

HOPE FALLS
Pilot Episode 1-01:
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

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TEASER

AUDIO: The clarion sound of a Muslim Call to Prayer.

FADE IN:

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: DAY ONE: 05:00AM

A clear, star-filled sky reveals a lakeside wooden cabin.

I/E. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

Bedroom door creaks opens - Moonlight sneaks through - CHILD'S FEET, wearing slippers, step into the hallway.

They belong to REGAN FRASER (7, a beauty). She carries a SOFT-TOY in one hand. Though her eyes are open, Regan's not conscious, but sleepwalking.

The MUEZZIN's chant intensifies, as if sucking her in.

Regan pads down the stairs past a GRANDFATHER CLOCK that chimes 5, and hypnotically heads towards the chant and the front door. --

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

As the chant continues, a group of MUSLIM MEN, gather with their prayer mats. Somewhere in the Middle East?

Large, ugly barrack-like buildings lit by harsh overhead industrial lighting. Some of the men start to fall to their knees, while others shuffle idly past. --

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' PORCH - NIGHT

From a digital camera POV (a cellphone camera) positioned a short distance away, Regan moves out to the porch and stops for a moment, blankly staring into the darkness. She exhales, her breath instantly freezing to mist. --

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' PORCH - NIGHT

Cellphone POV of Regan as she steps off the porch, crosses to the gate and turns trancelike, towards the forest.

The call-to-prayer intensifies. The cell POV tracks Regan, from several shaky yards behind her. --

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

The Muslim men are now deep in prayer.

Reveal that the location is not as it first appeared to be in the Middle East, but behind a cyclone fence, topped with barbwire, in an ex-US military fort, situated in a forest. A sign states: US STATE DEPARTMENT FACILITY.

The IMAM (50s, gentle, thoughtful, wise), looks round perusing his flock, heads bowed low in invocation, mentally doing a headcount. Confusion crosses his face. --

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAPA JOE (late 50s, but old before his time) opens his eyes, looks wearily across his pillow - Reaches across to press a button on his alarm clock which projects the time in glowing numbers. It's 5:20AM. He groans.

This wakes GRANDMA IRENE (early 50s, everyone's favorite Grandma), lying next to him.

GRANDMA IRENE

You okay, Joe?

PAPA JOE

Gotta pee, Hun. Go back to sleep.

It takes Joe a huge effort to get out of bed. He stretches his tired bones, puts on his slippers and dressing gown. Already out of breath, he steps out the bedroom and heads to the bathroom. --

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' UPPER STAIRWELL - NIGHT

From the stairwell, we hear Joe flush, he then rinses his hands, switches off the light and is heading back to his room, when he spots the moonlight in the hallway.

Confused, he prods open Regan's door, shocked to see her gone.

PAPA JOE

Not again...

Papa Joe sighs and heads downstairs.

PAPA JOE (CONT'D)

Regan? Regan, honey? You there..?

Looks downstairs and spots the front door ajar.

PAPA JOE (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

Zombie-like, Regan's continues her way through the ferns, under the tall trees. She loses a slipper, but this doesn't stop her hypnotic journey. --

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' PORCH - NIGHT

Papa Joe hurries out onto the porch, frantically looking around. He peers helplessly into the darkness. The main houselights come on behind him. Grandma Irene appears, pulling on her dressing gown.

GRANDMA IRENE

Where's Regan, Joe?

PAPA JOE

I don't know, Hun. I can't find her. She's not in the house.

GRANDMA IRENE

What? Oh, my. Sleepwalkers can do this. I read about it. We should've locked the door. We gotta find her real quick, Joe. She'll be terrified if she wakes-up and she's not in her bed.

PAPA JOE

(breathing heavily)

I'll go, Hun. I'll get dressed. I'll find her. Call Fred, Sally and the cops. They'll help me look. Tell them to hurry.

Joe races back up the stairs.

GRANDMA IRENE

The cops? Shouldn't I call Hank and Mya.

This stops him.

PAPA JOE

No, not yet. No need to worry
them, Hun. Regan can't have gone
far. We'll find her, you'll see.

GRANDMA IRENE

But, don't you think..?

Turns back and looks hard at Irene.

PAPA JOE

I'll go look, Irene. Call Fred and
Sally and call the cops. We'll
find her.

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

The Muezzin's chant reaches its climax, then suddenly
stops --

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

As does Regan - DEAD - Her eyes now closed. She suddenly
SNAPS them wide open. She looks around, her evermore
terrified eyes slowly taking in her surroundings. --

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Dense woodland trees, lit by the beams of flashlights
held by Joe, FRED (mid 50s) and SALLY (late 40s), the
Fraser's best friends and neighbors, as they search the
heavy bracken.

SALLY

Ray..? Its Sally, honey.

PAPA JOE

Talk to me, sweetheart.

FRED

Where are you, darling?

Fred spots something.

FRED (CONT'D)

Joe. Sally. Over here, quick!

Joe hurries as fast as he can - Pushing his way through
the heavy bracken. --

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Off Regan's STALKER, as a dagger-wielding, latex-gloved hand drops into frame. Voices nearby:

PAPA JOE (O.S.)
You found her?

FRED (O.S.)
No, but come see this.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Joe hurries over out of breath, wheezing, followed by Sally. Fred gets down on one knee and picks up a girl's slipper. He holds it up and examines it, then looks around.

FRED (CONT'D)
This Regan's?

PAPA JOE
I'm not sure.

He takes it.

PAPA JOE (CONT'D)
(confused)
Could be. Irene will know.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Stalker's POV as he steps ever closer to Regan. All at once, her tiny hand opens and let's go her soft toy. In SLOW-MO it drops to the forest floor and bounces off the dirt.

END TEASER

FADE OUT.

TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUPER: 06:00AM

Irene is shakily preparing a pot of coffee when Joe, Fred and Sally return. As they do, Irene gets more agitated. She forces the pot down heavily on to the counter.

GRANDMA IRENE

Where's Regan?

Sally throws herself, exhausted on the sofa. Fred makes straight for the coffee. Papa Joe heads towards a cupboard.

PAPA JOE

Fred and I'll head out again in a minute, Hun. Just getting fresh flashlight batteries.

Irene steps into the Living Room, confronting, Joe. He reaches into his jacket and takes the slipper out of a pocket. Irene recognizes it immediately.

GRANDMA IRENE

That's Regan's! Where'd you find it? Why isn't she with you? Why'd you stop looking? Why are you here? She's got no shoes on her feet..? She'll catch cold! Why have you all come back? Why aren't you looking?

Joe catches the distraught Irene and holds her close.

PAPA JOE

We need more people, Hun. Start working the phones. You'd better call, Hank.

GRANDMA IRENE

Hank..? What about Mya?

Holds her at arm's length to make sure she understands.

PAPA JOE

Mya's 100 miles away. No good to us. Never was! Tell Hank we need him.

Joe leaves her to search for batteries. Sally makes for their laptop.

SALLY

I'll put a post on Hope's Next Door and Meta pages.

PAPA JOE

Facebook...? Seriously..? At a time like this?

Sally can tell he doesn't understand.

SALLY

In case anyone's awake that can help us, Joe. We need as many people as we can get.

Now he understands.

PAPA JOE

Oh, okay. Yeah, do that. I'm calling the cops.

Sally hits the 'Post' button on Meta.

'Regan, 7, is missing from our house on Hope. Please everyone, HELP US search. Message me immediately with any news. Thank you.'

Irene brings her over a cup of coffee.

SALLY

Thanks, Irene. I'll keep watch for any responses.

Irene gets teary. Sally reaches out to her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Somebody will spot her, Irene. It doesn't take five minutes for news to get around this place.

INT. AURORA ZANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: 06:10AM

AURORA ZANE (early 30s. Has lived her entire life on Hope. Second generation police officer, tossed in at the deep end, where her new job is concerned), is in a heavy sleep when her cell rings. Struggling to open her eyes, she stares across the empty space next to her and turns onto her other side to check her watch.

AURORA

Shit.

She fumbles on the bedside table to reach her cell, knocking over a half-empty glass of water in the process.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit! ...Aurora Zane.

A very concerned, SERGEANT SANDY 'BEAR' TIMOTHY (early 60s, think Slim Pickens) is heard but not seen throughout this conversation.

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Chief?

AURORA

(confused)

Uh, yeah..? Bear..?

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)

It's me, Ma'am. Sorry to wake you.

Water droplets drip from the table onto the floor. Aurora reaches to pick-up and replace the glass.

AURORA

Jesus, Bear, I didn't get-in till after two. What's with all the formal bullshit? You called me Aurora my entire life...

Bear interrupts.

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Things changed recently. Chief..?

AURORA

(transmitting, not receiving)

...Nothing changes, Bear, not unless we're in public.

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Chief... There's a child missing!

Aurora is instantly awake. She throws back the duvet and sits-up straight, her eyes wide.

FLASHBACK B&W: HOPE BEACH - DAY

A YOUNG WIFE (late 20's) takes lunch items out of a picnic hamper.

FATHER (early 30's) feverishly rides a quad bike over the sand dunes with their young son, JAMIE (4), sitting up-front on his lap. Everyone is laughing and smiling at the moment.

BACK TO SCENE:

Aurora shivers and quickly readies herself, climbing into bits of clothing as she continues talking...

AURORA
(perturbed)
How old, Bear?

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)
Seven.

Aurora's bare foot steps on something unidentified.
Either that, or the news hurts.

AURORA
Dammit!

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)
Staying at her grandparents for
the vacation. She's only been on
the island three days. Apparently,
she's subject to sleepwalking
episodes.

AURORA
Shit!

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)
Aurora... She's Joe and Irene
Fraser's granddaughter.

AURORA
Joe and Irene..?

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)
Her name's Regan. Regan Fraser.

AURORA
Regan..?

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)
Yeah, I know, just like in *The
Exorcist*, or the President, but
without the 'a'.

Aurora takes a moment to think - slightly confused.

AURORA

Without the 'a'...? Okay. Call the Sheriff's office immediately Bear, to make them aware of the situation. Tell them we're on the case until they get here. Tell them we'll need everyone they can spare. Everyone. Better wake-up the volunteers and get them out, too. I'll get straight over to Joe and Irene's.

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Yes, Ma'am.

AURORA

Tell the Sheriff's office, we'll require a helo with thermal imaging. That shouldn't take too long to find her. I'll be there in 15 minutes.

SGT. TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Okay, Chief.

AURORA

And, Bear... Wake the guys and send them over to Joe and Irene's.

She hangs up, grabbing for her gun belt.

INT. AURORA ZANE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aurora tries to make her way quietly - Downstairs.

The TV has been left on all night - Light spilling from it reveals a half-naked man lying awake under a blanket on the couch. He's DREW ZANE (late 30s, moody, rebellious by nature), Aurora's husband.

DREW

The hell you goin'?

Aurora grasps her boots and starts to pull them on.

AURORA

I have to go into town.

Drew pulls himself upright. He's uptight.

DREW

You just got home.

AURORA
There's a kid missing.

DREW
(dismissively)
Not my problem anymore.

AURORA
I said there's a kid missing.

Forlorn but unrepentant.

DREW
I heard you the first time.

Aurora can only stare at him.

FLASHBACK B&W: HOPE BEACH - DAY

The wife gets-up and waves at the guys on the quad bike to get their attention as they roar past.

THE WIFE
Hey, you two. Lunch is ready. Come and get it!

JAMIE
Daddy, Daddy, one more!

THE FATHER
One more? Okay, Jamie. One more time!

The quad bike takes a sand dune at speed - Hits the brow and flies through the air.

BACK TO SCENE:

Aurora grabs her jacket and hat and starts to exit. Then stops.

AURORA
Drew, go back upstairs. Get back into our bed. What the hell's wrong with you?

DREW
(incredulous)
What's the point? You're never here.

AURORA
It's my job! You should know better than...

She stops. A lame excuse. She knows it.

DREW

Guess you'd better get going.

Drew defiantly pulls the blanket-up and turns away from her. Aurora shrugs her shoulders in defeat and exits. --

I/E. AURORA ZANE'S POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Aurora drives through the small hamlet. Small groups of TOWNSPEOPLE head on foot in the same direction, many wearing backpacks. Some carry maps. Others flashlights. Time on her cruiser's clock, 06:40.

Aurora sees more PEOPLE by the water's edge, tilting their flashlights up and down the shoreline. --

EXT. HOPE SHORELINE - EARLY MORNING

HANK FRASER (late 20s, Regan's father, thin and white as a sheet), is moving at pace along the shore, stumbling and yelling:.

HANK

Regan, it's Daddy! You're not in any trouble. Hy, Ray? Regan?

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally sips at her coffee - CLOSE ON: The laptop. Nothing as yet on the screen. A loud doorbell rings. Irene jumps-up.

GRANDMA IRENE

They've found her?!

Irene rushes to open the door. Aurora is standing on the other side.

GRANDMA IRENE (CONT'D)

(deflated)

Oh, Aurora, it's you!

AURORA

Irene.

GRANDMA IRENE

Have you found our baby?

Aurora shakes her head.

GRANDMA IRENE

Thank, God, you're here. Come in,
come in. Sit down, Aurora, sit
down. How's your Father?

Irene sits down next to Sally on the sofa. Aurora chooses
a chair.

AURORA

He's great, thanks, Irene. I'm
gonna need you to give me some
information about Regan. Is that
okay?

Takes out her notebook. Irene nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)

That her full name?

Panicked. Fearing the worst, Irene rushes her words,
throwing in lots of excess information.

GRANDMA IRENE

Yes. Regan Fraser. She's Hank's
child. He has another on the way,
you know.

Aurora jots this down.

AURORA

Yeah? Where's Regan's Mom these
days?

GRANDMA IRENE

Mya?

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS -
EARLY MORNING

MYA POWELL (mid 20's). Dark-skinned, her face obscured by
her hair, lies facedown in her underwear, watched over by
a large-framed photograph of Regan, empty beer bottles by
her side. Her place is a wreck.

GRANDMA IRENE (O.S.)

She lives in Boston now. In the
projects. It just didn't work out
for her and Hank. I told him right
at the start she was no good, but
he just wouldn't listen. Ran off
with some military guy back to the
mainland. Hank was devastated at
first, but he's moved on.

EXT. ARMY RANGER'S CAMP, OUTSIDE PORTSMOUTH - EARLY MORNING

A sparkling-clean pickup truck pulls up at the security gate at the U.S. ARMY RANGERS BASE.

GREGG SCHWARZT (late 20s. Lean, mean, fighting-machine of a man) is in the driving seat - The SECURITY GUARD recognizes him and waves him through.

GRANDMA IRENE (O.S.)
She's got herself this new fella,
although what he's doing with the
likes of her... Hank's got himself
a new girlfriend, too.

AURORA (O.S.)
Does Hank know Mya's boyfriend?

GRANDMA IRENE (O.S.)
I don't know. I don't think so.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT
SUPER: 07:00AM

A long line of SEARCHERS are spread out, walking through the ferns. Beams from their multitude of torches cut through the early morning mist. --

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Aurora jots this down on her pad.

AURORA
What's her name?

GRANDMA IRENE
Who?

AURORA
Hank's new girlfriend.

EXT. HOPE SHORELINE - EARLY MORNING

LINDY-LOO (early 20s) Her rough features betraying a life of poverty, is trying, but failing miserably, to keep-up with Hank. She's incredibly pissed-off.

GRANDMA IRENE (O.S.)
She calls herself Lindy-Loo.
Stupid name, don't you think?
(MORE)

GRANDMA IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Her real name's Linda Gates.
(denial or sarcasm)
She's three months pregnant. We're
really happy.

AURORA (O.S.)
How old is Regan?

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

GRANDMA IRENE
7 years, 5 months. Her birthday's
December 11th. Will you go look
for her, Aurora?

Aurora stops writing and focuses on Irene.

AURORA
We've got people out looking right
now, Irene. County Sheriff and his
men will be here soon with a
helicopter. There's no way she
could've gotten off the island.

Irene nods her head, understanding. She doesn't really.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Does Regan live with Mya?

GRANDMA IRENE
Yes.

AURORA
To your knowledge, is there, or
was there ever any kind of dispute
between Hank and Mya over Regan?

Irene shakes her head.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Mya has custody?

Irene starts to continually nod.

GRANDMA IRENE
Hank was so upset when Mya ran
off, of course he was, but they
eventually sorted things out. They
act civil enough towards each
other whenever Ray's around.

AURORA
Why'd they split up?

GRANDMA IRENE

It just didn't work out. Ray stays with Mya during school. We get to see her most vacations. She's only been here 3 days.

Ignoring Irene's emotion.

AURORA

How tall is she?

GRANDMA IRENE

Around four feet... I don't know exactly.

She writes this down - Checks her watch.

AURORA

Weight?

GRANDMA IRENE

She's about 40-50 pounds, I guess.

AURORA

Hair and eye color?

GRANDMA IRENE

Regan's a brunette. She's got these gorgeous blue eyes.

AURORA

Have you told Mya yet that Regan's missing?

Irene shakes her head - Sally quickly interrupts:

SALLY

Not yet, Aurora. Joe said we'd find her soon and we shouldn't worry her unnecessarily.

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

The bathroom door is open. Toilet flushes. Mya stumbles out into her kitchen and pours herself a cold cup of coffee. Reaches for a cigarette. Lights-up and sucks-in deep.

EXT. HOPE SHORELINE - EARLY MORNING

Hank, evermore desperate, accompanied by Lindy-Loo and others, continue to search the water's edge.

HANK

Regan. Sweetheart, it's Daddy.
Talk to me, please...

LINDY-LOO

(belligerently)
Regan!

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Aurora turns a page in her notebook.

AURORA

When was the last time you saw
Regan, Irene?

GRANDMA IRENE

I put her to bed around 9pm last
night. I read her a chapter from
Harry Potter, she just loves those
books and switched out the lights
around 9:15. She was out like a
light.

AURORA

What sort of mood was she in?

GRANDMA IRENE

Fine. She's such a happy child.

AURORA

Did anyone else see her after you
put her to bed? What was she
wearing?

Irene takes her time thinking, then remembers...

GRANDMA IRENE

No. Her pajamas. The red..? Yes,
the red set.

AURORA

Is her sleepwalking a regular
occurrence?

GRANDMA IRENE

Yes, but she's never ever left the
house before. Never.

Irene shakes her head.

GRANDMA IRENE (CONT'D)

One of us normally hears her and puts her back to bed.

AURORA

Does Regan have access to the internet, or a cell phone?

GRANDMA IRENE

Yeah, sure. What child doesn't these days? I checked. Her cell's still upstairs by her bed. She never leaves home without it. She chats online to her friends a lot.

She makes another note.

AURORA

We'll need to borrow her cell and we'll want to look at your laptop.

GRANDMA IRENE

Our laptop..?

EXT. THE MUSLIM COMPOUND - MORNING

General view of family life. The MEN gather in groups to talk, the WOMEN start to cook and some PARENTS either play with, or educate their CHILDREN.

AURORA (O.S.)

Yeah. Now, I have to ask you this, Irene. Please don't get upset. Have you seen any prowlers around lately, or anyone loitering in the area?

GRANDMA IRENE (O.S.)

Prowlers..? No, I don't think so.

AURORA (O.S.)

Did Regan ever mention being approached by, or meeting any strangers since she arrived on the island? Anything out of the ordinary?

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE

Irene suddenly realizes the implication of what Aurora's suggesting.

GRANDMA IRENE
Out of the ordinary? You don't
think... Oh, no!

EXT. HOPE ISLAND SOUND - MORNING

SUPER: 07:15AM

A ferry chugs across the New Hampshire water, sending ripples out over the placid sea. It carries us to another world, rich in natural beauty. Hope Island looms up front, bursting green, and dotted with Victorian colonial houses.

EXT. HOPE FALLS - MORNING

Hope Island's old-fashioned. Retracing time. Traffic Posts state *'Maximum speed 20 mph'*. In Hope Falls (it's only town), shops display hand-painted signs: *'Henry's Florist'*, *'Tina-May's Hair and Beauty Salon'*, *'Naomi's Soda-Bar Diner'*, *'Julie's Cupcake Paradise'*, cluster on Main Street.

It's that kind of a place. A community where everyone knows everyone. And everyone knows each other's business.

Upon closer inspection things are not quite what they seem. A lone discarded face mask rolls tumbleweed-like, along the street laid bare by COVID, linking a...

MONTAGE of weather beaten pandemic signage still on lampposts, billboards, shops, offices and B&B's. These include:

- Store Closing - Going Out of Business
- Keep your bedroom windows open - Prevent COVID
- Avoid touching your Eyes, Nose and Mouth
- Closed
- All Things Must Go
- Foreclosure - Home for Sale
- Practice Social Distancing

Mixed with protest signage such as:

- We're in this together!
- #Get us PPE

The fluorescent billboard above the *Hope Falls Cinema* reads: *'EVERY DISASTER MOVIE STARTS WITH THE GOVERNMENT IGNORING A SCIENTIST'*.

END MONTAGE

HARRY MAYER, Hope Falls' Mayor, (60s, with the look of a successful businessman, wears a Porkpie hat and bites on a half-chewed cigar which he has permanently stuck between his lips), reaches-up to a lamppost and angrily rips down signage that states: 'Stay Home - Save Lives'

HARRY

Jesus Christ!

He angrily scrunches it up and throws it in a trash can.

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

AURORA

She's probably just sleepwalking like you said, Irene, but I had to ask the question.

Irene shakes her head in despair - Aurora shuts her notebook. An awkward silence.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Can I take a look at Regan's room? And, do you have a recent photograph of her that I can borrow?

GRANDMA IRENE

Sure. I'll get you one, Aurora. You go on up. Regan's is the first door on the landing.

AURORA

We'll copy it and get it back to you as soon as possible.

Doorbell rings. Irene jumps-up, startled.

GRANDMA IRENE

They've found her!

Sally goes to answer it. Two young POLICE OFFICERS (ROBBIE and FRANK) stand side-by-side on the porch. They take off their hats.

AURORA

They're with me, Irene. We need to check your house out. Is that okay?

GRANDMA IRENE
(confused)
Our house..? Why..? Yes, of
course.

The two cops enter.

AURORA
Guys.

Aurora turns away from Irene to talk to her guys in a low
voice.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Robbie, put a tape from the house
down as far as the shore.

Irene overhears this...

GRANDMA IRENE
The shore..?!
Aurora turns back to face her.

AURORA
It's just a precaution, Irene. We
need to search for evidence.

Turns back to her guys, but this time not so
conspiratorially.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Check-out any possible hiding
places in-and-around the house;
where she could have crawled, or
be trapped. Seal her bedroom as
soon as I'm out. Don't let anyone
else in unless they've got a
ticket.

FRANK
Copy that, Chief.

The police officers move off to carry out their
instructions.

AURORA
Irene, I'm just gonna check out
Regan's bedroom...

EXT. HOPE FALLS HARBOUR - EARLY MORNING

A ferry docks - loaded with COUNTY SHERIFF police vehicles and MEN. They offload.

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Aurora puts on a set of latex gloves. Methodically, she searches Regan's room. She picks-up her cellphone and places it inside an evidence bag. Checks under a pillow, under the mattress and through the bedside drawers.

INT. GREGG SCHWARZT'S BARRACK ROOM - MORNING

SUPER: 07:30AM

Gregg is sitting on a couch sweating, staring at his TV set, playing with himself. Tears trickle down his face. He's excited but at the same time, visibly upset.

On the TV, Regan is playing in a park. She's laughing as her face moves close to the camera.

REGAN

Do you love me, Uncle Gregg?

Gregg replies on the screen from behind the camera.

GREGG (O.S.)

I surely do, darling.

Gregg's now very close to reaching an orgasm.

GREGG (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, YES!

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The front door bursts dramatically open. Joe stands in the doorway - Looking wretched.

GRANDMA IRENE

Joe..?

PAPA JOE

(despairing)

We can't find her, Hun.

Off Aurora, serious concern on her face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE STATION/RECEPTION - MORNING

SUPER: 08:00AM

Aurora walks through the door. Sgt. 'Bear' Timothy is on a call. He covers the mouthpiece to update her.

SGT. TIMOTHY

County Sheriff's team arrived on a special ferry, Chief. Helos are on-route and they're bringing a couple of divers with them.

Aurora stops.

AURORA

Divers..?

This causes her to think a moment.

AURORA

Okay, I guess that makes sense.
Thanks, Bear.

She starts for her desk.

SGT. TIMOTHY

How are Irene and Joe?

AURORA

Not good.

SGT. TIMOTHY

Afraid you've got company.

He nods in the general direction of her office. Aurora seems to understand his meaning.

AURORA

Shit. Better wake-up the Judge and tell him we need a warrant to tap the Fraser's phones.

SGT. TIMOTHY

Ten-Four, Chief.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE STATION/AURORA'S OFFICE

Aurora enters. To her surprise her office is empty. She touches her computer mouse and her screen instantly comes alive. CLOSE ON: she types 'NCIC'. A page pops-up for the *National Crime Information Centre*.

Aurora clicks on: '*Missing Person File*'. Starts to type is immediately interrupted by the loud arrival of Harry, carrying a single cup of coffee.

HARRY

I came as soon as I heard.

AURORA

Mr. Mayor. A seven-year-old, female child is missing. Joe and Irene Fraser's grandchild.

HARRY

First the fucking virus, and now this! Can anything else possibly go wrong? I heard she sleepwalks?

He pulls up a chair and sits directly opposite Aurora.

AURORA

Rumors spread fast. We're not sure if she wandered off, or if she's been snatched.

HARRY

Snatched..? Shit, Aurora!

Harry immediately gets up and starts pacing.

AURORA

We have to consider all possibilities Mr. Mayor. Half the folks on the island are out searching for her.

This causes him to confidently sits back down.

HARRY

They'll find her, you'll see!

AURORA

The Sheriff's team just arrived. They'll take charge. We're expecting helicopters anytime now with divers.

Harry rises again. He's apparently not good at pressure.

HARRY

Helicopters? Fucking divers?
That's not good. What if this
reaches the press?

AURORA

Local TV are already aware.
They're coming over on the ferry.

HARRY

Shit, no!

AURORA

I issued a island-wide Amber and
HF Radio is broadcasting regular
updates.

HARRY

You should have checked with me
before doing that, Aurora. Do you
have any idea what this means?

Aurora stands to face the Mayor across her desk.

AURORA

With you..? Sure, Harry, it means
that we'll get coverage to help us
find Regan Fraser, ASAP.

Harry stands his ground.

HARRY

No, you're wrong. Totally wrong.
Once the press get involved we'll
be in the spotlight. This could go
national, for fuck's sake.

AURORA

Isn't that Terrific! We need all
the help we can get.

Aurora sits down triumphantly, but Harry totally loses
it. His voice rises.

HARRY

Jeez, it's the start of vacation
season for Christ's sake. The
first ferry is due to arrive any
minute loaded-up with day-trippers
instead of fucking vaccines.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE STATION/RECEPTION - LATER

Bear has to cover the mouthpiece on the telephone he's currently using, fully aware of the row erupting in Aurora's office.

HARRY (O.S.)

This should be a great day for Hope. You got to find this girl real fucking quick, Aurora, and she'd better be okay.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE STATION/AURORA'S OFFICE

Aurora shouts right back:

AURORA

We're looking, Mr. Mayor!

A beat. They both take a moment... to calm back down. They both sit.

HARRY

Checked out the Muslims yet?

AURORA

The immigrants...? Why...? What makes you say that...Mr. Mayor?

HARRY

Well, those people... The Feds keep an eye on them.

AURORA

Exactly my point.

HARRY

They're like their own fucking private community. They don't mix.

AURORA

Would you really be happy if they did?

Harry stands up again and leans over Aurora's desk.

HARRY

We've absolutely no idea what they're really like. They could all be fucking terrorists for Christ's sakes! Send them all back to the sandbox.

AURORA

They're war refugees, Harry. Most of them helped our guys out there. They've been through hell.

HARRY

So they say!

AURORA

So the U.S. Government says!

HARRY

We don't know that do we? Just some jumped-up, screwed-up, liberal politicians sitting on their asses in Washington wanting to be seen to do the right thing. Why they dropped them in our backyard I'll never fucking know. We certainly don't need them here, that's for sure.

Aurora is furious.

AURORA

That's mighty neighborly of you, Mr Mayor.

HARRY

(shouting)
Check out the fucking Muslims, Aurora!

Aurora furiously stands-up.

AURORA

(angry)
Don't worry, Mr. Mayor, I will. I promise, I'll check out every-fucking-body!

She frustratedly sits back down. Harry begins to pace once more, Stops. Faces Aurora.

HARRY

Abduction...for Christ's sake?

Then, threateningly, he slowly moves in close towards her desk.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(menacingly)
Remember you're only the 'interim' Chief, Aurora.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't ever forget that. Helluva way to start your tenure, don't you think?

AURORA

I grew up on this island, Harry.

HARRY

(sarcastically)

How is your Dad by the way?

AURORA

Great, last I saw him.

HARRY

The finest Chief of Police, Hope Falls ever had. He would have handled this differently.

AURORA

I'm not my father!

HARRY

That's pretty fucking obvious!

He tries another tack.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't you think you might be rushing this a little too fast? The island's been decimated by the virus. We desperately need these summer dollars.

AURORA

Jesus, Harry. Don't you think I know that? You sound like someone straight out of a Peter Benchley novel...

HARRY

Who..?

Aurora shakes her head at his ignorance. Harry continues working the problem.

HARRY (CONT'D)

A little girl sleepwalks... then wakes-up disorientated, lost in the woods, just like, '*Little Red Riding Hood*'. That's all this is. She'll turn-up.

AURORA

I just pray you're right.

Satisfied with his summation, Harry leans across her desk.

HARRY

She'll find her way home soon enough, you'll see. I just don't think you appreciate, the gut reaction business people have to these things.

Aurora faces him head on.

AURORA

And you need to appreciate, it's my job to find this little girl, safe... and as quickly as possible. So if you'll excuse me, Mr. Mayor, I have work to do.

Aurora gets-up and makes to leave. The Mayor shouts after her as she exits...

HARRY

Don't forget, Chief... We need those summer dollars. Handle this wrong and we'll all be fucking ruined!

EXT. HOPE FALLS - MAIN STREET - MORNING

SUPER: 08:30AM

HAL, Hope's Postman (early 50's), walks along the sidewalk, wearing a face mask - TINA-MAY (30s) pops her head out her salon, dismayed that he's passed her by.

TINA-MAY

Morning, Hal. No bills today?

HAL

Not today, T-M.

TINA-MAY

(looking to the heavens)

Somebody up there obviously loves me! You take care. Any news on the little girl?

HAL
Not yet, Tina-May. Terrible isn't
it!

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

Mya stubs out her cigarette, instantly reaching for another. Crosses to her laptop. It's clock states 08:10. She hits a key. The screen comes to life.

Navigates to her *Meta* page. Studies her overnight notifications, finally spotting the message Sally put-up earlier. Concern on her face. Clicks the *Hope Falls* page. Re-reads the post.

MYA
Shit!

Races back to the bedroom. Reaches for her cell. Tries to tap-in, but a message pops up:

CLOSE ON: '*Please contact your Provider*'. Opens her purse. A few coins. No notes.

MYA (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit!

Throws her cell down angrily. What to do next?
Transfixed.

HOPE HARBOR - LATE MORNING

SUPER: 09:00AM

Harry stands at the ferry gate waving in a friendly manner as it is swung open and the first cars and FOOT PASSENGERS offload the ferry on to the island. Harry's there to shake as many hands as he can.

HARRY
Good morning, folks. Welcome to
Hope. I'm Harry Mayer, mayor of
Hope Falls.

Cars start to pour off the ferry, as a TOURIST COUPLE are quick to grab a photo-opportunity with Harry.

EXT. HOPE FALLS - MAIN STREET - EARLY AFTERNOON

Main Street abounds with TOURISTS as a young POLICE OFFICER, leans in to a vehicle window to remonstrate with its DRIVER.

POLICE OFFICER

Like I said, sir, you can't leave your vehicle here. You'll find a parking lot about a quarter mile along the road.

The driver stares silently with disdain at the Police Officer for a moment. Then quickly pulls away.

POLICE OFFICE (CONT'D)

Hey...

The car drives off. The Police Officer stands there dumbfounded, rubbing his arm, calling after the driver.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Have a great day, sir.

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

SUPER: 09:20AM

A Police HQ and line has been set-up. Helicopters heard whirring overhead.

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

As a moon-suited CSI TEAM enter, Irene, sitting besides a now traumatized, Joe, gets really upset.

SALLY

You need to lie down, Hun. This will all be over soon. Come on, Irene, you need to rest.

Irene nods slowly in agreement. Sally rises and walks over to Irene.

SALLY (CONT'D)

This isn't doing your blood pressure any good. Let's go upstairs.

Sally leads her upstairs, as CLOSE ON: a message comes up from Mya on the *Hope Falls* page:

'Someone please tell me what's happening?'

Nobody in the Living Room sees it.

INT. TEMPORARY POLICE HQ - AFTERNOON

The COUNTY SHERIFF (Mid 50's) and Aurora check a map.

COUNTY SHERIFF

What's it like out here?

AURORA

Trees and water.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Shit.

A local TV News van is parked immediately behind the police cordon - DAN SNOW is reporting 'live' on TV.

DAN SNOW

Teams of island volunteers are now assisting local police and the County Sheriff's men in an effort to locate the missing girl.

A Muslim refugee, MOHAMMED BOUJRAD (early 30s), looks on from the small crowd of TOWNSPEOPLE gathered nearby. The locals can't help but stare at him. He backs away uncomfortably towards the trees.

A MONTAGE of the ongoing search.

CUT TO:

DAN SNOW (O.S.)

...Hope Fall's acting Police Chief, Aurora Zane, refused to comment on the actual numbers of extra officers drafted in. Also asked to comment on reports that Regan may have sleepwalked from the home she shared with her grandparents, acting Chief Zane stated that police were "*exploring a number of lines of inquiry.*" She appealed to residents with private CCTV or motorists with dashboard cams to come forward as soon as possible.

Shots include:

- DIVERS drop off a boat into the water.
- A helicopter searches the woods utilizing its infrared camera.
- More cop vehicles and TV & Radio news crews arrive on the next ferry.

- Islanders comb the woods in small groups. (One of these is SETH BEAN (17, an awkward, disheveled-looking), who we will come back to later, but his presence here should be noted.
- POLICE DOG-HANDLERS, some with BARKING HOUNDS, continue to comb the forest.

END MONTAGE.

DAN SNOW (CONT'D)
I'll be right back as soon as I
have any breaking news. This is
Dan Snow reporting for *PNH News*.
Now back to the studio.

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

Back on her computer - Frantically types:

CLOSE ON: 'Anyone there?'

EXT. SHORELINE ROCKS - EARLY AFTERNOON

Hank searches evermore desperate - Lindy-Loo tags along.

HANK
Sweatheart... It's Daddy... Regan?

Lindy-Loo heads over to him.

LINDY-LOO
Regan, where are you for Christ's
sake?

EXT. OLD WOOD MILL - LATE MORNING

SUPER: 11:30AM

TINA-MAY is walking her dog, RED, in the Forest. Red suddenly breaks off and runs towards the overgrown Old Wood Mill.

TINA-MAY
Red! Red! Come back here!

Red ignores her and makes for a stream, barking excitedly.

TINA-MAY (CONT'D)
Red, here! Come here, girl.

Red continues to bark. She's fixed her position and she's not moving. Tina-May heads over to see what's so important. Tina-May reaches the stream and has her answer. Lying, under the water, face-up, in her underwear, we can make out the body of a young child. Tina-May lets-go a terrible scream.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. OLD WOOD MILL - EARLY AFTERNOON

SUPER: 13:30PM

A Police cordon and tent has been set up to hold back a small CROWD that includes, both Seth and Mohammed. The area in front of the cordon is now covered with a crawling, trawling, CSI team.

The subjective POV films a TV NEWS CREW while they work.

DAN SNOW

Police have apparently recovered a body, believed to be that of a small child...

Over Dan's report, a plain black sedan with smoked windows, carrying FOUR PEOPLE arrives on site and pulls to a stop.

A back passenger door opens and a pair of female legs get out and hurry to open the front passenger door.

DAN SNOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...less than one mile from the home young Regan Fraser shared with her Grandparents. I'm situated here, on the grounds of Hope Fall's former Old Wood Mill, which is located in an area favored by both locals and tourists alike.

LB DALTRY (early 60s - A good guy with the worst job, which makes him hard, efficient, and some might say, just darn rude) steps out of the sedan.

His left arm hangs constantly by his side. His team however, treat him as if he were fully able-bodied, which is exactly how he acts. Daltry checks his watch: It's 15:00, and takes his time to survey the scene. He flicks a couple of *Tic Tac Big Berries* into his mouth and shakes his head.

LB DALTRY

Barnum and Bailey time, people.
Look's like we've got ourselves a regular three-ring-circus!

Daltry and his TEAM head over towards the action, where a CROWD OF LOCALS including, SETH BEAN are gathered.

BRIAN DUNN (early 30s), from Daltry's team pushes through the crowd.

BRIAN
Comin' through. FBI. Comin'
through.

They are halted by an over-zealous SHERIFF'S OFFICER when they reach police cordon. The officer clocks Daltry's arm. Dunn moves to lift the tape.

SHERIFF OFFICER
Hey! Step back. This is a crime
scene.

In a practiced fluid movement, Daltry produces his FBI badge.

LB DALTRY
Who's in charge, here?

SHERIFF OFFICER
My apologies, sir. Both the
Sheriff and the acting Chief are
over there.

He raises the tape to allow Daltry and his team through. They all sign-in.

The Sheriff and Aurora are surrounded by their OFFICERS. Daltry pushes his way quickly past them and has no hesitation interrupting.

LB DALTRY
Excuse me, Sheriff, I'm Special
Agent, LB Daltry, with the FBI.
These are agents, Dunn, Price and
Banderas. We very much appreciate
being invited to your
jurisdiction. Can I talk to you
privately for a moment?

The Sheriff stares at him, stunned by their arrival.

COUNTY SHERIFF
Invited into my jurisdiction? Who
in hell called the FBI?

Looks around the assembled group.

COUNTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
We don't even know if a crime's
been committed here yet.
(MORE)

COUNTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)

The little girl's death might be
the result of an accident.

LB DALTRY

Well, that's what I'm here to
investigate, Sheriff.

The Sheriff quickly looks Daltry up-and-down. Spots his
arm.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Well then, I'll give you a 'hand'
in a moment, 'Special' Agent.
Looks like you might need one.

Daltry smiles, he's heard all the cruel jokes before. His
team wince at each other. They know from experience
what's coming. The Sheriff returns to the map - A FEMALE
PATHOLOGIST (early 60s) appears through the canopy:

PATHOLOGIST

...and I'll be the one who decides
if it's a crime scene, or not.

Daltry appreciates her straightforwardness.

LB DALTRY

(smiling)
Okay, got you, Doc.

Back to the Sheriff:

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

With all due respect, Sheriff,
your men are contaminating the
scene. They're screwing everything
up. You do understand the concept
of evidence, don't you? Clues..?
They really can be very useful
when we're trying to solve a
crime.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Now you wait just the... Who the
fuck..?

Ignoring his protests.

LB DALTRY

Sheriff. I need to know that
you've set-up both inner and outer
perimeters? Sure as hell don't
look like it to me.

(MORE)

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

We need checkpoints set-up at the ferry terminal, bus park and any marinas.

COUNTY SHERIFF

(incandescent)

That poor little girl there is dead, and the only thing that checkpoints are gonna do, 'Special' Agent, is piss-off the local residents.

Daltry has heard enough.

LB DALTRY

(sarcastic)

Oh shit, Sheriff, I'd really hate to see you upset the local residents, so I guess I'd better just take over your little investigation.

COUNTY SHERIFF

On whose fucking authority?

DULCIE (mid 30s), from Daltry's team, produces a document.

LB DALTRY

On the authority of the Governor of New Hampshire. Here, Sheriff, I believe this is for you.

Dulcie holds it direct in-line with the Sheriff's face. He takes a quick glance and immediately loses it.

COUNTY SHERIFF

Okay. Alright, Special *fucking* Agent. You want jurisdiction over this shit, then fine, you fucking got it.

He storms off. Daltry immediately takes control. Totally cool, calm, polished, professional.

Aurora looks fazed.

AURORA

You specialize in making friends real fast?

Daltry is immune to her sarcasm.

LB DALTRY

And you are..?

AURORA

(defiantly)

I'm what?

LB DALTRY

Who are you?

AURORA

I'm acting Chief of Police, Zane.

Daltry immediately turns back to face the assembled law enforcement officers.

LB DALTRY

Okay, listen-up. I'm Special Agent, LB Daltry, from the FBI CARD unit, now in charge of this investigation. Until it is confirmed otherwise, we 'are' treating this as a crime scene. I want this area immediately secured. An inner cordon set-up at twenty yards and an outer cordon at one hundred yards. No-one, I repeat no-one, is to enter the inner cordon without permission. We need to preserve what remains of the scene. I want every house, hotel, guest house, hospital, clinic, bar, backroad and backwater on this island, checked. I need to know if anyone saw a little girl after the hours of...

AURORA

Nine-thirty, last night.

Daltry is everything Aurora admires: bold, brash, confident. He turns to have a private word with her.

LB DALTRY

(quietly)

Can you get your team together ASAP, Chief, to give me an update?

AURORA

No problem. Copy that, Special Agent.

LB DALTRY

And I'll need to establish a
command centre at your office to
centralize investigative efforts,
if that's okay with you, Chief?

She nods her assent. Daltry goes back to addressing the
assembled Officers. The digital POV camera picks up the
shot.

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

(back to the pack)

...Twenty-one-thirty-hours last
night. Did anyone spot anything
out of the ordinary? Anything at
all? Anything different? Any
strangers in town? I need to know.

A voice shouts-out from outside the perimeter.

MAN IN CROWD

What about the fucking immigrants?
Check out the Muslims.

The subjective POV pans urgently to capture the man who
shouted this and Mohammed quickly backs away. Aurora
looks across at the shouter with obvious disgust, before
turning back to Daltry.

AURORA

We're a vacation spot, Special
Agent.

Seth looks on.

LB DALTRY

I don't care. Hope is not a big
place. Who was out and about on
the island after twenty-one-thirty
hours last night? Who were they?
Where were they? And who were they
with?

AURORA

Copy that.

Daltry goes back to addressing the assembled officers.

LB DALTRY

In addition, speak to anyone who
was involved with this morning's
search parties. Did they spot
anything unusual?

(MORE)

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

I need us to identify anyone who left the island earlier today. The clock is ticking, people. Time is of the essence. Our immediate actions could make or break this case.

The mass of police officers immediately disperse. Daltry turns to Aurora.

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

Immigrants..?

AURORA

We have a small Muslim community, mostly Middle Eastern war refugees, settled by the government, here on Hope. They live in an ex-government facility, set-up as a migrant camp, a 'supposed' dispersal facility. It's located on the other side of the island.

LB DALTRY

A dispersal facility..? Jesus. Is there any CCTV in that area?

AURORA

Not that I know of.

LB DALTRY

So much for us being the most technologically advanced nation in the world. We need to get the victim's body...

AURORA

Her name's Regan.

LB DALTRY

You know her?

AURORA

No, but I know the family.

LB DALTRY

Okay, well until her body is formally identified, let's refer to her as the victim. Doc?

PATHOLOGIST

Yeah?

The Pathologist is packing her medical bag.

LB DALTRY

You gotta name? What d'you think?

PATHOLOGIST

Helen Anderson, MD - It's definitely murder. Pre-pubescent female, aged approximately 7 to 8 years old, dressed only in her underwear. Bound and gagged utilizing a mixture of duck tape and cable-ties.

LB DALTRY

Any evidence of sexual activity?

Aurora turns on Daltry, disgusted.

AURORA

She's seven year's old, for Christ's sake!

The Pathologist dismisses her naive comment.

PATHOLOGIST

I can't answer that right now.

LB DALTRY

Cause of death, Doc?

PATHOLOGIST

Can't be specific.

The Pathologist and Daltry lock eyes on each other. The Doc eventually makes a decision.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Ligature marks on her neck and wrists. Scratches, heavy bruising. I'll confirm following my autopsy. The perpetrator probably didn't think she'd surface anytime soon.

LB DALTRY

How long was she under?

PATHOLOGIST

Not long. Tried to weigh her down with rocks.

Daltry's look says, 'Takes a special kind of monster to do something like that'.

LB DALTRY

Can you estimate time of death?

PATHOLOGIST

Not more than four or five hours,
I'd say. I'll know soon enough.

Daltry needs answers.

LB DALTRY

No wild animals got to her?

PATHOLOGIST

She doesn't appear to have bled
out much. If she had, then I would
have expected more predator
activity.

LB DALTRY

Any I.D.?

PATHOLOGIST

No.

LB DALTRY

Doc, I'm gonna need you to
accompany the victim's body in a
helicopter to *Portsmouth*. We need
your answers, ASAP.

PATHOLOGIST

(totally impressed)
Okay. Never got to fly in a
helicopter before.

LB DALTRY

Chief?

AURORA

Special Agent?

LB DALTRY

We'd better inform the
grandparents we've found a body.
Can you arrange to get an family
member across to *Portsmouth* to
I.D. the victim?

AURORA

No problem.

LB DALTRY

Straight away, please.

AURORA

Copy that. I'll have one of my men
accompany her father. The mother
lives somewhere in *Boston*.

LB DALTRY

Get her here.

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP

SUPER` : 15:00

Mohammed arrives back - His arrival spotted by the eagle-
eyed Imam, who crosses to intercept him.

THE IMAM

Mohammed, wait. You missed morning
prayers, and not for the first
time. Where have you been?

MOHAMMED BOUJRAD

(replies in Arabic)
Salayt fi alghaba.

THE IMAM

We agreed we must master the
language of our new homeland. I
know you speak English.

Mohammed thinks about this.

MOHAMMED BOUJRAD

America will never be our 'home',
Imam.

THE IMAM

How did you get out? I personally
locked and chained the gate.

MOHAMMED BOUJRAD

I could not sleep, so I went for a
walk in the woods to clear my
mind. That is all.

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The grandfather clock chimes three. Aurora and Daltry are
standing inside the front door when Sally and Joe lead
Irene down the stairs - Irene spots them and hurries
across to Aurora.

GRANDMA IRENE

Aurora, have you...

Aurora raises her head. Irene can see the look on her face.

GRANDMA IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh, no. No. No. Joe....?

Joe hurries over to her and they cling fast to each other.

I/E. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

Mya hits a key then desperately stares down at the *Hope Falls* Facebook page:

'Police have apparently found a child's body...'

MYA

Noooooooooooooo...

She staggers to her front door. Opens it and rushes around her floor, her clenched fist crashing on other apartment doors. No-one answers.

MYA (CONT'D)

Help me, please, my daughter! I
need money to reactivate my cell.
It's my daughter. Please..
Somebody...

She bangs on the remaining door. A voice comes back at her from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

Go away. Druggie!

EXT. THE WOODS - AFTERNOON

SUPER: 16:30

A larger number of TV NEWS CREWS have gathered. But Dan Snow has got there first.

DAN SNOW

Al Largo lives on Hope. Al, tell
us what you know?

AL LARGO

Well, some Muslim refugees arrived
on the island recently... We want
them out.

DAN SNOW

Okay, Al, but have you any idea
what *actually* happened here?

Al takes a second to think about the question.

AL LARGO

It just doesn't bear thinking
about. This is the first murder I
can ever remember. I know the
family. It's a damn shame.

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

The social media thread goes mad as Mya sits transfixed
to her screen, her mascara cascading down her cheeks. She
types:

'That's my daughter.'

A reply comes back:

'OMG - What a horrible way to find out. I'm so Sorry'.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: 17:00

Aurora and Daltry walk into her office to find the Mayor
already settled there. He wastes no time:

HARRY

This is just terrible. Terrible!

Daltry is intrigued.

LB DALTRY

And who are you, sir?

AURORA

This is our mayor, Harry Mayer.
You want a coffee?

Aurora heads out to the coffee machine.

LB DALTRY

Lots of sugar! Mayor Mayer..?

HARRY

And just, who the hell are you?

LB DALTRY
Special Agent LB Daltry from the
FBI, Crimes Against Children's
Deployment unit. CARD for short.

HARRY
It's just that we're a little
suspicious of strangers at the
moment.

Aurora walks back into the room carrying two coffees -
She places one on the desk.

AURORA
Speak for yourself.

HARRY
That old mill gave employment to
hundreds over the years. We were a
thriving community once. The
fucking virus nearly finished us
off.

LB DALTRY
A scary time for people.

Daltry reaches for his coffee. Sips it and winces.

HARRY
I gotta talk to the press. They
want an interview.

LB DALTRY
Maybe you shouldn't say anything
just yet, Mr. Mayor. We don't
know...

Harry turns angrily on him.

HARRY
I'm the fucking mayor, for
Christ's sakes. They expect to
hear from me.

Daltry shoots him an experienced warning...

LB DALTRY
Then be very careful what you say.

EXT. HOPE FALLS ICE CREAM PARLOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Dan Snow interviews a YOUNG MOTHER, whose obese YOUNG
GIRL is licking the biggest ice cream cone ever seen.

YOUNG MOTHER

It's paradise here, beautiful.
There's hardly any crime. People's
doors are left unlocked. My mom
wouldn't even know where her keys
are. But everybody's real edgy
right now.

DAN SNOW

Do you feel safe?

Looking down at her child.

YOUNG MOTHER

You put them to bed at night and
think they're safe. Imagine waking
up one morning and she's gone..?

The child looks up, laughing, her face smothered in ice
cream.

INT. PORTSMOUTH MORGUE - EARLY EVENING

A wall clock shows, 18:00. The Pathologist pulls back the
sheet and looks down at the small body lying on the
table. She takes hold of a limp hand, un-bags it and
gently turns it over.

We can see from her eyes she has spotted something. Vague
ligature marks on the girl's wrist. She turns on an
overhead microphone.

PATHOLOGIST

Helen Anderson, MD, performing the
autopsy of an approximately
seven/eight-year-old Caucasian
female. This post-mortem
examination will be performed
under the authorization of the
Office of the Chief Medical
Examiner of the State of New
Hampshire.

We do not ever see the little girl's face.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Now let's find out what happened
to you, little one.

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

Meta thread posts are starting to come in thick and fast.
A user posts a link:

*'Police hunting for the girl say a body has been found.
It's all over TV.'*

MYA

Shit!

Visibly upset, Mya suddenly remembers she has a TV. She reaches for a remote and flips channels until she finds a local news channel.

EXT. HOPE FALLS TOWN - EARLY EVENING

AUDIO: The island's radio station plays solemn music, accompanied by a reminder the church is open for quiet contemplation.

EXT. HOPE FALLS CHURCH - EARLY EVENING

The CHURCH CLOCK: 17:55 The PASTOR tries to articulate the community's sense of shock to a TV REPORTER.

PASTOR

Hope has always been such a safe place. It's probably one of the safest places in the entire world. We're a great community, where everybody knows each other. There's just no context for this. We're stunned.

EXT. CITY HALL - EARLY EVENING

The Mayor is attempting to conduct a positive sounding press briefing outside City Hall... And failing miserably. Aurora stands to one side.

HARRY

...I must reiterate that this matter is still being treated as unexplained at this time. However, I would like to reassure the public that this type of incident is incredibly rare on Hope. Things like this don't normally happen here. It's a terrible shock to the entire community.

DAN SNOW

Mayor? Can you confirm the body is
that of Regan Fraser?

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

Mya is watching the news broadcast from her apartment,
tears streaming down her face. She reaches for a half-
empty bottle of wine. It's a lonesome tableau.

Aurora cuts in on TV.

AURORA

(on TV)

The victim's body has not as yet
been formally identified.

MYA

(interrupting)

She's my fucking daughter!

EXT. HOPE FALLS CITY HALL

The Mayor is struggling to contain the frenzied Press.

HARRY

...a large police team and FBI
investigators are now working to
ascertain the circumstances
leading up to the death of this
poor young girl. We still don't
know if this was an accident or
something else.

DAN SNOW

Something else..? What are you
suggesting, Mayor Miller?

Harry is badly thrown out-of-kilt.

HARRY

Absolutely Nothing... I'm not
suggesting anything.

Confused. Out of his depth. Aurora steps in.

AURORA

If anyone has any information that
they believe might aid our
investigation, we need them to get
in touch with my office.

(MORE)

AURORA (CONT'D)

No matter how insignificant they think it might be.

DAN SNOW

Acting Chief Zane? What steps are you currently taking in case this investigation becomes...
'something else'?

Harry folds and crosses his arms. Tight.

AURORA

My officers and those of the County Sheriff are now working closely with the FBI. Additional police officers will be in the area in case anyone has any specific worries, so please speak to them.

DAN SNOW

Do you suspect foul play?

Aurora ignores the question.

AURORA

We are also aware that once the alarm was raised, a large number of islanders assisted with the search...

The Mayor has regained his confidence. He interrupts Aurora, which really her.

HARRY

...And we're incredibly grateful to all of them. I'm sure that things will get back to the way they've always been, pretty quick. In fact, I'm confident they will.

The newsmen are not giving up...

DAN SNOW

Should vacationers be concerned?

HARRY

No, of course not!

(BEAT)

Well... everyone should obviously take extra care.

Pressing home their advantage...

DAN SNOW
Should the public be worried, Mr.
Mayor..?

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS

Mya's pain soars out of her body.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. AURORA ZANE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SUPER: 19:00

Drew walks towards the front door, carrying a wineglass in each hand. He switches the glasses to one hand and opens the door. A MAN (early 20s, good-looking) stands posing in the door frame.

He gives Drew a cheeky wave with the fingers of one hand and enters, caressing Drew's nose with a single finger as he walks straight past him into the Living Room. Drew swings the door, closed.

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP - EVENING

Daltry's sedan follows Aurora's cruiser and they pull-up outside the gates. Car doors open.

The Muslim men start to gather. The women retreat into their huts. Daltry wastes no time.

LB DALTRY

I'm FBI Special Agent, LB Daltry.
I'd like to speak to whoever's in
charge here?

The Imam hurries forward. A crowd gathers round.

THE IMAM

Can I help you?

Daltry is joined by Aurora and Daltry's team.

LB DALTRY

You in charge, sir?

The Imam looks around the surrounding group. No one challenges his seniority.

THE IMAM

I am the Imam.

LB DALTRY

As-salaam 'alaykum.

Both Aurora and The Imam are shocked by his greeting. The Imam replies politely in English.

THE IMAM

And also with you.

LB DALTRY

I'm informed you lock your gates here each night.

THE IMAM

That is correct, Agent. Chained and locked. Every night.

LB DALTRY

It's Special Agent.

THE IMAM

My apologies, *Special Agent*. We were the subject of much intimidation when we first arrived here. We thought it best.

LB DALTRY

I apologize for that, sir.

THE IMAM

You were not responsible, Special Agent. Fear is something we expected to leave behind us. However there appears to be no escape. Even here, in the United States of America, so we lock our gates. We feel safer that way.

LB DALTRY

And your gates were definitely locked last night?

THE IMAM

I locked them myself.

LB DALTRY

So nobody could get either in or out?

Mohammed stares nervously across at The Imam, who takes a moment to form his reply.

THE IMAM

That is correct, Special Agent. I have the only key. Why do you ask?

LB DALTRY

Were all of your people accounted for last night, sir?

The Imam considers his answer. He can see that Mohammed is visibly nervous.

THE IMAM

They were, Special Agent. Everyone was safely locked inside.

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - EVENING

Joe is hugging an inconsolable Irene as on the sofa.

INT. AURORA ZANE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The man seductively unbuttons his shirt as Drew looks on, admiringly.

Drew crosses to the young man, kneels down in front of him and starts to unbuckle his belt.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/INVESTIGATION ROOM - EVENING

SUPER: 20:30

Aurora, Daltry and his team are drinking stale coffee and react accordingly.

LB DALTRY

Your coffee sucks, Acting Chief. You're gonna have to do something about it real soon, if you want to make it a permanent promotion.

Aurora smiles as he shouts over his shoulder.

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

I want my coffee machine set-up. Got that?

DULCIE

Copy that, LB. Want a *Tic Tac*?

LB DALTRY

Big Berry?

DULCIE

Evergreen.

LB DALTRY

Keep 'em.

EXT. HOLDERNESS COUNTY MORGUE - EVENING

Hank steps out the door, obviously in shock, comforted by Lindy-Loo and a POLICE OFFICER.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/INVESTIGATION ROOM - EVENING

BANDERAS, the youngest member of Daltry's team arrives stacked with pizza boxes.

LB DALTRY
Banderas?

BANDERAS
LB..?

LB DALTRY
Tell me you didn't buy Hawaiian?

BANDERAS
You got a problem with pineapple?

LB DALTRY
Only on pizza.

AURORA
I'm with Special Agent Daltry on that.

LB DALTRY
Call me, LB. It'll save us both a truck-load of time.

AURORA
Aurora.

LB DALTRY
I know.

Daltry turns away as Banderas clears a desk to make room for the pizza boxes.

DULCIE
It's just morally wrong.

BANDERAS
Save it, Dulcie, you don't even like pizza!

DULCIE
I do, when I haven't had anything else to eat all day.

AURORA

I don't care anymore. I'm so
hungry. Just open the box.

Banderas does as he's told - It's sausage and mushroom.

Daltry removes his jacket. His left shoulder is heavily
strapped-up across his right-side, which he now
exercises.

Aurora can't help staring - Daltry catches her.

LB DALTRY

What..? Any trivia you'd
particularly care to enquire
about? My inseam? Bra-size
perhaps..?

AURORA

(trying to cover her
embarrassment)

It's been over two hours. What's
taking so long?

She picks up a pizza slice.

INT. HOLDERNESS MORGUE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Pathologist sighs and places a sheet over the little
girl's body. Heads over to a wall-mounted telephone.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/INVESTIGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Daltry's cell rings.

LB DALTRY

Daltry. Talk to me.

Aurora stares directly at him. He slowly shakes his head.

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Doc. Email me your
report ASAP.

He hangs up.

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

Death was caused by strangulation.
Scratches were from branches and
twigs.

Aurora puts her barely eaten pizza slice back in the box.

INT. MYA POWELL'S BOSTON APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS -
EVENING

A knock comes at her door and Mya staggers to open it.

Two uniformed local POLICE OFFICERS are on the other side. Mya realizes why they're there. First she whimpers, then a full-bloodied, agonized roar escapes her mouth.

MYA

Nooooooooooooo!

She falls to her knees.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/INVESTIGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
SUPER: 21:30

LB DALTRY

You ready for this?

Aurora does not answer.

LB DALTRY

Chief...

Daltry continues talking to her, believing he has her full attention. Although his lips move, we hear only SILENCE - Out of which rises a faint twinkling, ringing, high-pitched sound. The sound crescendos to fill Aurora's head.

FLASHBACK B&W: HOPE BEACH - DAY

The upturned quad bike's tire spin freely by itself. The Father, now revealed as Drew (badly injured and crying) crawls frantically towards it, as the Mother, revealed as Aurora, runs like a demon, screaming, across the sand to where the accident has taken place.

BACK TO SCENE:

Aurora stares ahead. Expressionless.

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

Chief..? Did you hear what I just said?

Aurora snaps out of it. Makes a decision and owns-up.

AURORA

(hesitantly)

I can't do this. I'll be no use to you.

LB DALTRY
Sure you will.

AURORA
(decidedly)
No I won't.

She looks nervously around the room.

AURORA (CONT'D)
I've never worked a homicide
before, none of my guys have.

This statement brings activity in the room to a halt.
Daltry's team look up, unbelieving.

BRIAN
What the..?

Daltry immediately raises his arm, instantly silencing
him.

LB DALTRY
I know. I checked you out. You
need to do this, Aurora. We need
your local knowledge. You're the
one person who could help us catch
this bastard and possibly prevent
another parent from losing a
child.

Aurora stares blankly back.

FLASHBACK: HOPE BEACH - DAY

A distraught Aurora cradles her lifeless son in her arms.

BACK TO SCENE:

AURORA
We spend our working lives on Hope
handing out parking tickets,
dealing with traffic violations.
The worst thing that ever happens
here might involve me saving some
cat stuck up a tree.

LB sighs.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Oh, it may not be a fulfilling
existence for the likes of you,
LB, but Hope Chief of Police, is
probably 'it' for me.
(MORE)

AURORA (CONT'D)

I just don't have the experience
you need.

Daltry's not interested or listening. He looks her back
straight in the eye.

LB DALTRY

Well, you're in it now, Chief, up-
to-your-neck! You better listen-up
real good and ask lots of
questions. That way, you might
just learn something and at the
same time, discover you have a
whole lot more to offer than you
realize.

AURORA

But...

I/E. AURORA ZANE'S POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Aurora and Daltry ride together in silence. A tear slips
down her face.

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Aurora's vehicle pulls up outside.

INT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

The doorbell rings. Sally opens it. Aurora and Daltry
stand at the entrance. The Grandfather clock chimes ten.

SALLY

Hi, Aurora. Come in, come in.

Regan's grandparents sit huddled together on the sofa.

AURORA

Irene. Joe. We have some news.
It's better you hear it from us,
rather than on TV.

EXT. REGAN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank and Lindy-Loo get out of a police vehicle. Hank is
in deep shock, supported by a POLICE OFFICER to one side
and Lindy-Loo on the other. Aurora and Daltry cross over
to him.

AURORA

Hank. We just told them.

Hank looks up and simply nods his head.

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

The Imam is locking the gates, as the Muezzin commences the final evening call-to-prayer. The chant continues throughout until the end of the episode.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: 22:30

Aurora and Daltry enter the room to be met by a hail of questions from the PRESS. They take up their positions.

LB DALTRY

Good evening. This is Hope Falls Acting Chief of Police, Aurora Zane. I am FBI Special Agent, LB Daltry, in charge of this investigation. I'm with *CARD*. For the uninitiated amongst you, that's the FBI *Child Abduction Response Deployment team*. I apologize for taking so long to meet with you to answer your questions, but we wanted to be sure of our facts before reporting back.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan Snow jumps in with a question.

DAN SNOW

Special Agent Daltry? Is it...

Daltry quickly turns and shuts him up with a glare.

LB DALTRY

We will answer questions, sir, once we have completed our statement.

EXT. THE MUSLIM MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

The Imam catches Mohammed jumping down from the high wire fence. Mohammed spots the Imam staring directly at him. There's a moment.

LB DALTRY (V.O.)

A post-mortem examination carried out earlier today in Portsmouth, on an approximately seven or eight-year-old Caucasian female, completed a short time ago.

Mohammed quickly unrolls his mat to join the others. His bag beside him. Regan's soft toy sticks out the top.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Daltry continues with his statement.

LB DALTRY (V.O.)

I can now confirm that the female child's body recovered earlier today at the Old Wood Mill, was...

SMASH CUT:

LB DALTRY

...NOT that of seven-year-old Regan Fraser...

Camera flashes go wild. There's UPROAR!

INT. GREGG SCHWARZT'S BARRACKS ROOM - NIGHT

Gregg is watching on TV.

LB DALTRY (V.O.)

...who was first reported missing at zero-five-thirty-hours this morning.

Tears stream down his face.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Daltry has to raise his voice to be heard.

LB DALTRY

We are now treating this as both a homicide and kidnap investigation, while we continue to hunt for the still missing, Regan Fraser.

The Press go crazy.

INT. MOHAMMED'S SHACK - NIGHT

Muhammed and his WIFE (late 20s) place the soft toy gently next to their BABY.

LB DALTRY (V.O.)

For a young girl to have her life cut short, is utterly incomprehensible. As yet, the identity of the murder victim is unknown, but we will immediately double our efforts to establish who she is.

INT. GREGG SCHWARZT'S BARRACKS ROOM - NIGHT

Gregg gets himself a beer from his fridge. He angrily slams the door closed and crosses back to stand in front of his TV.

LB DALTRY (V.O.)

This case has been elevated to the FBI's highest priority. You can be sure that all of our considerable resources are being brought to bare in this situation. We are deploying extra teams in the hunt for both Regan, and the murderer of the currently unidentified victim...

EXT. HOPE BACKSTREET - MOMENTS LATER

A mist is getting up from the sea. A lone indistinguishable figure wanders away down a dark street.

INT. HOPE FALLS POLICE/BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

LB DALTRY

(shouting over the noise)

(MORE)

LB DALTRY (CONT'D)

The killer and abductor can run,
but can't hide. We will not stop
until we catch the perpetrator of
these heinous crimes, which we are
treating as a crime-in-action.
That means that everything else is
subordinate to us finding Regan
Fraser, ALIVE!

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE ONE