

ID EPISODE

101 "HOME"

By
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Netflix
That Kid Ed

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IN BLACK:

LENI (V.O.)

The apple tree is in blossom again.

("Leni" has an Australian accent, "Gina's" is more noticeably American. Enough that you will be able to tell them apart.)

FADE IN:

EXT. BECK FARM - DAY (MEMORY)

Dappled, slow-motion, golden sunlight. Tiny pink petals falling down like snow --

LENI (V.O.)

It takes me back.

-- onto CHILD GINA and CHILD LENI (7), swinging on two small swings hung from a sturdy bough of a sprawling apple tree in bloom. They swing and laugh.

GINA (V.O.)

The hours we spent under that tree.

We see the tree stands in the lovingly tended, slightly wild garden of a humble caretaker's cottage, and on the porch --

-- a beautiful, dark-haired woman: MARIA (30s, vibrant, magical). In the doorway, her smiling husband VICTOR (30s, earnest, true). Maria starts across the yard to the girls --

-- who leap from the swings and run to their mother, who bends to receive them. A quick embrace, and then she reaches into her pocket and pulls out two tiny, knitted bracelets --

LENI (V.O.)

I miss that feeling.

-- which she ties on their wrists, in turn, revealing that each bracelet bears their name.

They run back to the tree and begin to CLIMB. Victor steps up behind Maria and slips his arms around her, smiling as they watch the girls climb higher and higher --

LENI (V.O.)

That it was just you and me.

-- and WE RISE above the yard, above green paddocks, the rustic fences and barns of Beck Horse Farm, the forested hills beyond, the setting sun --

GINA (V.O.)

And the world was perfect.

(then)

You're thinking about the past.

-- but the skies darken with twilight and clouds -- *something is wrong* -- and we come back around to see the sisters have climbed high in the tree in what's now PRE-DAWN light --

--as a POLICE CAR rolls to the cottage, lights flashing, and Victor stands alone in the doorway. Bereft.

HARD CUT TO:

ADULT LENI

On a laptop screen. FaceTime. LENI DIMITRI (32) has a striking, intelligent, alert face, and the same dancing eyes she did as a child, though wiser, and more tired. Dressed in well-chosen, well-worn working-farm casual, she sighs.

LENI (ON SCREEN)

Maybe. I am. I guess it's just the changing of the seasons. Time.

We'll notice the slightest SCAR along Leni's right cheek. And behind her, the vaulted family room of a comfortable, rustic, stately farmhouse. We REVERSE TO ADULT GINA --

INT. GINA & CHARLIE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

-- in the office nook of a handsome Laurel Canyon house, all glass, stone, and stained timber. Before a laptop sits GINA DIMITRI, her sister's exact match, down to the scar, though clad in edgy, spendy L.A. chic. Gina studies her sister.

GINA

Are the blossoms falling? Like a rain shower of pink?

LENI (ON SCREEN)

(smiles)

At the slightest breeze. I stood underneath the other day and just spread my arms...

GINA

I miss the smell of the air, in Mt. Echo, in the spring.

LENI (ON SCREEN)

Unless you're downwind from the paddock...

GINA

God, right!?!? How about the desert
flame? Are they blooming? And the
pink rock lilies? Do you remember
you called them --

GINA + LENI

(unison)

-- punk rock lilies.

They both laugh softly, remembering. Leni thinks.

LENI (ON SCREEN)

Wasn't that you, though?

(smiles, then)

They were mom's favorites. Just
yesterday, I picked a bunch and
tied them in twine.

GINA

God, you are feeling nostalgic. I
wish you'd written about it. In the
diary -- you've been neglecting it.

LENI

I know. I'm sorry. Lots going on
here...

GINA

I miss you. I can't wait to see you
in Tahoe.

LENI

Lord, another birthday. How are we
so old?

MATHILDA (7) climbs into frame, sitting on her mother's lap.

MATTIE (ON SCREEN)

I want to come on the birthday
trip. Hi Auntie Gina.

GINA

Hi bug! So sorry, little one, the
trip's just for the grownups.

LENI (ON SCREEN)

And you've got school.

MATTIE (ON SCREEN)

It's not fair! I never see Auntie
Gina! I hate school.

LENI (ON SCREEN)
Her new teacher is a bit strict.

MATTIE (ON SCREEN)
Daddy said she was an old witch.

LENI (ON SCREEN)
Yes, Daddy did say that, but we
don't repeat those things love.

GINA
Don't give in to the oppressors,
Mattie. Fight the power. You know
what your mum and I used to do? I
would make her switch with me, so I
could skip class. And the teachers
never knew who was who.

MATTIE (ON SCREEN)
I wish I had a twin.

GINA
It's endless fun.

LENI (ON SCREEN)
Yes, thank you, Bad Gina, she knows
all the stories. Now we're off to
get ready for bed. School in the
morning and lots of work.

GINA
'Night, Mattie! Love you.

MATTIE (ON SCREEN)
Love you Auntie Gina!

She disappears, and the adults are alone again.

LENI (ON SCREEN)
I love you, sis.

GINA
Love you, too. Remember to write --
(as the screen blanks)
-- in the diary.

Gina stares at the suddenly blank screen a moment. Looks more
closely at the text: LENI-ECHO HAS LOGGED OFF.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Missing home?

Gina looks up to see her husband CHARLIE DAVENPORT (40s, long, lean, intellectual) step into the room. She closes the laptop subtly, turns to him.

GINA

I am home.

CHARLIE

I'm not jealous. You can have two homes.

GINA

Australia hasn't been home for a long time, you know that. Leni's just feeling nostalgic -- and you know how I catch her moods.

CHARLIE

I do. Nothing wrong with nostalgia. Some studies show it adds to the sense of meaning in life. Might even boost self-esteem.

GINA

By leaving out all the shitty parts? Like a small town where they decide who you are at age seven and you never get to change?

CHARLIE

Maybe if you saw it as an adult --

GINA

No.

(then)

I'm not that person anymore.

Charlie smiles, and moves to her.

CHARLIE

Okay. So come to bed. Let's revel in who you are now.

(nuzzles her neck)

I love your smell.

GINA

How do I smell?

CHARLIE

Like you.

She finally gives into him. They kiss.

EXT/INT. APPLE TREE - DUSK (DREAM)

The apple tree, again in blossom, but this time in the cool, blue, foreboding light of an early spring twilight.

Again Child Leni and Child Gina at play, but listlessly.

PULL BACK to reveal that the tree is growing in the double-height living room of Gina's Los Angeles home.

She is there, dressed as we saw her before. Turns to see --

-- adult Leni, also dressed as before. Expressionless. Leni traces the scar on her cheek with one hand, and then, in the other, raises a knife --

-- and CUTS A DEEP GASH in her cheek. Blood surges. Leni SCREAMS WITHOUT SOUND and FALLS DOWN OUT OF FRAME.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE & GINA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gina awakes from that nightmare. Gasps. Charlie rolls over.

CHARLIE

Babe?

GINA

Something's wrong with Leni.

CHARLIE

You had a nightmare.

GINA

No. I *know*.

Charlie moves to comfort her.

CHARLIE

Breathe. You've got a lot going on. The new book, all the movie meetings -- and you're missing your sister. It's a twin thing, right?

GINA

This is different. I dreamed she was dead.

HARD CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE CARD.

INT. CHARLIE & GINA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Next morning. Gina, phone pressed to her ear, brow deeply furrowed. Charlie making espresso. Gina speaks very rapidly.

GINA

I've left two messages for her, now it's going straight to voicemail --

CHARLIE

Gina. Honey. You had a dream. A bad dream, incredibly upsetting, but let's take stock. You just spoke to her yesterday. Everything was fine.

GINA

I don't know if it was fine --

CHARLIE

-- she might have been tired. Didn't you say she's working harder than ever at the farm?

Ignoring him, Gina begins texting.

GINA

I'm canceling my day.

CHARLIE

Take a breath, now. This feels a bit like old Gina, doesn't it?

(goes to her, holds her)

You've got a lot on the line today, the marketing meeting, the movie people -- you want to talk to your sister. I'm sure you will. Give it the day, then we can worry.

Gina lets him hold her.

INT./EXT. GINA'S TESLA - DAY

Gina drives a shiny new Tesla along Mulholland. She is dressed in a wildly expensive leather jacket, Frame jeans. On the handsfree phone: LENI'S voicemail.

GINA

Leni, love, where are you? Please. I'm getting antsy -- I'm sure you're just mucking stables or whatever it is you do, but -- call me. I'm on my way to that fucking marketing meeting where they smile like they were taught how.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

They'll want me to choose one of those covers. And I need you. Okay?

The car changes lanes by itself. Gina cranks P.J. Harvey.

INT. PUBLISHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Zen-trendy LA publishing office. Gina stands at the head of a conference table as a small army of PUBLISHERS, PUBLICISTS and MARKETING TYPES, looking on in horror as Gina takes the scissors to a number of mock-up book covers.

GINA

The book is about a broken people. As in fragmented. So. Fragments form a new whole. A mosaic. Like we all are.

She starts to arrange the pieces -- and a heroic ART DIRECTOR gets it before the rest of the room, and begins to help her.

GINA (V.O.)

Jack, it's Gina. I know you hate it when I call you directly -- and you'll tell me I'm creating drama -- but I need to get ahold of Leni -- could you tell her -- please --

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ultrahip rooftop restaurant. Gina distant, Charlie keeping up conversation with industry types SERGE (50s) and SANDY (40s).

GINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- tell her I need her.

SANDY

So, Charlie, you're the shrink. How do you diagnose their codependence?

CHARLIE

Hey, I'm just husband and fan, not here in an official capacity --

SERGE

-- anymore --

CHARLIE

-- but I wouldn't use codependence. It's an absolutely unique bond. They're very different but consult on everything. Share everything.

SANDY
Everything? No secrets?

Gina rejoins the convo with a wicked smile. Eyes Charlie.

GINA
Not from Leni.

SERGE
Ah, so you're the bad one.

CHARLIE
I think they're both bad.

SANDY
Wild women never get the blues.

She raises a glass, all follow. Gina, buoyed, checks her phone. No messages. Gina's smile fades.

INT. GINA & CHARLIE'S TESLA - NIGHT

As Charlie drives home, Gina taps away at her phone.

GINA
Her voicemail's full. It's never full.

CHARLIE
Is it possible you filled it?

GINA
No one's returned my calls all day.
Jack --

CHARLIE
-- never returns your calls --

GINA
-- my dad --

CHARLIE
-- famously can't use a cell phone
and can't hear the landline --

GINA
-- fuck. Charlie.

Charlie looks at her, and reaches a comforting hand to hers. In the sky ahead, police helicopters crisscross, shooting their searchlights through blue-black storm clouds.

INT. GINA & CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gina and Charlie step into a scene of chaos. The glass doors that open onto the pool are flapping on their hinges in high wind. Palm fronds blown in from outside. A robbery? No...

GINA

Charlie. What the fuck? What is this?

He puts a guarding arm in front of her, holding her back.

CHARLIE

Did you leave the sliding glass door open before you left?

GINA

No. I mean -- Jesus, no, I don't think so. Maybe. Why?

Gina starts violently as a RACCOON scuttles across the room. Charlie chases it, swatting it. We hear a crack of THUNDER. Charlie chases the raccoon into --

GINA'S PRIVATE OFFICE

-- where it escapes out an open sliding door. He surveys the room: tiny little footprints everywhere -- her desk, the couch, everywhere. Gina joins. Charlie begins to tidy up.

CHARLIE

Raccoon house party.

GINA

But there are cops here. Why are there cops here?

CHARLIE

Probably the neighbors again. I think they aspire to their own reality show.

(picking something up)

What are you doing with all these maps of Lake Tahoe?

Gina looks surprised for one split second.

GINA

What? They, uh, they're for the birthday trip. Hiking trails.

CHARLIE

You hate hiking.

GINA

Well, I thought Jack and Leni...

CHARLIE

And these are mostly of the lake.

He hands her the maps, then turns to closing doors and windows. Gina stays with the maps, which don't seem familiar to her. She studies them, turns them over, thinks.

The THRUMMING of the helicopters grows louder, and louder, as she tenses her neck against the sound -- suddenly cut by the shrill RING of her cell phone.

She yanks it from her pocket, checks the ID: JACK. She draws an involuntary gasp of breath. Charlie notices and straightens up, watchful. She looks to him, then answers.

GINA

(into phone)

Jack?

INT. BECK HOUSE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Jack stands tense and still in the rustic, high-beamed living room of the Beck House. Mathilda in his arms.

JACK

Gina. Something's happened. Leni's missing.

GINA

What do you mean, missing?

REVEAL two police officers standing by solemnly: CONSTABLE PAULA ABONIZZO (27, serious, a little awkward) and SERGEANT LOUISE FLOSS (50s, kind, sly, humorous).

JACK

There was a break-in, at the stables. The police are here. They think she may have given chase... or she may have been taken.

This lands on Gina. Hard.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Global First on a trans-Pacific overnight. Luxury. Pods like tiny apartments. One light, 3A: Gina tapping on her laptop.

GINA (V.O.)

Jesus Christ. Leni. I don't even know why I'm writing this, I just -- something to keep me from breaking down entirely. The diary -- it's all I have right now I guess.

(then)

There is no world for me without you.

(then)

The police think you've been taken. That's crazy, right? You're probably at home already. We'll split a bottle and you'll have a story to tell.

(then)

You were sad the last time we talked, weren't you? What was that? All the talk of the past? I've been searching... for anything...

ON HER SCREEN we see a diary app, images, videos, sound files, text entries, each headed GINA or LENI. She has to scroll way up to get to a LENI entry. Clicks.

EXT. BECK FARM - DAY (IPHONE VIDEO)

Mattie and JACK BECK (35, ruggedly, unambiguously handsome) hand in hand strolling down a lane, coming from a lovely old Colonial farmhouse, nestled amongst ancient trees.

LENI (V.O.)

Jack's working with a brumby today.

EXT. BECK HOUSE - HORSE PEN - DAY (IPHONE VIDEO)

Jack in the saddle of a two-year-old brumby, who trots nervously. Jack whispers gently to the horse. Mattie and Leni (behind the iPhone) watch from astride the fence.

LENI (V.O.)

Watching him on horseback, I'm suddenly fourteen again, standing beside you, watching him ride. Nursing my silent crush.

Mattie waves at Leni's camera, which then turns back to Jack with a lingering gaze, roving across the horse's muscular flank, up to Jack's face, where it stays for a beat.

EXT. MT. ECHO - RIDING TRAIL - DAY (IPHONE VIDEO)

A narrow and densely forested trail through a spectacular section of forest up ahead. Dappled sunlight; the distant sound of rushing water; Australian birdcall.

LENI (V.O.)

I love riding in the old forest.
Remember the cave? I'd forgotten.

(then)

Memory weighs heavy lately. Maybe
it's the time of year. The apple
tree's budding. Reminds me of
better days.

Leni, behind the camera, is on horseback. The alert ears of a Palomino stick up from the bottom of frame. She pans around past a glimmering river on one side --

-- to find Jack, riding behind on a Chestnut mare. Mattie, seated in his saddle, nestled in his arms.

LENI (V.O.)

Or maybe I'm just tired. We've been
so slammed. I'm still on crazy ten-
hour days, six days a week here.

(then)

I've got to go now. Lots to
organize for tomorrow. Sorry. I
love you. Bye.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - AS BEFORE

Gina stops the video. Thinks. Presses her forehead to the window, to the lightening skies, her darting eyes searching, searching the racing clouds --

EXT. FOREST ROAD - FROM ABOVE

-- and we're now searching over a two-lane road winding through dense forest. We FIND Gina's rental car, veering violently around the random curves of the country road.

GINA (V.O.)

How the fuck do I face this without
you? This town. All the history --
everything that happened. What's
the story without you?

EXT. MT. ECHO - MAIN STREET - DAY

Gina drives much too fast down the charming main street of the small mountain town of Mount Echo -- shops and restaurants, two-story brick buildings. She slows --

GINA (V.O.)

Jesus Christ, they've got posters
up. You, MISSING, all over town.
Your face... My face.

-- as she spies "MISSING" posters tacked to trees and lamp posts. Leni's pretty, smiling face - *indistinguishable from her own*. She shivers -- and ALMOST VEERS INTO A LAMP POST -- before catching herself, righting the car, speeding on.

EXT. BECK ESTATE - DAY

Gina turns from the highway to onto an unpaved private road. Over the entrance, a huge old sign hangs with a "B" in a triangle and the name BECK. Below it a newer sign reads "Mount Echo Equine Vet" She motors up the gravel drive.

She speeds past the small cottage we saw at the top, past the blooming apple tree, and the stables, to the main house, where police cars and SES vehicles are parked in rows.

GINA (V.O.)

You're a fucking missing person.
There's a goddamn base camp. This
cannot be. Nothing. Works. Without
you. You're the one who props me
up. You're the strong one. Shit.

TOWNSPEOPLE mill about -- the whole community has clearly turned out to help. Gina parks the rental car and steps out, shivering, jet-lagged, frazzled, but still an LA hipster -- she doesn't fit here. She looks for a familiar face.

LISS (O.S.)

Leni? Oh my God...

Gina turns to see two women, SAMIDA (33, sharp-eyed and new-aged) and LISS (32, large and kind-eyed) hurrying towards her. They are carrying big trays with foil wrap on top.

GINA

No -- Gina.

LISS

Oh -- sorry -- of course. Liss.

GINA

Of course. I remember.

LISS

Of course, I wasn't sure -- it's been so long -- I guess we never thought we'd see you back here, but if anything would bring you back -- oh, honey --

Gina's brave face is crumbling a bit, and Liss hands Samida her tray and rushes forward to wrap Gina in a motherly hug.

GINA

Is there any news?

LISS

Not yet. We've been preparing food for when they come down --

As she speaks, Gina's eyes scan the searchers as they pour from the trailhead.

GINA

Where's Meg? Is she up there?

Samida and Liss exchange a loaded look. Gina catches it.

LISS

...No.

GINA

What? What is it?

SAMIDA

You don't -- she didn't tell you? I thought you two shared everything.

GINA

(sharply)

What do you mean *everything*?

LISS

Samida -- it's not ours to tell.

SAMIDA

They had a falling out, that's really all I know.

She looks at Liss: Clearly that's not *all* she knows.

GINA

But how is that possible? They're best friends. Nothing could ever -- I mean, what happened? And why wouldn't Leni tell me?

Liss and Samida share a fraught look. Gina grows agitated.

GINA (CONT'D)
What the hell, you two?
(hits her)
Christ -- Mattie. Is Mattie okay?

LISS
She's up at the house.

Gina searches them one last time, then hurries off.

EXT/INT. BECK HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gina finds the farmhouse door unlocked and steps inside --

GINA
Hello? It's Gina --

-- to be confronted by a young, sulkily pretty girl -- JEMIMA (19). Pouty-mouthed, petulant, and crop-topped, the girl stands in Gina's path, curiously examining her face.

JEMIMA
Wow. Trippy.

GINA
Who are you?

JEMIMA
Jemima.

GINA
And, sorry, why are you here?

JEMIMA
I'm Mattie's babysitter.

Gina takes full stock of her, and narrows her eyes.

GINA
She doesn't have a babysitter.

JEMIMA
I work for Jack.

GINA
Since when?

JEMIMA
A while. Few months.

News to Gina. Who steps forward, but Jemima does not move.

GINA

I'm going to see Mattie.

JEMIMA

She's having a nap. You can come
back later --

GINA

Yeah -- I don't think so.

Gina pushes past the girl and moves inside.

INT. BECK HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY - FOLLOWING

Gina hurries down the hall, landing at a small bedroom, and
peers inside -- to find it empty. A bed and a chair. Nothing
more. Her eyes wide, she looks desperately up and down the
hall -- finally spying a warm light below another door --

INT. BECK HOUSE - MATHILDA'S BEDROOM - DAY - FOLLOWING

Gina moves quietly into the room -- larger than the first,
decked out in little-girl regalia -- Gina takes it all in
before her eyes land on the bed -- and a sleeping Mathilda.

Gina kneels beside the bed and studies the girl's face: the
veins in her eyelids, the tiny fingernails. Tears spring
suddenly to her eyes. She leans in to kiss her cheek.

Mathilda stirs, and her eyes open blearily.

MATHILDA

Mummy.

GINA

Oh -- no. It's Aunty Gina, Mattie.
Sorry, sweetheart --

Mathilda's face crumples with disappointment and she begins
to cry. Gina gathers the small girl in her arms, moved.

GINA (CONT'D)

I'm here. I'm here now, baby, and
we're going to find Mum --

A sudden rush of activity outside -- voices, hoofbeats,
engines. Out the window, A SEARCH PARTY can be seen
returning. Gina stiffens; Mathilda bolts upright.

MATHILDA

Maybe they found her!

The little girl flies out of the room. Gina steels herself,
then goes after her.

EXT. BECK HOUSE - DAY

Gina chases Mattie through the throng of people. Many turn, register shock, then realize, disappointed -- it's the other one. She feels this. Understandable, but it stings.

GINA

Please. What's happening? Is there anything --

But what's worse is they avoid her gaze. Discomfort? Or something more? It makes Gina move faster, before stopping short as she sees --

-- Mattie is rushing to Jack, who has dismounted his horse and is now speaking very quietly and a little too closely with --

-- Jemima. Whose eyes whip up to Gina as she approaches. She peels off quickly as Jack picks up Mattie.

MATTIE

Daddy.

Gina approaches, gently.

GINA

Hi, Jack.

Jack looks long at Gina. He puts Mattie down carefully.

JACK

Go in with Jemima, sweetie. I'll be in soon, and we'll have dinner.

They watch the child drift to Jemima, who has been hovering. She takes Mattie by the hand and leads her away.

GINA

Leni never mentioned you hired someone.

JACK

I told you, you didn't have to come.

GINA

How could I stay away? From you and Mattie and Leni's my everything -- how the fuck could I stay away --

JACK
(hastily)
Okay. Okay. I get it. But please --
none of your usual.

GINA
My usual what?

He fixes Gina with a piercing, searching look.

JACK
She's been talking to you, same as
always?

GINA
Yes.

JACK
Has she said anything? About --
anything? What have you been
talking about?

GINA
(searches)
She, she told me about breaking
that new horse last weekend. The
brumby. Going riding...
(off his look)
What?

JACK
That new brumby? Was a month ago.

GINA
No -- she just posted it.

Jack studies her a moment more, then turns abruptly away from
her and heads back into the farmhouse.

GINA (CONT'D)
Wait -- *Jack!*

He heads off as Gina watches, mind awlirl. Floss and Paula
approach, uniforms showing the day of work. Floss munches an
apple. Paula gapes at Gina like she's seeing a ghost.

FLOSS
Gina! Greetings! Louise Floss, it's
been many years --

GINA
I remember. Constable Floss.

FLOSS

Well, it's Sergeant Floss now, believe it or not. It's been a few years, hasn't it? But we used to run into each other quite a bit back in the day... Sorry, this is Constable Abonizzo...

PAULA

You can call me Paula.

GINA

Why've you stopped searching?

FLOSS

Well, it's nighttime, isn't it?

GINA

Have electric lights not come to Mount Echo? Helicopters? The discovery of fire?

FLOSS

Oh, we've got all that, sure, and more! But that terrain's rough, and the vegetation's thick. I'd think you'd remember that.

(turns to Paula)

Gina had an adventure or two of her own as a young person, I recall.

GINA

What happened to Leni?

Floss fixes her bird-like eyes on Gina, taking her measure.

FLOSS

Well, that's the puzzle, isn't it? We've got bolts cut on the stables, gates opened, horses released. The stable office has been ransacked --

GINA

-- Jesus Christ.

FLOSS

Some horses are still missing, but most have returned home of their own accord. All of which seems to point to a botched attempted robbery. Seems like they came and left via the forest, which seems inefficient, at best, but --

GINA

Are you doing a graduate study or
are you trying to find my sister?
What were they trying to steal?

FLOSS

Unclear. Jack hasn't been able to
identify anything missing in the
office. There's no evidence of a
truck or trailer coming in, so it
doesn't seem like a horse robbery --
none of the horses are of value
anyway. Lastly -- there's evidence
there was at least one intruder on
the property. Footprints, size 13.

GINA

So you think someone has her.

FLOSS

I try not to hypothesize.

GINA

Oh good, because a detective
shouldn't have a theory of the
crime. Especially if it might be a
kidnapping.

FLOSS

(still tolerant)

Well. It can't be ruled out -- but
her saddle and bridle are missing
along with her horse.

A weighty moment. Gina frowns in confusion.

GINA

What does that mean? She took
Prince out?

FLOSS

Seems like it.

(beat)

Best case scenario, the intruder
released the horses as a
distraction. She may have tried to
round them up and got lost or hurt.

GINA

Your best case scenario is that
she's lying in a ravine somewhere?
And you're standing here, munching
apples?

FLOSS

Well, I've finished the apple now,
haven't I? We'll keep doing
everything we can, love.
(eyes her)
I'm sure it's hard to be back here.
All the history, and how you left --

GINA

(cuts her off)
What's hard is my sister is
missing. And now it's dark and no
one is looking for her. Small town
police work at its finest.

Gina storms away. They watch her go.

EXT. BECK FARM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Floss and Paula head towards their cruiser and get in.

FLOSS

(off Paula)
You all right?

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They slide in, Floss driving, Paula in the passenger's seat.

PAULA

Yeah, sure.
(beat)
They look identical, though.

FLOSS

You get used to it.
(then)
It's hard when it's a friend.

She turns on the car and steers it towards the gate.

PAULA

I don't think Leni would call me a
friend. She's just been -- nice to
me. Not cliquy, like the rest.
(falls quiet, then:)
Gina seems... tougher.

FLOSS

Well. Yes. She's the troubled one.

PAULA

The troubled one?

FLOSS

Well, that's the story.

(then)

'Course there's more than one story...

(about to say more;
restrains herself)

A good deal of sadness around this family. Always has been.

As the vehicle swings onto the main road, its headlights rake a LANKY YOUNG MAN, 30s, dark, unshaven. A hunted look.

We'll come to know him as DYLAN. For now, a mystery man.

He shrinks from the headlights, the cop car, hurries to a '72 RED FORD BRONCO. Jumps in, fires the ignition, peels out.

FLOSS (CONT'D)

Huh. Don't remember him in the search party, do you?

PAULA

No. But there were a lot of people I didn't see. You want to go back?

FLOSS

Nah. But let's just remember that Bronco shall we?

Paula nods, but Floss can't help but look in her rearview as she pulls away.

EXT. GINA'S RENTAL CAR / VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gina leans on her rental car, suitcase at her side, gazing at the house, the light in the window, the apple tree in bloom. Thumbs the contacts on her phone: Taps MEG. Waits: voicemail.

GINA

Hi, Meg. It's Gina. Um -- long time. I'm here for the search and I thought I'd see you there today.

(breathes)

Listen, if you and Leni -- if there's anything -- I just -- I know you two are such good friends. I just -- it feels like things are wrong -- I mean, clearly, but...

(then)

I'll try you again later.

She ends the call, lifts her suitcase, gathers herself and approaches the cottage door. It opens before she knocks to VICTOR (70s, kindly, intelligent). He squints at her.

VICTOR

Gina.

GINA

Hey, Dad.

A catch in her voice. A fraught moment between them, and then she steps into his arms and holds him close.

VICTOR

It's been too long.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The meal is over, such as it was. Simple food for a simple family. A cozy, dated cottage with a 70s vibe. Victor and Gina sit with CLAUDIA (36, paraplegic). Silence. Then:

GINA

Did you see anything out there today that gave you... hope?

VICTOR

We covered all the open ground. She didn't -- they didn't -- whoever it was, they must've moved off the trail.

GINA

I'm worried about her out there --

CLAUDIA

So you'll join the search tomorrow?

GINA

Of course.

CLAUDIA

Then maybe you can take his place.
(nods at Victor)
I asked him not to go out today and he just ignored me like he always does.

VICTOR

You think I'm not gonna search for my own daughter?

CLAUDIA
But the doctor said --
(checks herself)
-- you know it's too stressful for
someone your age.

GINA
What did the doctor say?

VICTOR
(ignoring Gina)
My age. I can still do twice what
most of the hands on this farm can
do and I'm going to keep on doing
it until they put me in the ground.

GINA
What did the doctor say? Dad,
what's going on here?

VICTOR
(sharply)
Nothing's going on.

That's the end of it. Silence. Gina takes a different tack.

GINA
Is Jack okay? He was very strange
with me. And he looks -- thinner.

More silence. Victor shifts, then --

CLAUDIA	VICTOR
His wife's missing, so...	He's had some stresses lately.

Claudia clears her throat, subtly shakes her head at Victor.

GINA
What stresses?

CLAUDIA
None of your business, really, is
it?

GINA
Our sister is missing, Claudia. Can
we put aside our grievances and --

CLAUDIA
Put aside our grievances? I don't
know, Gina. I suppose you can. I'm
sure you understand it's a bit
harder for me.

Gina's eyes dart to Claudia's wheelchair. Claudia's eyes stay fixed on Gina. Gina hesitates, then:

GINA

At this moment, we all want the same thing. We want Leni back.

VICTOR

Agreed.

(before Claudia can speak)

And I'm blessed to have you both here. So. Please?

A beat, then Claudia wheels herself away from the table. Gina sighs. Tears in her eyes.

GINA

You know... I'm a little jet-lagged and need to maybe... rest. So...

She pushes back her chair and stands. Victor is downcast.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

Gina lands with her suitcases, and peers into the master bedroom just off the landing, lit by a warm lamp, taking us --

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

Child Leni, Child Gina, and Maria all tangled up in a big bed together, limbs intertwined, it's hard to know where one person begins and another ends.

It's clear (to us, at least) that Maria is in the last stages of CANCER. She wears the tell-tale headscarf, her skin is pale and ghostly. She holds the children to her.

MARIA

Remember the story I told you of the night you were born? On either side of midnight.

CHILD LENI

Leni the Lioness first!

MARIA

Followed by Gina the Wolf. As the moon and night stars sang. You two have something no one in the world has, just the two of you. And you will never lose it -- if you love each other and hold each other always. Just the two of you.

A SOUND at the doorway draws their attention -- CHILD CLAUDIA (10, not yet in wheelchair) has been listening, but, caught, scuttles away down the hall, taking us BACK TO --

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - AS BEFORE - BACK TO PRESENT

-- as Gina watches a shadow flit down the hall. The memory of Claudia? Or is there a FIGURE MOVING there? The sound of SPLASHING WATER draws her toward the --

BATHROOM

-- where she stops outside the door, listening --

-- to the sound of splashing water comes from within, agitated, churning --

-- and Gina pushes into the bathroom, flips on the light --

-- to find the room empty, the tub dry. Discomfited, she hurries from the room.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Gina pushes open the door to an A-framed attic room. Surveys the room, frozen in the twins' teens. A box window looks out over the blossom tree.

Below the box window, on the window seat, sit two doll-sized thrones. One is EMPTY, an OLD DOLL sits in the other --

-- but the doll has been torn to pieces.

Gina picks it up, alarmed -- as a flutter of pale pink PETALS fall from it to the ground. She looks at the grotesque doll: its HEAD is missing, along with BOTH ARMS.

So. Fucking. Weird. She turns it upside down and under the skirt is stitched a name: GINA. She stares at the doll. Then she shakes herself, and moves to the door.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Gina, furious, doll in hand, finds Victor and Claudia watching television. Victor looks up at her.

GINA

Who did this?

VICTOR

What?

GINA
Who tore my doll apart?
(to Claudia)
Did you?

CLAUDIA
Why would I do that? And more to
the point -- how?
(pointed)
I don't go upstairs, Gina.

GINA
Who else goes into that room?

VICTOR
Well, Jack's been in and out
getting little things for Mattie.
And Leni -- it's her room.

CLAUDIA
And that new girl was playing with
Mattie in there last week --

GINA
Jemima was in my room? What else
has *Jemima* done around here?

CLAUDIA
I thought Leni told you everything.
I thought you spoke every day.

GINA
We do.

CLAUDIA
Well. Clearly she doesn't tell you
everything.

Gina glares at Claudia, but slumps: It's true.

GINA
I think it's better if I stay at
the Sandpiper.

VICTOR
Gina, no... we're family.

GINA
I know, Dad. But still -- better
for everybody, I think.

She grabs her bags and heads out.

GINA (V.O.)
(prelap)
It's not right.

EXT. BECK ESTATE - DRIVE - NIGHT

Gina sits in the drive outside the cottage, talking to Charlie on the phone.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
What do you mean?

INT. GINA & CHARLIE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - SAME (INTERCUT)

Charlie is in her private office, sitting in her chair.

GINA
Someone tore up the doll on purpose. Like it was a message.

CHARLIE
Old dolls... fall apart?

GINA
It might have been the nanny. There's a nanny. With a belly piercing. Who Jack hired.

CHARLIE
Well, that's not great...

GINA
Right? And Leni moved Mattie's bedroom down the hall. And Meg's not speaking to Leni -- her best friend. And she didn't tell me anything about any of this, none of it.

CHARLIE
She should have told you. You're angry. But is anger maybe easier than fear right now? Are you seeing things through a lens of anxiety?

GINA
I'm seeing things through the lens of shit is fucked up.

CHARLIE
I hear your voice, G --

GINA

Please do not be my goddamn
therapist right now.

CHARLIE

This is your husband -- asking you
to get some sleep because I love
you. Not as a prescription.
(off her silence)
Gina?

GINA

(quiet)
Yeah. Love you, too.

And she hangs up. Stares at the doll -- and notices a few
PALE PINK PETALS still clinging to it. She looks out the car
window --

EXT. BECK ESTATE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

-- and approaches the apple tree, awash in pink blossoms.
Finds a knothole on the main trunk. Gingerly reaches in --

-- *and pulls out the doll's arm*. She shudders: What the fuck?
She turns the piece over in her hand, noticing --

-- a silver crucifix dangling from the doll's tiny wrist.
What the fuck? She stares at it: Is it familiar? A NOISE from
the cottage and, shivering, Gina hurries back to the car.

EXT. MT. ECHO - TOWN STREET - NIGHT

The street dark and shuttered for the night. Gina in her
rental, slows as she passes a church, whose doors are
incongruously wide open, as LIGHT glows from within. She
peers inside, taking us --

INT. MT. ECHO - CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Child Gina (in blue) and Child Leni (in pink) stand side by
side, holding hands, in front of an OPEN COFFIN. They stare
down into the waxen face of their mother, Maria.

Child Gina weeps uncontrollably, gripping the edge of the
coffin with her free hand. (We'll note the "Gina" bracelet.)

Child Leni extends a tiny hand and touches Maria's face.

CHILD LENI

Cold.

She shoots a look over her shoulder at Young Victor, grieving in the front row, Claudia holding his hand tightly. Child Leni turns back to Child Gina and holds her. Comforts her.

EXT. SANDPIPER HOTEL - NIGHT - *BACK TO PRESENT*

Gina pulls up in front of a grand old inn, faded but luxe.

INT. SANDPIPER HOTEL - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Gina, keycards in hand, moves down a grand hallway, passing an open ballroom, glancing inside, taking us --

INT. SANDPIPER HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

A funeral reception. Child Gina and Child Leni serve themselves glasses of punch. Across the room, a worn, rumpled, sad Victor. Adults attend him and now and then look to the girls and smile wanly. The sympathy is stifling.

CHILD CLAUDIA (O.S.)

You two have to be careful.

REVEAL Child Claudia, hushed and glowering. The girls shrink.

CHILD CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

You're going to spill that punch on your Sunday dresses and who's going to take care of it?

CHILD LENI

Okay, Claudia --

CHILD CLAUDIA

Don't be smart. Dad's alone now, and he needs you to be good.

They look over at Victor, empty-eyed and bereft.

CHILD CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

You don't have Mom to make everything right.

She goes. Young Gina trembles, lifts her cup to drink, and, sure enough, spills down her dress. Off poor Young Gina's face, about to crumble completely, we go --

INT. SANDPIPER HOTEL - NIGHT - *BACK TO PRESENT*

-- as Gina sips from a glass of wine, remembering. She sits at the writing desk in a generous suite. Hits the spacebar on the laptop and speaks urgently into the diary app.

GINA

Who do I turn to now? It's always you. Us. And I -- I can't stop thinking about you out there in the cold and dark. Are you in a ditch somewhere? Bleeding? Jesus, Leni. Please, please come back safe.

(then)

Maybe you'll hear this some day and we'll laugh about how I went off the deep end, but... *I am going off the deep end.* I need my sister.

(then)

If you get this, if you can, somehow... I'm in Room 11 at the Sandpiper. There's a white rock in the garden outside. Key underneath.

Gina breathes, searches, but has no more to say. Reaches for the spacebar to stop recording. Clicks to post, then clicks over to the LENI side of the diary. Opens the riding video.

LENI (ON COMPUTER)

Memory weighs heavy lately. Maybe it's the time of year. The apple tree's budding. Reminds me of better days.

Gina pauses on this. Looks at a few pink petals on the desk.

LENI (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'm just tired. We've been so slammed. I'm still on crazy ten-hour days, six days a week here.

(then)

I've got to go now. Lots to organize for tomorrow. Sorry. I love you. Bye.

Gina freezes, then replays the final lines.

LENI (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)

I've got to go now. Lots to organize for tomorrow. Sorry. I love you. Bye.

Gina stares at the computer. Was that a final goodbye?

INT. SANDPIPER HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gina steps into the ensuite bathroom and bends to run a bath. She stands begins to undress, but suddenly becomes dizzy. The bathwater becomes a RUSHING RIVER OF SOUND. The world slurs, tilts -- and we FLASH ON --

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - *FLASHBACK*

-- water splashing, something thrashing in the tub --
someone's legs? -- before we can register, we are BACK TO --

INT. SANDPIPER HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT - *BACK TO PRESENT*

-- as Gina sinks to the floor, head in her hands, feverishly trying to calm her breathing. She blinks herself back to the world, adjusts the bath temperature, continues undressing.

FLOSS (PRE-LAP)
We're headed into treacherous
terrain today...

EXT. BECK FARM - DAY

Just past dawn: heavy mist and fog. Jack, Victor, and the search team of police and townspeople gather around Floss. Gina hovers near the back.

FLOSS
Jack and Victor know this area
better than anyone so we want to
follow their lead. We'll move
quickly to...

A sudden THUNDER OF HOOVES, and Floss stops. A squealing WHINNY, and the small crowd turns to see, through the mist --
-- a chestnut horse, saddle and halter on, careening towards them from the hills. A hush falls.

GINA
Prince...

Jack, lightning-fast, approaches the horse and works to bring him to a stop. Prince has a wild, agitated look in his eye. Smears of blood on his coat. A thick, unnerving silence.

FLOSS
What do you think, there, Jack?

JACK
There's blood. Some scratches.

GINA
Human blood?

Jack doesn't want to answer. Floss clips into cop mode, and speaks into her radio.

FLOSS

We've got a horse, bloodied, no rider. We need to move. We have a potential victim in need of urgent medical attention...

Gina and Jack exchange a look as the search party heads out.

GINA (V.O.)

I'd know, wouldn't I, if you were dead? If you're dead, I'm dead.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

The search teams are spread out across the landscape, covering every inch they possibly can, but it gets steep here. And narrow. Gina catches up to Jack.

GINA

Do you think that was her blood?

JACK

Don't know.

GINA

But what do you think?

JACK

I think I don't want to think about it until I know something.

GINA

Jack. Were you two -- was something wrong?

JACK

What would be wrong?

GINA

The last message she posted. To the diary. It was -- sentimental. Like she knew something was... wrong.

Jack stops the horse. Turns to her sharply.

JACK

What do you mean? What did she say? I need every word.

GINA

I -- it wasn't the words so much as the tone. But why? What words would matter, Jack? What is it?

They're interrupted by a PIERCING WHISTLE and SHOUTS. They exchange looks: Someone found something. Jack turns the horse and urges her on. Gina follows.

EXT. TRAIL EDGE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mute with terror, Gina and Jack push through the crowd who have gathered on the edge of a steep RAVINE. Floss and two other searchers are already at the bottom. Some folks are already turning away, repulsed by what they see --

-- a *pale grey foal lies at the base of the cliff*. Her legs are broken, and a pool of dark blood flowers around her head.

GINA

Oh my God. What does it mean?

JACK

I -- I don't know.

Floss looks up, sees Jack, calls.

FLOSS

Ah, Jack, my friend. You know horses. Maybe you could give us a consult down here.

JACK

Yup.

He leaves Gina's side. But Victor takes his place next to her. She grabs his hand for comfort. He smiles at her weakly, and leans hard against her arm. He's not well. They gaze --

DOWN THE RAVINE

At the young colt, broken legs akimbo --

-- and the legs ARE SUDDENLY A LITTLE GIRL'S BROKEN LEGS --

-- and Gina blinks her eyes and sees the colt, as before. She steadies her breath and watches Jack make his way down.

FLOSS

Darn shame. This one belong to you?

JACK

It's one of our boarders.

FLOSS

Poor thing. Appears someone shot it in the head.

JACK

Huh.

FLOSS

Yes. My thought exactly. Huh.

JACK

I guess it fell and then...
whoever...

FLOSS

Yes. Whoever. Indeed.

(beat)

Y'know, I checked to see if it was
chipped, because a microchip might
help us with the 'whoever,' or at
least point us to the owner, but
the funniest thing... it's been cut
out. And not recently. Now, I'm
just not a horse person, as you
know. But doesn't that seem odd to
you?

She's locked in on him and he can feel it.

JACK

We board all kinds at the farm. I
don't check every single one.

FLOSS

But you keep records, I imagine?
There must be a receipt with the
name of the owner at least.

JACK

Back at the office. I can have
someone look for it.

FLOSS

I would think that's a good idea.
(then)
Let's do that right away.

That hangs in the air between them for a long moment. Gina
glances at Victor who is taking all this in. As are several
other townspeople. Hot tea, my friends.

Floss begins to climb out of the ravine, reaching for her
walkie. Jack glances up at Victor and Gina clocks the look.

GINA

Dad? What's going on?

VICTOR
(shakes his head)
Not here.

He sees Floss approaching, and slips his arm away from Gina and disappears into the crowd. Floss arrives, on her walkie.

FLOSS
(into the walkie.)
Paula, I need you to come up here
and tape off a crime scene please.

PAULA
(on the walkie)
10-4.

FLOSS
(into the walkie)
And bring those cookies from the
table there. I'm having that blood
sugar thing again.

PAULA
(on the walkie)
Getting them now.

Floss holsters the walkie, and smiles brightly at Gina.

FLOSS
You know, we never got a chance to
catch up last night. We should do
that now.

Gina studies Floss and she and we --

FLASH ON:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A younger Floss sits across from Child Gina. (Who is actually Child Leni-as-Gina, but we won't know that yet.)

FLOSS
Gina? I need you to tell me the
truth. Your sister Claudia's been
badly hurt, and I need to know just
how it happened. Okay?

Off a mute Child Gina we go --

BACK TO:

EXT. TRAIL - DAY - A MOMENT LATER

Gina, walking alone, as Floss catches up and offers a cookie.

GINA
Feeling better?

FLOSS
Oatmeal cran?

GINA
No, thanks.

FLOSS
Sure? They're spectacular. You know, I felt bad all night. We got off on the wrong foot.

GINA
It's okay.

FLOSS
Not professional, though. I pride myself on professionalism. I try and teach Paula the same. And you and I are on the same side this time, aren't we?

GINA
This time? And what side is that?

FLOSS
Well -- your sister's. Finding her.

GINA
Or are you more concerned whether a dead horse ever had a microchip?

FLOSS
Trying to piece together a case --

GINA
Against who?

Floss eyes her, much as she did years before. Then:

FLOSS
I don't pretend to know everything about everybody, but I've lived in Mt. Echo a long time. Jack's a good man from a good family. Not likely to get involved in criminal activity.

(beat)

(MORE)

FLOSS (CONT'D)

But if he was, your sister, being who she is, would know about it.

GINA

My sister, being who she is, wouldn't let him get involved in the first place.

FLOSS

Well, gosh, if I had a sister, I hope she'd say the same about me. But I just don't know Gina -- here's where we are: Day three of a search and things are getting... messy. No sign of Leni. Her horse returns with blood on it. I've got another dead animal that looks like it was stolen -- this is looking bad for everyone involved.

GINA

All I know is my sister is missing, and possibly dead -- but wouldn't we have found a body by now?

FLOSS

This terrain is tricky, or someone might have her... or she's just run away.

She peers at Gina. Who shifts uncomfortably.

GINA

Run away from what?

FLOSS

Well, that'd be the question. You know -- it occurs to me -- there are things, private things that are only shared inside a family. Should any of those things come up while you're here and they might help us find Leni, I think you know...

GINA

I should come to you?

FLOSS

Your sister's life might depend on it.

A beat, and Floss moves along. Gina heads for her horse, leaps easily into the saddle, and kicks the mare on her way.

INT. BECK FARM - STABLE - DAY

Flushed from her ride, Gina slips into the stable. Steps quietly to the stall where Prince is standing still and drowsy, docile now, cleaned up.

Seeing Gina, the Palomino steps towards her, nickers softly. Gina presses her nose into his neck and whispers to him.

GINA

What did you see?

She hears Jack's raised voice and slips out of the stall and sidles toward --

INT. BECK FARM - OFFICE - DAY

-- where she stands just outside the door, spying Jack pacing, speaking agitatedly into his phone. She inches forward to hear --

-- as he looks up and sees her there. Abruptly, he hangs up. A tense silence. He seems both guilty and annoyed.

JACK

Are you following me?

GINA

No.

They face each other. She shows her hands: I come in peace.

GINA (CONT'D)

Jack. It's just me.

She takes another step closer -- closer again -- and now tentatively hugs him. Something in him surrenders, slumps.

GINA (CONT'D)

I know this hurts. It hurts for me too. I just want us to be here for each other. I'm always here for you guys. I'm always on your side. Always. Whatever's going on.

She looks meaningfully into his face. He swallows.

JACK

It's hard to look at you.

She nods. Chooses her next words carefully.

GINA

You asked... what we had been talking about. What, exactly...

She trails off expectantly. Jack shrugs.

JACK

Just -- anything. Where her head was at, maybe.

GINA

You didn't know?

JACK

Does anyone really know? With either of you, especially?

Gina changes the subject, choosing her words carefully.

GINA

She just said -- she's been tired because you guys have been working twelve-hour days --

JACK

She said that?

Gina nods cautiously. Something seems to twist in Jack. He nods to himself, bitter.

GINA

What?

JACK

She hasn't been working twelve-hour days. She's barely around. In and out at all hours.

GINA

And that's why... Jemima?

Her tone is plain, but her intent plainer. Jack is stone.

JACK

I needed the help. In the office. And with Mattie.

GINA

So you have been busy.

JACK

I have, yes. Trying to make ends meet.

GINA

But -- but business is booming.
You've been boarding horses --

JACK

(sighs)

Yes. Business is fine, Gina.
Everything's fine. Are we done?

It's clearly not fine -- and Gina clearly didn't know. She searches a moment, then:

GINA

Do you -- do you think I could lie
down in the house for a while? I'm
so jet-lagged I'm losing my mind.

JACK

Sure.

She stumbles out of the stable.

EXT. BECK FARM - MAIN ROAD - DAY - FOLLOWING

Gina makes her way up to the main house, both dazed and
unnerved, surveying the familiar, strange surroundings.

GINA (V.O.)

Do you remember the day of the
funeral, when we got home that
afternoon? And we decided to run
away from everybody and start a new
life, just the two of us?

She sees Child Leni and Child Gina, in their funeral dresses,
running toward the forest, disappearing, taking us --

EXT. BECK HOUSE - FOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

Child Leni and Child Gina have found a tiny, secluded spot.
Child Leni is teaching; Child Gina is still red-eyed.

CHILD GINA

Ooh-yuh mah eye. Em rah oo-yuh.

CHILD LENI

Good. Now together.

CHILD LENI + CHILD GINA

Ooh-yuh mah eye. Em rah oo-yuh.

CHILD GINA

(breaking off)

Hi, Jack.

Adorable CHILD JACK (9) has found them.

CHILD GINA (CONT'D)
How'd you find us? We ran far away.

CHILD JACK
My house is just right over there.

CHILD LENI
We're starting a new world with a
new language and only for us. So.

CHILD JACK
(agreeably)
Okay. Cool.

He goes. They continue with their secret language, from the
two girls playing we go --

INT. BECK HOUSE - MATHILDA'S BEDROOM - DAY - *BACK TO PRESENT*

-- to Mattie, playing with an elaborate dollhouse on the
floor of her spacious bedroom, as Gina peers in. The last
light of day pours into the room from outside. Gina steps in.

GINA
Hi, sweetheart.

MATTIE
Hi Auntie Gina.

GINA
You got a new room since I was here
last. More room for your new
dollhouse?
(waits, then:)
Your mummy didn't tell me.

Mattie continues to play, and Gina lowers herself to join.

MATTIE
She's been missing.

GINA
Yes, love, but before that...?

MATTIE
She's been missing before. Not for
this long. But she goes away. And
misses dinner sometimes. Jemima has
dinner with Daddy and me.

Processing this, Gina studies Mattie, who positions the dolls carefully in the dollhouse, so that the "Mommy" doll is lying on the floor and the "Daddy" doll is leaning against a wall. The Baby Doll sits looking out at them.

GINA

So, what -- what's happening here?

MATTIE

The Mummy is dead.

Mattie now gives Gina a side-eye waiting to see what the reaction to that might be.

GINA

Really? I think she just had too much to drink and now she's taking a nap.

MATTIE

That's called "drunk."

GINA

Now how do you know about that?

MATTIE

The priest in town sleeps on a bench behind the church sometimes and when I asked Mummy about it that's what she said.

GINA

That's one thing I love about your mum. She calls it like she sees it.

Mattie is drilling down now, her voice quavering.

MATTIE

But she's dead now, right? Mummy's dead?

GINA

(very tender)

No. No, honey, she's not.

MATTIE

But how do you know?

The little girl can't hide her tears and they flow. Gina pulls her into her arms, comforting her.

GINA

Because... because we're connected.
Connected in a way other people
aren't. We're special that way. Do
you understand?

MATTIE

Twins.

GINA

Yeah. I know when things happen to
her and she knows my heart like no
other person in the world. So, I
know she's all right. She's gonna
be fine, I promise.

MATTIE

I wish I had a twin.

The girl continues to sob into Gina's chest. She stands,
rocking the little girl. The world outside has grown dark.

Gina looks out the window to the apple tree -- is there
someone in the shadows of the branches? Is it a memory? She
peers more closely --

-- and she can't quite register, but we might, that it's
Dylan. Our mystery man.

INT. BECK HOUSE - LENI AND JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gina makes her way into Jack and Leni's bedroom and quietly
closes the door behind her. She takes several long, steadying
breaths until the whining in her ears goes away --

-- then begins an urgent and methodical search of the bedroom
-- under the bed -- in cupboards -- through Leni's underwear
drawer --

-- where she unearths some new-looking lace items: a
nightdress and underwear set. *Not* country casual. Gina
studies the garments, then startles as her PHONE RINGS.

She checks the ID: CHARLIE. She gathers herself, answers.

GINA

Hey love.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GINA & CHARLIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Charlie is reclining in the Laurel Canyon mansion, his
computer on his lap. He is watching something.

CHARLIE

Hi. Any news?

GINA

It's not good. Her horse came back from the hills. Covered in blood.

Charlie stops what he's doing on his computer. Pales.

CHARLIE

Jesus...

GINA

Yeah.

Charlie sits up straighter. Breathes. Thinks.

CHARLIE

Okay. Okay. What else do you know?

GINA

Nothing. Jack's not talking. Dad knows something and isn't saying --

CHARLIE

What do the police think?

GINA

That she might be into something.

CHARLIE

I'm on a plane.

GINA

No, Charlie --

CHARLIE

There's clearly a situation unfolding there. I don't want you to be alone.

GINA

Let me sort it for another day or two. Please -- I need to be able to handle this.

CHARLIE

Gina -- we ask for help --

GINA

I will. I promise. But no one's talking right now, and they already think I'm Gina Hollywood, you know how this town is --

CHARLIE

I don't. Really.
(then)
Keep me posted, okay?

GINA

I will. I love you.

Charlie hangs up, and thinks. Hard.

INT. BECK HOUSE - JACK AND LENI'S BEDROOM - DAY 5

Gina tosses her phone aside and lies down on the bed, overcome by tiredness and jet lag now. Her hand feels almost instinctively under the pillow --

-- and pulls back with a man's singlet: Jack's.

She brings the singlet to her face and inhales it for a long, dizzy moment. Wait -- is she in love with Jack? Clutching the shirt like a child, she falls asleep.

EXT. BECK ESTATE - DAY (GINA'S DREAM)

Impressions of a beautiful WEDDING. A shower of PALE PINK PETALS fall on newlyweds Jack and Leni. Bridesmaid Gina looks on, as Jack gets the ring from his best man, and slips the ring on Leni's finger.

Leni turns to Gina for the other ring -- but Gina takes the ring and GASHES HER OWN CHEEK with it. Blood flows dark red.

Leni GRABS GINA'S HAND -- and we see there is a matching silver CHARM BRACELET on each of their wrists.

INT. BECK HOUSE - LENI AND JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

Gina wakes with a start. Shakes the dream from her mind. The room is dark -- night has fallen. Checks the clock on the dresser: 10:00 PM. She pulls herself upright.

Pulls the doll arm from her pocket. Takes the crucifix off the wrist. Studies it.

Thinking, she looks to Leni's bureau, and hurries to the jewelry box, opening it --

-- to find the doll's other arm, dangling with a silver charm bracelet.

Gina studies the bracelet. Finds the spot where the crucifix used to dangle. And notices *one other charm is missing.*

Beneath the bracelet, a single fading POLAROID. She lifts it out and we see:

Two girls, TEENAGE LENI and TEENAGE GINA (14) long limbed, gawky, looking back at the photographer. They are dressed in matching swimsuits, smiling through terrible braces. They are out by a river somewhere, a WATERFALL in the background.

LENI (OVER/FROM DIARY)

Remember the old cave? I'd forgotten.

She rushes out of the room --

INT. BECK HOUSE - NIGHT

-- and down the stairs past a sleeping Jack on the couch. An empty BOURBON bottle and a glass are on the table, the television casting its aluminum glow over him.

She hesitates, taking this in before moving quickly to the front door, where she fumbles in the dark for a coat. She pulls on one of Leni's barn jackets, turns to go --

-- and JUMPS with FRIGHT at someone LOOMING behind her. She stifles a SHOUT -- before realizing it's drunk Jack, wobbly and covered in shadow.

JACK

Leni.

He grabs her, roughly, needily, by both arms. She is frozen. He pulls her to him, and kisses her hard. Gina pulls away.

GINA

It's Gina, Jack. It's me. Sorry.

He says nothing, only continues to press against her, his breaths shallow. They are very still and close. She closes her eyes and feels him against her.

GINA (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

JACK

Yes.

They stare into each other's faces --

-- and kiss again, hard -- confused, aroused. Tears spring to her eyes, and to his --

-- until Jack flinches back, rubbing his face in his hands, already regretful.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You shouldn't be here.

Jack hurries away from her, leaving Gina frozen in horror for a moment -- before she bolts out of the house.

EXT. QUARRY - NIGHT

Through pitch black night, Gina's car squeals and skids up a defunct, overgrown, road, arriving at a dark, disused quarry.

Gina parks messily behind a rusted shed -- steps shakily out of the car --

-- and looks beyond the quarry, to a dark expanse of forest. She takes a violent breath -- and steps into it.

As she loses herself in the forest, she looks at the looming trees, shadow gods in the moonlight, and we FLASH ON --

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

TEEN LENI and TEEN GINA in mid-argument. In the deep background a structure of some sort is ENGULFED IN FLAMES. Beyond that, the lights of fire trucks approaching.

TEEN GINA

Leni, he's still inside. He's still inside!

Teen Leni is thinking fast and we smash BACK TO --

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - *BACK TO PRESENT*

As Gina shakes off this memory, stumbling along a narrow track -- the same we saw in Leni's video -- descending into a dark and ferny valley. Her phone light makes shadows dance. We hear the rush of a WATERFALL in the distance.

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Panting with exertion, Gina arrives at the waterfall, its white water luminous in the moonlight -- roaring.

But no one is there. No sign of human life at all. But this journey isn't over. Because Gina knows something we don't.

She takes a deep breath, pulls off her shoes, rolls up her pants, wades into the darkness of the river until she arrives at the waterfall. What the hell is she doing?

Steeling herself against the cold of the crashing water, she RUSHES FORWARD and THROUGH --

INT. CAVE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- into a dark, mossy cave behind the waterfall. Soaking wet, she hisses into the darkness.

GINA
Leni? Hello?

No response. She slumps in disappointment. *Nobody here.*

She pulls her iPhone from her pocket and shines the light around the space -- a damp, natural cave. Suddenly, she lands on a RUINED OLD DOLL -- the TWIN of the one she found torn apart in her childhood bedroom. Off this, we --

FLASH ON:

INT. CAVE - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

As Child Leni and Child Gina, sodden and desperate, cling to each other. (We won't know which is which.)

CHILD LENI
It's fine. It's going to be fine.
Do you trust me?

Off Child Leni's determined face, we smash --

BACK TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT - AS BEFORE - *BACK TO PRESENT*

-- adult Gina, who continues shining her light around --

-- *landing on a neat, person-shaped arrangement of clothing laid out meticulously on the stone floor. And at the top --*

-- *the doll's head. Message complete.*

GINA
What. The. Fuck.

FLASH ON:

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - DAY - *FLASHBACK*

Child Leni and Child Gina, in those funeral dresses, a spill of punch down Child Gina's, as before.

CHILD LENI
Here. Switch with me. Switch dresses.

She begins to tug Child Gina's dress, as Child Gina sobs.

CHILD GINA

I want mummy.

Child Leni stops tugging and holds her sister.

CHILD LENI

I know. Me too. But it's just us
now. Yeah? And we'll be okay. If we
take care of each other.

Child Gina finally nods, they begin to change, and we --

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT - AS BEFORE

Gina surveys the clothes: Sweater, jodhpurs, bra, and
underwear, encased in an open oilskin coat. Socks and riding
boots below each leg. We may recognize the sweater from the
FaceTime call: *These are Leni's things.*

LENI'S MOBILE PHONE, switched off, wrapped in a waterproof
bag, set atop an empty backpack. Gina catches her breath.

FLASH ON:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

Teen Leni pulling Teen Gina by the wrist through the forest,
away from the fire.

TEEN LENI

Gina, you have switch with me.
Switch with me *now*. No one will
ever know.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT - AS BEFORE

Next to the phone, a paperback copy of Gina's book. She picks
it up, opens to the title page. In black marker:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY. YOU

GET BOTH LIVES.

CHOOSE.

Gina sets the book down, deliberately. Hovers there --
thinking -- until at last, she seems to make a decision --

-- and undresses until she is shivering and naked -- *but there is something familiar, ritualistic about how she undresses -- and it takes us --*

INT. PARIS HOTEL - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

-- as Leni and Gina, naked, face each other. Candle light. *Two outfits on the bed, laid out like the one in the cave.*

LENI AND GINA

Ooh-yuh mah eye. Em rah oo-yuh. Ooh-yuh mah eye. Em rah oo-yuh.

They kiss.

LENI

Enjoy your year in Los Angeles, Gina.

GINA

Have fun in Mt. Echo, Leni.

LENI

Next year in Tahoe?

GINA

It's a date.

And they begin to dress, taking us --

INT. CAVE - NIGHT - AS BEFORE - *BACK TO PRESENT*

As Gina dresses in Leni's clothes.

With trembling hands, she packs her own clothes and shoes into the backpack. She is suddenly precise and resolute.

At last, she takes a deep breath and puts the backpack on -- steps out of the cave -- hurries into the darkness.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Leni -- because that's who she is -- dripping wet from the falls, makes her way through the woods with great purpose.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Leni steps out into a moonlight clearing. Takes a moment to take in the beauty around her. The trees, the moon, the land stretching out around her. She breathes it in, closes her eyes --

-- and then begins to TEAR AT HER CLOTHES. Ripping them. Rolls on the ground, grinding grass and dirt into her pants and shirt..

She picks up a large stone from the ground. Breathes. And in one quick move STRIKES herself in the head with the rock.

She SHRIEKS in pain and drops the rock as BLOOD pours from the wound at her hairline.

LENI (V.O.)

I don't understand. Are you doing this? Or is something else going on? Is someone forcing you?

And now she's on the move again.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Leni moves urgently through the forest.

LENI (V.O.)

You say choose. There's no way to choose. You know that.

EXT. FOREST - DAY - FOLLOWING

Leni treads exhaustedly through the forest as the sun is coming up. Ahead of her she sees the Beck House.

LENI (V.O.)

I've made it home. Hypothermic and dehydrated. Broken nails. Bruises on my left temple. Oh, it's convincing.

She hobbles, shivering, through the back paddock. *Just before she emerges, she throws her backpack into bushland.*

LENI (V.O.)

So, okay, I'll go back to being Leni -- to being *me* -- so I can find out what you've done here... To both of us.

INT. BECK HOUSE - MATHILDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mathilda is gazing darkly through the living room curtains. Her eyes are fixed on the mountains, dwarfing the search party below --

-- *when suddenly, there she is: LENI, EMERGING FROM THE FOREST.* Mathilda's face comes brilliantly to life.

MATHILDA

Mummy --

She bursts from her bedroom, barefoot, pajama-clad --

EXT. BECK HOUSE - DAY

-- out of the house --

MATHILDA

MUMMY! *MUMMY!*

-- running as fast as she can to Leni, whose tired face cracks open with joy. She drops to her knees, opens her arms -
- as now, Jack comes sprinting up behind Mattie.

Tears spill down Leni's dirty, bloodied face, as Mattie rushes into her arms.

LENI

I'm home. I'm back. It's all going
to be okay.

And then she glances up at Jack, whose eyes narrow slightly, confused -- what is he thinking? What does he see?

Leni quavers, blinks, catches her breath. Is this going to work? Jack attempts a smile. Her own smile wavers. Mattie holds her tighter. And we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.