

UNDER THE BRIDGE

EPISODE 101:

"LOOKING GLASS"

Written by

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Based on the nonfiction book
"Under the Bridge" by Rebecca Godfrey

Best Day Ever
ABC Signature Studios

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REBECCA (V.O.)
*On its face, this story is the
opposite of a fairy tale.*

EXT. CRAIGFLOWER BRIDGE -- NIGHT

We open on the image of a BRIDGE. It's night. The light of a full moon sparkles off the water of the GORGE WATERWAY. Beneath the bridge, the bank is bathed in SHADOW.

REBECCA (V.O.)
*At least, until you consider what
fairy tales are about: Girls
punished for selfishness or for no
reason at all.*

Along the edge of the bridge is a wall coated in GRAFFITI. At the center, huge blue letters read: **C.M.C.**

REBECCA (V.O.)
*These tales of horror are also
tales of wonder, of innocence and
cruelty, violence and beauty,
virtue and sin.*

A crime scene tape flutters in the wind, closing off a rickety STAIRWELL leading beneath the bridge.

REBECCA (V.O.)
*In fairytales, there is danger
everywhere: the troll under the
bridge.
(then)
But in November of 1997, the danger
had never looked quite like this
before...*

We pre-lap in the WAILS of GIRLS...

INT. SAANICH POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

A dim hallway, lined with doors, each with small windows. Each looks into an INTERROGATION ROOM, from which we hear SCREAMS, BANGS, CRYING.

REBECCA (V.O.)
*Back then, the story seemed such an
absurd and impossible tale.*

A slight, dark-haired YOUNG WOMAN steps into frame, her footsteps echoing. We track behind her, as she walks slowly...

This is REBECCA GODFREY, 28. More on her very soon. Her Keane-like eyes fill with a mixture of intrigue and horror as she peers through the windows--

REBECCA (V.O.)

Not only because girls were meant to grow up unharmed on the idyllic island of Victoria, British Columbia...But because the accused were unlike anything the town--or the nation--had ever seen.

And we finally see what Rebecca sees:

YOUNG GIRLS, in the cell-like rooms. Some are curled in their chairs, crying--some are throwing things, furious. Some turn to look at her, eyes begging for help. They are 14, 15 years old--not our idea of killers.

REBECCA (V.O.)

The story would haunt this island for years to come, like a myth or a ghost story. It forever changed a fact that once seemed so immutable, so fundamental:

Rebecca's face FLICKERS with emotion at the sight of these girls--like animals in cages. Something DEEP inside her shifts at the sight of it. Like they're CALLING TO HER...

REBECCA (V.O.)

Young girls in Victoria were the ones we were supposed to protect.

EXT. CRAIGFLOWER BRIDGE -- NIGHT

As we PUSH IN on the dark pit of BLACKNESS below the bridge--

REBECCA (V.O.)

Not be protected from.

The WALLS build to a FEVER PITCH of SCREAMS, the sound of MOVEMENT, VIOLENT, TERRIFYING--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SAANICH JUNIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL -- DAY

We are WIDE on the front of a small white JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. In the distance, foggy blue mountains and treetops rise up.

Against the sky, white letters fade in: November 14, 1997 - Victoria, BC. Then, they are cleared by a flock of BLACKBIRDS.

Almost in slow motion, we move through the schoolyard, seeing the many YOUNG GIRLS of Victoria. Preppy, sporty, laughing with their friends, holding hands. *Carefree*.

All except ONE GIRL, who we finally push through to find. This is REENA VIRK, 14, East Indian, slightly overweight, an uneasy yet bold loner. She is melancholy, wearing an oversized Adidas jacket and black platforms.

She looks around at the suburban hubbub, which she feels very much not a part of, then flippantly lights a cigarette. Exuding an air of not needing, not even *wanting* to be included--an air so thick that it reveals quite the opposite.

Hearing something in the distance, Reena looks--and her eyes LIGHT UP. She quickly tosses the cig as--

A yellow KARMANN GHIA pulls up towards her, engine growling--it's an impressive, quirky little sports car. Her handsome, mustached uncle RAJ, 32, Indo-Canadian, is behind the wheel, smiling at her. Reena GRINS, her sullen attitude evaporating.

REENA

You're the best, Raj Mama.

(NOTE: "Mama" is the Punjabi way of saying "Maternal Uncle.")

INT. KARMANN GHIA -- DAY

Raj pulls out of the lot as Reena excitedly cranks down the window, looking out to see who has noticed her flashy ride.

REENA

Thanks for getting me--

RAJ

Of course. Any excuse to bust out these sweet wheels--

Reena GROANS, but it's clear he's being cheesy on purpose, to tease her.

RAJ (CONT'D)
How was school? You did actually
go, right?

REENA
...For half the day. I went after
lunch.

Reena!	RAJ	REENA (CONT'D)
		It was gym day! I hate those stupid shorts they make us wear...

RAJ (CONT'D)
I dunno, if you're not gonna go I'm
thinking maybe I should take your
present back to the store...

REENA
--You got it?!

Raj can't help but smile, nods to the glove box. Reena opens
it--finding a NOTORIOUS B.I.G. CD, "*Life After Death*".

RAJ
That's the one, right?

Reena nods, grinning, as she rips off the plastic and slides
it into the CD player. Raj looks down at the cover.

RAJ (CONT'D)
Interesting title.

Reena doesn't reply, on a mission. She hits play on "Nasty
Boy" and cranks the music as she looks out the window--an
IDEA in mind.

REENA
Can we drive through View Royal?

RAJ
(a flicker of hesitation)
Sure.

EXT. VIEW ROYAL / INT. KARMAAN GHIA -- DAY

The music continues as the car winds through a beautiful green-
hilled SUBURB and over the CRAIGFLOWER BRIDGE, overlooking the
GORGE WATERWAY. As they cross the bridge, they descend into a
RUN DOWN neighborhood. Trailer parks, strip malls, graffiti.
The SHORELINE JUNIOR HIGH flashes by. This is VIEW ROYAL.

Raj bobs his head, Reena RAPS along to the music. Her face is youthful and excited as the wind brushes her hair back--

REENA

*Uh, I go, on and on and on an'//
Don't take them to the crib unless
they bonin'--*

Reena's eyes are glued hopefully to the streets--and she PERKS UP at the sight of COLIN JONES, 18, an attractive, long-haired stoner in an AC/DC tee, smoking on the steps of a HOUSE still adorned with scattered Halloween decorations. Reena POINTS.

REENA (CONT'D)

That's Colin Jones!

RAJ

(teasing)
That who we're looking for?

REENA

No, Josephine just likes him...

Reena waves, but Colin doesn't see her. Raj's eyes fall on Reena's hand as she waves. Written in black sharpie are three letters: **CMC**. Raj looks a bit CONCERNED by this.

RAJ

...Josephine, huh?

Reena spots a BLONDE GIRL from behind, and raps louder--

REENA

*Caesar drop you off when he see his
P.O./Back of my mind I hope she
swallow--that's such a good rhyme!
His lyrics are dope.*

We sense that Reena doesn't totally know what these words mean--but it makes Raj a little uncomfortable. Still, he leaves the music on, not wanting to upset his niece.

RAJ

You don't want to find some new
friends, now that you're not living
at Seven Oaks anymore?

Reena looks back towards the blonde girl, but it's clearly not who she was hoping for. She SCOFFS, her energy quickly shifting towards angst.

REENA

I wish I still lived there.

RAJ

Reena. You belong home with your family--

REENA

They are my family.

Annoyed, Reena reaches out to eject her CD, grabbing it.

REENA (CONT'D)

I wanna get out here.

RAJ

--Here? I thought we were--

But Reena impulsively moves to OPEN her car door. Alarmed, Raj SWERVES and screeches to a stop as she jumps out, grabbing her backpack. Raj watches, concerned, as Reena RUNS OFF, into View Royal--"the other side of the tracks".

EXT. SEVEN OAKS YOUTH HOME -- DAY

Reena approaches a winding path, leading off the street into a private patch of FOREST. High on the hill is an old WHITE VICTORIAN, like something out of a fairytale. A sign outside reads: **Seven Oaks Youth Home**.

REENA

Dusty!

A girl--DUSTY, 15, half-Black, a heavysset foster kid with a surprisingly soft voice--turns from where she's smoking. (We may RECOGNIZE her from the opening, one of the girls who was crying in the cells.) Dusty SMILES at Reena with the familiarity of a close friend.

DUSTY

Queen Reena!

Reena dances over. The girls HUG, and playfully flash GANG SIGNS, like a secret handshake.

REENA

Is Jo home yet?

DUSTY

The princess is in her room...

The girls share a knowing LOOK--but as Reena bounds off, up towards the house, Dusty's face shifts, suddenly HESITANT.

INT. SEVEN OAKS YOUTH HOME -- JOSEPHINE'S ROOM -- DAY

JOSEPHINE BELL, 14, white, blonde and striking, gazes into a mirror as she brushes her hair. Her eyebrows are thin and arched, and her ice-blue eyes could cut you like a knife. (She is also one of the girls from the opening.)

JOSEPHINE

I'm getting a real reputation
around here.

She turns to her audience--Reena hangs dotingly in the doorway, while Dusty and KELLY ELLARD, 15, Josephine's best friend, lounge on the bed. Kelly is white and suburban, with bobbed mousy hair and a tomboyish face you'd easily forget. (She is a third girl glimpsed in the teaser.)

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

I bummed a cigarette today from
some guy in Rudd's Park and he was
like--are you THE Josephine Bell?

KELLY

No way.

JOSEPHINE

Like I was a celebrity. Apparently
he heard I'm really pretty and that
like, everyone's either scared of
me or wants to date me...

REENA

You are really pretty...

JOSEPHINE

(ignoring Reena)

But whatever. I already have a
boyfriend.

She hold up a heart-shaped LOCKET around her neck. KISSES and LICKS it. Kelly laughs.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Jacked this from him, though...

Josephine digs into her pocket and fans out some CASH, mischief glinting in her eyes. Reena's eyes widen as Kelly and Dusty lunge to look at it.

REENA

You stole that?

JOSEPHINE

*You get what you take and you take
what's yours. That's the rule of
the ghetto.*

JOSEPHINE/DUSTY/KELLY

C.M.C. represent!

KELLY

Jo, you're so hardcore.

The song playing on the radio changes, Josephine grimaces and KICKS the stereo.

JOSEPHINE

The fuck. This station is such
garbage lately.

Reena eagerly pulls out her new CD as Josephine lights a cig, her painted-blue fingernails glittering. Proudly--

REENA

I got the new B.I.G. CD--we could
listen to that?

KELLY

(giggling)
It's Biggie.

DUSTY

No way!

But Josephine eyes Reena, seemingly approving for once.

JOSEPHINE

Forreal? Gimme--

Reena holds out the CD, clearly pleased to have something to offer. Josephine grabs it, sliding it into the stereo, hitting play on "Another". Kelly and Josephine start lip-synching the mock "fight" at the top of the song.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, motherfucka'--

KELLY

*You ain't shit anyway, fuck
you--*

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

*You ain't shit, you fat
motherfucka'--*

KELLY (CONT'D)

*You wasn't sayin' that when
you was suckin' my dick.*

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

*You wasn't sayin' that when you was
eatin' my pussy--*

They PEEL into laughter at the dirty banter. Reena grins at Dusty, thrilled to see her "friends" enjoying her CD.

As the beat drops, they DANCE, Josephine showing off most of all--slapping and grinding her hips, loving the attention.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

What do you do when your bitch is untrue?

Reena sings back, participating loudly, loving this--

REENA/DUSTY/KELLY/JOSEPHINE

You cut that hooker off and find someone new!

KELLY

You CAP HER ASS!

Josephine holds her hands up like she's got a GUN--the rest of the girls follow suit, chasing each other around the room like fake gangstas. Reena gets a little too enthusiastic, laughing and jumping up on Josephine's bed. Immediately, Jo's mood SWINGS from excitement to sharp annoyance--

JOSEPHINE

Yo, get the fuck off my bed, you're gonna break it.

KELLY

(snickers, quoting the song)
"Fat motherfucka'."

Reena clambers down, clearly embarrassed at any mention of her weight. Dusty seems a bit upset but says nothing. Josephine sighs, shutting off the music, as if Reena has ruined all their fun. She ejects Reena's CD and casually drops it into her purse. *Taking it.*

JOSEPHINE

C'mon. Colin Jones will sell us some chronic if we go to his place.
 (then, with a sharp look)
 Reena, you're not invited.

Josephine pockets her cash, heads off with Kelly. Dusty trails behind, with a sympathetic glance towards Reena. Quietly--

DUSTY

I'll call you later, 'kay?

With that, she leaves. Crestfallen, Reena looks around at Josephine's room. Clothes piled on the double twin beds, a Tupac poster on the wall, blue nail polish on her dresser.

She hears a RUSTLING in the doorway and looks up. One of the GROUP HOME COUNSELORS, MARTHA, 40's, is looking in at her.

MARTHA

Hi, Reena. Your uncle just called...
why don't you head on home?

Reena nods, playing casual. Martha looks sympathetic.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You know, you're a nice girl, honey.
Josephine doesn't appreciate nice
girls.

Martha means this as a salve, but Reena doesn't quite take it that way. As Martha heads off, Reena looks back at Josephine's dresser. She picks up the bottle of blue nail polish--then notices, underneath it, an ADDRESS BOOK:
PROPERTY OF JOSEPHINE "GOTTI" BELL - CMC!!!!

Reena hesitates--thinking of what Josephine said about *the rules of the ghetto*. Then, she TAKES the polish and the book. Glaring up at her own reflection in the mirror--

REENA

I'm not nice. I'm fucking hardcore.

EXT. VIRK HOUSE (SAANICH) -- DUSK

Reena marches up towards her well-kept house, on a quiet street. She rolls her eyes at a PLAQUE by the front door: **As for me and my household we shall serve Jehovah. Joshua 24:15.**

INT. VIRK HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DUSK

The CORD of a landline stretches under the door and into the bathroom, where Reena soaks in a bubble bath, painting her nails BLUE as her peach-faced LOVEBIRD, SMOOCH, hops around on the sink, chirping. Reena admires the nail color, how it looks with the "CMC" writing on her hand.

On the edge of the tub sits Josephine's address book, full of numbers with doodles besides the names--*HOTTIE, CMC, SLUT*. Kelly's name is marked *BEST BITCH 4EVA, MY SISTAH!!* Reena picks a number at random and DIALS IT nervously.

REENA

Hi, this is Reena Virk. Um, have
you seen Josephine Bell lately? She
looks super different. Yeah, she's
not even that pretty any more.

As the person REACTS on the other line--*Who is this?* Reena hangs up and dials a new number. Growing more confident.

REENA (CONT'D)

Hi, um, I was just calling to let you know that Josephine Bell's eyebrows are fake. She like, draws them on.

As Reena listens, flipping through pages, she finds a new name in the book--*Colin Jones*. His YEARBOOK PHOTO is taped beside it--we instantly recognize his long hair. Reena stops, her blue fingernail tracing his face softly...

There's a KNOCK on the bathroom door.

SUMAN (O.S.)

Reena? It's dinnertime. Who are you talking to?

INT. VIRK HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- CONT.

SUMAN VIRK, 40's, Reena's mother, Indo-Canadian, stern, intelligent and a bit intimidating, stands outside. No answer. Suman tries the doorknob--then EXHALES. It's locked.

INT. VIRK HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- CONT.

Reena grips the phone nervously as it RINGS. A BOY picks up--

COLIN JONES (PHONE)

Hello?

REENA

--Hi, Colin? Colin. Hi. Um. I have a crush on you.

Reena GIGGLES at her own ballsiness.

COLIN JONES (PHONE)

Who is this?

REENA

It's Reena. Reena Virk?
(nothing)
I waved at you today!

COLIN JONES (PHONE)

Uh...how did you get this number?

REENA

Josephine Bell gave it to me! Yeah. Um. Did you know she has AIDS? She told me because we're best friends.

(MORE)

REENA (CONT'D)

(no answer)

So...do you want to go out with me?

EXT. VIRK HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- CONT.

Another KNOCK on the bathroom door. This time, from MANJIT VIRK, late 40's, tall, a bit more gentle than Suman. He speaks with a Punjabi-accented voice--

MANJIT

Come on Reena. Nana and Nani are here. Come eat.

A beat. He can hear Reena say "*Bye Colin!*". Then, a moment later the door whips open and Reena emerges, wrapped in a towel.

Manjit seems STARTLED by this and immediately steps back to let her past, AVERTING his eyes as Reena storms into her room.

As Reena's door SLAMS, Manjit looks down the hall at Suman, who is watching. A beat of exasperation between them. But there's something else, too. *Fear?*

INT. VIRK HOME -- NIGHT

The large VIRK/PALLAN FAMILY are now seated around a table-- Reena, Manjit, Suman, Uncle Raj, Reena's maternal grandparents TARSEM and MUKAND PALLAN, 60's, and Reena's younger siblings SIMREN, 12, and AMAN, 9. Tarsem PRAYS.

TARSEM

(in subtitled Punjabi)

Thank you Jesus, son of Jehovah the father, for all you have provided for us--thank you for gathering us here tonight and for uniting our family. We are so glad to have our beautiful Reena here with us again.

Tarsem smiles MEANINGFULLY at Reena. Suman's mouth tightens, a strange TENSION. Manjit swallows. Reena smiles a little at her grandma, but not at her parents.

TARSEM/ALL

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Reena only mouths the words. As they dig in, she doesn't touch the food on her plate, part of the large, traditional Punjabi meal. Manjit eyes her. Gently--

MANJIT

Reena, did you see mom made chole
bhature? Isn't that your favorite?

Suman gives a tight smile, but Reena doesn't look at her.

REENA

I'm sick of Indian food. It's making
me fat. I told you, I'm on a diet.

SUMAN

You're too young to diet. Come on.

Suman serves Reena food despite the FACE she makes. Suman is
clearly bothered by Reena's rejection. Still, trying again--

SUMAN (CONT'D)

Who were you talking to in the
bathroom? A new friend?

REENA

No.

Sulking, Reena exchanges a glance with Raj, clearly
remembering their earlier chat. Then feeds roti to Smooch.

SUMAN

You know I don't like secrets,
Reena. I want you to ask permission
before using the phone from now on.

REENA

Mom!

But Suman is on a roll, pointing to Reena's BLUE NAILS.

SUMAN

And what have I told you
about wearing makeup, hm?
When you're in our house, you
have to respect our rules--

REENA (CONT'D)

(hiding her hands under
the table)
Nail polish isn't makeup!!
Stop attacking me!

MANJIT

Suman...

Manjit eyes his wife, concerned she's being harsh. Suman
exhales. Goes quiet. Silence at the table. Then Mukand sneaks
Smooch some rice -- and Reena SMILES at little. It calms her.

AMAN

Wanna play Spit after dinner?

Reena nods. Suddenly, O.S., the PHONE RINGS. Reena RUSHES up
from the table, quickly grabbing the phone, her face eager--

Aman holds up his CARDS, a little pout. Reena feels a slight PANG--but then, she's headed out the door, nervous but excited. Suman moves to STAND--but Manjit touches her hand.

MANJIT

Let her go.

Suman slowly sits back. Frustrated and out of her depth.

EXT. SHORELINE SCHOOL -- NIGHT

PACKS of teenagers mill about on the Shoreline School field, in their '97 Friday best--hair twists, baby tees, platforms. The boys in huge jeans and t-shirts. A FULL MOON shines down.

Reena heads up the lawn, backpack slung over her shoulder, looking nervous in the crowd of teens. She lights a cig as she spots COLIN JONES talking to a younger kid, dapping him in a way that conceals the handoff of SOMETHING. A DRUG DEAL?

REENA

Colin!

Reena WAVES eagerly--he SEES Reena, but AVOIDS her, turning away purposefully. Reena's disappointed, tries to hide it.

The younger kid turns from Colin. This is WARREN GLOWATSKI, 16, white and cute, with a cherubic face and curly hair beneath a sideways cap that reads "CMC" in blue stitching. He's dressed like a rapper, in baggy white clothes that swallow his skinny frame. He heads over to a group of WHOLESOME-LOOKING KIDS to spike slushies with the mickey of VODKA he just got from Colin.

SYREETA, 14, Spanish, a beautiful girl with braces and shiny hair that falls over her one blind eye, greets Warren with a kiss--gentle, loving. Reena watches, feeling very alone.

DUSTY (O.S.)

Hey, Reena!

Reena turns to see Dusty, Kelly and Josephine on the edge of the crowd. Dusty waves her over. Reena's face LIGHTS UP. She hurries over--then slows, reminding herself to *be cool*.

JOSEPHINE

Nice nails.

Reena looks at Jo, whose eyes are fixed on Reena's NAILS. Her energy is intimidating, far colder than on the phone. She holds a fat blunt and plasters on a creepy smile.

KELLY

What did you want with Colin Jones?

JOSEPHINE

Yeah, are you guys *friends* or something?

KELLY

Last time I checked, he didn't know who the fuck you even were.

Reena hesitates. Her heart rate increasing. *Is this a trick question?* She looks at Dusty, but she is unreadable. Suddenly-

JOSEPHINE

I know you took my shit.

Reena PANICS. But tries to justify herself--puffing up.

REENA

Hey, it's the rules of the ghetto.

Kelly LAUGHS suddenly, weird and loud.

KELLY

Yeah and you know what the *first* fuckin' rule is, Reena? You don't steal from the top.

DUSTY

And you never talk shit.

Reena PALES at Dusty's sudden menacing tone--a major departure from her previous demeanor. *This is not going to plan.* Then--

LAILA (O.S.)

Yo, where's Josephine at?

Everyone turns. A tough Muslim-Egyptian girl, LAILA, 15, is strutting purposefully onto the field. She has long black hair, wears black eyeliner and silver rings on every finger.

DRUNK BOY

Ayyyye, somebody's ass bouta' get rocked--

A few teens HOOT. Laila's best friend MAYA, 15, First-Nations, a perpetually quiet girl with sad, haunted eyes, trails behind her. (Both of these girls were glimpsed in the teaser, in cells.)

LAILA

I'm supposed to fight some chick whose name starts with an R or an S--

Laila scans the crowd--spotting Josephine with Reena. She steps towards them--Reena BLANCHES. Then, starts to RUN.

There's a SHRIEK of delight from Josephine--a FLURRY of footsteps as the girls chase after her. Laila and Maya join. Someone CHEERS. Warren and Syreeta watch in confusion.

YOUNG BOY
RUN BEAST RUN!!

A YOUNG BOY watches as Reena and the girls run. Then he turns, shrugs, and carelessly tosses a ROCK at a Shoreline window. Much to his surprise, the window BREAKS.

EXT. CRAIGFLOWER ROAD -- NIGHT

Lit only by the moonlight, Reena hurries along the road, out of breath. She's twisted an ankle on her platform shoe.

JOSEPHINE
Reena, slow down!

Reena is too out of breath to keep going, anyway. She slows, turning. Pale. A few of the girls have gotten in front of her now, on all sides. She's SURROUNDED--she spots a PHONE BOOTH on the edge of the sidewalk, by the MAC'S CONVENIENCE STORE.

Reena slips into the phone booth. SHAKING. She dials quickly--

Kelly PRESSES her face to the glass. Making FACES. Reena tries to laugh, like it's all a big joke. Terrified, but in denial. *Maybe they're just playing gangstas again.*

AMAN (PHONE)
Hello?

It's her little brother. Reena's voice catches--

REENA
Hey. It's me. I'm at the Mac's. Can you tell mom I'll be back soon--

BAM! Kelly KICKS the phone booth. Reena lets out a YELP--

AMAN (PHONE)
...Reena? Are you okay?

Reena can't answer, for fear of crying. She hangs up. Hands shaking, she tentatively opens the phone booth door--with a nervous, "casual" smile at Dusty, who is menacingly silent.

REENA

I'm going home. I'm gonna catch the bus--

But Dusty just GRABS HER ARM, roughly. Reena is frightened.

DUSTY

Why are you being such a bitch?!

Reena looks at Dusty, CRUSHED to see her friend suddenly acting this way. Quietly, betrayed--

REENA

Dusty, *what are you doing?*

JOSEPHINE

Come on, Reena. We just wanna have some fun! Stay and party with us.

Reena hesitates. So confused, so scared. Dusty LOCKS HER ARM in Reena's, and Josephine does too. Like best friends. Josephine's laughing, and Reena is trying to laugh too.

Laila glances off--seeing a FLASH of SIRENS in the distance. POLICE must have broken up the Shoreline party. We can make out Warren, Syreeta, and their friends leaving the field.

Laila's eyes land on the CRAIGFLOWER BRIDGE, over the gorge.

LAILA

Hey. Let's go under the bridge.

JOSEPHINE

Yes! Let's!

Reena is SCARED at the sound of this--but Josephine skips gleefully towards the bridge, dragging Reena along with her. They cut across the street in a pack, starting down the bank.

The girls pull her down, down. Down a wooden STAIRWELL with a creaky, rusty railing. Below them is a DARK, graffitied BANK--like a cave. Completely HIDDEN from street view.

A sudden BANG sounds--and Reena's eyes dart up to the sky--

Where an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT appears. Bursts of RED, GOLD. Slashing across the dark like shooting stars. A SCREAM is suddenly heard from below, then MORE SCREAMS. We don't know if they're a reaction to the lights, or something more sinister--but we don't look away from the haunting image...

ACT TWO

EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

...As we fade into the swirling, indecipherable glow of LIGHT shimmering through water. AIR BUBBLES drift past us. As we finally settle on--

REBECCA GODFREY, 28, the young woman from the teaser--equal parts darkness, intellect and mischief. She is UNDERWATER, sunk down to the floor of what seems to be a POOL.

There is a peacefulness on her face as she floats there. We hold on her for a long time.

Too long.

We push closer. Her eyes are open. She does not look scared. She's looking right at--

A YOUNG BOY, 16, under the water. He stares back at her.

Rebecca holds his gaze. Until finally, after what seems like forever--

Arms GRAB her and YANK her up to the surface--

EXT. NYC PENTHOUSE ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Rebecca is PULLED from the water with a GASP. As MUSIC and VOICES slam into our ears, we see she is at--

A PARTY on a PENTHOUSE ROOFTOP. The New York skyline glitters in the background. The MAN who pulled Rebecca out looks bewildered as she COUGHS once, almost scowling at him.

MAN

Rebecca--Jesus! I thought you were OD'ing or something--

REBECCA

I'm fine.

Rebecca looks up, where CHIC GUESTS are crowded around the pool, holding champagne and passed plates. STARING at her. She is soaking wet, in black underwear, her makeup smeared. Seemingly unbothered, she grabs her folded dress from beside the pool and starts to pull it on.

We notice now, the pool is otherwise empty. The teenaged boy is GONE.

MAN

I thought you wanted to meet Bret--

Rebecca turns.

REBECCA

I do. Introduce me.

MOMENTS LATER: BRET EASTON ELLIS is scribbling his signature on two paperback copies of AMERICAN PSYCHO. This is his party. Rebecca's hair drips on her cocktail dress.

BRET EASTON ELLIS

You know, we're actually talking to a woman to direct the film. Y'know, me being the 'dark prince' of literature, I write this book that upsets so many people, and I need to be put in my place--and what better narrative is there than that a woman does it?

Rebecca wants to respond to this, but her date cuts her off--

MAN

(sucking up)

I just don't see how a woman would be able to properly represent Bateman's psychopathy--

BRET EASTON ELLIS

--Right--

REBECCA

(finally interrupting)
Is that because you think women aren't violent?

Bret looks at Rebecca, intrigued.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Or maybe they just aren't allowed to talk about it. Certainly not in bestselling novels.

BRET EASTON ELLIS

I don't think women fantasize about violence in the same way men do. Just because of how they're built.

REBECCA

I don't know. I'd actually like to kill you right now.

A beat. And then Bret LAUGHS, thrilled by her.

BRET EASTON ELLIS
 You're feisty. Do you have a
 boyfriend?

Rebecca turns, and starts to promptly walk away.

BRET EASTON ELLIS (CONT'D)
 You're not leaving already?

REBECCA
 I'm going to Canada in three hours.

Rebecca takes a champagne off a tray, and DOWNS IT.

INT. CHINATOWN STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rebecca zips a suitcase on her unmade bed. Her tiny, gritty apartment is messy.

MOMENTS LATER: Rebecca pats concealer over the circles under her eyes in her bathroom mirror. She buttons the top button on a classic cardigan, which she wears with a mid-length skirt and expensive leather boots. She looks so different from the girl we met just moments before.

MOMENTS LATER: As Rebecca wheels her suitcase out, she stops to get a type-written manuscript from her desk: *UNT. VICTORIA GIRLS NOVEL*.

She stuffs it in her tote bag, then faces her door.

She shuts her eyes. Takes a DEEP BREATH--and opens it. We PRE-LAP the BLAST of a ferry horn...

EXT. FERRY -- VICTORIA -- MORNING

Rebecca stands at the rails of the FERRY, letting the light and wind wash over her pale skin. She sticks a CIGARETTE in her mouth as she looks out at the tremendous edge of:

VANCOUVER ISLAND, aka VICTORIA, drifting towards her. Towering, majestic trees line the cliff edges. And everywhere, stretching out, is deep blue WATER.

Rebecca regards the island with a reluctant WARINESS. Even in her refined outfit, she still looks out-of-place against the sparse CROWD of older fleece-and-hiking-boot-clad passengers. She scribbles something in her NOTEBOOK.

REBECCA (V.O)
When you leave, you see the
weirdness...the haunted quality of
the place...Victoria.

INT. HILLSIDE MALL -- MORNING

We PUSH IN on a Winnie-the-Pooh TEDDY BEAR, sitting inside a display window.

Raj stares at the teddy bear. Lost in thought.

Finally, he turns and sees Manjit rounding the corner of the mall. Raj looks expectant, but Manjit SHAKES HIS HEAD NO. Concern clouds Raj's face, but he hides it.

INT. VIRK HOME -- MORNING

We're close on a morning newspaper with the headline: **ALIENS OR RUSSIANS? SOURCES SAY LIGHTS IN THE SKY ON FRIDAY WERE FROM EXPLODED SATELLITE**

Suman Virk sets aside the paper and flips quickly through the morning mail, seated at the kitchen table. Bills, junk...

She reaches an envelope and STOPS. It's postmarked from **THE CROWN**.

Suman holds it for a moment, its contents clearly nerve-wracking and meaningful. Trying to decide whether to OPEN IT--

O.S., the door opens, and Manjit and Raj let themselves into the house. Suman looks up, expectantly--

MANJIT
 We didn't see her.

Suman exhales, some mixture of fear, frustration and confusion on her face. She quickly tucks away the envelope.

RAJ
 We were supposed to go the mall before school. She wanted to get a teddy bear, for that little girl she babysits.

SUMAN
 I guess we should let them know she won't be coming tonight.
 (then)
 Look what I found in her room.

Suman nods towards a BOOK on the table by the door--it's JOSEPHINE'S ADDRESS BOOK. The one Reena stole.

SUMAN (CONT'D)
 (shaking her head)
 I guarantee you, that girl
 convinced Reena to run away again.
 She always listens to her, never to
 us.

With this, we realize: Reena hasn't come home. And this isn't the first time. Raj eyes the address book, a bit more concerned by it than Suman.

RAJ
 We should follow up with the police
 about the Missing Persons report.
 Maybe someone's seen her--

SUMAN
 I'm not dealing with them again.

There is a MEANINGFULNESS in her tone. Anger.

MANJIT
 (softly)
 I'll go with you, Raj.

Suman looks at him, SURPRISED.

SUMAN
 Are you sure? Manjit--

MANJIT
 (with finality)
 I'll go.

There is an unexplained WEIGHT in this decision--we wonder *just what has happened between this family and the police*.

A SIREN builds. It's the swell of 2Pac's "Open Fire"--

EXT. SHORELINE SCHOOL -- DAY

The thudding HIP-HOP BEAT plays as Josephine Bell STRUTS, smoking a cigarette as she joins the throngs of TEENS heading up to Shoreline school.

We track in a SINGLE SHOT as Jo begins to notice EYES ON HER. She passes and daps Warren G (the cute, curly-haired white kid from the field party), with a blue handkerchief hanging out the back pocket of his baggy white jeans.

WARREN G
CMC, whaddup.

As Jo walks away, Warren and his friends watch her go.

CMC BOY 1
Damn, not a scratch on her...

CMC BOY 2
Wasn't there some crazy bitch fight
on Friday?

WARREN
I heard she fought some Native guy.

CMC BOY 1
Apparently this chick named Elly
McBride tried to jump her.

ARMS wrap around Warren from behind. It's Syreeta, the pretty Spanish girl with the blind eye from the Shoreline party. She snuggles into Warren, who kisses her.

WARREN
Morning, beautiful.

SYREETA
Whaddaya talking about?

"THE FIVE" have joined the boys--SYREETA, MARISSA, TARA,
DIANA, FELICITY. A clique of sweet, suburban girls.

CMC BOY 2
Whatever shit went down after that
Satellite exploded on Friday.

SYREETA
Oh yeah, I thought the world
was ending!

DIANA
I heard some girl named Trina
jumped off the bridge?!

TARA
Woah, Syreeta, is that true?
I thought Josephine ran
someone over with a car--

MARISSA
Syreeta was at the bus stop--

SYREETA
Yeah, I had cramps--

FELICITY
I thought her name was Rhea--

As they enter the school, we hand off to Kelly and Dusty, who are eavesdropping. Dusty looks panicked, begins to SWEAT.

DUSTY
Kelly...what the fuck is going on?

JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

There you are. Finally.

Josephine joins them. At the center of the hallway, the girls look around. All eyes on them, whispers. We circle to land back on Josephine, who GRINS. It's CHILLING.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Told you I was getting a reputation...

As the disturbing words of gossip overlap and build--"*Beat the shit out of some girl*"--"*This creepy guy called her a hootchie*"--"*C.M.C.*"--"*Put her in the water*"--we pre-lap a VIOLENT WHACKING sound--

INT. HANLON GARAGE -- MORNING

WHACK, WHACK--boxing gloves SMACK a BAG, hard and fast.

ROY HANLON (O.S.)

C'mon! Five seconds!

KRISTA HANLON, 31, First Nations, quietly witty and tough, POUNDS a boxing bag as it swings from the ceiling of the garage. She is drenched in sweat, determined. Counting hits under her breath--

ROY HANLON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Time!

Krista's adoptive father ROY HANLON, 50's, white, a hefty and commanding man, holds up a stopwatch as Krista and SCOTT HANLON grab their bags, panting. Scott is 29, also white, muscular and bearing a striking resemblance to his father. Roy looks at them, EXPECTANTLY--

KRISTA

Hundred eighty-nine.

SCOTT

(a smug look at Krista)

Two ten.

KRISTA

There's no way--I heard you--

But Scott put his hand on his heaving chest, *he swears.*

ROY HANLON

Alright. Coffee's on you, Krista.

SCOTT

As usual.

Roy SHAKES Scott's HAND, satisfied. Krista EYES this as she towels off. Behind her, we see a collection of POLICE MEMORABILIA on the wall--and a PHOTO of Krista standing with Roy, Scott, and a sea of other WHITE POLICE OFFICERS.

KRISTA

(sotto, to Scott)

What, you too embarrassed to admit you lost to a girl?

SCOTT

(feigning shock)

You're a girl?

Krista rolls her eyes, Scott heads out. Krista nervously hovers over by her dad, as he leans back on his weight bench. Something is on her mind...

She spots him as he lifts--

KRISTA

Hey, dad--what you thinking, on major crimes?

ROY

(annoyed)

You that eager to get to Vancouver?

(beat)

I don't think it's a good idea for me to call.

KRISTA

They'll want a referral from my ranking officer.

ROY

You want the spot, it's better if you earn it on your own.

(then)

Besides. With all the new affirmative action talk, I doubt you'll even need me.

Krista takes this on the chin--if it stings, she doesn't let on. She spots Roy as he return his weight to the rack with a GRUNT, then heads towards the garage door.

KRISTA

I'm gonna shower. See you at the station--

Krista heads out--walking RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET to her own modest but well-maintained HOUSE. *Talk about close to home.*

INT. KRISTA'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- MORNING

Krista stands in the shower, steaming WATER running down her face. She unwraps the kickboxing tape from her hands, WINCING as she flexes them. Her knuckles SWELLING and bleeding a bit from pushing herself too hard.

In this private moment, she replays her dad's words in her head. Swallowing whatever it is they make her feel.

EXT. VICTORIA / INT. TAXI -- DAY

A taxi climbs the steep incline of a quaint mountain road to a STRIKING CLIFFSIDE HOME, overlooking the vast ocean. Rebecca sits up--a bit OVERWHELMED by the sight of her childhood home.

Her father DAVE, 50's, witty, lively, and excruciatingly intelligent, emerges from the house. He runs out and SQUEEZES Rebecca into a bear hug as she exits the taxi. Rebecca smiles, but her eyes still linger on the house.

REBECCA

Is mom--?

DAVE

She's here. She just needs a minute.

(then)

You know, you two will have to be in the same room eventually...

Dave give Rebecca a meaningful look, then presses some CASH into the cabbie's hand as he grabs Rebecca's suitcase.

INT. GODFREY HOUSE -- DAY

Rebecca follows her dad inside. The walls of the house are lined with art, pottery, and BOOKS. So many books.

DAVE

Did you make it to Bret's party?
How was it? Meet any agents?

REBECCA

Uh--it was interesting...

Dave notices Rebecca looking at a collection of MASKS.

DAVE

Those are from our trip to Ghana--
 (then, calling upstairs)
 Ellen!

Rebecca instinctually straightens her cardigan as she hears her mom's footsteps on the stairs--

ELLEN GODFREY, 50's, equally as sharp as her husband, with a Jackie O-like elegance, reaches the bottom of the stairs. The two women look at each other for a long beat.

ELLEN

Rebecca. I was starting to think we
 imagined you.

Rebecca smiles tightly. Her mom doesn't hug her. Dave enters with a coffee for Rebecca, which she sips gratefully. Then, her eyes land on a manuscript in her mom's hands. HER MANUSCRIPT.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(noticing her gaze)
 Dad shared what you faxed over. I
 hope that's alright.

Rebecca shoots a glance at her dad--clearly *not* alright.

REBECCA

It's not done--

ELLEN

It's the voice. That's why you're
 not getting any bites.
 (off her look)
 It's far too colloquial.

Ellen holds out the manuscript. Rebecca takes it. It's covered in cursive RED PEN.

REBECCA

--Uh, okay. I thought I'd unpack
 first...

ELLEN

Well, isn't that why you're here?
 To get our input?

REBECCA

I'm here for research. Dad said I
 wasn't 'allowed' to stay at the
 motel--

ELLEN

What kind of research?

REBECCA

I want to go by the juvie center, a foster home. Talk to runaways. Really capture the dark underbelly of Victoria--

ELLEN

Sure. Must be hard, writing about a place you haven't been back to in ten years.

Rebecca swallows. Biting her tongue. Her mom steps closer to her, looking at her face. She touches her cheek, almost tenderly, almost as if she doesn't think she's really there. Then, she touches her thumb between Rebecca's brows.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Don't scowl. You're getting a line.

Ellen walks off, to fix tea. Rebecca locks eyes with her dad, trying not to scream. Then looks down at the manuscript. We see things crossed out in red pen, snippets of Ellen's notes: *wordy, indulgent, abrasive--*

INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

BAM. Ellen's marked-up manuscript THUDS into the trash. Rebecca looks around her old room. Remnants of an 80's PUNK childhood are everywhere--packed into crates, etched onto the walls. Zines, tapes, records. Her windows overlook a CLIFF.

Dave finishes setting her suitcase down on the bed, glancing at the manuscript in the trash with a wry smirk.

DAVE

For what it's worth--I like the voice of your book. All that rage and rebellion--purely fiction, right?

He winks at Rebecca. She gives him a reluctant, small smile.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, it's just hard to get publishers to pick up stories like yours.

REBECCA

No one cares about teenage girls.

DAVE
So. Make 'em.

Rebecca exhales, thinking. Her dad comes up and kisses her on the forehead.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(exiting)
It's good to have you home, Becca.

A beat. Alone, Rebecca's eyes move towards her ensuite bathroom, where we can see a SECOND DOOR connects as well. There is a large GASH on the side of the doorframe.

The sight gives Rebecca pause, as the MEMORY of something flickers across her face...she attempts to BLINK it away.

INT. SAANICH POLICE STATION -- DAY

Raj and Manjit sit across from Scott. Krista settles in next to them, handing Scott a coffee. JOSEPHINE'S ADDRESS BOOK is between them, they're mid-conversation--

RAJ
I know Reena was over at Seven Oaks that day. And my sister found this in her room. It's an address book, it belongs to one of those girls.

Scott looks at Krista like, *you want to handle this?*

KRISTA
Seven Oaks is a government-run foster home. They're required to report anyone new who stays the night to both the Ministry and the police. We have no record of that.

MANJIT
She was also speaking to a boy on the phone that night. "Colin"--

Scott cuts Manjit off, speaking to him condescendingly.

SCOTT
Why was your daughter hanging around Seven Oaks, anyway? Was there trouble at home?

Manjit doesn't answer. This question strikes something painful in him. Krista looks to Raj, reading into the pause.

KRISTA
 Could you translate?

Raj looks at Krista, surprised. Indignantly--

RAJ
 Manjit speaks English just fine.
 (then)
 Reena called us from the Mac's and
 said she was coming home. On
 Friday. And then--nothing.

This detail seems to catch Krista's attention--but Scott just shrugs.

SCOTT
 I'm not sure what to tell you.
 Teenagers lie.

A BEAT. This comment strikes another nerve in both Manjit and Raj. Something deeper here. But Manjit finally stands, as polite as ever--

MANJIT
 Thank you for your time, sir.
 Ma'am.

Raj looks less gracious as the two men stand to head off. Unable to help himself, he turns back to Krista--

RAJ
 (gently sarcastic)
 You know you're not white, right?

A FLICKER across Krista's face. She's taken aback. But Scott just exhales as the men walk away.

SCOTT
 I swear to god, if we have to deal
 with one more *Bic girl*...

Krista's eyes go back to Manjit and Raj. She suddenly stands, following them out.

KRISTA
 Excuse me--

EXT. SAANICH POLICE STATION -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

KRISTA (O.S.)
 Hey!

Raj and Manjit, who are just reaching their car, turn.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

Y'know, if you want our help, it's not a great idea to mouth off to the cops--

RAJ

Forget it. We shouldn't have even come down here--

KRISTA

We're just trying to be honest with you. We deal with a lot of missing kids around here--girls who waste police resources while they're off skipping school.

Raj SCOFFS as he turns away. Despite her defensive nature, Krista feels a twinge of sympathy. Almost in an attempt to prove him wrong about her--

KRISTA (CONT'D)

Has she done this before? Reena?

A beat.

RAJ

Yeah, but she always told her mom. We've always known where she was. She doesn't just disappear--

Another beat. Trying, Krista offers--

KRISTA

You mentioned she was speaking to a "Colin"? Do you have his full name? Was he her boyfriend?

MANJIT

Reena's fourteen. She isn't allowed to date.

KRISTA

Right...

Krista looks between the men, her thinking rather obvious, but she senses it's not what they want to hear.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

Well, I'll keep an ear out, okay? Let you know if I hear anything.

Manjit nods, getting into the car. Raj is about to get in too, but stops. Turning to Krista. Reluctantly, quiet enough that Manjit won't hear--

RAJ

Colin Jones. That's his name.

Krista registers this information--RECOGNIZING the name. But before she can say any more, Raj follows Manjit into the car.

EXT. VIEW ROYAL / INT. DAVE'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Rebecca drives her dad's stick shift, listening to "Becuz" by Sonic Youth, looking out the window as she turns onto a familiar street.

Moments later, the SEVEN OAKS YOUTH SHELTER appears through the trees. She takes in the impressive white Victorian.

INT. SEVEN OAKS YOUTH HOME -- AFTERNOON

Rebecca enters the foyer, looking around. We get a better look at the shelter now--the untouched Victorian details. Through the rec room door, we see YOUNG GIRLS draped lazily across a couch, watching CINDERELLA on the TV.

Inside, Josephine bullies another kid away to change the VHS to SCARFACE. It's cued up to the restaurant scene. Dusty is by her side. Rebecca smirks, a bit bemused by this.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Rebecca turns to see Martha. Clearing her throat--

REBECCA

Hi, yes--my name's Rebecca Godfrey?
I was hoping to take a look around.
(off her look)
It's just for research.

MARTHA

--What sort of research?

REBECCA

I just need some details about a
real Victoria foster home. Things
like--

Rebecca nods towards the REC ROOM. Overhearing, Josephine eyes Rebecca. Martha squints at her too, trying to figure out how old Rebecca is.

MARTHA

Is this for a school project? We're not allowed to let in any journalists--

REBECCA

(using this)

Um--yeah. It's for school. For something I'm writing.

MARTHA

...Alright, then. I just need you to sign in.

Martha gestures to a SIGN-IN BOOK. She watches Rebecca write out her name, until they are interrupted by--

JOSEPHINE

MARTHA! Where's the paper?

A bold Josephine enters the hall, hooking her arm in Dusty's, who seems STRESSED.

MARTHA

What paper?

JOSEPHINE

The newspaper, obviously.

(off her look)

We're worried about Reena and want to see if there's anything in there about her.

Martha looks notably CONCERNED. Rebecca observes silently.

MARTHA

...What happened to Reena?

JOSEPHINE

She's missing. We haven't seen her since Friday.

A SHOCKED BEAT.

MARTHA

Oh. God.

Josephine leans back casually against the wall. She eyes Rebecca. Nodding to her purse--

JOSEPHINE

Cool Marc Jacobs.

REBECCA

--Thanks.

A flustered Martha glances at Jo, then turns back to Rebecca.

MARTHA

Excuse me a moment.

She quickly shuffles off, clearly preoccupied with the troubling news. Josephine watches Rebecca, scanning her not-quite-teen but not-quite-adult appearance, her edgy clothes. There's a flash of PARANOIA in Dusty's eyes.

DUSTY

Are you a pig?

Rebecca looks CONFUSED--until she realizes. Surprised--

REBECCA

God, no. Do I look like a cop?

JOSEPHINE

(to Dusty)

Don't be an idiot. She just said.
She's in college or something.

A beat. Then, mischievously, lowering her voice--

REBECCA

I actually just said that to get
in. You can get away with a lot
more if people don't take you
seriously.

(then)

I'm writing a book.

Josephine grins at this. Officially intrigued.

JOSEPHINE

You should put us in it. We
basically run shit around here.

REBECCA

(pleasantly surprised)

Yeah, I'd love to talk to you, if
you're open.

Dusty ELBOWS Josephine, then whispers something, suspicious. Rebecca looks between them, a bit confused.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It's alright if not, just let me
know. I'm gonna grab a smoke.

Rebecca pulls out her pack of CIGS. *John Player Specials*, aka fancy cigs. She sticks one in her mouth--then, seeing their faces, holds the pack out to the girls. A PEACE OFFERING.

The girls look at each other. And then, conspiratorially--

JOSEPHINE

Can you keep a secret?

ACT THREE

EXT. SEVEN OAKS -- DAY

Close on a LOCKET. The two hearts each hold one side of John Gotti's MUGSHOT. Josephine displays it proudly.

JOSEPHINE

It's John Gotti. The mob boss from New York. I'm gonna go there to work for him. They love women in the mob, 'cause they never go to prison.

All of the girls sit in the grass, smoking Rebecca's cigarettes. Rebecca seems bemused by this girl's persona.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Hey, maybe I can stay with you! In New York!

REBECCA

Yeah, maybe--

JOSEPHINE

I just wanna get out of here. At least Seven Oaks is better than Kiwanis--that's the other foster home. The only thing that sucks here is the curfew. It's eleven. So I'm like, sorry, no. I'll crash at Kelly's if I'm out partying. She's my best friend.

Rebecca jots a note down, nodding.

REBECCA

Where do you guys party, usually? Is there still that warehouse down on Cherry Street?

JOSEPHINE

(impressed)

You went there? I heard that place was pretty hardcore.

REBECCA

I've got some stories...

Josephine eyes Rebecca, definitely intrigued.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (curious, not accusatory)
 What did you mean before, about
 your friend? "Reena"? Is she really
 missing?

Dusty instinctively tightens. Josephine shrugs.

JOSEPHINE
 I dunno. Her mom called me
 yesterday asking if we knew where
 she was. I don't know why she's
 calling me, it's not like I hang
 out with her.

REBECCA
 I thought you said you saw her on
 Friday?

Josephine glances at Rebecca--her eyes GLINTING for just a
 moment with annoyance. Then, she shrugs it off.

JOSEPHINE
 It's not a big deal. This sorta
 stuff goes on all the time. Every
 time I miss curfew, they make a
 police report. Nothing happens.
 Girls are always "missing".

DUSTY
 (quiet)
 Bic girls.

Rebecca looks at Dusty, who nods to Rebecca's LIGHTER.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 I heard that's what the pigs call
 us. Bics, like the lighters.

REBECCA
 ...Why?

DUSTY
 'Cause. We're disposable.

Off this HAUNTING STATEMENT--

INT. RAJ'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Raj drives, Manjit sits in silence beside him in the car.
 Looking out the window, scanning the streets of View Royal.

They spot a group of TEENS, spray-painting **FUCK DA POLICE** on the side of a BUILDING. Raj laughs a little, wryly bemused. Manjit does not. He eyes the kids warily.

MANJIT

You know, a few months ago I asked Suman if she'd consider spending the summer in India? All of us, as a family.

Raj looks SURPRISED by this.

MANJIT (CONT'D)

I thought it could be good for Reena. It worked for other friends of ours. To bring their kids back, immerse them in their culture. Learn respect and gratitude.

RAJ

...I bet my sister didn't go for that.

MANJIT

(a little smile)
She said she'd miss good plumbing too much.

RAJ

How did Reena feel about it?

MANJIT

...What do you think?

Manjit sighs.

MANJIT (CONT'D)

I've had to keep hope for the best, raising her here. Canada is a place of blessings...and dangers.

Raj PROCESSES this, watching the sun SINK over the mountains.

EXT. COLIN JONES'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Krista is now outside Colin's house, surreptitiously taking a look around, peering in through the dark windows with her flashlight. Inside, there's a RUSTLE of furtive movement. Krista stiffens, checks her gun, then RAPS on the door.

KRISTA

Saanich police. Open up.

More rustling, as if the person inside is HIDING something. WHISPERING. And then the door cracks open. Colin, very stoned, peeks out. Seeing Krista, he shuts his eyes. FUCK.

COLIN
Goddamnit.

KRISTA
Colin Jones. My favorite person.

COLIN
What now? I don't even have my music up loud--

KRISTA
What were you hiding in there?

Colin looks STRESSED, in a way that makes Krista lean in.

COLIN
Nothing.

KRISTA
I heard you talking to someone.

COLIN
Fine. *Fuck*. It's Steve. My iguana. People keep tryin' to steal him-- but before you ask, I checked and it's legal to have him--

Krista exhales, she does not have time for this.

KRISTA
Colin--I don't care. Do you know where Reena Virk is?

The name makes Colin PAUSE. A flicker of CONCERN.

KRISTA (CONT'D)
I know she called you last Friday.

Krista steps closer, looks into the house. This makes Colin nervous. He exhales, clearly not enjoying the interrogation.

COLIN
I barely even know her--she just called to say she had a crush on me.

KRISTA
You sure you weren't seeing each other? Sneaking around?

COLIN
Reena? Seriously?

KRISTA
 --What?

COLIN
 I mean, she's not exactly my
 type...

Krista looks at him like, *what's that supposed to mean?*

COLIN (CONT'D)
 I think she called me as a dare or
 something--look, I'm gonna go back
 inside--

Colin goes for the door, but Krista pushes her bandaged HAND
 against it. Hard. A flash of that toughness we saw when she
 was boxing.

KRISTA
 Colin. You've got priors. You
 really wanna add obstructing an
 investigation to your rap sheet?
 (off his silence)
 Are we taking a ride?

Colin feels a bit of PANIC now, cornered. He sighs.

COLIN
 Why you gotta be asking me about
 this, huh? Everybody saw it.

Krista takes this in--realizing, for the first time, there
 may be more to the story about this missing girl.

KRISTA
 Saw what, Colin?

COLIN
 There was a party at Shoreline. I
 don't know exactly what happened,
 but--a bunch of kids chased her.

KRISTA
 (off his silence,
 prompting)
 ...And?

COLIN
 I don't know, I thought they were
 making shit up. This girl,
 Josephine called me. She said--
 (MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

(he hesitates)

...That "C.M.C. will make sure I won't be hearing from Reena any more."

Off Krista's face--wait, WHAT?--

KRISTA

What does that mean, Colin?

COLIN

I guess there was some kind of fight under the bridge? And people have been saying--

A silent beat. And then, darkly--

COLIN (CONT'D)

That Reena--that she might be "floating around somewhere."

Off Krista, her face changing as she recognizes the GRAVITY of this reveal...

INT. GODFREY HOUSE -- REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Bic girls. We see the scribbled words in Rebecca's notebook. Rebecca sits at her desk, hunched over. She adds a few more notes: **Old white Victorian. Scarface on TV. "Hardcore"**.

Rebecca pauses. Waiting for more to come to her. But her eyes are drawn back to the dark shadow of her BATHROOM DOOR once again, the SCRATCH on the frame. She exhales, tense.

INT. GODFREY HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Rebecca pours herself a SHOT of VODKA, downing it. Almost by instinct, she REFILLS the bottle with WATER. Like a teenager stealing her parents liquor.

INT. GODFREY HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca digs through her parents' armoire. Amongst a large, alphabetized collection of VHS tapes, she pulls out--a VHS copy of SCARFACE. She slides in the tape.

MOMENTS LATER: Rebecca stops fast-forwarding as she reaches the restaurant scene. ONSCREEN, a drunken Tony Montana says:

TONY MONTANA (SCREEN)
*You don't have the guts to be what
 you wanna be! You need people like
 me so you can point your fuckin'
 fingers and say 'That's the bad
 guy'!*

Rebecca watches the TV, sipping a drink. Thinking. Her eyes move to the window, looking out at the view of the CLIFF.

TONY MONTANA (SCREEN) (CONT'D)
*So...what does that make you? Good?
 You're not good. You just know how
 to hide. How to lie.*

As Tony Montana talks onscreen, Rebecca lays back on the couch. Lit only by the moonlight, she picks up a pillow--

And PRESSES IT over her face.

Suffocating herself.

She holds it there for a long time. As hard as she can.

Finally, she lifts it off with a GASP. But she's not upset. A sort of euphoric CALM washes over her.

Until she hears the CREAK of a floorboard, and startles, looks up--

Just in time to see Ellen standing in the kitchen. Fetching herself a glass of water.

They lock eyes. Rebecca is flushed, her breathing hard. Her mom looks at her for a beat. Then moves back to the stairs, knowingly, wordlessly.

Rebecca just lies there. Feeling suddenly exposed.

INT. VIRK HOUSE -- REENA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A pair of hands SEARCH Reena's bedroom. It's a collision of teen angst and little-girlhood: black hoodies strewn with teddy bears and kiddie bedding. Her drawers are thrown up, mattress lifted, purses shoot out--

We reveal: Suman is the one searching. But she's found nothing. Nothing to lead her to her daughter. Suman takes this in. DESPERATION and frustration rising. Finally, unable to look at Reena's things any longer, she grabs a BLACK GARBAGE BAG and begins stuffing it all away.

MANJIT

Suman?

Suman turns. Manjit stands in the doorway in his pajamas and chunky sneakers, confused.

MANJIT (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SUMAN

I can't look at it anymore. She doesn't want to live here, she doesn't have to. Aman can have her room, he's getting too old to share.

(then, deflecting)

Where were you? It's late--

MANJIT

I was walking. I can't sleep.

(then)

Suman, I don't think we should be--

SUMAN

I've tried, alright? We've all been trying. We're calling people, we're looking for her. We're trying to find her and maybe--maybe she doesn't want to be found.

(then, a bit emotional)

We gave her another chance, after what she did. And look how she took it. She couldn't even get through one dinner with us--

Suman's voice breaks off, and she composes herself. Manjit looks at her, sad but desperate for hope.

MANJIT

We can't give up on her.

Off screen, there is the sudden sound of the PHONE RINGING. Manjit and Suman freeze. Then, Suman walks quickly to it.

SUMAN

Hello?

A long silence. Manjit approaches to listen in. And then, a YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE, a creepy whisper--

YOUNG GIRL (PHONE)

Is Reena there?

SUMAN

Who is this?

Nothing. Silence. Suman grows unnerved. The feeling of this call is ominous, foreboding...

SUMAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Who is this?

(then, louder)

Do you know where Reena is?

Suman's voice betrays the FEAR she's been hiding. Then--

Click. The line goes dead.

INT. SAANICH POLICE DEPARTMENT -- MORNING

Krista and Scott sit across from Roy. Krista has clearly just dropped a BOMB on them. Josephine's ADDRESS BOOK is in front of Krista.

SCOTT

...It's a rumor.

(then)

You're not really taking this seriously, are you?

KRISTA

Time and location line up. We know Reena was at the Mac's on Friday night--that's where she called home from. It's right across the street from the bridge.

(beat, then)

I just got a tip for a potential homicide, here.

There's a fire in Krista's eyes, she's amped up on her theory, but Scott grins dismissively at her dad.

SCOTT

(mocking)

"Sgt. Krista Hanlon, Major Crimes..."

ROY

Have we looked into the usual explanations? Could she be walking the stroll on Government street or something?

KRISTA

She's 14. No history of prostitution. She didn't even date, according to her dad.

SCOTT

C'mon, Kris, this is *Victoria*. Kids here...they go to the mall, they go swimming, school dances. Maybe they get into a fight or two, but--I just don't see girls doing something *this* violent.

KRISTA

(pressing forward)

These kids call themselves the "C.M.C.". You wanna know what that stands for?

Krista opens Jo's address book to a specific page--then, she slides it over to Roy.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

Crip. Mafia. Cartel.

We see the words, in BLUE DOODLES, above a list of NAMES in the book: "***Crip Mafia Cartel***".

A beat--and then Scott bursts out LAUGHING.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. You think a bunch of 14-year-old girls are Crips? Jesus, you're gullible.

KRISTA

I'm not saying I believe it yet--but they're going around bragging about murdering her--

ROY

Okay. I hear you. But what exactly are you suggesting we do here?

KRISTA

I want to search the Gorge.

A beat. Roy sighs.

ROY

Krista. You're not just trying to do a bunch of cowboy shit to impress North Van?

KRISTA
 Who cares if I am?
 (a beat, then)
 Reena's been missing for four days.

Roy thinks. Scott watches, seeing what their dad will do...

ROY
 Look. You wanna take this to the
 dive team and tell them you think a
 bunch of "Crip girls" did a gang
 hit--go ahead. That's your rep.

Krista understands the implicit meaning of this--if this goes
 awry, she'll lose all credibility.

But still. *If it's true...*

She NODS.

KRISTA
 Yeah. It's on me.

Scott leans back, shaking his head. Under his breath--

SCOTT
 You better hope this girl's fucking
 dead, Krista...

Off Krista, disturbed but MOTIVATED by his wording...

EXT. GORGE -- MORNING

A ZODIAC MOTORBOAT cuts across the Gorge with a low ROAR, the
 stormy sky reflected in the rippling surface of the water...

There are two boats on the water, vehicles for a small, three-
 person DIVE TEAM. Krista rides on one of the Zodiacs. The
 DIVER beside her pulls on his scuba gear, suiting up.

Krista sips her coffee as she looks down at her reflection,
 distorted by the ripples of the water. She's tense, stuck
 between wanting to be right, but knowing the implications of
 what that means...

SYREETA (PRE-LAP)
*Last Friday at 10:32 PM, a Russian
 satellite exploded over our town...*

INT. SHORELINE SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM -- MORNING

Syreeta stands at the head of her English class, doing a report. She is holding up the local newspaper we saw earlier in the episode: **ALIENS OR RUSSIANS? LIGHTS IN THE SKY ON FRIDAY WERE FROM EXPLODED SATELLITE**

SYREETA

When this happened, the explosion
created something called space
debris...

Warren watches his girlfriend proudly, smitten. We spot Josephine, Kelly and Dusty in the back.

Syreeta trails off as she hears OINKING from some of the students. A COP CAR has slowed outside Shoreline--but instead of pulling in to the school parking lot, it pulls off just up the road, by the Gorge. Students crane to see. Dusty's GUILTY eyes are locked on the window.

Behind Dusty's back, Josephine looks to Kelly, and wordlessly, the two LINK PINKIES under their desks. Exchanging a silent, meaningful vow.

Syreeta continues, reading from her notes--

SYREETA (CONT'D)

This likely created hundreds of
thousands of smaller fragments...

INT. GODFREY HOUSE -- REBECCA'S ROOM -- MORNING

An un-slept Rebecca is working furiously on her typewriter, transcribing a set of hand-written PAGES from the night before. Above her desk, a huge window overlooks the CLIFF, the OCEAN.

She looks out as she hears a rumble of thunder. A storm coming. A chill moves through Rebecca, a MEMORY flickering across her face...

SYREETA (OVERLAP)

*The debris from this one event will
stay in orbit for a century or
more--made dangerous or even deadly
to other spacecrafts by its
perpetual motion without gravity...*

She turns back to her typewriter, finishing the final page. She adds it to the stack, turns it over and scribbles on the top of the first page--

"To: Josephine"

INT. KINGDOM HALL -- DAY

Suman SINGS along with the rest of a CONGREGATION, the melancholy tune of the Jehovah's Witness song.

Suman is here with her mom, Tarsem. They stand out amongst a sea of WHITE FACES. Suman looks across the room at a wholesome-seeming FAMILY, a young DAUGHTER singing sweetly between her parents. An indecipherable emotion SIMMERS in Suman.

Suman looks away, down at her feet. The echoes of the music FADE as she notices a *thin layer of WATER flowing under the chairs in front of her, over her feet, soaking the carpet...*

Suman grabs the back of the chair in front of her, alarmed. She looks up to discover the chairs before her are NOW EMPTY. A sense of DREAD fills her as she leans slowly forward-

Catching a glimpse of the FEET of a girl lying on the ground, soaking wet. BLACK PLATFORM BOOTS, dirty and mud-stained jeans, water POOLING around her.

BACK TO REALITY: Suman falls into her seat with a GASP. The world around her is returned to normal, but Suman is gutted by the vision.

Tarsem stops singing, rushing with concern to Suman's side. Suman's eyes turn upwards as she's surrounded.

SUMAN
Jehovah, please forgive her...

EXT. GORGE WATERWAY -- UNDERWATER -- MORNING

Underwater, it's quiet. Almost peaceful. The grim sight of a young DIVER, SGT. BOB WALL, BREATHING through his scuba mask, reaching below him in the dark. Fishing through the eel grass.

Until he sees a FLASH of DARKNESS, and reaches down--

EXT. GORGE WATERWAY -- MORNING

Above the water, the boats float near the Craigflower Bridge. Krista looks off at big blue letters, spray-painted: "C.M.C."

In the distance, Bob Wall surfaces, pulling off his mask.

SGT. BOB WALL
I found something--

Krista looks up.

KRISTA
Is it her?

SGT. BOB WALL
No, but--

Krista's boat motors closer. Sgt. Bob Wall holds out what he's found, handing it off to Krista, who quickly pulls on a pair of GLOVES as she handles the item--

It's a pair of GIRL'S JEANS. Soaked with water. As she examines them, she notices a flash of white tangled inside--

UNDERWEAR.

Krista processes the GRAVITY of this discovery. She's found what she was hoping for, but it's implication is CHILLING...

Against the white, she notices a drop of RED is smeared. And suddenly, looking closer at the dark fabric, Krista realizes--

The jeans are covered in BLOOD.

ACT FOUR

EXT. VIRKS' HOUSE -- DAY

Krista KNOCKS on the Virks' door. It's now RAINING. She glances at the *We serve Jehovah* plaque, the same one Reena rolled her eyes at. The door OPENS. It's Suman.

KRISTA
Suman Virk? I'm Constable Krista Hanlon, from the Saanich police department.

At the sight of a cop, Suman suddenly looks TENSE.

SUMAN
Did you find her?

KRISTA
...Can I come in?

INT. VIRK HOME -- DAY

Krista sits across from the Virks on their floral couch. It's excruciatingly silent, save for the rain on the windows.

Suman and Manjit are in SHOCK as Suman holds the pair of white underwear in a plastic bag. Manjit looks at it--then AWAY, afraid he's seeing something too private and intimate of his daughter's.

Suman finally NODS. Handing the underwear back to Krista.

SUMAN
It's hers.

For a split second, Krista feels validated. She was right--but then she looks over to Manjit, whose eyes are full of TEARS. The emotional ramifications of working a potential homicide suddenly land on her.

Krista takes back the bag. Quietly--

KRISTA
Thank you.

Krista has what she needs, stands to head out. Suman looks ANGRY, suddenly.

SUMAN

That's it? You just show us this
then leave?

Manjit stares at the floor. Feeling sick. Krista is
flustered, unprepared, not sure what to say--

SUMAN (CONT'D)

Why were Reena's underwear off?

KRISTA

I--I don't know...

(then)

We're pursuing some leads. I'm
sorry, I can't tell you more right
now.

Suman just shakes her head.

SUMAN

Of course not.

Krista feels guilty. But she doesn't have real answers for
them. Awkwardly, she stands, and excuses herself.

We stay with Manjit and Suman for a long moment.

MANJIT

Maybe she was changing clothes.

Suman looks at him.

MANJIT (CONT'D)

She had her backpack with her.

(a silence, then)

Or. It doesn't mean...she could be
scared, hiding somewhere.

(then)

Like you said.

We PUSH IN on Suman, her face frozen in dread. Quietly--

SUMAN

I think she's gone.

Off this HAUNTING STATEMENT--we SMASH TO a

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Warren exits a trailer in a run-down TRAILER PARK. Behind
him, we can see that the trailer is stripped clean. A few
MOVING BOXES are abandoned beside it. Warren drops his keys
in an adjacent mailbox, marked "LANDLORD".

Warren pauses, spotting a few WILDFLOWERS growing. An idea, he bends down to pick them.

-Kelly soaks in the HOT TUB of her SURPRISINGLY NICE suburban home. Kelly's mom, SUSAN (39), and her stepdad GEORGE (40's), emerge from the house with wine.

SUSAN ELLARD

Mind if we join you, sweetie?

-Maya sits on the bed in a teen bedroom, watching as Laila refreshes her black khol eyeliner, puts on all her rings.

-Josephine enters her room at Seven Oaks, hair wet from the rain. She stops, noticing something on her desk, it's the pages of Rebecca's notebook. She picks it up, finding a note with Rebecca's name and NUMBER on it: **Just getting started on this, tired of adults--wanna hear what you think!** Josephine smiles, flattered. Pockets the note.

-Dusty emerges from the Mac's. Loosening her rolled pant leg until she can pull out a 40 she just lifted. As she chugs it, her eyes dart to her surroundings--the PHONE BOOTH where Reena hid, the CRAIGFLOWER BRIDGE.

Near the bridge, she sees a COP CAR. Dusty looks nervous. She starts to walk faster. As she does, she sees SCOTT get out. Immediately, she starts to RUN.

-At Kelly's house, another MALE COP, GARDNER, 20's, comes through the garden gate into the back yard. He looks almost confused by where he is. Susan spots him from the hot tub.

SUSAN ELLARD (CONT'D)

Hey there! You need something?

GARDNER

(peering at Kelly)

Are you Kelly Ellard?

Kelly looks more CONFUSED than anything else.

-As Maya and Laila head down the stairs, they see another OLDER MALE COP, HUGHES, 60s, in the kitchen with Maya's concerned AUNT.

HUGHES

Laila Haidi and Maya Longett?

-Scott chases Dusty down and GRABS HER, roughly--more roughly than we saw the other kids handled.

SCOTT

Dusty Pace? You're coming with me--

-SYREETA, wearing a uniform, wipes down the counter at BRADY'S FISH AND CHIPS, finishing her shift. Her best friend Marissa (one of "The Five", who we saw earlier) is also in uniform, closing up with her.

On the front window, she hears a KNOCK. It's Warren, waiting for her outside. He holds up the makeshift wildflower BOUQUET he's made for her. She smiles warmly at him.

Then, her smile fades as a COP, POULTON, 50s, appears.

POULTON
Warren Glowatski?

Outside, Warren nods, then extends his hand, confused. As if they're being introduced. Poulton SHAKES IT. A beat--

Inside Brady's, Syreeta and Marissa are frozen. Watching.

SYREETA
What's going on? Why is there a cop here?

She rushes to the door, pushing it open--

POULTON
We have reason to suspect you were under the bridge last Friday. You need to come with me.

Syreeta's eyes fill with PANIC.

SYREETA
No--Warren!

But it's too late, Warren is being PUT IN THE SQUAD CAR.

INT. SEVEN OAKS -- JOSEPHINE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Josephine is getting ready, blow-dry styling her long blonde hair and gazing in the mirror, as her DOOR opens.

It's KRISTA. Martha at her side. Josephine eyes them in the mirror, but doesn't stop.

Krista turns to Josephine, who is STILL blow-drying her hair. Krista YANKS the cord out of the wall.

JOSEPHINE
The fuck--

KRISTA
Josephine Bell, we need to talk to you.

Josephine doesn't even flinch. Instead, she bends over, finger-combs her hair, then tosses it back dramatically, setting down the dryer. Dripping with bravado--

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

About what?

KRISTA

Reena Virk.

There's a GLIMMER in Josephine's eyes. Then, she holds out her delicate wrists.

JOSEPHINE

Aren't you at least gonna give me some *bracelets*?

Krista is flabbergasted. Unamused, she GRABS Jo by the arm.

INT. SEVEN OAKS -- NIGHT

Josephine STRUTS as Krista perp-walks her down the hall, pretending she's cuffed. The girls of Seven Oaks all stand in their doorways, awed. Josephine LOVES this. Loudly--

JOSEPHINE

You better get me John Gotti's lawyer!

Krista SNORTS, making no attempt to hide her contempt.

KRISTA

I don't think he's available.

INT. VIRK HOME -- NIGHT

Raj drinks a beer, seated by the phone. Staring at it, willing Reena to call.

A grim Suman approaches. She's holding the LETTER she got earlier, postmarked from **THE CROWN**.

SUMAN

Will you open this? I can't bring myself to.

Raj takes the envelope. Realizing what it is, he quickly unseals it. Unfolding the paper inside, he scans the formal government document. It's a notice, regarding a CRIMINAL RECORD:

THE CROWN VS. MANJIT VIRK - RECORD EXPUNGED 1997-11-06

Raj looks RELIEVED.

RAJ

It was expunged. A little over a week ago--

Suman lets out a BREATH. As we wonder WHAT THIS COULD MEAN...

INT. COLIN JONES' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Colin stands in his grimy kitchen, whistling AC/DC and packaging WEED into dime bags. Through the window, he sees the blue and red FLASHES of POLICE LIGHTS.

Colin parts the curtain and watches--but the cars speed RIGHT PAST his house. He exhales, relieved. Then, as if remembering something, he moves to the phone sitting in his kitchen. Hits the VOICEMAIL button as he rolls a joint--

VOICEMAIL (PHONE)

You have 42 voicemails. 14 November at 7:52 PM--

REENA (PHONE)

Hi Colin, this is Reena Virk. I just got to the Mac's--I thought you wanted to meet up before the party?

It's REENA'S VOICE. Full of hope. Colin punches DELETE.

VOICEMAIL

Message deleted. Next message. 14 November at 7:53 PM--

REENA (PHONE)

Hi, this is Reena again! I guess you left already--

DELETE. Next message--the cuts getting FASTER--

REENA (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hey Colin, I'm still at the Mac's.

(DELETE)

Colin, please pick up the phone.

(DELETE)

Colin. This is Reena.

(DELETE)

Colin, if you don't pick up I'm going to tell everyone--

Growing frustrated, Colin picks up the entire phone--and SMASHES it against the doorway. Breaking it.

Satisfied, he exhales. Then sticks the finished joint in his mouth, and lights it.

INT. SAANICH POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

The police station is crammed full of kids--some angry, some confused, some crying. The male cops seem unsure how to handle the range of teenage emotions.

Gardner walks through with Kelly and her agitated parents.

GARDNER

No one has been arrested. Your daughter is not being charged. We just want to ask her a few questions.

They walk past Warren, on one of the wall phones. He and Kelly LOOK at each other. Two scared schoolmates caught in a different world.

Nearby, Josephine scowls at Krista, who watches her as she talks angrily on the phone.

JOSEPHINE

I know, Mom--but this lady is saying I'm supposed to have a parent present.
(then, pissed)
Fine! God!

Josephine hangs up, hard.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

I told you she wasn't gonna come.

KRISTA

(a sigh)
Is there anyone else you can call?

Krista looks at Josephine expectantly. Jo pauses. An IDEA forming. Jo takes it with a mischievous SMIRK.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY -- VISION

UNDERWATER. Sunlight filters through clear, natural water.

Rebecca is there. She is looking at the YOUNG BOY again. They both drift, suspended in the depths. It's a surreal, haunting vision.

Rebecca reaches out, and touches the boy's face softly. Almost like Ellen touched her face. As if she's not quite sure he's real, as if maybe she imagined him.

And then, she tightens her hands around his NECK. PUSHING him down, in the water, DROWNING HIM--

INT. REBECCA'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca sits up, out of the water with a GASP. The PHONE is RINGING O.S.. It stops. A moment, and then--

ELLEN (O.S.)
Rebecca?

Rebecca quickly grabs a towel.

INT. GODFREY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rebecca hurries down the stairs, tugging down the shirt she threw on, hair dripping. Her mom holds the corded phone, looking concerned and a bit SUSPICIOUS. Quietly--

ELLEN
It's the Saanich police. Someone is on the line for you?

What? Rebecca wracks her brain, baffled--then quickly steps over to take the phone.

REBECCA
Hello?
(listens)
Yeah, okay. I'll come down.

Rebecca HANGS UP. A beat, processing. Then grabs her coat.

ELLEN
What on earth is this about?

REBECCA
Long story.

Rebecca goes to leave--but as Ellen watches her go, she says--

ELLEN
I hope this doesn't mean you're getting into trouble again.

Rebecca stops. This IRKS her, on a deeper level.

REBECCA

What's that supposed to mean?

ELLEN

You run towards darkness, Rebecca.
You always have.

This sinks in. There is MORE beneath the surface here, a kind of BLAME in Ellen's voice.

REBECCA

And you run away from it.

With this, Rebecca turns--and stalks off.

INT. SAANICH POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

The lobby of the police station is TEEMING with parents as Rebecca enters, looking around--CONFUSED. She heads up to the window, talking to the SECRETARY through the glass.

REBECCA

Hi, I'm here to pick up Josephine Bell? She called me.
(then, a mutter)
Must've been some party you busted.

SECRETARY

Josephine Bell is here for questioning.

REBECCA

--About what?

SECRETARY

A potential homicide.

Rebecca REACTS to this, clearly taken aback.

REBECCA

I--God. Okay. Can I see her?

SECRETARY

You'll need to talk to the officer who brought her in first.

The secretary points across the room, and Rebecca follows her gaze to Krista, who has now been cornered by Kelly's parents.

Rebecca FREEZES. Clearly recognizing Krista.

REBECCA

That's--the officer? That woman, in
the black coat?

The secretary nods. Rebecca swallows--then turns, and WALKS
OUT of the station before Krista can see her. Fast.

WITH KRISTA: Kelly's mom, Susan, is mid-rant to Krista as
George half-listens, seething, phone still to his ear--

SUSAN ELLARD

Kelly is a good girl! She's never
even missed curfew!

GEORGE PAKOS

You'll be hearing from our lawyer.

KRISTA

Clearly you must think your
daughter has something to hide.

Krista turns, heading off. Then, a mutter--

GEORGE PAKOS (O.S.)

Goddamn Indian bitch.

Krista STOPS. Controlling her anger, flexing her injured hand
--but before she can respond, Scott appears.

SCOTT

Krista! You're gonna want to see
this.

Krista turns to Scott, who suddenly looks SMUG. *Uh-oh.*

KRISTA

Excuse me.

EXT. SAANICH POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

Outside, Rebecca ducks around the side of the building,
catching her breath. She seems EMOTIONAL, overwhelmed.

GARDNER

You okay?

Rebecca looks up to find Gardner (the young constable we saw
arrest Kelly) sneaking a smoke a few yards away, by the
BASEMENT. Rebecca's breathing settles as she calms herself.

REBECCA

Yeah. I--yeah.

A few girls' distant YELLS are audible from the basement door. Rebecca registers this curiously. Processing everything that just happened in the last minute. Then, straightening up, she points to his cigarette--

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Actually--could I bum one?

Rebecca walks closer. Gardner looks her over--finding her attractive. He nods and hands her a cig, lighting it as she glances at the door, the sounds coming from it.

She smokes. A long beat, then, indicating back--

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Do you know that detective, Krista Hanlon?

GARDNER
'Course.

Krista Hanlon. It's a name Rebecca hasn't said in so long.

GARDNER (CONT'D)
Why, do you?

REBECCA
She's an...old friend.

She thinks. Then, an idea forming--

REBECCA (CONT'D)
She said it'd be alright for me to see the girl I came for, Josephine Bell. Could you bring me to her?

Off Gardner, gullible and eager to help--

INT. SAANICH POLICE DEPARTMENT -- BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

Krista enters the back room, where a number of STRESSED officers are crowded around a TV, where a GRAINY VIDEO is pulled out. We can make out a familiar phone booth, the Craigflower Bridge in the background.

KRISTA
What is that?

SCOTT
Security footage from the Mac's.
Just got it.

The SMUGNESS in Scott's tone is undeniable. Krista steps forward. Grabs the remote from him and hits play.

We see a silent, BIRDS-EYE view of the outside of the Mac's convenience store.

We see REENA, running. A cluster of TEEN GIRLS chase her. Krista counts them, quickly--

KRISTA
That's five, and Reena--

She watches as Reena hides inside the phone booth. The kids surround the booth, POUNDING on the glass. After a moment, Reena emerges. The girls hook her arms, pulling Reena down under the bridge.

Then, nothing. Krista pounds fast forward. MORE TEENS swarm into sight--maybe 15 or 20 now. Boys and girls. All headed under the bridge.

KRISTA (CONT'D)
What the hell...

They go under, and then--NOTHING. The ominous stillness of the bridge.

Krista fast-forwards, again, until--we see the TEENS begin emerging from under the bridge. Saying goodbye, walking away. TONS OF THEM.

KRISTA (CONT'D)
That's more kids than we even
thought. This proves--

SCOTT
Just wait.

Onscreen, the kids gradually disappear from frame. Krista watches, unsure what she should be looking for.

INT. SAANICH POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

The basement door OPENS--and we see Gardner usher Rebecca inside. Her eyes focus on the long, dim hallway, lined with doors with small WINDOWS. It's the hallway from the TEASER.

Rebecca slowly steps forward. The windows look into INTERROGATION ROOMS. This is the SAME MOMENT we saw in the opening--Rebecca eyeing the TEEN GIRLS in their cages.

As Rebecca reaches the final room, she sees a lone girl through the glass. Josephine.

Glowering furiously with her feet up on the table and her arms crossed in a children's interrogation room--complete with teddy bears and toys.

Josephine looks up, seeing Rebecca. She stands up...and walks RIGHT UP to the window. Nearly pressing her nose to it. The two young women STARE at each other through the glass, Josephine's eyes devilish with mischief as she SMIRKS.

Rebecca opens the door, stepping inside. Conspiratorially--

JOSEPHINE

You said you could keep a secret.

INT. SAANICH POLICE STATION -- BACK ROOM -- CONT.

Krista watches the footage, still looking at an empty street. Her thumb hits fast-forward. Her eyes glued to the screen.

And then--she SEES IT. Hitting play. Watching as a LONE FIGURE limps up the stairs. Krista leans closer, alarmed.

KRISTA

It can't be...

But there's no mistaking her. It's REENA VIRK. Wounded, but still very much ALIVE.

We push in on Krista as she goes PALE. A combination of relief, confusion, embarrassment. And finally, we FLASH TO--

EXT. CRAIGFLOWER BRIDGE -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Reena's bruised face, the night of her disappearance. Her nose is dripping BLOOD, her forehead is BURNED with a red circle. Tears stream down her cheeks.

She struggles to walk. But she still climbs.

As she reaches the top of the stairs, she looks towards the Mac's, then out over the Craigflower bridge--

And, making a decision, she begins to walk across it.

END OF EPISODE.