

I.

Cast: Frederick Holstein, Martin Johns, Russell Kosh, Katrina Shanks, Jenny Roberts, Mike & Linda Roberts, Det. Patricia Ethan, Captain Richard Quinn, Eugene Meltsner, Officer Donald Burke, Officer Joe Spector.

1.

[A PLEASANT AFTERNOON IN ODYSSEY. WE ARE AT HOLSTEIN'S BOOKS, IN PARTICULAR. HOLSTEIN IS HELPING A COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS -- TWO GENTLEMEN NAMED MARTIN JOHNS AND RUSSELL KOSH.]

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Yes, Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to be of your assistance. I have put true stories of Crime over here in our Non-fiction Crime section.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Thanks.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

I maintain an exhausting supply of both new and second-hand books.

RUSSELL KOSH:

Great -- we'll take it from here.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

And my name is Fred Holstein -- which is why we called this shop "Holstein Books" --

MARTIN JOHNS:

Brilliant.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

And if I can be of any service, you just call me by name. I'll be behind the counter. Just say, "Fred Holstein, we need your help" and I will -- how do you say? -- zipper like a mad dash right over.

[A CLEVER LITTLE CHIME -- STRANGELY RESEMBLING A GERMAN POLKA -- IS HEARD TO INDICATE THAT SOMEONE HAS COME THROUGH THE DOOR. IT IS KATRINA ARRIVING FOR WORK FROM THE COLLEGE. SHE MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR THE BACK ROOM TO DROP OFF HER KNAPSACK, ETC.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

That's one way of putting it, sure.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Thank you, Mr. Holstein. We'll just, y'know, browse for awhile.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

It is my delight.

KATRINA:

Good afternoon, Mr. Holstein.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Good afternoon, Katrina! (CONFUSED) You are early, yes?

KATRINA:

(AS SHE PASSES) A little. One of my students didn't show for his tutoring. I thought you might need the help.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

It has been quiet with customers, but there are many books to be placed upon the shelves. Please, put your coat and k-nap-sack in the back room and I will explain.

KATRINA:

(GOES TO BACK ROOM) Thank you. (BEAT, CALLS OUT) Oh! The First Edition of the Haugaard book!

FRED HOLSTEIN:

I beg your pardon?

KATRINA:

(RETURNS) On the desk in the back -- the First Edition of the Erik Haugaard book.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Yes! I am excited beyond repair. One of perhaps ten copies left in this country and I found it -- at no small cost, let me tell you one thing for sure. I phoned Professor Marcus to tell him it was in. He is as happy as a bird in a clamshell.

KATRINA:

Would you like me to deliver it to him when I go back to the college?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

I had thought of that. But it occurs to me that, for such a rare and special book, I should deliver it to the good doctor myself.

[AGAIN, THE DOOR CHIMES PLAY AS JENNY ENTERS, WITH A CANE TO ASSIST.]

KATRINA:

Of course. (TO JENNY) Hello, Jenny.

JENNY:

Hi, guys.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Jenny, my little strudel, how are you today?

JENNY:

I'm okay.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Only "okay"?

JENNY:

Any changes I should know about?

KATRINA:

A new book display to your left.

[JENNY TAPS IT WITH HER CANE.]

JENNY:

Got it. Thanks.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

What is this only "okay" business? It is a beautiful day today! What is this "okay"?

JENNY:

Sorry. I got a little mad because everyone keeps treating me like some kind of ... invalid. A woman nearly killed me trying to help me across the street just now.

KATRINA:

People mean well.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Yes! Nobody thinks you are helpless.

JENNY:

But they act like I am. Just because I'm blind, they think I can't do anything for myself. I can. I walked all the way here.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Wonderful.

KATRINA:

You're here for the books your mother called in, right?

JENNY:

Right. We're almost finished with The Chronicles of Narnia.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

I believe it is a beautiful thing for your family to read together like you do every night. Ach. It reminds me of my own childhood in Heidelberg and brings a tear to my cheek --

MARTIN JOHNS:

(MOVES TO THE DOOR) Thanks, Mr. Holstein.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Leaving so soon, gentlemen? Did you not find what you were looking for?

RUSSELL KOSH:

Actually, we're not leaving. We just need to lock the door for a minute. (HE DOES)

KATRINA:

Lock the door?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Ah, but the law does not permit me to lock that door during business hours.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Well, we're not really interested in the law at this point. Open the cash register.

RUSSELL KOSH:

I'll get the you-know-what in the back. (HE DOES)

FRED HOLSTEIN:

What?

JENNY:

What's going on?

MARTIN JOHNS:

Go on -- open the cash register and no one'll get hurt.

JENNY:

What's happening?

KATRINA:

(PULLS JENNY TO HER) Uh -- we're being robbed.

JENNY:

What?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

You are robbing my store?

MARTIN JOHNS:

Yeah -- now quit stalling and open the, y'know, register.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

If you insist. But there is not much money here.  
(PUNCHES BUTTONS ON THE REGISTER,  
BUT IT DOESN'T OPEN)

MARTIN JOHNS:

We'll take what you got.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Ach! You have made me so nervous. I can't remember how to open the register without a purchase. Would you like to buy a bookmark?

MARTIN JOHNS:

Open it!

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Yes, of course!

[HOLSTEIN DOES.]

JENNY:  
(NERVOUSLY) Katrina ...

KATRINA:  
Don't be afraid, Jenny. It'll be all right.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Yeah. We're not interested in hurting anybody. We just needed to, y'know, pick up a few things.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
(EMERGES FROM THE BACK) Got it.

KATRINA:  
That's my knapsack.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Yeah, pretty handy -- good quality, too. Put the money in it, Mr. Holstein.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(HE DOES, BUT DROPS SOME OF IT) I'm sorry -  
- I am butterfingers -- I am so nervous --

MARTIN JOHNS:  
(GROWLS, PUSHES HIM ASIDE TO STUFF MONEY IN) Oh, get out of the way and let me do that.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
(TO MARTIN) Come on, that's enough. We have what we want.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Okay -- check the front door and I'll -- (BEAT) Hey, what's this?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
What?

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(NERVOUSLY) Which what?

MARTIN JOHNS:  
This button here.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
*That* button? Merely a ... buzzer to ... uh ... call  
Katrina from the back room when it becomes busy.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Or a silent alarm! Aw, why'd you go and do a thing  
like that -- now I'm gonna have to tie you up. Turn  
around!

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
I have string in the back.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
This packing tape'll do just fine, thanks.

[WE HEAR THE RIP OF THE TAPE AS HE TIES HOLSTEIN UP.]

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Cop car is coming down the street. Slow, though.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Great. This could've been so easy. (TO  
HOLSTEIN, PUSHING HIM DOWN) On the floor,  
big guy.

[HOLSTEIN GROANS AS HE GOES DOWN.]

MARTIN JOHNS:  
What'dya reckon -- they'll have a police car out  
back, too?

RUSSELL KOSH:



In a town this small? They probably only *have* one police car.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
I don't wanna take a chance.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
We need some insurance. Grab the blind girl.

[HOLSTEIN GASPS OUT A PROTEST AS:]

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(GASPS) No!

KATRINA:  
Stop! You can't.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
The blind girl?

KATRINA:  
Take me instead.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
The blind girl's perfect! We'll use her to get away from the police -- and she can't see where we'll take her! Hurry, will you? They're getting out of the car.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
All right. (TO KATRINA) Step back, whatever your name is.

KATRINA:  
No -- you can't.

JENNY:  
No ... don't ...

MARTIN JOHNS:

(TO JENNY) Look, we're not interested in hurting you -- we just need you to, y'know, get out of here without a hassle. (GRABS, PULLS HER ) Now, let's go! (THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE BACK)

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(GASPS) You mustn't do this!

JENNY:  
(OFF, FADING) Stop it! Let me go! I don't want to go with you!

MARTIN JOHNS:  
(OFF, FADING) Behave yourself and you'll be fine.

[AS SCENE CONTINUES, DOOR OPENS IN THE BACK]

MARTIN JOHNS:  
(OFF) We're clear back here!

[ -- CAR DOORS OPEN, CAR STARTS, ETC., UNDER DIALOGUE.]

RUSSELL KOSH:  
(CALLS BACK) Start the car! (TO KATRINA, AS HE MOVES AWAY) *You* -- get over there and tend to your boss.

KATRINA:  
You're making a big mistake.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
A huge big one!

RUSSELL KOSH:  
(MOVING AWAY) Just take it easy. Don't move to the door -- don't do anything stupid -- and tell the cops we're sorry we missed them.

[HE'S GONE AS THE BACK DOOR SLAMS IN THE DISTANCE.]

KATRINA:

Mr. Holstein!

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(GASPS) Let the police in!

KATRINA:  
Right.

[OUR PERSPECTIVE STAYS WITH HOLSTEIN AS SHE GOES TO THE DOOR,  
UNLOCKS IT -- THE CHIMES GOING AS IT OPENS -- AND THE POLICE ENTER.]

KATRINA:  
(OFF, TO THE POLICE) Hurry! They took Jenny  
and went out the back door!

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(GROANS) I hate those chimes.

[MUSIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO:]

[THE FIRST BREAK]

2.

[LATER. WE ARE IN THE CAR WITH RUSSELL, MARTIN AND JENNY.]

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Any sign of them?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Nope. Not a cop car in sight. Looks like traffic as  
usual. (TO JENNY) Hey, kid, how're you doing  
back there?

[JENNY DOESN'T SPEAK.]

RUSSELL KOSH:  
What's wrong? Aren't you speaking to us?

JENNY:  
No -- as a matter of fact.

RUSSELL KOSH:

(CHUCKLES) I don't blame you. Must be rough going all the way to the bookstore just to get high-jacked.

JENNY:

You should try it sometime.

MARTIN JOHNS:

I'm not real happy, y'know. This was supposed to be a simple job. A charge of kidnapping wasn't part of the, y'know, deal.

RUSSELL KOSH:

Don't blame me. She was insurance! How was I supposed to know we wouldn't be chased? If Mr. Sauerkraut hadn't set off the alarm ...

MARTIN JOHNS:

Never mind. Just check the stash, will you?

[RUSSELL RIFLES THROUGH THE KNAPSACK AS CAR SLOWS DOWN AT A TRAIN TRACK. THE RAILROAD CROSSING ALARM SOUNDS, THE ARMS DROP AND A TRAIN GOES BY.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

Yeah. Let's see what we have here ...

MARTIN JOHNS:

How much money did we get?

RUSSELL KOSH:

Who cares? (BEAT, SPOTS ENVELOPE) Here we go.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Is that it?

RUSSELL KOSH:

Looks like it. You gotta give him credit for knowing.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Open it and check.

[WE HEAR RUSSELL TEAR OPEN THE ENVELOPE.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

Yep. It's what we were looking for.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Good. When we get to the hideout, you make the call and we'll, y'know, figure out how to return -- uh -- (TO JENNY) Hey kid, what's your name?

JENNY:

Abraham Lincoln.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Uh huh. Well, Abraham Lincoln, you just keep quiet and do as you're told and maybe, y'know, we'll have you home in time for dinner, okay?

RUSSELL KOSH:

(CHUCKLES) Abraham Lincoln ... that's funny. Did I say she was perfect or what?

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO...]

3.

[THE HIDEOUT. IT IS ACTUALLY IN A CONDEMNED BUILDING NOT FAR FROM AN AREA THAT'S BEING TORN DOWN. THE SOUNDS NEAR THE PLACE ARE TELLING: WE HEAR A DISTANT HORN, TRUCKS DRIVING TO AND FROM THE AREA, JACK-HAMMERING, AND A VERY PECULIAR "MACHINE-GUN" SOUND (INDUSTRIAL CHISEL), ETC. ONE MIGHT GUESS THAT WE'RE NEAR A CONSTRUCTION SITE OR CONCRETE MANUFACTURER. RUSSELL AND MARTIN ENTER WITH JENNY. THE ROOM ITSELF SOUNDS EMPTY AND ONLY HAS A TABLE AND A COUPLE OF CHAIRS. THEY BEGIN TO CHANGE OUT OF THEIR DISGUISES.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

Okay, Abraham Lincoln, you sit right there and be a good girl.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Maybe we should tie her up.

RUSSELL KOSH:

Nah. She wouldn't be dumb enough to try to run away. It's not like she can see where she's going.

MARTIN JOHNS:

(TO JENNY) You're not going to try to run away, are you, Abe? We're three flights up and I wouldn't want anything to, y'know, happen to you. (BEAT) Well?

JENNY:

Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought forth this great nation.

RUSSELL KOSH:

(LAUGHS) That's great.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Okay, let's get changed. (HE PULLS AT HIS FALSE MOUSTACHE, IT HURTS) Ouch! That hurts.

RUSSELL KOSH:

You need to use the remover. You'll tear off a layer of skin doing it like that.

MARTIN JOHNS:

I just wanna get on with it. I don't like having this kid around.

RUSSELL KOSH:

What -- are you afraid she'll give the police our description? Maybe tell 'em where we brought her?

Like I said: she's a perfect hostage. (BEGINS  
TAKING OFF HIS SHIRT)

MARTIN JOHNS:  
(BEAT) What're you doing?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
I'm changing shirts.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Go in the other room, will you?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Why?

MARTIN JOHNS:  
The girl.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Don't be such an idiot. She's *blind* remember?

MARTIN JOHNS:  
Well *I'm* going in the other room. (HE DOES)

RUSSELL KOSH:  
(CALLS AFTER HIM) All right, so the plan is  
what?

MARTIN JOHNS:  
I'll get rid of the car while you take the kid back to  
Odyssey in the, y'know, pick-up truck.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
What? Are you nuts?

MARTIN JOHNS:  
(ENTERS AS HE SPEAKS) Look, we're not just a  
couple of robbers now -- we're *kidnappers*. Don't

you get it? There'll be a state-wide search for her.  
The heat'll be on as long as she's missing. Once we  
get her back, things'll, y'know, calm down.

**RUSSELL KOSH:**

But how am I supposed to get her back without  
trouble?

**MARTIN JOHNS:**

What trouble? First, you'll be in a pick-up truck.  
Nobody's looking for a pick-up truck. Secondly,  
you look completely different without your disguise.  
And *third*, we have to deliver her safe and sound or  
we'll have no end of problems.

**RUSSELL KOSH:**

It makes me nervous.

**MARTIN JOHNS:**

It'll be okay. Just drop her off someplace safe where  
the police will find her.

**RUSSELL KOSH:**

(CHUCKLES) I'll take her to the police station in  
Odyssey. That should be safe enough.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO:]

4.

[LATER. ON THE ROAD AGAIN. RUSSELL IS DRIVING JENNY BACK TO ODYSSEY  
IN THE PICK-UP TRUCK (AT SOME POINT EARLY ON THEY SHOULD BOUNCE OVER  
THE RAILROAD TRACKS).]

**RUSSELL KOSH:**

Okay, President Lincoln, just stay low in the seat  
until I say you can get up. (PAUSES AS THEY  
BOUNCE OVER THE RAILROAD TRACKS)



Ow. Sorry. (BEAT) Now, here's what I'm gonna do when we get there. I'll pull up to the curb and tell you when you can get out. And, for the hundredth time, you won't get hurt if you do as you're told. Got it?

JENNY:

Got it.

RUSSELL KOSH:

You weren't part of the plan. You know that. We never intended to have to take you and we never planned to hurt you. Try to remember that when the police are grillin' you, okay? It was sort of an accident. Understand? (BEAT, SHE DOESN'T ANSWER) Understand?

JENNY:

Yeah, I understand.

RUSSELL KOSH:

Thanks for being such a good kid. Your parents should be very proud of you.

JENNY:

I'll be sure to mention it.

RUSSELL KOSH:

(CHUCKLES) Yeah. And tell 'em I said you were perfect.

[HE SLOWS DOWN AS THEY APPROACH THE POLICE STATION.]

JENNY:

Yeah. Perfect.

RUSSELL KOSH:

Here we are. Y'know, I have to give you guys high marks on your town. Quiet ... trusting ... I'll bet it's a nice place to live. So -- live on, kid.

JENNY:

Huh?

RUSSELL KOSH:

(AS HE REACHES ACROSS HER AND OPENS  
HER DOOR) You can get out now. (CHUCKLES)  
Even your police station is nice and quiet.  
Everybody's probably out looking for you.

JENNY:

I can go?

RUSSELL KOSH:

Yeah. But don't say a word until I'm gone.

[SHE GETS OUT. OUR PERSPECTIVE GOES WITH HER.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

Watch your step. And thanks for all your help.

[HE PULLS THE DOOR CLOSED AND DRIVES OFF. THE PICK-UP SHIFTS  
AWKWARDLY AT ONE POINT ... THEN FADES AWAY.]

JENNY:

(SOFTLY, THEN LOUDER) Hello? Can anyone  
help me? Hello! I don't know where I am! Can  
anyone help me? Hello!!

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO...]

5.

[MUCH LATER. JENNY ROBERT'S HOME. OUR PERSPECTIVE IS OUTSIDE THE  
FRONT DOOR. DETECTIVE PAT ETHAN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR AND WAITS.  
CAPTAIN QUINN ANSWERS THE DOOR. HE TALKS AS THEY MOVE TO THE LIVING  
ROOM.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Yeah? (BEAT) Oh -- you must be Detective Ethan!  
I'm glad you made it. I'm Captain Richard Quinn,  
Odyssey Police -- come in, come in. (CLOSES  
THE DOOR, SPEAKS SOFTLY) Jenny is in the  
living room with her parents. It's been a couple of  
hours so things have settled down -- emotionally, if  
you know what I mean. Imagine those clowns  
dropping her off in front of the police station like  
that. It takes a lot of nerve. She's had a bite to eat.  
Doc Morton looked her over and gave her a clean  
bill of health and said it was okay for her to answer  
questions. She's just shaken a little. We got some  
basic information from her -- but only enough to  
know that they drove for about fifteen minutes to  
the Hideout and back again. That could be fifteen  
minutes in any direction. We put out an APB on the  
pick-up truck but, frankly, without more  
information ... well ... there wasn't much she could  
tell us since she's blind. I understand that's your  
department.

[THEY'RE IN THE LIVING ROOM NOW, WHERE THE ROBERTS FAMILY IS HUDDLED  
CLOSE, TALKING SOFTLY, DRINKING TEA. (UNDERLINED DIALOGUE INDICATES  
BACKGROUND DIALOGUE.)]

LINDA ROBERTS:

Do you want some more tea, Jenny?

JENNY:

No thanks, Mom.

MIKE ROBERTS:

Are you sure you're not tired, honey? We can tell  
everyone to go away if you want to sleep.

JENNY:

Really, I'm okay. Can I have some more cookies? I  
don't know why I'm so hungry for sweets.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Excuse me, Mike -- Linda -- Jenny -- I want you to meet Detective Pat Ethan from the County Sheriff's Office. Detective Ethan specializes in cases like this and is here to help us investigate the robbery and kidnapping.

MIKE ROBERTS:

(AWKWARDLY) Hello, Detective. It's nice to meet you.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

The pleasure is all mine. Though I'm sorry it has to be under these circumstances.

LINDA ROBERTS:

(AWKWARDLY) Yes ... come in and ... make yourself at home. I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Is something wrong?

LINDA ROBERTS:

When Captain Quinn said a Detective Ethan was coming ... I just assumed ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

That it was a man? I know. It happens a lot. Especially since my first name is Pat. That's short for Patricia, but there you are -- everyone calls me Pat.

JENNY:

Detective Ethan?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Yes, Jenny?

JENNY:

Captain Quinn said you specialize in cases like these. What's that mean? Cases of robbery and kidnapping or cases with blind people?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

To be honest: both. Mostly I'm here to help you remember every detail of what happened.

JENNY:

I already told them everything I know.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'm sure you did. But I think you know more than *you* think you know.

JENNY:

What do you mean?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

You'll find out as we go along. Are you ready?

MIKE ROBERTS:

You mean -- you're gonna do this now? Tonight?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Yes, Mr. Roberts. We want to catch these guys and we don't want the trail to get cold.

JENNY:

Wait a minute. I don't understand how this works.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

It's easy. I'll ask you questions and you'll answer them. Simple, huh?

[CAPTAIN QUINN'S PORTABLE RADIO CRACKLES TO LIFE.]

OFFICER:

(FILTERED) Captain Quinn?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Captain Quinn, would you please take that in the hallway? Jenny will need all the powers of concentration she has, all right?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Certainly. (HE GOES INTO THE HALL. IN THE BACKGROUND WE MAY HEAR THE FOLLOWING:) What is it, Joe?

OFFICER:  
We found the hold-up vehicle on the side of Rt. 29 in Odenton, near the gas station. It's abandoned. We're checking for fingerprints now. No obvious clues. We're running the registration, but the computers are acting up at Central and it'll take a few minutes.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Thanks, Joe. Keep me posted.

OFFICER:  
Ten-four.

JENNY:  
What I mean is: what do you think I can tell you that I didn't already tell Captain Quinn? I mean, it's not like I can tell you the color of their hair or anything like that.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
And I promise not to ask you about the color of their hair.

JENNY:  
But --

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Jenny, you're blind in sight only. But you have other senses that you use to compensate for that loss? That's what you've been learning at school, right?

JENNY:

Right.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

What I want to do is help use your other senses -- with your memory -- to construct a -- well, let's call it a "sound picture" of what you know.

[QUINN RETURNS.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Sorry to interrupt but, if our witnesses are right, we found the getaway car.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

(PLEASED) Ah, that's a good start. Where was it found?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Route 29 near Odenton.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Hm. In the center of town or somewhere remote?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

There's only the gas station and my Officer said it was found near there.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

My guess then is that the car is stolen. You may want to check reports of car thefts over the past few days.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Good idea.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Okay, Jenny. Shall we begin?

[MUSIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO ... ]

6.

[HOLSTEIN'S BOOKSHOP. EUGENE COMES IN, MILDLY PANICKED.]

EUGENE:

Mr. Holstein!

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Hello, Eugene.

EUGENE:

Where is she? Is she here? (CALLS OUT) Katrina!

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Now don't count your chickens before they're baked.  
She is in the --

KATRINA:

(ENTERS FROM THE BACK) Eugene!

EUGENE:

Katrina! I can't believe it! I didn't know! Are you  
all right?

KATRINA:

I am now.

EUGENE:

I'm in a state of shock. I was at the Police Station  
and only happened to hear about the robbery. And  
Jenny Roberts kidnapped!

KATRINA:

It's all right, Eugene. Calm down.

EUGENE:



I'm afraid I've gone beyond the capacity for calm.  
It's as if the world suddenly shifted on its axis.

KATRINA:  
Stores get robbed all the time.

EUGENE:  
Not in Odyssey they don't. And not a store that *you*  
work at, to be more personally specific. But that's  
only part of it.

KATRINA:  
Oh, Eugene.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
What do you mean, only part of it? (BEAT) Hold a  
cotton packing minute -- what were *you* doing at the  
police station?

EUGENE:  
That's what I'm trying to explain. I was at the police  
station because I'm the victim of a robbery as well.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
What?

KATRINA:  
You weren't hurt, were you?

EUGENE:  
Not at all. I returned to my room after one of my  
classes and my dorm room had been burgled.

KATRINA:  
Oh no ...

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
Did they take much from your cash register?

EUGENE:  
Strangely, they only took my laptop computer --

KATRINA:

*Only* your laptop?

EUGENE:

Yes! They left my larger desktop computer, my stereo-- even the money I left on my dresser. But the laptop is gone.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Perhaps the intruders were interrupted and only had enough time to take --

EUGENE:

Perhaps. But that isn't all they took.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

But you just said --

EUGENE:

I said that was all they took from my room. If indeed it's the same culprit or culprits -- they took one other thing *outside* of my room.

[THE CHIMES PLAY AS CAPTAIN QUINN ENTERS.]

KATRINA:

What?

EUGENE:

My car.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

They took your automobile. Things *have* gone crazy. Who would want such a car? Hello, Captain.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Hi, Fred -- Katrina, Eugene. You wouldn't have some water around here, would you?

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
I have a large dispenser in the back. Coming right up for our fine police captain. (HE GOES)

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Thanks. (SIGHS) What a day. (BEAT) Eugene, I hate to add to your trauma, but I need you to come back down to the police station.

EUGENE:  
Of course. Why?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
We found your car and I want you to look it over for clues.

EUGENE:  
Clues? To find out who took my laptop?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
No -- to find out who robbed Holstein's Books.

EUGENE:  
I beg your pardon? I don't understand the connection.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Brace yourself. Eugene -- *your car* was the *getaway car*.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ... ]

[THE SECOND BREAK]

7.  
[A FLASHBACK (THOUGH WE DON'T REALIZE IT RIGHT NOW). AGAIN, WE ARE IN THE CAR WITH RUSSELL, MARTIN AND JENNY.]

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Any sign of them?*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*Nope. Not a cop car in sight. Looks like traffic as usual. (TO JENNY) Hey, kid, how're you doing back there?*

*[JENNY DOESN'T SPEAK.]*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*What's wrong? Aren't you speaking to us?*

*JENNY:*

*No -- as a matter of fact.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*(CHUCKLES) I don't blame you. Must be rough going all the way to the bookstore just to get high-jacked.*

*JENNY:*

*You should try it sometime.*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*I'm not real happy, y'know. This was supposed to be a simple job. A charge of kidnapping wasn't part of the, y'know, deal.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*Don't blame me. She was insurance! How was I supposed to know we wouldn't be chased? If Mr. Sauerkraut hadn't set off the alarm ...*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*Never mind. Just check the stash, will you?*

*[RUSSELL RIFLES THROUGH THE KNAPSACK AS CAR SLOWS DOWN AT A TRAIN TRACK. THE RAILROAD CROSSING ALARM SOUNDS, THE ARMS DROP AND A TRAIN GOES BY.]*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*Yeah. Let's see what we have here ...*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Wait, Jenny.

JENNY:

What's wrong?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

You've told us this much before. Now I want you to concentrate. Think details. Forget for a moment what they said -- think about the sound of the car, sounds outside of the car.

JENNY:

I thought I was. I heard the sound of the motor. Cars going by.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Try harder.

JENNY:

Okay ... the motor, cars going by and ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

And what?

[FLASHBACK. BUT NOW THE EXTERNAL SOUNDS ARE MORE PRESENT.]

MARTIN JOHNS:

*I'm not real happy, y'know. This was supposed to be a simple job. A charge of kidnapping wasn't part of the, y'know, deal.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Don't blame me. She was insurance! How was I supposed to know we wouldn't be chased? If Mr. Sauerkraut hadn't set off the alarm ...*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Never mind. Just check the stash, will you?*

*[RUSSELL RIFLES THROUGH THE KNAPSACK AS CAR SLOWS DOWN AT A TRAIN TRACK. THE RAILROAD CROSSING ALARM SOUNDS, THE ARMS DROP AND A TRAIN GOES BY.]*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

JENNY:

A train. We stopped at some train tracks.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good girl. What else?

JENNY:

I heard the bell -- the gate close -- and the train went past.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Fast or slow?

JENNY:

What do you mean?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Was it a fast train or a slow train?

JENNY:

It was ... a slow train.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Probably a freight train. Excellent. Captain Quinn can check the location of the tracks around Odyssey and the timetable for any freight (or other slow-moving trains) on those tracks. See? Now do you understand what we're after?

JENNY:

Yeah! Wow.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Do you want to go on?

JENNY:

Sure!

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Okay, after the train, what happened?

[FLASHBACK.]

MARTIN JOHNS:

*How much money did we get?*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Who cares? (BEAT, SPOTS ENVELOPE) Here we go.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Is that it?*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Looks like it. You gotta give him credit for knowing.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Open it and check.*

[WE HEAR RUSSELL TEAR OPEN THE ENVELOPE.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Yep. It's what we were looking for.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Good.*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Stop for a moment. We need to isolate some of that information.

JENNY:

Like what?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

One of them asks about the money and the other says, "Who cares?"

JENNY:

Yeah.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

So robbing the store for *money* wasn't their motive. That's not what they were after.

JENNY:

Oh. I hadn't thought of that. Then what were they after?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good question. Let me double-check the report... (SHE FLIPS THROUGH SOME PAGES) Mr. Holstein reported the money missing and ... (BEAT, REALIZES) Ah! The Haugaard Book.

JENNY:

The what?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

A rare first edition of a book by Erik Haugaard -- a Danish writer. Mr. Holstein said it was delivered that morning and missing after the robbery.

JENNY:

That's right! One of them went in the back room and came back with ... uh ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:



Katrina Shank's knapsack. Apparently they shoved the book inside -- which is why it wasn't obvious to Mr. Holstein or Katrina that they had it.

JENNY:

And I heard them digging around in the knapsack. I remember now. One of them found it and the other said --

[FLASHBACK.]

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Is that it?*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Looks like it. You gotta give him credit for knowing.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Open it and check.*

[WE HEAR RUSSELL TEAR OPEN THE ENVELOPE.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Yep. It's what we were looking for.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Good.*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

"Give *him* credit" -- give *who* credit?

JENNY:

You think somebody hired them?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Possibly.

JENNY:

Maybe they were hired to steal the book by a jealous collector.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Maybe. But let's not sidetrack. They referred to another person, then opened what sounded like an envelope, correct?

JENNY:

Yeah.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

And then they were pleased to find that the envelope contained what they were looking for.

JENNY:

Yeah. I remember that clearly.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good girl. So it's possible the thieves were hired to go to Holstein's Bookstore to steal that book. And it's also possible that stealing money from the cash register was merely a ploy to throw us off of their main goal.

JENNY:

But why go to all that trouble? Why not just go in and steal the book?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Maybe to keep us from asking the questions that will lead us back to them. And many questions are left unanswered still. But I'll have to ponder them for awhile. (CALLS OFF) Officer Spector!

OFFICER:

(ENTERS) Yes, Detective?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I need to talk with Mr. Holstein. Will you get him for me -- either on the phone or bring him here in person.

OFFICER:

Yes, ma'am.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Until then, we go back to what we know -- or rather, to what *you* know, Jenny. Let's see what you can remember about the hideout ...

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ... ]

8.

[NEAR THE SAME TIME. THE GARAGE AT THE POLICE STATION.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Well, Eugene?

EUGENE:

It is indeed my car.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

We had it towed back here and searched it top to bottom for clues. Nothing.

EUGENE:

Of course. Fingerprints?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Only yours. Other than that, the car is clean.

EUGENE:

Clean? On the contrary, Captain Quinn. The car is absolutely filthy. (HE LOOKS CLOSER AT THE CAR) Look closely. Have you done an analysis of the dirt?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I have to confess that the dirt looked like ... dirt.  
Typical Odyssey dirt. Our lab techs didn't find  
anything unusual.

EUGENE:

But this dust is a different color than the dust that  
usually coats my car -- particularly on my drives  
between the college and Whit's End. (HE KNEELS  
DOWN TO LOOK AT THE WHEELS) And the  
wheel-wells ...(SCRAPES AT SOME OF THE  
DIRT) This is a most peculiar clay.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Have you ever thought of working for the police,  
Eugene?

EUGENE:

What does it pay?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

You can't afford it. (CALLS OUT) Dave! Get  
those lab techs back in here! They missed  
something! (TO EUGENE) Eugene, you said some  
things were stolen from your dorm room.

EUGENE:

Yes, sir. My laptop.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Anything else?

EUGENE:

Not that I was aware of.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Are you sure? Did you check your room  
thoroughly?

EUGENE:

Not *thoroughly*, as such, but under the  
circumstances --

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
I think you better go back and look again. Until  
now, I thought your break-in was unrelated to the  
hold-up. Now I'm not so sure.

EUGENE:  
Then I'm on my way! (PAUSE/ BEAT) Er, if  
someone can give me a lift.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Come on. I need some fresh air anyway.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

9.

[LATER. EUGENE'S ROOM. CAPTAIN QUINN IS WITH HIM.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Well? Is there anything else missing?

EUGENE:  
Nothing that I would consider valuable, except ...  
(LOOKS AROUND) Oh. I just realized ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What?

EUGENE:  
My box of computer disks. They were there next to  
my main computer.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
So they took your laptop computer and a box of --  
blank disks?

EUGENE:

No, not blank. (RUSHES TO MAIN COMPUTER AND TURNS IT ON) They had all of my files on them -- all the work I've been doing over the past couple of years. This is horrible.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What are you doing?

EUGENE:  
Checking my main computer. The disks were merely a back-up for the files on my larger desktop. (IMPATIENTLY TO COMPUTER) Quickly now ... hurry ...

[THE COMPUTER BEEPS AND WHIRRS AND GIVES HIM A MESSAGE ... ]

EUGENE:  
Oh no ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What's wrong?

EUGENE:  
The hard-drive on my computer ... where all the files were kept ... It's been re-formatted ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
You better explain. I'm bad with these machines.

EUGENE:  
Gone ... Everything is gone ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What's gone, Eugene?

EUGENE:  
My files ... everything ... they've been completely erased!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... THE END OF PART ONE.]

II.

Cast: Jenny Roberts, Mike & Linda Roberts, Det. Patricia Ethan, Captain Richard Quinn, Eugene Meltsner, Katrina Shanks, Officer Donald Burke, Officer Joe Spector, Demolition Foreman (Frank Faylen), Paula

1.

*[FLASHBACK TO THE HIDEOUT SCENE IN THE CONDEMNED BUILDING NOT FAR FROM AN AREA THAT'S BEING TORN DOWN. THE BACKGROUND NOISE IS INTACT: A DISTANT HORN, TRUCKS DRIVING TO AND FROM THE AREA, JACK-HAMMERING, AND A VERY PECULIAR "MACHINE-GUN" SOUND (INDUSTRIAL CHISEL), ETC. ONE MIGHT GUESS THAT WE'RE NEAR A CONSTRUCTION SITE OR CONCRETE MANUFACTURER. RUSSELL AND MARTIN ENTER WITH JENNY. THE ROOM ITSELF SOUNDS EMPTY AND ONLY HAS A TABLE AND A COUPLE OF CHAIRS. THEY BEGIN TO CHANGE OUT OF THEIR DISGUISES.]*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*Okay, Abraham Lincoln, you sit right there and be a good girl.*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*Maybe we should tie her up.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*Nah. She wouldn't be dumb enough to try to run away. It's not like she can see where she's going.*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*(TO JENNY) You're not going to try to run away, are you, Abe? We're three flights up and I wouldn't want anything to, y'know, happen to you.*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

*DETECTIVE ETHAN:*

*So the room -- if it was a room -- was three flights up and sounded how?*

JENNY:

Empty. Definitely empty. They sat me in an old wooden chair -- it creaked -- and I felt the leg of an old wooden table with my foot. But it had that echoey sound like there wasn't any other furniture. Oh -- and the doors creaked and ... and ... our feet swished on the floor like it was covered with dirt. No carpet.

MIKE ROBERTS:

You're getting into the swing of this now, aren't you, Jenny?

JENNY:

I think so, Dad.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

You're doing wonderfully. What else happened?

*[FLASHBACK TO HIDEOUT SCENE.]*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Okay, let's get changed. (HE PULLS AT HIS FALSE MOUSTACHE, IT HURTS) Ouch! That hurts.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*You need to use the remover. You'll tear off a layer of skin doing it like that.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*I just wanna get on with it. I don't like having this kid around.*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I suppose we can forget Mr. Holstein's and Katrina's descriptions of the culprits.



MIKE ROBERTS:

Why?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

They were obviously wearing disguises.

MIKE ROBERTS:

How do you know?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Did you smell anything, Jenny?

JENNY:

Yeah ... something that smelled kinda like paint or glue and ... something like nail polish or nail remover -- that kind of thing.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

They used spirit and remover for their makeup -- false moustaches and wigs. I must tell Captain Quinn that they're looking for men based on the wrong descriptions. You heard them changing clothes, correct?

JENNY:

Yeah.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

To be expected.

JENNY:

One of them got shy and went into the next room.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Their hideout had a second room. That's good to know. Then what, Jenny?

*[FLASHBACK.]*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*(CALLS AFTER HIM) All right, so the plan is what?*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*I'll get rid of the car while you take the kid back to Odyssey in the pick-up truck.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*What? Are you nuts?*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Now there's a missing piece.

JENNY:

What?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

The one said he'd get rid of the car -- Mr. Meltsner's car -- the one found in Odenton. But once he got rid of it, how did he return to his partner?

MIKE ROBERTS:

Maybe his partner picked him up.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Maybe so. It's worth noting for Captain Quinn. Mr. Meltsner's car was found in Odenton near a gas station. An employee of the gas station may have seen something. How are you doing, Jenny? You must be getting tired.

JENNY:

Yeah -- I am. But I don't wanna stop. I don't want the trail to get cold.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I appreciate that. But you won't be helpful if your mind isn't sharp and focused. Let's take a break. Rest for tonight and we'll start again first thing in the morning. In the meantime, I'll see what's keeping our good friend Mr. Holstein -- and find out what he can tell me about this rare book of his.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

2.

[HOLSTEIN'S BOOKSHOP. HOLSTEIN IS TELLING A CUSTOMER ABOUT HIS EARLIER ADVENTURE. THE CHIMES PLAY AS DETECTIVE ETHAN ENTERS.]

FRED HOLSTEIN:

... So I said to the scoundrels: "You must not lay a glove on this fair maiden's head" and they were so intimidated by my presence that they hit me again and again until I had no choice but to fall to the ground. But they were not without their bruises, let me tell you that for nothing.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Mr. Holstein?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

(TO CUSTOMER) Excuse me while I assist this person I have never seen before. (TO DETECTIVE ETHAN) Yes, how may I help you?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'm Detective Ethan from the County Sheriff's Office. I've been assigned to this case.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Detective, I am so sorry I could not come to you right away, but I could not close my shop.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

That's okay. Can I ask you a few questions?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Yes, but I have already had a lengthy convulsion with Captain Quinn.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'm sure you have. But I want to know about this rare book they stole.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Yes -- the first edition Haugaard book. So tragic to have it only a few hours and then -- poof -- it is in villainous fingers.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Who did you order it for?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

I found it for Dr. Marcus at the College. And you can be sure he was very disappointed to not have a book he so wanted to have.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'm not a book collector, so you'll have to help me. Was the Haugaard book rare enough for someone to want to steal?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

It is, of course, funny you would mention that because I have been thinking all day about it. It has been jiggling at the back of my neck, as you say. On the tip of my tongue. They stole *that* book but left other, more precious first-edition books that were sitting nearby.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Meaning?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

Exactly. I can only suspect that they were not knowledgeable thieves. Maybe they overheard my talk with Katrina about the book.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

So, as a theory, you're saying that they thought it'd be a quick and easy theft.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

That is not what I said, but it sounds reasonable to me.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

But ... (THOUGHTFULLY) Hm. That doesn't quite line up.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

I didn't think so either.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

This whole robbery seemed awfully *planned* for the culprits to simply decide to take the book on the spur of the moment. I'll have to think about that.

FRED HOLSTEIN:

And I will, too. I love solving mysteries. I have an entire book section devoted to them.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Oh -- one other thing. Was the book in an envelope of some sort?

FRED HOLSTEIN:

No. A book like that would not be put in an envelope. Sturdy boxes! In fact, I remember seeing the book sticking out of the k-napsack when the one crook emerged from the back room. Naturally, I was cross that he would treat such a fine edition so poorly. Why do you ask?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Just more to think about. (BEAT) Well, I'll let you get back to your story.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
Thank you, Detective. Come again in a short time.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
(SHE GOES) Bye.

FRED HOLSTEIN:  
(TO THE CUSTOMER) Where was I? Oh yes. As I was saying ... I wrestled them both to the floor and only after one hit me with a large Reference Dictionary did I succumb ...

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

3.  
[OUTSIDE OF HOLSTEIN'S BOOKS. CAPTAIN QUINN APPROACHES DETECTIVE ETHAN.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Detective Ethan!

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Captain Quinn ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Burke said I'd find you here.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Nice night, isn't it?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
No time to notice. How's it going with Jenny?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

She's a tough kid. She's helping out a lot. But, unfortunately, the more I learn, the less some of this makes sense.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
You're telling me. You wanna compare notes?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Yeah. Did you send someone over to talk to the employees of the gas station?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
In Odenton? Yeah. But nobody noticed anything unusual. At least nothing we can use.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
How did you find the car?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Oh -- one of the kids at the gas station has a police monitor. He heard the description of the car and noticed it sitting there. We estimate the suspects dropped it off around five.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Around the same time Jenny was dropped off at the police station. So it's safe to say the one suspect then drove over in the pick-up truck and got his partner.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
That's a reasonable guess. But there's another angle to this whole thing.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Oh?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Eugene Meltsner's dorm room was broken into.  
Whoever did it stole his laptop computer, his  
computer disks and then erased everything on his  
large desktop computer. It's fair to assume that this  
same person -- or persons -- then stole Eugene's car.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

The getaway car.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Right. I asked him to compile a list of everything  
he had on that computer.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

You think it's all connected?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I don't know. What do you think?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I don't have enough information to think yet. Right  
now, it's just a lot of scattered pieces and my mind  
is too fogged to put them together. You booked me  
a room at the Odyssey Hotel?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Yep.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good. I think I'll go on and get some sleep.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Wait a minute. You didn't tell me what *you've*  
learned. We're supposed to compare notes,  
remember?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Tomorrow -- when the fog has cleared, Captain  
Quinn. Tomorrow.

[MUSIC BRIDGE LEADS US TO ... ]



[FIRST BREAK.]

4.

[THE ROBERT'S HOUSE, THE NEXT DAY. DET. ETHAN IS AGAIN WITH JENNY.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

All right, Jenny. We've had a good night's sleep, a delicious breakfast -- compliments of your parents -  
- and now I need you to think about that hideout again. Forget the room. Forget what they said. Think about the sounds *outside*. Okay? The sounds outside. Then see if you can describe them.

JENNY:

I'll do my best.

*[FLASHBACK TO THE HIDEOUT SCENE WITH THE BACKGROUND NOISE MIXED FORWARD. A DISTANT HORN, TRUCKS DRIVING TO AND FROM THE AREA, HAMMERING, AND A VERY PECULIAR "MACHINE-GUN" SOUND (INDUSTRIAL CHISEL), ETC. ONE MIGHT GUESS THAT WE'RE NEAR A CONSTRUCTION SITE OR CONCRETE MANUFACTURER. RUSSELL AND MARTIN ENTER WITH JENNY. THE ROOM ITSELF SOUNDS EMPTY AND ONLY HAS A TABLE AND A COUPLE OF CHAIRS. THEY BEGIN TO CHANGE OUT OF THEIR DISGUISES.]*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Okay, Abraham Lincoln, you sit right there and be a good girl.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Maybe we should tie her up.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Nah. She wouldn't be dumb enough to try to run away. It's not like she can see where she's going.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*(TO JENNY) You're not going to try to run away, are you, Abe? We're three flights up and I wouldn't want anything to, y'know, happen to you. (BEAT) Well?*

JENNY:

*Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers  
brought forth this great nation.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*(LAUGHS) That's great.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Okay, let's get changed. (HE PULLS AT HIS  
FALSE MOUSTACHE, IT HURTS) Ouch! That  
hurts.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*You need to use the remover. You'll tear off a layer  
of skin doing it like that.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*I just wanna get on with it. I don't like having this  
kid around.*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*What -- are you afraid she'll give the police our  
description? Maybe tell 'em where we brought her?  
Like I said: she's a perfect hostage. (BEGINS  
TAKING OFF HIS SHIRT)*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*(BEAT) What're you doing?*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*I'm changing shirts.*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*Go in the other room, will you?*

RUSSELL KOSH:

*Why?*

MARTIN JOHNS:

*The girl.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*Don't be such an idiot. She's blind remember?*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*Well I'm going in the other room. (HE DOES)*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*(CALLS AFTER HIM) All right, so the plan is what?*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*I'll get rid of the car while you take the kid back to Odyssey in the pick-up truck.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*What? Are you nuts?*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*(ENTERS AS HE SPEAKS) Look, we're not just a couple of robbers now -- we're kidnappers. Don't you get it? There'll be a state-wide search for her. The heat'll be on as long as she's missing. Once we get her back, things'll calm down.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*But how am I supposed to get her back without trouble?*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*What trouble? First, you'll be in a pick-up truck. Nobody's looking for a pick-up truck. Secondly, you look completely different without your disguise. And C, we have to deliver her safe and sound or we'll have no end of problems.*

*RUSSELL KOSH:*

*It makes me nervous.*

*MARTIN JOHNS:*

*It'll be okay. Just drop her off someplace safe where the police will find her.*

RUSSELL KOSH:  
*(CHUCKLES) I'll take her to the police station in  
Odyssey. That should be safe enough.*

[WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Jenny? What do you hear?

JENNY:  
A horn or something. I could hear it in the distance  
... Like the kind on a big truck ... And trucks driving  
back and forth ... you know how they have that low  
rumble and the sound of gears shifting ... and that  
beeping they make when they back up ... Maybe  
bulldozers ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Go on.

JENNY:  
Hammering ... definitely hammering ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
What kind of hammering? Tack hammers? Nails?  
Jack-hammering?

JENNY:  
Pounding ... like chiseling ... but maybe some jack-  
hammering, too.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
A construction sight? Is that what it sounded like?

JENNY:  
Maybe. And there's one sound I can't figure out.  
Kinda like a woodpecker. No-- a machine gun.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
A machine gun? Like on TV?

JENNY:

Sort of. But more like the machine guns in those old gangster movies.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Hm. A machine gun. But no other gun sounds?

JENNY:

No -- just that one.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

A firing range maybe?

JENNY:

I don't know.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Describe it for me.

JENNY:

I can't. I mean, it sounds like a machine gun. That's the only way to describe it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Okay. So we have what sounds like a construction sight, except for the weird machine-gun noise. If you heard it again, could you identify it?

JENNY:

Sure.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good girl. (CALLS) Officer Spector!

OFFICER:

Yes, Detective.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I want you to get ahold of some sound effect disks.

OFFICER:

You're kidding. Where would I find something like that?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Try the local radio stations, or a recording studio. They must have some on hand.

OFFICER:

Yes, ma'am. If you say so.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I say so. And you better find Captain Quinn. We need to talk.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

5.

[LATER. THE ROBERTS' HOUSE, THOUGH WE WOULDN'T KNOW IT FROM THE SOUNDS. WE HEAR WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A CONSTRUCTION SITE. THEN JENNY SPEAKS OVER IT WITH STRAINED PATIENCE -- SHE'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN AT THIS FOR AWHILE.]

JENNY:

No. That's not it.

[THE SOUND EFFECT ABRUPTLY STOPS AS OFFICER BURKE SWITCHES TRACKS.]

OFFICER:

Okay. Let's try the next one.

[ANOTHER SOUND EFFECT BEGINS: OF TRACTORS OR CRANES.]

JENNY:

Nope.

OFFICER:

And the next ...

[ANOTHER SOUND EFFECT BEGINS WITH SAME DIALOGUE -- JENNY SAYING "NO" WITH LESS AND LESS PATIENCE AND OFFICER BURKE PUTTING ON THE NEXT EFFECT. BUT OUR PERSPECTIVE PULLS BACK TO CAPTAIN QUINN'S ENTRANCE. HE GOES TO DETECTIVE ETHAN.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What's going on here?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Sound Effect disks from a local recording studio.  
We're trying to identify some of the sounds Jenny  
heard outside of our suspects' hideout.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Like looking through mug shots of "sound," huh?  
That's a new twist. Any luck?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Not yet. How about you?

OFFICER:  
Detective Ethan?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Yes? (APPROACHES JENNY AND BURKE) Did  
you find something?

OFFICER:  
No. I think we may need a break, though.

JENNY:  
(BOTHERED) It's all starting to sound the same.  
I'm getting the sound effects confused with what I  
remember.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Okay, Jenny. Take a break.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What kind of sound effects are you listening to?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Construction sites. At least, that's what it sounded like to her.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Then we're on the same track.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Are we?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

We did an analysis on the dirt and dust covering Eugene Meltsner's car. Pretty normal for Odyssey and the surrounding area but, curiously, there was a layer of concrete dust. And the wheel-wells had the kind of clay a car might get at a construction site where the ground is torn up by heavy machinery.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Yes, but Jenny remembers an odd sound -- something like the sound of an old machine gun in gangster movies. (BEAT) Wait a minute -- did you say concrete dust?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Uh huh. The car was covered with it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

But, would a construction site have -- (BEAT) Maybe we have this the wrong way around. Officer, let me see that sound effects catalogue.

OFFICER:

Sure. (SHE HANDS IT TO HER)

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

(FLIPS THROUGH IT) Construction ... trucks ... bulldozers ... (BEAT) There we go. (TO BURKE) Punch in Track 47.



JENNY:

Whatdja find?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

We've been listening to construction site sound effects. But would a construction site cover a car in concrete dust? Maybe. But not as much as a *demolition* site would.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Demolition!

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Listen for a moment ...

OFFICER:

Here we go ...

[WE HEAR THE DEMOLITION SOUND EFFECTS -- ALONG WITH THE INDUSTRIAL CHISEL THAT SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN.]

JENNY:

That's it! That's the sound! Hear it? Like a machine gun.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Sounds like a woodpecker to me.

JENNY:

That's what *I* said, too!

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

It's the sound of an industrial pneumatic chisel. The kind used at demolition sites. (BEAT) Captain Quinn, I suggest we contact every Zoning office within 20 miles of Odyssey to find out what's being demolished. (TO JENNY) Good job, Jenny. You've given this case a new lease on life.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ... ]  
[SECOND BREAK]

6.

[EUGENE'S DORM ROOM. KATRINA KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.]

EUGENE:

Please enter!

KATRINA:

(ENTERING) Hello, Eugene.

EUGENE:

(WARMLY) Greetings, Katrina. Please -- sit down.  
How are you faring this first day after your  
traumatic experience?

KATRINA:

I'm all right. Still a little anxious.

EUGENE:

Anxious?

KATRINA:

As long as those crooks are on the loose, I don't feel  
safe.

EUGENE:

I understand. Though my guess, based on  
everything I've heard, is that the villains were after  
particular *items*, not *people*.

KATRINA:

Still, I can't help but feel uneasy. I've been praying  
about it -- desiring God's peace in the midst of this  
turmoil -- but I don't seem to have the inner  
resources to, let's say, grab hold of it.

EUGENE:

Katrina ... knowing your heart and the sincerity of  
your prayers, I'm most certain peace will come.  
And ... if there's any way I can be of service ...

KATRINA:

Thank you, Eugene. It means a lot to me to know  
that ... well ... you're nearby.

[THERE IS AN EXPECTANT PAUSE.]

EUGENE:

I ... I must confess that this mystery has invigorated  
me.

KATRINA:

Invigorated?

EUGENE:

Yes! I'm determined to play my part in solving this  
case. For the moment, I'm trying to reconstruct the  
contents of the files on my computer hard-drive.  
(BEAT) Alas, Katrina, you had stored some of your  
work on my computer as well. It's all lost.

KATRINA:

I have hard copies of some of it. Unfortunately,  
some of them were in my knapsack.

EUGENE:

Yes, I had forgotten that they took that as well.

KATRINA:

It's thrown my class assignment schedule to the  
wind. All of my most recent work was in there.

EUGENE:

The same is true of my computer -- the laptop -- and  
the disks. My technological knapsack, as it were.  
So it would seem we are in the same proverbial  
boat.

KATRINA:

Indeed.

EUGENE:

It *is* maddening. What was on this computer? Why would the culprits bother to steal my laptop and disks and then erase everything on my main computer? And what does it all have to do with the robbery at Holstein's Bookshop? Those are the nagging questions!

[MUSIC BRIDGE TO ... ]

7.

[LATER. ODYSSEY POLICE STATION. A VERY ACTIVE MEETING ROOM AS CAPTAIN QUINN SPREADS A MAP ON THE TABLE. DETECTIVE ETHAN LEANS OVER IT.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Here's a map of a 20 mile circle around Odyssey.  
(We've marked all the railroad crossings.)

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

We contacted all the Zoning Offices in the surrounding towns and they FAXed us lists of areas where any sort of demolition is being carried out. Fortunately, there are only three.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

This shouldn't take long, then. (POINTS TO LIST, THEN MAP) Strike this one. It's smack in the middle of Connellsville. Jenny would have heard the city noises. We have to look at more remote sites.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

This second one -- Zone 12 -- doesn't work.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Why not?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

It's inside the Railroad lines. See? They wouldn't have crossed any tracks to get to it. Unless they crossed just to throw us off.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I doubt it. Jenny said they crossed railroad tracks *returning* to Odyssey as well. Why would they go to all that trouble when they were out of their disguises, in another vehicle, and obviously felt secure?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Good point.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Doesn't matter. According to this list, the demolition was completed three weeks ago.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Then it has to be this one. Over in Zone 9 ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

(LOOKS) Hm. Could be ... No, wait. Can't be.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

It has to be. That's all there is.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

But it isn't. See? It's nestled in a factory area -- there's a steel mill and a computer manufacturing center. They would've had to drive past them to get to the demolition site and Jenny didn't hear anything that sounded like one or the other.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Maybe she didn't notice.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Maybe she didn't, but there's another problem. This site has only one building being demolished.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

So?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

So -- Jenny was *in* the hideout -- on the third floor of one building -- when she heard the sounds of a *another* building being demolished. That means we need a demolition site with more than one structure.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

But that's all there is.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

It can't be. Look at the map. We're missing something -- or forgetting.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Like what? Jenny must've been wrong in what she heard. This is a dead end.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

No. She was too sure.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

But this is it. Back to square one.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

(SEES SOMETHING) Wait. What does this legend mean over here -- near Mitchell Point?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

(LOOKS) Lemmee see ... Oh, I know. That's where they're putting in the new Interstate Highway.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

And this area here -- what is it? an old ironworks factory --

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Uh huh.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

It's right in the path of the proposed Highway --  
being constructed now --

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I see.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

What happens to those -- (COUNTS) one, two,  
*three* buildings?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Demolished, I guess.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

But they're not on the list. Why not?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Good question.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Would their demolition be handled out of *state*  
office instead of one of the local zoning boards?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

That's possible.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Not just possible -- *likely*. Let's get on the phone to  
the Capital and find out!

[QUICK STING TO:]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

(FINISHING HIS PHONE CONVERSATION)  
Right. I don't care how you do it, you have to stop them! I'm going out there with my men right now. Jurisdiction! Forget it. Just stop those workers until we get there! (SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE)  
Bureaucrats.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Well?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Come on ... (QUICKLY, AS THEY GO OUT OF THE OFFICE AND INTO THE MAIN STATION)  
That has to be the place. Three buildings. The old factory, an office building, and an apartment building used for the immigrant workers from the factory. All built around the turn of the century. They knocked down the office building last week. They finished the factory off *last night*.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Last night!

CAPTAIN QUINN:

And the apartment building is coming down *today*.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Their hideout is in the apartment building.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Our boys were real smart. They figured the building -- with any evidence -- would come down before we'd find it. Ha. (TO THE DISPATCHER) Paula -  
-

PAULA:

Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I want every available officer at Rt. 32 and Columbia Road -- *right now*!



[DRIVING, THROBBING MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ... ]

8.

[MUSIC CONTINUES AS WE HEAR SEVERAL POLICE CARS -- SIRENS SCREAMING -- RACE PAST OUR PERSPECTIVE ON A HIGHWAY. AND ONTO:]

9.

[THE POLICE CARS PULL ONTO THE DEMOLITION SITE. THE SOUNDS ARE FAMILIAR -- THANKS TO JENNY. THE CARS SLIDE TO A HALT ON THE GRAVEL AND QUINN JUMPS OUT. A FOREMAN APPROACHES.]

FOREMAN FRANK:

You must be Captain Quinn from Odyssey.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Yeah -- who are you?

FOREMAN FRANK:

Frank Faylen -- the foreman of this site. State called and said to wait on blowing this place. What's the problem?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

We're looking for a couple of suspects in a robbery.

FOREMAN FRANK:

You won't find 'em here. We checked the building for people. It's empty.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

The *suspects* may be gone, but the clues may still be around.

FOREMAN FRANK:

Well, good luck searchin' through all the junk for clues.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
(CALLS OUT TO HIS MEN) Joe -- you take Bill  
and Ed through the front. Burke -- you and Mac  
start from the back. Check every nook and cranny.  
And *be careful!*

[THEY HUSTLE OFF AS THE MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

10.

[LATER. THE INSIDE OF THE BUILDING.]

OFFICER:  
This is the room, Captain.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
You didn't touch anything, did you?

OFFICER:  
No, sir. Who'd wanna touch anything in a dump  
like this?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Get the lab boys up here to check for fingerprints.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
I'll be surprised if you find any.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Me, too. But if our boys thought the building was  
being demolished, they might've been careless.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
(MOVES TO THE TABLE) Look at this ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
I see it. We can assume that's Katrina's knapsack.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
It has to be.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
See anything else?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Not yet. I want to look inside without touching  
anything. Got a pen?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
(HANDS HER ONE) Here.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Thanks. (SHE POKES AROUND) Now *that's*  
interesting.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
What?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
The money's still stuffed in the front pouch.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
So they *weren't* after the money.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
No ... (POKES SOME MORE) Oh no ... our lives  
just became more complicated.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
How?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Inside this main section of the knapsack ... Look ...

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
They left the Hugaard Book!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

THE END OF PART TWO.]

III.

Cast: Det. Patricia Ethan, Captain Richard Quinn, Eugene Meltsner, Katrina Shanks, Officer Donald Burke, Stu Prentice (Lab Tech), Officer Joe Spector, Martin Johns, Russell Kosh, Dr. Lloyd Marcus, Jenny Roberts, Mike & Linda Roberts.

1.

[THE POLICE STATION. DETECTIVE ETHAN AND CAPTAIN QUINN ARE IN QUINN'S OFFICE.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Well, Captain Quinn, we're back where we started. It looks like Holstein's Bookstore was *not* robbed for money or the Haugaard book or even Katrina's very efficient-looking knapsack. In fact, if our pair of thieves hadn't taken Jenny hostage -- we wouldn't have a case.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Except that Eugene's laptop computer and disks are still missing.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Except for that, yes. But we have no idea whether or not these same two took them. Maybe they *are* completely unrelated. (BEAT) This is nothing short of remarkable.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

It sure beats the socks off of me. Maybe our lab technician will find a stray fingerprint from the hideout.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I hope so. (GROWLS) I hate to be outfoxed by a couple of petty crooks.

[OFFICER BURKE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR, IT OPENS.]

OFFICER:

Captain? Eugene Meltsner and Katrina Shanks are here.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Send them in.

[EUGENE AND KATRINA ENTER.]

KATRINA:

Good afternoon.

EUGENE:

Greetings, Captain -- Detective.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good afternoon.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

(GESTURING TO KNAPSACK) I believe that  
knapsack is yours, Katrina.

KATRINA:

I'm so glad you got it back. I've been lost without it.  
(REACHES FOR IT, STOPS) Oh -- may I handle  
it?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

We examined it thoroughly for fingerprints. Go  
ahead and check the contents. However, we may  
need to hold on to it as evidence *if* we ever catch the  
clowns who took it.

EUGENE:

*If*, Captain? Are you so uncertain?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Yeah. "Uncertain" is a good word. How are you  
doing with your little chore?

EUGENE:

You mean compiling a list of the files that were  
erased from my computer?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Yeah.

EUGENE:

I have been doing as you asked, but confess that I haven't found anything there that would interest a thief. And I haven't as yet discovered a link between the thefts in my dorm and the robbery at Holstein's.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Too bad.

EUGENE:

I have no doubt that there *is* a connection, though. The odds against such a coincidence are astronomical.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Keep at it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Eugene -- as you work through your list, don't think only about the obvious connections. I'd be interested in *any* connection -- even the most obscure.

EUGENE:

Will do, Detective.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Is everything there, Katrina?

KATRINA:

Yes, I think so. Except ... there's a corner of a torn envelope here.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Is there something suspicious about that?

KATRINA:

I'm not in the habit of using my knapsack as a trash container. I wouldn't tear open an envelope and shove a piece of it back in. And I wonder what envelope this piece belonged to?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Nothing comes to mind?

KATRINA:

Not off-hand. I carry a lot of different files and material in my knapsack. Some of it's related to my studies, other items are related to my tutoring. Peculiar, though.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Jenny said they tore open an envelope in the car. But we have no idea what was in it. So if you can think of *anything* missing, let us know.

KATRINA:

I will. I see you got the Haugaard book back, as well.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Uh huh.

KATRINA:

Dr. Marcus will be very pleased to get it.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

He'll be the only one. All our theories about this case were connected to that book -- and now they're blown to pieces.

EUGENE:

Why?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Because we thought the hold-up was an elaborate scheme to get the book, but it obviously wasn't since they left it behind.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

That theory had holes in it anyway.

EUGENE:

How so?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

For one thing, how did they know the book was there to steal?

KATRINA:

They overheard my conversation with Mr. Holstein about it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Yes, but they were already there with a purpose. According to Jenny, they referred to a "plan" more than once. That they *happened* to overhear him tell you the book was there -- and then decide to steal it -- doesn't make sense. Particularly when there were far more valuable books in the back.

EUGENE:

I'm no detective, Detective. What are you suggesting?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'm not sure. But I think this book and your computer -- *together* -- will solve this case.

EUGENE:

Then I shall apply all my faculties to help form a solution.

CAPTAIN QUINN:



Think about it, too.

KATRINA:

Would you like me to take the book to Dr. Marcus?  
It's on our way.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Better not. We may need it as evidence, too. But if you want to tell him that it's safe and sound with us, I'd appreciate it. We keep calling his office, but the line's busy.

EUGENE:

He probably took it off the hook. He does that when he's trying to get work done.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I don't blame him.

[OFFICER BURKE ENTERS AGAIN.]

OFFICER:

Captain?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

What is it, Burke?

OFFICER:

Stu wants you in the lab right away. He says they found a fingerprint at the hideout!

[MUSIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO ...]

[THE FIRST BREAK]

2.

[MOMENTS LATER IN THE LAB ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION.]

STU PRENTICE:

It's a beauty, all right. Not just a fingerprint -- but a *handprint* with all four fingers and thumb.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Where in the world did you find it?

STU PRENTICE:

On the bedroom door (at least I *think* it used to be a bedroom) at their hideout. Judging from the scuff in the dirt on the floor, our man leaned against the door while taking off his shoes, or putting them on, or something ...

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

That lines up with what Jenny said. One of them went into the other room to change out of his disguise.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

So how long will it take to get an identification?

STU PRENTICE:

Hard to say. I have a friend at the State Bureau of Investigation who can rush me into the AFIS.

EUGENE:

AFIS?

STU PRENTICE:

Automated Fingerprint Identification System. Since we have no idea who our suspects are, the system'll compare these unknown prints with known prints on record. Y'know, ten years ago it wouldn't have been possible, but --

CAPTAIN QUINN:

So how long will it take, Stu?

STU PRENTICE:

Ideally ... a couple of hours?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Get on it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
(SIGHS) Well ... another break.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Maybe this'll solve the case.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Maybe ... but I still think it's only part of the story.  
Eugene?

EUGENE:  
Yes, ma'am?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Back to your list, please.

EUGENE:  
Yes, ma'am!

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ... ]

3.  
[THE COLLEGE. KATRINA PULLS UP TO EUGENE'S DORM BUILDING.]

EUGENE:  
Thank you for the ride, Katrina.

KATRINA:  
My pleasure. (BEAT) You've been awfully quiet.

EUGENE:  
I've been thinking ... about the connection ...

KATRINA:  
Oh?

EUGENE:

In all the excitement, I had forgotten that I gave you a report to read. Do you remember?

KATRINA:

No. (BEAT) Wait. Yes, of course I do. It's that project you wouldn't tell anyone about. Some findings you were going to send to the Journal of Education?

EUGENE:

Precisely. I had it on my main computer *and* my laptop *and* the backed-up on the disks that were stolen. Do you still have the printed copy I gave you?

KATRINA:

Yes. I wouldn't let anything happen to it.

EUGENE:

Where is it?

KATRINA:

It's in ... my ... (BEAT) Eugene, I put it in my knapsack so I could read it when I had a spare moment.

EUGENE:

Was it in your knapsack when you looked through it at the police station?

KATRINA:

(THINKS ABOUT IT) No ... I didn't see it.

EUGENE:

Do you remember *how* I gave the report to you?

KATRINA:

You handed it to me ...

KATRINA WITH EUGENE:

In an envelope.

KATRINA:

Eugene! Do you think the thieves went to all that trouble to steal your report? What kind of report was it?

EUGENE:

Fairly unimportant, I thought ... until now.  
(URGENTLY) If you'll pardon me, Katrina, I need to go see Dr. Marcus.

KATRINA:

Dr. Marcus!

EUGENE:

Yes! He could be in danger!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ...]

4.

[DR. MARCUS' OFFICE AT THE COLLEGE. HE IS THERE WITH EUGENE.]

DR. MARCUS:

What's this all about, Eugene. I'm *very* busy.

EUGENE:

Yes, sir. I know. Captain Quinn said your phone line has been --

DR. MARCUS:

I took it off the hook so I could get some work done.

EUGENE:

As I told him. He wanted you to know that the Haugaard book has been recovered.

DR. MARCUS:

(SHOCKED) What? How? Where?

EUGENE:

They found it at the thieves' hideout.

DR. MARCUS:  
Unbelievable! Did they catch whoever took it?

EUGENE:  
No, sir. And that's why I'm here. To warn you.

DR. MARCUS:  
Warn me?

EUGENE:  
Yes! On the same day that Holstein's Books was robbed, someone stole my laptop computer, all my disks and *erased* the hard-drive on my main computer. And we think the same person or persons stole my car and used it as the getaway vehicle in the robbery!

DR. MARCUS:  
That's remarkable, Eugene.

EUGENE:  
We -- the police and I -- suspect that there's a connection between the two events. And they have asked me to help them think of what that connection may be!

DR. MARCUS:  
You're certainly the man for the job.

EUGENE:  
Thank you. Just a moment ago I realized a common denominator between my theft and the robbery.

DR. MARCUS:  
Yes?

EUGENE:  
You.

DR. MARCUS:

Me! How in the world do you figure that?

EUGENE:

You were the one who ordered the book that was ultimately stolen.

DR. MARCUS:

Uh huh... (BEAT) That can't be all of it. Go on.

EUGENE:

Well, sir, Katrina was ... I'm hesitant to say, sir.

DR. MARCUS:

Say it.

EUGENE:

You remember from our conversation several days ago that I had asked Katrina to proof-read the report I had compiled.

DR. MARCUS:

Proof read *what* report? Oh -- you mean the computer analysis about statewide educational trends?

EUGENE:

Yes, sir. It was in her knapsack. And though the knapsack has been recovered, the report was not.

DR. MARCUS:

Eugene, I'll grant that your report was brilliant -- a masterpiece, in fact -- but I don't understand why someone would go to so much trouble to steal it. All you have to do is print out another.

EUGENE:

But I *can't*. Don't you understand? It's been erased  
-- and stolen with my laptop and disks!

DR. MARCUS:

Oh no. Eugene, I'm so sorry. All that work! And  
you were -- what were your plans?

EUGENE:

Once I had Katrina's notes on it, I was going to  
submit it to the Journal Of Education.

DR. MARCUS:

That's right. Eugene ... what can I do? I don't have  
the copy you gave to me. I'm sorry. I threw it away  
after I'd read it. I assumed you had it on file and  
would give me the final draft when it was  
completed.

EUGENE:

Oh. A reasonable assumption.

DR. MARCUS:

Look, if you're worried about your grade --

EUGENE:

No, sir. I'm worried about *you*.

DR. MARCUS:

So you said. But I still don't understand why.

EUGENE:

You're the link between the two incidents -- you  
ordered the book, you commissioned the report --  
which makes me suspect that if the thieves are  
working in the context of a larger diabolical plan,  
then you may be in danger.

DR. MARCUS:

Is this what the police think?

EUGENE:



No, sir. I haven't talked to them about it.

DR. MARCUS:

Good thing. Because I think you're being terribly overdramatic, Eugene. What kind of danger could I be in? I don't have anything a thief could want. (AMUSED) If they want the book and the report that bad, they can have them -- with all due respect to your loss, of course.

EUGENE:

I'm simply suggesting that, until these villains are apprehended, you should watch your back -- to borrow the colloquialism.

DR. MARCUS:

Okay, Eugene. I'll watch my back.

EUGENE:

And perhaps you should put your phone on the hook?

DR. MARCUS:

(HE HANGS UP THE PHONE) Consider it done. Is there anything else?

EUGENE:

No, sir.

DR. MARCUS:

Then thank you, Eugene. I appreciate your concern.

EUGENE:

You're welcome.

[HE EXITS AS THE MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

[THE POLICE STATION. CAPTAIN QUINN AND DETECTIVE ETHAN ARE IN QUINN'S OFFICE.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

How long's it been?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Two hours.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

What's taking so long?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

The computer only has a few hundred thousand fingerprints to compare.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

That's my point. What's taking it so long?

[THE PHONE RINGS. QUINN SNATCHES IT UP.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Quinn here. (BEAT) Stu! What do you have -- and it better be good. (HE LISTENS) Wait a minute ... let me put you on the speaker-phone so Detective Ethan can hear you. (PUNCHES THE BUTTON) Are you there?

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) I'm here.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Start over.

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) The computer did a comparison with the fingerprints and came up with several possible matches.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Yes -- and?

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) I then did a personal examination to compare each set of fingerprints -- that's why it's taken me so long to get back to you.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

All right, already. What did you find?

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) We have our man.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

What? Who is he?

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) Martin Franklin Johns. He's been arrested before on small-time thefts. That's why his fingerprints were in the computer.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Martin Johns -- got it. I'll run a check on it.

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) Don't have to. I did it already. I'm FAXing the info through right now -- including his address in Connellsville.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

You're terrific, Stu.

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) And guess what, Captain?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

What?

STU PRENTICE:

(FILTERED) He owns a pick-up truck.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I love you, Stu. Buy yourself some dinner on the department.

STU PRENTICE:  
(FILTERED) Deal.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Looks like we're going to Connellsville.

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
You better believe it.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ... ]

[A DOOR BEING KICKED IN. AND SEVERAL OFFICERS FLOOD INTO MARTIN JOHN'S APARTMENT IN CONNELLSVILLE. HE'S AT A KITCHEN TABLE. THEY GRAB HIM, FRISK HIM, ETC.]

OFFICER:  
Don't move! Police officers!

MARTIN JOHNS:  
What? What's going on here? Don't you guys know how to knock?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Martin Johns, we have a warrant to search your apartment and to place you under arrest.

MARTIN JOHNS:  
I haven't done anything! You have me confused with someone else! What's the charge?

CAPTAIN QUINN:  
Suspicion of armed robbery and kidnapping!

MARTIN JOHNS:  
No way!

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Officer Burke -- read him his rights.

[MUSIC BEGINS]

OFFICER:  
You have the right to remain silent --

MARTIN JOHNS:  
You're making a big mistake here! It's a case of,  
y'know, mistaken identity.

OFFICER:  
Anything you say may be used against you in a  
court of law --

MARTIN JOHNS:  
I want my lawyer!

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE ...]

5.

[A PHONE RINGS ONCE, TWICE, A THIRD TIME. DR. MARCUS PICKS IT UP.]

DR. MARCUS:  
(PREOCCUPIED) Marcus here. (HE LISTENS TO  
SOMEONE ON THE OTHER END) Calm down.  
When? (HE LISTENS) Uh huh. (BEAT) I said to  
calm down. This isn't the end of the world.  
(BEAT) Don't threaten me. We'll think of  
something. Just stay put until you hear from me.  
(BEAT) Goodbye.

[HE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.]

DR. MARCUS:  
(SIGHS) Just my luck.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

[THE POLICE STATION IN ODYSSEY. MIKE ROBERTS HAS ARRIVED WITH JENNY.  
DETECTIVE ETHAN GREETES THEM.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Thank you for coming down on such short notice,  
Mr and Mrs. Roberts.

MIKE ROBERTS:

Anything I can do. I'm really impressed that you  
caught one of them so fast.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

We couldn't have done it without your daughter.  
How are you doing, Jenny?

JENNY:

I'm okay.

MIKE ROBERTS:

She's a hero at school.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

And so she should be. Now, here's what's going to  
happen. We'll go into this room. It has a two-way  
mirror looking into our interrogation room.

JENNY:

Is that where you have him?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Yes. He won't be able to see or hear you. But I  
want you to listen to him and tell me if it's the same  
voice as one of your kidnappers. Okay?

JENNY:

Got it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Let's go in ...

[THEY DO. WE HEAR QUINN INTERROGATING JOHNS.]

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Come on, Marty. Give me a break.

MARTIN JOHNS:

Martin -- and I won't talk until I see my lawyer.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

I'm sure your lawyer will get here as soon as he can.  
In the meantime, why don't you tell me about the  
hold-up. What were you after? It wasn't the money  
or the book ...

MARTIN JOHNS:

I don't know what hold-up you're talking about.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

No. You've forgotten already? The hold-up at  
Holstein's Bookstore in Odyssey and the girl you  
kidnapped?

MARTIN JOHNS:

Me? I'm not into kidnapping. Talk to my parole  
officer.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

We will.

[THEY FALL SILENT.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Well, Jenny?

JENNY:

Wait. The voice is right, but something's missing.  
Something he did.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

What do you mean?

MARTIN JOHNS:

This is ridiculous. Where's my lawyer? You can't just, y'know, keep me here like this.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

(UNDER) What can I say? We've got you and we'll keep you here as long as we need to.

JENNY:

That's him.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Are you sure?

JENNY:

Yeah. It's the way he drops "y'know" into his sentences. He did it the whole time I was with him.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

You're absolutely sure.

JENNY:

Absolutely.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Okay. (BEAT) Jenny -- I know they kept saying you were the perfect hostage because you're blind. But as far as I'm concerned, you're the perfect witness.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

6.

[LATER. QUINN'S OFFICE. KATRINA KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Come in ...

KATRINA:

Good evening.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:



Hello, Katrina. Did Captain Quinn get you to identify the suspect?

KATRINA:

Yes. As well as I could, I mean. His hair was a different color -- blonde -- and he had a moustache. But I'm confident it's him.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Good. Between his fingerprints at the hideout, Jenny's recognition of his voice and your I.D., it should be an open and shut case. You should get your knapsack back in no time at all.

KATRINA:

Yes ... about that. May I look at it again?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Go ahead. Miss it that much?

KATRINA:

(SMILES) I just need to confirm something. (SHE LOOKS IN THE KNAPSACK)

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Martin's a tough nut to crack. He won't admit to anything and he certainly won't tell us anything about his partners.

KATRINA:

Partners? You mean partner.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Partners -- plural. There's the one he robbed the Bookstore with, and then they later referred to someone else they needed to call.

KATRINA:

It's not here.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

What isn't.

KATRINA:

Eugene's report.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

What report?

KATRINA:

A report -- well, actually an article with a computer analysis he worked on for more than a year. He was going to send it to the Journal of Education and gave it to me to proof-read. I put it in my knapsack. Hasn't Eugene called you?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

No. Should he have?

KATRINA:

I thought he would.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

You're telling me that the report was in the knapsack and now it's gone?

KATRINA:

Yes. Eugene remembered that he had given it to me in an envelope.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

The piece of envelope still in your knapsack.

KATRINA:

I assume so.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Katrina, this is very important. You better tell me everything.

KATRINA:

That's the problem -- I don't know everything.  
When Eugene left me, he said he had thought of a  
connection between the erased files and the robbery.  
And then he said something about Dr. Marcus  
being in danger -- and rushed off.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Dr. Marcus!

KATRINA:  
Yes.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
I must've missed a chapter in this mystery. Dr.  
Marcus is the connection?

KATRINA:  
I suppose so. That's why Eugene thought he was in  
danger.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
*In* danger or the *cause* of the danger?

KATRINA:  
I beg your pardon?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Of course! Apart from Holstein, Dr. Marcus was  
the only one who knew the book had arrived.

KATRINA:  
I'm sorry -- I don't quite follow you.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
I don't follow me either, but Eugene may have  
dropped another piece into place -- though he may  
have gotten it in a little backwards. (BEAT)  
Katrina, will you take me to Eugene?

KATRINA:

Of course.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
(RISING TO LEAVE) And I want you to explain  
everything he said once more -- very carefully.  
Particularly the part about his report!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

7.

[LATER. DR. MARCUS' OFFICE. MARCUS IS IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ARGUMENT  
WITH RUSSELL KOSH.]

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Look, Professor, I don't want anymore of your  
promises. I want to know what you're going to do  
about Martin.

DR. MARCUS:  
And I want *you* to know that it was stupid of you to  
come here. To my office, of all places! Are you  
trying to blow this thing wide open?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
If you don't do something to get Martin out of jail,  
we *will* blow everything wide open.

DR. MARCUS:  
You got your money. I lived up to my part of the  
deal. You can't blame me for your own clumsiness  
-- kidnapping the girl, leaving fingerprints at the  
hideout. And what were you thinking when you left  
the knapsack and the book behind?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
That building was supposed to be demolished  
before the cops found it. Remember? That was  
*your* bright idea.

DR. MARCUS:

It doesn't matter. You have to be quiet so I can think. There's an angle I haven't thought of.

[EUGENE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.]

DR. MARCUS:

Who is it?

EUGENE:

(FROM THE OTHER SIDE) Eugene Meltsner, sir!

DR. MARCUS:

Just a minute, please! (GROWLS) Just what I needed. (TO RUSSELL) Hide in the other room. I'll get rid of him as soon as I can.

RUSSELL KOSH:

No tricks, Marcus.

DR. MARCUS:

I'm all out of tricks. You imbeciles used them up. Go on.

[RUSSELL GOES.]

DR. MARCUS:

Come in!

[EUGENE ENTERS.]

EUGENE:

I'm sorry to bother you again, Dr. Marcus. (BEAT)  
Oh -- I thought I heard you talking to someone.

DR. MARCUS:

I was on the phone. What do you want, Eugene?

EUGENE:

I just came to tell you some good news.

DR. MARCUS:

I could use some.

EUGENE:

You aren't in danger after all.

DR. MARCUS:

I'm not? Why aren't I?

EUGENE:

Katrina found a printed copy of my report in her recently recovered knapsack.

DR. MARCUS:

What?

EUGENE:

Apparently it was in one of the side pouches and wasn't noticed until this evening. So I have my report and you have nothing to worry about.

DR. MARCUS:

That's ... that's wonderful! I'm very happy for you! Do you have it with you? The report, I mean.

EUGENE:

Of course not. It's back in my room, safe and sound. I'm going there now to scan it into my computer and then send it off to the Journal of Education first thing in the morning.

DR. MARCUS:

Eugene, you have made my night! In fact, I'll one up that idea. Bring the report to me right now and I'll send it to the Journal with a cover letter of recommendation. All the work you did-- the extensive statistics and theories you formulated about education practices in this state-- deserves as much of a push as I can give it.

EUGENE:

That's very kind of you, sir. But I would prefer to bring it tomorrow after I've made some back-up copies.

DR. MARCUS:

Yes, yes. What was I thinking? By all means. But I want you here first thing, all right?

EUGENE:

You can count on me.

DR. MARCUS:

I knew I could. Thank you, Eugene, for stopping by. Goodnight.

EUGENE:

Goodnight, sir.

[HE GOES.]

DR. MARCUS:

(HARSH WHISPER) Russell!

RUSSELL KOSH:

I heard every word. It's impossible. That report is back at my apartment, keeping my mattress firm. He's bluffing.

DR. MARCUS:

Why would he bluff? Something's wrong here -- and you *better* get to his dorm room and set it straight.

RUSSELL KOSH:

You're nuts.

DR. MARCUS:

Maybe so. But you want your friend out of jail, don't you?

RUSSELL KOSH:

Yeah.

DR. MARCUS:

Then get that report from Meltsner!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... ]

8.

[EUGENE'S DORM ROOM. MUCH LATER. EUGENE IS SLEEPING. THERE IS A CRASH. EUGENE ENTERS FROM HIS BEDROOM TO INVESTIGATE.]

EUGENE:

(SLEEPILY) Hello? Is someone out here?

[WE HEAR SHUFFLING, A CHAIR BANGS AS SOMEONE BUMPS INTO IT.]

EUGENE:

Who's there? Be forewarned! I am equipped with a very heavy paperweight and I'm not afraid to use it!  
Who's there?!

RUSSELL KOSH:

I want that report.

EUGENE:

What?

[RUSSELL BUMPS INTO THE DESK.]

RUSSELL KOSH:

(ANNOYED) Oh turn on the light, for crying out loud. Otherwise we'll just keep banging around.

EUGENE:

Good idea.

[WE HEAR THE CLICK OF THE LIGHT BEING TURNED ON BY EUGENE.]

EUGENE:



Oh -- a ski mask. How clever. Have you come to erase everything else I own? My cassette tapes? A few pencil smudges?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Just hand over the report.

EUGENE:  
Which report?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
The analysis for the Journal of Education. Come on.

EUGENE:  
Why is it so important?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
None of your business. Look, I don't want trouble and I don't wanna have to hurt you.

EUGENE:  
Is that what you said to Jenny Roberts when you kidnapped her from Holstein's Bookstore?

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Who?

[DETECTIVE ETHAN ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
I think you know her better as Abraham Lincoln.

RUSSELL KOSH:  
Hey! What is this?

[HE TRIES TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT BUT, IN TRUE MYSTERY FASHION, COPS EMERGE FROM EVERYWHERE.]

DETECTIVE ETHAN:  
Don't bother. You've been baited and trapped. Care to make a confession?

RUSSELL KOSH:

Forget it. Apart from this petty break-in, you have nothing on me.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

So you think. But by now Dr. Marcus has been taken in by Captain Quinn and if he's the coward I think he is, has made a full confession.

RUSSELL KOSH:

Yeah ... you're probably right.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Officer? Will you take off his ski mask ... and do the honors?

OFFICER:

It's what I live for. (YANKS OFF SKI MASK) He looks better with it on.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Just read him his rights.

OFFICER:

Yes, Detective. (BEAT) You have the right to remain silent ...

RUSSELL KOSH:

Yeah, yeah, I know all about it.

[MUSIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO ... ]

9.

[THE NEXT DAY. QUINN'S OFFICE AT THE POLICE STATION. EUGENE, KATRINA, JENNY AND HER PARENTS, DETECTIVE ETHAN AND CAPTAIN QUINN ARE THERE.]

EUGENE:

I'm in shock. I still refuse to believe that a man of Dr. Marcus' stature would be involved in such an escapade!

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

And I appreciate your feelings, Eugene. But he was not only involved, but masterminded most of it.

EUGENE:

But ... but he's a highly esteemed scholar!

CAPTAIN QUINN:

As if scholars aren't capable of pulling off major crimes.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Captain, please. (TO EUGENE) It's *because* he's a highly esteemed scholar that this happened, Eugene. Dr. Marcus was up for tenure at the college --

JENNY:

Excuse me, Detective. Would you explain "tenure" to the younger members in your audience?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Tenure is something that most college and university teachers want. It's like a permanent contract that guarantees them good pay and job security.

JENNY:

So if they get it, they can't be fired?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Something like that, yes. And it puts them in line for big promotions and prestige. If you're a teacher, it's one of the most important things you can have. But Dr. Marcus hadn't fulfilled an important requirement to get it ... He hadn't written a substantial article for a reputable academic journal. Enter Eugene Meltsner.

EUGENE:

I can't believe it.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Dr. Marcus had sponsored Eugene's work and insisted it be kept secret. You didn't tell anyone what you were working on, did you, Eugene?

EUGENE:

No.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

And since Eugene trusted him completely, Marcus saw a prime opportunity to steal Eugene's results.

KATRINA:

But didn't he think Eugene would complain?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Of course he did. But then it would be just a student's word against a distinguished professor's.

EUGENE:

It's incomprehensible.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

But Marcus wasn't going to take any chances. He needed to get rid of all of Eugene's copies -- all proof that Eugene was the real author. How? Well, one obvious way: as Eugene's sponsor, he simply asked him where the copies were. And Eugene told him.

EUGENE:

Why wouldn't I?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Enter Martin Johns and Russell Kosh -- two petty thieves from Connellsville -- hired to steal everything that would connect Eugene to the report. They came up with a pretty good plan. First, break into Eugene's room, steal his laptop, disks and then erase the hard-drive on his desktop computer. Make it look like a typical burglary with some vandalism thrown in.

KATRINA:

But why steal Eugene's car?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'm waiting for Johns or Kosh to confess about that. Maybe they didn't know it was Eugene's car. They just grabbed what was handy. Or maybe they were being too clever for their own good. Anyway, stolen vehicles as getaway cars are common in robberies. It helps to throw the police off the track.

JENNY:

So how does the robbery fit into all this?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Eugene told Marcus that he'd given a copy of the report to Katrina. Maybe Johns and Kosh searched her apartment and couldn't find it. Maybe they had been watching and saw her put it in her knapsack. Either way, they knew it was there. But how could they steal it? Better still, how could they steal it without making it *obvious* they were stealing the report -- and throw attention in a completely different direction?

JENNY:

By staging a hold-up.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Right. Rob Holstein's Books of its cash -- grab what everyone knows is a valuable book and casually shove it in the nearest and handiest knapsack -- rush off and dump everything, except the report, in a hideout that's doomed to be demolished -- and it's easy. Marcus submits the report as his own and Eugene doesn't have a leg to stand on. But they were wrong on several points because they misjudged the people involved.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

How so?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

They misjudged Holstein, for one. They didn't expect him to have the sense to put a silent alarm in his store. So they panicked and grabbed Jenny because they thought she'd make the perfect hostage. They never believed that she'd make a great *ear-witness* and guide us in the right directions.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

(WRYLY) And I suspect they thought a small town like Odyssey wouldn't have the police to keep up with them.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Just like Dr. Marcus never believed anyone would think he was capable of committing such a crime in the first place. Their perception was all wrong from the start. The rest you know.

KATRINA:

What happens now?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Captain Quinn?

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Dr. Marcus isn't an experienced crook. He's not used to jail. I believe he'll confess everything just to make some sort of plea bargain. The other two will follow suit. Business as usual.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

We'll need all of you as witnesses, of course.

KATRINA:

We'll do whatever we can -- if only to see that justice is done. *Won't we, Eugene?*

EUGENE:

Indeed.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

With that, we can declare this case *closed*.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Detective Ethan, thank you for all your cunning and skill. The Sheriff's Office was smart to send you our way.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

(SHRUGS) They have their moments. (BEAT) I suppose I should go home now. It's been very nice getting to know all of you -- particularly you, Jenny. I meant what I said about you being a perfect witness.

JENNY:

Thank you.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

Detective, if you ever want a job in a small town -- think of us.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I will. There's only one thing I'm disappointed about.

CAPTAIN QUINN:

What's that?

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I was told I couldn't come to Odyssey without  
having ice cream at a place called Whit's End. You  
haven't heard of it, have you?

[PAUSE AS THEY ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER. MUSIC BEGINS.]

EUGENE:

Whit's End? It sounds familiar.

KATRINA:

Yes -- where have I heard that name?

EUGENE:

Imagine being here all this time and not knowing ...

JENNY:

Stop it, you guys. (TO ETHAN) Detective Ethan --

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

Yes, Jenny?

JENNY:

Why don't you take my hand and we'll walk there --  
together.

DETECTIVE ETHAN:

I'd love to.

[MUSIC RISES AND TAKES US TO ...

THE END.]