bunch of  
corrupt cops. Fight the power, man!  
That's kind of hot.

\*  
\*

WILL

It's really not.

\*  
\*

MIDDLE AGED LADY

Maybe your wife can look after her.

WILL

Not married.

\*  
\*

MIDDLE AGED LADY

Girlfriend? Boyfriend?

\*  
\*

Will starts backing away toward the exit.

\*

WILL

It's just me. I don't know what's  
happening right now but I can't  
take the dog. I've done my duty.  
You guys take it from here. This is  
no kill shelter right?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A long pause. The teenager answer with a wince.

\*

TEENAGER

Sure.

Will stops right by the door and turns: goddammit.

\*

WILL

"Sure"? What does that mean?

\*  
\*

SMASH TO:

\*

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

\*

Will carries Betty under one arm and a bag of colorful toys,  
food bowls and medicine in another. The Teenager carries a  
big bag of dog food and a crate.

\*  
\*  
\*

WILL

How much of that stuff do I have to  
put on her gums?

\*  
\*  
\*

TEENAGER

The directions are in the box.

\*  
\*

WILL

Just tell me.

\*  
\*

TEENAGER

Three drops massaged in twice a day.

WILL

What have I done?

The teenager's eyes widen when he sees Will's antique PORSCHE (we don't see what he sees). Will opens the hatchback.

TEENAGER

Whoa, what happened to your car?

WILL

That's what happens when you fight the power. Told you it wasn't hot.

Will's phone rings. He takes an ANCIENT FLIP PHONE out of his pocket. The teenager is astounded.

WILL (CONT'D)

Trent.

TEENAGER

Is that a real phone?

Will is listening intently, motions for him to keep loading.

WILL

Okay, give me twenty minutes.

EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - DAY

The words "RAT SNITCH TRAITOR" along with other assorted expletives are spray painted all over Will's car. Betty sticks her head happily out of the window as he drives, somehow managing to maintain his dignity from behind his sunglasses. He turns into a lively, low-income neighborhood and parks in the driveway of his neat little fixer upper.

A big SUV pulls up. Will stands there holding Betty while the tinted window rolls down to reveal AMANDA WAGNER, Will's boss, head of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, late 50s, aviators, big dick energy. She stares at him.

AMANDA

What's with the dog and what happened to your car?

WILL

(out of patience)

It's a dog named Betty that I'm adopting.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

We think she's named after Betty White. And I think it's pretty obvious that my car was vandalized, Amanda.

\*  
\*  
\*

AMANDA

That's what you get for turning on your own.

WILL

You assigned me that case!

AMANDA

You could've said no. Get in.

\*

WILL

(sigh)

I gotta put the dog in the house.

\*  
\*

INT. THE CAR - WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - MINUTES LATER

Amanda is all annoyed because she's lost. Will keeps his cool to a maddening degree, pissing her off further.

WILL

Pretty sure we're going in circles.

AMANDA

Oh? Are you a cartographer now?

\*

WILL

Your driving is terrifying.  
Why are you speeding? We're lost!

\*

AMANDA

We're not lost.

WILL

We are 100 percent lost and again,  
I think slowing - STOP!

\*

Amanda SLAMS on the brakes to avoid a collision. She throws an arm across him, a clumsy gesture of CONCERN that hints at Amanda's true affection for Will.

WILL (CONT'D)

Ow!! Use the GPS.

AMANDA

I never set up the GPS. Maybe you'd like to get the manual out right now and figure it out?

She says this like it's a challenge. Will holds her gaze for a beat then sees a news van on the move.

WILL

That's CNN. They're going to the crime scene. Follow them.

Amanda starts tailing the van.

AMANDA

Head of the GBI following a news van to find the crime scene. That's just spectacular.

WILL

Are you going to tell me why you're making a personal appearance here?

AMANDA

Home invasion in Ansley Park. Murdered teenage girl. We're here as a courtesy. Unless we see evidence of a contract killing, connection to a drug ring, kidnapping, witchcraft or time travel we leave it to APD and get the hell out of there.

WILL

A courtesy? A courtesy to who?

AMANDA

(sigh)

Her grandfather is a billionaire named Hoyt Bentley. He called the governor who then called me.

Will nods, understanding.

WILL

The governor. That's right. You have an unreasonable boss, too.

\*  
\*

AMANDA

I told him I'd bring my best. I just need you to read the crime scene, Will. Then we can get back to work.

It's a rare compliment from Amanda. They are parked now.

WILL

You got it.

But Amanda is allergic to sentiment. She looks at the CAMPANO HOUSE, all the APD and REPORTERS, noticing their arrival. \*

AMANDA  
You feel that?

WILL  
What?

AMANDA  
All that hatred for you? It's like heat. I wish there was a way to harness it. Solve climate change.

As Will slides out of the passenger seat --

WILL  
Walk past the cameras so the governor sees you.

EXT. THE CAMPANO HOUSE - DAY

Will walks up to the house, past a trio of UNIFORMS. One spits on the ground in front of Will, another flips him off. Will puts on a friendly face and waves. \*

WILL  
Morning, fellas!

INT. THE CAMPANO HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Will walks in, carefully taking in the crime scene. Will's got a lot of authority here and everybody knows it. \*

LEO  
The hell is the GBI doing here?

That's DETECTIVE LEO DONNELLY, 50s, an uninspiring slob who cannot wait to tell you all about his leaky prostate. Still, he's one of the few APD officers willing to cut Will a break and he's got an easy sense of humor - the guy's a character.

WILL  
Just assessing the situation, Leo.

LE  
The situation is there's a bunch of uniforms outside plotting your murder.

WILL

Take me through it. I'll sign off  
and get out of your hair.

Leo tells the story with a deadpan verve. Will listens while  
he looks around the crime scene, seeing everything.

LEO

This is from the mom, Abigail. She  
comes home from tennis, door's open.

(re: the broken window)

Window next to the door knob is  
smashed.

(walks over to the stairs)

She goes upstairs and sees her  
daughter, likely raped, definitely  
murdered, the perp standing over  
her with a knife. Perp sets his  
sights on mom -- who's smoking hot  
by the way -- a big dirty fight  
ensues, but all that pilates pays  
off because mom ends up strangling  
him to death. Surprise ending!  
Anyway, the case is solved. There's  
your do-er.

Will looks down at the dead man, struck by how bleak this  
situation is. He notices the dead man is only wearing SOCKS. \*  
He settles into analytical mode... \*

WILL

He's young, not a tweaker... no  
shoes. You ID him yet? \*

LEO

Waiting for the coroner. \*

WILL

This was some struggle. How big is  
the mother? \*

LEO

I dunno, rich white lady size.  
Hundred pounds soaking wet.  
Probably carries her intestines  
around in her purse.

WILL

He's got eighty pounds on her.  
How's she the one walks away?

LEO

Adrenaline! You know, when the mom lifts the car off the baby? I got an answer for everything.

Will rolls his eyes, looks back at the broken window next to the door. \*

WILL

Broken window's too far to reach the doorknob. How 'bout that one? (off Leo's silence) Think on it for a minute. Get back to me. Where's the mother?

Leo throws a quick look back at the window, startled --

LEO

She's giving a statement to my partner, Faith.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

APD DETECTIVE FAITH MITCHELL, 30, hands Abigail a fresh ice pack. Faith looks even younger than she is, athletic, kind face. People trust her because they underestimate her. \*

ABIGAIL

I never saw him before he was standing over my daughter's body with a knife.

FAITH

Did he say anything?

ABIGAIL

Just noises, like an animal. He was going to kill me, too --

Abigail looks away, overwhelmed. Faith catches Amanda's eye as Amanda walks into the kitchen, alongside an EMT.

FAITH

Maybe we can arrange for you to go somewhere while we sort this out. \*

ABIGAIL

Not while Emma's still here.

FAITH

I would feel the same. Mrs. Campano, this is Eric. He's an EMT. He's going to look at your wrist.

The EMT sits down next to Abigail, giving Faith a chance to peel off. She walks up to Amanda. There's a familiarity here. \*

FAITH (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

AMANDA

Who do you think you're talking to?

FAITH

Sorry. Jeez. I just didn't know why the GBI was here.

AMANDA

Does her story make sense?

FAITH

She's defensive. Lots of "I felt threatened" and "My life was in danger". She was a lawyer before she married and it shows.

AMANDA

What was Emma doing home in the middle of a school day?

INT. LIVING ROOM - BACK WITH WILL AND LEO - DAY

Leo answers the same question, reading from his NOTEBOOK.

LEO

"The cutting class started when she made friends with Kayla Alexander." \*

WILL

Who's Kayla Alexander? \*

LEO

(holding out his notebook)  
Read it for yourself.

WILL

(pats his pockets)  
I forgot my glasses. Read it to me.

LEO

Feels a little intimate but okay.  
"Emma and Kayla were inseparable.  
Her father never like Kayla." \*

WILL

Where is the father? \*

LEO  
Should be here any minute. Ready  
for this? He's Paul Campano. The  
car guy.

Will REACTS to that name. Despite the death and hostility  
swirling around him, this is the first he's appeared SHAKEN.

WILL  
Campano? I thought the last name  
was Bentley.

LEO  
Bentley's the mom's name. Paul  
Campano is her husband. You know  
the guy who does all those dumb  
commercials? He should've taken her  
name... Paul Bentley the car  
dealer, it was just sitting there!  
What's the matter. You okay?

WILL  
(shaking it off) \*  
Let's track down Kayla Alexander. \*

INT. CAMPANO HOUSE - DAY

Amanda and Faith make their way through the house.

AMANDA  
Did you get here first?

FAITH  
Leo did. He secured the scene.

AMANDA  
Oh, Leo Donnelly secured the scene?  
I feel so much better. Where the  
hell were you?

FAITH  
Finishing the paperwork on the  
Laslow murder.

AMANDA  
Don't do his scutwork for him!

FAITH  
He's got a thousand years seniority \*  
over me - What the hell is HE doing \*  
here?

Amanda turns to track Faith's gaze... she's staring at Will.

AMANDA

Checking your work. Let's say hi!

\*

FAITH

Amanda! You know what he did!

AMANDA

Hey. When you have my job you can hold grudges. Until then you're a woman and you don't have that luxury. You move forward. Nobody cares about anything but solves.

(landing at Leo and Will)

Agent Trent. This is Detective Faith Mitchell.

Will looks up from a PHOTO of Emma and KAYLA dressed for winter formal. Will doesn't say hello, just DIVES RIGHT IN:

WILL

When you were in school, did you cut class by yourself? Isn't that something girls do with friends?

FAITH

I never cut class in my li--

(taking his meaning)

Wait. You think --

She turns to the door, where two sets of shoes, NIKE AIRS and BLACK CHUCK TAYLORS, are tossed next to the door. When she turns back to Will, it's clear -- they have the SAME THEORY.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I'll see if they're the same size.

As Faith walks over to check, Amanda looks at Will.

\*

AMANDA

What?

\*

WILL

Something's not right.

A voice BOOMS in through the open front door --

PAUL (O.S.)

I want all these people off my property. Where's my wife --

Paul storms in, a couple of uniforms on his heels, almost KNOCKING OVER Faith as she's about to compare the girls' sneakers. Paul stops in front of the body of the killer, dumbstruck, blinking way too fast, his entire body CLENCHED.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where's my daughter? I want to see  
Emma!

He's red faced and belligerent, but he doesn't know he's  
crying. Will watches. Oh, yeah, he knows this guy...

FLASHBACK:

\*

INT. ATLANTA CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY - 1993 (FLASHBACK)

A banner hangs in the depressing group home: Visiting Day.  
Adult couples talk to children. This is essentially a pet  
fair, only it's children who are hoping for adoption.

-- IN HIS ROOM, YOUNG WILL TRENT (7) is skinny and earnest,  
trying to comb down his cowlick. A LITTLE GIRL takes the comb  
out of his hand and smooths it down for him.

-- Young Will, eyes full of hope, sits in the common area,  
feet folded at the ankles. A YOUNG COUPLE SMILE AT HIM from  
across the room and head over. Then A GROUP OF BOYS, led by  
YOUNG PAUL CAMPANO (13), DUMP Will out of his chair. Will  
fights back but he's smaller. A SOCIAL WORKER INTERVENES.

SOCIAL WORKER

Boys! Stop! Paul, get your hands  
off Will! Get back in your room.

\*

Over this we hear ADULT PAUL CAMPANO --

\*

INT. THE CAMPANO HOUSE - DAY

Will blinks away the memories and watches Paul closely. Leo  
is up in Paul's face along with Faith, HOLDING HIM BACK --

PAUL CAMPANO

You can't keep me from seeing her!  
This is my house!

WILL

I'll take him up.

Everyone stares at Will who is calmly grabbing a pair of foot  
coverings. Paul's just noticing him for the first time.

\*

\*

WILL (CONT'D)

Special Agent Will Trent, Georgia  
Bureau of Investigation.  
(handing him a pair)  
You need a set of these.

Paul looks at Will, making hard eye contact before grabbing the booties. Paul takes a deep breath, tries to calm himself.

INT. CAMPANO HOUSE - TOP OF THE STAIRS/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

It's eerie quiet here. CLOSE ON EMMA CAMPANO, face down, an open eye visible through a tangle of blond hair, blood everywhere. Will and Paul appear behind her. Paul's bluster is gone and he stops fifteen feet from the body.

PAUL  
Was she raped?

Will studies the scene - this is his first time with the body. He takes in Emma's TORN, BLOODY CLOTHES, the signs of STRUGGLE, BLOODY FOOTPRINTS. We PUSH IN on his FACE --

FLASH ON:

INT. SAME SCENE HOURS EARLIER - **WILL'S RECONSTRUCTION** - MOS

Quick FLASHES - Visceral and violent: The SHOELESS MAN with the knife DRAGS a crying EMMA into the hall, throws her down -

BACK TO PRESENT:

WILL  
It seems likely.

Now Will is staring at some BLOODY FOOTPRINTS obviously made by a sneaker. It doesn't make any sense.

PAUL  
She used to say I was her best friend. She never would've cut school. She made some crappy friends in the last year or two.

Will glances at Paul's shoes: EXPENSIVE LOAFERS. Not a match.

WILL  
Is that Kayla?

PAUL  
Emma idolized her. They dressed alike, matching tattoos, navel piercings. Fifteen years old. I tried to put my foot down but... Emma has trouble making friends. I didn't have the heart...  
(then)  
You're Trashcan, right?

A beat as it's confirmed for Will -- Paul RECOGNIZES him. \*

WILL

Yeah.

Paul squeezes his eyes shut, trying to remember. \*

PAUL \*

We called you that because they  
found you in a garbage can?

WILL

It was actually a dumpster. \*  
Trashcan had a better ring I guess.

Will turns to look DOWNSTAIRS -- Faith is there, holding one \*  
Converse and one Nike sneaker sole-to-sole to show Will that  
they are DIFFERENT SIZES. Fuck. The bad feeling that has been \*  
bothering Will is urgent now. Will turns back to Paul.

WILL (CONT'D)

Paul, I need you to ID to the body. \*

Paul takes a breath, kneels down, Will glances at Faith... \*  
they're both pretty sure what's going to happen next...

PAUL (O.S.)

It's not her!

Paul straightens. Faith reacts, VINDICATED. Will stays calm --

WILL

Are you sure?

PAUL

It's Kayla! Emma has a birthmark on  
her right arm.

(shouting downstairs)

ABIGAIL! It's not Emma!

Abigail runs upstairs, followed by Faith, Leo and Amanda.  
Will crouches down with Paul, lifts up the wrong arm.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Right! Right arm Trashcan. Are you \*  
an idiot? See? No birthmark.

AMANDA

What is happening!?

PAUL

Abbie, it's Kayla! It's not Em!

LEO  
(panicking)  
No, no, no, the mom told me  
herself, I walk in the door she  
says MY DAUGHTER has been killed --

ABIGAIL  
You wouldn't let me go upstairs!

LEO  
It's protocol! Am I wrong here?

WILL  
Everybody shut up!

Will, the awkward guy everybody hates, shows his Alpha  
because this has been ALL FUCKED UP. He turns to Abigail:

WILL (CONT'D)  
Tell me exactly what the intruder  
did when you arrived home. \*

PAUL  
Don't talk to my wife, Trashcan.  
Let's just call Emma's school --

WILL  
Emma's not at school, Paul. Use  
your head. She was here with Kayla. \*  
We've lost hours here. \*

Paul DEFLATES, realizing Emma is still in danger. Will turns  
back to Abigail, holding her eyes with his. Everyone is  
quiet. Will has all the authority. \*

WILL (CONT'D) \*  
Tell me. \*

ABIGAIL  
He was holding a knife above... I  
thought it was Emma. He came at m--

WILL  
-- Was the knife by his side or was  
he threatening you with it?

ABIGAIL  
Oh God... he was coming toward me --

WILL  
-- Was the knife raised?

ABIGAIL  
 (shaking her head no)  
 -- He tripped and I think he was  
 trying to break his fall --

WILL  
 Did he say anything?

ABIGAIL  
 -- Just noises, like he was on  
 drugs, or... or...

Will RACES downstairs to the body, followed by Faith, who  
 hands him gloves. He lifts up the young man's bloody shirt  
 and presses on his chest - BLOOD OOZES out of a KNIFE WOUND. \*  
 \*  
 \*

WILL  
 It's a knife wound. Deep. \*

ABIGAIL  
 But I didn't stab him --

FAITH  
 He had a collapsed lung before she  
 showed up...

WILL  
 The killer -- the one who murdered  
 Kayla -- stabbed him. He pulled the  
 knife out of his own wound.

Abigail's eyes are wide with shock and horror as --

ABIGAIL  
 He was innocent. And I killed him.

PAUL  
 Abigail, stop talking.

FAITH  
 He was DEFENDING the girls.

PAUL  
 So where in God's name is Emma?

WILL  
 (to Amanda)  
 Put out an Amber Alert. This is a  
 kidnapping. \*  
 \*

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

EXT. CAMPANO HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

An APD CORONER'S VAN awkwardly pushes its way through the MEDIA SCRUM, HONKING as it turns up the Campano's DRIVEWAY, then SLAMMING on the BRAKES as a REPORTER crosses in front.

REPORTER

I got a source at the GBI, says  
this is a kidnapping now??

\*

LEO

I said all media across the street.  
I will break your face --

Faith appears, hand on his shoulder.

FAITH

Hey. Easy. Do we know anything  
about Emma's car?

LEO

Neighbors say they didn't notice.  
We're dick in hand here.

Faith notices a HOUSEKEEPER unloading groceries. Her shopping bag splits - lemons everywhere. Faith runs across the street.

FAITH

Excuse me! Hi! Lemme help! They  
make those stupid bags so thin,  
right? I'm Detective Mitchell....

INT. CAMPANO HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Amanda stands at the front door, watching Paul on the phone, pacing like a caged animal. Behind her, the MEDICAL EXAMINER works, removing and bagging items from the dead body, etc. Will lands next to Amanda.

\*

\*

WILL

ID on the body. Adam Humphries.  
Freshman at Georgia Tech.

AMANDA

(quietly, re: Paul)  
Something's wrong with that man.  
I'm talking clinically.

WILL  
Undiagnosed PTSD.  
(off Amanda's look)  
Watch his eye movements next time.  
He's dissociating.

Faith comes in, a little breathless.

FAITH  
Housekeeper across the street saw  
Emma's Prius parked in the driveway  
this morning around 9. She took the  
dog out at 12:30 and it was gone.

Will's mind is already processing the implications --

WILL  
Emma was abducted in her own car.

AMANDA  
I'll put out a BOLO. Do we have  
phones for Emma and Kayla?

FAITH  
Emma's we found upstairs, parents  
gave us the code but Kayla's phone  
is missing. We tried tracing it but  
it's turned off.

AMANDA  
I'll put someone on it. \*

As Paul walks up, we see his elated relief has become FURY -- \*

PAUL  
Abigail's father is hiring a  
private security firm.

WILL  
Paul, the GBI is taking over. You  
can let me handle this. \*

PAUL  
Is that supposed to make me feel  
better? I want you out of my house. \*

I'm suing the APD. \*

(pointing at Faith)

My daughter dies it's on you.

They watch him go, then get back to business.

AMANDA

He should sue. What a mess. Will,  
are you going to GT to look into  
Adam Humphries?

\*

WILL

I need more time here.  
(to Faith)  
You handle it. Contact Adam's  
parents, then search his room,  
connect him to Kayla and Emma.

Will leaves, heading upstairs.

FAITH

Where's he going?

ABIGAIL

To find whatever else you guys  
missed.

FAITH

I get that you think he's some kind  
of rainmaker, but what about his  
terrible personality? This is an  
abduction, he's going to need to  
manage the family.

\*

AMANDA

They like you don't they?

FAITH

She does.

AMANDA

Talk to her, see if she wants to  
add to her story away from Paul.  
I'll send someone else to Tech.

\*

\*

\*

INT. CAMPANO HOUSE - PAUL'S STUDY - DAY

Faith sits with Abigail, still in her bloody tennis dress.

ABIGAIL

There's a girl named Madison at  
Emma's school, she threatened to  
kill Kayla over social media maybe  
six months ago.

\*

FAITH

Emma goes to Westfield Academy?  
Those girls can be brutal.

\*

Abigail crosses to Paul's desk, pulls out a file drawer, hands a FOLDER to Faith --

ABIGAIL

Madison would've been expelled if her parents hadn't built the school a robotics lab.

\*

Faith flips through PRINT OUTS of TWEETS and INSTAGRAM PHOTOS... grotesque IMAGES and CAPTIONS. The work of a dark mind. The door opens and Paul ENTERS, surprised --

PAUL

What the hell's going on?

ABIGAIL

I'm telling her about what happened between Kayla and Madison.

PAUL

Your father told us to wait for him to get here with the security team.  
(to Faith)  
Can I speak with my wife alone?

After Faith EXITS, Abigail looks at Paul with hatred.

ABIGAIL

I didn't tell her about you.

PAUL

(relieved)  
Good. They'll jump all over it, for no reason. Your father's first lesson when I married you was that some things stay in the family.

ABIGAIL

(out the door)  
Yeah well, tell that to your dick.

INT. CAMPANO HOUSE - EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

Will stands alone in Emma's room -- four-post bed is UNMADE, funky art on the walls, a bulletin board with stickers and drawings -- some of them pretty, some disturbing. He's got a mini voice recorder that he talks into.

\*  
\*

WILL

The bed is unmade. Some dark imagery on the walls...

\*  
\*  
\*

He OPENS the closet: expensive clothes shoved everywhere and  
A FAINT SMELL. \*

WILL (CONT'D) \*

Smell of ammonia. Could be urine... \*

He crouches down, PATS a WET SPOT, crawls into the closet and  
sits, craning his neck so he can see the outline of Kayla's  
body from this vantage point....

FLASH ON:

WILL'S RECONSTRUCTION - SAME TIME \*

A terrified Emma Campano huddles close into the closet,  
peeking out of the crack to watch her friend be brutally  
murdered. Emma sobs as the DOOR SLIDES OPEN... \*

BACK TO PRESENT: \*

The door opens: AMANDA. Will stands, holding out his hand. \*

WILL

Does this smell like urine to you?

AMANDA

When people say you're weird, I  
really do defend you, but you gotta  
help me out.

WILL

Emma must have been hiding in her  
closet while Kayla was attacked.  
This is how terrified she was.

(then)

The *why* is here, somewhere, buried  
in the details.

Impatient, Amanda signals for Will to follow her out --

AMANDA

There was an incident involving  
Kayla at Westfield. Might speak to  
motive. \*

WILL

Are you driving? I don't have a  
car. \*

AMANDA

You and Faith are staying together.  
She'll drive.

WILL  
(stopping)  
No partners! That was our  
agreement.

AMANDA  
You've never worked an active  
kidnapping. Time is not our friend!

WILL  
-- Some APD grunt isn't going  
to speed things up --

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Oh, stop! Faith isn't some  
grunt!

Yeah, but she hates me. They  
all do, because you shoved  
the most inflammatory APD  
corruption case in twenty  
years onto my desk, the one  
I.A. wouldn't touch - yes,  
there was - you promised I  
could operate on my own.

Oh are we talking about  
feelings now? Relationships  
are part of the job, Will.  
Figure it out --

Oh come on, don't pretend  
taking that case didn't have  
an upside --

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(asserting herself)  
If this case goes sideways, I'm  
out. And if I'm out, who's gonna  
protect you?

Amanda lets that hang as we wonder... protect Will how?  
Amanda turns and exits. A beat, then Will follows.

EXT. CAMPANO HOUSE - DAY

An UNMARKED APD SEDAN pulls up in front of the Campano house.  
APD DETECTIVES MICHAEL ORMEWOOD (late 30s) and KEN STORRIER  
(50s), two guys right out of The Shield, hop out. They look  
around until they spot Amanda, then BEELINE for her.

ANGLE ON Amanda, Will and Faith, next to Faith's MINI COOPER.

ORMEWOOD  
Director Wagner? Detective Michael  
Ormewood. We just got orders they  
say came from you?

AMANDA  
Don't swing your dick at me,  
Ormewood. Active kidnapping. All  
hands on deck.

Ormewood blinks. What did this bitch just say to him?

ORMEWOOD

I'm in the middle of a homicide.  
I'm supposed to drop everything for  
some Ansley Park, bitch teenager?

A SILENCE falls over as all eyes land on Abigail, staring at them. Fuck. She heard that. Faith turns to Will.

FAITH

Get in. My car, I drive.

INT. FAITH'S MINI COOPER - DAY

Traffic is terrible. The car is too small for Will. Faith drives. Silence. Faith SNEEZES. She looks for a Kleenex. Will, sensing an opening, pulls a HANDKERCHIEF out of his jacket, offers it to her. She stares at it.

FAITH

Is that - is that a handkerchief?

WILL

It is.

FAITH

Are you from a Frank Capra movie?  
(finds a Kleenex)  
Keep it. I'm good.

Will's phone rings. Faith does a double take at his flip phone as he pulls it from his jacket.

WILL

This is the coroner.  
(into the phone)  
Trent... Okay. Interesting. Thank  
you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Will hangs up and doesn't bother sharing what he just learned. He tries to get comfortable, putting the seat back. After a second he notices Faith is staring at him.

\*

FAITH

What did the coroner say, Trent?

\*  
\*

WILL

Sorry. Not used to having a  
partner. Adam and Kayla were  
sexually active this morning, so  
maybe Kayla wasn't raped. Can  
you... would you mind turning on  
the AC?

\*  
  
  
  
  
  
  
\*

FAITH

Take off your jacket off. Gas is up forty cents in the last month.

WILL

Sure. That's smart. Conservation...

Will struggles to get his jacket off in the cramped cabin... \*

WILL (CONT'D)

Emma's parents say Kayla was the bad influence.... Jesus Christ. Does this car come with a can opener?

FAITH

Just get out and take it off.

They're at a red light. Will gets out, shuts the door, then looks at Faith through the open window, tries a joke.

WILL

Sure you're not gonna... drive off? Ha ha.

FAITH

Why would I do that?

Will takes his jacket off, bending forward, talking to Faith through the window - super awkward.

WILL

What I'm getting at: Is it possible that Emma Campano's parents had the wrong impression of her. Maybe --

FAITH

Green light.

WILL

--she was working with - okay -

FAITH

Get in! We're moving.

Faith starts to move. Will jogs a few paces to keep up then hops in. They are at standstill again.

WILL

You said you weren't gonna do that.

FAITH

You think love triangle? Emma lured  
Kayla and Adam to the house to  
murder them? Pretty dark.

\*

WILL

Yeah, I was just trying it on.  
(trying for diplomacy)  
Hey, Amanda vouches for you, so I  
know you're good. So let's work  
hard, be pleasant, and we'll get  
through this.

\*

FAITH

"Pleasant."

WILL

The opposite of openly hostile.

\*

Faith can't believe she has to spell this out for him --

FAITH

What's my name, Trent?  
(then)  
You missed it, huh? Not relevant to  
your case? It's Faith. Mitchell.

WILL

(realizing)  
I investigated your mother.

FAITH

You ended her thirty-year, highly  
decorated law enforcement career.  
So... how's the temperature now?

Will stares out the window, finally understanding the full  
extent of what he's in for with this pairing...

WILL

It's fine. Thank you.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

EXT/INT. WESTFIELD ACADEMY FOR GIRLS - DAY

A large, intimidating building that screams money. Will gets his ID for the SECURITY GUARD, but he just smiles at Faith -- \*

SECURITY GUARD  
Hey Ms. Mitchell! Looking for Jess?

FAITH  
Hi, Eddie. No. Unfortunately I'm here on business.

He holds the door open for Faith and a very confused Will as they arrive inside the busy MAIN CORRIDOR -- \*

WILL  
Who's Jess? Why do they know --

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Mom? \*

They turn to see -- JESSICA MITCHELL, 17, a senior, sure of herself, athletic. Will follows Faith to her, bewildered.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? Why do you have your gun? Who's this guy?

Will looks from Jessica to Faith --

WILL  
How old are you?

FAITH  
Go kill yourself, that's how old I am. She's my daughter. Don't look at her. Don't talk to her.  
(to Jessica)  
There's been a murder. Kayla Alexander. Her friend Emma Campano was kidnapped. You know them? \*

JESSICA  
Oh my god... Not really. They're sophomores. \*

FAITH  
News is about to hit. Straight home after school - In fact, go now. \*

She kisses Jessica, watches her go, then looks over to see Will staring at her. She decides to share. \*

FAITH (CONT'D)

I got pregnant when I was fourteen.  
It was very hard. It's not  
something I like to talk about.

WILL \*

(a beat) \*

Thank you for telling me, then. \*

Which way's the headmaster's  
office?

Faith looks up at a big sign, then back to him, annoyed. \*

FAITH

It's right under that gigantic sign  
that says headmaster's office.

INT. GEORGIA TECH - DORMS - DAY

GABE MARCH, 18, Black, nerdy, stands in the hallway of his dorm, just outside his room as Ormewood yells at him.  
STUDENTS stick their heads out to see what's going on.

GABE

I'm not actually Adam's roommate.

ORMEWOOD

Then why are you sleeping here? You  
guys a couple? Answer me.

GABE

I just found out my friend is dead.  
(trying to stay calm) \*

Adam's roommate never showed up for  
school, and my roommate, um, sucks. \*

Ken, who has been ransacking Adam's room, appears in the doorway with a GIANT BAG of ADDERALL pills.

KEN

You got a prescription for these? \*

GABE

(horrified) \*

I'd like to call my parents please. \*

ORMEWOOD

I'm giving you one last shot. Your  
friend's not the only one dead  
here, and we know you're involved - \*

KEN

Take it easy Ormewood. Kid, we just need some information -

WHAM. Michael SLAMS Gabe into the wall, HARD. The students have phones out now. Ken looks weary - and a little sweaty.

KEN (CONT'D)

Michael! Let's not go viral here.

Ken starts to sweat. He puts his arms out, tries to block the angles on Michael and Gabe as:

ORMEWOOD

You guys were dealing to high schoolers, weren't you? Someone came after you for it.

Suddenly Ken's face relaxes. His eyes roll back into his head, then he COLLAPSES. Michael's eyes widen. \*

ORMEWOOD (CONT'D)

Ken? Jesus! Ken!

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Faith sits by while Will questions MADISON FERRIS, 16, rich, entitled, defiant. Vice Principal OLIVIA MCFADDEN, 50s, well dressed, is there as an observer.

MADISON

Kayla is a giant bitch and I hope she dies, and Emma is her pathetic, abused wife. Who's asking?

Faith doesn't like this girl. She jumps in. \*

FAITH

Kayla was stabbed to death earlier today and Emma was kidnapped.

Madison's jaw drops. She knows this looks bad.

OLIVIA MCFADDEN

Faith, let's be sensitive to --

FAITH

-- We're here because you made some very serious threats to Kayla.

MADISON

I didn't mean literally! And for the record, I'm on medication now!

OLIVIA MCFADDEN  
No one's saying --

FAITH  
Actually we are, Madison. \*

MADISON  
Do you think I'm going to murder  
somebody? I've been early accepted  
to Yale! Besides, I was here. All  
day. I have an EXAM! \*

WILL  
Do you know anyone else who might  
have had a reason to do this?

MADISON  
Um, everybody? Emma used to be okay  
but Kayla started a rumor I was  
having an affair with Mrs. Clark.  
There was a whole investigation. \*

FAITH  
I never heard anything about that. \*

OLIVIA MCFADDEN  
Mrs. Clark was cleared. There was  
no reason to go public, Faith. \*

FAITH  
Detective Mitchell. \*

MADISON  
Can I go?

Will and Faith exchange a look -- this girl is TERRIBLE.

WILL  
Yes. But expect a call from us. \*

MADISON  
You can talk to my mom and dad.

And she's gone. Vice Principal McFadden is annoyed. \*

WILL  
Is the teacher Madison mentioned  
here today? Mrs. Clark? \*

EVAN BERNARD (O.S.)  
Mary Clark. She's here. In class.

They look up to see EVAN BERNARD in the doorway - good  
looking, 40, glasses, sleeves rolled up - an easy crush.

EVAN BERNARD (CONT'D)

Hi Faith... Detective Mitchell, I guess. I saw you walk in. It's all over school now. Horrible.

(to McFadden)

We should dismiss the girls.

WILL

Did you know Emma or Kayla?

FAITH

Evan Bernard, this is Special Agent Trent of the GBI.

\*

EVAN BERNARD

Kayla no. But I worked with Emma. I'm head of the English department, but I also tutor special needs students. Emma was dyslexic.

Will's hands go into his pockets. His interest is piqued.

WILL

Dyslexic? Is she on a slower track than her peers?

EVAN BERNARD

(offended)

Excuse me?

WILL

My point was, did her disability isolate her? I want to understand her relationship with Kayla.

\*

Evan turns his focus on Faith, dismissing Will --

EVAN BERNARD

Dyslexia isolated Emma in the sense that she's afraid of people assuming what Agent Trent did -- that she's slow. Kayla accepted her. Perhaps, in doing so, she became an outsized influence.

\*

FAITH

Did she ever mention someone named Adam Humphries? Student at Tech?

\*

\*

\*

EVAN BERNARD

Doesn't ring a bell.

\*

\*

Will decides to give Evan to Faith, turns to McFadden --

WILL

Can you pull today's attendance records? Students and faculty.

As she and Will EXIT to do that, Evan turns to Faith --

EVAN BERNARD

Have you found Emma's car?

INT. WAREHOUSE DRUG OPERATION - DAY

A big TV: A NEWS ANCHOR reads out the license plate number of Emma's car as part of the Amber Alert. ANGIE POLASKI, 30s, rough-edged attitude, tons of sex appeal, smart aleck, splits her attention between the KIDNAPPING COVERAGE and the SIX PEOPLE packaging FENTANYL PRODUCTS for her -- lollipops, patches and pills. KYLE, 30s, intense, scary, in charge, counts Angie's money. \*

ANGIE \*

What's the holdup? I've got clients waiting. \*

KYLE

Just relax, this has been going well for both of us. Unless you want to look for a new plug in the middle of a heat wave. \*

Angie picks up a fentanyl patch, sticks it too her shoulder. \*

ANGIE \*

Fine. You're comping me this. For the inconvenience. \*

JULES, early 30s, huge SUNGLASSES, pretty but spaced-out stoner, walks in with a bag of fast food, glances at the TV.

JULES

Oh wow... guys, that car's in the parking garage across the street.

ANGIE \*

Uh... you noticed a white Prius? \*

JULES

I tried the door because there was a laptop in back seat. You think we should call the cops?

ANGIE

Yeah. We should call the cops. Because we're doing a bunch of illegal shit in here so we should definitely call and, hey, maybe there's a reward?

(plucks off Jules' sunglasses)

You could buy a pair of these that aren't knockoffs.

\*  
\*

Jules is SILENT because Angie revealed a large, fresh BRUISE on Jules' face. Angie eyes it, disturbed, but stays cool as:

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Ouch girl, what happened here?

KYLE

Jules! Hurry up, I'm starving.

\*

Jules takes her glasses, brings the food to Kyle, who GRABS her and SHOVES her into the back room. Angie doesn't like it.

ANGIE

I'm going out to smoke. Can my package be ready when I'm back?

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

\*

Angie squats down to look at the Prius' license plate, then takes out her phone and dials. It rings once, then a pick up.

\*

ANGIE

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WESTFIELD ACADEMY FOR GIRLS - SAME TIME

Will has walked outside, an oddly tender look on his face.

WILL

Hey.

ANGIE

I found your Prius. Parking garage at Peachtree and Vine. I called it into the station already.

\*  
\*

WILL

You're kidding. Just sitting there?

ANGIE

One of my idiot fentanyl suppliers spotted it across the street from my operation. I knocked on the trunk. Nothing.

\*  
\*  
\*

A break, at last.

WILL

Better be careful Officer Polaski. You're gonna get made.

ANGIE

I can take care of myself.

WILL

I have no doubt. I should --

ANGIE

Wait. Paul Campano. That's an awful trip down memory lane.

\*

WILL

I can take care of myself.

\*

ANGIE

I have no doubt. Hey, do me a favor? Make a lot of noise when you get there. Sirens, cars, let APD swing their dick around.

\*

WILL

What are you doing?

ANGIE

Working with what the day gave me.

They hang up, both of them allowing themselves a wistful half a second before snapping back into work mode. Will sees Faith stepping outside to join him.

WILL

We found the Prius. Gotta go.

Will's already on the move, leaving Faith to catch up --

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a CROWBAR prying open a CAR TRUNK. REVEAL: APD CRUISERS surround Emma Campano's WHITE PRIUS, parked in an otherwise empty garage. The trunk opens to REVEAL -- it's EMPTY. Faith leans in closer to IDENTIFY several BLOOD SPOTS. \*

FAITH

Blood spots. Emma was here.  
Vehicle switch?

Will nods, then looks at an APD officer.

WILL

Track down the attendant so we can talk to him.

APD OFFICER

("You moron...")  
There isn't one.  
(pointing to a sign)  
Garage is closed to the public.

The APD gives Faith an incredulous look as Will's eyes LAND on a SECURITY CAMERA over a door marked **EMPLOYEES ONLY**.

INT. BOUGHERY RECORDING STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The CONTROL ROOM of a small, bohemian RECORDING SPACE. There's an ANALOG MIXING BOARD, SPEAKERS, and massive SHELVES of COLOR-CODED CD CASES. On the other side of the glass, a nervous-looking INDIE BAND stands around awkwardly. Will and Faith hover over the recording engineer, WARREN, early 20s, pale, skinny and bookish, as he REWINDS SECURITY FOOTAGE on an ancient SECURITY MONITOR --

WARREN

Sorry about the quality. We kept the old system when we moved in, and these tapes are pretty busted.  
(then)  
How far back do you want?

WILL

Just keep going... SLOW DOWN.

CLICK. ON SCREEN -- a FUZZY, PAUSED IMAGE of an OLD, BROWN HATCHBACK, parked next to Emma's Prius. Will stares, until --

WARREN

Do you want to do this yourself?

As Warren offers up the REMOTE, Will glances furtively at the unfamiliar button layout...

WILL

Just do what I say.

A nervous Warren fumbles the remote as he slows the tape --

WARREN

I know it smells like weed in here,  
but I quit smoking two months ago.

ON SCREEN: GRAINY FOOTAGE of the White Prius PULLING into its spot next to the BROWN HATCHBACK, with its TRUNK OPEN. \*

WILL

You were right. We've been looking  
for the wrong car.

A blurry, HOODED FIGURE gets out of the Prius, HURRIES to open the Prius' trunk and hefts EMMA CAMPANO (tied and gagged) out and into the brown hatchback.

WILL (CONT'D)

We can take it from here. \*

Warren EXITS, Will holds the remote out to Faith -- \*

WILL (CONT'D)

I swear this isn't a power trip. I  
have bad luck with technology, and  
the thing is so old --

FAITH

Just stop.

She goes to work in Warren's old seat at the monitor...

FAITH (CONT'D)

Okay... the Prius got here at 12:15. God we lost so much time. \*

WILL

I know. Keep going back. \*

As Faith scrubs back through the footage of Emma's body being transferred from the Prius --

FAITH

Jesus that's horrifying... We're  
back one... two... three... and a  
half hours. Here it is...

Faith hits play. ON SCREEN: The brown hatchback pulls into  
its parking spot.

WILL

The brown hatchback was dropped off  
around 8:45 AM...

The driver's side door OPENS... then the passenger door. TWO  
MEN get out -- the HOODED MAN we saw earlier, and a second,  
LARGER MAN in a BASEBALL CAP.

FAITH

Hold on, shit --

WILL

There's a second kidnapper.

FAITH

I can't make out anything  
identifying. You?

WILL

I can't even ID the car.  
(then)  
Take the tape. I'll send it to  
Quantico, they'll ID the car.

Faith hits EJECT, grabs the tape --

FAITH

That's a neat trick to have.

INT. WAREHOUSE DRUG OPERATION - DAY

The drug operation is LOCKED DOWN. Everyone, including Angie,  
is restless as SPOTTERS watch the APD operation across the  
street - LOTS OF POLICE CARS FLASHING LIGHTS. Angie makes eye  
contact with Kyle, who sits next to a terrified Jules. \*

KYLE

What do you want? It's APD, they're  
slow. You know something? You're a  
pain in the ass...  
(then, to Jules)  
Don't go anywhere.

Annoyed by Angie, Kyle gets up and walks away. Angie takes  
his seat beside Jules. \*

ANGIE

Why'd he mess up your face? \*

Jules looks around, nervous, fighting tears.

JULES

I saw something...

(Angie waits)

He was taking money. I walked in on him. He says he wants me out. \*

Angie looks concerned. Is this an act? Who knows.

ANGIE

Jules. You might be in more trouble than you think. He's a scary guy.

JULES

You think?

ANGIE

Seriously, you got any money saved?

JULES

I mean, no. I could maybe go stay with my sister in Louisville but she's not speaking to me. What am I gonna do? \*

ANGIE

Lemme think... He's been skimming? \*

JULES

Money and product.

KYLE (O.S.)

Hey! Cops are packing up. \*

As Angie STANDS, she asks Jules under her breath:

ANGIE

What kind of car does he drive?

EXT. WAREHOUSE DRUG OPERATION - DAY

Angie exits the warehouse, loads a LUGGAGE CASE full of drugs into her car, slams the trunk. She looks around, scans the surrounding cars until she sees -- a METALLIC BLUE MUSTANG, parked on the street. She walks over to it, checks to make sure no one's watching, then SMASHES a TAIL LIGHT with her boot. As she walks away she takes out her phone and dials...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Will and Faith re-join the APD, as a police TOW TRUCK winches Emma's Prius up in the air. Patrol cars pull away as the crime scene winds down and officers depart.

FAITH

It's weird how messy it got back at the Campano house. The car switch was well-planned, but the kidnapping itself was a shit show, even before the mother came home...

Will considers that. It's a good observation.

WILL

We need to know what APD found on Adam Humphrey.

FAITH

I left word for Ormewood and Ken. Radio silence. Weird.

WILL

Amanda's calling the Campanos' into the Justice building. She wants to hold their feet to the fire.

\*  
\*  
\*

FAITH

Should I handle Paul Campano when we get there?

WILL

What's that supposed to mean?

They are at Faith's car now.

FAITH

You alienate people. I can't figure out if it's on purpose or not.

WILL

I treat everyone exactly the same.

FAITH

How's that working with Paul? Or Evan Bernard at the school --

WILL

Evan was showing off for you. You thought I really offended him? He was scoring points.

FAITH

Oh whatever. Look, you have a whole thing, the suits, the handkerchief, the flip phone from Christmas past. It's all sending a message: I'm better than you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WILL

You honestly believe that's my intent, Detective?

\*  
\*  
\*

FAITH

That's your problem, right there Trent! Who cares about your "intent"? The Campanos have to trust us, and Paul Campano hates you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WILL

Paul Campano is afraid he's a suspect.

\*

FAITH

So make him think he's not! Is that beneath you or something?

Faith gets into the car and slams the door.

INT. ATLANTA JUSTICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

As Will and Faith ride up, the ELEVATOR CAR stops at GROUND LEVEL. DOORS OPEN and Ormewood steps on, looking like crap. The sight of Will and Faith seems to actually pain him.

FAITH

Ormewood, I called twice and texted three times.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Hold the elevator!

Will pushes his arm out to keep the doors open as Angie slides into the car and goes to the corner, as far away from Ormewood as she can get... which Ormewood NOTICES.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hey Trent. Hear you found that car.

WILL

Yeah, thanks.

(then, to Ormewood)

You want to clue us in on what you found, Detective?

ORMEWOOD  
Kenny's in the hospital. Stroke.

ANGIE  
Oh, shit, really?

ORMEWOOD  
(to Faith)  
While doing your work for you.

FAITH  
We're all on the same team,  
Ormwood.

\*  
\*  
\*

DING. The doors open on FLOOR TWO, revealing the cluttered, badly-maintained offices of the APD. Ormewood and Angie step off the elevator car. Angie holds the door for Faith --

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I'm going up to five with Special  
Agent Trent.

\*

ORMWOOD  
Same team, huh?

\*  
\*

Ormewood looks stung with BETRAYAL, then walks off. Angie shakes her head at the drama, smirks at Will.

ANGIE  
You treat a lady right.

INT. ATLANTA JUSTICE BUILDING - INTERRAGATION ROOM - DAY

Angie and CAPTAIN HELLER, 40s, white guy, professional but no ally, watch through one way glass as KYLE is questioned by two vice detectives.

\*

CAPTAIN HELLER  
You broke the guy's tail light?  
You've only been on this a month.

ANGIE  
He's skimming and he was in my way.  
It was an opening. I took it. You  
can make it stick right?

CAPTAIN HELLER  
Quarter million dollars of merch in  
the trunk? Sure. Now what?

\*

Heller and Angie walk down the hall toward the BULLPEN.

ANGIE

I'll make a play to take over the warehouse. They've got multiple suppliers, we could round them all up in one operation.

CAPTAIN HELLER

They're going to hand you the keys? \*

ANGIE

I got someone inside who owes me. \*

They've landed at the coffee station now. \*

CAPTAIN HELLER

I'd feel a lot better if you had a full-time handler watching out --

ANGIE

I don't need some "handler" lurking around, blowing my cover.

Heller's attention is drawn across the bullpen -- Ormewood is SURROUNDED by COPS, smacking his back, offering condolences and male camaraderie. Heller turns back to Angie.

CAPTAIN HELLER

What about Ormewood? You two ever work together?

Angie's face is impossible to read as:

ANGIE

Once... couple years ago.

CAPTAIN HELLER \*

Kenny's in bad shape. He'll pull through, but he's not coming back.

(then)

Ormewood's a good call. I'll set it up. \*

Heller taps Angie's desk, walks away. OFF Angie, watching Ormewood, not pleased with where this is going...

INT. ATLANTA JUSTICE BUILDING - GBI OFFICES - DAY

In STARK CONTRAST to the APD, the GBI offices are modern, nice, with a great view of the city. Before Will and Faith talk with Paul and Abigail, Will takes out his DIGITAL RECORDER, places it on the table.

PAUL

Why are you recording this?

Faith throws a look at Will... she's thrown, too.

WILL

This is how I take notes... if  
you're uncomfortable with it --

ABIGAIL

(jumping in, impatient)  
What can you tell us about Emma?

WILL

We now have surveillance footage of  
the kidnappers -- there are two of  
them, which suggests your family  
was targeted.

Abigail shakes her head at Paul, frustrated --

ABIGAIL

You never should've put Emma in  
those damn car commercials...

WILL

Has your family been involved in  
any conflicts we should know about? \*

PAUL

I'm in sales. I don't make enemies. \*

Faith watches Abigail, clocks the conflicted look on her  
face, as Will gives Paul a hard stare...

WILL

Then we'll need to investigate all  
possible motives. To start, we'll  
need a DNA sample from you.

PAUL

Why's that, Trash?

WILL

To test against the semen we found  
in Kayla Alexander.

-- Paul LEAPS out of his seat, GRABS Will by the shirt. As  
Will tries to wrest out of his grip, CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Young Will approaches a door that's ajar. He reaches out, tentatively pulls it open... WHAM! The door FLIES OPEN, knocking Will onto his ass. An OLDER MAN hurries away. A beat passes, then Young Paul EMERGES. \*

YOUNG WILL  
Hey Paul. Is everything okay?

Young Paul answers by LEAPING on top of Will, RAINING punches down, BLOODYING him, until --

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)  
Cut the crap, Paul! Get off him!

The YOUNG GIRL we saw in the earlier flashback KICKS Paul off of Will.... \*

## INT. GBI OFFICES - DAY

SMACK! Paul's FIST collides with Will's face. Will absorbs the hit, then PUNCHES BACK, Paul falls to the floor, pulling Will with him. Will has the advantage -- \*

PAUL  
Get off me, Trashcan!

GBI AGENTS pour through the door to pull Will and Paul apart.

ABIGAIL  
What is happening! Do you know each other?

Faith stands in front of Will, genuinely concerned for him --

FAITH  
Go get your head checked out, I'll handle this --

But Will sees an OPPORTUNITY to drive a wedge --

WILL  
Paul and I grew up together at the Atlanta Children's Home. \*

As Abigail turns to Will, shocked, Paul struggles against the GBI AGENTS holding him back -- \*

ABIGAIL  
The ORPHANAGE? How much time? \*

Will SIGNALS for them to let Paul go. They do. \*

PAUL

Seven years. I didn't know how to  
tell you.

\*  
\*

Abigail is STUNNED. Faith is, too. Paul turns to Will,  
BETRAYED. But Will just glares back -- Paul asked for this.

\*

ABIGAIL

Oh my God. Are you a sociopath?  
(a decision - she turns to  
Will)

\*  
\*  
\*

Early this morning I threatened the  
career of the woman my husband was  
having an affair with. She's a  
trainer at the Prestige Private Gym  
on Peachtree. Her name is Hannah  
Calloway. Her husband is the owner.  
I embarrassed her in front of  
clients.

(urgent)

You need to get that DNA sample.  
Because my husband has a type.

WILL

What type?

ABIGAIL

The trainer's twenty-two, but she  
looks sixteen. You want to see her  
Instagram? She looks exactly like  
Kayla Alexander.

As Paul reacts, OFF Will and Faith...

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

INT. GBI MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will checks out his eye in the mirror. The skin is broken and he dabs at it with his handkerchief. The door opens: Faith, barging in, not caring that it's the men's room.

FAITH

We swabbed Paul and sent it to the lab. Results in the morning - Goddamn this bathroom's so much nicer than the APD. Lookit. The hankie came in handy.

(then)

This orphanage bunk buddy thing is information I should have had.

WILL

You're right. I'm sorry, I'm not used to this arrangement.

FAITH

Having a partner. Right. Were you grown in a lab?

WILL

No, in an orphanage. Keep up.

She smiles. He finds a clean spot on his handkerchief.

WILL (CONT'D)

The point was for us to find a forever home. Families would take us in but...it never worked out. A fair amount of them were monsters. It was very hard.

(wry smile, calling back to her admission)

It's not something I like to talk about. The old woman who ran the group, Mrs. Hillstrom, she tried her best. She made sure we knew how to do laundry, iron our shirts, knew what a fish fork was in case we ever had dinner at the White House. And she made sure all the boys carried a handkerchief. Old habit I can't seem to shake.

Will puts the handkerchief away. Faith takes this in.

FAITH

Thank you for telling me that.

(a beat)

Amanda's expecting me to pull my weight. You think Leo Donnelly is taking me back after this? With your stink all over me?

\*

WILL

Not with the stink, no.

(then)

You're close with Amanda?

FAITH

Who's close with her? I owe her a lot, though.

WILL

You know she assigned me to investigate your mother?

FAITH

(Jesus Christ)

I guess I should've assumed.

WILL

We're not going to get anything else until morning. We can't find Kayla's phone in the dark. Let's get out of the men's room.

\*

\*

They're done for the day, and it sucks. As they walk out...

\*

FAITH

Does melatonin work for you?

WILL

You have to keep it up. So, no.

\*

FAITH

I have Ativan but I'm scared of it.

WILL

You try running?

FAITH

Screw you. *Running*. Jesus. You need me to drop you somewhere?

\*

\*

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will opens the door and walks into the entry. The lights are on in the living room. Weird. Sound of paws. Betty runs up to greet him. He bends down to pick her up, a little formal.

WILL  
Hello, Betty. How was your day?  
Mine was hideous. Why are all the  
lights on?

He steps into the living room to see Angie, lying across the couch, an open BEER on the table.

WILL (CONT'D)  
You still have a key?

ANGIE  
You want it back?

WILL  
No, it's just been a while since  
you've dropped by.

ANGIE  
You want talk about that?

WILL  
Nope.

Their TENSION signals the complexity of the ROMANTIC HISTORY here. Angie sits up as Will plops down in an arm chair.

ANGIE  
That dog is ridiculous.

WILL  
Rescue. I tried to take to a  
shelter but...

ANGIE  
Couldn't do it?

WILL  
Couldn't do it.

ANGIE  
Let's talk about Paul Campano.

WILL  
We'll have some leads in the  
morning.

ANGIE

I wasn't asking about the case.

WILL

(weary)

There's not much to say. He still calls me "Trashcan."

ANGIE

You should've called him Blowjob.

WILL

Nah. That should stay in the past.

Silence. Angie's got something else on her mind but vulnerability is not her strong suit.

ANGIE

You're not the only one who picked up a stray today. Kenny Storrier's going on permanent disability. Ormewood's going to be my new handler.

\*  
\*

WILL

I don't remember much about the last time you worked with him.

(off her silence)

What are you trying to tell me?

(she's quiet)

He's got a good solve rate.

\*  
\*

Angie retreats into what she knows - she gives him a little smile, takes Betty and puts her on the floor, then straddles him and loosens his tie.

\*

ANGIE

Not as good as yours.

WILL

I missed you.

ANGIE

You keep making that mistake.

\*

Will pulls Angie toward him... but then he FEELS something, stops to look. It's the edge of a FENTANYL PATCH.

WILL

You're doing this again?

Angie isn't ashamed, just annoyed she let herself get caught.

ANGIE

I've been working undercover hours,  
I can't schedule my PT --

WILL

Angie, I don't know if I'm up for  
watching this show again.

ANGIE

Fine, take your key back.

Angie tries to pull away, but Will stops her and they KISS. As she undresses him we see SCARS all over his torso:, terrible reminders of his horrific upbringing. Angie is unfazed, she knows his every inch of his body and his history. They are passionate, almost violent. FLASHBACK:

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY - A SERIES OF MEMORIES

The Young Girl that helped Will with his hair...

The same Young Girl that helped Will after Paul beat him...

Young Will and YOUNG ANGIE, 14, share a first kiss.

It's always been Angie for Will.

INT. FAITH'S MINI COOPER - NIGHT

Faith gets home after a stop for white wine and chips. She grabs her bags when she notices... Will left his JACKET. As she picks it up, a HEAVY OBJECT falls out of the pocket. Faith picks it out of the wheel well... it's Will's VOICE RECORDER. She stares at it, intrigued...

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Faith's apartment is even less glamorous than Will's house. She sits at her table, with white wine in a water glass, LISTENING to the TINNY VOICES coming out of Will's recorder --

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

*I swear I've never seen him before -*

PAUL (V.O.)

*Abigail, enough!*

BEEP. Faith FAST FORWARDS to later in the day....

WILL (V.O.)  
*Faint smell of ammonia... urine, in  
the bedroom closet...*

BEEP. Skipping ahead again.

EVAN BERNARD (V.O.)  
*Emma, I can't say enough good  
things. She never let her  
challenges hold her back...*

\*

JESSICA (O.S.)  
What's that?

BEEP. Troubled, Faith silences the voice recorder as Jessica, her daughter, breezes into the kitchen to raid the fridge.

FAITH  
It's a voice recorder. My new  
partner left it in the car.

JESSICA  
That tall guy? Is he weird or cute?  
I couldn't tell.

FAITH  
He's an enigma. He recorded a  
session we had with the parents.  
But turns out he recorded  
everything. The entire day.

\*

JESSICA  
Secretly?

FAITH  
Yeah. It's inadmissible to record  
without consent. He knows that,  
so... why?

JESSICA  
Hey, mom, did you get a promotion?  
Are you GBI now?

FAITH  
It's one case. Bring down your  
laundry. I'm doing a load of darks.

Jessica gets up to leave, then stops --

JESSICA  
Do you think you're gonna find her?

FAITH  
I hope so, honey.

Jessica EXITS, Faith hits PLAY on Will's recorder again...

ABIGAIL (V.O.)  
*Yes, I'm angry... at myself!*

Abigail's RECORDED VOICE carries us into --

INT. CAMPANO HOUSE - NIGHT

Abigail sits on the edge of the bed, crying.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)  
*How could it take this many years  
for me to understand that none of  
this was real? None of it!*

She gets up and walks to the window -- Paul is OUTSIDE,  
SMOKING and PACING nervously, until he passes OUT OF VIEW...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie wakes up by herself in Will's bed. She can hear a VERY  
FAST SIRI VOICE coming from the other room.

VERY FAST SIRI VOICE  
~~No-one-gets-to-live-rent-free-in-  
your-head-hustlers-don't-listen-to-  
the-haters-we-focus-on-the-postive-~~

Disoriented, Angie grabs her phone: 3:17 AM. Also: a TEXT  
FROM ORMEWOOD: "**Happy we're back together. Don't you think I  
deserve another shot?**" Fuck. Angie gets up to investigate...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Will's on the couch with an iPad, losing his shit with Siri.

WILL  
Siri, slow down, play at normal  
speed... Hey Siri! Goddamnit...

ANGIE  
What's happening right now?

WILL  
I found the Instagram of the  
trainer Paul Campano was having an  
affair with, but the accessibility  
reader is terrible.  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

They probably figure the blind don't look at instagram and people who can't read will be too embarrassed to complain.

\*

ANGIE

Hey Siri, turn off!  
(to Will)  
You're not stupid. You're "neurodiverse." See? If I can learn the fancy words, you can get help.

WILL

It's too late. Just read it to me.

Will slumps in defeat. Angie curls up under his arm. She looks at the iPad where we see a GORGEOUS FIT BLOND WOMAN. This is Hannah Calloway.

ANGIE

Hannah Calloway, huh? God look at her. Talk about a basic bitch.

WILL

They prefer to be called "influencers." Just read.

ANGIE

This is from July 6th...*Your willingness to adapt to the changing of times will determine your ability to succeed....* She seems really deep. July 8th... *Until I take my last breath, I will not accept defeat...* July 16th: *Stop letting the world tell you that you're the problem.* God, I never noticed how much fitness gurus sound like serial killers...

Will laughs despite himself. So does she. Then:

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You better be careful. Faith Mitchell's smart. She's gonna figure you out.

WILL

No she won't.

ANGIE

Tell Amanda you want off the case. Let somebody else find out whatever shit Paul Campano is into.

WILL  
(shaking his head)  
It's my case. I don't want it to be  
him, Ang. I want to believe we all  
got out of that hellhole without  
turning into monsters...

ANGIE  
You're not a monster. \*

WILL  
Neither are you. \*

ANGIE  
(a flirty callback) \*  
You keep making that mistake. \*

WILL  
You sure about that? \*

She leans down to kiss him. As things get serious... \*

**END OF PILOT**