

MISSING

by

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EXT. CRAIG'S FRONT YARD - DAY

A worn photograph of CRAIG, 25-30; LINDA, 25-30; and Rochelle, their daughter, 6, holding a STUFFED ANIMAL. They are all standing together, smiling. Craig is holding a box labeled "Rochelle's toys" and Linda is holding a box labeled "handle with care". A sedan and a minivan are parked in the driveway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRAIG'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

The same distance shot of the same home but now the grass is overgrown, and only a sedan is parked unevenly in the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A close-up of a toaster. Two slices of toast pop up. A hand grabs them.

CRAIG (O.S.)

Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig, now with greasy hair, tired eyes, and overgrown stubble, throws the toast onto a messy table and blows on his hands. He grabs a FLASK from the table and takes a swig, then takes a bite of toast.

INT. WERNER'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A close up of a ADELAIDE WERNER, 25-40, serving french toast. She is a thin, pale woman who's begun to gray. Her crows' feet lead to brilliantly and undeniably BLUE eyes.

ADELAIDE (O.C.)  
Maddie! Abby! Breakfast is ready!

DAVID WERNER, 45-60, dressed in a suit, sits at the table.  
Adelaide kisses him on the cheek.

DAVID  
(smiling)  
Good morning.

ADELAIDE  
(smiling)  
Good morning, honey.

DAVID  
Do you have the Sunday paper?

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S DINING ROOM

Craig takes a bite out of the toast. He pokes through the piles of magazines and papers on the table and pulls out a newspaper. He starts reading it for a moment, takes another swig from the flask, and continues reading.

CUT TO:

INT. WERNER'S DINING ROOM

MADDIE, 6, and ABBY, 8, run into the dining room. They stop and walk over to their father, who is reading a newspaper, and kiss him on the cheek.

ABBY & MADDIE  
Good morning, daddy.

DAVID  
Aww, good morning darlings. Now sit down, mommy has your breakfast.

ADELAIDE  
Yes, and eat quickly. We don't want to be late for Church.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S LIVING ROOM

Craig walks into his messy living room from his dining room, stuffing the last bits of toast into his mouth.

On a shelf sits some dusty framed family photos, mostly featuring Rochelle.

Craig stumbles over the STUFFED ANIMAL Rochelle held in the picture, it's color has faded and one eye is missing.

Craig wipes his eyes.

INT. WERNER'S DINING ROOM

David is putting on one of Maddie's shoes by the front door.

DAVID  
(yelling)  
Adelaide, you have the keys?

He looks up and sees Adelaide holding out car keys.

ADELAIDE  
Yes.

David stands and kisses Adelaide.

DAVID  
You know Addie, I don't say this  
enough, but finding you is the best  
thing that ever happened to me.

The Werners leave, David walks out the front door last.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

Craig slams his front door behind him and throws his newspaper on the ground. He opens his car door.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A removable police siren sits in the passenger seat. A flask is thrown into the passenger seat and hits the siren.

Craig wipes his mouth and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - LATER

Craig's car skids into a parking spot. He stumbles out of his car and heads to the church.

CUT TO:

INT. SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Craig, starkly under dressed, weaves through FAMILIES who are looking for seats and greeting friends. He scans the room then stops.

David Werner is seated with his family in the first row.

The PRIEST, 60s, walks to the podium.

PRIEST

Please take your seats.

Craig finds his way to a seat a few rows behind the Werners. The priest begins speaking. Craig waves his hand as he sits down.

CUT TO:

CONTINUOUS

Close-up of LIEUTENANT BROWN, 50s, seated in a pew with HIS FAMILY, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

CONTINUOUS

Craig sits down. Linda is sitting next to him and looks surprised.

LINDA  
(whispering)  
Craig! What are you doing here?

CRAIG  
Jesus Christ. What? So you're all  
religious now?

A hush from the FAMILY behind him.

LINDA  
Shhh! Are you serious?

CRAIG  
(whispering)  
Yes.

LINDA  
Oh my god. Craig, I've been coming  
since before we got separated. You  
don't remember that whole argument?

LINDA (CONT'D)  
I said that if I can't turn to you I  
need to turn elsewhere.

CRAIG  
Oh.

The congregation laughs at one of the priest's comments.

PRIEST  
But in all seriousness, our righteous  
friend David Werner has a request on  
behalf of the congregation's charity  
fund. David has been the head of the  
fund for 5 years now, and he's really  
grown it to become something very  
worthy of your patronage. Please lend  
your ears to David.

Craig watches David ascend the podium.

CRAIG  
Lin, I want things to be like they  
used to be.

LINDA  
Shit, Craig. When a child goes missing  
parents are supposed to grieve  
together.

CRAIG  
I might have been a little distant.

DAVID  
Thank you, Father.

LINDA  
You hid from me to stalk an innocent man.

CRAIG  
He's a suspect.

LINDA  
No he's the head of my church's charity fund.

DAVID  
For those of you who don't know, our annual auction is next month...

David's voice continues in the background.

CRAIG  
Look I think I can link him to-

LINDA  
To some 20 year old kidnapping?

CRAIG  
Yes!

Those seated behind him hush him again.

LINDA  
Craig, you've been stalking this man for a year and you can't even get a search warrant for his home.

CRAIG  
No Linda, I've been going about this the wrong way but now-

LINDA  
I chat with Adelaide. Rochelle played soccer with their daughter Maddie.

DAVID  
But this year we want to double that amount...

CRAIG

But that doesn't mean he didn't take our daughter.

LINDA

But he didn't. And even if he did then she couldn't be found. (holds back the tears)

DAVID

So to raise extra funds, the choir will be recording and selling a record...

LINDA

She's been missing for over a year now and you need to stop this.

CRAIG

Don't you want closure? You don't want that Linda? Or a least for some other parents, even if they went through it 20 years ago.

LINDA

You don't want closure. You want to ruin that man's family because you're jealous. But you've embarrassed him enough.

CRAIG

He started building a shed just two weeks before the kidnapping.

LINDA

So what? Do you hear yourself? Anyone could build a tool shed Craig. It's not so weird.

CRAIG

But it is to sound proof it! I've seen this kind of shed many times Linda. So many times I've kicked down the door to one of those things to see some of the saddest things I could say. Say what you want but I won't stop looking for her.

LINDA

This isn't looking for her.



Craig reaches in his pocket and pulls out his flask. People seated around him turn their heads toward him.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

CRAIG  
You can't tell?

Linda tries to shield herself and turns away from Craig as he drinks his flask. David's voice is still heard in back.

Dissolves through shots of the priest delivering his sermon, of Craig and Linda as Craig drinks through the service, and of Lieutenant Brown staring down Craig.

DISSOLVE TO:

SANCTUARY  
Craig asleep in the pew. He wakes up as MAN tries to walk by him.

CRAIG  
Is it over?

MAN  
Well the Father finished his sermon if that's-

Craig pushes by the man.

Aerial shot of Craig running through the crowded church towards the confession booth. A hand reaches for him.

Tight on Craig's HAND pulling out of Lieutenant Brown's loose GRIP and out of the frame.

Craig looks back.

Lieutenant Brown clutching his fist as he looks at Craig.

Craig hurdles in front of someone before they step into the confession booth.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Craig bursts into the confession booth with the priest on the other side.

CRAIG

Hello, Father.

PRIEST

Hello, my son. Tell me your sins.

CRAIG

Sorry Father, that's not how this one's gonna go. I have some questions for you. Has David Werner ever confessed to you?

PRIEST

Son, that's not how this works. I can't discuss others.

CRAIG

(pressing his badge against the screen)

This is how this works. I'm with the goddam police. Now tell me about David Werner.

PRIEST

Son, if you'd like to talk to me this is not how to go about it.

CRAIG

Did he ever confess about Maryanne Lewis? Remember her? The little girl who went missing around 20 years ago?

PRIEST

For Heaven's sake! It's our Lord's day and this is unlawful.

CRAIG

Did Mr. Werner ever say anything about her? What about my daughter? Remember her?

PRIEST

Get out. I have an oath, and furthermore what you're implying about David Werner is disgraceful. Get out of my church.

CRAIG  
Now Father-

PRIEST  
(yelling)  
Get out!

An aerial shot of the booth. The priest runs out of his own and into Craig's booth.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Get out! You can't just come in-

Craig tumbles out of the confession booth into a woman's feet. The congregants stare at the scene. The priest steps out of the booth still yelling.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
-and throw your badge around!  
(panting)

Questions can harm people.

Craig looks and sees that the woman he fell into was Adelaide Werner. Looking UP at her, Adelaide goes 'hmph!' and drapes her dress tighter against her legs protectively. Craig disentangles himself from the rustle of her dress, stands up and brushes himself off.

Linda and Lieutenant Brown are seen among the crowd of people looking at Craig.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPT. - CRAIG'S OFFICE - MORNING

Craig is flipping through a manila folder and walking out the door. As he turns around he bumps into Lieutenant Brown.

LIEUTENANT BROWN  
Heading out already?

CRAIG  
Actually I-

LIEUTENANT BROWN  
Craig, obviously we need to talk about  
Sunday.

The Lieutenant leads Craig back into his office. Loose papers are falling off his desk, extra corkboards are placed around

the room, all covered with PHOTOS OF ROCHELLE AND MARYANNE LEWIS. They sit down.

LIEUTENANT BROWN (CONT'D)

Listen, Craig, I know you've gone through a lot recently. That's why you should be taking it easy, spending time with your wife. Not going on wild goose chases that expired twenty years ago.

CRAIG

This isn't nonsense, lieutenant. Maryanne Lewis' body was never found. We can't have violent men loose.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

I know that.

CRAIG

No one was ever brought to justice!

LIEUTENANT BROWN

Craig, it's enough. Listen to me. I know David. I knew David 20 years ago. He goes to my church- as I'm sure you know. He did not murder- it sounds even ridiculous to say- he did not murder that girl. And he sure as hell didn't kill Rochelle! (pause) Look, I understand what you're going through.

LIEUTENANT BROWN (CONT'D)

And I want to let you do your job, but if you think I'm going to let you booze into my church and embarrass the department and I won't finally draw the line then you have another thing coming!

CRAIG

First of all, don't say you understand what I'm going through. And secondly, yes, let me do my job.

Craig, hands on his seat's armrests, starts to push himself up and out of the chair. Lieutenant Brown grabs his sleeve.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

Fine. Then do your job. Find your daughter. What you have been doing is

not that. It's a futile obsession.

CRAIG

Fuck off.

Craig frees his arm and storms out. At the door way he turns to Lt. Brown.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

What if he did take my daughter?

LIEUTENANT BROWN

You're insane.

Craig storms out.

INT. POLICE DEPT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lieutenant Brown rushes to the doorway of Craig's office and juts his torso into the hallway.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

If you don't stop this I'll have your badge Offerson!

CRAIG

I said fuck off!

LIEUTENANT BROWN

It's not a joke it's the peace of a man's home!

EXT. STREET CORNER - MORNING

A minivan parks near a circle of KIDS chatting and some MOTHERS hugging their children.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Seen through a car window, Adelaide, Abby and Maddie step out of a mini van.

Craig is looking out the window. Drinks from his flask.

## STREET CORNER

Adelaide hands her daughters their lunches and crouches down to talk to them and hug them 'goodbye'.

## CRAIG'S CAR

Another swig. He wipes a tear.

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Adelaide and other mothers are waving at and blowing kisses towards the bus as it drives away. She stands watching the bus disappear around the corner while the other mothers shuffle to their cars. Craig pulls up next to Adelaide as she starts walking.

## CRAIG

Mrs. Werner?

She keeps walking.

## CRAIG (CONT'D)

Mrs. Adelaide Werner? Is that your name?

Craig inches along beside her.

## CRAIG (CONT'D)

Is David Werner your husband?

## ADELAIDE

I know who you are. You're the cop from church. What do you want.

## CRAIG

Do you have some time? I'd like to ask you a few questions about your husband.

## ADELAIDE

About David? Sorry, but I actually need to get home. There's not much to know anyway.

He flashes his badge.

CRAIG

I think you have time. Get in the passenger seat.

ADELAIDE

What's this all about? Am I under arrest?

CRAIG

Sure. Now get in the car.

ADELAIDE

For what? What did I do?

Craig gets out of the car and tries to force her in. She resists. The mothers stepping into their cars turn their heads.

CRAIG

Just get in.

ADELAIDE

Stop pushing me into the car! I don't like that. I'll get in myself.

INT. POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Adelaide is sitting in a bare room behind a table. Craig is questioning her. Behind Craig is tinted glass.

CRAIG

Okay, then, Mrs. Werner, do you have any idea why you I wanted to talk with you?

ADELAIDE

No I don't.

CRAIG

Off the top of your head you don't think there's anything pressing reason that I might be interested with you or your husband.

ADELAIDE

No, I told you I don't. I don't know why I need to be here. We're good people. And we even have kids of our own now.

CRAIG

That's wonderful. I have a daughter too. I haven't seen her for four hundred-thirteen days though.

ADELAIDE

I don't know anything about your daughter.

CRAIG

Really? You didn't hear she went missing?

ADELAIDE

No.

CRAIG

It was pretty big news, Mrs. Werner. I wouldn't have imagined that someone in town hadn't heard the story.

ADELAIDE

I don't like these things.

CRAIG

'These things'? You mean bad things? You mean bad things happening to good people? This shit happens, Adelaide. Not picture pretty perfect enough for you? Could you imagine if Maddie was abducted?

ADELAIDE

Don't say that!

CRAIG

Could you imagine going to bed without a clue if you should say a prayer or not?

ADELAIDE

Don't talk about my children!

CRAIG

No! I want you to imagine this. No more Maddie. That's it. You don't have much other information. You wake up every morning and no Maddie. You don't know if today is another day your daughter won't see the sun or if today was the last day she'll see it. Her



absence is something stolen from you every day. Every fucking day. Every fucking moment you know that she's going through hell. And every time you look at her picture you realize she isn't looking at yours and that yesterday her image of you was less blurry. And you know that she might even miss you more than you miss her, because in the best case scenario her only human contact is with some pervert's-

ADELAIDE

Enough! I don't want to think about this! No bad things.

CRAIG

And not only do you not fucking know what that's like, you don't even know that Maddie's friend went missing? That's strange Mrs. Werner. Is that what you dreamed of as a little girl? A perfect house with no bad things?

ADELAIDE

That is what I thought of as a little girl. And now David makes it safe for me and our daughters. No threats.

CRAIG

By keeping you in the dark or by some other way?

ADELAIDE

He doesn't do that.

CRAIG

What? Do what, Adelaide?

ADELAIDE

He doesn't keep us in the dark.

CRAIG

Does David take care of threats another way? No? He's never, say, taken a little girl hostage for your safety?

INT. POLICE DEPT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE GORDAN, 30s, is sitting behind a one-way window watching Craig question Adelaide. Lieutenant Brown bursts into the room.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

Where in God's- (looks into the other room)

What the shit Gordan!?

DETECTIVE GORDAN

Hey, I tried! That man is aggressive as hell.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

Goddamit! Shit! You know some mothers called to say they saw a man forcibly get a woman into his car a by a school bus stop? I had cops out looking for fucking Craig to arrest him. What the hell are you out here for? You leave her with crazy?

Lieutenant Brown tries to open the door to the interrogation room but can't.

DETECTIVE GORDAN

Oh yeah and he fucked up the door.

CUT TO:

POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ADELAIDE

No! No! No! No! No! We don't talk of those things anymore. It's different now. I'm a mom I need to be happy.

CRAIG

So he didn't talk about such horrible events?

ADELAIDE

We don't talk about it anymore.

CRAIG

What? About my daughter? About

Rochelle, Maddie's friend?

ADELAIDE

Don't mention my daughter!

POLICE DEPT. CONTROL ROOM

LIEUTENANT BROWN

That fucking asshole. Help me break  
down this fucking door!

POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM

CRAIG

What about before you were a mother?  
Do you remember talking about Maryanne  
Lewis?

ADELAIDE

No! Stop that! I don't remember her.

CRAIG

So you do remember Maryanne?

ADELAIDE

Stop calling her that! We don't talk  
about her anymore!

CRAIG

Who doesn't talk about her anymore?  
You and David?

ADELAIDE

I said we don't talk about her  
anymore!

POLICE DEPT. CONTROL ROOM

Brown and Gordon take turns running  
into the door.

POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM

CRAIG

Who? You and David? Why won't you?

ADELAIDE

Because she's gone. She's has to be a mother now.

CRAIG

Who does? Maryanne?

ADELAIDE

No more Maryanne! We don't call her that anymore! We don't call her that anymore! She can't come back.

CRAIG

Where did she go?

ADELAIDE

Her name is Adelaide! Don't call me Maryanne! Her name is Adelaide! I have to be a mother now! My husband is a safe man!

CRAIG

Oh my God. Maryanne...

POLICE DEPT. CONTROL ROOM

Brown and Gordon stop hitting the door.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

Gordon, go get someone to unhinge this door and get a DNA sampling from Mrs. Werner. (sighs) And send some cars to grab Mr. Werner.

POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ADELAIDE

Shut up! Don't touch my David! My name is Adelaide Werner! He's a father to my children! Don't hurt my daughters! Don't hurt their father!

CRAIG

Mar- Adelaide, what about my daughter? What about Rochelle?

ADELAIDE

Stay away from my family!

CRAIG

I know Adelaide, but try to listen to me. Where's Rochelle?

ADELAIDE

Stay away! Away!

CRAIG

I know. But Rochelle, where's Rochelle?

ADELAIDE

Stop it! You leave us alone!

CRAIG

Goddamit do you hear me? Where's my daughter? Where is my daughter? Where did David put my daughter?

ADELAIDE

Don't touch him! Please don't hurt him!

Craig tries to open the door but can't. He rams into it a few times with increasing speed.

ADELAIDE (CONT'D)

No! Don't go near-

Craig slams his hands against the door.

CRAIG

Goddamit! (screaming)

Where is she? Where the fuck is my daughter? Where the fuck is my daughter, Adelaide? Do you hear me?

ADELAIDE

(crying, hysterical)

No!!

Craig starts shaking Adelaide.

CRAIG

Where is she? Where the fuck is she? Where the fuck is my daughter?

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck is my fucking  
daughter?!

She's looks around in hysteria, unable to answer. Craig pulls his hands away from her and walks to the end of the room with his head down. He looks up and runs across the room as hard as he possibly can into the door.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Close up of the door. It budes a little out of the door frame.

Lieutenant Brown cocks his head to the door. Two CUSTODIANS enter the room, one is wielding a CROWBAR. Brown cocks his head to them.

LIEUTENANT BROWN  
Thank God you're here. That door.

INT. POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Craig is clutching his left shoulder in pain.

ADELAIDE  
Don't do that!

CRAIG  
Shut up!

Craig once more runs the length of the room to batter the door. He clutches his shoulder.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Ow!

The door starts wiggling.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Okay.

He walks to the other side of the room and starts his sprint.

## POLICE DEPT. CONTROL ROOM

The two custodians are bent over the door. One is wedging and wiggling the crowbar, the other is unhinging the door. The door shakes with a thump and they flinch.

CRAIG (O.S.)

Ow! Shit!

## POLICE DEPT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Craig is grasping his shoulder. Limping, apparently unable to move his left arm.

CRAIG

Come on!

He, with much effort, begins to sprint toward the door.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Rochelle!

## POLICE DEPT. CONTROL ROOM

Craig burst through the door. The door hits Custodian #1 and he is pushed hard into the wall behind the door. Craig, with no hesitation runs straight out of the room.

CUSTODIAN #2

Hey man.

LIEUTENANT BROWN

Offer- ah.

## INT. CRAIG'S CAR - DAY

Craig reaches over with his right hand into his left pocket and pulls out his keys. He tries to rotate his left shoulder but just winces. He starts the car and clutches the wheel with his right hand.

CRAIG

Here I come Rochelle.

Foot hits the pedal.

EXT. WERNER'S YARD - DAY

Craig's car skids into the drive way. Craig runs out to the front door. 3 cop cars park in the driveway.

Craig turns the door knob and opens the door. He holds his gun and runs in.

INT. WERNER'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Maddie and Abby are eating in the kitchen, They pause and stare at Craig running through.

EXT. WERNER'S BACKYARD

Craig stands before the shed. He readies his gun. A few slow, quiet steps towards the shed door and he stops.

He kicks the door down and runs in.

CRAIG  
Rochelle!

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Darkness.

CRAIG  
Rochelle?

Craig feels for a light switch. The lights go on.

There is an audio mixing station and some microphones. A CRUCIFIX and a FRAMED PHOTO of David Werner with the CHURCH CHOIR hang on the wall.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

R-  
Craig stands silent.



## WERNER'S BACKYARD

Craig is walking toward the house.

Lt. Brown approaches Craig.

## LIEUTENANT BROWN

Hey, I don't think-

## CRAIG

Yeah. I know.

Craig walks back into the house, through the

## WERNER'S DINING ROOM

He passes by Maddie and Abby, who are speaking to TWO COPS. Abby is holding Maddie, who is wailing tears and burrowing her face into her sister's shoulder. Maddie withdraws, snot and tears sticking to her reddening face, and catches sight of Craig walking past.

## EXT. WERNER'S YARD. - EVENING

The sun's begun to set and the sky is darker than it was when Craig arrived. Craig gets in his car.

## EXT. FRONT YARD

Same shot of Craig's house as earlier. Craig's car skids into his driveway. He gets out the car and walks through his front door, leaving it open.

## INT. CRAIG'S LIVING ROOM

Blue rays of light barely hit his family photographs. Dust flutters through the rays of light. Craig trudges across the room, trips over the Rochelle's stuffed animal. He picks it up and run his thumb across the spot of the missing eye. He presses the stuffed animal into his face. We hear sobs.

INT. CRAIG'S DINING ROOM

Craig walks into his dining room and plops down on a chair. His eyes are wet. He places the stuffed animal on his messy table.

CUT TO BLACK