

GIRL, STOLEN

"PILOT"

by Matt Witten

Based on the Novel GIRL, STOLEN

by April Henry

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TEASER

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A small, dirty bathroom with water running in the rusty sink. The window above the toilet is half-open. **CHEYENNE WILDER** - 18, pretty, but right now her deep brown eyes are full of fear - climbs up on the toilet seat. She sticks her head out the window.

Twenty feet below her, **DUKE** - a large, vicious pit bull mix - barks furiously at her, baring his teeth.

Suddenly: KNOCK on the door.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

Hey.

Cheyenne freezes, terrified. She's desperate to jump - but this dog would rip her to shreds.

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What are you doing in there?

As quietly as possible, she tries to force the window all the way open so she can jump through. But the warped wood resists. She throws all her weight into it - and the window suddenly flies upward, hitting the top sash with a loud BANG.

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(rattling the doorknob)

Open the door!

CHEYENNE

(panicked whisper)

Oh God.

She looks to the door, then back out the window.

EXT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Duke barks frantically, eager to attack the moment she jumps.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

(banging on the door)

Open up!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE DOOR as Griffin kicks at it from the other side. It splinters. He kicks again. The door flies open.

GRIFFIN LANG, 19, runs in. He's tough looking and hot - a young Mark Wahlberg. The scar going down his right cheek and the second one on his neck make him look dangerous and sexy.

He sees the bathroom is empty and the window is wide open. *Shit - she jumped!* He runs to the window.

GRIFFIN

You crazy bitch.

He climbs up on the toilet and swings his legs out the window, about to jump down to the ground -

But now that he's higher up, he can see over the faded shower curtain. And he sees:

Cheyenne hiding in the bathtub, crouching down low.

He comes back down from the window.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Get up.

Cheyenne is so frustrated at being caught, she gives an anguished HOWL.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Come on.

CHEYENNE

Don't touch me!

Griffin reaches down to pull her up. But Cheyenne grabs his arm and yanks him straight down into the bathtub with her. His head bangs into the tub as he falls.

Griffin shoves her backward and grabs the shower curtain to pull himself up. But the curtain rings pop and the curtain falls down on top of him so he can't see. Cheyenne punches his face - pow, right left right.

Griffin throws her off him - and her head thunks hard against the tile wall. He grabs her arms to stop her from punching, holding her in a viselike grip, so tight it hurts.

GRIFFIN

Don't make me hurt you.

Cheyenne head butts him - hard, knocking him backward.
Griffin reels in pain and lets go of her arms.

Off Cheyenne, jumping out of the bathtub -

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - EVENING

SUPER: "TWENTY HOURS EARLIER."

We're in a wealthy suburb of Portland with a small-town feel. Cheyenne runs alone on the track, fast and fluid, in her element - a natural runner.

Coming closer, we see Cheyenne is counting her steps under her breath as she runs.

CHEYENNE

Two four six eight seventy, two
four six eight eighty, two four
six -

She reaches the end of the long straightaway, so she turns left and starts counting again:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Two four six eight ten, two four -

A police siren shrieks nearby, to her right. She keeps on running and counting but turns her face toward the siren, not watching where she's going -

- just as a TWO-YEAR-OLD BOY jumps out from behind an equipment shed and runs into the track right in front of her, chasing a red ball. She's not looking at him - and she's about to barrel into him at full speed.

The Boy stares up at her wide eyed with fear. His MOM comes out from behind the shed and screams:

MOM

Max!!!

Cheyenne, alarmed, stops just in time. Three inches away from Max.

Mom races up and scoops the boy into her arms. He starts to whimper.

MOM (CONT'D)

Oh my God - Max!

(to Cheyenne)

What the hell is the matter with you? You almost killed my kid!

CHEYENNE

Well, what's he doing on the track?

MOM

What, this is *his* fault?

CHEYENNE

No, it's *your* fault! You should be paying attention to your kid!

MOM

He's a *baby*. You're almost an *adult*! Next time watch where you're going!

Cheyenne starts to laugh.

MOM (CONT'D)

You think it's *funny*?!

CHEYENNE

Yeah. "Watch where I'm going." I'm blind.

Mom gives an incredulous laugh.

MOM

Yeah right, you forgot your cane.

CHEYENNE

It tends to slow me down.

Mom looks at Cheyenne more closely.

MOM

But you were running.

CHEYENNE

Well, my legs still work.

Mom stares at Cheyenne, stunned. Holy shit - this girl is telling the truth. She's really blind.

MOM

Oh my God. I am sorry.

CHEYENNE

No worries.

MOM

I am so, so sorry.

CHEYENNE

Look, I gotta run. I was trying to
break five-thirty.

(waves)

Bye, Max. Be safe out there.

Mom and Max watch as Cheyenne starts running, picking up her
count where she left off.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Six eight twenty, two four six...

She finishes her run and heads up the steps, counting them:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Fourteen sixteen, *eighteen*.

That's the top step. Holding onto the railing, she walks up
to her German shepherd guide dog **GANDALF**, tied to a bike
stand. He's thrilled to see her, wagging his tail wildly.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Hey Gandalf. You missed some major
drama.

(pets him)

Last time that lady ever messes
with a blindie!

She gives him a treat and puts his harness on.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

So you ready to head home?

We go CLOSE ON HER EYES - CLOSER - EVEN CLOSER, diving into
her black PUPILS -

- and pop into her POV, which is:

**DARKNESS. Except for a thin vertical band of fuzzy grayish
stuff way off in the left periphery of her vision.**

In the darkness:

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

God, that breeze feels good, huh?
So let's go up Kirkland Street
today. I know you like those stinky
flowers.

We hear a ring tone - Miranda Lambert's "Kerosene".

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?

EXT. BARCELONA - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Hundreds of teenagers dance and party to the music of a hot Barcelona DJ, in a big park outside a medieval castle. **MAYA MURPHY** - 18, Cheyenne's best friend, bright and bubbly - is on the phone. Beside her are boyfriend **LUKE** - 18, all-American handsome - and sexy friend **ELIZA**, a beer in each hand and cute Spanish Guys dancing attendance. Everybody's buzzed and having a blast.

MAYA
Hey Cheyenne, it's me!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING - INTERCUT

Cheyenne gives a big smile into the phone. She stops to let Gandalf sniff some flowers.

CHEYENNE
Hey girl, what's up?

MAYA
Oh my God, guess who we ran into in Barcelona?

She holds her phone out and Eliza shouts into it:

ELIZA
Hi Chey!

CHEYENNE
Is that Eliza?

MAYA
Yeah, we're at this medieval *castle* with this amazing DJ! Whoa! Watch that beer!

Cheyenne is getting jealous, and Maya senses it.

MAYA (CONT'D)
But we miss you, girl. What are you up to? Everything good?

CHEYENNE
(lying)
Yeah, it's been a totally epic summer. Ridiculous number of parties!

MAYA
That is so cool! You meet any cute guys?

CHEYENNE

Far as I can tell, they're *all* cute!

MAYA

Oh you slut!

CHEYENNE

I'm getting ready to go dancing, I gotta run.

MAYA

Wear that shirt I gave you with the studs, okay? Love you, Cheyenne!

ELIZA

Yeah, love you, girl!

CHEYENNE

Love you too!

Cheyenne hangs up and sighs. She tells Gandalf:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

It's you and me, sweetie. We'll dance til dawn.

As they walk on, she does a little dance step and sings Lambert's "Fastest Girl":

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Ain't no use in tryin' to slow me down,
'Cause you're runnin' with the fastest girl in town...

They come to a curb. Gandalf stops short, pulling her back so she won't trip over it.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

We're cool, I remembered that curb.
(pets him)
But thank you.
(giving an instruction)
Home.

They turn toward home.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

You know, in two months your job is gonna hit insane level. You'll have to show me around a whole new place.

As they pass the house next door to Cheyenne's, **OWEN GRAY** - 18, handsome but a little creepy looking - stands stock still at the foot of his driveway, watching silently as Cheyenne approaches.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(to her dog)

Dude, I hope we like college.
You'll be the cute service dog. And
I'll get to be "the blind girl."
(sarcastic)
Awesome, right?

She comes abreast of Owen - now he's only two feet away. Gandalf stiffens, suspicious. Owen makes an almost-silent kissing motion with his lips, in Cheyenne's direction. Suddenly Cheyenne senses a presence there. She stops and turns toward him, listening.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Hello? Is somebody there?

She turns all her attention on this unseen person. Owen tries to keep still - but he makes a tiny move with his foot.

CLOSE ON OWEN'S FOOT, touching gravel, making a tiny sound -

- and that's enough for Cheyenne to place him. She jumps at him, arms out, with a loud shout:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

YAAAAAH!

She pulls up short - but not before scaring the shit out of him. He jumps backward, trips -

- and lands on his ass on the driveway.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Owen, you're such a douchebags.

OWEN

I was gonna say hi -

CHEYENNE

Oh, seriously?

Cheyenne and her dog walk away. As Owen dusts himself off, embarrassed -

NARRATOR (PRELAP)

Frodo had a strange feeling as the slow gurgling stream slipped by...

INT. CHEYENNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

There's not a lot of clutter, which makes it easier for Cheyenne to find stuff. Her laptop sits next to desk toys you don't need vision to enjoy: a flexisphere, a rail twirler and a desktop punching ball. She has several braille books and lots of CD's with movies and books on tape.

Cheyenne is lying fully clothed on top of her bed, asleep, with Gandalf beside her and *Lord of the Rings* playing in her earbuds.

NARRATOR

His old life lay behind in the mists, dark adventure lay in front...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne's stepmother, **DANIELLE** - blonde, gorgeous, 37 but looks 30 because she works her ass off at it - knocks on Cheyenne's door. Danielle isn't a bad person, but she's self-centered - and clueless about her stepdaughter.

DANIELLE

(calls)
Cheyenne?

She opens the door and walks in.

INT. CHEYENNE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne opens her eyes, groggy.

CHEYENNE

What time is it?

Danielle shakes her head.

DANIELLE

Have you been listening to books all night? You need to get up, we're leaving in ten minutes.

Cheyenne groans.

INT. KITCHEN - CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A large kitchen with all the latest, most expensive features. Cheyenne's father **JONATHAN** - late 40s, Italian suit, an emotionally bottled up workaholic - is busy texting.

Cheyenne enters in jeans and T-shirt, with Gandalf. Cheyenne knows this kitchen so well, she's moving pretty much like a sighted person. Gandalf isn't working now so he's not in harness, just padding around.

CHEYENNE

Hi Dad.

Jonathan gives a barely audible grunt, then continues texting. As Cheyenne gets food for her dog:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

I'm *pretty* sure you're my Dad.
You're texting at his approximate speed.

JONATHAN

(barely looking up)
Sorry, board meeting.

He keeps texting. Cheyenne is a little hurt. **LOUISE** - 50, the quiet, self-effacing housekeeper/cook - brings over a Naked Juice smoothie. She places it in Cheyenne's hand.

LOUISE

Morning, Cheyenne. Strawberry.

CHEYENNE

Louise, you're a goddess.

Danielle hustles in and grabs a to-go cup of coffee. She's dressed to the nines even though it's morning.

DANIELLE

You'll have to drink that in the car. Let's go.

CHEYENNE

Relax. Gandalf hasn't had breakfast yet.

Danielle puts Cheyenne's cane in her free hand.

DANIELLE

We're just going to the salon and the dentist. He'd get in the way.

CHEYENNE

The salon? Didn't you go yesterday?

DANIELLE

I'm getting some conditioner
Eduardo wants me to use. It just came in.

(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
 (to Jonathan)
 Good-bye, honey.

JONATHAN
 (perfunctory kiss)
 Bye, hon.

CHEYENNE
 Bye, parental unit.

Jonathan lifts his hand good-bye - but of course Cheyenne doesn't see it. She pets her dog.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
 Bye, Gandalf. The dentist is boring
 anyway. Even worse than the salon.

Danielle impatiently opens the door to the garage.

DANIELLE
 Door's open.

Cheyenne steps into the...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Danielle guides Cheyenne toward the back door of a silver Escalade with the vanity plate "TAD BAD".

DANIELLE
 I'll get that seat belt fixed this
 week, I promise.

CHEYENNE
 You say that every week.

DANIELLE
 I've been busy.

CHEYENNE
 Getting your hair done? Whatever,
 I'm fine back here.

Danielle watches as Cheyenne gets in the back seat, moving a blanket out of the way. She'd like to connect with this girl somehow.

DANIELLE
 Hey, would you like to make an
 appointment with my colorist? I bet
 you'd look super cute with blonde
 highlights.

CHEYENNE

I'm pretty sure I'd feel weird
having my hair a different color
from what I remember.

DANIELLE

You already look different from
what you remember. You got boobs.

Cheyenne does *not* want to discuss her breasts with her
stepmother.

CHEYENNE

(brightly)

Thanks. So do you, I imagine.

As they drive out of the garage:

DANIELLE

I'm serious about going blonde.

CHEYENNE

I'll ask Gaby.

Danielle laughs.

DANIELLE

Gaby? Come on, she may be great at
helping blind people, but you
should see her shoes. Trust me, I
know more about style than *Gaby*.

CHEYENNE

No doubt you look totally amazing,
but your style's a little different
from mine.

DANIELLE

How would you know?

Kind of an insensitive question. Cheyenne answers bluntly:

CHEYENNE

From your perfume. Nothing
personal.

She sips her smoothie. Off Danielle, insulted -

EXT. WOODLANDS EXPERIENCE SHOPPING PLAZA / INT. ESCALADE - DAY

They turn into the parking lot.

DANIELLE

I remember meeting *my* freshman roommate. Two seconds, and it was like: *loser*.

CHEYENNE

O-kaaay, thanks, that is so *encouraging*.

DANIELLE

I'm just saying, when you go to college it's important to make a good first impression. Yeah, you're blind, but at least you're pretty. There's no reason you can't have a boyfriend.

Actually she sounds kind of doubtful about that.

CHEYENNE

Oh God, get me out of here.

DANIELLE

You know what? Forget *ombré* - go total T Swift platinum. We'll do it today, after the dentist. It'll be fun.

CHEYENNE

I know you're trying to be like, super helpful stepmom, but: no.
(loud yawn)
Boy, I'm tired.

DANIELLE

(reproachful)
No wonder, you were up all night.

As Danielle parks the car, Cheyenne puts down her smoothie. She lies down and pulls the blanket over herself.

CHEYENNE

Can I stay in the car while you do your salon thing? And leave the heat on like last time.

Danielle is frustrated she can't connect with Cheyenne.

DANIELLE

Fine, I'm just picking up the conditioner.
(checks her lip gloss)
I'll be back in five minutes.

CHEYENNE

Whatev.

As Cheyenne gets comfortable under the blanket, Danielle turns the heat on. She leaves the car key in the tray between the front seats, next to the lipstick, car cigarette lighter and kleenex. Then she gets out and heads for the mall.

Off Danielle, lighting a cigarette as she walks away -

EXT. WOODLANDS EXPERIENCE SHOPPING PLAZA - DAY

A Ford pickup drives up and stops at the end of a double row of parked cars.

Griffin gets out of the passenger seat, carrying a small leather bag. We don't see the driver. The pickup drives away.

Standing there alone, Griffin takes a deep breath and looks around. He walks down the double-row of parked cars. Steps around a Honda minivan -

- and comes face to face with a silver Escalade. For some reason the car's running lights are still on. He moves closer and looks in the front window.

His POV: *in the tray between the front seats are lipstick, car cigarette lighter, kleenex - and the car key.*

His eyes widen. *Fucking excellent!* He checks out the parking lot to make sure nobody's watching. Then he opens the door, jumps in, drops his bag on the passenger seat -

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

- and drives off!

CLOSE ON THE BACK SEAT. Cheyenne is totally covered by the blanket, asleep. Through her window, we see the car is leaving the mall. Passing road construction and a parked cop car and heading out onto a main street.

Cheyenne pulls the blanket off her head. At first she's foggy from sleep, but then senses something's wrong. We go CLOSE ON HER EYES, DIVE INTO HER PUPILS -

- and pop out into her POV:

DARKNESS. Except for the fuzzy band of stuff way off on the left edge of her vision.

ACT TWO

INT. ESCALADE - A MOMENT LATER

CHEYENNE

Get out!

GRIFFIN

Stop screaming, I'll crash.

Cheyenne opens her window, sticks her head out - and SCREAMS.

Meanwhile the COP CAR from the road construction comes up behind them on the left. Griffin is scared shitless - *the Cops will hear her!* He hits the button to shut her window.

CHEYENNE

Help!!

But her window is rising - about to squeeze her head like a vise. She has to pull it back in, fast.

GRIFFIN

Hey -

Cheyenne tries to reopen the window - but Griffin hits the child lock so it won't open. She smashes the window with her fists, frantically trying to break it.

CHEYENNE

Help!!!

GRIFFIN

No - stop!

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Stop the car! Let me out!

Griffin looks back at the cop car.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

I can't.

Cheyenne takes out her PHONE, covering it with both hands to protect it from Griffin, and says into it:

CHEYENNE

Call Danielle.

GRIFFIN

Damn it -

CHEYENNE

(desperate)

Pick up!

Steering with his left hand, Griffin twists around and reaches in the back seat with his right. He grabs for the phone - but Cheyenne knocks his arm away.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Get off me!

The Escalade veers dangerously onto the shoulder, as Griffin grabs for the phone again - and this time wrenches it away from her! Cheyenne yells and tries to grab it back.

Griffin somehow manages to get the car back on track - *but did the Cops see him swerving and fighting?* There's an intersection with a quieter country road. He turns onto it, hoping to get away from them....

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

The cop car goes by. *They didn't notice anything!* But Griffin has to slow down on the turn -

- and Cheyenne throws her door open! Griffin instantly speeds up and veers sharply left. The door slams shut in her face, throwing her backward. He hits the button that locks the doors. But Cheyenne lunges at the front seat! She claws at his eyes with her fingernails and yanks his hair.

CHEYENNE

Stop the car now!

Griffin screeches to a halt at the side of the road, throwing her forward. He jumps on her, and as she fights to get away they end up on the back seat, flailing, struggling.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

You freak, get off me! Get off!

GRIFFIN

Calm down. Damn it, calm down.

He gets on top of her, straddling her.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Let me go!

She tries to throw him off, but he holds her down.

GRIFFIN

Stop trying to kill me so we can talk.

CHEYENNE

Talk?! You just *kidnapped* me!

GRIFFIN
I was stealing the car. I didn't
see you.

 CHEYENNE
Then let me go!

 GRIFFIN
You'll identify me.

Cheyenne starts to laugh. Griffin is bewildered.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

 CHEYENNE
I should carry a big sign or
something. I can't identify you.
I'm blind.

 GRIFFIN
(stunned)
No way.

 CHEYENNE
I'm lying on my cane.

He sees the cane. *WTF, this girl really is blind!*

 CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
See? You can let me go.

Griffin tries to stay controlled and think it through.

 GRIFFIN
You'll still call the cops.

 CHEYENNE
So what? I don't know anything.

 GRIFFIN
They'll find a silver Escalade, no
problem. And if they find my prints
or something, they'll bust me for
kidnapping.

 CHEYENNE
No they won't, it was a mistake.

 GRIFFIN
Like they'll give a shit.
Kidnapping a blind girl? I'm
screwed.

CHEYENNE

I'll tell them we were hanging out.
You're some guy I met.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, right.

CHEYENNE

I can give you money. We'll go to
an ATM, I have like three thousand
dollars -

GRIFFIN

Just shut up, okay? I'll figure
something out.

Cheyenne is about to shout at him - but then hears something:
a RUMBLING.

Outside, a flatbed truck carrying cement blocks rumbles up
the road toward them.

We go CLOSE ON CHEYENNE'S EYES, CLOSER, INTO HER PUPILS -

- and pop into her POV:

DARKNESS, except for the fuzzy band on the left edge.

*The rumbling reverberates, sounding deeper. Gradually, out of
the darkness, a TRUCK APPEARS. Like the real-life truck, it's
a flatbed. But it carries lumber, not cement, and looks a
little fuzzy and indistinct.*

Cheyenne's mind is creating a visual, impressionistic,
schematic image of what's out there. This is a visual
signature of our show. Her images are never dead on accurate -
but they can come surprisingly close. And they're always
incredibly cool to look at.

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I need to talk to a guy.

*Now the Escalade (a brighter color than the real-life car)
looms up in the center of the darkness. The truck heads toward
it. Meanwhile we hear the truck rumbling closer -*

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It'll be okay.

Pop back into the scene. The truck is coming.

Without warning, Cheyenne smashes Griffin's nose with the
flat of her hand. He gasps with pain.

INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Jonathan is on the phone, in his sleek corner office at Hodu Technologies, overlooking downtown Portland. He's furious:

JONATHAN
You left Cheyenne alone in the
car?! With the key inside?!

DANIELLE
(distraught)
Yell at me later, okay? I'm calling
9-1-1.

She hangs up and dials. Off Jonathan, in shock -

INT. ESCALADE / EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Still parked by the side of the road. Griffin and Cheyenne are on opposite ends of the back seat. Griffin has her sneakers, and he's removing the thick nylon shoelaces.

GRIFFIN
Put your hands behind you.

CHEYENNE
No! Screw you!

GRIFFIN
I need to tie you up so you don't
cause an accident.

He grabs her arm -

CHEYENNE
Get off me, you psycho -

She tries to punch him with her other arm. But Griffin throws her face down on the seat and thrusts her arm behind her back. He raises it high enough so it hurts her. Cheyenne screams.

GRIFFIN
Don't move.

He grabs her other arm and starts to tie her up. Off Cheyenne, terrified -

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Escalade goes up the road.

INT. ESCALADE - SAME TIME

Cheyenne is in back, panicking, with the seat belt on and her hands tied behind her.

CHEYENNE
Where are you taking me?

GRIFFIN
Can't tell you that.

CHEYENNE
You're being an idiot. You're making it worse!

GRIFFIN
Knock it off. You want a cigarette?

Cheyenne is bewildered by the offer - is he trying to act *nice?!?*

CHEYENNE
No!

GRIFFIN
(shrugs)
Okay, fine.

He lights a cigarette. Cheyenne smells it.

CHEYENNE
Oh my God, so now you're gonna smoke? First you kidnap me and tie me up and now I have to smell your putrid cigarette?!

She starts to cough, loudly, making a point of it.

GRIFFIN
Cut the crap or I'll gag you.

CHEYENNE
(outraged)
Go ahead, gag the blind girl.

GRIFFIN

I'll do it.

CHEYENNE

Great, then I *really* won't be able to breathe. Come on, put out your stupid cigarette.

(yells)

Put it out -

GRIFFIN

Okay, whatever!

(stubs it out)

It's out. Satisfied?

CHEYENNE

Yeah, doing just great. OMG. Loving life.

Griffin looks at Cheyenne in the mirror. This girl is a trip. He waves his right hand in front of her face, testing her. She doesn't see it, of course.

GRIFFIN

Have you always been like that?

CHEYENNE

Like what? Wishing I had a gun so I could shoot you?

She "looks" at him, trying to understand this guy.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(sharply)

Car accident. Three years ago. My Mom got killed and I got blind.

Griffin hesitates, not sure how to respond.

GRIFFIN

I'm sorry.

CHEYENNE

Sorry enough to let me go?

Griffin looks away from her.

GRIFFIN

No.

He drives on. Off Cheyenne -

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Three police cars race up the same road at top speed.

In the lead car: the YOUNG COP riding shotgun checks his cell. It shows a road map with a blinking red light. He tells the OLDER COP who's driving:

YOUNG COP
Her phone is point two miles away,
north northwest.

OLDER COP
She's in the woods.

They turn left, screech to a halt, and get out, hands on their weapons. They head for the woods, the other Cops following -

The Young Cop spots a shiny purple object lying in the mud at the woods' edge. He picks it up. It's Cheyenne's phone.

He looks all around. Except for Cops, the forest is deserted.

EXT. ANOTHER COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

ANGLE ON the Escalade's "TAD BAD" license plate, as the car goes around a bend.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

They pass a telephone repair truck parked by the side of the road. Griffin glances into the truck, hoping nobody's in there looking back at him.

GRIFFIN
I gotta change the damn plate.
(shaking his head)
"Bad Tad."

CHEYENNE
No, it's "Tad Bad." Which fits you,
except for the "Tad" part.

Griffin doesn't respond.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
How old are you?

GRIFFIN
None of your business.

CHEYENNE

I'm just saying you sound young. Even if they catch you, which they probably won't, nothing really major is gonna happen. They'll try you as a juvenile.

GRIFFIN

No. I'm too old.

CHEYENNE

Okay, but still -

Griffin turns onto a dirt road. Cheyenne stops and listens.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

What is this? It's a dirt road, right?

GRIFFIN

Stop asking me questions.

Cheyenne feels the car going down the bumpy dirt road. She's so frightened she can barely breathe.

CHEYENNE

Oh God.

Up ahead is an old HOUSE in need of paint - Griffin's house. The yard is littered with tires and used engine parts. Out back is an old barn that's been turned into a chop shop. Duke - the vicious pit bull mix from the Teaser - is chained up out front.

They turn onto the driveway. Duke sees the Escalade coming and races to the end of his chain, desperate to break free and attack. He barks furiously, full-throated, loud.

Cheyenne listens, alarmed. CLOSE ON HER EYES, GO INTO HER PUPILS, and pop into her POV:

DARKNESS with the bit of grayish stuff on the left. The barking is terrifying.

Cheyenne's visual image forms: a large, ferocious dog. His body is a little fuzzy and indistinct, but you can make out his spittle-filled mouth opening and closing with each bark.

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now where are we?

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

Stay in the car.

We hear the car door opening and closing. A car door appears out of the darkness, then a Young Man looms up - Cheyenne's image of Griffin. We see him from the back: well built from what we can tell, with dark hair, dark leather jacket and blue jeans. He steps away from the car.

We hear an older MAN - slightly muffled, because he's outside the closed car:

MAN (O.S.)

That is one sweet ride. Way to go, bud.

A big Man with an indistinct face looms up, approaching the car.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

(nervous)

Yeah, but, problem. There was a girl in the back seat.

The Man's indistinct face looks in through the car window. We see his mouth open and close as he says:

MAN (O.S.)

What?!

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

(defensive)

She was asleep, under a blanket, I didn't see her!

Anger forms on the Man's indistinct face.

MAN (O.S.)

You dumb ass.

He whispers quietly - but not quietly enough:

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now we'll have to get rid of her.

Pop back into the scene. The man is Griffin's father, ROY - 38, hard edged and dangerous, an abusive bully. He wears a jeans shirt with the sleeves cut off to reveal his bulging biceps. He glares through the window at Cheyenne. She's petrified.

GRIFFIN

(quickly)

No, no, it's okay. She's blind. Really.

Roy steps away from the car and pulls Griffin away too, so he can talk without Cheyenne hearing. (But like a lot of sighted people, he underestimates how well blind people can hear.)

ROY
She's what?!

GRIFFIN
So we're totally safe. She can't identify us!

Roy shoves Griffin hard, knocking him backwards.

ROY
I send you out for an SUV, and you come back with Helen Keller?!

GRIFFIN
I got it all figured out. I hide the car out back, then tonight I take the truck, drive her down the highway and dump her somewhere. No way the cops'll catch us!

ROY
How do I know you didn't tell her something that'll get us *both* picked up?

GRIFFIN
I was super careful, Dad, I swear.

ROY
(whispers, furious)
"Dad"?!

He suddenly punches Griffin in the stomach, hard. Griffin staggers and hits the ground, gasping for breath and dry heaving.

CLOSE ON CHEYENNE - and pop into her POV:

As before - except now we hear Griffin gasping and dry heaving, and Cheyenne makes a basically accurate guess: her image of Griffin is lying on the ground, with her image of Roy standing over him.

Roy is further away, so his voice is more muffled:

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What if she heard that?!

Pop back into the scene. Off Griffin, struggling for breath -

EXT. HODU TECHNOLOGIES - DAY

A Security Guard opens the front door for Jonathan, who hurries outside accompanied by two EXECUTIVES trying to keep up with him.

FIRST EXECUTIVE

The cops sprayed Cheyenne's phone for prints, but they didn't find any. It may have been wiped clean.

JONATHAN

Have you called the FBI?

SECOND EXECUTIVE

They're already on it.

JONATHAN

Homeland Security?

The Executives hesitate.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Contact Senator Merkley's office. Have him call my cell.

FIRST EXECUTIVE

Yes, sir.

Jonathan grabs his car key from the Valet and gets in his classic Porsche. The Valet shuts the door, closing him inside.

INT. PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan takes a deep breath, shutting his eyes. Now that he's alone, we see how frightened he truly is.

EXT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a minute later. The two ex-cons who work in Roy's chop shop - **JIMBO**, early 30s, big and mean but not too smart; and **TJ**, late 20s, skinny and sly - are standing outside the Escalade with Griffin and Roy. They look in at Cheyenne.

JIMBO

(to Griffin)

Dude, you *kidnapped* her?

TJ

One way to get a girlfriend.

Jimbo laughs - but Roy gets in his face.

ROY
 You morons think this is funny?
 We're talking twenty years minimum.
 And they could go after *all* of us.

That sinks in on them. Roy turns to Griffin and snaps:

ROY (CONT'D)
 You take her inside and tie her up.
 Got that?

GRIFFIN
 (beat)
 Yeah.

ROY
 Then do it. Hurry up, I'll stash
 the vehicle.

Griffin opens the back door of the Escalade and takes off
 Cheyenne's seat belt.

GRIFFIN
 Come on out.

CHEYENNE
 No! Get off me!

GRIFFIN
 Get out of the car.

CHEYENNE
 I'm not going anywhere! Take me to
 the highway like you said you
 would!

Roy glares at her.

ROY
 So you *did* hear us.

ON CHEYENNE - *oh shit*. Pop into her POV:

In the darkness, her vision of Roy looms up:

ROY (CONT'D)
**You want me to throw you out on
 your skinny ass, little blind girl?
 We'll see if the dog wants a piece.
 Get out.**

Pop back into the scene. Cheyenne, terrified, gets out of the
 car (in socks, since she was forced to give up her sneakers).
 Griffin takes her arm.

JIMBO
Have fun, sweetie pies -

ROY
Shut up. Go out back.

Jimbo quickly shuts up, and he and TJ head out back. Griffin's not the only one who's intimidated by Roy.

Roy turns to Griffin. He softens a little.

ROY (CONT'D)
Don't worry, boy, I'll deal with this.

Roy gets in the Escalade and drives off to the chop shop.

His hand on her arm, Griffin guides Cheyenne up the path toward the house. Duke barks furiously, scarily close, straining to break free of his chain. Cheyenne moves closer to Griffin - even though she *hates* having to rely on him for protection.

GRIFFIN
(to Duke)
Sit. Sit!

Griffin, distracted, fails to guide Cheyenne away from an old tire lying by the path. She trips on it and falls. Unable to protect herself with her hands tied, she lands hard, hitting her head on the concrete. She gasps with pain.

Griffin reaches down to help her up.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
You okay?

Cheyenne "stares" up at him from the ground.

CHEYENNE
You realize your Dad is gonna kill me.

Griffin can't deal with that right now.

GRIFFIN
Get up.

He takes hold of her arm and pulls her up. Cheyenne falls into him as she gets to her feet -

CLOSE ON her arm hitting the pocket of his leather jacket.

Cheyenne's eyes widen - *she's noticed something.*

Griffin starts to open the door. Cheyenne leans into him with her side.

CHEYENNE

My head hurts. Is there a bump?

Griffin looks at her head. What he doesn't see is that while she's distracting him, she's shifting her body so she can reach into his jacket pocket with her bound hand.

GRIFFIN

No.

CHEYENNE

Under my hair.

As Griffin looks closer... Cheyenne lifts a CELL PHONE out of his pocket!

She keeps her body close to his so he can't look back and see what's going on.

GRIFFIN

I don't see one.

She stuffs the phone in the back of her pants. She "looks" up at him - *did he notice?*

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

We're coming to a step.

Cheyenne gives a tight smile - *he didn't.*

Off Cheyenne and Griffin, going up the front steps into the house -

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Two cop cars are parked out front. A BMW pulls up.

Two FBI agents get out: **ZACK DIETRICH** - 40, big, tough, no-nonsense - and **MARGO BURCH** - 37, more empathetic. They head for the house through the large front yard, passing a stone fountain and a beautifully landscaped garden.

The gardener **MIGUEL** - early 30s, rugged looking, too upset to focus on his work - watches them. They ring the bell and Danielle opens the door, teary eyed, with Gandalf beside her.

INT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Million-dollar art on the walls. The FBI agents meet with Danielle; Jonathan; Jonathan's younger brother, **JACE** - 40, a geeky Peter Pan in a tie dyed T-shirt, a far cry from his Type A brother; and Cheyenne's "orientation and mobility trainer", **GABY** - 28, bright, practical and quietly sexy, in clothes from L.L. Bean.

They're all distraught. Louise, the cook/housekeeper, serves coffee for everyone and scotch for Jonathan. Gandalf stands sentry at the window, waiting for Cheyenne to come home.

Dietrich points to everybody one by one.

DIETRICH

Okay: father, uncle, mother -

DANIELLE

Step.

DIETRICH

(nods)

And...

He points to Gaby. She's about to answer when Jonathan interrupts.

JONATHAN

Gaby is Cheyenne's orientation and mobility trainer.

MARGO

So tell us about what happened this morning.

JONATHAN

It's obvious. This is a professional kidnapping -

DANIELLE

(upset)

She was *asleep*. Under a *blanket*. It was an *accident* -

JONATHAN

(impatient)

No it wasn't, they're after my money, you just made it *easy* for them -

DANIELLE

You want me to kill myself? *I'm sorry*.

Dietrich puts up his hand to stop them.

DIETRICH

Let's step back for a second. Did Cheyenne have a boyfriend?

JONATHAN

Not since the accident. Why?

MARGO

Did she ever talk about wanting to escape? Go to California, whatever.

Jonathan jumps up, angry.

JONATHAN

For chrissake, how could she run away?! She's *blind!*

Little brother Jace tries to placate:

JACE

Jonathan, you need to let the FBI do their job -

JONATHAN

We don't have time. I know the statistics. If we don't find her in the first twenty-four hours...

DIETRICH

Which is why we gotta figure this out as fast as we can.

Gaby steps in:

GABY

She did talk a lot about wanting adventures. Her friends are all in Europe this summer, you know, with their boyfriends, and Cheyenne -

JONATHAN

This is ridiculous. She never said anything about wanting to go to Europe.

Gaby is hesitant to contradict him, but -

GABY

Actually she did. Maybe you didn't hear her.

It sounds accusatory. Off Jonathan, thrown -

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Griffin leads Cheyenne, inexpertly, up the narrow, dark hallway. He's carrying some thick rope.

GRIFFIN

Doorway here. Turn right.

They go into...

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A worn single bed and a dresser, not much else. Griffin doesn't have a lot of disposable income.

Old clothes are strewn on the floor. Griffin kicks them out of Cheyenne's way. She's frightened, tries to act tough.

CHEYENNE

What's this, your bedroom? Stinks like cigarettes.

GRIFFIN

Sit on the bed.

CHEYENNE

(sniffs the air)

Oh God, wash your sheets every once in a while.

Griffin is embarrassed.

GRIFFIN

Sit down.

Cheyenne sits. As she does, she senses the phone may be slightly visible at the back of her pants. She jams it further down with her thumb and adjusts her T-shirt to cover it.

Griffin, unrolling the rope, doesn't see any of this.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tie your leg to the bed.

CHEYENNE

Just so you know? Totally hated
Fifty Shades of Grey.

Griffin takes hold of her right leg and starts to tie her up. That's it - Cheyenne panics.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Don't do this. You don't want to do
this. You're not a total monster.

GRIFFIN

Look, my Dad's not gonna hurt you.

CHEYENNE

Oh my God. Seriously, did you *hear*
him?

GRIFFIN

He's a car thief, not an *assassin*.
He just wants to make sure we deal
with things in a way that'll work
out.

CHEYENNE

(bewildered)

What does that even mean? I'm not
gangster, I don't get the secret
criminal subtext.

GRIFFIN

Soon as it gets dark, I'll let you
go.

CHEYENNE

What if your father says no?

GRIFFIN

He won't.

CHEYENNE

What if he does?! You have to help me!

Griffin finishes tying her leg and stands up.

GRIFFIN

I'll be right outside the door.

Cheyenne shakes her head, upset. She listens as Griffin goes into the hall, leaving the door open.

CHEYENNE

You mind shutting it so I can cry privately?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GRIFFIN

It's staying open.

He closes his eyes, exhausted, and sinks down to the floor.

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne's listens intently to Griffin shifting around on the floor out there; it sounds like he's not in the doorway, which would mean he can't see her. She pulls the phone from the back of her pants. In case she's wrong about where he is, she angles her body so the phone wouldn't be visible from the doorway.

It's an old-school flip phone. Holding it behind her back with her bound hands, she opens it. We see the LED message: "Signal Low." She runs her fingers over the keypad, feeling where the numbers are so she can dial them. She whispers to herself:

CHEYENNE

Five oh three eight two two four
one nine oh.

Before she hits "send", she stops and thinks. Calls out:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Hey jerkface.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Griffin is lying on the floor, looking tormented. We see the toll this is taking on him.

CHEYENNE (O.S.)
 My throat hurts from your stupid
 cigarettes. Can you get me some
 water?

She does some exaggerated coughing to emphasize her point.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Please?

Griffin gets up.

GRIFFIN
 Fine.

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne hears Griffin's footsteps heading away. She hits
 "send".

INT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The meeting with the FBI continues. Dietrich tells Jonathan:

DIETRICH
 We need you and your wife and
 brother to talk to the media.

JONATHAN
 What good would that do? You think
 the kidnapers'll feel sorry for
 us?

Suddenly the phone rings.

Nobody moves. Then Jonathan jumps for the phone.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
 (reading the LED)
 "Unknown Number."

DIETRICH
 Put it on speaker.

As it rings again, Jonathan picks up.

JONATHAN
 Hello?

Gandalf, sensing something, leaves the window and moves close
 to the phone. We hear a crackling sound, then Cheyenne
 whispering:

CHEYENNE (OVER THE PHONE)
Daddy, it's me.

JONATHAN
Cheyenne, where are you?
(beat)
Cheyenne?!

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

The phone is sitting on the bed. Cheyenne leans in close to it, whispering as loud as she dares:

CHEYENNE
I was kidnapped.

JONATHAN (OVER THE PHONE)
I can't hear you!

CHEYENNE
(whispers louder)
I've been kidnapped! I'm on a dirt road about thirty or forty minutes from the mall!

INT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

JONATHAN
(desperate)
Cheyenne! *Are you still there?*

CHEYENNE (OVER THE PHONE)
(through crackly static)
Daddy!

JONATHAN
Cheyenne.
(beat)
Cheyenne! *Hello?*

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

CHEYENNE
(rapidly)
It's a father and son. He's about twenty. They have a business stealing cars. I think the son has a scar on his neck -

She hears footsteps. She shuts up fast and stuffs the phone into a fold of the blanket. Griffin comes in with a glass of water.

GRIFFIN

I found some old cough drops.

He holds up a box of cough drops, forgetting for a moment that she can't see it. Cheyenne is surprised by his unexpected kindness - but wants him gone.

CHEYENNE

I'll have one later.

GRIFFIN

You'll need help drinking the water.

CHEYENNE

I'm not thirsty anymore. Forget it, just leave me alone!

Griffin shakes his head - she's acting weird.

GRIFFIN

Alright.

He starts to go - but then hears a little "bwup" coming from the bed.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

What was that?

CHEYENNE

(innocent)

What?

Griffin puts the water and cough drops on the dresser and hurries to the bed. He shakes the blankets and finds the phone. He freaks. The LED message says "Call disconnected."

GRIFFIN

You goddamn - *who did you call?*

CHEYENNE

Nobody. It didn't go through.

But Griffin is checking the call log.

GRIFFIN

You're lying. You called a 503 number. Thirty-two seconds.

CHEYENNE

I couldn't get a signal. I couldn't hear him.

Griffin grabs her.

GRIFFIN

Hear *who*?

CHEYENNE

(frightened)

My father. What difference does it make?

GRIFFIN

What'd you tell him?

CHEYENNE

Nothing. The phone went dead.

GRIFFIN

Did you tell him it was a guy and his father? Did you say anything about *me*?!

CHEYENNE

What could I possibly say - that you smoke?!

Griffin's pent up fear and anguish explode as he SMASHES his fist into the wall. So hard it leaves a large dent. Cheyenne jumps, alarmed.

GRIFFIN

If I told my father about this, he wouldn't take a chance. He *would* kill you - and hide your body. Self defense.

Cheyenne, terrified, fights back:

CHEYENNE

Your father is gonna get you sent to prison for murder.

GRIFFIN

Shut up.

CHEYENNE

The cops will trace that call. They'll find me - and you. You should turn yourself in before it's too late!

Griffin cracks open the phone and removes the battery.

GRIFFIN

This is a burner we use on the job.
Paid with cash, no GPS.

CHEYENNE

So what? There's new technology.
They can trace anything!

GRIFFIN

If I thought you were right, I
would *have* to tell my father.

Oh fuck. Cheyenne takes a deep breath.

CHEYENNE

O-kaaaay, so, truth? I don't know
anything about this stuff, dude.
I'm like, technologically
illiterate. Total bimchette.

She blinks her eyes flirtily, doing a joking parody of a cute dumb blonde. It's kind of stunning, coming from somebody who's blind.

Griffin looks at her. This girl is so fucking ballsy. And smart. And funny. Years later, he will think of this as the moment when he started to fall in love.

GRIFFIN

Do us both a favor.

Cheyenne "looks" up at him - her first inkling of a bond between them.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Don't try anything else.

He walks out. Off Cheyenne -

INT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everybody is still gathered. Dietrich gets on his phone.

DIETRICH

Did anybody hear anything we can
use?

JONATHAN

(still in shock)
All I heard was "Daddy".

Off Danielle, taking Jonathan's hand -

INT. ROY'S CHOP SHOP - DAY

Two cars, stripped down to their frames, sit on lifts. Used car parts line one side of the barn. There are acetylene torches and other tools for taking cars apart, and two computers - even chop shops are high tech now. The TV in the corner is tuned to ESPN.

Roy, Jimbo and TJ are covering the silver Escalade with a tarp.

TJ

How much are we getting for this?

ROY

We're not selling it, it's too hot.

JIMBO

We could paint it and drive it up to Canada -

ROY

Shhh.

He steps closer to the TV. An ANCHORWOMAN is delivering a special news bulletin. There's a photo of Cheyenne in the background, and a chyron: "BLIND GIRL KIDNAPPED."

ANCHORWOMAN (ON TV)

The eighteen-year-old daughter of Jonathan Wilder, president of Hodu, the world's premiere rideshare company, was kidnapped shortly after nine this morning.

ROY

(wide eyed)

Damn.

ANCHORWOMAN (ON TV)

According to the FBI, Cheyenne Wilder was last seen in a silver Cadillac Escalade, license T-A-D-B-A-D. "Tad bad." We're joining her parents live at their home in Lake Oswego.

Griffin enters the chop shop, as:

Jonathan, Danielle and Jace appear on TV from the front porch. Danielle and Jace are crying.

Jonathan stands beside them dry eyed, lips drawn tight. He's just incapable of letting people see him cry.

DANIELLE (ON TV)

If it was an accident, we understand. Please, just bring Cheyenne home to us.

TJ

(to Griffin)

Great job, dickhead. You just got the FBI on our ass.

ROY

Why the hell didn't you tell me who her old man was?

(watching Jonathan)

President of Hodu?! Dude's a billionaire!

GRIFFIN

That is not my fault -

ROY

Are you kidding? We just hit the lottery. This girl's gonna make us rich!

Griffin stares at his Dad, alarmed.

GRIFFIN

What?! You're not thinking we'll actually kidnap her!

ROY

We already did.

GRIFFIN

You're the one who said it would be twenty years!

ROY

Not for you, you're nineteen with no felonies. Don't be a pussy.

GRIFFIN

Dad, we can't do this. *We have to let her go!*

Roy grabs Griffin by the collar and pulls him close. An inch from Griffin's face, he snarls:

ROY

*Don't you dare tell me what I can
or can't do.*

Griffin is scared of him, but hangs in there.

GRIFFIN

I don't want to hurt this girl.

ROY

Long as she cooperates, she'll be
fine. We'll make her cupcakes. Hey -
forget stealing cars for chump
change, we could make a million
bucks. *Or more!*

He puts his hand on Griffin's shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)

You and me, son. This is it.

Off Griffin -

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom door is closed. Cheyenne's right foot is still tethered to the bed; and her hands are still tied behind her with the thick nylon shoelaces. But she's desperately trying to saw through the shoelaces with a bedspring.

But it's not working. So she reaches out with her free foot to explore the room. It hits Griffin's dresser. She gets up, feels the top of the dresser with her chin - and runs into the water glass that Griffin left there.

She nudges the glass closer with her chin. Then she turns around and grabs it with her fingers.

She spills the water from the glass into an open dresser drawer. Then, holding the glass behind her back, she pivots her hips and swings it in a short arc against the corner of the dresser. But it doesn't break. She tries again - no go - and then a third time, swinging even harder, fueled by rage and despair - and the glass breaks!

She's left holding one small piece of the glass in her hands, while the rest crashes to the floor. Her fingers gingerly explore her piece. It's three inches long and an inch wide. The edge is very sharp. *This could work!*

Twisting her hands, she saws away at the shoelaces with the sharp edge of the glass. But she cuts her hand, near the wrist - *fuck!* - and starts bleeding.

Suddenly the front door slams. She freezes. Then she hears footsteps and Roy's voice, coming closer. *Oh God, she has about three seconds.* With her free foot, she tries to sweep all the other shards of glass under the dresser. (She's still wearing socks, so there's the added danger she'll cut her foot.) As the bedroom door opens, she sits down and hides her shard behind her on the bed.

Roy enters, followed by Griffin.

ROY

Cheyenne, I'm afraid we've had a little change of plans.

CHEYENNE

How do you know my name?

ROY

I know all about your CEO Dad. How much cash you think he could raise real quick to get you back?
(off Cheyenne, alarmed)
Five million?

Cheyenne freaks. Although Griffin hasn't said anything, she senses his presence. She turns toward him.

CHEYENNE

You lying piece of shit, I know you're here, stop him!

On Griffin, standing there silent.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

I thought maybe there was a half-decent human hiding in there somewhere!

ROY

Right, you thought he was a chump. Too damn bad. I need all your Daddy's phone numbers. Oh, and who's your favorite singer?

Cheyenne spits at Roy. He hauls off and slaps her face - hard.

ROY (CONT'D)

You want more of that?

Off Cheyenne, terrified - and Griffin, in shock -

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

As Roy heads for his pickup truck, he gives orders to Jimbo and TJ.

ROY

(to Jimbo)

Forget about driving that car to Canada. Strip it, de-Vin it, and we'll bury the frame out back.

(to TJ)

You pick up some throwaway phones. Don't get more than one in any one place, I don't want anybody getting curious.

TJ

(cagey)

How much extra you plan on paying us for this?

ROY

(sarcastic)

What, for going to the mall?

He starts up his truck. TJ and Jimbo exchange a look, then TJ - the spokesman for the duo - steps up to the truck window.

TJ

See, me an' Jimbo been thinkin'.

ROY

I got things to do. Get moving.

But for once TJ stands up to Roy.

TJ

Kidnapping's a big job. Watch the girl, work out a money drop, you need guys who can handle themselves.

JIMBO

Guys who don't mind shooting people.

TJ

You and the kid can't do this alone.

Roy regards them. We sense he was expecting this.

ROY

How much you want for running a couple errands I could get any old Tom, Dick or Harry to do?

TJ

You're making five million, we figure a million apiece.

ROY

Kiss my ass.

TJ

Suit yourself.

JIMBO

Yeah, I hope you and your boy have fun fightin' the FBI.

They start to walk away.

ROY

(calls)

Half a million.

TJ

Seven fifty.

ROY

Deal. Now get me three cheap phones and three I can put apps on.

He roars away. Off TJ and Jimbo -

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom door is open. Cheyenne, alone on the bed, reaches behind her and feels the dent in the wall that Griffin made. She taps the wall lightly, listening to the vibrations it makes. She taps her way down the wall -

Her fingers discover a place where something's been carved in the wall with a penknife. It's a letter - or actually, several letters.

She feels them one by one, saying them under her breath:

CHEYENNE

G R I E - no, F - F I... "Griffin."

She hears Griffin walking up the hall toward her, so she quickly moves away from the telltale word on the wall. He enters.

GRIFFIN

I got you some more water. Can't remember where I put the other glass.

CHEYENNE

So we're making small talk now?

GRIFFIN

I'll untie your hands.

CHEYENNE

Wow, what a guy.

She turns around and puts out her hands to be untied. He sees the blood from where she cut herself with the glass.

GRIFFIN

You're bleeding.

CHEYENNE

Yeah, you tied 'em too tight.

Griffin starts untying her hands.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Where's your Mom? What would she think of this?

Griffin tightens his jaw.

GRIFFIN

Look. Just do what my father says for now.

CHEYENNE

Like I have a choice?

GRIFFIN

He's gonna change his mind. I promise: as soon as he gets home, I'll talk to him.

CHEYENNE

So what? You'll do whatever he tells you! He's got you totally under his control!

Griffin tugs at a difficult knot.

GRIFFIN

You don't know squat about him or
me.

CHEYENNE

You're right. Maybe you're just
like him.

Griffin frees her hands, and she shakes the circulation back
into them.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

All you care about is getting a
piece of that five million. And you
get some sick kick out of doing
this to me.

GRIFFIN

Here's your water.

He touches her hand with the glass. But she grabs his arm,
startling him, making him spill the water.

CHEYENNE

Take me out of here.

GRIFFIN

I will. Tonight.

CHEYENNE

No - *now!* Before he comes back!
Nothing's stopping you!

Griffin tears his arm away and starts shouting, all his pent
up fear and frustration exploding as he desperately tries to
explain himself to this girl.

GRIFFIN

Look, even if I wanted to take you
out there in broad daylight and
risk going to prison *forever*, all
the cars are in the shop and my
father's guy is in there, the big
one, he'd kill us both!

CHEYENNE

No he won't.

GRIFFIN

Yeah he would, that guy really *is* a
stone killer!

CHEYENNE

You have a gun!

On Griffin, aggravated - he doesn't have a gun.

GRIFFIN

Best thing for both of us: I play
along until tonight. I'll stand guard
and make sure nobody hurts you.

CHEYENNE

You're the one who's hurting me!

GRIFFIN

You want the water or don't you?

Beat.

CHEYENNE

I need to go to the bathroom.

Off Griffin -

INT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - JONATHAN'S STUDY - DAY

Jonathan sits at his computer checking emails, with scotch nearby. Through the window we see cop cars and media vans. Curious onlookers - including Owen, the handsome but creepy teenage boy next door - line the sidewalk.

Gaby, Cheyenne's orientation and mobility trainer, knocks on the half-open door, a little hesitant. Jonathan looks up quickly.

JONATHAN

Any news?

GABY

No, I just wanted to apologize for
before. I didn't mean to upset you.

JONATHAN

Least of my worries.

He gives her a faint smile.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

So she wanted to go to Europe this
summer. What else did I miss?
Drugs? Tattoos?

Gaby smiles back.

GABY

No, you got lucky.

JONATHAN

"Lucky"?

GABY

Sorry, I didn't mean that. But she *is* a great kid.

Jonathan looks away. He points to a framed picture on the wall. It's a child's painting of a man - Jonathan - standing under a rainbow.

JONATHAN

She painted that when she was in fifth grade.

(deep breath)

I feel like I don't know her anymore, since she went blind. She lives in a whole different world.

Gaby sits down across from Jonathan.

GABY

She still loves you, Mr. Wilder. But she feels like you haven't forgiven her for the accident.

JONATHAN

That's ridiculous. My wife was driving that night, not Cheyenne.

(reaches for the scotch)

I mean yeah, Cheyenne's the one who insisted on going to some stupid party in the middle of a blizzard. If they'd just stayed home, she would still be a normal teenage girl.

GABY

She *is* a normal teenage girl.

JONATHAN

Oh, cut the PC crap.

He drinks.

GABY

Look, I think you're a good guy.

She puts her hand on Jonathan's arm.

GABY (CONT'D)

But you're hurting your daughter. And you're killing yourself.

Danielle enters - and immediately feels the tension. With fake casualness:

DANIELLE
Hey, what's up?

GABY
No news. I'll see you later.

Gaby leaves. Danielle watches her go, then turns back to Jonathan.

DANIELLE
We have another interview.
(patting her hair)
Channel 7.

Off Jonathan, drinking -

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Griffin leads Cheyenne into the bathroom. He points to the toilet.

GRIFFIN
The toilet's right there.

CHEYENNE
Not helpful.

GRIFFIN
It's at ten o'clock.

He takes her elbow to lead her there. She pulls away.

CHEYENNE
I'm good.

Griffin eyes the small window above the toilet.

GRIFFIN
Don't even think about doing something stupid. The ground is thirty feet down and the dog would eat you alive. And you're two miles from the nearest house.

CHEYENNE
So you're saying there's a window?
(off Griffin)
Kidding. Hashtag I'm blind.

GRIFFIN

I'll wait in the hall.

As he leaves, Cheyenne shuts the door on him - and noiselessly pushes the button to lock it.

She turns on the water in the sink to cover any noises she makes. She feels the air currents, taps the wall, and finds the window. Quietly, she opens the window half-way, until the warped wood resists. She "looks" out.

Down below, Duke starts barking. We go CLOSE ON CHEYENNE'S EYES, INTO HER PUPILS - and pop into her POV:

DARKNESS, except for the grayish stuff way off on the left. The barking sounds deeper, reverberating.

Cheyenne's image of Duke looms up: the large, ferocious dog, his mouth opening and closing with each bark.

We hear Duke rattling his chain. A chain appears in the darkness, attached to the dog and tied to a post. Green grass appears: a back yard with old tires lying around, like the one Cheyenne tripped on before.

A bird chirps in a tree. Another bird answers. Trees loom: an impressionistic forest. In the distance a truck rumbles by. A road appears, off to the right.

CUT TO Cheyenne in the bathroom. She takes the box of cough drops from her pocket. She begins throwing cough drops out the window, one at a time. The first two hit the grass soundlessly - but the third one hits the gravel driveway below and makes a noise. She tilts her head, listening. Then she throws another cough drop to the same place.

CUT BACK TO her visual image, like before - DARKNESS broken up by the dog, the yard, the surrounding forest. We hear the sound of the cough drop hitting gravel and reverberating. A new visual element appears: the driveway. She puts it in pretty much the right place.

CUT TO Cheyenne. She turns up the water in the sink so it's louder. Then she climbs up on the toilet and "looks" out the window. This is where we began the show. Suddenly:

There's a KNOCK on the door.

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey.

Cheyenne freezes. Terrified.

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (rattling the door)
 What are you doing in there?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Griffin kicks the door hard. It splinters. He turns sideways and kicks even harder, karate style - and the door flies open. He runs in.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is empty and the window is wide open.

 GRIFFIN
 You crazy bitch.

He climbs up on the toilet and swings his legs out the window, about to jump down to the ground -

- but he's higher up now, so he can see over the faded shower curtain. And he sees:

Cheyenne hiding in the bathtub, crouching low. Her face is tilted up and her eyes seem to be looking straight at him. It's unnerving.

Griffin comes back down from the window.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Get up.

Cheyenne is so frustrated at being caught, she gives an anguished HOWL.

We pop into her POV: DARKNESS with the fuzzy band.

 GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Come on.

 CHEYENNE (O.S.)
 Don't touch me!

She pants with fury - and we hear the same ferocious struggle that we saw in the Teaser:

Griffin being yanked down into the tub. His head banging against it. The shower curtain coming down. Cheyenne punching him repeatedly. Griffin throwing her off him. Cheyenne's head thumping the tile wall.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)
Don't make me hurt you.

Pop back into the scene. Griffin is grabbing Cheyenne's arms to stop her from punching, holding her in a viselike grip, so tight it hurts -

Suddenly Cheyenne head butts him - hard. Griffin reels, groaning, dizzy with pain and disoriented, his head falling backward against the tub.

Cheyenne jumps out of the tub. This is where we ended the Teaser. As Griffin lies there, barely moving, Cheyenne goes as fast as she can to the doorway. But she smacks her head into the door - *shit!* She makes it past the door into the...

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Feeling her way along the wall, as quickly as she can, Cheyenne heads down the hall in her socked feet. She crashes into a chair and almost falls. But she's desperate, nothing's going to stop her.

She comes to an opening in the hallway and pauses, listening. She hears birds chirping through a closed window and correctly guesses that's the quickest way to the outdoors. She encounters a large cardboard box and tosses it out of her way. She makes it to the front door. It's locked. She rapidly figures out how to unlock it. She opens the door. Freedom! Duke starts barking loudly and rattling his chain. Cheyenne listens for a moment, then says under her breath:

CHEYENNE
You can't reach me.

She steps outside into the sunshine...

EXT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE / DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

She makes it down the steps to the front path -

- and starts running! Like she did back on the high school track, like she was born to it. Duke strains at his leash and barks like mad but he can't reach her.

She trips when she gets to the dirt road, but stays on her feet. She turns right and races down the road. When it curves, she sometimes runs into the brush by the side of the road for a bit, but she corrects herself and keeps running.

She races all the way to a...

EXT. PAVED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

When her foot feels the road, she lets out a huge sigh of relief.

CHEYENNE

Oh my God. Okay, which way?

We go CLOSE ON HER EYES and POP INTO HER POV:

In the DARKNESS, we hear a squeaky bicycle coming toward us.

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A bicycle.

A bicycle with a fuzzy rider, unclear age and sex, comes toward her.

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello! Please help me! I've been kidnapped! Help!

The bicycle screeches to a halt. We hear footsteps - somebody coming toward us. An indistinct figure approaches.

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I've been kidnapped. Please call the police.

Cheyenne SCREAMS.

Pop back into the scene. Griffin has his arm around Cheyenne's neck.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Gripping her arm firmly, Griffin leads Cheyenne up the path past Duke. Cheyenne is filled with rage and despair. Griffin is hating every minute of this.

CHEYENNE

You're gonna rot in hell.

GRIFFIN

Look, I'll get you out of here safe
- but I'm not into spending my next
twenty years dodging large bald men
in the showers, okay? There's a
tire here, be careful.

Cheyenne trips a little on the tire, Griffin pulls her back.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(sharply)

I said careful.

They head for the house. Off Cheyenne, seething -

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Roy's pickup is parked in the woods, next to TJ's old Chevy.

Roy sits in the driver's seat of the pickup making a phone call. TJ leans in the window and watches.

Roy puts the phone to his ear. It rings three times on the other end, then:

MAN (OVER THE PHONE)

Hello?

INT. CHEYENNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Jonathan is on the phone. Danielle is here too, along with Gaby; Jonathan's brother Jace; and four FBI agents: Dietrich, Margo and two Techs. The phone is hooked up to a computer that's trying to trace the call.

JONATHAN

Hello!

Louise, the cook/housekeeper, enters, followed by Gandalf.

Roy's voice comes over the phone - except it doesn't sound like him, it's robotic.

ROY'S ROBOTIC VOICE
We have your daughter. Get five million dollars and await further instructions.

Jonathan panics. Dietrich motions to him to talk - *keep this guy on the phone.*

JONATHAN
How do I know you really have her?

ROY'S ROBOTIC VOICE
Her favorite singer is Miranda Lambert.

JONATHAN
Put her on the phone.

Roy hangs up.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?!

DIETRICH
(to the Techs)
You get anything?

TECH
(shakes his head no)
The call was too short.

MARGO
(to Jonathan)
Was he right about her favorite singer?

Jonathan and Danielle are both at a loss. Gaby steps in, grimly.

GABY
Yeah. He was right.

DANIELLE
Oh God...

Danielle starts crying. Jonathan, struggling to keep his own emotions in check, turns to Dietrich.

JONATHAN
The five million... we can do that.

DIETRICH

(nods)

But we can't say yes right away.
They'll ask for more money, and
it'll be harder to get Cheyenne
back.

Off Jonathan and Danielle, entering their own private hell -

INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Griffin bends down and ties Cheyenne's foot to the bed.

GRIFFIN

I'll do your hands, then I'll fix
the door. If my father asks about
the shower curtain, tell him you
fell and pulled it down with you.

As he talks, ANGLE ON: Cheyenne reaching her right hand
behind her. As subtly as possible. She lifts the bed sheet -
and finds the three-inch glass shard from before. She picks
it up.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

If he finds out you were trying to
escape, you're screwed.

CHEYENNE

I feel dizzy.

She puts out her left hand and rests it on his head. He's
disconcerted by her touch. But he keeps working on the knot.

GRIFFIN

Are you hungry?

CLOSE ON CHEYENNE'S EYES, INTO HER PUPILS -

- and pop into her POV: DARKNESS with the fuzzy band.

*Cheyenne's visual image forms: her left hand appears out of
the darkness. It's touching a head of dark hair (the same
length as Griffin's). Beneath the hair is a young male face
with fuzzy features but a strong chin; and beneath that are a
muscular neck, shoulders and arms, covered by a dark leather
jacket.*

GRIFFIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You want hot dogs? Or we might have
hamburger, and chips.

Pop back into the scene. We go CLOSE ON Cheyenne's right hand, holding the shard behind her back.

CHEYENNE

Before, I felt something on your neck. What was it?

With her left hand, she gently touches his neck. She feels his scar, right by his carotid artery.

Nobody ever touches Griffin there. It feels like a jolt of electricity.

GRIFFIN

It's nothing.

CUT BACK TO CHEYENNE'S POV, like before: her image of Griffin's face and upper body, looming out of the DARKNESS. Except this time her left hand is touching his neck.

Her right hand rises up out of the darkness. She plunges the glass shard deep into Griffin's neck. BLOOD gushes out.

We snap back into the scene as Griffin, still feeling very strange from having her hand on his scar, stands up.

Cheyenne stands too, real close, still gripping the glass shard in her right hand behind her back, still thinking about stabbing him.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

I need to tie your hands now.

Cheyenne's arm tenses. *Now's the moment -*

Suddenly we hear a CAR driving on gravel. Cheyenne listens and Griffin looks. Through the window: TJ's Chevy comes up the driveway. TJ gets out and walks up the path toward the house.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

That's T -

(stops himself)

one of my father's guys. Siddown, I gotta do this before he comes in and wonders what the hell was going on.

CLOSE ON CHEYENNE, realizing she just missed her chance to stab Griffin in the neck. *Would she have done it?*

Griffin touches her shoulder gently.

