

# **WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?**

Written by

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**BLACK SCREEN**

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
"Quit," "Stop," "Leave," "Abandon,"  
"Cease," "Surrender." These words mean  
give up.

INT. HOUSE #1 - HALLWAY - DAY

A happy photo of a uniformed cop (32), his wife (31), and  
an innocent girl (10) sits on a stand by the front door.

An argument rages down the hall.

SKYLAR SMITH (the girl, now 15, a disrespectful  
delinquent) drags trash bags of clothes towards the door,  
wearing a scantily clad outfit.

VICTORIA SMITH (the wife, now 36, a depressed widow)  
chases her in a robe.

VICTORIA  
Skylar!

SKYLAR  
Stop following me!

VICTORIA  
Look at me when I talk to you!

SKYLAR  
Go take your meds and leave me the fuck  
alone!

Skylar reaches the door. Victoria turns her around.

VICTORIA  
You won't keep disrespecting me in my  
house!

SKYLAR  
Don't you see I'm leaving? Something  
wrong with your eyes?

VICTORIA  
That boy's no good!

SKYLAR  
(mocks)  
"That boy's no good!"

Victoria shakes her head, disappointed.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Got nothing else to say?

Victoria stares at her, teary-eyed. Thinking to herself,  
*"What happened to my little girl?"*

Victoria swipes away the tears, glares at Skylar.

VICTORIA  
I've tried and tried with you.

SKYLAR  
Stop then.

VICTORIA  
If you leave, you're not coming back.

Skylar opens the door, does a smile-wave dance.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Don't have anyone call me if something  
happens to you!

SKYLAR  
What?

Victoria glares at her. Skylar's eyes tear up.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
You don't mean that.

Victoria crosses her arms.

VICTORIA  
Don't leave any bags.

Skylar rushes out the house, leaving the bags. Victoria  
slams the door.

INT. HOUSE #1 - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria sleeps in the same robe. Someone bangs on the  
front door.

HALLWAY

Victoria drags to the front door, passing Skylar's bags.  
The person bangs on the door repeatedly. Victoria snatches  
it open.

VICTORIA  
You wanted to leave! I'm done!

A cop who's seen too much pain and misery on the job, DETECTIVE STRONG (45), stands on the porch. Sorrow drips off his face.

DETECTIVE STRONG  
Victoria Smith?

VICTORIA  
Yes.

DETECTIVE STRONG  
Miss Smith, I'm Detective Strong.

He raises his badge. She squints at it.

DETECTIVE STRONG (CONT'D)  
I knew your husband. I'm sorry for your loss.

She hangs her head, grieved.

DETECTIVE STRONG (CONT'D)  
I need to talk to you about your daughter. Skylar Smith.

VICTORIA  
What about Skylar?

He hesitates, not wanting to reveal what he has to say.

DETECTIVE STRONG  
Ma'am... Your daughter was abducted.

Her eyes shoot open. He waits for her reply. She stares in shock.

DETECTIVE STRONG (CONT'D)  
Miss Smith?

VICTORIA  
How do you know?

DETECTIVE STRONG  
We have an eyewitness.

She tries to hold herself together but freaks out.

DETECTIVE STRONG (CONT'D)  
Miss Smith, I'm so sorry --

She runs by him.

EXT. HOUSE #1 - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Victoria vomits over the railing. Detective Strong watches. She cries out.

VICTORIA  
Where's my child?

He stares helplessly. She looks out at the yard.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Skylar!!!

INT. HOUSE #1 - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria lies in bed, sobbing. Same robe.

The news is on.

Her cellphone and the house phone lie near her.

The family photo and a calendar lie in her lap. The calendar is open to the date.

INT. HOUSE #1 - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria lies in bed, depressed and staring at the family photo. Same robe.

The news is on.

Her cellphone and house phone lie near her.

Depression medicine and the calendar lie in her lap. A few days on the calendar are "X" out.

INT. HOUSE #1 - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria lies in bed on the house phone, deeper in depression. Dark circles under her eyes. Same robe.

The news is on.

Her cellphone lies near her.

Depression medicine, the family photo, and the calendar lie in her lap. More days are "X" out.

VICTORIA  
(smiles)  
If he was alive, she'd be home already.

She listens. Her smile fades away.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
I just let her leave... I don't know, sis. The police said it was most likely sex traffickers... They probably sold her already.

She listens, frowns angrily.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
What do you mean don't say that!? What's the point in hoping!? She's not coming back!

She throws the phone, sobs profusely.

INT. HOUSE #1 - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria lies in bed, staring at the phones. Waiting for them to ring. Deeper in depression. Her eyes can barely stay open. Same robe.

The news is on.

Depression medicine, the family photo, and the calendar lie in her lap. More days on the calendar are "X" out.

She stares at the calendar.

VICTORIA (**FLASHBACK** V.O.)  
I don't know, sis. The police said it was most likely sex traffickers... They probably sold her already... What do you mean don't say that!? What's the point in hoping!? She's not coming back!

She dials on her cellphone, stares at the news as it rings.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Detective, what's the update on my daughter?

She listens a little while.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
That's it!? What are the police doing!?

Her breathing picks up, becoming more rapid as she listens. She balls up her fist.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
 It sounds like you just give up!... So  
 what if you've seen this a thousand  
 times!?

She listens. Her anger becomes determination.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
 I can't lie here anymore.

She hangs up, turns off the news. She rummages through a dresser, looking for something. She finds pepper spray.

**MONTAGE STARTS:**

EXT. CITY - DAY (SUNRISE)

The sun dimly lights the sky. In her hoodie, Victoria shows people the family photo. She points to Skylar. They shake their heads.

INT. HOUSE #1 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria sits in a chair, staring at the front door. She holds her cellphone and the family photo.

Skylar's bags are on the floor.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Victoria passes out flyers with a picture of Skylar and contact info on them. At the bottom: "**CASH REWARD!!!**"

INT. HOUSE #1 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria sits in the chair, staring at the front door. She grips her cellphone and the family photo.

Skylar's bags are on the floor.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Victoria drives slowly, closely observing each house.

INT. HOUSE #1 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria sits in the chair, staring at the front door. She grasps her cellphone and the family photo.

Skylar's bags are on the floor.

EXT. CITY - DAY

In her hoodie, Victoria shows a man (30s) a flyer. He brushes her off. She shows him again. He steps to her, fist up.

She quickly digs the pepper spray from her hoodie, aims at him. He backs up.

INT. HOUSE #1 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria sits in the same chair, staring at the front door. She clutches her cellphone and the family photo.

Skylar's bags are on the floor.

The photo falls to the ground.

**MONTAGE ENDS.**

INT. HOUSE #1 - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victoria lies in bed, eyes shut. The TV is off. Nothing's on the bed.

Tears roll down her face. The doorbell rings.

HALLWAY

Victoria opens the front door, dejected and numb.

A thuggish teen (17) waits at the door, wearing a hoodie; face hid by the hood.

He points to "**CASH REWARD!!!**" on a flyer, and her eyes light up.

VICTORIA

You know where my daughter is!?

EXT. DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Victoria anxiously stakes out a house. She wears her hoodie, hood hiding her face. She dials on her cellphone.



VICTORIA

Detective, I think I found where they're holding my daughter... The traffickers... Wait!? No, I'm getting my child!

EXT. HOUSE #2 - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Victoria stares at the door. Her trembling hand holds the pepper spray.

She shivers and breathes frantically. The thoughts going through her mind:

*"What if there are a lot of people inside?"*

*"What if they have guns?"*

*"I can't do this. I'm not a cop. I'll wait for the police."*

*"No! What if Skylar is hurt!?"*

She quickly lifts her fist to knock. She takes a deep breath, knocks.

A PARANOID THUG (30) snatches open the door, gripping a pistol. Victoria is gone.

His eyes dart side to side. He steps onto the porch, cracks the door.

She leans up against the house, watching nervously.

He surveys the yard. She sticks her pepper spray in his back, and he puts his hands up.

VICTORIA

(nervous)

Throw that gun, um, in the yard.

He throws the gun far, puts his hands up.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Where's my child?

PARANOID THUG

What you talkin' bout?

VICTORIA

My daughter was kidnapped. Someone told me she was here. Where is she?

He doesn't answer. She shoves the pepper spray deeper in his back.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
I will shoot you!

PARANOID THUG  
Ok, ok!

VICTORIA  
Where's my girl!?

PARANOID THUG  
She's in the house! I'm not sure which girl though!

VICTORIA  
(shocked)  
What do you mean which girl?

PARANOID THUG  
It's five of 'em. Take 'em all. Just don't shoot! I'll tell you the other spots we keep 'em too. They don't pay me enough to die over slaves.

She leans in close to him, infuriated.

VICTORIA  
My daughter's no slave!

PARANOID THUG  
Ok!

VICTORIA  
(emotional)  
She's a beautiful, innocent girl. All of them are.

PARANOID THUG  
Of course. They're inside. Go get 'em.

She looks at the door. She checks to see if he moved. She backs up, aiming the pepper spray at him.

She pushes the door open, looks inside the house.

He sees her head turned, rushes her.

INT. HOUSE #2 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria crashes to the floor. The thug grabs her. She fans her arms so he can't get a grip.

She repeatedly strikes his face with her fist, screaming. She fights so hard she sobs.

**FLASHBACK:** INT. HOUSE #1 - HALLWAY - DAY

The happy photo on the stand.

INT. HOUSE #2 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria smiles as she fights unconsciously.

VICTORIA

Skylar.

The thug gets away from her punches, grabs a shotgun from behind the front door.

She hurries to her feet. He cocks the gun. She pepper sprays him. He yells, drops the gun.

She scoops up the gun, aims. Her trembling hands shake it.

PARANOID THUG

(terrified)

Be careful with that!

VICTORIA

(enraged)

Where's my daughter!!!

He points down the hall.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Get out. Leave!

EXT. HOUSE #2 - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The thug scrambles away, stumbling and falling.

INT. HOUSE #2 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victoria runs through with the shotgun, breathing frantically. She reaches a closed bedroom.

BEDROOM

Victoria bursts in. Five petrified teen girls scream. They huddle together, avoid looking at her.

Victoria stares, shocked. She sees the floor is covered with paper cups and food wrappers.

Victoria slowly approaches the girls.

VICTORIA  
(comforting)  
It's ok. I'm a mom.

SKYLAR  
Mom?

VICTORIA  
Skylar!

Victoria wraps Skylar in a big, secure hug. They weep uncontrollably.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
I found you.

SKYLAR  
I'm sorry, mom! For everything! I was so stupid!

Skylar cries loudly.

VICTORIA  
I found you. I found you.

Victoria hugs Skylar tighter. The girls hear police sirens. They cheer, happy they're rescued.

Victoria and Skylar continue hugging.

**BLACK SCREEN**

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
"Strive," "Try," "Struggle," "Work,"  
"Labor," "Compete," "Battle," "Fight."  
These words mean the opposite of giving  
up.

**END**