

High Potential Intellectual

Ep. 101

"Pilot"

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Based on the Series
"Haut Potentiel Intellectuel"

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Draft 8/26/22

TEASER

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Linden, New Jersey. Modest tract housing. A door opens at the far end of the lane. A woman emerges. She's late. She's cold. She's moving fast.

This is MORGAN GILLORY.

She shivers and hugs tight the leopard-print coat she found at Future Vintage for *only* \$29.99 (it had a stain but she didn't mind because LOOK AT IT.) She hurries past houses that look mostly identical to her own.

It's so goddamn cold tonight.

INT. NJ TRANSIT - NIGHT

Morgan sits at the back of the (mostly empty) bus. She puts on her large metallic-pink headphones.

MUSIC UP: "Heavy Cross" by Gossip sets the tone. Driving dance-punk counterbalances the icy monotony of this commute, this life.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan nods along to the music as she makes her way down a row of drab lockers. She opens one of them.

She removes her leopard coat. She's wearing HER CLEANING UNIFORM underneath.

She hangs up her coat. She keeps wearing her headphones.

INT. JERSEY CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The dance track continues to build and BUILD as Morgan mops the floors of the Jersey City Police Department.

And just as we're getting our bearings here -- *wait, she works nights cleaning offices? At the police department?* --

Morgan Gillory breaks into dance.

She times it right with the music on her headphones. Joyful, dance-like-nobody-is-watching-type dancing. She swings her mop like a microphone, shakes and shimmies down the rows of desks in the Major Crimes Bullpen.

QUICK CUTS now as Morgan stars in this one-woman dance show.

She's having fun.

She struts across the desktops. She spins down the aisle in someone's chair. She pirouettes and pumps her fist. And just as the sequence builds to crescendo...

Morgan spins into a desk and knocks over a stack of files.

Shit.

The files spill all over the floor. It's a real mess. Photographs and paper fly everywhere.

Morgan whips off her headphones. The music goes INSTANTLY QUIET. Morgan grits her teeth. Stares at the floor. Annoyed with herself, the situation, life.

In the silence, we get a better look at THE MESS:

Crime scene photos. This is a HOMICIDE CASE FILE. QUICK CUTS tell us a story:

A dead man on the floor. A tree in the middle of a living room. A double-barrel shotgun. Bloodstains on the carpet. Bloodstains everywhere.

Morgan kneels down. She starts cleaning up the mess. But as she picks up one of the photos, she sees something that makes her stop.

Hmmmm.

Morgan studies the other photos. Processing each one with lightning speed. Then she looks across the room. She fixes her intense gaze on --

THE CASEBOARD.

A much more detailed map of the criminal investigation in question. Morgan's eyes land on one particular photo on the board: A WOMAN in her fifties. Under the photo, detectives have written:

"THE SUSPECT."

Morgan double checks the photos. She nods, resolved. She stands and walks over to the caseboard. She picks up a marker. She crosses out the word "SUSPECT." She writes:

"VICTIM."

Then she goes back to cleaning the office.

CUT TO TITLE:

HIGH POTENTIAL INTELLECTUAL

INT. JCPD - MAJOR CRIMES - BULLPEN - DAY

The next day. Quick shots establish THE MAJOR CRIMES TEAM as they enter the bullpen:

-- Major Crimes Captain SELENA SOTO nods hello to junior Detective DAPHNE FORRESTER on her way to make coffee.

-- Lt. Detective ADAM KARADEC marches down the hall flanked by junior Detective GILES VALEK.

Soto takes a sip of her coffee. She delivers a second cup to Daphne, who nods a thank you.

DAPHNE
How did you sleep, Captain?

SOTO
Do you want me to lie to you?

DAPHNE
(thinks)
Sort of?

SOTO
Fantastic. Like a baby.
(nods to screen)
Security camera at the house?

DAPHNE
Encrypted.
(before Soto can tell her)
I'm on it. Also, working on the
surveillance footprint of
surrounding blocks.

Soto nods, good. Daphne glances at her own desk. Frowns.
Hey -- did someone mess with my desk?

Karadec and Giles enter the bullpen.

KARADEC
Morning.

DAPHNE
Captain slept great.

KARADEC
I didn't ask and no she did not.
Autopsy report?

SOTO
Mason puts Anthony Lysander's death
between three and five p.m.

KARADEC
Confirmation of shotgun?

SOTO
(nods)
It's the murder weapon.

KARADEC
The victim purchased it three years ago. Looks like it was on display in his living room.

The looks on their faces say, "Great. Gun people." As Giles sits down, Daphne whispers to him --

DAPHNE
Did you take one of my lollipops?

GILES
(shakes head)
You keep count of your lollipops?

DAPHNE
(slightly embarrassed)
I like having them in a little flower bouquet.

Karadec settles into his desk.

SOTO
Next of kin?

KARADEC
Primary suspect is his wife, Lynette Lysander. She's vanished.

CLOSE SHOT. Lynette Lysander's PHOTO on the caseboard.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
They have one daughter, Cora.

CLOSE SHOT. Nineteen-year-old Cora Lysander's college PHOTO.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
Studying up at NYU. She'll be on a train here shortly.

SOTO
You gave her the news?

Karadec nods. Soto shares a silent moment with him. Her eyes say, *that must have been hard*. His eyes say, *it's part of the job. But thank you*.

SOTO (CONT'D)
How do we find the wife?

KARADEC
Only other next of kin is her
sister. Sofia Bellier.

CLOSE SHOT: thirty-six-year-old SOFIA.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
We're heading to talk to her now...

As they move to head out, Karadec's eyes find THE CASEBOARD.
His brow darkens. *What is that?*

He stands, crosses to the caseboard. Sees the word "Suspect"
crossed out under the photo of Lynette. And below that...

"Victim."

KARADEC (CONT'D)
Who did this?

He looks at a bullpen of confused faces. They have no idea.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
A man is dead. Our primary suspect
is missing. This is not a game.

Karadec studies that photo of Lynette. *Victim?*

He looks to the bullpen. Gestures to the cameras overhead.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
(to Daphne)
I want to know who did this.

INT. ALDI FOOD MARKET - DAY

Speak of the devil. The woman who did this currently has her
hands full in the ALDI Food Market.

It's chaos. Morgan navigates the aisle with a fully loaded
shopping cart and HER THREE CHILDREN:

ELLIOT is nine-years old and occasionally knows more than
anyone else in the room. He's holding up a magazine --

MORGAN
No. We don't need a magazine about
castles --

ELLIOT
That's what everyone says right
before the siege --

MORGAN
Put it back --

AVA is fifteen and would definitely rather be anywhere other than this shopping aisle. She grabs some lip-gloss off the rack and drops it in the cart --

MORGAN (CONT'D)
(don't you dare put that
in my cart)
AhHH --

AVA
It's just lip-gloss.

MORGAN
I watched a documentary the other
night -- we can make our own lip-
gloss out of beeswax --

AVA
(genuinely embarrassed)
Mom, someone might hear you --

Morgan picks the lip-gloss up and hands it back to Ava.

MORGAN
Stop. Why can't you be more like
your sister?

CHLOE is eight-months old and delightful.

AVA
She just tried to eat deodorant.

MORGAN
And look how happy she is!

Chloe looks so happy. It's adorable.

When Morgan's not looking, Ava slips the lip-gloss back in the cart.

INT. ALDI FOOD MARKET - CHECKOUT - DAY

The checker scans the last of the groceries.

CHECKER
All right, your grand total is --

Without looking, Morgan hands over a wad of cash, coins, and coupons.

MORGAN
One-sixty-eight forty-seven.

CHECKER
(close!)
One-hundred seventy-three dollars
and eighty one cents. Good guess,
though.

But Morgan wasn't guessing.

MORGAN
It's one-sixty-eight forty-seven.

CHECKER
(rattled)
Sorry... no. It's one-seventy--

MORGAN
You must have missed a coupon.
Here -- 30% off detergent at 7.87 --
that's 2.36 for a total of 5.51 --

QUICK CUTS: we see flashes of the products Morgan is describing as the prices adjust down.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
15% off cereal -- that's 84 cents
and "Up to Two" so you can scan it
twice --

Morgan's eyes say "Did you?" The checker nods.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
So minus 1.68. 35% off canola oil
at 7.88, \$5.13 total.
(grabs toothpaste)
These are two for one -- that's
another 1.09...

The checker stares in disbelief as Morgan rattles off the numbers like a computer. Morgan holds up another coupon --

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I was worried about this one
because I had a falling out with
the Groupon people but I apologized
and we're supposed to be good now --

CHECKER
That one scanned.

MORGAN

3.12 more then. The ham expires tomorrow so we get it at 40% off, that's 6 dollars and fifteen cents...

She stares at the groceries. Indignant.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

The total is one-sixty-eight forty-seven.

The checker doesn't quite know what to say. The people in line behind Morgan look irritated. For a moment, it looks like things are about to escalate.

Morgan's eyes narrow.

She looks at Ava.

She digs through the groceries. A-ha! She holds up the lip gloss. She glares at Ava.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

4.99 plus tax is 5.33. 173.81 minus 5.33 is 168.47.

She hands lip gloss and the wad of coupons back to the cashier, satisfied. Then she pushes the cart out the door.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Thank you!

The cashier just stares after Morgan in disbelief.

Who was that woman?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

We're pushing in on a modest apartment complex silhouetted against a dreary gray sky.

KARADec (PRE-LAP)

Every second that passes puts your sister in danger...

INT. BELLIER APARTMENT - DAY

Karadec sits at the table with Lynette's sister, SOFIA BELLIER. Sofia still seems to be in shock from the recent events. But she's doing her best to be helpful.

KARADEC

We have to find her. Do you have any idea where she might be?

Sofia shakes her head.

SOFIA

She was always either at home or the office. If she's not there...
(shakes her head)
I've been calling her and calling her... she hasn't responded...

Tears well up in Sofia's eyes.

Giles enters from the other room. Shares a pointed glance with Karadec. *Nobody else here.* Karadec nods. Turns his attention back to Sofia.

KARADEC

Have you noticed any tension between your sister and her husband lately?

The question catches Sofia by surprise.

SOFIA

Why would that...
(eyes narrowing)
You think my sister... might have shot him?

KARADEC

Were they fighting?

SOFIA

Not -- not like...

She shifts a bit under his gaze. *Okay, fine.*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Anthony wanted to separate. But it's not -- it wasn't... violent. They don't hate each other. They just couldn't make it work. People grow apart.

Karadec and Giles share another glance. *Possible motive.* Sofia is smart enough to know what that glance means.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Please -- I know how this looks... and I know you have a job to do... But my sister didn't do this.

(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

She would never hurt Anthony. She loved him.

Giles looks over at the photos on the mantle. There's Lynette and Anthony. They look happy. Joyful, even.

KARADEC

When was the last time you spoke with her?

SOFIA

(thinks)

Two days ago. She called to wish me luck on my presentation.

(to explain)

I'm a biologist. I had a doctorate presentation for my peers. I was nervous. Lynette calmed me down.

KARADEC

That's where you were yesterday? At your presentation?

Sofia's also smart enough to know what he's really asking.

SOFIA

You're asking where I was when Anthony was murdered?

KARADEC

I am.

SOFIA

That's where I was. All day.

KARADEC

It went well?

SOFIA

It did.

Karadec gives her a sympathetic nod. She appreciates it, but can't hide her grief. Karadec stands.

KARADEC

If your sister tries to contact you, I need you to call me immediately.

(beat)

I can understand why that might not be your first instinct... but it's the best way to help her. I promise.

SOFIA
She didn't do this.
 (tears well up in her eyes
 again)
 You're looking at this wrong. She
 didn't kill him. If Lynette is
 hiding, it's because she's afraid
 for her life.
 (beat)
 She's a victim.

And that stops Karadec momentarily. Sofia's words echo the
 writing he saw earlier on the caseboard.

He glances at Giles. Victim.

Karadec recovers. He puts his card on the table. Gives
 Sofia a look -- *call me*. Nods to Giles.

Let's go.

INT. NJ TRANSIT - DAY

CLOSE ON AVA. She looks like she wants to crawl in a hole
 and disappear.

WIDEN TO REVEAL why Ava is so uncomfortable:

Morgan has brought THE ENTIRE SHOPPING CART onto the bus.

Ava's *mortified*. The other passengers stare at the spectacle
 that is her family with varying degrees of annoyance.

But Morgan acts like this is completely natural. As she
 bounces Chloe on her lap --

AVA
 When are we getting the car back?

MORGAN
 Do you know how much carburetors
 cost?

ELLIOT
 Three-hundred ninety-five dollars
 and ninety-five cents.

MORGAN
 Plus tax.

ELLIOT
 (without hesitating)
 Four-hundred-twenty-eighty-nine.

Elliot has the same ability Morgan has.

MORGAN
Plus labor.

ELLIOT
(confused)
I don't know how much labor costs.

MORGAN
No one does.

AVA
Stop showing off. Both of you.
(to Morgan)
You can just pay for groceries like
a normal person. You don't have
to... perform.

MORGAN
It's not on purpose. I see the
numbers, I can't help it.

ELLIOT
Yeah, it's like they just appear in
the air.

Ava glares at him. *Don't you start with this.*

MORGAN
Ah -- this is our stop.
(yells)
Driver -- will you put out the
disabled ramp?

He didn't seem to hear. Morgan moves to collect Chloe.
Nudges Ava.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Tell him we need the disabled ramp.

AVA
No.

MORGAN
Driver --

AVA
MOM --

Ava turns bright red. *Jesus, my mother is so embarrassing --*

INT. JCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

And just to underline that, we CUT TO FOOTAGE of Morgan dancing her heart out in the Major Crimes bullpen.

CUT WIDE TO REVEAL Soto and Karadec are watching the SURVEILLANCE VIDEO from last night.

And there's Morgan, leaping and twirling on Giles' desk.

Karadec looks at Soto in disbelief.

KARADEC

Who the hell is this?

EXT./INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Morgan shepherds three kids and a full shopping cart down the street to her house. As they approach their driveway, we reveal TWO OTHER EMPTY SHOPPING CARTS cast aside on the lawn.

Clearly, Morgan's car has been broken for a while.

Ava and Elliot race inside the house, eager to get away from the spectacle. Morgan struggles with the loaded cart.

MORGAN

Yeah, don't even think of helping me!

VOICE

I got it, I got it...

HENRY WILLINGHAM, Morgan's elderly and rakish neighbor, hurries over from his driveway across the street.

MORGAN

Henry, no, I can manage. What if you break your old body? I can't afford to lose a babysitter right now.

HENRY

Your concern is truly touching.

Henry scoops Chloe up and grabs groceries with his free hand. Morgan grabs groceries and follows him...

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...inside her house. As Henry helps, Morgan nods thanks.

HENRY
Have you heard from Ludo?

MORGAN
We talk every day, Henry. We co-
parent. We're not enemies. We're
just... not together anymore.

They work in unison to put the groceries away. Henry is
clearly at home here.

HENRY
So you're saying that could change?

MORGAN
No. We are done and we are friends
and that is for the best.

HENRY
Does... he ever ask about me?

MORGAN
All the time. He says losing you
is the hardest part for him.

She appreciates his fatherly concern. Gives him a warm pat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
It's for the best. You know it.
Ludo can't handle me.

HENRY
(smiles)
Few can.

And right then...

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

Morgan and Henry swing back around to look towards the (still
wide open) doorway to find --

Karadec and Giles. Looking solemn and stern.

KARADEC
Morgan Gillory?

She nods.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
(shows his badge)
I'm Detective Karadec, this is
Detective Valek.
(then)
(MORE)

KARADEC (CONT'D)

We need you to come down to the station. Now.

INT. JCPD - SOTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Morgan squirms in her chair as she watches the footage of herself dancing. She's sitting across from Soto and Karadec.

She looks at their very serious faces and does a small, apologetic shrug.

MORGAN

Sometimes the music takes control.

SOTO

Tampering with a criminal case is a serious crime.

KARADEC

As is obstruction of justice.

MORGAN

What?

KARADEC

How do you know Lynette Lysander?

FLASHCUTS: MORGAN'S POV of Lynette's report from the homicide files. Key words JUMP OUT: Age 56 -- Defense attorney -- Mother -- one daughter --

MORGAN

I saw her file when I was cleaning up the mess.

SOTO

You've never met her?

Morgan shakes her head. Karadec fast-forwards the video. *There's Morgan, writing on the caseboard.*

KARADEC

So why are you tampering with our case?

Morgan slumps in her seat. Knows this is going to be difficult to explain.

MORGAN

I wasn't tampering. I saw a problem and I... tried to fix it.

KARADEC
 (disbelief)
 You were trying to help us?

MORGAN
 No, I don't care about you. I just
 wanted to be able to sleep.
 (beat)
 I have a... compulsion to put
 things right. If I see a mistake,
 I have to correct it or I will be
 up all night obsessing.

CLOSE ON SOTO. Something about this resonates with her...

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 I'm not saying it's something I'm
 proud of. It drives everyone
 around me crazy. But that's what
 I'm doing. Cleaning up your mess.
 You want to arrest me for that? Go
 ahead.

KARADEC
 You got it.

He keys the intercom to tell Giles to come arrest her. But
 before he can say anything --

SOTO
 (intrigued)
 What mistakes did you see?

She opens the case file. Puts the photos on the desk.

SOTO (CONT'D)
 Show us.

Karadec looks at Soto like she's lost her mind. Soto
 silences him with a glare. Morgan straightens up -- the
 photos immediately trigger her compulsion.

MORGAN
 So, you've got a dead body. I'm
 guessing you think this woman offed
 her husband, right? Except that's
 impossible.
 (sorts the photos)
 Look at this room. Look at this
 sofa. The cushions are all
 perfectly spaced with alternating
 colors.
 (shows photo)
 Here -- look at the shelves --
 (MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Every statue perfectly sized and ordered -- even the choice of metals is consistent.

(shows more photos)

The house is immaculate. The owner is a tidiness junkie. Except here, look --

She shows them the wide-photo: Anthony's body dead in the middle of the room. But Morgan's pointing to the curtains:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Every curtain in the room, fastened with a tie-back. Except this one, for some reason.

She's right. One curtain hangs free.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

That's odd, isn't it?

INT. LYSANDER'S HOUSE - MORGAN VISION

And now we cut to what we'll call MORGAN VISION. This is one of the hallmarks of our show. Morgan's imaginative POV plays out visual theories of the cases spinning through her head:

Lynette Lysander carefully places the cushions on her couch.

MORGAN (V.O.)

You're telling me this woman who meticulously orders her sofa cushions doesn't care about her curtains?

Lynette gives her curtains the middle finger. *Fuck you, curtain.*

Lynette exits frame. Camera pushes in on the curtain.

MORGAN (V.O.)

So the tie-back must have been used for something else...

CLOSE SHOT: a hand rips the tie-back free.

INT. SOTO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan slaps another photo into frame. A close shot of a chair in the middle of the room.

MORGAN

Here. You've got hairs stuck to the chair leg.

SNAP-ZOOM ON THE CHAIR.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Someone put tape on it and ripped
 it off, the glue stayed and trapped
 the bits.

Soto and Karadec share a glance.

KARADEC
 Samples are at the lab. We found
 no tape at the scene.

MORGAN
 (exactly)
 That means someone was tied up with
 the curtain cord --

INT. LYSANDER'S HOUSE - MORGAN VISION

CLOSE on tape being wrapped around ankles.

MORGAN (V.O.)
 And taped to the chair around their
 ankles.

WIDEN. Anthony Lysander sits in the chair. Hands tied with
 curtain cord, ankles taped to the legs.

INT. SOTO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan points to a close photo of Anthony's wrists --

MORGAN
 And since there are no marks on the
 victim's wrists --

INT. LYSANDER'S HOUSE - MORGAN VISION

MORGAN (V.O.)
 It wasn't him who was tied up.

Anthony Lysander vanishes from the chair.

MORGAN (V.O.)
 Which means there was a third
 person. We have Lynette tied up --

Lynette suddenly appears bound in the chair.

MORGAN (V.O.)
 Victim on the ground --

Anthony's dead body appears on the floor.

MORGAN (V.O.)
And our unknown bondage freak --

A person completely covered in black leather BDSM gear leans into frame and looks directly at camera.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Who has either kidnapped or bumped off Lynette.

The bondage freak gives a friendly wave. *Hi, viewers!*

INT. SOTO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN
That's the person you need to find.

Soto and Karadec share a glance. Karadec compulsively sanitizes his hands while he thinks. *Morgan takes note.*

MORGAN (CONT'D)
So. You've made mistakes, I've fixed them. We don't need to make a big deal out of this. You have a suspect to find, I have some expired ham to fry up before tomorrow --

KARADEC
Sit down.
(to Soto)
Let's wait for the lab results.
For now this is all speculation.

And right then -- Daphne and Giles enter. With urgency.

DAPHNE
We have the surveillance footage.
A woman went inside Lysander's house at the time of the murder.

Morgan looks to Soto. So very pleased with herself.

MORGAN
The third person.

The room absorbs this. Karadec finally breaks the silence.

KARADEC
Giles, escort Miss Gillory to the holding cell.

MORGAN
What?

Giles takes her arm. *Get up.*

KARADEC

We need to check your story out.

SOTO

If it's as you say, you have nothing to worry about.

Giles escorts her out of the room. Daphne follows, shuts the door behind them. We can hear Morgan yelling in the hall --

MORGAN (O.S.)

Are you kidding me? What's wrong with you people? I'm just cleaning up your mess --

Karadec and Soto sit in the silence. Then.

KARADEC

Since when do you show an open case file to a civilian? A potential suspect.

SOTO

Come off it, you know she's not involved with the case.

(then)

Can you refute anything she said?

And that's the problem. Karadec knows Morgan is on to something. But he's not ready to concede it yet.

KARADEC

We have to be sure. Because if she's right...

SOTO

Then we currently have a botched homicide investigation with no leads. And worse than that...

Karadec picks up the photo of Lynette. Sees her now with fresh eyes.

KARADEC

We have a second victim.

AS WE PUSH IN on the photo of Lynette Lysander --

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONEINT. JCPD - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Morgan paces in the holding cell. Properly annoyed at her current predicament.

The processing officer sits outside her cell. Does his best to ignore her.

MORGAN

Hello?!

INT. JCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: a woman in her thirties approaches the front door of the Lysander house.

KARADEC

Who is she?

Karadec and Giles hold court at Daphne's desk. Daphne's in her element as she pulls up her visual research from her database, news, socials, etc.

DAPHNE

Lishka Zheng. A few months ago she filed a civil lawsuit against one of Lynette Lysander's clients...

ON DAPHNE'S SCREEN: There's Lishka outside a courthouse, there's a law firm photo of Lynette, and there's a striking man in his forties with a very expensive haircut --

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Lysander won the case. It appears Zheng did not take it well. She started sending threatening emails to Lysander.

BACK TO THE VIDEO: Zheng seems angry as stares up at the door camera. Karadec nods. *Good work.*

INT. JCPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Karadec sits across the table from LISHKA ZHENG.

KARADEC

Ms. Zheng, three months ago, you sued Phillip Dimon.

He places a photo of THAT MAN with the expensive hair in front of Zheng.

Zheng seems exhausted at the sight of Dimon. She seems exhausted by all of this, in fact.

ZHENG

He was my boss at Spatial Technologies.

KARADEC

Why did you sue him?

ZHENG

He harassed me. For months. I ran out of ways to tell him no. One night he locked me in his office and assaulted me.

Karadec seems almost surprised at the straightforward way she details her story. Zheng anticipates his next question.

ZHENG (CONT'D)

I reported it to the police. I'm sure you have that in your files there. "Insufficient evidence." Couldn't file criminal charges. So I sued him.

KARADEC

And you lost.

Zheng nods. We see a flash of pain in her eyes.

ZHENG

Phillip Dimon has a very good lawyer.

KARADEC

Is that why you've been sending Lynette Lysander threatening emails?

Zheng bristles. She studies Karadec.

ZHENG

You've read the emails.

KARADEC

I have.

ZHENG

And that's the word you'd use? "Threatening."

KARADEC

Tell me how you'd describe them.

ZHENG

How do you think men like Dimon get away with this, time and again? There's a support system in our society that is incentivized to enable them. Their evil hides in plain sight.

(then)

I was merely questioning why Lynette Lysander chose to be complicit in the suffering of women like me.

KARADEC

You were angry at Mrs. Lysander.

ZHENG

Of course.

KARADEC

Even though...

(taps photo of Dimon)

Dimon was the one who assaulted you.

ZHENG

Oh, I'm angry at him, too.

(locks eyes with Karadec)

But the police failed me on that front.

And if those words rattle Karadec, he doesn't show it. This is still his primary suspect, after all.

KARADEC

What were you doing at Lysander's house yesterday?

And for the first time in this scene, Zheng looks confused.

ZHENG

I wasn't at her house yesterday.

KARADEC

We have you on video...

He shows her the images.

KARADEC (CONT'D)

And thirty minutes after you arrived, Anthony Lysander was dead.

Zheng seems genuinely rattled at the sight of the dead body.

ZHENG
That's impossible. No -- *I wasn't there yesterday.*

She sees Karadec doesn't believe her.

ZHENG (CONT'D)
I was home. All day. Working.

KARADEC
Can anyone confirm that?

Panic flashes in Zheng's eyes as she realizes she has no alibi. She shakes her head --

ZHENG
No. I was alone.

KARADEC
That's unfortunate.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Morgan looks up as Giles opens the cell door.

GILES
You're clear. I just need you to sign your release forms and you're free to go.

INT. JCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Giles escorts Morgan to the chair beside his desk, gestures for her to sit down.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- Karadec is briefing Soto on the progress. Daphne has the video of Zheng up on her screen.

KARADEC
Zheng has no alibi. We have her at the scene, and we have motive.

Soto nods, pleased. *This case is about to fall.*

SOTO
Start writing it up.

But once again, Morgan can't help herself.

MORGAN
Your video has the wrong date on the timestamp.

Karadec and Soto look across the room, surprised. Karadec shoots Giles a look -- *what is she still doing here?*

KARADEC

This doesn't concern you anymore.

MORGAN

Great!

She signs the release form with flourish. *I'm outta here.* As she starts to exit, Soto's intrigued --

SOTO

Wait. What are you talking about?

Morgan crosses the room over to Daphne's station.

MORGAN

That's not yesterday.

(pointing)

Look at the trees. The wind is moving south to north.

The group looks at Morgan with confused faces. Morgan rolls her eyes -- *fine, I'll explain.*

EXT./INT. VARIOUS - MORGAN VISION

WE SEE RAPID-FIRE FOOTAGE supporting Morgan's explanation:

MORGAN (V.O.)

The wind in Jersey comes from the south during the summer -- specifically mid-July to mid-September.

NEWSCASTERS show weather patterns -- a WEATHERMAN details gusts coming up the east coast --

MORGAN (V.O.)

Late-fall, winds shift from west-to-east -- peaking in January --

A barometer drops -- a morning host is now bundled in winter clothes --

MORNING HOST

Brrrr!

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

RIGHT BACK TO MORGAN --

MORGAN

So this had to be from a few months ago.

KARADEC

How do you know which way the wind is blowing?

MORGAN

Have you even looked at your footage?

She points to THE CHURCH in the deep background behind Zheng.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You've got a church.

She stares at their blank faces.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Churches face east.

Here we go again...

INT. VARIOUS - MORGAN VISION

A dark room in the EIGHTH CENTURY -- several priests pour over PARCHMENT construction plans --

MORGAN (V.O.)

Starting around the eighth century, priests started orienting churches towards the east. They say it's an outgrowth of the design of the Holy Temple in Jerusalem --

FLASHCUTS: HISTORICAL DEPICTIONS of the Holy Temple --

MORGAN (V.O.)

But it's also possible priests wanted sunrise behind them during morning sermon to make themselves seem God-like and impressive --

A priest stands in full-realia behind the altar as sunlight flares him from behind in STUNNING FASHION --

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN

But we don't have to get into all that right now.

Once again, everyone seems stunned at Morgan's display of rapid-fire knowledge. They try to process, still skeptical --

SOTO

All churches face east? And can't the wind change direction?

MORGAN

Most churches in New Jersey were built in the 1800s, so yes, and the wind was definitely blowing from the west yesterday --

EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Morgan steps out of a storefront carrying WAY TOO MUCH STUFF. A large gust of wind catches her by surprise and BLOWS HER COFFEE all over her --

MORGAN

Goddamnit!

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN

But you want to double check it, knock yourselves out.

Daphne's already doing exactly that on her computer.

DAPHNE

She's right.
(then)
On both counts.

Morgan shares a glance with Daphne. *Thank you, Daphne.* And now it's Karadec's turn to (reluctantly) come around --

KARADEC

Someone doctored the video.

Morgan exhales. *My work here is done.*

MORGAN

See ya.

INT. JCPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Soto chases Morgan down.

SOTO

Wait. How...
(at a loss)
How do you do that?

Morgan doesn't really want to get into this.

MORGAN

Like I told you. I don't sleep much. I watch a lot of documentaries.

Soto's not buying that explanation. Morgan relents. *Fine...*

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I have an IQ of 160. They classify me as a "High Potential Intellectual." I'm told that means I have advanced cognitive abilities, intellectual creativity, photographic memory...

SOTO

(head spinning)
It's some sort of gift?

MORGAN

No. I see the world as a series of problems to solve. Doctors call it "highly compulsive behavior."

(goes quiet)

It's exhausting. I can't hold a job... or a relationship... or a conversation... My mind is constantly spinning out of control. And all I want is quiet.

(then)

It's not a gift.

She nods goodbye. Soto calls after her.

SOTO

I have trouble sleeping, too.
(Morgan stops)
Especially when we have an open case. I'm up all night. Nothing helps.

(thinks)

Except solving the case. Helping those who need it.

MORGAN

Is that what you're doing here?
Helping people?

SOTO

We're trying. And we could use someone with your talents.

MORGAN
 (scoffs)
 Me? Work with the cops?
 (yeah right)
 I'm not that desperate.

Morgan nods a curt goodbye and walks out the door --

EXT. JERSEY CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

-- and as soon as she exits, a voice calls out --

VOICE (O.S.)
Morgan!

Morgan looks up to see her ex, LUDO RADOVIC, fast approaching from the other end of the alley. TWO UNIFORMED COPS hold court between them.

MORGAN
 Ludo? What are you doing here?

LUDO
 Elliot called and said you got arrested again?

MORGAN
 I wasn't technically arrested this time.

LUDO
 (sarcastic)
 Oh great, that's a relief. Who's watching our children? Let me guess -- a ninety-year old florist with a heart condition --

MORGAN
 Henry is seventy-three and this is not helpful right now --

They're now arguing right between the TWO COPS.

UNIFORMED COP
 Can you two please take this somewhere else?

MORGAN
 (in no mood)
 I would if you'd get out of my way.

She barrels past him. The cop looks her over, says to his partner --

UNIFORMED COP
 She's late for her shift at the
 corner of 8th and Highland.

Morgan stops in her tracks. Seeing red. She turns around,
 gets right up in his face.

MORGAN
 Because I'm dressed like this?

LUDO
 (leaping to her defense)
 Yeah, just because she mixes animal
 prints with aggressive pleather --

MORGAN
 Ludo -- stop helping --

SECOND COP
 Both of you -- get out of here --

The cop grabs Morgan by the arm. Which is the wrong move.
 She rips her arm free, shoves him back --

And all hell breaks loose.

The cops grab Morgan -- she fights back -- Ludo tries to get
 in the middle and protect her, but he elbows a cop --

And now both Ludo and Morgan are fighting with cops in broad
 daylight on the steps of the Jersey City Police Department.
 As things escalate SO VERY QUICKLY --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. JCPD - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Morgan and Ludo sit side-by-side in the holding cell. Ludo
 shakes his head in disbelief.

LUDO
 Always fun to see you, Morgan.

MORGAN
 Don't start.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. JCPD - HOLDING CELL - DAY

The desk officer once again tries to ignore Morgan as she yells at him --

MORGAN

How long are we gonna be in here?

(then)

Do you know how much childcare costs these days?

INSIDE THE CELL: Ludo whispers --

LUDO

You're paying Henry now?

MORGAN

(quietly)

No, but he doesn't need to know that.

They sit in silence for a moment.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Henry misses you, by the way.

Ludo seems genuinely pleased by that. *Awww.*

INT. JCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Karadec looks up as Giles escorts a pale-looking twenty-something to his desk.

GILES

Detective Karadec. This is Cora Lysander.

KARADEC

Yes, we spoke on the phone. I'm handling the investigation into your father's death.

Cora just nods. Clearly traumatized by all this. Karadec reads her discomfort, strikes a kinder tone --

KARADEC (CONT'D)

Do you mind if we talk outside?

EXT. JCPD - COURTYARD - DAY

The fresh air seems to calm Cora a bit.

KARADEC

Your aunt mentioned your parents
had been fighting recently. Do you
know why?

Cora studies Karadec carefully. *Where's he going with this?*

KARADEC (CONT'D)

I need your help if we're going to
find your mom. And we're running
out of time.

And this is different side of Karadec. We see hints of
genuine compassion in his eyes as he speaks to Cora.

After a moment, she nods, trusting him.

CORA

Mom's been having a hard time. She
had a friend...

(corrects herself)

Not a friend, but a colleague at
work... she killed herself. I
think mom felt guilty about it.

KARADEC

Who was this colleague?

CORA

I'm not sure. But... she wrote mom
a letter. Couple weeks back.
After that, mom really started to
spiral.

KARADEC

What did the letter say?

CORA

Mom wouldn't tell me. But it
really shook her up. She couldn't
eat, she couldn't sleep...

KARADEC

And you don't know who sent it?

CORA

(searches her memory)

Only her first name. It was...
Sandra? No...

(MORE)

CORA (CONT'D)

(nods)

Sarah.

INT. JCPD - SOTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Soto is on the phone. Karadec sits waiting. The call does not seem to be going well.

SOTO (INTO PHONE)

It's material evidence into a homicide investigation...

(listens)

I understand. Yes, sir.

She hangs up. Shakes her head. Before Karadec can protest --

SOTO (CONT'D)

It's no use. Lynette Lysander is a defense attorney. We'll never get a warrant to search her law offices based on a vague mention of "a letter from someone named Sarah."

KARADEC

I'll go down to the offices. Appeal to their better nature.

SOTO

It's a waste of time.

KARADEC

We have to try everything. In case you haven't noticed, we're desperate here.

Soto can't argue with that. She thinks it through. Makes up her mind. Nods. But...

SOTO

Take Morgan Gillory with you.

It takes Karadec a moment to even muster a response.

KARADEC

Have you lost your mind?

SOTO

If it wasn't for her, we'd still be treating Lynette as the primary suspect. We'd be nowhere without her.

Soto throws Karadec's own words right back at him --

SOTO (CONT'D)
 And in case you haven't noticed,
 we're desperate here.

KARADEC
 (this is insane)
 What's she supposed to do?

SOTO
 Same thing she's been doing. Spot
 things my detectives miss.

Ouch. Karadec bristles. Soto softens.

SOTO (CONT'D)
 To be fair... I missed them, too.
 That's the point. We've spent our
 careers inside a rigid system --

KARADEC
 I happen to believe in this system.

SOTO
 So do I. But we have blind spots.
 (then)
 We need someone who sees the world
 differently.

KARADEC
 What happens when the
 superintendent finds out we brought
 a civilian into a homicide
 investigation?

SOTO
 We're already in too deep. If we
 don't find Lynette Lysander alive,
 we're both getting fired, so who
 cares?
 (cuts him off)
 Take her with you. This isn't a
 debate, Adam.

Karadec grits his teeth. He stands and exits without a word.

INT. JCPD - SOTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Soto watches from her window as a uniformed officer escorts
 Morgan into the courtyard...

EXT. JCPD - COURTYARD - DAY

The officer watches Morgan as she speaks on her cellphone.

MORGAN

Looks like I'm stuck here a while longer... How are they doing?

(listens)

Tell them...

(thinks)

Tell them I love them and I'll be home as soon as I can. Thank you, Henry. I really owe you.

Morgan hangs up, feeling the full weight of her predicament.
How did I get myself into this mess?

Across the courtyard, Morgan sees Cora Lysander smoking a cigarette. Morgan's eyes soften as she recognizes who it is. She walks over to her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(gestures to cigarette)

Can I have one of those?

Cora studies Morgan, shrugs. Sure.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You're the daughter, right? Cora?

I'm sorry about... what happened.

The death of your father, all that.

Morgan's not great with condolences, apparently.

CORA

Thanks...

(then)

Sorry -- who are you? How do you know who I am?

MORGAN

It's a long story. I work here.

Or I did. I saw your file.

(then)

Don't worry -- they're gonna find your mom.

CORA

You can't know that --

(catches herself)

Sorry -- I know you're just...

(shakes head)

Everyone keeps saying the same things. "Don't give up hope." But my dad's dead.

(voice breaking)

And my mom's gone. What am I supposed to do?

Morgan thinks about it. Then.

MORGAN

I found it helpful to focus on little moments... you don't want yourself thinking about what might be happening.

There's something about the way Morgan says it... the compassion in her voice, perhaps... that makes Cora realize Morgan may very well have been through something similar.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any pictures of your mom?

Cora nods. Pulls out her phone. *There's Lynette and Cora in happier times... there's Lynette out in her garden...*

CORA

This one she just sent me two days ago...

It's a photo of Lynette inside her house holding up a BOUQUET of FRESH PINK FLOWERS. Cora's eyes well up as she realizes --

CORA (CONT'D)

It's the last photo I have of her.

MORGAN

(gently)

Think of your mom's laugh... her favorite food... You want to redirect your brain when you think of her. Otherwise you'll go crazy while you wait.

CORA

(studies Morgan)

Did you lose someone?

MORGAN

I did. A long time ago.

The uniformed officer approaches.

OFFICER

Ms. Lysander? They're ready for you.

Cora nods goodbye. Starts to leave. Then turns back --

CORA

Did you ever find them?

Morgan shakes her head. Real sadness in her eyes.

MORGAN

No.

CORA

I'm sorry.

MORGAN

Thank you.

As Cora and the officer walk back towards the station, they cross with Soto, who's heading straight towards Morgan.

SOTO

So. The way I see it, we've got you on evidence tampering, assault on an officer, battery... even if we knock it down to misdemeanors, you're still looking at six months minimum, thousands in fines...

But Morgan is ahead of her. Sees right where this is going.

MORGAN

You really think this will work?
That you can, what, intimidate me into doing what you want?

Morgan's eyes say "I don't intimidate easily." Soto says nothing. Then.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

If you want my help... just ask me nicely.

And Soto's savvy enough to change course on a dime.

SOTO

A woman is missing. Please. Help us find her.

Morgan's eyes briefly drift back to Cora.

Then she locks eyes with Soto.

MORGAN

You got it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. BELLIER APARTMENT - DAY**

Karadec, Morgan, and Giles all escort Cora to her aunt's apartment building. As they approach, a very grumpy Karadec hangs back with Morgan --

KARADEC

Let's be clear. You don't say anything. You don't touch anything. You don't do anything.

MORGAN

(nods)

I should probably be strapped in case things pop off.

KARADEC

This isn't a joke. Do nothing.

INT. BELLIER APARTMENT - DAY

Sofia greets Cora with a sympathetic embrace. The detectives look on as they console one another.

SOFIA

You can sleep in my room, I'll take the couch.

Morgan can't help herself. She immediately starts touching the various items on Sofia's shelves. *Oh, look, candy!*

Karadec glares at Morgan. Cora wheels her luggage into the backroom. Once she's gone --

KARADEC

Did your sister mention anyone in her professional circle who died of suicide recently?

While they talk, Morgan makes herself right at home. She touches Sofia's figurines, she examines the terrarium in the corner, she eats some of Sofia's candy...

KARADEC (CONT'D)

Someone named Sarah?

SOFIA

(searching)

Doesn't sound familiar...

Morgan picks up a glass Ferris wheel. *Hey this is cool.*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Sorry -- could you put that down?
It's breakable.

MORGAN

She said nothing? I mean, I get the Sarah part, literally every third woman is named Sarah these days, but someone offs themselves at my sister's job... she'd probably mention it.

Everyone tenses at Morgan's brusqueness.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I don't have a sister, but... you get it.

SOFIA

Sorry... who is she?

KARADEC

She's... consulting for us.
(fuming)
And we're leaving. If you think of anything, you have my number.

Sofia nods goodbye. Karadec stares daggers at Morgan.

EXT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Karadec, Giles, and Morgan walk quickly to Karadec's car. Karadec grits his teeth while he sanitizes his hands.

MORGAN

I'm only trying to help.

(As they walk -- we may make note of the MUDDY JEEP behind them in parking space #112.)

KARADEC

If you can't keep your mouth shut, at least treat our witnesses with compassion. Particularly grieving siblings with airtight alibis.

INT. KARADEC'S CAR - DAY

Karadec and Giles ride up front. Morgan sulks in the back.

KARADEC

We have to get Emery Warren to allow us to search Lysander's office for the Sarah letter.

GILES

You really think they'll let us?

KARADEC

I do not. But we have to try.

MORGAN

Sorry... a woman is missing, her life is in danger, and our only option is... what? Politely ask for help?

KARADEC

They're a defense firm. We don't have a warrant. There are laws we need to follow.

MORGAN

We're so screwed.

GILES

(quietly)

I don't think she's going to be much help in there.

KARADEC

We can always tell them she's a criminal we arrested on the way over. Maybe they'll want her business.

Giles laughs. Throws a glance back at Morgan.

GILES

I don't think Emery Warren represents vice cases.

MORGAN

(seeing red)

I'm trying to help you two.

KARADEC

I thought I made it clear.
(looks in rearview)
We don't want your help.

Morgan fumes. Thinks. *Okay, then.* She reaches forward...

And pulls the emergency brake.

The car SCREECHES to an abrupt right stop in the middle of traffic. Horns BLARE, cars SWERVE, people SHOUT. *Jesus Christ.*

Morgan kicks open her door. Doesn't say a word, but her eyes say *fuck both of you*. She turns and marches through traffic into the city.

Karadec and Giles watch her go in stunned disbelief. *What is wrong with her?*

They share a glance. Shrug. *Well, at least she's gone.*

INT. EMERY WARREN - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Senior Partner CHESTER EMERY meets with Karadec and Giles in the firm's main conference room.

EMERY

Detectives, it is my personal desire to assist with your investigation in any way possible. But as you can understand, I must also represent the interests of my firm.

KARADEC

But your partner's life might be in danger.

EMERY

And if you return with a warrant, I'll be happy to comply.

KARADEC

(can't help himself)
She could die, and you're incentivized to do nothing. This is how evil hides in plain sight.

We may notice these are the same words Lishka Zheng said to Karadec in their scene together.

EMERY

That's a lovely speech. I'll remember it if I'm ever teaching civics to third graders. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm due in court.

INT. EMERY WARREN - LOBBY - DAY

Karadec and Giles exit, deflated but not surprised. Karadec gestures towards the restrooms --

KARADEC
I'll meet you at the car.

INT. EMERY WARREN - RESTROOM - DAY

Karadec enters the bathroom, goes straight to the sink. As he scrubs his hands, the stall door behind him opens up...

And Morgan slaps him on the back.

MORGAN
Hello, bathroom friend!

Karadec JUMPS in surprise. *Morgan?!?*

KARADEC
What are you doing in here?

MORGAN
I figured you'd come in here after your meeting.
(then)
Did you think I wouldn't notice you compulsively washing your hands all the time like some sort of control creep?

KARADEC
You can't be here.

MORGAN
I know. Imagine how much worse a men's room is if you're someone who notices every little detail.

As Karadec struggles to respond, she holds up a FILE FOLDER.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Calm down. I found the Sarah letter.

And that fully throws Karadec for a loop.

KARADEC
What? How?

MORGAN
(shrugs)
I broke into her office and took it.

INT. EMERY WARREN - VARIOUS - FLASHBACK

And through a series of QUICK CUTS, we see how Morgan did exactly that:

-- Morgan enters the cleaning closet in the basement of the firm. She opens lockers. Finds a uniform that might fit.

-- Morgan pushes a cleaning cart past a busy bullpen. She enters the office marked "Lynette Lysander."

-- Morgan searches the office. Morgan finds a safe. Morgan searches drawers. Finds a calendar, looks for the date marked "Anniversary."

-- Morgan inputs the anniversary combination. Morgan opens the safe.

INT. EMERY WARREN - RESTROOM - DAY

CUT RIGHT BACK to the bathroom. Karadec is speechless. But Morgan is almost bursting with excitement.

MORGAN

Read the letter.

(while he reads)

Sarah Adamson was a paralegal working on at Phillip Dimon's case. And guess what? Phillip Dimon assaulted her, too. It's all there, same pattern as before. She begs Lysander to take action against her client.

(then)

I figure, Lynette Lysander had a crisis of conscience, was going to turn on Dimon, and he did something about it.

Karadec's head is spinning.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We have motive! We have a serial criminal! Let's go arrest him!

KARADEC

Stop! You have no idea what you've done. We have nothing. This letter is inadmissible. I can't have it in my possession.

MORGAN

You're gonna let him go on a technicality?

KARADEC

These aren't technicalities. These are laws -- principles -- that I've devoted my entire life to protecting.

MORGAN

Jesus. And I thought my life was sad.

KARADEC

(snaps)

Your life is sad! You have stolen shopping carts from three different grocery stores in your yard.

MORGAN

(furious)

I wouldn't have to go to different stores but Safeway has those weird wheel locks!

KARADEC

This is the law, Morgan. There's no proof here Phillip Dimon murdered anyone, and even if there was we couldn't use it in court. Despite what you may think, we cannot go around breaking into offices and arresting people at whim. Right now, the only clear crime here has been committed by you.

(then)

And by me, if I let you get away with it.

MORGAN

But --

KARADEC

Stop. Talking.

(thinks)

This never happened. You're going to put this letter back exactly where you found it. If you get caught, I'll arrest you myself. Understand?

Karadec's intensity puts Morgan on her heels. Suitably cowed, she nods. *I understand.*

MORGAN
(quietly)
And then what?

But here's where Karadec surprises Morgan. His eyes narrow
as he glances at the letter one last time.

KARADEC
And then we're gonna talk to
Phillip Dimon.

Morgan smiles.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. JCPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Remember that man we saw in the photos earlier? The one with the very expensive haircut? He now sits across the table in the interrogation room from Karadec.

This is PHILLIP DIMON.

KARADEC

Mr. Dimon, a few months ago you were sued by Lishka Zheng.

DIMON

And I won.

Karadec opens his file and begins reading Zheng's emails.

KARADEC

Zheng wrote to your lawyer,
"Phillip Dimon destroyed my
life..."

Dimon's eyes narrow. *What is this?*

INT. JCPD - OBSERVATION - DAY - INTERCUT

Morgan and Giles watch the interrogation through the observation glass. We hear Karadec through the speaker --

KARADEC (OVER SPEAKER)

"He harassed me over the course of
six months..."

MORGAN

(excited)

This is my first interrogation.
What do I do?

GILES

You don't do anything.

MORGAN

Is this a good cop/bad cop
situation? Do you want me to go in
there and flip the table over?

GILES

No I do not.

INT. JCPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dimon sounds calm and well-rehearsed --

DIMON

She lost her case. The jury saw the truth -- Lishka Zheng is simply an employee with a grudge.

KARADEC

Yes. Those seem to follow you around.

He removes a photo of SARAH ADAMSON. Slides it across the table. And Dimon flinches ever-so-slightly.

KARADEC (CONT'D)

Tell me about your relationship with Sarah Adamson.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Daphne's at her computer when her phone rings. She sees it's Giles on the display --

DAPHNE (INTO PHONE)

How's it coming?

GILES

So far so good. Let's be ready when he gets to alibi...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Morgan is at the window, studying Dimon carefully.

GILES (INTO PHONE)

Give me a data footprint on Dimon for the day of the murder. Public knowledge, socials, whatever you can find.

DAPHNE (OVER PHONE)

On it.

MORGAN

Also, tell Daphne I took one of her lollipops and I feel bad about it.

GILES

I'm not telling her that.

DAPHNE (OVER PHONE)

I heard her and thank you!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dimon's eyes turn cold and confrontational.

DIMON

I thought I was here to provide assistance regarding my lawyer's death, not re-litigate old claims.

KARADEC

The Adamson claims are not "old."

DIMON

(eyes narrowing)

If there have been new claims against me, I have not heard of them.

Karadec considers his words carefully. *He knows he can't reveal he's seen the Sarah letter...*

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Giles' phone rings. He grabs it --

DAPHNE

I've got bad news. Dimon wasn't in town on the day of the murder. Wasn't anywhere close.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Daphne scrubs through the streams of public data --

DAPHNE (INTO PHONE)

He was down in Wildwood.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Morgan frowns. *Wait, what?*

GILES (INTO PHONE)

You're certain?

DAPHNE (OVER PHONE)

Positive.

Giles hangs up, frustrated.

MORGAN

Wildwood? What the hell was he doing in Wildwood?

GILES

He wasn't here. That's what matters.

Morgan turns back to the glass. Thinks.

MORGAN
Look at his shoes.

MORGAN VISION: An elderly Italian man handcrafts a pair of leather shoes with careful precision.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Those are Italian seams,
handcrafted. Look at his
wristwatch...

INSERT MEDIA: men's magazine ads trumpet the limited edition Girard-Perregaux Quasar Light model. A BILLBOARD IN TIMES SQUARE calls it: "One of 18 in the world."

MORGAN (CONT'D)
That guy wouldn't be caught dead in
Wildwood.

Giles looks utterly befuddled. Morgan explains...

MORGAN (CONT'D)
There are only two reasons you go
to Wildwood. One --

EXT. SPLASH ZONE - MORGAN VISION

Water spills down a twisting tube into a plunge pool:

MORGAN (V.O.)
You want to catch hepatitis at a
water park.

SPLASH! Phillip Dimon launches out of the tube and splashes into the pool. He's still wearing his suit and tie. Yay!

MORGAN (V.O.)
Or two --

INT. WILDWOOD WINGS AND WHAT NOT - MORGAN VISION

We're inside a cheap bar. A group of very rowdy twenty-something women all wear pink sashes and sing VERY LOUDLY --

MORGAN (V.O.)
You have to go to your second-
cousin's bachelorette party and
she's on a budget.

There's Phillip Dimon, in his suit and tie, wearing a pink sash and singing his heart out with everyone else:

DIMON
I'm a bitch, I'm a lover, I'm --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

BACK TO GILES:

GILES

I can literally think of a hundred other reasons to go to Wildwood.

But Morgan won't let this go. She senses there's something amiss here (we'll find out why later.)

MORGAN

Ask him. *Tell Karadec to ask Dimon what he was doing in Wildwood --*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dimon senses he has the upper hand here.

DIMON

My lawyer... my friend... is missing. Please tell me you didn't bring me in here to rehash vague grievances by hysterical employees.

INT. JCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Daphne looks up as she hears a very loud, angry voice in the corridor. Soto emerges, walking quickly with CHESTER EMERY.

Daphne sees Soto's face. Knows this is bad. *Oh, shit...*

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

MORGAN

Tell Karadec.

Morgan sees Giles isn't gonna do anything. *Fine...*

Morgan BANGS on the observation window. Giles leaps to his feet -- *Jesus, what are you doing?*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Both Karadec and Dimon jump in surprise. Dimon looks at the window. *Bang bang bang.* His eyes dart to Karadec --

DIMON

What is this?

KARADEC

Sit down.

But before Karadec can get a handle on what's happening...

Soto storms into the room. With Chester Emery.

EMERY
(to Dimon)
Don't say another word.

SOTO
(furious)
Mr. Dimon, thank you for your time.

Dimon stands, collects himself. Then he looks to Karadec... and smiles. *Goodbye, detective.*

Dimon exits with Emery. Leaving Karadec and Soto alone. Before Karadec can ask *what just happened?* --

SOTO (CONT'D)
Chester Emery's secretary noted a woman who was dressed "quite provocatively for the cleaning staff" enter Lysander's office twice this afternoon.

Karadec deflates. *Shit.* Soto stares daggers.

SOTO (CONT'D)
What did you do?

EXT. JCPD - DAY

Karadec walks away from the station. Furious, chastised. Morgan exits, hustles to catch up to him.

MORGAN
Karadec! Dimon was in Wildwood the day of the murder. You have to ask him why --

KARADEC
Stop. We're done. This whole idiotic experiment is finished.

MORGAN
But it doesn't make sense...

KARADEC
Stop pretending you can do this.

And that stops Morgan cold. She doesn't respond.

KARADEC (CONT'D)
It's over. Be grateful you're not in jail. Go back to your real life, Morgan.
(MORE)

KARADEK (CONT'D)

(then)

Leave this to the professionals.

He walks away. Morgan watches him go.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Morgan fries ham on a skillet for her three children. Ava is engrossed in her phone, Elliot plays with a toy sword, Chloe just sits there and looks cute.

ELLIOT

Do you know what direction all stairs went in medieval castles?

MORGAN

(thinks)

Clockwise. Do you know why?

Elliot thinks. Envisions himself in the stairwell. Swings.

ELLIOT

To make it easier to chop people coming up the stairs.

MORGAN

Exactly!

ELLIOT

But what if you're left-handed?

MORGAN

(sadly...)

The world was not built for people who are different.

Morgan puts the food on the table. She bats at Ava's phone.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Phone away at the table. Talk to your family like a normal human.

AVA

I don't know dumb facts about castles.

Morgan sees Ava is sullen. She softens her tone.

MORGAN

Elliot and Chloe will be with their father this weekend. I thought maybe you and I could go to the riverwalk like we used to? Get some ice cream?

AVA
 Oooh. I'd definitely love that.
 Because I'm six years old.

Ava picks up her phone. Defiant. Morgan doesn't push back.
 They quietly eat their dinner.

INT. AVA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Later. Ava is in bed. Morgan enters and sits beside her.

MORGAN
 What's wrong?

AVA
 I'm not like you and Elliot. He's
 got your memory, your weird brain,
 your way of noticing everything...

MORGAN
 Those aren't always good things. I
 mean, in the last twenty-four hours
 alone I've lost my job and almost
 been arrested twice.

AVA
 You lost your job again?

MORGAN
 (thinks)
 They were never really clear about
 that part, but I'm guessing yes.
 (pivoting)
 And besides, you have some of my
 qualities, too. You have my
 rebelliousness... my distrust of
 authority... my fashion sense...

AVA
 I have your worst qualities!
 Elliot and Chloe have everything.

MORGAN
 Chloe's just a baby. We don't know
 her deal yet.

AVA
 (quietly)
 That's not what I'm talking
 about...

Morgan studies her daughter, intuits why she's really
 upset...

MORGAN
Ludo thinks of you as a daughter.

AVA
It's not the same.

MORGAN
No, it's not.
(considers; then)
Your father loved you very much,
Ava.

AVA
Sure. That's why he left.

MORGAN
It's more complicated than that.

AVA
It's fine. I don't even remember
him. Who cares.

MORGAN
If he could be here --

AVA
I'm glad he's not. I want to be
alone.

Ava rolls over. Dismissive.

Morgan starts to say something, but can't find the words.
She gives Ava a loving pat and exits.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morgan closes the door to Ava's room. She's by herself now.
And in quiet darkness, she feels the day's failures on all
fronts. Her shoulders slump. Tears well up in her eyes.

She begins to cry. Alone.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

The next day. Morning CHAOS as Morgan struggles to get everyone fed and ready for school. She sits with a crying CHLOE who is refusing to eat her rice cereal --

MORGAN

Chloe, it's just rice paste, it can't hurt you --

(yells to the others)

Elliot, put your science report in your backpack -- Ava, you cannot have doughnuts for breakfast --

Elliot's not moving. He's just staring out the window.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Elliot --

ELLIOT

There's a man standing in our yard.

Morgan puts down the rice cereal. *What?*

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Morgan opens her front door to find Karadec standing in her yard. Before she can ask *what the hell are you doing here* --

KARADEC

(deep in thought)

Why did you want me to ask Dimon about Wildwood?

And it's an apology, of sorts. Or, at least, Morgan's taking it that way. She studies him, nods.

MORGAN

Come inside.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Karadec enters the chaos. Chloe's still crying. Morgan hands her right to Karadec. Points to the rice cereal.

MORGAN

This bowl needs to go into this child.

Figure it out. Karadec sits, bounces Chloe on his knee. Tries to feed her. Morgan keeps moving.

She swipes the doughnut from Ava, replaces it with fruit.
Never pausing for a moment.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Phillip Dimon doesn't seem like the
type of guy who hangs out in
Wildwood --

She grabs Elliot's homework, stuffs it in his backpack.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
But more importantly I noticed
something in Sofia's apartment
yesterday before you yelled at me --

INT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Yesterday. Morgan is studying Sofia's shelves.

MORGAN (V.O.)
All of the figurines on Sofia's
shelves were dusty. Except one...

Morgan picks up the souvenir FERRIS WHEEL. "*Meet Me Under
the Boardwalk!*" Morgan flips it over. The inscription on
the bottom reads:

Wildwood, New Jersey.

SOFIA
Sorry -- could you put that down?

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

MORGAN
Sofia was in Wildwood. Recently.
And so was Dimon.

Karadec has calmed Chloe down. As he feeds her --

KARADEC
So what? People go to Wildwood.

FLASHCUT: DIMON AND SOFIA splash around at the water park.

Back to Morgan:

MORGAN
Both of them?

FLASHCUT: DIMON AND SOFIA wear pink sashes and sing at the
bachelorette party.

DIMON AND SOFIA
 -- *I'm a child, I'm a mother, I'm --*

Back to Karadec:

KARADEC
 What does it matter? They each
 have alibis for the time of the
 murder.

Morgan stops in her tracks. Thinks. Deep in thought.

She picks up the phone. Dials. Waits. There's no answer.
 Morgan gets ANGRY.

She opens the kitchen window and YELLS:

MORGAN
ANSWER THE PHONE, HENRY!

We hear Henry yell from inside his house:

HENRY (O.S.)
You can't borrow my car today!

MORGAN
I DON'T NEED YOUR CAR TODAY!
 (to Karadec)
 I did need his car today, but
 that's beside the point.
 (yells)
JUST GET OVER HERE HENRY!

CUT TO:

Moments later. Henry now sits at the table with Karadec.
 They both help feed Chloe. As Morgan keeps packing up the
 kids for school --

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 How long does it take for flowers
 to die after you've delivered them?
 Like wilted-and-brown die.

HENRY
 You've usually got a couple of
 days.

MORGAN
 I need you to be more specific.

HENRY
 Depends on a few factors. Mainly
 the type of flower...

CLOSE ON MORGAN -- as she thinks...

EXT. JCPD - COURTYARD - FLASHBACK

FLASHCUTS: Morgan consoles Cora. Morgan swipes through Cora's photos. There's Lynette, in front of a bouquet of BRIGHT PINK FLOWERS.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

MORGAN

Peonies.

HENRY

(thinks)

Four days. At least.

Morgan's eyes light up. She kisses Henry.

MORGAN

You're a good man and an even better florist.

KARADEC

(struggling to follow)

What?

MORGAN

I'll explain on the way. Grab the carseat!

Karadec looks around. *Carseat?*

INT. KARADEC'S CAR - DAY

And now ALL THREE KIDS are crammed in Karadec's car as he drives them to school.

MORGAN

Sofia and Dimon are having an affair. He was grooming her like the others. Same pattern. But she was onboard...

INT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Sofia hugs Cora. Her sweater slides up to reveal a VERY EXPENSIVE BRACELET. Morgan's eyes scan it --

FLASH CUTS: FASHION MAGAZINES trumpet the bracelet. It sparkles on THAT SAME BILLBOARD in Times Square.

INT. KARADEC'S CAR - DAY

MORGAN

He's doing it to stay close to Lynette, because he knows he's guilty and needs leverage --

ELLIOT

Can we run the siren?

KARADEC

No.

MORGAN

Sure!

She turns on the siren. It starts BLARING.

AVA

Not in the drop-off line!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Karadec's car pulls into the school turnaround with the lights FLASHING and the siren SCREAMING.

Literally, everyone at the school stops and stares.

Ava and Elliot hop out, head to class. Elliot's delighted, Ava's mortified. As Ava rushes to get as far away from her mom as possible --

MORGAN

(over loudspeaker)

Bye, my loves. Have a great day!

(then)

Ava -- you forgot your kiss!

Morgan makes kissing sounds over the loudspeaker.

Ava prays for a quick death.

INT. KARADEC'S CAR - DAY

Karadec keeps driving. Morgan leans back and plays with Chloe in the carseat.

MORGAN

Dimon learns about Lynette's change of heart, knows this is the end for him. He's desperate now.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

He and Sofia go to Lynette's house to pressure her, but her husband Anthony is there too and things very quickly get out of hand...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ludo waits next to HIS CAR, which has a "Driving Instructor" sign on the door and a confused student in the front seat.

Morgan runs Chloe (carseat and all) over to Ludo. Kisses him. Ludo just shakes his head.

MORGAN

Thanks babe I owe you!

INT. KARADEC'S CAR - DAY

Karadec and Morgan. Driving fast.

KARADEC

Again, the problem --

MORGAN

(nods)

-- is that they both have alibis.

But!

(with flourish)

What if the murder did not happen when we think it happened?

And as Karadec ponders what that could mean, we CUT TO:

INT. LYSANDER HOUSE - DAY

THE CRIME SCENE. Karadec leads Morgan through the Lysander house. The whole place has a modern-environmental-chic vibe. The defining feature of the house is a majestic tree rising right through the center of the living room.

Morgan takes note of everything -- sees the evidence markers, the bloodstains, the furniture, the displayed guns.

MORGAN

(nods)

So then.

FLASHCUTS: Dimon and Sofia are arguing with Lynette --

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Dimon and Sofia are trying to threaten Lynette --

BACK TO PRESENT. Morgan studies the rack on the wall. The shotgun is missing.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Noted Second Amendment enthusiast
Anthony Lysander gets involved --

FLASHCUTS: Anthony grabs his shotgun -- Dimon lashes out -- they fight -- Dimon has the gun! -- BANG -- SCREAMS --

BACK TO PRESENT. Morgan stands over the bloodstains where Anthony Lysander once lay.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Now we have a dead body. Which is
a real problem. Because what do we
do with Lynette...

Karadec looks over to THAT LOOSE CURTAIN.

FLASHCUTS: Dimon rips one of the tie-backs loose -- Dimon and Sofia tie Lynette to the chair --

BACK TO PRESENT. Karadec can't quite crack it. He shakes his head --

KARADEC

But how do they cover it up? Time
of death was during Sofia's
presentation. All of her
colleagues saw her...

Morgan crosses the room. Angling towards THE DEAD FLOWERS in the vase on the table.

MORGAN

Cora's last photo of her mother was
taken three days ago. These
flowers were fresh and new.

FLASHCUT: there's those pink flowers in Cora's photo --

MORGAN (CONT'D)

They should still be pink. But
they were already dead in the crime-
scene photos...

FLASHCUTS: Morgan studies the photos she knocked over while dancing -- there's a vase of dead brown flowers --

BACK TO PRESENT. Morgan stands in the living room. Looking at everything. And the hair stands up on the back of her neck as the last piece of the puzzle falls into place --

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 (realizing)
 What does Dimon do for a living?

KARADEC
 Security technology.

MORGAN
 And what does Sofia do?

KARADEC
 She's a botanist.

Morgan turns toward the center of the room.

Where THE GIANT TREE stretches towards the ceiling.

MORGAN
 Do you know what this room is?

Karadec looks at the tree, the mechanized WINDOWS, the state-of-the-art CONTROLS on the walls. Realizes --

KARADEC
 It's a greenhouse.

And now it's Karadec's turn. He nods, excited --

KARADEC (CONT'D)
 They drop the temperature, freeze
 the place --

FLASHCUTS: Dimon works the technology -- the temperature drops -- we see HIS BREATH as the house freezes --

KARADEC (CONT'D)
 Then they leave. Dimon now has
time. He doctors the video,
 framing Lishka Zheng. The next
 day, he raises the temperature
 remotely, cooking the house --

FLASHCUTS: Temperature goes UP UP UP -- the flowers time-lapse from pink to BROWN --

KARADEC (CONT'D)
 And completely messing up the
 coroner's time of death estimate.

Morgan stares at Karadec like a proud parent. *Yes. They've almost cracked the case.*

And then they both turn and look at THAT EMPTY CHAIR.

MORGAN
But what do they do with Lynette?

KARADEC
(mind racing)
If they were gonna kill her, they
should have done it right here.
That's the smart move...

MORGAN
(thinks)
Maybe Sofia can't bring herself to
do it. It's her sister. So they
kidnap her... buy themselves some
time... where do they take her...

KARADEC
(sees where she's going)
"Ask Dimon what he was doing in
Wildwood."

MORGAN
They need someplace relatively
close...

*FLASHCUT: Morgan and Karadec argue outside Sofia's place --
there's THAT MUDDY JEEP in space #112 --*

MORGAN (V.O.)
Because they need to drive there
and back that night --

FLASHCUT: Morgan notices the FRESH MUD ON THE TIRES --

BACK TO PRESENT. Morgan crosses to the WALL OF PHOTOS in the
Lysander living room.

MORGAN
So ideally it would be someplace
remote...

Morgan stares at one photo in particular.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
But familiar.

THE PHOTO: YOUNG LYNETTE and YOUNG SOFIA stand in front of an
idyllic cabin by a lake.

Karadec takes out his phone.

EXT. WILDWOOD CABIN - NIGHT

And now an ARMY OF POLICE CARS race towards THAT EXACT SAME CABIN. Karadec kicks in the door.

INSIDE: Lynette Lysander is bound and blindfolded. Karadec races to her side.

EXT. WILDWOOD CABIN - LATER

Aftermath. Morgan sits on the steps of the cabin while the cops and EMTS go to work all around her. She watches Karadec escort Lynette Lysander towards an ambulance.

Lynette's wrapped in a blanket. She's shaken, but seems like she'll be okay. Karadec's attentive and protective. Morgan sees it all.

Karadec sees Morgan watching him from across the fray.

He nods. His look says --

Good work, Morgan.

Morgan nods right back.

You too, Detective.

It's a real eye-of-the-storm moment. Mutual respect as they each see one another.

Karadec goes back to work watching over Lynette.

Soto approaches from inside the cabin. Sits down next to Morgan.

SOTO

Lynette is going to be okay.
Thanks to you.

MORGAN

Does this mean you're dropping all
the charges against me?

SOTO

I was gonna do you one better.

Soto hands Morgan an envelope.

SOTO (CONT'D)

I'd like to officially offer you a
job, Morgan.

(then)

(MORE)

SOTO (CONT'D)

Come be our consultant. Do this full time. We need you.

Morgan thinks about it. Looks at the chaos all around her.

MORGAN

(shakes her head)

I'm not cut out for this.

She stands up, dusts herself off.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

But thank you.

SOTO

If you change your mind, you know where to find me.

Morgan nods. *I do indeed.*

Morgan and Soto looks up as an incoming police car delivers Cora to the scene. Cora jumps out of the car, races to her mother --

CORA

Mom?! Mommy --

Lynette jumps up and grabs her daughter.

Mother and daughter hold each other tight.

Morgan watches.

EXT. DIMON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Karadec drags a handcuffed and humiliated Phillip Dimon out of his front door towards the waiting cop cars.

Cameras flash from the press. Karadec is enjoying this.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT WALKWAY - DAY

It's a beautiful day. Morgan and Ava stroll the riverwalk as planned. They both eat ice cream. It's lovely.

Ava's in a good mood. Morgan studies her daughter carefully. Takes a deep breath.

MORGAN

Ava, I need to tell you about your father.

It's like a dark cloud descends on Ava.

AVA

Mom, no.

MORGAN

Roman always wanted you. You should have seen him when I told him I was pregnant --

AVA

Stop it.

MORGAN

He was so happy --

AVA

Then why did he leave?

MORGAN

He didn't leave. He... vanished. Something happened to him. The police never believed me. But I know. He never would have left you.

AVA

But he did. He's gone. He's been gone for fifteen years, Mom. Lying to me about it isn't gonna help.

MORGAN

I'm not... I know he wouldn't do that to us.

AVA

Then stop lying to yourself.

Ava walks away. Upset. Morgan watches her go.

INT. JCPD - SOTO'S OFFICE - DAY

We're FOLLOWING MORGAN through the police station as she marches into Soto's office. She gets right to business:

MORGAN

I want a raise. Add thirty percent to your offer. No -- twenty percent and childcare. You figure that part out.

Soto tries to keep her poker face, but her eyes betray her delight. *Morgan is onboard.* Soto plays it cool.

SOTO

Is that it?

MORGAN

(shakes her head)

If I work for you, you work for me,
too.

(then)

I need you to find someone. His
name is Roman Siquerra. He...

Morgan's voice starts to break, giving Soto a hint at the
emotional toll she's carried all these years.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

He vanished fifteen years ago.
Police... they said he just skipped
town but I know he didn't. So. I-
I need help...

(fighting tears)

You said that's what you're trying
to do here, right? Help people.
I'm in.

(then)

So... please. Help me find him.

Soto considers. Sees Morgan's true vulnerability. Then.

SOTO

You got a deal.

CLOSE ON MORGAN -- as RELIEF flashes in her eyes --

She's no longer alone in this.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW